BIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA

The Founding Principles of Public Relations

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
THE FATHER OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

Biography of an Idea

The Founding Principles of Public Relations

Edward L. Bernays

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TO

DORIS FLEISCHMAN BERNAYS

MY TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR-A-DAY PARTNER

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That grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men; that to the public good
Private respects must yield.

—*Samson Agonistes*,
JOHN MILTON

PART ONE

beginnings

1891–1916

chapter 1

CHILDHOOD AT CENTURY'S TURN

My first memory of home is of a modest house and a small back yard, with a square of green grass surrounded by a flagstone walk and, on three sides, a narrow grass border. Our house was one in a row of new brownstones that had sprung up among the scattered mansions and country estates on New York's East 139th Street. In 1895, living there was like living in a semirural suburb of New York City; there were no subways to pump people in and out.

I remember, too, a gray stone mansion, set in a pleasant garden nearby, where I attended kindergarten. Here, in my short blue-serge pants and jacket, broad red bow knotted over a white blouse and long black ribbed stockings and button shoes, I played with other genteel children. Our kindergarten teacher lined us up in order of size, the tallest first, and took her seat at an upright piano; then, at her signal, we marched around outside in the garden to the rhythm of the music. I was glad my height put me in second place, though I wished I were a little taller so that I could lead the procession. I tried to gain height by imitating the walk of the boy just ahead of me. Each time he stepped forward on his right foot, he raised himself nonchalantly on his toes; I did the same and felt the better for it. Under huge shade trees and rolling lawn, which were swept away much later by tenements and then by housing developments, we sat on tiny chairs in a large circle and clapped our hands to the music, wove mats and arranged small colored wooden balls as starlike mosaics in frames.

Playing with other boys and girls filled me with a warm glow of companionship, a sense of adjustment and belonging. Only three years before, in 1892, my parents had emigrated from Vienna to New York. My first birthday had been celebrated on the voyage. With characteristic

foresight, my father had explored business opportunities in New York on a previous trip and had found a niche on New York's Produce Exchange. We lived in boardinghouses in Manhattan until Father was established as a grain exporter on the Exchange, when he bought the house on 139th Street and sent for my two older sisters, Lucy and Judith, who had remained in Vienna with my uncle, Sigmund Freud, and my grandparents, the Jakob Freuds. My two younger sisters, Hella and Martha, were born in New York.

My father had lived in Vienna for slightly over a decade. The Bernays family from Hamburg had been distinguished in Jewish culture, its roots in Spain. My great-grandfather Isaac Bernays, chief rabbi (Hakaam) of Hamburg in the early nineteenth century, introduced the Germany vernacular into religious services. He was related to Heinrich Heine, the poet. Two of his sons became well-known teachers, Michael and Jacob Bernays—the former a professor of literature at the University of Munich. He embraced Christianity and became an adviser to the King of Bavaria, Ludwig. He wrote a profound book on Goethe. Jacob Bernays taught Latin and Greek at the University of Heidelberg. Isaac Bernays' third son, Berman, a merchant, was my grandfather. He moved his family to Vienna in 1869 and became the secretary to the well-known economist Lorenz von Stein. When Berman died of heart failure on the street in 1879, my father Ely, aged 19, took his father's place as the economist's secretary. Here he remained several years. In Vienna my father met Anna Freud, fell in love with her and married her in 1883. Three years later his younger sister Martha married Anna's brother Sigmund, a young physician just establishing himself.

Anna Freud, my mother, was one of six children of Jakob and Amalie Freud. My mother often spoke about her father's broad liberalism and of his generosity. When fashion made one of its sudden switches, and Jakob's sons by his previous marriage lost their investment in an ostrich farm in South Africa, he voluntarily sold his factory to liquidate their debts, although he had no legal obligation to do so.

In 1892 he wrote a letter to two of my cousins which I understand was typical of his human approach:

MY VERY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS,

I was at Baden with your Aunt Anna [my mother] and she sends you a thousand greetings and kisses. Little Edward is the most charming boy and

very kind. He awakens his wet nurse with song when he needs her. He was at the table for breakfast and participated busily in our breakfast. At lunch he came as our guest and ate cereal, eggs, and meat. He wants beer and wine and already sings pretty songs of his own composition. He kisses, laughs, eats, drinks, and speaks in a lively way, and weighs 19.2 pounds. Judith and Lucy have asked me to give him a pet name. I did, calling him Chap IV of Austria, because with Sigi's three fellows, we now have four good-looking chaps in Austria. This nickname was unanimously accepted and I undertook the job of conveying the information to all the relatives. I am announcing it to the uncles in England, to you, and to Aunt Martha in Reichenau.

Your Grandfather,
JAKOB FREUD

I remember, as a young boy, the day a cable arrived from Vienna for my mother, bringing news of her father's death. I had never before seen her cry. She wept and wept. I was not sad because I did not understand why she wept. I had never been at a funeral or visited a cemetery. But despite this, an age-old impulse impelled me, as a little boy, to bury my defunct goldfish and canaries under the back-yard sod in a cardboard shoebox and to mark their graves with half a clothespin. My childhood interest in burial is past; I regard burial as a primitive, unsanitary rite and have left instructions for my body to be used for scientific research.

My mother was close to me when I was a boy and she treated me with great tenderness. I first remember her in her early thirties. But to me she was ageless, an all-pervasive and beneficent influence. It is difficult for me to describe her looks. She was always there when I needed her or wanted her; she solved all my problems. Her looks mattered as little as her age.

She insisted that she looked like a Freud—rather short, plump, with regular features and a button nose. She usually was tightly corseted and wore a neat white shirtwaist and a long black mohair skirt, the contemporary uniform of the middle-class matron. The dresses she wore at dinner were like armor plate, made for wear rather than for style or fashion. She was too busy caring for five young children and catering to a meticulous, moody husband to devote time to herself and her wardrobe. I do not recall ever seeing her in evening dress.

Her life revolved around the family. She did not participate in outside affairs, except intellectually. She read the *Staats-Zeitung*, a German-language daily, delivered each morning to the house, together with the New York *Times* and the New York *Sun*, which my father read. Mother avidly read German literature and enjoyed quoting Schiller and Goethe. She left international affairs, finance, business and politics to my father. But the United States was a special concern. When she visited Europe she became an articulate and enthusiastic supporter of her adopted country and boasted gleefully to her friends and relatives about America. At home she often voiced her distaste for America; rocking chairs, breakfast foods and chewing gum; yellow journalism, Tammany Hall and filthy streets. She refused to adopt English as her second language, although she read English perfectly and spoke it when necessary. She conversed with us in German, which became our second language.

The household during the day centered around Mother. In the evenings and on holidays and Sundays my father dominated everything and everyone, intimidating all of us with his unpredictable temperament. My earliest recollection of him is that of a heavyset man leaving the house every weekday and Saturday morning for a place called “downtown” to make money. His eyes were bright, his nose was aquiline, his pointed black beard was carefully groomed; once met, he was not easily forgotten.

He dressed most carefully, his well-fitting suits made to order. He wore high black kid pull-on shoes (later replaced by high-laced black shoes of soft leather). On Sundays he put on a Prince Albert and a top hat, which he smoothed out on his left sleeve while holding the brim in his right hand. This uniform and a cane were *de rigueur* for attendance at lectures or in visiting friends, his usual Sunday activities. His zealous attention to detail extended down to his socks. They were pinned to his long underwear with safety pins. Six safety pins, three for each sock, were placed on the same spot on the carpet next to a low chair every night before he went to bed. At the same time each morning he sat on this chair and carefully pinned his socks. I wondered how old I would be before I was permitted to do this too.

My father was impeccably logical about subjects in which he was not emotionally involved. In decision-making on a grain transaction he weighed all the factors pro and con and came as close as a human mind could to the operation of a computer system. But when he became emotionally involved he was often illogical. As I matured, without conscious analysis, I was

undoubtedly affected by my father's logical and illogical approaches. I decided to become logical as much as I was able to. I saw then that only by adhering to objectivity could I cope effectively with complex and involved situations. Whims and moods were wearing, wasteful and inefficient.

My father was strong-willed. He would not or could not compromise. This prevented his developing to his fullest as an individual and playing the role in affairs his fine mind and strong personality warranted. I am for no compromise on basic principles dealing with such values as justice and honor, but leadership in a democratic society can be accomplished only by some adjustment to others, by give and take on issues that are not fundamental. My father refused to do this, resigned from societies and rejected friends, because they didn't do something, whatever it may have been, in his way.

My father was self-indulgent. He wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, and usually he got it. He addressed my mother as *Frauchen*. In German, *Frau* means both woman and wife and *chen* is a diminutive suffix, so *Frauchen* had the doubly affectional meaning of "little wife" and "little woman." Mother could never be sure, when she heard herself addressed, what would follow this endearing appellation. A vase or ashtray out of place when he returned in the evening completely upset him; a chipped plate at dinner was an unnerving experience; a roast that did not come to the table piping hot a desecration. My mother was constantly on the alert to prevent explosions of Father's temper. Cooking odors were anathema. He would sniff the air like a lion when he stepped into the vestibule of the house each evening. If someone had forgotten to close the dumbwaiter and odors sifted up from the kitchen through the house, he would call out in a loud, stern voice, "Open the windows!" My mother would rush to the windows and throw them open regardless of outside weather. I never knew why my father was so obsessed with details. Whatever the reason, I later consciously avoided demanding perfection in my own home.

I lived with the family until I was seventeen and never saw my mother cross my father. It was her policy and she always achieved it, although the price was often high. Today wives rarely subordinate their egos and personalities to their husbands so completely. My mother was brought up in a culture that took this for granted, and she no more thought of rebellion than an Indian bride did in the days of suttee.

My father's attitude toward his children was Victorian: human beings had children as other primates did. A husband accepted the children born to his wife—and let her take care of them. But the discipline came from him.

My sisters and I stood in awe of our father. We observed silence in his presence until we were addressed. When he left the house in the morning he called goodbye to us from the hall. We then ran from wherever we were and pecked a farewell on his bearded cheek. After dark he returned. I saw him for a few moments after supper, before I was sent to bed. My mother said he worked very hard. He occasionally raised his voice to us in commanding tones, which had the shock effect of a New York traffic cop on a timid motorist. His awesome personality made corporal punishment unnecessary. I was never spanked. This was unusual, for "spare the rod and spoil the child" was then no idle maxim.

On his forty-fourth birthday, February 6, 1902, my sisters and I presented him with a coffee cup and saucer we all had chipped in to buy. I had written a greeting on a small sheet of paper: "To our dear Papa so that he may enjoy his coffee in quiet until he is one hundred twenty years old."

In a good mood that morning, he made a formal little speech of thanks. After he had finished he returned to his New York *Times*, neatly folded into small compass so that he could hold his paper with his left hand while handling his coffee cup with his right.

Because he had become his family's sole support at an early age, my father's education had not included college, but his knowledge was broad and deep and he remained intellectually curious all his life. He was extraordinarily well read in German and English literature. He read contemporary biography, history, international affairs, the *North American Review* and *The Nation* and, like Mother, quoted Schiller and Goethe to suit practically any occasion. They were like Shakespeare to the Englishman and the Bible to an evangelist. He was fluent in English, German, Italian and French. Our neglect of languages was a subtle manifestation of America's isolationism. We represented so many stocks that English was eagerly adopted as a binder for the nation. Subconscious resentment against foreigners and foreign languages fostered disdain for languages other than English. Later sophistication of this attitude brought us "American" English.

My father's individualism was evident in his changing religious affiliation. He founded a neighborhood temple during the few years we

lived on 139th Street; later he attended Merle St. Croix Wright's Unitarian Church on Lenox Avenue because Wright's liberal religious viewpoint coincided with his own religious rationalism. Later, Dr. Felix Adler's Ethical Culture Society lured him to Sunday-morning meetings at Carnegie Hall. But he tired of this too and aligned himself with Stephen Wise's Free Synagogue, of which he became vice-president. When he felt that Wise had grown too dictatorial, he severed this association. He made his own synthesis of Unitarianism, an ethical religion that acknowledges the greatness, though not the divinity, of the Jewish teacher, Jesus; and the Ethical Society, an outgrowth of the Hebraic tradition; and Stephen Wise, a liberal Jewish thinker.

Despite his dictatorial nature, Father never tried to impose religion on any of us. Religion in many parts of the world is women's domain, but in our family my father had it to himself. Neither my mother nor my sisters shared his religious interests, and they had no appeal for me. None of us attended religious services or received religious instruction, nor did my father or mother discuss religion with us. Father believed that choice of religion was an individual's inherent right, to be exercised, if he wished, when he became an adult at eighteen or twenty-one. That is what he told his children.

Nevertheless—strange anomaly—from early childhood my sisters and I performed a ritual as routine as the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag at school. Each night before going to sleep I knelt on the bed and repeated:

Ich bin klein,
Mein Herz ist rein;
Niemand soll drin wohnen
Nur Gott allein.

(I am small,
My heart is pure;
None shall live there but God alone.)

It was the one religious rite my father insisted upon. When he was absent, my mother supervised the ritual. It took less than five seconds. I don't remember when I gave it up—probably when I felt so independent of

everything and everybody that I could fall asleep without benefit of deity. I may have been eleven or twelve.

In keeping with contemporary patterns, Father and I never discussed our relationship. My father sought intellectual stimulus in his complex business. He enjoyed the nerve-wracking grain-export business; it offered him opportunity to exercise his insights, follow his hunches and satisfy his ego, for he was often right. A member of an intellectual family, he was accustomed to dealing with complex ideas. On the Produce Exchange he bought and sold grains, classified by standards like "Number 2 Hard Winter Wheat." He didn't see the grain or even samples of it. He appraised and estimated factors of the future, such as currency exchange rates, ocean freight costs, weather, competition, prospects of crops and crop failures in far countries. Both his integrity and his judgment were highly respected by his fellow traders.

I spent little time with my father, not unusual then. My own personal relations with my children when they were small were sketchy. That was their mother's domain. The dearth of domestic help and the impact of the new psychology, which emphasize the child's need for two parents and stress the parity of the sexes, have changed all that today. And the liberation of women has made them willing and often eager to have their husbands share the burden of child rearing.

On one warm summer evening my father took me to the saloon at the corner. I was probably ten years old. He sat at a small round table outside the "Family Entrance." Our little enclosure in front of the saloon was bordered by a privet hedge growing in green-painted boxes. My father sipped a glass of beer and I ginger ale; then we went home. I don't recall our conversation; I'm sure it was politely impersonal.

On Saturday mornings, when I was about six, he occasionally took me downtown to his office. (My sisters were never invited—a woman's place was in the home.) In father's office, Mr. Harris, a black-bearded bookkeeper who looked like a Grant Wood character, sat silently on a tall stool, copying figures into a huge account book.

When my mother was out of town once I wrote to her of one of my Saturday visits to the office:

DEAR MAMA,

I was in papa's office and I was up in the tower, and I saw the big buildings and I saw Brooklyn Bridge. I went to the Hoffman house and I ate roast beef and toast and next time I ate a strawberry tart. I hope you will be well.

Many kisses and I hope you will be back soon.

Your little son,
EDWARD

I have said that I was very close to my mother; I should add that she favored me over my four sisters. Mothers have done this to sons from time immemorial. This favoritism compensated for some aspects of her relationship with my temperamental father. It was natural for her to shower her affection on a responsive son. Her own mother had favored her "golden son" Sigi over five other children. When Mother took the five of us to Europe (I was ten), she parked my sisters in Berlin with my aunt and she and I spent the summer together in Wiesbaden. I accepted this favoritism, and I never questioned my father's authority nor my mother's behavior. I don't suppose children do that today; it's the parents who question their own behavior today. This, I suppose, affected my sisters, though it would be difficult for me to say how, because I am no psychoanalyst. Their relationship to their mother was never as close as mine, but it is generally recognized that the relationship between mother and daughter is involved and complex.

My mother understood psychology but was too close to her problems to see them clearly. By the time our own children arrived psychology had come into the home. We tried to treat them as equally as possible and even went to the trouble of having two nurses in their infancy to prevent nurses' favoritism.

After the depression of 1893–94, America's prosperity increased and with it my father's. In 1898 we moved a mile downtown to a large three-story brownstone at 1883 Madison Avenue, at 121st Street, facing green Mount Morris Park. The neighborhood was more developed and prosperous, but I missed our little grass yard, because here it was concrete and hemmed in by a galvanized iron fence. We played on Mount Morris Park's wide lawns and on its craggy hill surmounted by a fire signal tower.

Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders strolled in the park, their brass emblems of crossed sabres, pinned on their shirt collars or to the crowns of

their rakish Stetson hats, gleaming in the sun. And when Admiral George Dewey returned from his victory of Manila, I was taken to Riverside Drive. (Riverside Drive from 110th to 125th streets was a dirt road bordered on the east by nannygoatvilles. Squatters and their goats lived among large granite rocks in shacks of wood and zinc. On the west were a park and the New York Central Railroad tracks.) Near Grant's Tomb I watched Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila, head the parade of our victorious armed forces up the dusty drive to the tomb. An admiral riding a horse seemed incongruous to me—I thought an admiral should be on a ship. I loved the bands, the men marching in rhythm, the color of the uniforms. I was part of the parade, and the victory at the Battle of Manila Bay also belonged to me.

Victory in Manila ushered in a new wave of prosperity. Our share of it was a new brownstone at 121 West 119th Street, in an even pleasanter neighborhood. Harlem was then a new middle-class, self-contained community, complete with department stores, theaters and schools. We lived between Lenox and Seventh avenues. Developers had built brownstone houses on former estates of gray stone manor houses for a rapidly rising middle class. On our block lived a German family, the Jaburgs; he was head of a wholesale grocery firm. Donald Klopfer, a plump little toddler (who is now an executive of Random House), lived diagonally opposite us. Aimee Dupont, a pioneer photographer, lived next door. It was strange to us that a woman should head her own business. She never visited around or sat on stoops as the rest of us did. In our minds she was remote and bracketed with the fashionable world of the Vanderbilts and Newport.

Our new house was similar to our Madison Avenue brownstone. The front library bookshelves on the second floor were filled with German and American classics, many heavy volumes bound in Morocco. Opposite the bookcases was a fireplace with simulated logs that provided gas heat. A mantelpiece was surmounted by a large marble clock. My father's huge desk occupied one corner of the room. A revolving globe and individual photographs of his five children stood on a huge green blotter bound in leather.

Hanging on the wall above his desk were watercolors of my great-uncle Michael Bernays holding a conference at the university, and an engraving of my great-grandfather Isaac Bernays, which today hangs in my Cambridge office. A bronze replica of Mercury on a side table had ashtrays grouped around its base. Those rigid bronzes of Mercury and Venus de Milo, and a

few others, were incongruous with the rest of the contemporary décor. They were the culture symbols of their day, as today's are Picasso prints and expensive art books. Knight's etching, "Calling the Ferry Man," and similar steel engravings and family portraits hung on the walls. Oriental rugs covered the parquet floor, allowing the mellow wood to show only here and there. Lace curtains topped off by draped valanced velvet dimmed the light of the front windows.

After dinner my father sat at his desk, a huge Havana cigar between his fingers, reading and commenting to my mother, who sat in another corner of the room, her fingers flying, crocheting a doily or reading a current German novel. My older sisters did their lessons upstairs. My younger sisters were asleep. I sat on a child-sized chair with a huge encyclopedia on my knees, reading about elephants, the American Revolution or sex, and feeling privileged. I don't think small chairs like this one were found in the libraries of my parents' friends. They relegated their children to the nursery.

My parents slept in the back bedroom on this floor, separated from the library by a dressing room with large built-in closets and two marble washbasins. They preferred their modern bathroom in the extension next to the bedroom. It was walled with imported Dutch blue Delft tiles picturing ships and windmills. My sisters and I were occasionally permitted to bathe in it as a reward for good behavior.

Running our brownstone household efficiently in New York in the early years of the twentieth century involved Mother's painstaking supervision and hard work. Each month Father provided an allowance for food and household services. A joint account for household expenses, such as my wife and I have had for decades, was unthinkable then. What Mother saved by shopping wisely was hers—a personal nest egg for birthday presents for us or flowers for a friend.

Mother sometimes took me marketing, a chore that was more energy- and time-consuming than today's telephone ordering or supermarket impulse buying. At the butcher's she carefully examined the cuts he showed her, for only the most tender meat satisfied my father's palate; at the grocer's she fingered Rocky Ford cantaloupes and other fruits in season to test their ripeness. Transportation refrigeration and deep-freeze had not yet made the words "in season" obsolete. Like other careful housewives, Mother patronized small, independent shops. German-American grocers were plentiful in New York City. The clerks in these stores were for the

most part “greenhorns”—recent immigrants from northern Germany. A personal relationship existed between store owner and customer. When the spinach was tender, for instance, Mother always referred to it as “Kuhlman’s spinach.”

Three maids and a cook took care of our seven-member family. Household employees (they used to be called servants) were easy to come by. Immigrants were swarming into America from Austria, Germany, Hungary, Scandinavia and Ireland; they regarded household service as a logical entry into American life, and their jobs did not entail loss of status.

Lighting was by gas and heating by coal. Two sizes of coal, delivered by horse-drawn wagons, were chuted into the cellar. Large lumps were stoked by the furnace man several times a day; if a treasured furnace man got sick or drunk, a maid had to do his job. Small coal for the range in the kitchen was brought up in a pail every morning by the cook. My father was completely aloof from all household matters, and I doubt whether he ever was in the kitchen or cellar. Acquired characteristics are not inherited, but I followed my father in these respects for many, many years.

Nothing was mechanized. Dishes were washed in the sink by hand; laundry was scrubbed in huge washtubs and hung in our yard to dry. A heavy flatiron pressed the wash, and carpet sweepers were highly prized.

My mother could cook, of course, but we always had first-class cooks who made Viennese dishes perfectly—*backhuhn* (chicken Maryland in a Viennese style), chicken paprika, *knockerl* (dumplings) and strudel.

“Father’s good mood will leave if the good cook leaves,” my mother once said. She paid the cook thirty-five dollars a month to insure my father’s contentment.

No one was concerned with cholesterol or obesity. At breakfast we ate buckwheat cakes with maple syrup of high caloric content and high specific gravity, with copiously buttered Vienna rolls delivered fresh each morning by a horse-drawn baker’s wagon. New packaged breakfast foods added variety and crunch to our morning meal. “Sunny Jim,” who advertised “Force,” a breakfast food, stared at me from the morning newspapers and from cards in street, cable and horse cars. I liked “Force” with heavy cream, more than hot oatmeal with butter and cream. We poured heavy cream over prunes and baked apples and into our coffee when we were old enough to drink it.

Dinner was a ritual. We always had soup—home-made, not canned. If a neighbor's garbage pail held empty cans, he lost caste. Soup was followed by a roast, vegetables in season and salad, accompanied, of course, by French or German red or white wine. The meal was usually topped by Viennese coffee and a rich dessert—home-baked cake such as Sacher Torte, strudel or pudding. Our cook mixed her dough for strudel and rolled it out tissue-thin on a wooden table, laid on sliced apples, cherries or other filling, and rolled the thin dough over and over.

Family friends often dined with us. My mother referred to our house as "The Immigrants' Home." On Sundays they arrived for the hearty midday meal served on gold-rimmed "company" china. My sisters and I ate with the grownups. But we did not join in the animated discussions about Ibsen, Strindberg, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, Theodore Roosevelt or District Attorney Jerome's fight against Tammany.

In my early childhood the difference between summer and winter was more marked than it is today. July and August in New York, before air conditioning and pasteurization of milk, were uncomfortable and hazardous. As soon as my father could afford it he sent the family to the country in the summer.

Closing the house for three months was a painstaking task for Mother. Drapes on windows were carefully taken down and folded, sprinkled with camphor balls and flakes, wrapped securely in brown paper and stored in cedar closets. Chairs were stuffed with camphor balls and slipcovered. Carpets were rolled in camphor balls and in tar paper and pushed to the far sides of the rooms. Winter clothes were sealed in tar paper, pockets stuffed with camphor balls. These arrangements were reversed when we returned to the city in the fall—exhausting all the energy Mother had stored up during the summer.

Our first summer away from the city was spent at Sharon Springs, New York, so my mother could "take the cure" at the baths for her chronic rheumatism. In those days, water therapy—sulphur baths or baths in radium-active waters—was considered a miraculous panacea for those who could afford it. Resorts had sprung up at spas like Sharon Springs, Saratoga Springs, Mt. Clemens and Hot Springs in America and at Aix-les-Bains, Wiesbaden, Karlsbad and Marienbad in Europe. These resorts prospered more because of their reputation as resorts than because of their curative

virtues. Today it is recognized that any beneficial results are due to rest rather than to the water.

In Sharon Springs we rented a rangy, reddish frame house on a hill on a dirt road. The house had six bedrooms, gables and trims and a covered porch all the way around it. Enormous chestnuts and elms shaded sprawling green lawns, on which my sisters and I played while Mother sat on the porch in a wicker rocking chair crocheting doilies for her friends and watching us. She said she hated rocking chairs, but the rocker's convoluted arm rests supported her arms comfortably while she crocheted. However, she never rocked, for that, she said, was as vulgar as chewing gum. My father, except for weekends, remained in the hot city.

We hired a six-seater carriage and engaged a Danish coachman, Fred, who sometimes showed up drunk. My parents regarded drunkenness as an affliction common to coachmen and the poor. Nancy, our sweet, efficient Danish maid, a dedicated fundamentalist, married Fred to save him from drunkenness and damnation. Our neighbor, a Protestant minister, performed the ceremony in our home. But Fred's promised reform lasted only a short while, and at summer's end Nancy returned alone with us to New York. Her wages paid for her husband's stay in a sanitarium famous for alcoholic cures, which were the butt of vaudeville jokes. The most famous of these spots was Keeley's, as well known as Elizabeth Arden's reducing camps.

One evening in the late fall Fred appeared at our house in New York to claim his wife. Nancy asked my mother to come to the kitchen and persuade Fred to renew his vows of abstinence. The three of them walked out into our little back yard and, at my mother's suggestion, Fred solemnly swore before the stars and moon, my mother and his wife that he would never touch another drop of alcohol. Fred and Nancy settled down in New York, but Fred began to drink again and Nancy, unable to bear the strain, became mortally ill. She died of a broken heart, as my mother told it. I thought that Nancy's heart was actually broken into pieces, a solemn and terrifying thought.

On September 6, 1901, the Western Union station in Sharon Springs received a news report that President William McKinley had been assassinated at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. The news spread by word of mouth from person to person, a crisis-inspired communications system that was almost as fast as radio and television today. We all rushed down the hill to Main Street to get details. Men in shirt sleeves with garter

bands were already nailing black crepe in garlands on store fronts and on the U.S. Post Office. They placed campaign lithographs of McKinley in the middle of their crepe bunting over signs reading “We mourn our loss.” A pall settled over the village. Later the same day another news bulletin said the assassin had wounded but not killed the President; he was alive. Merchants took down their mourning symbols, grumbling at the wasted time and expense. But in a week the town wept again, for McKinley died of blood poisoning, a victim not so much of an assassin’s bullet as of poor medical treatment. For days my sister Hella recited parts of the speech McKinley had made just before he had been shot. All of us listened attentively and felt a personal loss.

We always hated to return to New York in the early fall. My mother loved the country and she often told us about her Sunday excursions as a girl to the Vienna Woods, where every worm, flower and leaf had thrilled her. At eighty, she recalled five happy weeks in her childhood when she had been permitted to go barefoot in the country like a peasant girl, wading in brooks and herding goats. I shared my mother’s love for the country and explored nature’s world. I found violets in forest clearings; salamanders, frogs, turtles, lizards in a pond; and golf balls in underbrush. Under the skies and trees I felt released from the sidewalks and the stone buildings that crowd a city boy.

We left Sharon Springs in a two-horse carriage at a fast clip and bumped over the dirt road beside a brook and across the famous covered Palatine Bridge to the station at Canajoharie. The reverberating clatter on the bridge’s wooden flooring still rings in my ears.

We spent one summer in Europe visiting mother’s relatives, whom she had not seen for a decade. She took the cure for a few weeks at Wiesbaden, Germany’s famous spa. We lived at a pension situated in a lovely park on a hillside. One day John Philip Sousa and his band gave a concert. I bought a little American flag, pinned it to my lapel and strutted about, rejoicing in our victories in the Spanish-American War. When Sousa, with his pointed gray beard and bemedaled uniform, waved his baton and led “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” he played it for me, a young jingoist, happy that my parents and I were Americans.

We rented a house on Ossiacher Lake, in the beautiful Austrian Tyrol, and here my uncle, Sigmund Freud, visited us. I have a little snapshot showing him in the family group, Mother, and my sisters and I seated

around a table in front of an ancient farmhouse and Freud standing, looking jaunty, with his neat beard and a Tyrolean hat, short knickers and tweed coat. He stayed with us several days, then left to continue his walking tour in the mountains. If I had had foresight, my uncle's visit to our farm home on the scenic inland lake in the Austrian Tyrol would have been a memorable occasion and I would today be able to recount everything he said and did. I can truthfully say only that I remember a warm, friendly man, with a beard, who was happy to see his sister, his nieces and his nephew.

By one of those memory quirks, my recollection instead is of a pair of *Lederhosen* put on in honor of his coming. They were of soft green leather, and I recall they had two buttons made of bone and green suspenders trimmed with edelweiss designs. They made me feel grown-up, for only men wore suspenders. And instead of being inspired by my uncle's conversation, I was more appropriately inspired by my leather pants.

We spent several summers at Caldwell, New York, on Lake George in the Adirondack Mountains. Caldwell in the early twentieth century seemed far away from the great city. A row of small white frame houses sat behind a row of huge maples on each side of a wide dirt road (the main road from Albany to Canada) that ran through the town. In villages in that part of New York State sidewalks were rare; usually people puddled through the mud on rainy days. But here the village fathers had laid down stone slabs on both sides of the road, and Caldwell prided itself on being a summer resort for city slickers to keep their feet dry.

A main Caldwell attraction for summer visitors was the post office in the general store, where we gathered each morning to await the mail. The stamp window clamped closed. All hands behind dumped the mail onto tables, sorted it and slid letters into boxes rented for the most part by summer guests. The mail was our link with the city.

There were few vehicles in the village; two or three livery coaches met the daily train, and a horse-drawn butcher wagon made its rounds among the summer cottages along the lake. A dry-goods store, also on wheels, supplied customers with cloth, needles, pins and other home necessities. Driver-salesmen also bore local information, rumor and gossip. Telephones were scarce. Two were in the lobby of the hotel and two in the post office, but our hotel cottage had none. Telephones appeared in pairs because of

competition between the Bell System, which fastened its long-distance box to the wall, and the independent company, financed by the local citizenry, which hung its phone next to the Bell phone. You cranked for the operator.

Pleasure driving in private carriages was practically nonexistent; horse-drawn stage coaches carried passengers between hamlets and neighboring villages. If a rainstorm whipped up suddenly, the driver stopped his horses, put a stone behind each of the four wheels and asked us to disembark in the rain, while he took waterproof side-curtain flaps with isinglass windows from under our seats and buttoned them on metal rods. The coach then was rainproof and our journey proceeded. I felt close to the Wild West on such rides and identified myself with characters in the dime-novel Westerns I read.

I cried, “Get a horse” to the few drivers who ventured down the street in automobiles. Several times one of my sister Judith’s friends motored up from New York City. He might well have been the first space pilot to the moon; his heroic action in overcoming the hazards and dangers of the long journey in an untrustworthy automobile impressed me. I thought of the horses he frightened, the harm to their drivers, the impassable muddy roads, and the ruts so deep that they made it difficult to steer a car. Today when I hear or read about the insurmountable problems of space travel I recall how wrong we were about the future of the automobile.

In the evenings in Caldwell itinerant Negro college students entertained us with spirituals in the hotel foyer. At the end of the recital they took up a collection for support of Negro colleges in the South. I was allowed to stay up to hear them. It was the first time I had seen a Negro at close range, neither a waiter nor a domestic, and I now recognized that Negroes were really people. It is always difficult to isolate the specific influences that change people’s attitudes. These recitals by Negro college students must have made a deep impression on others as they did on me.

We played ping-pong and croquet, there was a golf course nearby, too, where I was a caddy for 10 cents’ recompense.

Despite the proximity of four sisters and their girl friends, I did not play with girls; in a man’s world, boys played with boys, except in special cases, such as the little girl whom I had drawn toward me one day in the dark hallway of our house and kissed on her lips. It was a pleasant experience, and I wish I could remember her name.

I don’t remember who taught me to read or when or where I learned. I started encyclopedia-hopping when I was ten, trying to clear up the mystery of sex. First I looked up “Female,” the last line of which said “See Male.” “Male” led me to “Reproduction” and “Reproduction” to “Obstetrics,” which finally sent me to “Caesarean operation.” I struggled with as many incomprehensibles about reproduction as a boy of ten could; otherwise we grew up without any enlightenment about sex from parents or school. That is recognized now as an unrealistic method of dealing with children. However, the absence of sex education was not so damaging as the distortions that filled the vacuum. My older sisters, for instance, when they bathed, with great rushing about to the linen closet, wrapped themselves in sheets because that was what the nuns did in the Catholic convent my mother attended as a child. It is paradoxical to have found such sex prudery in a psychoanalytically oriented and liberal family, but perhaps it was a childish activity that dramatized Mother’s memories. Certainly it did not reflect either of my parents’ attitude. I don’t know whether my father was even aware of his daughters’ bathing habits—he never climbed to our third floor.

In any case, that custom stuck in my mind, and years later when our two little daughters were young my wife and I decided to make nudity seem normal and not a deviation. When they were two and three, they had no feeling of shame when they played naked among our guests on the lawn on hot days, and in a few years they adopted appropriate conventions naturally in a normal process of growth.

My formal education began in private schools, Dr. Sachs’ School for Boys, and the Weingart School, both stuffy, rigid institutions for the sons of provident parents. Drs. Sachs and Weingart were typical German pedants. Sachs was distinguished by a huge Edwardian beard and a heavy gold watch chain that spanned his impressive paunch. I remember that his daughter, Sylvia, my classmate, was a charming, intelligent little girl whom I liked.

One of my Weingart report cards notes my highest grade was in reading and my lowest in penmanship. My handwriting still is atrocious. To teach me how to write more legibly, a teacher once insisted I write “Honolulu is an American city, May 15, 1901,” twenty-five times. I remembered all my life that Honolulu was an American city, and fifty years later, when the

University of Hawaii invited me as visiting professor to Honolulu, I felt I knew the city well before I saw it. Unfortunately, however, the exercise had no effect on my handwriting.

Reading gave me insights into real and imaginary worlds I did not know. Way-off Kansas was vividly described in the *Wizard of Oz* books by Frank Baum. I wondered whether I would ever be in Kansas and see a dangerous cyclone. Half a century later when I gave the William Allen White lecture at the University of Kansas, on the ride from Chicago I expected a cyclone to suck up our train at any moment. I also read Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, Scott, Dickens, Hugo and Verne. The Frank and Dick Merriwell dime novels and Westerns made the American past real and vivid—more so than my schoolbooks. The content was sensational and distorted, but it gave me a sense of national tradition and made me realize that Americans had carved this great country out of a wilderness—difficult for a boy to imagine who lived among bricks and stone in New York. I looked forward to visiting the West, its plains, Indians and buffaloes, and was really disappointed to see so few evidences of the past I had read about as a boy when I visited California for the first time in the 1930s.

I didn't play on the streets of New York until we lived in Harlem, where the boys on the block of 119th Street joined in games without formal or informal organization or leaders. Our play was bounded geographically by Lenox and Seventh Avenues. To go beyond them was to be in enemy territory and was hazardous; you were likely to come back beaten up. Our gang was different in quality and degree from the gangs of today's headlines; it was made up of boys from middle-class homes, and their activities, while showing the normal aggressiveness of growing boys, were not antisocial. There were no switchblade knives or guns or lethal intent. We got rid of our aggressiveness in games or in occasional fist fights. In my first and last fight my adversary and I rolled around the middle of the street pummeling each other, then retired from the field of battle, exhilarated. I still feel the glow that came from manly combat, which of course settled nothing. It was a good lesson in the futility of physical battle.

In my last year of grammar school, in 1903, I again changed schools, due to a turn for the worse in my father's business affairs, from private school to P.S. 184, a public school on 116th Street between Fifth and Lenox avenues. Here, for the first time, I came into close contact with a cross-section of cosmopolitan New York. I now recognized that the society I was

living in was much more complicated than I had thought. I was surprised and confused when I found that the boys in my 8B class didn't talk, think and act as I did. Their home backgrounds were unlike mine. I recognized I had a much more protected life than they, the underprivileged children of poor Irish, Italian, Russian and Polish immigrants. They were rougher, hardier, tougher, more aggressive and belligerent than the children I had known. The fist was the instrument of survival, a right swing to the jaw the arbiter of discussions. I had never been aware that people like these existed. I was plunged into this environment without preparation.

Struggle for food, shelter and clothing dominated the lives of their families. They lived in shabby, crowded tenements on or near Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, with running water and toilets in back yards downstairs. They wore dirty clothes, wrinkled and worn thin.

Society in the United States was not homogeneous. Antagonisms existed beneath the surface of the normal conduct of these boys. "Mick," "Pollack," "Sheenie" and other derisive terms were hurled at the slightest disagreement. A scuffle often followed words. The adjustment of Americans of different ethnic backgrounds that Israel Zangwill had discussed in *The Melting Pot* is still to be brought about. This New York, I discovered, was no melting pot; it boiled over. This need for adjustment, necessarily vague in my mind then, made a powerful impact on my later thinking and made me insist that adjustment was a primary function of good public relations. I was seeing aspects of life I did not know existed and for which I had no nomenclature. At thirteen I was learning that give and take and adjustment were necessary for survival. I adjusted.

During most of the school day our 8B class teacher, Mr. Birch, tried vainly to discipline students who expressed their aggression by a barrage of spit balls that crisscrossed the classroom. Because corporal punishment was outlawed, he yelled threats with no effect. The boys' voices were louder than his. At this point he stamped on the floor to stop the commotion. I thought this was what education was. I realized temper was unprofitable, because it was ineffective.

I do not remember much about our courses. I recall one lesson—how to write a letter of application for a job. Most of my classmates when they were graduated from grammar school went to work, and a letter of application was of immediate value to them.

“Take this down,” Birch dictated to the class, “just as I give it to you. Address the letter to H. B. Claflin & Company, Worth Street, New York City.” Claflin was a large wholesale textile firm. “I am a graduate of P.S. 184. I desire to apply for a position as office boy in your establishment. I trust you will give me an interview at which I may discuss my qualifications. May I hear from you?” To me, the letter seemed highly irrelevant because I was eventually going to college. Years later such a letter helped me get the first job I ever applied for.

I learned another lesson from these P.S. 184 years, although not at school. A little old German lady who ran a small candy store around the corner from home on Lenox Avenue taught it to me. She looked like a female foxy grandpa as she handed me the penny candy I bought—jelly beans, lozenges, licorice shoelaces. After months of trading she trusted me for three cents’ worth of candy. This was extracurricular education in the laws of credit. You earn your right to credit by a consistent record of performance.

At school Fred Robinson and I shared the editorship of the *Echo*, the four-page school paper, dimension 8½ × 10 inches. We won our positions by writing a composition about a frieze of white choir boys on a blue background, by Luca della Robbia. The Board of Education had placed terra-cotta friezes in high schools, I assume to expose the boys to beauty. To many of the boys these reproductions were their first experience with art.

My co-editorship of the *Echo* set a pattern that I followed throughout my life. It satisfied my desire for expression, although from the start I knew my limitations as a writer. The discovery that ideas in print made an impact on other people excited me. Eight years later Fred and I became associated in the publication of two magazines and applied seriously what we had played at in grammar school.

I was selected valedictorian of my class. Contemporary opinion about patriotism, physical courage, industriousness and Divine Providence was sprinkled through my talk. The Spanish-American War introduced America’s new nationalism to our classroom. Theodore Roosevelt’s emphasis on the strenuous life and the books we read made physical courage a symbol of high value. Industriousness, of course, was fundamental to the Protestant ethic.

My family was proud of me. This moment would assuredly be the most eventful one in my life. “We stand at the parting of the ways, but whatever

may be our fortunes in life, let us ever remember …” etc., etc., etc.

High school was a relatively new concept in New York City’s educational system. I enrolled in DeWitt Clinton High School, a spacious building on Tenth Avenue and 58th street, in the center of a turbulent slum area, notorious San Juan Hill. Some real-estate operator undoubtedly made a highly profitable deal when he sold this inaccessible property to the city. This was generally recognized Tammany practice then, and I wondered why citizens permitted this to happen and did nothing about it after it had happened.

In the winter the San Juan Hill gangs attacked us with snowballs molded around stone cores. We fought back in the snow and slush, until the police rushed in to protect us and dispersed the enemy. Hastily grabbed covers of ashcans were our shields and saved us from black eyes and broken skulls. Juvenile delinquency is not new in New York City. It goes with poor living conditions wherever they exist, but no such thought entered my mind then. We endured these gang raids as a routine part of our schooling. The school building seemed an inviting haven. The wide, clean, white-painted halls and the spacious classrooms were a pleasant contrast to the carnage of the street and, for many of the boys, a new experience in environment. The building meant security and freedom from terror.

But despite Tammany and its location, the school, I soon found out, was first of all a center of learning, due to the high caliber of the faculty. For the most part men and women of intellectual training and capacity, they were a welcome change from the harassed teachers at P.S. 184. These were dedicated, able teachers who stimulated curiosity in us about their subjects. We profited from the sad fact that few positions for Ph.D. graduates were available in colleges and universities.

Clinton was dedicated to classical education, with emphasis on Latin and Greek, as if one’s future depended on declensions. English, history, mathematics, biology and art subjects were also taught. But we never were taught philosophy, social sciences or economics. Current events did not penetrate into the school. The teachers were not concerned with the world outside. We attended a medieval enclave of learning.

Herman Bice, a frail Latin scholar, taught Julius Caesar. I haven’t the slightest idea today what the questions in our first-year Latin examination mean. The test of April 5, 1905, directed:

Write the genitive plural of *id magnum flumen*.

Write the ablative plural of *ea proxima pars*.

Write the genitive plural of *is tertius mons*.

Write the accusative plural of *id forte animal*.

Write the ablative singular of *omnis fortior Celta*.

German gave me little difficulty because I spoke the language at home. That made it easy to get along with portly Frederick Monteser, my German teacher, who was strict and humorless. He drilled us rigidly in Schiller and Goethe, although my memory of Monteser is much more vivid than my memory of what the two poets said. Dr. Foote, a tall gentleman whose coal-black beard scraggled over his cheeks and chin, taught us Greek in the thorough way of Continental schools. In his striped trousers and a morning coat he looked like a prosperous hobo.

I have forgotten declensions but not the purity of the Greek language, and I hope it made some impact on me. I marvel at Xenophon's *Anabasis*' clarity. To this day I astonish Greek florists and candy-store proprietors with passages from it. Dr. Riess taught Greek in the upper classes with devotion.

Paul Radin, an English teacher, was fascinated by the teaching process. A history teacher, Frank Kelly, fired us with interest in the past and its influence on the present. The erudite Dr. Paul Abelson also taught that subject. A tall, lanky New Englander, Dr. Hunter, taught us biology. He looked like the prototype of a Grant Wood character.

Two able young women teachers, rarities among the predominantly male faculty, were put on a pedestal by the student body. A quotation from our yearbook reflected the contemporary attitude toward women—"The character of the faculty is also marked by the fact that a few women teach at Clinton. This small minority group adds a spirit of refinement desirable in a boys' school."

Ellen Garrigues taught us English. Young adolescents vied for her favor by becoming proficient in English. Her personality became the greatest leverage to good speaking and writing for hundreds of boys.

Mary J. Quinn taught us drawing. Later she became the wife of Cornelius Sullivan, distinguished attorney, and with her friend Elizabeth Bliss helped found the Museum of Modern Art in New York. She had an infectious smile, and I recall her lovely, straight reddish hair.

The student body was divided into two socio-economic groupings, the poor and middle-class, and the upper-middle-class boys. There was little

mixing of these two groups. The fraternity system helped to maintain an undemocratic pattern.

I remember some of my fellow students vividly; Matthew Edward Healy, his long hair slicked back with pomade, his three-inch starched collar, his stiff white shirt, a gay waistcoat, and high black button patent-leather shoes. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., later a motion-picture director, whose father was editor of *Theatre* Magazine, carried on amateur dramatic work at the school. Clarence Lindner, later publisher of the San Francisco *Examiner*, was editor-in-chief of our school paper, and John Colton, the author of Rain, wrote for it. A brilliant Greek student, Frank Schecter, son of the head of the Jewish Theological Seminary, stimulated the rest of the class. Thomas J. Crawford, later a judge, ran on the track team and became something of an athletic hero to the school.

DeWitt Clinton provided extracurricular activities that reflected the interests of a heterogeneous student body. I had encountered this to a limited extent in grammar school. DeWitt Clinton High School exemplified the observations of De Tocqueville that Americans enjoy voluntary associations. I think groups and clubs in high schools are not given the attention they deserve. These extracurricular activities provide the adolescents of America with the opportunity of gaining valuable insight into group adjustment and action.

My interest in journalism, expressed in editorship of the *Echo* at P.S. 184, found an outlet as school reporter at Clinton for the New York *Evening Telegram*, which featured an educational column daily, and in the *Magpie*, which elected me an editor. I acted as exchange editor, critic of other high-school and preparatory-school journals.

Exchange comment, I confess, was hardly interesting to the readers of the *Magpie*, for they did not see the publications I commented on. They couldn’t care less about what I had to say about the publications of Exeter, Andover or Lawrenceville, but to me, at 15, it was a satisfying fillip to my ego and I felt Olympian as I evaluated my peers, first among my equals. The practice of viewing facts comparatively was a sound one—not to look at anything by itself but to look at everything in the whole context.

I joined the Biological Field Club, organized by the enthusiastic biology teacher, Dr. Hunter. He led us on excursions to Van Cortlandt Park on Saturdays to snag frogs, lizards and turtles and to acquaint us with the lore

of the woods. To a city boy, such explorations were somewhat like safaris to darkest Africa.

I became a member of the City History Club. In walking tours after school I rediscovered Dutch, English and colonial New York City sites. These walks brought me closer identification with the city I already loved and linked me with its past. He showed me that the past, the present and the future are continuous and that to evaluate the future we must know the past and the present.

A concessionaire, Coddington, ran our lunchroom, where inexpensive food was served. Here I learned that an innovation undertaken to bring about a specific result may produce the opposite of the anticipated. As a sanitary innovation, the cold sliced egg and other sandwiches were wrapped in thin tissue paper. During lunch the boys scattered these tissues all over the tables and floor and turned the place into a shambles. A new cleanliness had produced a new kind of uncleanliness. That was a lesson to remember.

Rightly or wrongly, we blamed Tammany Hall for the crowded conditions and discomforts of this room. But the lunch period had great importance to us, for during it members of the student body were able to fraternize and hatch new voluntary groupings. We discussed school politics and made new friendships, trying to crowd more than we could into the hour.

I associate an extracurricular activity with DeWitt Clinton: attendance at the Monday-afternoon opening of a vaudeville bill at the Colonial Theater on Broadway. Today many kinds of amusement compete for our desire to escape. But then vaudeville occupied a prime position in entertainment of young people. From a mental and emotional standpoint it appealed more than theater and was cheaper.

As an upperclassman, in the Clinton tradition, I skipped classes Monday afternoons to watch and applaud dancers, comics and singers. How thrilled we were with Vesta Tilly and Vesta Victoria. Here we heard “Waiting at the Church” sung with dash and finish. I watched Eva Tanguay, bold, wild, hectic, strutting up and down the stage singing “I Don’t Care,” jolting us because we all still did care and she didn’t, dressed and behaving in a manner that proved she didn’t. Maybe she dramatized for us the nascent trend toward the liberation of women and prepared us to champion that movement. She was our first symbol of emergence from the Victorian Age.

Daily, at eight in the morning, I fought my way downtown in the rush hour by subway, el or Eighth Avenue streetcar. I hitched my way home on Central Park West on the back of horse-drawn trucks which carried food and other necessities from downtown warehouses to retailers in the new residential section of Harlem. Homework kept me busy in the afternoons. In the evenings spirited conversation at our dinner table compensated for the lack of current events at high school, for we did not study current events at high school. We discussed President Theodore Roosevelt's attack on the trusts, his emphasis on better farming, even though I had no idea that his back-to-the-farm propaganda would play a vital role in my life. We discussed *Everybody's Magazine*'s muckraking. When the President punished Negro troops for rioting at Brownsville, Texas, lively discussion emphasized that his punishment was too severe. We touched on California's battle to exclude the Japanese from the state and the effects of the depression of 1907. We were excited when Maxim Gorky visited America and concerned about the San Francisco earthquake.

On Sundays Father occasionally took me downtown to the Educational Alliance, a settlement house on East Broadway, of which he was a trustee. With his neatly pointed black beard, his Prince Albert and shiny top hat, he was an impressive, dignified figure. On the upper East Side beards were *de rigueur*. Governor Charles E. Hughes, a national figure because of his revealing investigation of insurance companies' finances, wore a large black beard. The kids on the lower East Side mocked beards because they associated them with the newly arrived immigrants from Russia—fair game for them. The attitude toward beards was inconsistent to me. I was learning about the eccentricity of symbols.

One summer my parents sent me to camp, a novelty at the time. With the passing of the frontier, city dwellers were concerned lest their sons grow soft. For fifteen years I had lived with five female relatives, and contact with boys my own age, twenty-four hours a day, they thought, would toughen me. They chose Natural Science Camp, one of the first boys' camps in this country, at Keuka Lake, one of the Finger Lakes in New York State.

The camp, run by high-school teachers, was situated on a lovely spot on a peninsula jutting out into the lake. A large hall and several wooden buildings were surrounded by rows of tents set out like streets. I was glad they sent me. I enjoyed the novelty of being on my own for the first time in

my life. I did some cross-country running, but I am afraid I didn't go in for much toughening exercise. I was appointed business manager of the *Natural Science Camp Weekly*, a four-page newspaper that published the gossip and news of the camp. This became my major interest, with a goal of ensuring that the paper broke even. This presented no hazard, for the cost of printing was negligible.

The passive exercise of editorial management suited me, so that later I helped publish a midwinter issue. I gathered and edited news items from my fellow campers, and when the issue appeared, it served as promotion, reminding campers of the Natural Science Camp and stimulating next season's enrollment. It was a project in public relations of the camp owners, although of course I did not recognize it as such. The interim issue reported an item that gratified me. "Some doubt was expressed last season as to the ultimate outcome of the new venture, the establishment of a weekly newspaper at Natural Science Camp. However, Edward Bernays as business manager put the financial side of the company on a sound basis by showing no deficit at the close of camp after paying every bill. Eight issues were published at an aggregate cost of $65, subscriptions and advertising covering this printing bill as well as many incidental expenses."

When I returned to the family summer home at Yonkers, overlooking the Hudson River, I contracted typhoid fever and was hospitalized at Yonkers Hospital.

College entrance examinations were the nightmare of graduating students of private and public preparatory schools throughout the country. A central board prepared staggeringly difficult questions. The effectiveness of these examinations has recently been questioned, but in 1908 they were supposed to be the last word in scientific appraisal. The board held examinations in bleak corridorlike halls in the basement of Teachers College, where rows upon rows of desks had been set up. Gumshoe monitors passed noiselessly up and down the aisles spotting boys or girls passing papers or reading memoranda on their cuffs—a challenge to cheat, and many undoubtedly did.

At graduation time our future seemed assured. Office-boy jobs were open to those who didn't go to college. To those who did, a peaceful and prosperous world stretched out ahead. Advertisements in our yearbook reaffirmed the prevalent belief that the American dream was generally realizable. Business schools advertised courses in bookkeeping, shorthand

and English as direct roads to success. One advertising slogan read, “Every graduate employed.” Another business school stressed that “200,000 businessmen pass our school daily” and that “our location alone insures positions.” Students were promised bright futures. “We guarantee positions to graduates of our commercial shorthand courses.” And this was not idly said, because the graduates were snapped up. Young women, the advertisement said, could start at salaries of $300 to $600 per annum; young men, $400 to $700. Today Katherine Gibbs School graduates earn $80 a week. The Woods Business School advertised modestly that 50,000 merchants, manufacturers, professional men, bookkeepers and stenographers had found “a course through the Woods a short cut to success.” So firmly grounded was the belief in American prosperity that the Woods Business School urged graduates to choose a career of running business schools. “More than 70 of the best business schools in this country are managed and owned by former students and teachers.”

America’s expansive mood and expanding economy were played up. Those who chose to go to work immediately and those of us who were going through college shared the optimism of the advertisements. No feelings of insecurity about the future marred this belief.

No mention of college or university occurred in the yearbook. The self-made man was the ideal of America. College was an unnecessary luxury and might spoil a good man.

Present-day knowledge makes it impossible to appraise the effect on me of my pre-college education and ascribe failure or success to it. Actually I remember very little of what I was taught. I did, like most students, learn what now seems to be most valuable outside of school walls.

In grammar school through high school I had little time to satisfy my need for a gregarious existence. At thirteen my social life perked up. I attended parties given at the homes of my parents’ friends, my schoolmates or my sisters’ friends. Self-determination in choosing friends came later. Selection in these early years was established by school and family patterns. At parties, boys and girls were ushered into the front parlor of the hostess’s brownstone house, usually between 72nd Street and 96th Street west of Central Park; sometimes on the East Side between Fifth and Lexington avenues in the 70s and 80s. The guests were formally introduced. We played Pin the Tail on the Donkey or Blind Man’s Buff. We sat down at a meticulously decked-out table, set painstakingly with a damask tablecloth

and the accessories of a formal dinner. Little curlicued silver trays held roasted almonds. Favors with gun-powder caps at each plate exploded loudly when pulled. We ate peas and chicken croquettes or patties, ice cream in the form of hens, horses or other incongruous shapes, huge slices of iced birthday cake and candy, and we drank milk. We said “Thank you” and went home, the boys by themselves, the girls accompanied by maids.

At one party a fragile, gentle, well-brought-up girl sat next to me. She seemed restrained, reserved and passive and, like mimosa, was not to be touched. But we acted as if we had known each other for a long, long time—we were both fourteen. Only the two of us seemed present at that party. I walked home with her, only a few blocks away, and there stood her father at the door, for she was late. I did not know what to say. I had read of fathers who horsewhipped males who brought their daughters home late. When he saw me he acted as if I were not a danger to his daughter and asked me into their overstuffed front parlor, where we sat and talked a short while. Frieda and I became good friends. We walked together Sunday afternoons on Riverside Drive, the accustomed time and place for walking. She subordinated herself to me, as Victorian folkways had taught her to do. To me at fourteen this flattering experience was a boost to my ego. We carried on a correspondence, never using the telephone to convey our unimportant messages to each other. These letters were models of objective, nonessential discussion. When I saw her I did not hold her hand or dare to aid her walking across the street. Then she moved away from New York and I lost touch.

Fifty years later I heard she was living in a Southern town. I did not feel much older than when I had first met her and her passive charm. I telephoned her. Her voice still had its springiness and buoyancy, and I asked her to telephone me on her next visit to New York. When she came we had nothing to say to each other. Her passivity had deepened into placidity. I know women of sixty who maintain their zest, but Frieda seemed faded and as old as I. I realized I had given her imaginary virtues. When, quite soon, she left I hoped I had not disappointed her as much as I had been disappointed.

At another party I met Edith Rosenblatt, who became as good a friend among girls as I had ever had. At fourteen she was wise and mature, with intuitive understanding of life and human beings. Our friendship lasted as long as she lived. After our meeting we devised a secret code which we

were sure no one else could decipher and which satisfied our desire for adventure and intimacy. We deposited letters in code under a rock in Central Park near 106th Street. She married Dr. Nathaniel Barnett several years later and remained a family friend, both Doris's and my own, until her death. Her friendship gave me an insight into the nature of friendship between a man and a woman.

At sixteen my father paid for a series of fourteen lessons in Duryea's Academy. I agreed when Father suggested dancing lessons because he expected me to. But I thought better of it. How silly to prance around a floor to music with a girl when I could take a walk with her in Central Park or Riverside Drive. I have never learned to dance.

I became a member of the Stag Literary Club, composed of teenage boys from diverse backgrounds. With a few exceptions they were already in business, in luggage and pajamas or selling real estate. Yet their interest in public affairs was startling. We discussed subjects of public interest at one another's homes and staged public debates on such subjects as immigration, America's destiny, the rights of unions and the future of science. Discussions raged on problems as heatedly as if our lives depended on their settlement.

My parents decided to send me to Cornell University's College of Agriculture in Ithaca. President Roosevelt's vigorous championship of the rural life had convinced my father that farming was the great future for young men. I wonder today why my father sent me to agricultural college. He wanted me to become a farmer because he believed that America's future rested on the development of its rural areas; on the other hand, I don't think he expected me to farm but hoped I would follow in his footsteps on the Produce Exchange. And my mother, who would not have objected in either case, was delighted with the idea of an agricultural education because she loved the country so much herself.

I did not question their choice; such decisions were a parental prerogative in 1908. Anyway, I knew little about colleges and universities in general and nothing about the agricultural college at Cornell University. And there was no alternative pull.

I was not prepared for what lay ahead. On a black night in September 1908 I bade goodbye to my parents and left for the dreary Jersey City station, a bare wooden platform covered by a tin roof, and boarded the overnight train to Ithaca.

chapter 2

BARREN YEARS AT CORNELL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

I had thought of myself as a traveler, but when I stepped onto the tiny isolated station on the flats of Lake Cayuga two miles from Ithaca in the early morning, I felt lonely.

In 1908 Ithaca was an overgrown village surrounding Cornell University. Except for a small, elite group of bankers, realtors, lawyers and doctors, most inhabitants were retired farmers and tradesmen. Professional people kept their social distance from the nonprofessionals, and town was separated from gown. The community was static, with little mobility up, down or even sideways. People in different strata called one another by their first names, but the relationships went no closer.

Glaciers long ago had scraped away the fertile topsoil of the farms around Ithaca; after 100 years of tillage without proper fertilization or crop rotation, the land was worn out. Recent migrations to the lush farmlands of the Middle West had devastated the countryside; the farmers who lacked the initiative to go to the Middle West lived out their lives in a kind of spiritual and economic desolation.

My room at the college was on “the hill, far above Cayuga’s waters,” where the university, fraternities, rooming houses, professors’ homes and a small business section were crowded together. I was welcomed to my new home by my landlady, Mrs. McAllister, as flat in temperament as the lake below. She had seen boys come and go; they meant little more to her than the four-and-a-half dollars’ weekly rental of the room. To ease my feeling of isolation, I put photographs of my friends on a wire screen I tacked on the wall.

The room, clean and pleasant, looked down the steep incline of Williams Street and over the still green Cayuga Valley. Not every student

was so fortunate. Rooming houses varied from ramshackle wooden houses on the hill, fire traps into which as many roomers were squeezed as the traffic would bear, to a new brick private dormitory. The university had no men's dormitories nor did it make an effort to improve student living conditions outside the university.

Cornell University, named after the wealthy industrialist Ezra Cornell, who was its principal benefactor, was incorporated in 1865 under the Morrill Act of 1862, which gave the state public lands it could sell, provided they would endow at least one college whose principal function would be agricultural instruction. In 1904 the New York legislature appropriated $250,000 for a state agricultural college after a long, bitter controversy at Albany over its location. Syracuse University and other New York institutions had sought the appropriation for themselves and later had tried to split it. But Cornell's dean of agriculture, Liberty Hyde Bailey, an outstanding politician and horticultural expert, and Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell, persuaded the legislators Cornell should be the location for the college. There was to be no tuition fee at the agricultural college for New York State residents.

Cornell University had some 3,000 students in 1908, of whom 413 attended the agricultural college, a collection of large, clumsy-looking, reddish-brown buildings and outlying stables set on a barren tract of land in back of the main campus. My fellow students were tall, strapping farm boys with the smell of the barnyard about them. They looked at me with suspicion, for my appearance clearly labeled me as a city cat, an outsider.

The chasm between my classmates and me widened. These boys had led isolated lives on farms; they did not understand my city background, nor did I understand theirs. As children the boys had walked barefoot in spring and early fall to the little red schoolhouse; they had put on shoes in November only with the greatest reluctance. Many of them had never met anyone from a big city. They had not dealt with subtleties; they saw things in black and white. City man was their natural enemy, for he put on airs, had more money and was a symbol of those who cheated the farmer. The fathers of these boys and many of these boys themselves doubted agriculture could be taught. They felt farming could be learned only the hard way—by trial and error—but economic stress had forced them to try this new education.

Some classmates offered me a kind of friendship. I qualify the word because the relationship lacked the empathy and exchange of ideas that characterize a deep friendship. I was occasionally invited for weekends to several farm homes in Tompkins County. Farms today have plumbing, electricity, central heating, refrigeration and most of the conveniences we associate with modern life, but the primitive ways of life on the farm then shocked me. Outhouses were the rule, lighting was by kerosene lamps, houses were heated by fireplaces and potbellied stoves, the kitchen range was fed with wood, and butter was placed for cooling in a spring or a brook that had been diverted to pass near the kitchen. I felt I was back in colonial days.

An evening with a Tompkins County family began around the kitchen table, with supper by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, its dull glow reflected by the oilcloth. The hired man, with his felt-lined boots, sat in the family circle. Ma, the household drudge, brought the steaming food from the wood-burning range to the table. After dinner, Pa read the Sears, Roebuck catalog and we talked about crops, the merit of different breeds of cattle and the weather. I held up my end of the conversation because I took courses in animal husbandry and meteorology. When the talk turned to the big city, New York, as it inevitably did, I told them about subway trains that ran underground and the el that ran overground on stilts and the S-curve of the old Ninth Avenue el at 110th Street I rode on the way to my father's office downtown and the elevators of the Woolworth Building that shot up and down on tracks. My listeners sat in awe, and I felt like Marco Polo.

My first contact with the university came in the form of printed greetings, mostly in mailed pamphlets, and notes that wished me Godspeed in my new life. They were as personal as letters from a president welcoming new stockholders. I realized for the first time how vital personal relations were to my happiness and how lacking in human relations a large institution could be. I thought it did not have to be that way; someone from the university could have made himself known and shown some sympathy for and interest in the new students.

The pamphlets themselves were exhortations on varied topics, from personal conduct to possible vocations and to the advantages of physical exercise. One urged me to become a missionary so that the word of religion, "all wool and a yard wide," might be spread; another, in the prose of the period, said, "In general, it should be remembered that organs and tissues

that have gradually accustomed themselves to a sedentary life cannot with impunity be suddenly called upon for great muscular exertion, while, on the other hand, still more disastrous results will follow the abrupt discontinuance of exercise on the part of one whose muscles and organs have adjusted themselves to an active outdoor life." This booklet, from the Department of Physical Education, illustrated the unrealistic attitude that marked the university's approach to its new students. Page after page discussed breathing, food, skin, clothing, personal cleanliness and eyes; not a word about sex.

I had thought Cornell would expose me to an intellectual environment and bring me into touch with stimulating minds. But Cornell was not like that. A one-dollar leaflet sold at a freshman rally was typical of the Cornell approach: "Nothing is started here but what [sic] it is a success," the leaflet boasted. "That is the spirit that makes a thirty-five year old college beat Yale and Harvard."

Maybe some pockets of intellectual activity existed among faculty and students, but if there were any, I did not encounter them. I recall no concerts, art exhibits or other cultural events. I enjoyed public speaking—oratory, we called it—but Cornell speakers specialized in parochial, uninspiring topics. The Woodford Prize Contest one year was typical of this narrow range of interests: "The Gospel of Sympathy," "A Plea for American Drama," "The Price of Democracy," "Aggressive Fighting for the Right" (the moral right, not political right). I must have been naive about the possibilities of higher education, for I never even thought of complaining. Nor was I aware that I was missing the stimulation of conversation with thoughtful contemporaries. I just kept attending lectures on farm crops, entomology and other agricultural subjects without protest, sitting through hours of boring discourse.

Contact between professors and students began and ended with a far-off view in the crowded lecture hall. Professors returned examinations with marginal comments and grades. I had social contact with only two professors in my three-and-one-half years at Cornell—Professor Edward Titchener, the psychologist, learned I was a nephew of Freud and wanted a photograph of my uncle. The other—quiet, pleasant Professor Craig, who taught horticulture—invited me to tea to discuss a nurseryman's trade publication, the *National Nurseryman*, in which he had an interest. I was an editor of the *Cornell Countryman*, the monthly publication of the

Agricultural College, and he thought that some day I might become a member of his trade paper's staff.

Life on the campus was as rigidly stratified as in Ithaca. The status symbol was membership in a fraternity. Every fraternity had staked out a claim to some campus activity and tried to perpetuate its hold on it. One fraternity sought the track runners; another, the oarsmen; a third, football players. Nonfraternity boys fell into four categories: grinds; zealots devoted to religion; misanthropes, short in personality or money; and members of out groups—foreigners, Jews and Negroes.

Fraternity houses offered members living quarters and meals in large, manorial buildings. They provided facilities for house parties on such occasions as Junior Week, which meant social contacts with young women, with or without chaperones. Dining houses on the hill served nonfraternity students inferior meals that cost about twenty cents each on a package plan. Venturesome students who could afford it ate downtown, where meals cost thirty cents and were less likely, we thought, to poison us. My father, on a visit, invited a dozen of us to dinner at a downtown tavern and after it was over commented to me that food furnished the main topic of conversation among my friends. That did not surprise me. It was a rare treat for most of us to eat palatable food.

Social intercourse between fraternity and nonfraternity boys was practically nonexistent. I don't think I was ever inside a fraternity house; however, in my freshman year, fifteen freshmen fraternity representatives met in my room to nominate a candidate for president of the freshman class. The fraternities were so jealous of each other that they were willing to meet in a nonfraternity man's room rather than at any fraternity house. For the same reason, they nominated a nonfraternity man for the presidency of the freshman class. The fraternity freshmen voted as a body for the nonfraternity man and he won the presidency. As thanks for my good offices in providing a meeting place, they nominated me treasurer. I lost to a George B. Cummings, 242 to 162. I knew less than 15 per cent of those who voted for me.

In my earliest lessons in practical politics I recognized that a candidate's qualifications had little to do with the number of votes he received and that group alignments were determinant in voting. When the class president appointed me to the Freshman Banquet Committee, the highest honor within his power, it was my first taste of political patronage, a counterpart

of the former tradition in American politics which gave the Postmaster Generalship to the President's campaign manager.

We had very few links with the outside world. The university newspaper, the Cornell *Daily Sun*, devoted much of its space to sports, and we seldom saw the local daily, the Ithaca *Daily Journal*. Diversions were few. I escaped a measure of boredom by attending movies down-town. The Manhattan Theater and the Happy Hour Theater advertised in the Cornell *Daily Sun* that students could buy "an hour of pleasure for 5¢." Features were changed three times a week, and live singers accompanied the silent flickers. When I had money to spare I hired a rig or a sleigh from the Cornell Livery, and some of my few pleasant memories of Cornell are my drives with coeds over snow-covered dirt roads overlooking silvery Lake Cayuga, to the accompanying sound of horses' hoofs as they crunched the packed snow.

In extracurricular activities I became a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, which brought together Chinese, South Africans, Cubans, Uruguayans and other foreign students. In the strongly isolationist and nationalistic U.S. in 1908, associating with foreigners was considered almost deviational. Because I knew German I gravitated naturally to the Deutscher Verein (the German Club) and participated in the production of *Alt Heidelberg*, then a sensation in Europe and the United States. I couldn't sing or read music, but I could bellow in German. That was enough to get me a free trip to New York as a member of the male chorus.

Not until years later did I learn that our Deutscher Verein functioned as a minuscule cog in the propaganda machine for German culture which Germany carried on to rehabilitate herself after her defeat in 1870. Our German professor, Bernhard Faust, had presumably been given a mission by the German government, and his book, *The German Influence in the United States*, which tried to counteract the general belief of the overwhelming English influence on this country, was our textbook.

I played a part in Friedrich Schiller's play, *Wilhelm Tell*. I sympathized with the Swiss in their libertarian fight against the tyrant. I learned gobs of Schiller by heart and rejoiced when the tyrant was vanquished.

Farmers Week in February each year brought hundreds of New York State farmers to the campus to study as guests of the state. They filled the halls of the Agricultural College and the frame rooming houses on College

Avenue. They brought their wives by train, gig and buckboard. And went back wiser and encouraged.

My courses that first year were agonizing. Botany, with its ordered classifications of Gray and Linnaeus, left me cold. Chemistry then dealt mostly with valences and elements and was equally without appeal. Entomology monotonously explored classifications by venation, the veins of butterflies and other insects. Zoology meant the disgusting performance of dissecting frogs' legs, crayfish and other dead animals. Drawing was treated as an aid to the study of animal physiology rather than to aesthetic appreciation. The next year was no better. Physical Geography, Chemistry, three courses in Physics, Political Science, Elementary Horticulture, Agricultural Extension and Physical Training now took their place in the curriculum. Only one of these courses dealt with ideas. No wonder I was disgusted.

I specialized in agricultural subjects the third year. Sixteen listless hours weekly of Animal Husbandry, Poultry Husbandry, Pomology, Horticulture, Meteorology and Agronomy! In useless expertise I became a judge of cattle, horses and swine. I rated livestock at the side of a judging ring, on a point system, by criteria defined on our printed score cards. I appraised the head shape, configuration, size, color, hair texture and so on.

Of all the professors who droned on, only one, Professor Frank Warren, in farm management, reflected an enthusiasm for his subject. A slight, wiry man, he always looked and acted agitated. He was the storybook professor. I cared a great deal about his approach to management problems involved in farming. Professor Warren pointed out how faulty the thinking about these problems was. The farmer in appraising his year's pay seldom counted the wages he and other members of his family might earn elsewhere for their long hours of work. Warren set up bookkeeping procedures by which, at year's end, a farmer could tell whether his farm really paid off. Warren applied equally valid bookkeeping methods to tools and other equipment the farmer bought, figuring depreciation and reserves for replacement.

Professor Warren opened my eyes to the need for critical analysis. Dairy farmers had always considered a herd of cows as a unit. Warren taught us that no cow should be kept unless she paid board and keep and made a profit besides. Warren's findings were revolutionary, and farming began to be treated as a business in the United States. And yet Warren's pronouncements only applied simple logical solutions to problems.

Twenty years later, in the 1930s, Warren became a national figure—an adviser, with my classmate, Frank A. Pearson, to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. When the President announced that we were going off the gold standard he based his action on Warren's thesis that prices would rise with the increase in the gold price.

I disliked the ROTC military drill, obligatory once a week at Cornell, a land-grant college. I once asked a classmate next to me why he wore new white cotton gloves at each drill. His father was an undertaker, he told me, and sent him gloves in dozen lots. How ironic for me to recall these trivia and to forget the names of the bones of the human skeleton!

Rooming-house living had become so obnoxious to me that in my senior year I rented a room at Sheldon Court, a privately owned residence building near the campus. Sheldon Court sent me a code of conduct for tenants when I moved in. I did not know then that such a code of conduct lists prohibitions of practices that are more breached than observed:

No gambling.
Do not drink or do not bring nor allow outsiders to bring any beer, wine, or intoxicants of any kind into the dormitory.
Do not roughhouse or be disorderly.
Do not interfere with the fire apparatus in any way.
Do not attach any additional electrical wiring for any purpose.
Please turn off the electric lights when not in use.
Tungsten lamps are in use in all of the fixtures except the desk lamps.
They are very expensive and liable to breakage if jarred. Please do not remove them from the fixtures.
Please report all complaints to the manager.
Do not make unnecessary noise after a reasonable hour as this sometimes seriously interferes with other men in the building who have work to do.
Do not use nails or screws to fasten decorations on walls or woodwork.
Use small tacks.

Despite disregard of the code, Sheldon Court provided more comfort than my former rooming houses.

Yet now I chafed at and fought against the narrow life I was leading. My credits enabled me to graduate in February of 1912, without graduation exercises, and I was glad to be through. My three and a half years at the Cornell University College of Agriculture gave me little stimulation and

less learning. But I gained some independence of spirit and action. For I was on my own during this period, with many kinds of people. Perhaps Cornell was the right place for me after all, because it furnished, in a negative way, a test for aptitudes and adjustments. It proved I was unsuited temperamentally for the rural life and was city-minded. I was sure I would not become a farmer. If I had gone to Harvard or some other liberal-arts college, I might have felt in adjustment with the environment and the courses and never recognized what I did not like. It might have been even more difficult than it was to find my relationship to my future pattern. I had developed certain processes of selection in gravitating to the *Cornell Countryman*. Possibly my attendance at Cornell Agricultural School was a case of serendipity: I was looking for something that was not there and found something better.

chapter 3

LOOKING FOR LIFE

I began my professional life writing about apples, peaches and pears. After I received my B.S., I could have joined the Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, a city in New York's rich Genesee Valley farming country, or entered my father's Produce Exchange firm. I chose instead a job Professor Craig offered me on the *National Nurseryman*, the first important decision I made without my parents. The pull of communications, which had drawn me to student publications in grammar school, high school, camp and college, was compelling.

Writing for this journal gave me a glow of accomplishment. Doors opened for me as they do when you break an electric eye beam. German-American proprietors of nurseries in Danville, New York, greeted me as if I were a rich uncle, invited me to lunch and dinner at their homes, where we discussed Goethe, Schiller and fruit-tree stock.

In spite of my gratifying feeling of importance, what I wrote soon seemed to me humdrum, trivial and unrelated to what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes called the actions and passions of life. I couldn't see myself forever traveling from place to place to report on the economics of the nursery trade. I wanted excitement. Faced with emotional restlessness, people usually seek what is far away, geographically and ideologically. But I decided to return to New York City and seek a job with a member firm of the Produce Exchange, on which my father had had a seat for two decades. Retrospectively, it seems today to have been a logical decision.

The Produce Exchange was a world market for grain—millions of bushels of rye, corn, wheat, barley and oats, bought and sold by its members on slips of paper. My father's grain business involved much more than buying and selling a commodity. It was outthinking and outguessing the present and the indefinite future and appraising the growing and distribution of crops throughout the world.

I did not wish to start in my father's office, so when Otto Keusch, now an independent grain dealer, offered me a job, I accepted. As a little boy I had spent Saturdays in my father's office with Otto, then a member of his staff, peeling foreign stamps off envelopes for my stamp collection and pecking out jingles and messages on his secretary's typewriter. At lunches at a Broad Street Viennese restaurant we feasted on spicy, creamy chicken paprika, flaky apple strudel and coffee topped with whipped cream.

Otto bought hay and oats wholesale on the Exchange and sold them to stables for horses that pulled everything on wheels in New York and the surrounding territory—hansom cabs, private carriages, delivery wagons and trucks. He welcomed me warmly to his busy three-man office in the Produce Exchange Building, an old-fashioned structure at 2 Broadway, replaced some years ago by a huge skyscraper. I started as an office boy at ten dollars a week, a good wage for a college graduate, when most office boys were grammar- and high-school graduates and received less.

Hours were long and indefinite, but this was usual. The road to advancement had no clock. I left my home at 7:30 A.M. and returned at 7:00 P.M., even on Saturdays. I opened mail and windows, straightened out desks, filled inkwells and stuck new nibs into penholders. I was responsible for the complicated wet-press process of copying letters and documents. And every letter, whether handwritten or typed on a clattering Remington or Oliver, was laboriously bound into a copybook of tissue paper between strong, heavy covers. Copies were made by running a sort of multilayer sandwich of original letter, damp cloths, oilcloths and tissue paper through a letter press whose huge, heavy iron wheel I cranked. When I uncranked and dismembered the sandwich, there, as if by magic, was a duplicate of the original. I mailed the sometimes damp and smudged original. Today, I prefer Xerox.

Correspondence files filled little space, but searching for a letter was like looking for an item in a *World Almanac* that had no index. But no copy of a letter was ever lost or misfiled. The heavy books of copies of letters stood in rows on bookshelves, labeled by dates. It was easy to find a letter—if you remembered when it was written.

I made out by hand bills of lading, documents of negotiable paper on which money might be raised. Otto impressed upon me how important it was to fill these out accurately and it was a lesson I never forgot. I also learned that messengers were a crucial link in the chain of communications.

Years later I asked for receipts for messages sent by hand and for telegraphic acknowledgments when sent by Western Union.

Otto, an innovator in new techniques in selling feed for horses, daily sent post cards to our list of dealers in the New York area which I hand-addressed. Newspapers that carried quotations of stock and grain markets gave little space to horse fodder.

When the Exchange closed at three o'clock, Keusch rushed up from the floor with closing quotations. I immediately set them up in type in the rubber stamp holder and imprinted each card by hand. The work demanded concentration and speed, and at first gave me an excited sense of participating in important activity.

I dated bills of lading and other documents with another wooden-handled rubber stamp, identifying myself with the librarian, who upended her pencil to date my card and my book. It was fun to use small pincers to set blocks of rubber figures into the rubber stamp and to revolve the little rubber belts to date each day. I changed the belt that marked the day of the month. The first of each month I moved the belt that recorded the month; but I did not stay long enough with Otto to alter the year belt.

I began to wonder would I be doodling my life away pressing rubber Arabic symbols onto penny post cards. This was not my idea of the free, exciting world. The tasks were dull and frustrating.

My chance came suddenly and hung overhead for a moment, like a brass ring on a merry-go-round. I snatched it. Hewlings Mumper and his brother, whom I had met at a party, asked me to go walking and bicycling through Europe with them. I was enchanted. I had been to Europe as a child and now I wanted to explore Europe with contemporaries and see the cultures so often discussed at home. In 1912 college graduates regarded a European trip as a complement to their education in much the same way that Englishmen of the nineteenth century viewed a trip to Italy. The Grand Tour was, for reasons now obscure to me, supposed to make a man broad-minded and wise. Paradoxically, many of those eager to go to Europe were, like myself, children of parents who had been eager to leave it. As I look back on it now, there was something incongruous about the desire to explore Europe while the United States, our unexplored home land, was close at hand.

The Mumpers and I booked passage as supercargo on a freighter, the *Campanello*, bound for Rotterdam. We were soon calling her the "camping

in Hell, O.” As we sailed past the Statue of Liberty I was delighted to be free of the Produce Exchange and on my own with money I had saved from my ten-dollar-a-week wages. My father had given me $200 in addition. (The fare for the twelve-day journey to Rotterdam was $125.) What would happen later didn’t concern me. The future to a twenty-one-year-old is almost as unimportant as to a child of four. I was now free, completely free.

A few days out Hewlings came down with a hemorrhage of the lungs. He was tall and thin and had apparently grown too fast and had developed tuberculosis. That was my diagnosis. There was no doctor on board, not even a pharmacist’s mate; the job of nursing Hewlings fell to his brother and me, both of us inexperienced and frightened. There wasn’t much we could do, except tell him jokes and try to distract him. We gave him as much milk as he would take, thinking this was the perfect food because babies drank it. The captain permitted us to put him on a cot in the only public room, where he had air and light, lacking in our tiny, stuffy cabin.

For a desperate week we worried about the stricken boy. When we arrived at Rotterdam my father’s agent, a grain importer, urged Hewlings to consult a professor, as medical specialists were called in Europe. Hew’s father in the meantime had wired his sons to join him in Switzerland, and I said unhappy goodbyes at the Rotterdam railroad station.

I spent a few days in Antwerp and asked my father’s agents, Thalman, Mayer-Dinkel and Co., for a job. Thalman suggested I try Dreyfus and Company in Paris, a great international grain firm with branches all over the world.

On July 20 I arrived alone in Paris, not sure of anything but that I was in Paris for the first time. I have never felt the impact of a city as I felt the impact of Paris that day. In the United States you must know a city extremely well to feel its identity, but Paris revealed its identity immediately, in the excitement and spirit of the gay crowds on the boulevards, in the majesty and beauty of the Arc de Triomphe, in the grace of the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme. Nothing really mattered except that I knew I wanted to remain there. A person sees in a foreign country what he has been conditioned to see before he gets there. Today every American adolescent knows Paris through movies, magazines, newspapers, radio, television and books.

Whatever preconceived image I had of Paris came not from such media but from reading *Trilby*. For months I absorbed this city, changing from

hotel to hotel for variety, living in a succession of small rooms in the Gare du Nord section, some no more than crevices under sloping roofs. I spent days exploring the corners of Montmartre, the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter, the Boulevard St. Michel and the broad boulevards of the Right Bank. I sat for hours in cafés, reading Paris newspapers and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which I decided treated world affairs judiciously and objectively. Or I wandered over to the Luxembourg Gardens and watched children play hopscotch and roll hoops as policemen swung their white batons in friendly greetings to *gouvernantes*.

I was first astonished and then delighted by the public display of affection in Montmartre. Couples walked along the boulevards with arms around each other, stopped to embrace and kiss passionately, or they cuddled in a corner oblivious of everyone. This was a startling difference from the restrained public behavior of New Yorkers and appealed to me because of its candor, unself-consciousness and novelty.

I rode the Métro to see more of the Parisian crowds. I practiced French on coachmen of taxi victorias, their long whips lazily fondling their horses while we exchanged views on horses, weather, food and tipping. I tackled waiters, who wiped aperitif glasses with napkins they tucked back under their arms. I talked with gendarmes, Japanese and German tourists. I felt like a social anthropologist exploring the folk ways of South Sea Islanders; I wanted to know all there was to know about Paris. Paris was a devastating new experience.

I was attracted to the *midinettes*, young seamstresses who worked for the *haute couture*. They were vivacious and flirtatious, different from the inhibited New York girls. Different! That is an understatement. One of the circumspect young women I once took home in New York had been frightened when I had held her arm gently to help her across a street crowded with traffic. These *midinettes* didn’t mind a kiss placed squarely on their lips if I felt in the mood. They demonstrated their Gallic affection on the boulevard with handclasps, endearing looks and a bear hug, a revelation to me. Twice daily—at noon and at seven o’clock in the evening—these provocative young women swarmed over the sidewalks of the Rue de la Paix, where the great dressmaking houses were located, and into the great square of the Place Vendôme. On the most meager budgets they wore chic high-fashion clothes they had made themselves. Pert and charming,

they had an unmistakable French flair. In 1912 American working girls seemed drab in comparison. I do not think this was an illusion of youth.

Almost every one of these uninhibited young women, I learned, had an *ami*, a lover, to whom she was faithful. When one affair ended, she started another. Eventually she married a man to whom she brought a small *dot*, a dowry, and presumably the couple lived happily ever after. To me this consecutive premarital monogamy appeared completely contrary to accepted social custom, but it wasn't; it adhered to mores and cultural patterns at variance with American standards. This had nothing to do with morality; it was the way these people chose to live. I accepted it as such.

One day at the Place Vendôme I saw a young woman whose fleeting glance was warm and friendly.

"What are you doing?" I asked hesitantly.

"I am taking a walk," she replied.

"May I walk with you?" I asked with more assurance.

She nodded and we started walking.

"What do you do?" she asked me.

I said to her, "I am an American in Paris," for that's exactly what I was.

"Oh, you are an American," she said, astounded. "That is a pleasant surprise."

We often walked together during her lunch hour after that first meeting, threading our way through the small streets near the Place Vendôme, hand clasped in hand. Occasionally we stopped to embrace and kiss passionately.

"Will you be my *ami?*" she asked on one of our walks. It happened quickly and naturally. Next day we met on the same corner at the same time, and the next and the next day too. We dined together at little restaurants and I took her to dances in the Latin Quarter. We conducted ourselves as normal young people did in Paris.

These affairs seemed to blend felicitously into the pervasive spirit of the city. They were taken for granted. They did not last long, because Paris encouraged excitement through change. I was learning how people acted toward one another, how they lived, and that our American standards didn't apply in Paris.

I was only mildly concerned one day when I found that my capital had shrunk to twenty dollars. At the exchange rate of five francs to the dollar, this gave me enough for about twenty-five days. I decided to stay as long as I could. I recalled that a New York friend, George Rose, lived in Paris,

learning banking as a volunteer in an international banking house. The European banking world followed the system of volunteers long after the American business world had adopted more democratic practices. Being a volunteer had some characteristics of medieval apprenticeship and of modern trainee programs, except that volunteers carried some social distinction. Usually sons of well-to-do families, they were assured high positions in the firm if they proved competent.

George also attended financial courses at the Sorbonne and did a little painting in the Latin Quarter. He was having a happy affair with an alluring, intelligent Russian girl, Roma—I can't recall her last name—whose family had fled the Czar's regime. George and Roma introduced me to a magical Paris I had not expected to encounter, where young men and women painted, wrote, composed, sculpted and loved uninhibitedly. They had little money but didn't care. Life seemed so full. Why go back to New York at all? I wondered.

On Sundays George and I promenaded on the Champs Elysées. George wore an elegant Prince Albert coat and a top hat, the correct Sunday attire for men of the world. I think I had only one suit, and I suppose I wore that—probably some sort of gray thing. I have never paid much attention to my own clothes, a form of inverse snobbism, but I am sure it has enabled me to get to know better many people who couldn't afford to be well dressed. We enjoyed watching the Parisian *haute monde* parading on foot and in barouches.

Cornell University had been a barren wasteland of art. At high school Perry Pictures, replicas of famous pictures which sold for a few cents, had been our mainstay in art. In Paris I became exposed to the Old Masters in the Louvre and the moderns at the Luxembourg. Following crowds of earnest tourists, I listened to lectures on Rubens, Rembrandt and Van Dyck, those lowlanders who showed such deep insight into their subjects' personalities. Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* reminded me of Walter Pater's appreciation of the painting, and the picture became an extension of the essay. Corot and Troyon expressed and intensified my love for the French countryside, and on Sunday excursions to the Bois de Boulogne the paintings made the landscape more beautiful than before. I tried to make up for my artless past by a self-imposed course in art appreciation.

George and I often discussed the relative merits of Paris and New York as a place to spend the rest of our lives. We decided that Paris' unmatched

beauty satisfied us more than New York. But the lack of a sense of social responsibility in Paris disturbed us both. Taxi drivers and the men who ran my hotel lift worked 100 hours a week; concierges were on duty day and night. Salaries of workers were less than in New York. Something was wrong.

In August I suddenly became sick. To my disillusionment, the French hospital I applied to refused to admit me unless I remained a week and paid 100 francs in advance. I didn't have 100 francs to pay. But that was less disturbing to me than the fact that free patients were unacceptable. Finally I checked in at the American Hospital at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, set in a parklike community of beautiful homes in enchanting small gardens behind high walls. Solicitous American doctors and nurses cared for me for five days in a well-lighted, clean ward. I had a severe case of intestinal poisoning, no doubt from moldy meat I had eaten at the cheap restaurants I frequented—the French had a way of covering up meats with tasty sauces. The hospital put me on a punitive diet of water, weak tea and three glasses of milk a day. When I left the hospital I gave up haphazard eating at cheap restaurants and lived at George's pension, at six francs daily.

My short hospital stay gave me the opportunity to recapitulate and think about the future. I had played for two months, enjoying Paris to the hilt. At my father's suggestion I had visited several grain merchants, but I had not accepted occasional offers of jobs. Once, when my money got really low, I almost accepted a job delivering laundry but turned it down because they wanted to put me into a green uniform. I decided to stay in Paris and look for work and made an appointment with Louis Dreyfus and Company.

Dreyfus' headquarters in Paris were located in a renovated, nineteenth-century private mansion on a handsome square near the Bourse. The pleasant man who interviewed me told me politely they were crowded for space; there was scant hope for a job at the Paris office, but they might be able to use me in another office in France. Just as I was about to leave, to my surprise, he told me that Leopold Dreyfus, a founder of the firm, wanted to see me. Dreyfus had had a good friend, Louis Bernays, years ago and wondered if I was a relative. It never occurred to me to inquire how my letter of application ever got to him. Maybe the French, with their meticulous attention to detail, functioned in such ways. In any case, I was ceremoniously ushered into a huge drawing room with high ceilings decorated in the First Empire period. Behind a magnificent polished table

sat a tall, lean man, impeccably dressed, his face masked by a big square black beard. He might have been King Leopold of Belgium and this his throne room. He stood up, extended his hand and greeted me warmly.

"How do you do, Monsieur Bernays. It is a pleasure to welcome you on behalf of the House of Dreyfus. It is not often that the presence of a young American university graduate graces our office. I have been told you are the son of Ely Bernays, the grain exporter, who is not unknown to us. We are gratified at your interest in our organization. But I must ask you a question that occurred to me when I heard your name. When I served as councillor at the court of the poet queen, Carmen Sylva of Rumania, I met Louis Bernays, who also was a councillor. Was he perchance a relative of yours?"

I told him he was a distant relative and we chatted about Queen Sylva; then Dreyfus asked what I wished to do.

"I think I would like to work with your organization."

He smiled benignly. "I thought at first you wished to be a volunteer for a few months and then return to your native land. We encourage promising young men to join our firm as their life work." With precision he explained his business to me.

"Louis Dreyfus and Company divides the world into two parts—countries that grow grain and sell it to us and countries that need grain and buy it from us. Dreyfus representatives in producing countries—Canada, Russia, the United States, and the Argentine—buy grains at prices established in the exchanges of Liverpool, Chicago and New York. Dreyfus representatives sell this grain in Berlin, London, Rome, Antwerp, Brussels and other consuming centers. Our Paris headquarters acts as a clearinghouse for all our operations. Our business fills a great human and economic need."

He pulled a bell cord near his desk and M. Bloch came in and bowed from the waist.

"You will find a place for Monsieur Bernays in our organization."

We walked to M. Bloch's office. I wondered what would happen now. M. Bloch was inscrutable; I had no idea what went on behind this bland, expressionless face. Apparently this was not the first time he had received such instructions. He offered me a choice of positions in Antwerp or Paris.

"We are on the lookout for intelligent, serious young men," he said. "For six months you will rotate from one department to another. It is not our custom to pay green employees in your classification, but since you know Monsieur Dreyfus personally, you will receive a nominal remuneration.

After six months you will be expected to sign a three- or four-year contract, stipulating that if you leave after the termination of your contract, you will not enter a competitive business in the country where you were employed, for a year.”

I wrote to my father asking his advice. I mentioned that the job would give me business training, greater familiarity with French and enjoyment of life in Paris (in inverse order of importance to me). I added that binding myself to an organization for three or four years seemed strange and unusual, that this appeared to me more like the practice of indentured servants than good business procedure. The six months of indefinite wages did not worry me. My earnings would be small, but I was sure I would get a square deal from them. Dreyfus and Company, I thought, might assign me to their office in America, where I would sign up for three or four years. After that I would leave. I would wait a year, in accordance with the contract, and then enter my father’s grain export firm with some experience and background. (My father’s influence still seemed stronger than any hope I may have had of an opportunity with Dreyfus.)

Before my father’s answer arrived I accepted the offer on my own, and a few days later my father’s letter arrived, advising me to accept the job.

In my new office, a cubicle with a window on an air shaft, I decoded cables from eight in the morning until dark, at six o’clock in the winter. This was not the Paris I knew or wanted; it was not the life I wanted. I felt hemmed in; besides, thousands of bushels of wheat had no meaning for me. I wanted freedom. The freedom I might get in New York tugged at me. I was sure America offered me more freedom than my cell, my self-imposed prison at Louis Dreyfus’. After four weeks I resigned and took the next boat home.

Back in New York, naturally I forgot the restricting influences at Dreyfus and remembered only Paris’ great beauty, its sense of order and grandeur. I loved Paris. My attitude toward the New York to which I had so eagerly returned now changed. I had always identified myself with New York. Now, almost as a disillusioned lover, I saw it in a harsher light. It was not beautiful, majestic, orderly, grand and clean as Paris was. I questioned many of its characteristics—its artistic immaturity and disunity, shrillness, crudities and rawness, its brashness and crassness. I exasperated my friends by referring to New York as “the dirty little village on the Hudson.” I showed the disdain a young sophisticate might toward a primitive

backwoods community after living in the most beautiful, civilized place in the world.

And in the back of my mind the thought persisted: What do I do now?

chapter 4

SEX O'CLOCK IN AMERICA

I had no sense of direction, either toward a job or a life work. Nevertheless I was sure I was on the right path and in control of my future. Looking back on this confident approach, I can see how mistaken I was. I was swept along by my family background of pioneering, which I adopted as my own, by the momentum of reform and dynamic progressivism of that decade, and by my own unrecognized steady drive toward communication as a field of work. What I was to do in the immediate future was not, as I believed, to be decided deliberately by me, but was a response to the drives in me that made the forces around me irresistible.

Woodrow Wilson was elected President in 1912 and spread before the world the historic concept known as "The New Freedom." He said, "We are witnessing a renaissance of public spirit, a reawakening of sober public opinion, a renewal of the power of the people, the beginning of an age of thoughtful reconstruction that makes our thoughts hark back to the age in which democracy was set up in America."

Americans generally speaking were becoming more liberal in humanistic, economic, political and international concepts. Their actions in respect to labor, children and women gave unmistakable signs of this. The country was emerging from the period of the Robber Barons. Even our attitude toward cultural matters produced new kinds of literature, music, drama, graphic arts and dance. People were no longer content with the old rigidities; they wanted a more fluid society. People rallied to support new causes. Spurred by the intellectual leadership of the liberal in the White House, the country turned to progressivism. An income tax became law. Government, so long an instrument of big business, broke up the merger of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific railroads. Women voted for the first time in our history, in Kansas. A huge suffrage parade in New York advanced the cause of feminism.

Social protest against ungoverned acquisition was finding expression in muckraking; “reform” was the prevailing word. Jack London, in his *Valley of the Moon* (1913), recommended a return to the land and rural values. Theodore Dreiser dramatized the plight of the working woman in *Sister Carrie*, which was published in 1900 but remained unread until public opinion was ready for it in 1912. Dorothy Canfield’s novel, *The Squirrel Cage*, in this new serious literature, was accepted eagerly by a public that was questioning the values of men who concentrated on acquisition of money or of women preoccupied with social butterflying. History was interpreted in a new way in James Harvey Robinson’s *The New History* (1912) and in Charles A. Beard’s monograph *The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913). At Harvard in 1912 George Pierce Baker’s 47 Drama Workshop pioneered, influencing the writings of Eugene O’Neill and other playwrights. Broadway plunged into realism in Edward Sheldon’s 1911 production of *The Sons*. At the famous Armory Show in 1913 in New York an excited public crowded in to see the new revolutionary art of impressionists, cubists and abstractionists—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, Matisse, Duchamp and Kandinsky. The public was willing to look at new ideas in art even when it was not ready to accept them.

Eddies of conservatism remained, of course. The New Orleans city fathers banned the painting *September Morn;* the Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, forbade dancing the tango; Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan drank only grape juice at his meals.

This was the America to which I returned. I had no way of knowing what it held for me as one brisk December morning I boarded the recently electrified Ninth Avenue elevated and by chance sat down next to Fred Robinson, a schoolmate whom I had not seen since 1904, when we had co-edited the school paper, the *Echo*, at P.S. 184. He still wore his straight black hair long and had on a full floppy tie. After grammar school we had drifted apart, as so many friends and neighbors do in New York. Now, however, we talked as if we had been in close contact for the last eight years.

Fred was helping his father, a physician, publish books, pamphlets and a monthly, the *Critic and Guide*, that protested the prevalent sex prudery. Dr. Robinson attacked the conspiracy of silence that surrounded venereal diseases, called evasively “social” or “blood” diseases.

“My father just gave me a gift of two monthly medical magazines,” Fred told me, “the *Medical Review of Reviews* and the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.*” The Review was edited by Ira S. Wile, a highly respected pediatrician. “I’m proud of its Index Medicus,” said Fred. “It’s a bibliography of the world’s medical periodical literature that is more comprehensive than the A.M.A. *Journal*’s. The *Gazette* appeals to physicians’ interest in dietetics and hygiene.” He added casually, as though he were offering me a stick of gum, “Ed, how’d you like to help me run the *Review* and the *Gazette?* You’ll get twenty-five dollars a week.”

I was surprised, but there was no doubt about my decision; it sparked my half-suppressed desire to get into editing. I knew my limitations as a writer, but these limitations, I thought, would not apply to working with ideas that might persuade and influence others. I had, as long as I could remember, been excited by words and ideas and their impact on people.

“Sure,” I said quickly, trying to sound equally casual.

“Good. Come in tomorrow morning at nine.”

My parents were at dinner when I came home to announce jubilantly that I was entering medical publishing. My mother, of course, acquiesced. She would have agreed with any decision I made. My father looked disapproving. He said deliberately, “How can you be a competent editor of a medical journal when Cornell University prepared you for an agricultural career and not medicine?”

Fred’s publishing offices were in an aged red building at Broadway and Fulton Street. An elevator of open iron grillwork hauled me up slowly, and on the way I watched people on each floor retreating down high, wide, ornate hallways. Fred shared a small office with Sadie Kantor, his young secretary; I was delighted with my nearby cubbyhole. My job was to edit the *Gazette* and assist in production, circulation, promotion and advertising solicitation for both magazines. The *Gazette*, published for doctors, emphasized good eating habits and other matters of hygiene. I wrote enthusiastic editorials on the importance of a daily bath, at a time when the Saturday-night bath was still traditional.

The *Review* covered the broad area of medicine, and we concentrated on it because we felt it was potentially the more important of the two journals. In 1913 the *Journal* of the American Medical Association dominated medical journalism, as it does now. Backed by strong finances and the

prestige of the Association, it had forced many privately owned journals out of business. The *Review*'s existence was constantly threatened, and Fred and I had to devise new publishing techniques to keep it alive.

The symposium article is an accepted instrument of magazine journalism today. We introduced the symposium in a series of special numbers, each devoted to an important medical topic. Over the signature of Dr. Ira S. Wile, editor of the *Review* and well-known New York pediatrician, medical experts were asked specific questions in special areas. These authorities, eager to disseminate their views, gladly contributed. We incorporated these opinions into an authoritative newsworthy article. This technique had advantages over an article by one physician. Unanimity of opinion rarely exists on important problems of medicine. A symposium gave our readers the most authoritative data pro and con on the subject, stimulating controversy and bringing out additional constructive views. I recognized the power of the symposium in affecting people's attitudes and actions. It assumed an important role later in my own work.

Our use of the symposium technique led to a publishing innovation whose significance we grasped but did not fully capitalize on. Today it is a well-established publishing practice for privately owned magazines to send copies free to readers, because advertising pays the expenses. As far as I know, the *Review* was the first magazine to do this. Today many professional and trade journals are distributed free to special audiences.

We made a strong drive for our special symposium issues, promising advertisers to send the issue free to the 137,000 physicians licensed in the United States. This enabled them to reach these physicians at a low cost. We naturally enclosed a subscription solicitation. But the magazine was not primarily published to secure advertising. It was a crusading journal like the New York *World* of that day. The counting-house was of secondary consideration.

My lifetime love affair with the morning mail began at the *Review*. The mail brought letters of praise, criticism or comment, from such places as faraway Africa, from the Sorbonne Medical School, or from a California crank. (Perhaps I had been subconsciously conditioned to enjoy mail by a charming grade-school teacher, who, in addition to the 3 R's, taught the class a song about a postman. Daily we danced around the classroom singing:

Look who's coming down the street
In suit so trim and voice so sweet!
The postman 'tis,
And what has he?
Maybe a letter for you and me.

Then I blew a loud blast on a penny whistle and imitated the motion of delivering letters.) My mail is a daily delight. In traffic-ridden cities personal visits are difficult; telephone calls take their place. Yet many people express themselves more uninhibitedly in letters than in conversation. Letters are often highly personal, because they are written when the writer is alone—a soliloquy. For me, they have bridged distances, established relationships with men and women I might never have met, and they have given me thoughtful criticism. Slitting envelopes for letters from strangers and friends, from educators, scientists, editors, businessmen and crackpots in all parts of the globe has kept me in touch with an unpredictable, exciting world.

One day in February 1913 the mail brought an unsolicited manuscript that influenced my life. A doctor submitted an article about the play *Damaged Goods*, by Eugene Brieux, whom Bernard Shaw had hailed as "incomparably the greatest writer France has produced since Molière."

The article covered Brieux's attack on sex prudery in the play. *Damaged Goods* opens in a physician's office, where a syphilitic patient about to be married asks about the possibility of a cure. The doctor advises postponement of the marriage for three or four years, to protect the future spouse and putative children. But the man marries and his child is born a syphilitic. His horrified wife returns to her father's home, and he insists that she leave her husband. The specialist urges that the daughter return to her husband. He urges her father to bring the cause of public education on venereal disease before the Chamber of Deputies, of which he is a member, and so alert the public to the dangers of syphilis.

The physician who submitted the manuscript to us thought the play a powerful weapon against the medical quacks who exploited public fear and ignorance. Two years before, in a preface to *Three Plays* by Brieux, Shaw had written that

anyone who will take the trouble to read … in English, the chapters in which Havelock Ellis has dealt with this subject, will need no further instruction to convince him that no play ever written was more needed than *Les Avaries* [*Damaged Goods*].

Indeed, in England, quackery was so widespread that the British Parliament four years later passed the Venereal Diseases Bill, in 1917, outlawing an estimated 5,000 herbalists and other quacks who sold elixirs and nostrums, etc., for venereal diseases. In this country, quack remedies were advertised in public toilets which urged a visit to "old Dr. Gray."

I believed that publishing this article in the *Review* would have a good effect on our readers and, through them, on a wider public. We published it—a daring editorial venture for that era, even for the *Medical Review*.

A few days after its publication I ran across a five-line story in the New York *Times* stating that Richard Bennett, then appearing with Maude Adams in Barrie's play *What Every Woman Knows*, intended to produce *Damaged Goods*.

"What a coincidence!" I said to Fred. "We've just run a piece about *Damaged Goods* and now an actor comes along and says he's going to produce it. Let's offer our co-operation." So I wrote Bennett at the Lambs Club:

The editors of the *Medical Review of Reviews* support your praiseworthy intention to fight sex-pruriency in the United States by producing Brieux's play *Damaged Goods*. You can count on our help.

Sincerely

The letter has the proper tone, I thought, but how shall I sign it? "Edward L. Bernays"? Nobody knows Edward L. Bernays. Then I remembered from rejection letters I had seen that letters from publications to writers were often signed "The Editors." These words had a ring of authority and dignity. I felt, too, that a letter from "The Editors" indicated that this was more than an individual offering support—institutional backing.

Early next morning Sadie whispered to me, her hand cupped over the telephone mouthpiece, "Somebody wants to talk to 'The Editors.' Is that you?"

"I guess so," I said and picked up the receiver.

A resonant, mellow, deep voice at the other end of the line said, “This is Richard Bennett. Can ‘The Editors’ have lunch with me at the Lambs Club today?”

I said I could, with as much aplomb as I could muster. I had heard about the Lambs Club and it combined the appeal of the Taj Mahal, the White House and the Metropolitan Opera House. The great actors of the day belonged—De Wolfe Hopper, David Warfield, Otis Skinner, Richard Mansfield, John Drew and John and Lionel Barrymore. Tickets for the famous annual “Lambs Club Gambol” were always at a premium.

I don’t know what Richard Bennett thought when he saw the twenty-two-year-old “Editors” walk into the club’s plush foyer. I noted a fine, jaunty figure of a man, who looked more like a small-town politician than a romantic lead. He was solicitous and charming and graciously ushered me into a lofty paneled dining hall, a dark, somber room. I might have guessed actors craved light even when they were off stage, but apparently they sought the opposite. Maybe the building committee had unconsciously arranged it that way so that performers could retreat into their own egos when they were not in front of the footlights.

After an exchange of amenities Bennett leaned forward and said, “I have been interested in *Damaged Goods* for several years. A play so frank, so sincere can accomplish enormous good. A man and woman entering matrimony must have clean health; we should abolish prurience in this country. Sex diseases should no longer be concealed. I hope to interest legislators in the seriousness of the social disease the play discusses and force them to pass reform laws.”

“Yes, yes, of course,” I murmured, enthralled. I didn’t even wonder *what* laws.

“But I cannot do this alone,” Bennett added humbly. “The play is too daring for me to produce alone. Besides, I haven’t the funds to finance production. I am delighted the editors of the *Medical Review of Reviews* will support it. I shall be happy to assume the leading role and believe I can recruit good actors at no pay to join me in this fight against sex prudery. Now, tell me,” he added, tapping the solid oak table softly with his fingers, “will you help me?”

I was sitting on the edge of my chair. “We’ll work together,” I said enthusiastically, convinced I had met a fellow altruist.

I rushed back to the office and reported to Fred. “I told him we will work with him,” I concluded.

“But, Ed, what can we do?” Fred asked.

“We’ll produce the play ourselves,” I suggested breathlessly.

“And where will we get the money?”

That was a handicap, for neither of us had the money. But there was an even greater difficulty: we would have to prepare public opinion and city authorities to get them to permit the play to be produced. Anthony Comstock, Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, had closed other shows he thought too daring. He caused an international furor when he shut down George Bernard Shaw’s *Mrs. Warren’s Profession* after a single performance in 1905. The audience had paid thirty dollars for opening-night seats, and crowds without tickets had stormed the theater to get in. Mr. Comstock had warned Augustin Daly, the producer, some days before the play was to open at the Garrick Theater, that it was one of Shaw’s “filthy products.”

Daly could not believe Comstock had read the play, which contained a great moral lesson, and invited Comstock to see a rehearsal. The New York *Times* had published the correspondence—editorializing in its headline “COMSTOCK AT IT AGAIN. WARNS DALY AGAINST PLAYING ‘MRS. WARREN’S PROFESSION.’”

Police Commissioner McAdoo after the premiere reported to Mayor George B. McClellan that the production was “revolting, indecent, and nauseating where it was not boring.” McAdoo then informed Daly he would prevent a second performance and arrest those participating; he did, and a court ruling upheld his action, although the defendants were acquitted. The case became a *cause célèbre*. “To prohibit the play is to protect the evil which the play exposes,” wrote Shaw, but Comstock had prevailed.

Suddenly an idea came to me. *Damaged Goods* could be produced by a *Medical Review of Review*’s Sociological Fund Committee. We would organize the fund and the committee, made up of distinguished men and women. This would raise the funds necessary for the production. Our office would be headquarters for both. Fund membership of four dollars would entitle a member to one ticket to *Damaged Goods*. This would defray production costs, which were practically negligible, because Bennett’s actors were donating their services. Costs were principally rental of the theater, box-office treasurer’s salary, printing and mailing tickets. My salary

would be twenty-five dollars a week as Secretary of the Fund. The *Medical Review of Reviews* would receive no profit from the venture.

Before we went ahead, however, we wanted to make sure Bennett was sincere, not just looking for self-glorification. Neither of us had had experience with actors or the theater, but we were just knowledgeable enough to know that actors thrive on public acclaim. I recall a proverb my father often quoted in German: “Posterity gives no laurels to the actor, therefore he has to compete with the present.” So I asked my father to appraise Bennett. We both respected my father’s judgment. When I asked if he would size up the man he answered me with his usual careful directness, “I must tell you, my son, that I do not think the activity of which you are thinking, to produce a play, is befitting a person graduated from a great university. Nor do I think it sound for you to edit a medical journal without the benefit of a medical degree. But I am willing to meet Mr. Bennett and judge his character and good faith.”

The three of us lunched at the Lambs Club. My father’s strong personality dominated the conversation. Bennett was quiet at the start, trying to decide the pitch that would carry with my father, who he guessed was there to look him over. I was sure he recognized that my father was a liberal, sympathetic to the idea of battling sex prurience.

Presently Bennett said to him, “I am delighted you have joined us here. I am glad to work with your son and his associate in fighting the social evil—syphilis—that has beset mankind since time immemorial.”

My father was a strong supporter of New York’s district attorney, William Travers Jerome, in his fight against prostitution. Bennett had struck the right note. He added, “I believe the forces that exploit venereal diseases for profit will be routed by the play that your son and I will present.”

This double appeal to fight against syphilis clinched it.

“Here is an actor,” my father said to me on the way home, “with sincerity and an interest in mankind rare among any group of human beings. He should be encouraged.”

I was to learn that my father was wrong and that Bennett had been a superb off-stage actor.

I told Bennett of my plan to form a committee of men and women of such high status and respectability that Comstock would not dare assail them. An announcement by this committee would invite public participation

in the fund and this would be followed by invitations to join the fund and see the play. Bennett was delighted.

Today committees sponsor most activities that try to enlist public opinion for worthy or frivolous purposes. But when I invited men and women to join the Committee of the Sociological Fund of the *Medical Review of Reviews*, it was a pioneering move. There are Republican Committees to Elect Democrats (and vice versa), Committees for Better Schools, for a Sane Nuclear Policy, for the Blind of Poland, for a Free Estonia or for Our Children's Teeth. These committees are symbols and show who is for a cause and willing to stand up for it. Their participation intensifies favorable opinion, sways the undecided and negates the opposition.

Our letter on *Medical Review of Review*'s paper went to a carefully selected list, inviting them to

join our Sociological Fund Committee, sponsoring a single performance of *Damaged Goods*.

Richard Bennett, the distinguished actor, has volunteered to assemble a company of outstanding actors to play in this one performance open to an invited audience, each of whom will become a member of the Fund.…

Your name will give moral support to the effort to fight sex prurience and to give the public a better understanding of the importance of education in fighting venereal disease.

I was careful to invite men and women whose good faith was beyond question and who would be responsive to our cause. Among those who joined were Mrs. Richard M. Bent; Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, later its director; Cosmo Hamilton, a popular English author; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of New York's Unitarian Community Church and a founder of the American Civil Liberties Union; Frederic C. Howe, director of the People's Institute, a liberal, once leader in the fight for municipal reform and adult education; Mrs. Charles H. Israels, later Mrs. Henry Moskowitz; Miss Helen Marot; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; Dr. William Jay Schieffelin, whose company had recently brought Salvarsan, the specific for syphilis, to this country; Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, a social worker; Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr.; and Dr. James P. Warbasse, once President of the Cooperative League of the United

States of America, a vigorous social reformer and a friend of Fred's father. Dr. Ira S. Wile, the Review's editor, was chairman.

Hundreds of checks for membership in the fund poured in after our first public announcement. Interest in our theme had been aroused by a Rockefeller Institute report on prostitution and by District Attorney Jerome's attempt to eliminate the red-light district and white-slave traffic. Public opinion is usually latent until it reacts to an issue. The problem often is to find a catalyst to spur interest into activity. Our committee was such a catalyst.

The volunteer cast of *Damaged Goods* included Wilton Lackaye, who played the doctor; Bennett's wife, Adrienne Morrison, as the prostitute; and Margaret Wycherly, a girl. Bennett took the lead.

The press covered our project enthusiastically while Bennett held rehearsals. I paid the bills from the membership fund of over $4,000. A few days before the performance the Thirty-ninth Street Theater refused to honor its promise to put on the play; the management feared police interference. But strong newspaper support finally secured us the Fulton Theater. Harry Nelms, president of the New York Treasurers' group, handled the ticket allotments to fund members. What a job that was! As the volume of publicity mounted, it seemed that almost everybody in New York with four dollars wanted to see this single performance. *Damaged Goods* was a *cause célèbre* before the curtain rose.

We solicited comments from influential people. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said, "The evils springing from prostitution cannot be understood until frank discussion of them has been made possible. Worthily presented in a spirit of sincerity, this powerful drama will assist in breaking down the harmful reserve which stands in the way of popular enlightenment." Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, saw "the presentation of this play as a very hopeful and significant event." Contrariwise, New York's literate Mayor William J. Gaynor, who had read the play, wrote us that he was happy that the play would be presented. Just the same, he found it excessive and thought it did not ring true. The scene where the woman had relations with men for the purpose of spreading the disease was farfetched, in Gaynor's eyes. No woman, he said, would act in such a manner. He thought that the ending of the play, where the husband and wife reunite (the danger having passed), ruined the impact of the play as a whole. As far as he was concerned, the ending aided the cause of men who sought out

prostitutes. Gaynor concluded that he was certain that this type of play would be consigned to literary oblivion because it was contrary to nature and experience.

The Broadway stage in 1913 was run by businessmen for tired businessmen. This has not changed much in fifty years. Realism in the theater, and using the stage as a forum for problems of society, was frowned upon by the entrepreneurs in 1913; even today's lip service to serious theater was absent. Broadway's fare that year included Laurette Taylor in *Peg O' My Heart*, Pauline Frederick in *Joseph and His Brethren*, De Wolfe Hopper in *The Beggar Student* and Billie Burke in *Land of Promise. A Good Little Devil*, a play about fairies, starred Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford. Exceptions were *Much Ado About Nothing*, with John Drew and Laura Hope Crews, and Shaw's comedy, *The Philanderer*, which ran for 103 performances.

Producers were interested in stars, not plays, and high rentals prevented the encouragement of new or unknown talent. But isolated instances showed that some members of the public wanted plays with serious themes. Little theaters had opened in a few cities—the Toy Theater in Boston, the Chicago Little Theater and the Little Theater in New York were launched in 1912. In 1915 the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, the Princeton Players, the Washington Square Players and Walker's Portmanteau Theater made their appearance. *Damaged Goods* was well timed; public opinion was prepared to accept its thesis. Progressivism was in the air.

The day before the opening, the whole show almost blew up. Wilton Lackaye had a tantrum when he saw that Bennett's name was a little larger than his in the theater program.

"I refuse to go on," he announced at the dress rehearsal, "unless my name is the same size as Bennett's."

Everybody held his breath, but to our surprise Bennett gave in graciously. "Of course, Wilton," he said.

Unreasoning egos often influence the course of events. I have been careful since then about type sizes in programs, about a dignitary's place at the table, on the dais or in an academic procession.

On the afternoon of March 14, 1913, well-known laymen and women, medical men, national and state legislators, social workers and theatrical leaders crowded quietly and gravely through the doors of the Fulton Theatre to see *Damaged Goods*. Among the many prominent people two went

unnoticed by the audience and the press, but four decades later I saw that the program listed Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt as two members of the fund.

I caught only snatches of the play. I kept walking in and out of the auditorium, backstage and to the front of the house, trying to feel the pulse of the audience and actors.

Next morning's newspapers gave the event full coverage. An editorial said the play "struck sex o'clock in America." The New York *World* critic, Louis Defoe, took a column to say that the play wasn't a fit subject for the stage. Other New York critics called it "a powerful tract that should be played all over the country.…" "America needed it to fight venereal disease." Three days later we gave a second matinee performance to take care of overflow memberships.

It is difficult to disentangle the roots of Americans' sex prurience. We can't put the blame on the Puritans, who were strict about sin but not so strict about sex as many of us have been led to believe. They had liberated themselves from the orthodox viewpoint of the English Church and from the Catholic attitude, in which virginity played so dominant a role. I think prudery was a legacy of Victorian sex suppression. Science too must take part of the blame, for in the early twentieth century it was declared that indulgence in sex was harmful; continence was enjoined on athletes because sex was considered a drain on the constitution.

I was elated at the success of *Damaged Goods* and the national fame it brought to the *Medical Review of Reviews*. As for Bennett, the play transformed him overnight from Maude Adams' leading man into a newsworthy star—and he was keenly aware of the benefits to be reaped from his success. He appeared at our offices the day after that first performance. "Boys," he crowed jubilantly, "make me out a check for expenses to cover a special performance for President Wilson, in Washington at the National Theater."

Damaged Goods had made a great impact on New York and I was sure it would have a comparable effect in the national capital. Fred and I realized that a performance of the play in Washington for the austere President would be invaluable to the movement and to the *Medical Review of Reviews*. We gave Bennett a check to cover the performance.

This performance for President Wilson and members of his Cabinet and Congressmen sent another wave of nationwide publicity about *Damaged*

Goods through the country. Under a Washington dateline, news services hailed this “new Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Fred and I tried to foresee the effect *Damaged Goods* would have on teaching in schools, on religion and on our mores. How could we channel the public’s interest in the play into constructive action? There were no limits to what we could accomplish. We discussed ideas and plans for the future with Bennett, who was now quieter and more tentative than usual.

“We think the fund should extend its influence into other causes that need the support of public opinion,” I said to Bennett. “We can produce other plays on social evils; we can fight narcotics, the white-slave traffic, child labor …”

Bennett had been looking at us cynically, with a near sneer, when Fred asked proudly, “What do you think of our ideas?”

Bennett snickered. “Thanks, boys,” he said. “I don’t need you or your damned sociological fund any more. I’ll start my own fund. I own all the rights to *Damaged Goods*. Ta, ta.” And that ended our dreams of saving the world with our fund. What Bennett said was true. He had acquired the American rights to the Brieux play even before our first meeting. We were tossed out and crash-landed in a state of shock.

Less than a month later Bennett started commercial production of the play, sponsored by “The Sociological Fund of America.” And he simply dropped *Medical Review of Reviews* from the name. The play ran for sixty-six performances in New York, and road companies toured the country for several years. He made several hundred thousand dollars from the play and later from a motion picture based on it.

We were bitterly disillusioned by Bennett’s trick, not basically because of the money—we had not started with any idea of profit—but because of the blow to our pride. Bennett had taken us for a ride; he had fooled both of us and my father. Without us he could not have produced the play. I felt a sense of loss at separation from the crusade we had started so enthusiastically. There was some comfort in knowing I had done a good job, but I wondered if people I accepted in good faith would behave this way all through life. That was a grim prospect—to have to suspect and watch people to make sure they would not exploit me. I couldn’t believe that was the way it would be. On the contrary, I have never been cynical or suspicious about people I worked with. I have believed in them and usually my faith has been justified. There have been few Bennetts in my life.

chapter 5

ON PARK ROW

My attitude to our two magazines now changed. Medical journalism seemed tame compared to the adventure and significance of *Damaged Goods*. I realized too that I should have a medical background for medical journalism. I thought longingly of returning to Paris, where, I told myself, I would gain new perspectives. I had earned enough money for a trip from my three concurrent jobs: editor of the *Gazette*, secretary of the Sociological Fund and tutor to teen-age boys on walking trips to New York parks on my day off. Each job paid twenty-five dollars a week; seventy-five dollars was a good income at that time for a twenty-two-year-old.

I piloted a fifteen-year-old boy to Europe in return for free passage and a small stipend, delivered him to his mother in Paris and went to Carlsbad to visit my uncle, Sigmund Freud, whom I had not seen for twelve years; I wanted to renew this fleeting relationship with him. In the intervening period, Freud's reputation had grown. He had written *The Interpretation of Dreams* in 1900, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* in 1904, *Three Contributions to the Sexual Theory* in 1905 and *Totem and Taboo* in 1913. In 1908 Bleuler, Freud and Jung had founded the *Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische und Psychopathologische Forschungen*. The following year Freud and Jung had been invited to give a series of lectures at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, and in 1910 the International Psychoanalytical Association had been formed.

Freud was at Carlsbad with my cousin Anna, and my relationship with them was resumed as though it had been a continuing one. Although Freud was almost a quarter century my senior, we got along like two contemporaries. Anna was like a close sister and we enjoyed each other's company. Freud and I took long walks together through the woods that surrounded Carlsbad, he in pepper-and-salt knickerbockers, green Tyrolean hat with feather and ram's horn stuck in the hat band, brown hand-knit

socks, heavy brown brogues and sturdy walking stick—and I in my Brooks Brothers suit. We walked quickly over the sloping hills, talking all the way. I wish I had taken notes and preserved what he said, but it all seemed so natural that I took it for granted.

Occasionally we lunched at a restaurant where the dining room overlooked a charming garden and tiny stream. Fish darted about in a center pool in the restaurant. Diners pointed to the particular fish they wanted for lunch.

My uncle explained, “These brook trout are swimming in the order of their price range.”

I recall another occasion we were together at luncheon. I noticed a fly on the tablecloth and quickly raised my napkin to swat it. My uncle looked at me and said quietly, “Oh, let the fly take its promenade on the high plateau.”

Half a century later I tried to remember the impression Freud made on me. I recall his pleasant and easy attitude, his understanding sympathy, more candid and relaxed in his attitude to me than any other older man I had ever known. It was as if two close friends were exchanging confidences instead of a famous uncle of fifty-seven and an unknown nephew of twenty-two. This relationship made it natural for my uncle, seven years later, to let me have *The Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* translated and published. We also exchanged many letters. Fortunately I kept them.

In the fall of 1913 I returned to the United States and decided to become a newspaperman. My experience with *Damaged Goods* had impressed me with the power of the press. I thought reporters were in the mainstream of life, where I wanted to be. But no newspaper job was open. I made a short try at free-lance newspaper writing but was convinced this was too precarious a career. I took a temporary job that late fall at twenty-five dollars a week with the State Charities Aid Association to promote the sale of Christmas Seals for the National Tuberculosis Association, one of the first organizations to apply modern methods to fund raising.

I hired an open Model-T Ford for three dollars a day—although I knew nothing about driving and had never operated an automobile. No driver’s license was then necessary. I was shown how to use the brake, steering wheel and accelerator, and set out along cold, windy and empty Long Island roads, persuading ministers, doctors, social leaders and housewives in Nassau County to accept stamps for resale to the public.

I called on volunteer sales agents in almost every hamlet, giving 1,000 stamps to the agent who had sold 720 stamps the preceding year, leaving 15,000 with the woman who, the year before, had made the county sales record of 11,687. Without knowing it I was practicing quota salesmanship and managed to raise Nassau County's quota. When this Christmas job ended I was again at liberty.

The memory of *Damaged Goods* was still vivid. I wondered if other opportunities existed on Broadway in the theater. The casually run Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, which functioned chiefly with social-service organizations, was of no help. Then I remembered that job-application letter Mr. Birch had drilled into my 8B class at P.S. 184 eight years before.

"Gentlemen: I am a graduate of P.S. 184. I should like to apply for a position as office boy in your establishment. I trust you will grant me an interview at which I can discuss my qualifications. May I hear from you?"

A silly lesson, I had thought then, but it seemed logical now in 1913. I wrote a similar letter to theatrical producers listed in Donnelley's Red Book, the forerunner of the telephone classified directory, applying for a job as publicity man.

By return mail I received one answer on Klaw & Erlanger pink notepaper:

DEAR SIR:
Please come in for an appointment tomorrow at 10:30 a.m.

MARC KLAW

The theater in the United States was virtually controlled by Klaw & Erlanger, a central booking office formed by Charles Frohman, the producer, and his booking agents, Klein, Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger. This first of the so-called theatrical syndicates between 1890 and 1910 bought theater properties in New York and in cities on the road. They underquoted competitors on theater rentals, eventually forcing independent theater owners out of business, and then raised their own rentals. Any performer or producer who refused to accede to their terms had to find theaters elsewhere. Sarah Bernhardt played divinely in circus tents to thwart them.

The system encouraged the production of only sure-fire attractions: the star, not the play, was the thing. Money was the spur, and Klaw & Erlanger

reaped profits through monopoly power; their receipts increased but the public had to pay high prices for stultifying theater. Many good playwrights refused to write plays that had no chance of being produced. This was monopoly that exercised censorship of the most potent kind—unofficial and lethal.

Lee, Sam and Jake Shubert started an independent movement to fight the syndicate and soon were competing effectively and on the same terms. But they too were mainly interested in real estate. And the American theater became a by-product of a financial battle between real-estate giants.

In a survey I made years later for the New York League of Theaters I found that real estate still dominated the production of plays in New York. Today control is somewhat diffused; off-Broadway theater offers competition. Many playwrights and producers have their eye on a movie rather than on the play itself. But production costs have risen to such heights that producers still try to play safe.

I knew that Klaw & Erlanger was important. But I was unclear about the job I was seeking and I knew practically nothing about the field I was trying to enter. And I didn't have the know-how then of finding out about it—before I went to see Mr. Klaw.

The next morning I rushed down to the New Amsterdam Theater, home of the *Ziegfeld Follies* and headquarters of the Klaw & Erlanger syndicate. I showed Klaw's letter, an effective passport, to a jovial Negro bodyguard in the lobby, and he took me upstairs in the private elevator to Klaw's office.

It was a small, gloomy room, its two round windows obscured by heavy drapes. Klaw sat at his desk, not the sinister theatrical syndicate man I had read about. He looked more like a harmless bartender with his graying, sparse hair slicked down and parted in the middle. I half expected him to mix me a drink. He waved me to a large leather chair, and I sank into it.

"You say you want to be a press agent for a production of ours," he said. "I know of your *Damaged Goods* work. What do you expect to earn a week?"

I didn't know what I was worth to Klaw, or what the prevailing wage for a press agent was. My highest weekly earnings, from three simultaneous jobs, had been seventy-five dollars. I said seventy-five dollars.

"Fine. You'll do the publicity for Elsie Ferguson. Start tomorrow."

I thought that he had engaged me because critics had not acclaimed *The Strange Woman* a success as he thought they should and that he wanted me

to build up audiences. Forty-five years later Gilbert Miller, during lunch at the Colony restaurant, told me the real reason: I was hired to satisfy Elsie Ferguson's craving for more publicity. I hoped the job would be exciting and that I could handle it. I learned from this interview to try to anticipate questions and have my answers prepared in advance. Years later I briefed my clients for meetings with the press or stockholders on questions likely to be asked, as the President of the United States is briefed for press conferences. Homework is vital before important conferences.

I was neither surprised nor elated now that Klaw had given me the job I wanted so badly. It was reassuring to get it and also to have been able to put my own evaluation on my services. I was not oppressed by the employer-employee relationship; Klaw and I were two men making a business deal. I don't think my attitude was due to youthful brashness. I had absorbed ideas of equality at home and at school and was acting on my beliefs. I have often wondered why we apply so little of what we learn about equality and independence to our daily business or professional life. There is a wide gap between the liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights and the behavior between corporations and their employees. Freedom of speech is curtailed in many organizations. During the New Deal it often cost a man his job to say something good about FDR. The right-wing president of an automobile company nearly broke his contract when I told him I admired President Roosevelt. He was so outraged that it took the executive vice-president hours to alter his decision. In many corporations employees are afraid to express opinions that run counter to management's. Company house organs reflect this conformity. Several years ago I made a survey of them which revealed that many did not mention two subjects the employees were most interested in—hours and wages and the financial affairs of the company.

Next morning at nine I started work in a bare, open loft on the second floor of the New Amsterdam Theater that ran the width of the building, ventilated by small, round windows near the ceiling. High bookkeepers' desks stood against the walls and in rows down the middle of the room. I wondered who would give me instructions. Since no one appeared, I chose a desk, scrambled up a four-foot bookkeeper's stool, pulled a yellow pad from a drawer and copied names and addresses of New York newspapers from Donnelley's Red Book. Then I walked to the newsstand at 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue and picked up all nineteen morning and evening

papers. There were eleven English, two German morning dailies and six English evening dailies—and I studied them.

I did not get to understand the network of communications from this one foray on a newsstand. But my years as press agent for the theater and for music helped me to learn about the New York press, its personnel and how it functioned, and the press of that day was the principal medium of millions of readers for information and entertainment. The newspapers represented all shades of public opinion, and readers chose the medium that reflected their hopes and aspirations, likes and dislikes, beliefs and prejudices.

My study became a continuing one. I knew the New York *Times*, the *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Evening Sun* and *Evening Post* well. I had enjoyed some of the other papers, the New York *American*'s comics, Buster Brown, the Yellow Kid and the Katzenjammer Kids. I had read the *Sunday World* features, particularly the metropolitan section, and the New York *Sun*, the *Herald* and the New York *Tribune* occasionally. Several papers were new to me: the *Wall Street Journal, Journal of Commerce*, and New York *Commercial*.

Newspapers were prosperous in New York; the population had increased greatly, partly because of the large immigration in the 1890s and early 1900s, and was eager to learn about America. Department stores and other commercial interests multiplied their advertising budgets because they reckoned papers were more effective than bill posting and circulars. Publishers who survived the competition for circulation reaped rich rewards. Workers weren't organized, with the exception of the big-six newspaper labor unions; unorganized reporters received small pay and less consideration; and paper, printing ink, rent and machinery were cheaper than today. With the exception of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald*, foreign news was no drain on the publisher's exchequer because it wasn't widely covered.

Newspapers reflected their owners' personalities. Horace Greeley, Charles Dana and Joseph Pulitzer, great editor-owners of the nineteenth century, were dead. But Adolph Ochs ran the *Times;* James Gordon Bennett, the younger, the New York *Herald;* Oswald Garrison Villard the New York *Evening Post;* William Randolph Hearst the *American* and *Evening Journal;* Frank Munsey the *Press;* Bernard Ridder the *Staats-Zeitung;* and Henry Stoddard, the *Mail*. None of these gentlemen would have published columns with opposing viewpoints. People swore by their newspapers then

rather than at them. Today's newspapers aim at the common denominator of interest of the largest number of readers, and readers' purchasing power is often more important to the publisher than his own point of view.

I studied the papers to learn how they treated amusements, to what extent they covered theater news. I found that news and human-interest articles about the theater were the mainstay of the amusement section, especially on Sunday, and in Saturday editions of evening papers.

Of the morning papers, four appealed to the middle and upper socio-economic public. These four were the New York *Times*, the New York *Tribune*, the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald*. The *Times* was independent, the three others Republican, an indication of the alignment of upper-income groups with the Republican party. The *Times* gave the more strongly entrenched *Tribune*, *Herald* and *Sun* a run for their money, for it had heavy coverage of financial, business and society news. The *Times* aimed at the rising middle-income group, with extensive criticism and news of contemporary books, drama, music, art and dance, while its three competitors continued to woo a public that was fast drying up. The *Herald* was still influenced by the *bon vivant* activities of the elder and younger James Gordon Bennett, and both the *Tribune* and the *Sun* were in conservative Republican grooves, out of touch with the progressive trend.

News columns reflected a tacit understanding between editors and theatrical press agents—if a yarn was exceptionally amusing or bright, it could be run even if it wasn't true. Many press agents were encouraged by editors to serve up diverting copy, not always on the theatrical page; editors printed stories of stolen diamonds and broken engagements of stars because, true or not, they made good reading.

The *Times* writers exercised great influence. A favorable story meant a good box office; an ecstatic review could establish an actor; an unfavorable one might kill him. Adolph Klauber, the *Times*'s drama critic, enjoyed his power.

Adolph Ochs was a self-effacing man whom I did not meet until the 1930s. It was Louis Wiley, the business manager, who was the *Times*'s ubiquitous symbol. His mincing walk emphasized the short stockiness of his five-foot figure, topped by his large head. As business manager of the *Times*, he was placed on the dais at important public dinners, to which he arrived late and left early in an impressive one-man parade in and out.

The *Times*'s reception of press agents differed from that of other newspapers, where I barged in with my copy or idea and walked to the editor's desk. Such informality was inconsistent with the *Times*'s formality. Here I waited in a small anteroom and filled out a slip for the editor, who, if he wasn't busy, came out to see me.

When the *Times* moved uptown in 1905, Longacre Square became Times Square in spite of a few New Yorkers' grumbling. Years later, Gimbel tried to change Herald Square into Gimbel Square without success.

The *Tribune* was important to the theater. Its readers, upper and upper-middle class, lived in the city and in prosperous suburbs, and they usually bought orchestra seats. Ogden Reid was not a great newspaperman, and even with the aid of his brilliant wife, Helen, thought to be the *de facto* head of the paper, the *Tribune* fought an uphill battle because of the *Times* and because it was a Republican spokesman in a Democratic community. Mrs. Reid had introduced a woman's page to lure women readers to the *Tribune*, and this was causing much discussion. "Are Women People?" was a brilliant feminist column by Alice Duer Miller. Doris was assistant editor of the woman's page and feature writer under her by-line Doris E. Fleischman for several years, before she joined my staff.

The society column of the *Tribune* was lily-white, restricted to the Social Register, but Editor Howard White occasionally recognized people not listed in this potent identification and address book and even published their engagement or wedding announcement. Theater parties were covered on the society page only if made up of Social Register listings. The *Herald*, with its James Gordon Bennett background, was first in Society and the *Tribune* was second, because Whitelaw Reid had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The *Times* wooed away the *Herald*'s social arbiter, Leslie Baker, and made him Society Editor. The *World* and the *American* were not in the running in society coverage, for they catered to a different public. But the *American* had an asset in Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker), who ran a gossip column read by both the ins and the outs of Society, spelled with a capital S.

The *Sun* carried on the tradition of Charles Dana, appealing largely to the same Republican public as the *Tribune* and *Herald*, but it lagged ideologically, adhering to old Republican lines. Humor, pathos and romance pervaded its treatment of the news. Frank Ward O'Malley's stories about Broadway characters and happenings covered New York's Main Stem as if

it were a village lane. He called his favorite taverns his country clubs—the Knickerbocker Hotel bar, with its King Cole mural by Maxfield Parrish, was his Knickerbocker Country Club; Reisenweber's on Columbus Circle, the Reisenweber Country Club.

One morning at ten o'clock I met him on Broadway; he was wearing dinner clothes. "That must have been quite a party last night," I said, "to keep you out so late."

"Last night!" Frank replied, with his accustomed deadpan expression. "Two nights ago, you mean!"

The old *Herald*, under James Gordon Bennett, the founder, was an enterprising paper that spent money for fabulous beats, such as the Stanley-Livingstone encounter in darkest Africa. But the paper was now run by the younger Bennett, a playboy like his father, who in absentee ownership lived luxuriously in Paris. Seven years before, in 1907, Bennett ordered the *Herald* to oppose Hearst's candidacy for Governor, and Hearst had blamed Bennett for his defeat. Shortly afterward, Hearst sleuths discovered that the personal ads on the front page of the *Herald*'s Sunday edition were a front for prostitution. Bennett and the *Herald* were tried by the authorities, Bennett pleaded guilty, was fined $25,000, the firm $5,000 and the Advertising Manager $1,000. Thereafter Bennett seldom appeared in New York, and the *Herald*'s Sunday circulation, the largest in New York, dropped to third place.

I didn't quite know where the *Press* fitted into the New York newspaper picture. It had recently been bought by Frank Munsey, hated in newspaper circles, and rumors circulated that the paper would become part of his Mohican grocery chain. Munsey made a success in magazines, first the *Argosy* and then *Munsey*'s, a ten-cent magazine of 800,000 circulation, which he merged with *All Story* and the *Scrapbook* for a combined circulation of 2,000,000. According to his own statement, which gives a picture of the man, he was publishing "a thousand tons of magazines a month."

On his first visit to the *Press* after its purchase, it is said he walked slowly through the city room, then instructed the city editor to fire everybody with red hair. He did not like red hair, he explained. This may be apocryphal, but "*Si non e vero, e ben trovato*," my father used to say.

The *Press* was devoted to sports; one of its most popular features was a column for fishermen that listed high tides and how fish were running at

Sheepshead Bay and other New York fishing sites. Munsey was obsessed with maintaining graphs on every business operation of his papers; he didn't like fluctuations, so when he discovered that circulation jumped in the fishing season he commanded, "Better cut out this fishing news and level off the circulation."

There were talented people on the *Press*—Carl Van Vechten, the drama critic, who pioneered in discovering the talents of Negroes in Harlem; Hamilton Owens, later editor of the Sun papers of Baltimore; and Russell Porter, a serious, dedicated young man who was later to become U.S. reporter number one. Porter thought of journalism as a profession, not as a trade or craft—a new idea at the time. He became my good friend and often repeated to me the *World*'s slogan, which he had adopted for himself, "Accuracy, terseness, accuracy." He later joined the *World* and then the *Times*, where he covered most important stories until his recent death.

Rufus Berman, a tall, handsome and sophisticated reporter on the *Press*, was considered completely *déclassé* by his distinguished Southern family because he had become a newspaperman. He confided to me that he carried a cane to compensate for the lack of distinction of his profession. Other reporters used similar devices: Edward Klauber of the New York *Times* flourished a gold cigarette case, and Alexander Woollcott later wore a flowing black cavalier's cape lined with red—with the double purpose, I thought, of showing off and burlesquing his own flamboyant need to do so.

Djuna Barnes, a beautiful, languorous, insinuating young freelancer, sold drawings to the *Press* drama department. She slouched in and out of the office in a mannish-looking suit, her drawings under her arm. Like Van Vechten, in the avant-garde movement, she has recently been called a great modern stylist as a writer. She was what today would be called far out—hard to reach or understand. I always felt as though I were talking to her shadow—this was my reaction to her—but I know that many other men were taken with her.

Two other important morning public-opinion influences which appealed to mass audiences were Hearst's *American* and Pulitzer's *World*. The tide of immigration had swelled their readership, for many immigrants, after reading their own foreign-language newspapers, turned to the uncomplicated *World* and *American*. Both Hearst and Pulitzer had exploited the Spanish-American War to get circulation, by yellow journalism, but this was no longer so. Pulitzer and Hearst were after the same public, but their

newspapers reflected their different personalities. Joseph Pulitzer, who had died only three years before, was devoted to liberty of action and opinion, and the *World* had become the great liberal organ of America. To dramatize the *World*'s concept of justice, Pulitzer's custom was to give a young reporter a set of gilded scales from Tiffany's to put on his desk. All reporters were held strictly accountable for inaccuracies. The brilliant and courageous Frank Cobb was the editor, assisted by able editorial writers, among them Charles Merz, now editor emeritus of the *Times*, and Walter Lippmann. The drama critic was conservative Louis Defoe, who had a succession of assistants, among them Russell Porter, after he left the *Press*.

Theatrical press agents aimed at the *Sunday World*, edited by John O'Hara Cosgrave. The metropolitan section made Broadway the symbol of New York. Cosgrave encouraged brilliant young writers, like Konrad Bercovici, provided them with a showplace and exposed them in that way to magazine and book editors. Informality prevailed in the *Sunday World* offices. Partitions and desks were placed without plan. As in most newspaper offices, furniture faced in all directions. Cosgrave was warm to people he liked. He treated his staff and the young free-lance writers, photographers and artists who flocked to him like a beneficent school principal. He became my good friend and mentor.

Member of the Players Club, an officer of the Dutch Treat Club, Cosgrave was influential in New York; his friendships in newspaper, literary, artistic and social circles were extensive. A pleasant woman whose name I had not heard once sat next to me at a formal dinner party at his home years later. The table had a large array of silver at each plate. At one course she asked me what fork to use. I watched Mrs. Cosgrave and said, "This one." Later I learned I had been instructing Mrs. Emily Post in table manners.

In a highly materialistic period Cosgrave tried to discover the secret of being. In his book *The Academy of the Soul* he attempted to explore the origin of the soul. Later he sponsored Gurdjieff, the Eastern yogi who fascinated French and American socialites. He also was interested in Frank Buchman and Moral Rearmament. He introduced Gurdjieff and Buchman to me, hoping I might help them. When I first met Cosgrave I couldn't understand why a man so realistic about social and political problems, with high professional standards, should be involved in esoteric mysticism.

In contrast to Pulitzer's life Hearst's was a four-ring circus; he was a publisher, politician, playboy and art collector. His *American* and *Evening Journal* based their appeal on glaring headlines, big pictures, sex, divorce, scandal and crime. I had little contact with the Hearst papers downtown. My beat was uptown Broadway, where the New York *American* and *Evening Journal* drama offices occupied a store-front office. The *American*'s drama critic, Alan Dale, accompanied by his daughter, sat silently through first nights. Producers were much concerned about what he said. On both Hearst papers, in the tradition of an older journalism passing in America, the publicity a play received matched the amount of advertising. This practice was deplored by press agents and theatrical managers, but the theatrical advertising in the Hearst papers grew because Arthur Brisbane puffed the advertised plays in signed editorials, and his opinion was "The Word" to his readers.

There were three dailies in Brooklyn, known then as the City of Churches: the *Eagle*, the *Times* and the *Citizen*, with the highly respected *Eagle* getting only token competition from the other two papers. Brooklyn seemed far away, and I seldom went there. It was only slightly more than a decade since Brooklyn had been merged with New York into the greater city. I dealt with the *Times* and the *Citizen* by mail. The *Eagle* warranted an occasional visit, and I called on Cleveland Rodgers, a kind, wise man, who was an *aficionado* of Walt Whitman, a former Brooklyn resident. Rodgers introduced me to a young associate editor, recently graduated from Harvard, who was delighted to be on a newspaper. His name was Hans von Kaltenborn, and he never imagined, I am sure, that his would become one of the world's best-known voices. Once, years later, I asked him what determined his position on important issues. "If I receive many letters objecting to an expressed point of view," he told me, "I go easy on it or drop it completely." Would William James have characterized this as pragmatism?

Women's Wear Daily, widely read in the needle trade, was not a morning or evening paper; it came out at twelve noon. I heard of it the first time I met its rotund, jolly drama critic, Kelcey Allen. The story on Broadway was that Allen dropped into the *Women's Wear Daily* office and convinced the owners that they should review plays because manufacturers took their buyer customers to shows. And in turn the theaters would advertise in *Women's Wear Daily*. He was promptly engaged as combined advertising

solicitor and drama critic. He and his wife became first-nighters. Allen was charming and friendly, and his reviews were always favorable—"I'm no fool." He had little knowledge of the theater and he couldn't write, but he enjoyed his prestige and large income from advertisements of producers, who realized that *Women's Wear Daily* had a showgoing public.

Of the seven evening dailies, four were evening editions of their morning parents—the *Telegram* belonged to the *Herald*, the *Evening Sun*, the *Evening World* and Hearst's *Evening Journal*. The independents were Henry Stoddard's *Evening Mail*, the *Globe* and Oswald Garrison Villard's *Evening Post*, descended from the distinguished editors William Cullen Bryant and E. L. Godkin, of whom the *Post* people were still proud and conscious. The evening papers were divided into class and mass circulation. The *Evening Post* appealed to old-line New Yorkers. Villard also had acquired *The Nation* from E. L. Godkin and in both publications projected the progressive liberal line, supporting Wilson and his New Freedom. David Lawrence, his star Washington reporter, who had a pipeline to the President, was often Wilson's spokesman.

The late Henry Irving Brock, later of the New York *Times*, was editor of the *Post*'s feature department. He was often pontifical and pompous. For many years he expressed pleasant, cordial interest in me, and I counted him a friend until, in 1930, he wrote an anti-Semitic dig about me in his book *The Meddlers*.

The *Post* was deliberate, literary and its editorials elegantly written. It was said that some of its circulation came from Wall Street bankers and brokers ashamed to read the *Evening Journal* who bought the *Post* to conceal the *Journal* on their way uptown.

The *Evening Sun* was bright, witty and as archly conservative as the finance capital of that day demanded. On the *Evening Sun* I established a lifelong friendship with Merle Crowell, a powerful man with effulgent red hair whose handclasp almost broke my fingers, and here I met Maximilian Elser, Jr., whom I had known at Cornell and with whom I was later to be associated at the Metropolitan Musical Bureau.

The *Globe* was liberal, with verve and style. Its readers were a little lower in the economic scale than the *Post*'s. It appealed to young liberals. Bruce Bliven, later editor of *The New Republic*, was city editor, a calm, quiet young man who seemed much more like a social worker than an editor. Under his direction the paper waged a relentless campaign against

big-city evils. John T. Flynn, who later wrote a piece about me in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1932, was one of Bliven's progressive young zealots. To my great surprise, in his later years Flynn turned reactionary, wrote hymns of hate against Roosevelt and joined right-wing groups.

Louis Sherwin, a cold, dominating drama critic, wrote for the *Globe;* so did Pitts Sanborn, music critic, later our close friend. Sanborn loved music and attended as many as six performances a day, reporting on each one with wit, wisdom and incisiveness. When I accompanied him to the opera, some years later, we went to the Western Union office after the performance. He wrote a review in half an hour, in impeccable prose, and then sent it downtown by messenger. The *Globe* ran it unchanged next day. Several years later he published a book of poems about France, a country he admired, and when he gave me a copy he inscribed it "The Caruso of press agents and the press agent of Caruso."

Despite his brilliance, Sanborn, like many other newspapermen, suffered from economic insecurity. He was afraid his paper would be shot from under him. "And what would happen to me then," he would say, "without a pension or capital?" The *Globe* folded, but Sanborn went to the *Telegram*, which later combined with the *World* as the *World Telegram*. He survived all changes.

The *Evening Mail* had Franklin P. Adams, whose column was beginning to make him famous. It had little else. It sought the young conservatives, was too gray for the times, and soon faded out completely. The *Telegram* was an evening replica of the *Herald*, without its prestige. Its only distinction was its surprisingly popular section of exchange advertisements —"an old bedstead for a bathing suit." The *Evening World* was a paler edition of the *Morning World*.

This was the network of newspaper communication I now dealt with as a Broadway press agent.

chapter 6

ON BROADWAY

My work as a press agent on Broadway, the entertainment center of the nation, was an ideal existence for a young man of twenty-three who had been judging cows in a cattle ring and passing tests in agronomy. I hobnobbed with actors and actresses whose names shone on marquees; I went backstage whenever I wanted to, had free run of most theaters to catch a glimpse of an act, had the privilege of writing pieces for the press, worked with glamorous newspaper people, and, best of all, I was independent to think and act on any notion that seemed to have merit as a promotional idea. And for this I received seventy-five dollars a week.

No wonder I didn't restrict myself to any schedule but worked around the clock. During the day I worked with newspapers and magazines and at night with actors, producers and other press agents. Now I knew what the few Broadway columnists of that day meant when they called Times Square the top of the world. As far as I was concerned my vocation was a pleasure-filled vacation.

Life was one thrill after another. On the evening of my first day with Klaw & Erlanger, I went to the Gaiety Theater, introduced myself to Whitaker, the manager, and during the intermission presented myself to the star, Elsie Ferguson. A few years before she had appeared in tights in musical comedies and was described by critics as a long-stemmed American beauty, a favorite sobriquet of the time.

In 1914 Donald Brian, star of *The Merry Widow*, and John Drew were women's matinee idols; Anna Held attracted men. Miss Ferguson's face and figure appealed to men and to women both. They admired her clothes, her poise and other feminine qualities with which they identified. When she adopted a new hairdo, the upsweep, it became the fashion overnight.

I walked up a short flight of steps from the stage and knocked at the door of her dressing room. A high-pitched voice called, "Come in." Miss

Ferguson was seated before a dressing table surmounted by a large oval mirror bordered with chintz and almost obscured by congratulatory telegrams slipped into its frame. She sat straight, her face hard, motionless and expressionless. She reminded me of a beautiful piece of chiseled ice. Her Negro maid was busy at the wardrobe.

"I'm the new publicity man," I announced. "My name is Edward L. Bernays."

"Yes."

"Are there any facts you'd like to give me about yourself or your part in the play for publicity use?"

"No."

"Have you any suggestions for promotion for you and the play?"

"See Mr. Whitaker," she said haughtily.

What I had read about Elsie Ferguson led me to believe I would meet the loveliest, most entrancing of women—gentle, sympathetic, understanding and ethereally beautiful in form and spirit. I was shocked by the difference between what I had expected and the reality. But I recovered quickly, deciding not to let my personal reaction to the beautiful beast affect my interest in promoting her and the production. I felt that I was a surgeon operating on a patient, and I wanted the operation to be successful—regardless of any personal attitude. I have tried to adhere to this policy of preserving a professional relationship with my clients. Absence of emotional involvement has helped me deal with them objectively and to understand them better. I think my advice has been sound through this policy. Clients have occasionally asked me, confidentially, did I admire them? Did I adore their product or their service? The desire to be loved apparently applies anthropomorphically to corporations and other institutions. My reply has been that I try to maintain objectivity; that in this way the client gets dispassionate advice. If my attitude were emotional, my advice might be emotional and, although that might please the client, it would not necessarily solve his problems.

The next day I arrived at the office at ten A.M., where a round, gentle-looking old man was perched on a high stool at one of the desks, writing on a large, lined manila pad and smoking an evil-smelling stogie.

"My name is Jerome Eddy," he said. "I am the first theatrical press agent in the United States."

I was sure he was. He looked very old; his eyes were bathed in liquid, and he mounted and dismounted his high stool with difficulty. Now and then he hobbled to my desk and recounted the difficulties of travel and booking and press-agenting in the 1860s and 1870s, when he was an advance man for traveling attractions.

I didn't realize then that Eddy was going out of his way to befriend a young man he didn't know, passing on his knowledge gained in long experience. Unfortunately I was too involved in the present, its problems and excitements to consider his motives. I wish now that I knew what he wrote on his manila pad hour after hour.

Working with Klaw & Erlanger gave me prestige with most editors and critics and with other press agents. In the theater it was the equivalent of working with the U.S. Steel Corporation. My confrères were helpful to me. One experienced press agent listed the adjectives certain editors were allergic to, another gave me the closing time of Sunday theater sections, and a third volunteered the names of newsworthy New Yorkers who enjoyed seeing their names in print and were good for quotes about a play. The drama editor of the *Evening Post* took me aside and gave me a more telling lead for a piece I submitted.

Press agents were generally referred to on Broadway as "praise agents" and "space grabbers" who "chiseled" free space in newspapers. But I had no such attitude. My role, I thought, was to compete with other news, to make my plays or actors so newsworthy that papers would give them attention in their columns. Competition for attention in theatrical columns was so tough that I decided to concentrate on developing events in fields theatrical press agents had, up to then, ignored. As an instance, in handling a play about the Welsh coal mines, *Change*, by J. P. Francis, I focused on dramatizing the conflict between capital and labor. The Drama League of America had revived this play, hoping to relieve the bitterness in management-labor relations in this country. I invited noteworthy people with divergent points of view to attend a special performance. At the performance's end I had arranged that the Reverend Madison Peters of a fashionable New York church move a vote of thanks and that Emma Goldman, anarchist, second his motion. The entire audience rose to make the motion unanimous. The juxtaposition of Goldman and Peters aroused newspaper interest. The New York *Tribune* headlined its story next day "UPLIFTERS OF ALL SHADES SEE PLAY." But the theme of industrial conflict

was too advanced for the theatergoing public; the play soon folded. In drama, as in other undertakings for public consumption, timing is crucial.

After several weeks of publicizing *The Strange Woman*, Klaw called me in and, to my surprise, asked me to take on an additional play, on feminism. *Young Wisdom*, by Rachel Crothers, starred the famous Taliaferro sisters. Klaw told me I would receive $37.50 a week more than I was receiving. I felt he was rewarding me. It didn't occur to me that he was engaging a publicity man for a second play at half the price he was paying for the first play. But it wouldn't have mattered to me anyway; I was delighted with my additional assignment. Just as chorus girls rejoiced when they were permitted to dance in two numbers instead of one, without additional pay, I too felt an additional obligation was a reward in itself.

Young Wisdom lasted only 56 performances. Its feminist theme was unpopular in the pre-World War I period. Besides, the play was naively written; people laughed at it rather than with it. *The Strange Woman* also closed. Since Klaw & Erlanger had no production at the moment for me to publicize, I was off the payroll—"at liberty," it was called on Broadway, free to handle other plays. It had been a short, rewarding experience with Klaw of Klaw & Erlanger. He was to call on me again.

I never met his partner, Erlanger, who kept to himself, though I caught an occasional glimpse of him in the New Amsterdam Theater building, where, like Klaw, he occupied an entire floor. People talked about him as the most powerful man in the American theater, a legend in his lifetime. I heard one story about him that made a deep impression. Asked for his formula for producing a successful play, he is supposed to have replied, "Two out of three plays I produce fail; the third is a success that makes up for the two failures." I realized later that the law of averages applies to any venture in which the public has the final say. Not even today's scientific polling has changed that.

War broke out in August 1914. In the newspapers I followed battle lines as they receded and advanced across Europe. Soon after the war's beginning President Wilson declared our neutrality. American public opinion leaned toward the English, influenced in part by British propaganda, which compared the Kaiser to Attila the Hun and spread stories of Germans beheading Belgian babies and using Belgian Catholic priests as bell claps to ring out their triumph. This story, I learned after the war, had its origin in this: when the Germans took over a church they tolled the bell

to announce lunch to their troops. For the first time I heard propaganda discussed as a lively topic of conversation. It was soon to play a part in my own life.

Like most Americans I underestimated the effect of the European conflict on this country; Europe was so remote. Yet everyone was soon affected. The British Orders in Council prohibited Continental imports of grain from the United States, and wheat piled up in the silos and elevators of the Middle West. My father, with no markets on the Continent to export grain to, retired from active business.

By fastest steamer, the voyage to Europe took five and a half days. Yet only a little over a month after World War I broke out Broadway was directly affected—even my own activities. Competition for theatrical space in newspapers had been intense; now it became frantic. The New York public wanted more news about Europe, and this crowded out the less important material—including news of the theater. I felt that the only way to break into the newspapers was "by creating circumstances," a technique I had already begun to introduce.

In September 1914 Mr. Klaw asked me to handle *Daddy-Long-Legs*, a comedy by Jean Webster about an institutionalized orphan and her rescuer, Daddy-Long-Legs, which Jean Webster adapted from her novel as a vehicle for Ruth Chatterton, a young actress who had made a hit the year before as an ingenue. Backstage Ruth was a whiny, petulant young woman whose rise to stardom had been too fast for her ego. She was temperamental and undisciplined, accepted or rejected newspaper interviewers ungraciously, arbitrarily kept reporters waiting, to emphasize her own importance. Henry Miller, director and actor in the play, was a gentleman of the old school. He treated me as if I were a fellow grandee, waving me ceremoniously to a chair when I dropped in on him in his dressing room. Besides Ruth Chatterton and the stage, his grand passion was his farm in the rural hills back of Stamford, Connecticut, where he produced milk at a cost of several dollars a quart.

Ruth's on- and offstage dual personality fascinated me. Miller had taught her to act and to project his interpretation of her role, had shaped every gesture and intonation, and his brilliant coaching had transformed her into a sympathetic, appealing orphan girl. Miller, in his infatuation for her, I thought, believed she was the personality he had created.

In publicizing *Daddy-Long-Legs* I translated my experiences into a few general principles. In *Damaged Goods* I had taken the socially significant idea in the play and associated with it a newsworthy group that supported it. *Daddy-Long-Legs* lent itself to the same approach. Progressivism in politics, literature, music, poetry, painting and the dance was extending to orphans and other welfare areas. Orphanage children were boarded in private homes to assure them individual care and love. I told Mr. Miller I wanted to use this theme to build public support for the play. He agreed. The playwright, Jean Webster, an imaginative woman, encouraged me and gave me full co-operation.

I hoped to arouse Americans to recognize the drawbacks of orphanages and to demand humane "Daddy-Long-Legs" care. If the public enjoyed the play and approved its humanitarian cause, their pleasure would be enhanced. To enjoy something for pleasure's sake alone is counter to our mores; but participating in socially useful activity justifies our pleasure. Two years before I had sold Christmas seals for the State Charities Aid Association, which pioneered in the placement of orphan children. Jean Webster introduced me to Mary Vida Clark, her Vassar classmate, assistant secretary of the association. I explained my idea of getting the country excited about boarding out orphans and eliminating orphanages. The association offered to co-operate. I doubt whether the rather stuffy State Charities Aid Association would have co-operated with a Broadway press agent had it not been for Jean Webster.

My plan called for the organization of Daddy-Long-Legs groups, to raise money to pay private families for boarding orphans. If colleges and high schools initiated Daddy-Long-Legs funds, the movement would receive nation-wide impetus. Here was a striking example of the coincidence of public and private interest. At my suggestion Miss Webster wrote a piece for the New York *Times* advocating that students at colleges adopt at least one orphan per college.

I thought Vassar College would be a logical place for the first Daddy-Long-Legs fund. Letitia Folks, the big gun on the campus and the daughter of Homer Folks, head of the State Charities Aid, arranged a meeting for me with influential Vassar undergraduates at the college in Poughkeepsie. I felt like an ambassador plenipotentiary on a vital mission. Fifteen cents was collected at this first exciting meeting. The college atmosphere was, I

thought, rather disturbing, for clanging bells rang when the girls talked too loudly in the buildings.

The next day the Poughkeepsie *New Yorker* ran a front-page story, with a photograph of Ruth Chatterton; the Poughkeepsie *Evening Enterprise* carried a three-column, eight-inch picture; and the New York *Times, World, Sun, Tribune* and *Post* ran equally favorable stories. A woman's college in the West followed Vassar's lead with another Daddy-Long-Legs fund. The association was pleased at the national recognition given the placement idea by the press. Henry and Gilbert Miller were pleased because *Daddy-Long-Legs* business was booming. I was brimming over with pleasure at the effectiveness of my approach. Vassar, however, was concerned over the publicity dither that associated a Broadway play with its hallowed name. I received an official note of protest from the dean which reflected the prevailing conservative attitude of college administrators. Women's colleges particularly objected to close contact with the outside world.

Colleges today try to relate to the outside world, both in the courses they give as part of their curriculum and in their extracurricular activities, which range from contemporary art exhibits to lectures by prominent men and women drawn from any field—politics to music. In addition, they have staff personnel in public relations who try to relate the institution by word and deed to the world on which they are dependent.

I was disappointed. I had gone headlong into the project supported by Miss Clark's and my own enthusiasm. I was learning that it is sound to find out beforehand what people's reactions may be. But Vassar's timidity didn't slow my ardor. I was able to make arrangements for several Vassar alumnae nights at *Daddy-Long-Legs*, for which the man in the "jigger" shop in Poughkeepsie took orders for tickets. Checks for ninety-eight dollars and then thirty-three dollars arrived at the Gaiety, and on one Vassar alumnae night, the Friday after Thanksgiving, there was a greater demand for tickets than the house could fill.

Through Miss Clark's good offices, Mrs. Rice, member of an old New York family and a director of the Charities Aid, broke a lifelong vow—to permit her name to appear in a newspaper only three times: at birth, marriage and death. She consented to be interviewed in behalf of the Daddy-Long-Legs movement. That was a triumph, and I was elated when the conservative New York *Evening Post*, an almost unattainable haven for press agents, published an interview with her about homeless children for

childless homes which mentioned the play six times. The New York *Evening Mail* ran a similar interview but with no mention of Ruth Chatterton, *Daddy-Long-Legs*, Jean Webster or the Gaiety Theater. I wrote to a friend, “Can you imagine the feelings that overcame me when I noted these omissions?”

A dollmaker manufactured Daddy-Long-Legs dolls, dressed in orphan-blue gingham checks which the association sold for the benefit of its placement work at a shop in the Heckscher Building at 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, rent-free. Walston Barret published a drawing with a benign Uncle Sam, labeled Daddy-Long-Legs, holding a Belgian child on his left arm. Five children at his feet wore caps identifying them as France, Germany, Austria, England and Russia. I distributed the cartoon to stimulate donations to the Belgian relief organization and to promote the play.

In Los Angeles, Barney Oldfield, the automobile racer, discarded his Kewpie doll and substituted a Daddy-Long-Legs doll on his racing-car radiator. Thousands of people bought dolls for their radiators. Henry Miller sent a wire to Frank Morse, then handling the tour publicity, to call off all publicity; it was too much for him.

Daddy-Long-Legs ran for 264 performances in New York and played the road three years more.

Press-agentry, communication and persuasion functioned as a oneway process in 1914. Nevertheless I tried to evaluate my audience by hunch and insight. At matinees I stood at the door of the box office and tried to determine people’s socio-economic status by looking at them. It was like playing “What’s My Line?” without asking questions. I tried to figure out why they chose to see *Daddy-Long-Legs* and I groped for ways of reaching others like them. Today, complicated studies of attitude, and motivation research, make this early approach seem like an attempt at extrasensory perception. Measurement techniques had not yet been invented. It was generally believed that leaders in whatever the field knew what the public wanted and gave it to them. Later experience was to prove this concept wrong. My matinee surveys at the Gaiety Theater gave me little immediate help, but they established an important principle: I must study and know my public before I could deal with and affect it.

I decided to learn more about the business side of the theater, because I thought I would be more effective as a press agent if I knew more. What I

learned surprised me, and warned me always to look for more than I could see at first glance. As one instance, I thought ticket sellers in the box office were clerks—impolite clerks at that. I learned they had a more important function. They were called treasurers and carried out activities that affected the life of a play. Their association, the Treasurers' Club of America, commanded the respect of producers and managers alike. Their method of selling tickets in the orchestra could create the illusion that the house was fuller than it was; this technique of spacing the audience was called "dressing the house." The illusion of success helped bring success. They also had the prerogative of "dressing" the orchestra or balcony by selling tickets for less than the prices printed on the tickets. This involved giving the ticketholder a bit of pasteboard, called "hardwood," colored to indicate the amount of rebate. The ticket collector put half of the ticket into one box and the colored "hardwood" into another. The treasurer was responsible to the management for the tickets sold, minus the hardwood figures.

To prevent collusion between treasurer and ticket collector, Henry Miller's son, Gilbert, a quiet, cultured and well-tailored young man, stood at the gate and watched intently as the audience filed in to make sure that ticket stubs and hardwood were deposited in separate containers. When the curtain went up Gilbert dumped stubs and hardwood onto a small table in the tiny box office and crowded in with Moffatt, the treasurer, a dour, dark giant with an angry cast in his eye, and his assistant, Buster, blond and bland. They counted in an atmosphere of ill humor, suspense and suspicion; the result showed actual receipts and what the treasurer owed the management.

"Absolute power corrupts absolutely," Lord Acton said, and this was true when treasurers had successes. At the *Daddy-Long-Legs* box office, customers were snarled and sneered at so blatantly that I brought the matter up to Klaw. I believed treasurers were driving audiences away.

I said to Klaw, "I don't think customers who take the time and trouble to come to the theater should be treated insolently. This will create resentment and ill will."

Klaw looked up from his desk. "My boy," he said, in a tone that sounded like an often repeated explanation, "I appreciate your suggestion, but the theater is different. There's nothing a hit won't cure. Give the public a hit and it will beg ticket speculators for a chance to buy a ticket for the show, regardless of manners or price. Politeness never built a flop into a hit,

and rudeness never turned a hit into a flop. You don't understand—the theater is different from other businesses."

Blind slavery to habits appalled me then as it does today. Carl Snyder, the brilliant economist statistician of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, often said that there are two dominating forces in society—momentum and inertia. We progress, he said, only when momentum is stronger than inertia. Nothing drastic has yet been done to improve box-office behavior. Treasurers still scare the hell out of people and drive them from the theater.

In February 1915 Klaw asked me to promote Otis Skinner in Jules Eckert Goodman's *The Silent Voice*, which was fading after a run of two months. Based on a story by Gouverneur Morris, it was a silly romance about youth, middle-age and lip reading. Critics damned the play as fifteen-cent magazine literature. Skinner realized the play was a failure, but as an old trouper he played his part as though it was a great role.

I went at it as if I could make the play the hit of the season. I found a common denominator of interest between the show and certain good causes, but the general public was uninterested and the show died. My chief memory is of pleasant meetings with Mr. and Mrs. Skinner after performances in his dressing room. The Skinners were idyllically devoted to each other. Their daughter, Cornelia, a shy, stringy, little girl, often accompanied Mrs. Skinner to matinees and seemed conscious of her long black ribbed cotton stockings.

Mrs. Skinner waged a continuing campaign to improve backstage conditions. Dressing rooms on the road were dirty, infested with vermin, cold in winter and hot in summer and not even up to the poor standards of Broadway dressing rooms. Sometimes her protests to theater owners and lessees brought results, but more often they did not. Management treated actors the way shipowners used to treat seamen before the National Maritime Union improved conditions. In 1913 actors revolted and founded the Actors Equity Association. But they were unable to secure their demands for minimum wages, a maximum of eight performances a week, a limit on rehearsal time, no Sunday performances, compensation for transportation to and from New York and other reasonable protection. It was not until six years later, in 1919, that they struck. The theater managers lost a four weeks' strike and signed the Equity contract.

As other plays came to me, I continued to feel a glow of pride about my Broadway life. The Taliaferro sisters played in Young *Wisdom*, a comedy

about feminism by Rachel Crothers, ahead of its time. People laughed at it. I got suffragists and antisuffragists to endorse the play, but its lack of public appeal soon forced it to the storehouse. For *Inside the Lines*, the first World War I play by Earl Derr Biggers, the dramatist of the successful *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, about a New York department-store buyer in Paris, we promoted vivacious Carol Mc-Comas and Lewis Stone, later a movie star. I delighted in the company of Mildred Morris, who played a cigarette vendor, a bright, lively girl devoted to the theater, whose mother had been Clara Morris, a great star of a previous generation.

My father's attitude toward my activities remained less than lukewarm. He was disappointed that his son had turned press agent. He enjoyed good theater and concerts. To occupy an orchestra seat at a performance was one thing, but for his only son to make a career of the theater, in daily contact with actors and managers, was something else. The influences of his Edwardian background put Broadway life outside the pale of respectability. Theater people were vagabond troupers in his mind; they were amoral or, worse, immoral; they had little family life, background or culture. On the other hand, my mother accepted whatever I did as perfect.

I don't think my father had a clear idea of what I did, but for reasons I cannot fathom we never discussed the subject. I considered myself free and independent. Our relationship had never been on a plane of easy discussion. His feelings may, of course, have been ambivalent—disdain for theater people on the one hand and, on the other, pride that I was self-supporting and was making a reputation in my field.

My work kept me from home, except for sleeping hours. My usual fourteen-hour workday began at ten A.M. and ended at midnight, occasionally later. I spent my professional and social life with the same men and women. We usually met for lunch at a little English tearoom in a frame house on West 40th Street under the shadow of new skyscrapers, or at Keene's Chop House, then opposite the Metropolitan Opera, or at Whyte's restaurant on Fulton Street, where fresh fish was served every day. Most of my friends were young New Yorkers or came from other parts of the country to make their careers in New York. Most of us dealt with ideas and with the impact of words and pictures on the public through books, magazines, the theater and movies.

Press agents learned from their own experience and by observing the activities of others; no literature on press-agentry existed. Newspapers were

the pipeline to the public; radio and TV were, of course, nonexistent, the screen was silent, and magazines received less consideration than they do today because by the time they went to press everything but a hit might have closed down. When I started I had only my self-taught *Damaged Goods* activity to build on. I continued to read newspapers and magazines avidly, to study the stories and pictures about plays and stars placed by publicity men. I had read somewhere about Anna Held's famous milk bath and about the straw placed in front of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's home in London to muffle the clippity-clop of horses' hoofs when she was ill, stunts that reaped columns of newspaper and magazine space. And I knew vaguely about P. T. Barnum's exploits.

Giving exclusive stories to a newspaper was a problem. Some newspapers insisted on them. But to what extent, I wondered, would this antagonize the newspapers that didn't get the story? I met this dilemma by giving a different exclusive feature story to each paper. This kept everyone happy.

I learned that when I offered a story idea with pictures to an editor, I should not attempt to persuade him to use it. If the story appealed to him, persuasion would be unnecessary. If not, persuasion usually intensified his original negative opinion. The telephone, I found, was a dubious instrument. My telephone call offering a story might come at the very moment an editor was yearning for a new idea or when he was preoccupied with the most pressing problem of his day. I preferred the personal visit.

Broadway took some notice of my doings. Arthur Edwin Krows, a sensitive, low-voiced young man who propounded a novel idea for Broadway, that the theater was potentially a great cultural force, poked fun in the *Dramatic Mirror* at my social-science approach. He wrote that I, who was the finest publicist on the face of the earth for dramatic psychology, sociology, physiology, psychological sociology, sociological physiology and hygiene, had decided, on consultation with my conscience, that the perfect summer employment would be clerkship in a furrier's.

Freddie Schader and Jack Pulaski of *Variety*, an important mouthpiece of Broadway, then as now, ran pieces about my doings. Both, wise about show business, opened my eyes to procedures and follow-throughs. Freddie, a Broadway character, never merely walked; he swaggered. His domelike, hairless head glistened. He always talked to me with his right arm slung around my shoulder and treated me like a younger brother. He gave me

practical tips: it was foolish and wasteful to send out photographs without checking in advance with the editor. Jack was equally helpful.

Ben Atwell, general press representative of the Hippodrome, was most kind. We took a liking to each other. I thought of him as an old man, for he must have been all of forty. The Hippodrome was New York's most spectacular showplace. White horses pranced on the stage, show girls walked down into a full swimming pool and emerged dry, thrilling and mystifying everybody, including myself. I still don't know how it happened. Ben stayed on his job at the Hippodrome every night until eleven P.M. "I stay until the bitter end," he said to me. "Some night the white horse in the front row will put his hoof through the orchestra leader's head. I want to be there when it occurs."

Atwell made the Hippodrome nationally and internationally famous. He loved adjectives in the tradition of the circus press agent. His newspaper contacts were limitless. He knew every one-night stand and drama critic in the country intimately, for he had worked and traveled for years with America's greatest performers. Newspapers showered Ben's show with space because he was so well liked. Actually, the relationship between the newspaperman and the press agent was difficult to define. Outwardly, the newspaperman treated the press agent as an accepted evil. He demanded a certain indulgence; in action he was treated as an ally.

No mad tension and power play prevailed among press agents to curry favor with the press, as became the rule some years later. There were no planned mass attacks, like the sumptuous luncheons and cocktail parties of a future generation. Our relationships were highly personal—man to man. A mean, introverted press agent simply could not have survived. While relations between press agents and newspapermen were close, convention eliminated mention of press agents or publicity men in the press, with rare exceptions.

I had now been on Broadway for more than a year. The experience made an impact on me entirely out of proportion to its duration. I had observed the power of the press; I learned how newspapers functioned, how to co-operate with them and what to do to create newsworthy circumstances. I felt I had at last found my direction.

chapter 7

METROPOLITAN MUSICAL BUREAU

My career in the business of music started one autumn day in 1915 while I was still a free-lance Broadway press agent. As I was leaving the old Knabe Building on Fifth Avenue and 39th Street, I bumped into Maximilian Elser, whom I had known slightly at Cornell and later when he was a reporter on the New York *Sun*. He told me he was booking and publicity man for the great dancer Pavlova and for the Mordkin Ballets, both brought to America by Max Rabinoff, the Sol Hurok of that day.

"Ed," he said, "I'm with a new business, the Booking and Promoting Corporation. John Brown, comptroller of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Henry Russell, the impresario, started the company. Brown gets us Metropolitan Opera stars and Russell handles them. We also do publicity for Metropolitan Opera artists. I've noticed your *Daddy-Long-Legs* publicity. How'd you like to handle the publicity for Met stars Olive Fremstad, Margarete Matzenauer, Ferrari-Fontana, Frieda Hempel and Ernest Schelling, the pianist?"

These were names I had heard, artists with outstanding reputations in their field. The prospect of promoting music fascinated me. Elser kept on talking. "Your job will be to sell musicians to the public," he said. "The more publicity, the more fee for the artist. The more fee, the more the corporation earns. How about it, Ed? We'll pay you a good salary."

The thought of applying the experience of *Damaged Goods* and *Daddy-Long-Legs* and other Broadway plays to music and musicians was exciting. I reported at Aeolian Hall next day for work.

It took imagination and courage to start the Booking and Promoting Corporation in 1915. New York was in a golden age of opera, of great singers and instrumentalists, but only a few large cities in the United States

had music lovers enough to support a concert hall or suitable auditorium. The entire country had few symphony orchestras and conservatories. Diffusion of good music by TV, radio or long-playing records was far in the electronic future; in 1915 Victor Gold Seal Records reproduced great voices and instrumentalists on fragile wax cylinders with feeble, shadowy sound. Few foresaw that air travel would eventually revolutionize the concert business. A transcontinental trip, now a matter of hours, took five days. No one would have predicted that within five decades the audiences for classical music would outnumber those at baseball games.

The classical-music public in 1915 was composed primarily of people in the upper social strata or those who thought music would help them get there. Performances of classical music were, more than anything else, symbolic of the elite's wealth, power and status. As American economy boomed with manufacture of war goods in the East and Middle West and with the discovery of new oil fields in Texas and Oklahoma, *nouveau riche* wives in fast-growing cities used classical music to consolidate or advance their social position. Ambitious women controlled the local orchestras in the large cities (they still do in some of them), often selecting and discarding conductors at will. Concert managers in these cities tried to increase public support of orchestras and music clubs, but it was an uphill struggle. Public support was necessary for the broadest development of any art, but Society demanded exclusivity.

The Bagby Musicals in New York set the pattern for the country. Colonel Morris Bagby, a dapper little man with a waxed mustache, was a self-appointed music and social arbiter who selected the audiences for his annual subscription concerts at the Waldorf-Astoria by a mysterious test for social fitness. He bestowed status on artist and subscriber alike when he invited them to appear before or at the musicales. Dowagers in other cities took their cue from Bagby, as signed preferential seats to the elite and counted on publicity and the drawing power of the performer (one being largely the result of the other) to fill the rest of the house.

But little by little audiences and performances increased in number. The middle class grew as a result of national wartime prosperity. Many artists, forced by war contingencies to discontinue concert tours in Europe, came to the United States for engagements. At that time, press agents for musical artists, as in the theater, depended on getting short pieces into special sections of the newspapers devoted to music; foreign news was crowding

out music as well as drama news. I felt that great musical performers could be linked with the society of which they were a part. This new concept in music publicity delighted Max Elser, and he supported me in my efforts to apply it to our clients.

The case of Maria Barrientos, the Metropolitan Opera's Spanish coloratura soprano, is as good as any to show how the idea worked out in practice. Señora Barrientos was unknown in the United States before she arrived from Spain to sing leading coloratura roles at the Metropolitan. The potential of her career was impeded by the brilliant triumphs of the reigning coloratura, Amelita Galli-Curci. It struck me that Señora Barrientos, the epitome of Spain, could become the symbol of Spanish culture in this country. Working from this premise, I publicized Barrientos' Spanish shawls; as a side issue, her shawl helped establish these beautiful and brilliantly embroidered squares as part of fashionable women's clothes. Photographs of Señora Barrientos dressed in characteristic Spanish clothing rather than the costumes she wore in her operatic roles were placed in such magazines as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and in the rotogravure sections of newspapers. She also catapulted Spanish combs into fashion. Her favorite Spanish recipes brought her to the attention of people interested in food. In a short period she became the symbol of Spain to Americans and the name Barrientos conjured up a definite and favorable concept.

Once I accompanied Barrientos to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury was giving a musicale. Engaging a Metropolitan star for this purpose was one way of showing status. The artist was usually accompanied by a manager so that he would not actually have to handle the $1,500 check the hostess presented before the concert. After dinner the guests entered the drawing room by way of a gallery hung with paintings of the English school—Romneys, Lawrences and Gainsboroughs—to which they paid only slight attention as they walked by. Later, I was talking casually to Mrs. Stotesbury's son. When I asked him whether he came to New York often he said he seldom went to New York: there were so many Jews there.

An often repeated story about such musicales was that of another hostess, intent on easy culture, who explained to Fritz Kreisler's manager, "You can make his price lower; you know, Mr. Kreisler will dine with us." Kreisler replied, "If I dine with her, my fee will be five hundred dollars more."

Successes like that with Barrientos brought us new clients. Artists watch one another's publicity as carefully as hawks their prey. Metropolitan Opera prima donnas, tenors, baritones and bassos talked about what the Corporation was doing for its clients and asked the name of the press agent responsible. Francis Coppicus, secretary to Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was impressed by what he heard and saw. I had met Coppicus at the opera house, where I had free admission because I was associated with the Booking and Promoting Corporation.

Almost every evening, walking in the semicircular promenade outside the auditorium, I talked with friends and acquaintances—critics, music editors, managers, artists and other habitués. Occasionally I went through swinging doors into the auditorium to listen to snatches of "Una furtiva lagrima" or some other of my favorite arias sung by Caruso. We called the promenade "the trenches." Many of its regulars were well known in the music world—Bill Chase, music editor of the New York *Times;* William J. Guard, the Opera's press agent, who looked like Robert Louis Stevenson; Pitts Sanborn, my good friend, music critic of the *Globe;* Bill Murray of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* and Sigmund Spaeth, music critic of the *Evening Mail*—and, of course, Coppicus.

Coppicus knew Elser's capabilities, and he was learning about my work. He saw possibilities in the Corporation for moneymaking and power, and he made a deal to take over the Corporation. It never occurred to me to find out what the deal was. He called the new organization the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, with the Metropolitan Opera Company's sanction and promise of its close co-operation. He maintained his connection with Gatti-Casazza and the opera company and divided his time between his office at the opera house and the Aeolian Hall. That was sound business, for his Metropolitan connections enabled him to scout artists and other attractions for the bureau. Max Elser and I became his partners in the Bureau with a weekly salary of eighty dollars each and with one quarter of the profits in addition.

I was in daily contact with Coppicus for several years but never really knew him. He was a most secretive man and never talked about himself. He was born in Germany; I knew nothing more of his background, what he had studied, when or why he had come to America. As secretary to Gatti-Casazza, he was the second most powerful man at the opera house. Gatti didn't like to bother with details, so important in his work. Coppicus

therefore played a leading backstage role at the Met. I saw Gatti often, but I met him only a few times; he always offered his hand, gingerly touched my fingers and said very little. He was known behind his back as “Roman Senator” or “Imperial Caesar.”

Coppicus had a complex, Machiavellian personality. Outwardly calm and soft-voiced, his ascetic face masked a cold and calculating mind, and his rare smile was never more than a movement of his cheek muscles. I believe he enjoyed power for the sake of power, but he tried to hide this. He worked like a political boss—behind the scenes. And he enjoyed money—not for what it could buy, but because he had a compulsion to possess it; his constant preoccupation with fees and percentages and costs revealed this trait. Coppicus got his thrills from the amount of the fees he could get, and he concentrated on the balance sheet.

Coppicus’ wife, Maybelle, a charming, brilliant, bubbling California girl, adored him and helped his business career. Maybelle and I developed a real affection for each other. She was the one human element that leavened my relationship with Coppicus. Many years later, to everyone’s astonishment, he fell madly in love with Rosina Galli, *première danseuse* of the Metropolitan, and he and his wife were divorced.

On March 8, 1916, I wrote the release announcing the formation of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau. The New York *American, Sun, Telegram, Press* and the *Staats-Zeitung* mentioned that I was publicity representative for the new organization. Indicative of the attitude of many newspapers then, the New York *Times* used my name and dropped the words “publicity representative” from their story.

I decided to fight this attitude toward publicity men. Historically, I knew most new vocations waged an uphill battle for recognition. It takes years to break down inertia, ignorance or prejudice. My uncle, Sigmund Freud, encountered almost insurmountable obstacles in gaining acceptance for psychoanalysis. I decided to try to establish public acceptance for the work I was doing and have made this an avocation in the years since.

A four-page folder announced to prospective buyers of talent throughout the country that the bureau’s roster of important artists included: Amato, baritone; Barrientos, coloratura soprano; Kurt, dramatic soprano; Martinelli, tenor; Sembach, tenor; Galli, *première danseuse;* Schelling, pianist; and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. I used only last names, remembering school

days when we referred to Shakespeare or Milton by their last names only. (I think we spoke less remotely of *Charles* Dickens.)

The folder offered managers a free service of information on New York musical activities, an idea I thought would build correspondence and good will, and it did, as many comparable public-interest services have done since. I was excited by the prospect of pioneering in a new field and contributing to culture in the United States. I enjoyed the challenge of devising new publicity methods. I was eager to learn more about how people act and react in their struggle for recognition, applause, status, power and money. I have always been more interested in the human aspects of work than in its financial rewards. I recognize the importance of money in a money-oriented society, but human values come first.

I have not discussed music or the musicianship of our artists because I was engaged in the business side of music management. I made no pretense of knowing about music. I could not read a note, although I could carry a tune. Coppicus had full responsibility for the musical activities and judgments of the bureau, such as aiding artists with their programs. I concentrated on the promotion of the artists to enlist public interest and build audiences among the musicgoing and non-musicgoing public.

Musical America of January 13, 1917, ran an interview with me explaining the methods I used then. Surprising to me is that they were much in line with the principles of the segmental or group approach I defined years later. *Musical America* titled the story, “How the Press Agent Creates Music Lovers.” Its subheads read “Psychology as a Working Basis” and “How the Singer’s Personality May be Correlated with the Affairs of the Day.” I made the point that “a press agent must regard his calling as an art and a science, a science in that it employs the elementary laws of psychology … an art in that inspiration often plays the most important part in furnishing him with his happiest ideas for novelties, slogans and catch phrases.” I was quoted as saying that the press agent covered the entire “realm of promotion.”

I ventured into ethical aspects of this work: “he will not … promote a person without artistic merit.” It was within the press agent’s power, said this interview, to enlarge the number of music lovers by creating a widespread interest in musical artists. And I added an idea new at the time, that the “public appealed to must be considered.” Even today many interests think only of themselves in their approach to the public. I pointed out that

those who go to music events habitually do not need persuasion, but those who go only occasionally should be considered.

To function effectively I got to know the personalities I was promoting, the top instrumentalists and vocalists of the golden age of opera and concert music in this country. I enjoyed meeting them and talking to them at the office and in their homes. To my surprise I found that only a few lived up to the romantic and heroic picture the public had of them. With few exceptions they were hard-working people, doing what they enjoyed doing and what they could do best.

Some artists I worked with lived up to their prima-donna reputations. Olive Fremstad, a regal Scandinavian diva, played in real life the roles she filled on the stage. She swept into our offices like a Nibelungen queen.

Anna Case, a beautiful soprano with a hard face and exquisite physical proportions, tried without success to play a queen in real life. She sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" on patriotic occasions, her body swathed in Greek robes, her right hand holding a large flag. She was a blacksmith's daughter, and I thought her imperiousness a manifestation of overcompensation. Occasionally she told me of her early hardships on the farm in New Jersey. Later she married Clarence Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and became the *grande dame* she had aspired to be.

Ernest Schelling, a cold fish, had been Paderewski's favorite pupil in Switzerland, and he never forgot it. He enjoyed his own playing more than his audiences did. The business side of his music was distasteful to him (he had married a wealthy wife), and he dealt with us at arm's length.

Margarete Matzenauer, heavy in body and spirit, was a typical German Wagnerian opera singer of the period. People enjoyed the weight and huge busts of their Wagnerian females. Matzenauer billowed when she dodged the cardboard crags of scenery. Her romantic love was for a handsome Italian tenor, Ferrari-Fontana, her husband, who created the leading role in *Love of Three Kings*. When she returned from a trip to Europe I went down the bay at dawn with Ferrari-Fontana to meet her. With me as the third, the two sat adoringly at a ship's table in the salon, drinking huge goblets of champagne at nine in the morning.

Frieda Hempel sang German roles and specialized in *Lieder;* a great favorite of American concert publics. She was the mistress of a New York textile man who managed her business affairs with the same acumen with

which he managed his own. She was an ideal client, for he was a sensible businessman.

Melanie Kurt was another German Wagnerian singer, a log of wood, with little imagination or verve. She was always dressed tackily. She belted out her arias, and Wagnerian audiences found her performance desirable and satisfying.

Johannes Sembach, a German tenor, had a rich voice. He was conceited and stupid but tractable, for he needed concert dates. His greatest disappointment was when I was out of the office when he had a traffic accident and nothing was published about it. I described this crisis in a poem I wrote for *The Broadway Anthology*, a book of poems by four press agents—Samuel Hoffenstein, Walter J. Kingsley, Murdock Pemberton and myself—in free-verse style of the period, introducing the reader to the backstage of Broadway. Louis Untermeyer praised the book in a critical essay in the Chicago *Tribune* and reprinted several of our poems. Praise from Untermeyer set us all up. One of my poems was about Sembach. In the poem he was German, not Dutch, which was my way of veiling his identity.

He was a burly Dutch tenor,
And I patiently trailed him in his waking and sleeping hours
That I might not lose a story—
But his life was commonplace and unimaginative—
Air raids and abdications kept his activities
(*A game of bridge yesterday, a ride to Tarrytown*)
Out of papers.
I watchfully waited
Yearning a coup that would place him on the
Musical map.
A coup, such as kissing a Marshal Joffre,
Aeroplaning over the bay,
Diving with Annette Kellerman.
Then for three days I quit the city
To get a simple contralto into the western papers.
Returning I entered my office; the phone jangled.
The burly tenor was tearfully sobbing and moaning over the wire;

A taxicab accident almost had killed him two and one half days ago;
He had escaped with his body and orchid-lined voice—
And not a line in the mornings or evenings!
What could I do about it?
Accidents will happen.

Pasquale Amato, baritone, and Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, two of the leading Italian singers of the day, had lighthearted, spirited temperaments and were warm, outgoing, confidential and boyishly friendly. They put their arms around my shoulder, engaged in banter and warm handshakes and always demonstrated their friendly attitude visibly and affectionately. Martinelli had been a carpenter in his native Italy before he sang at La Scala in Milan. We were pals. Amato was equally *simpatico* and we struck up a warm friendship. Once I visited Amato at his summer bungalow on Long Island, and his most genial smile greeted me. His wife echoed his greeting. "You must stay for lunch and I hope you will like what I shall cook for you."

"It is good you came," said Amato. "I bought all my bungalow furnishings at the five-and-ten. That's what drives me into the open air. I even study outdoors." He pointed to a book lying open in his hammock on the porch. "I am studying the baritone role of I *Puritani* from this book for next year. This book has never been indoors. The role has a beautiful aria I shall enjoy singing. I still love *Figaro, Pagliacci* and *Carmen*, but it is good to get novelties. When one gets to be my age one has sung everything so many times, one looks for something new.

"The war. It is bad, but *la guerre, c'est la guerre.*" (That was the attitude many people took—war was an inevitability. War came every so often and after it was over, it came again.) "I will do my part," he continued and pointed to a photograph of an unutterably sad young man. "He is my brother, a soldier in the Italian army. He was wounded. In the strong artillery fire he lost his hearing completely. *C'est la guerre*.

"I shall sing for the soldiers and sailors. I hope they enjoy my meager effort. The Commission on Training Camp Activities has accepted my offer, and I am waiting for definite plans. I will also try to get others to sing. It may bring those who will hear pleasure, and the artist will himself gain satisfaction from this effort for the war. Each of us has in some way been

affected by what has happened on the firing line, in the trenches. That we are doing our bit will excuse us for not being there ourselves.

"And I attend to my business affairs. A singer has money invested. He must follow how the business world goes. He has his family and his future to provide for, when he can no longer sing."

Amato was one of the top singers at the time.

Sometimes I acted *in loco parentis* for young artists. Toscha Seidel, a violinist and Auer pupil, came to America. Auer was the great violin teacher of the period. Other pupils of his were Mischa Elman, Jascha Heifetz and Sascha Jacobson. Toscha had a protective, overmaternal, ever-adhesive mother who looked after his interests. One of my jobs was to help her outfit the young man at Brooks Brothers for his debut.

Mischa Elman's father was his constant guide, companion and manager. Mischa and I kidded each other and enjoyed our easy camaraderie, which has lasted to this day, though we seldom see each other. His family lived in a large apartment hotel at 86th Street and Broadway. The life of Papa, Mischa's two sisters and Mama revolved around the young violinist, who had been an authentic child prodigy. Everyone who knew Mischa knew his papa, a dumpy little man with tousled grayish hair on a round head. His thick spectacles were opaque. He looked totally unlike my picture of the impresario father of a musical genius. But he was not discounted, for he knew what should be in and out of a contract. He was wise, quick-witted, warm and friendly to those he trusted. Mischa, then twenty-four, did not step out of his house without Papa. We all loved the old man, even when he proved difficult in his insistence that the world move around his talented son.

I never thought of the old man and his son as separate except when Mischa appeared on stage. The sweet, full-bodied sound he evoked from his violin was uniquely his. Mischa enchanted and dominated his audience. But in the office Papa was boss. Occasionally the young man expressed his point of view, argued and gesticulated vehemently, but Papa inevitably won.

In Brooklyn one cold Sunday afternoon in January I found myself an involuntary performer, replacing the great violinist. Mischa was scheduled for an only performance that season at the Academy of Music and a full house had arrived early to hear him. Backstage with Mr. and Mrs. Coppicus, the Elman family—Mama Elman and Mischa's two sisters, Minna and Esther—were waiting to hear him. Papa Elman, at Grand Central Station,

was awaiting the arrival of the family breadwinner, returning from an appearance on Friday night in Springfield, Ohio. We had prepared his itinerary so that three train changes could get him to Brooklyn for his Sunday appearance.

The audience waited and began fidgeting after forty-five minutes, but no Mischa. To our surprise Papa Elman now burst backstage alone. He had tried to telephone the Academy from Grand Central, without success, to say the train was delayed by a snowstorm in Syracuse.

"No Mischa until five o'clock," said Papa.

The Academy manager asked Coppicus to tell the audience the bad news. Coppicus asked me to do it. The Academy man urged Coppicus to do it because he wore spats. He insisted that the spats would cheer up the audience. But Coppicus said I must do it because I had a fur coat.

Next day the Brooklyn *Eagle* reported that the poet Edward L. Bernays became Eddie Bernays the orator and that Joe Humphreys groaned in Manhattan and I was out for his job. (Joe Humphreys was the well-known sports announcer at prize fights at Madison Square Garden before the days of public-address systems.) The newspaper reported that my oration was about the U.S. Fuel administration, the McAdoo mismanagement of the railroads, the decay of art, and the hope that there would be as much money in the house when Mischa returned to fill his engagement. The audience was dismissed at 3:30!

I learned an important fact at the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, confirmed again and again—that business is not only buying and selling. It is a much more complex activity than intellectuals outside the business world believe—an intricate conglomerate of tangibles and intangibles—people, objects, ideas—many beyond control. Quick decisions must often be based on evaluation of the future, past and present. Judgment in weighing these elusive factors makes for a right or a wrong decision. At the bureau, we first evaluated our competition among music managers, a heterogeneous lot whose backgrounds, abilities, experience and practices varied. I also sized up local managers who booked our artists to gauge their knowledge and policy (and also whether they would make good on their promises).

Some local managers had a music monopoly in their city. The manager of a women's music club in a town set himself up as a local concert manager. Then he tried to set the prices he paid for artists who appeared

under his management, using his position as purchaser of talent to bolster his bargaining power as a manager. Or a local manager started a music series under his management in competition with an established music-club series. Then he used his greater purchasing power as a local manager *against* the club, insisting that artists he bought appear exclusively under him and not at the music club. A few local managers extended their monopoly to several cities. Ona B. Talbot controlled the musical attractions of Indianapolis and Louisville, and music lovers there heard only artists she permitted them to hear. She pitted the national musical managers against one another and as a result of her monopoly secured artists at low prices. Top drawing power of our artists enabled us to checkmate such tactics. I discovered that the free and open competition in the marketplace I had been taught was a fiction. As a boy I had read of Theodore Roosevelt's trust busting. Now I realized why that issue still had such appeal in America.

In my work for the bureau I helped resolve conflicts of interest and clashes of personalities, an everyday activity I found stimulating. It was like unraveling knots, except that in this case knots were people. Take as an instance the relationship between the bureau and the powerful Victor Phonograph Company. Victor contracts helped an artist, for Victor pushed his records in intensive selling and merchandising campaigns. Childs, head of Victor's artist department, occasionally tried to insist on a low-payment, long-time contract to the disadvantage of a young artist. We protested, and our protests were heeded. The bureau wanted short-term contracts for its promising young artists. Victor wanted long-term arrangements at low prices, for a long-term contract at a small fee was more profitable to Victor if the artist later gained great drawing power.

Power, prestige and money were involved in most phases of the music business. The public thought an artist chose the piano he or his accompanist played; actually the manufacturers of the Steinway, Baldwin and Sohmer pianos elbowed each other in deals to get Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Caruso or an orchestra to name their instruments as their choice. Steinway held first place in the race. For such endorsement the artist received free advertising in newspapers and magazines, a free practice piano tuned and in top condition at every hotel on tour, a free piano on every stage and a free piano for his home use. Additional benefits included free advertising paper —three sheets, half sheets, window cards, twenty-four sheets, and thousands of throw-away circulars—all for the piano credit line.

The music trade press had to be handled tactfully. The leading music periodicals, *Musical Courier* and *Musical America*, were read by local managers and music-club executives to help them gauge the drawing power of an artist. Artists themselves kept *au courant* with their own field by reading these journals. Presumably the news and editorial comment were disinterested and objective; but in fact, the news and editorial columns were adjuncts of the business side. Editors doubled as advertising solicitors, fraternizing with musicians for the purpose of selling them advertising space.

Quick judgments were called for in complex situations about which we had inadequate knowledge and no precedent to guide us. Each problem called for its own solution. What price should we ask for an artist? Should we book on a guarantee plus a percentage, or for a flat figure? Picking assisting artists for our stars was another problem. They should be good enough to fill the periods between numbers but not so enticing as to woo the audience's attention from the principal performer. What combination of artists should be put together on a program?

When I began at the bureau I did my work with the aid of a secretary. Later we engaged Fred Schang, a brash young graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism, who helped with some of the chores. Under today's conditions I suppose we would have had a ten-men office. We cleared the paths of our artists through tourland. Each artist had a separate calendar at the office in which his bookings were entered. Dates were kept flexible and juggled to the last possible moment, to make routes more efficient and economical (short railroad jumps between dates saved the artist time, money and energy). When the contract for an engagement was finally signed, I sent a requisition list to the local manager to fill out for publicity and advertising material. When he returned his order, I instructed the printer to imprint the material requested with the name of the local concert hall, date, time, seat prices and sponsorship; I also dispatched press material and photographs to the local manager.

For each artist I prepared a press book, with a biography, feature stories and—always included—favorable criticisms. The first sheet of the press book urged the local manager to read it to familiarize himself with the artist, make the proper insertions for his local appearance and to send material twice a week to every newspaper and weekly in his city and surrounding

territory. Music, dramatic and city editors, we said, would be receptive to the material because it was news.

All circulars carried a drawing or a photograph which proved that the artists never grew older. The permanent age was about twenty-eight. Every artist was “outstanding”—the word was indefinite and potent enough to apply to notable performers. I discovered that words did not always mean what they said.

Some activities kept me busy outside the office. On occasion I went down the bay on the revenue cutter to greet artists coming in from Europe, to help them with their interviews with ship-news reporters. Artists traveled to Europe with unreleased news in order to come back and release it as ship news. At dawn the revenue cutter, with U.S. customs officials, ship-news reporters and publicity men aboard left the Battery. Sometimes foggy weather delayed the cutter; then everybody adjourned to a nearby bar until the cutter could move down the bay. The customs officials scurried up the ship’s ladder. The steamship line’s press agent conducted us all to the dining salon, where we ate the heavy breakfast provided by the line and the reporters looked over the passenger lists. Then I rushed to the cabins to get the interviews wanted.

Meanwhile, in the U.S. the European war foreshadowed our participation in April 1917.

On March 24, 1916, a German submarine torpedoed an unarmed French passenger ship, the *Sussex*, in the English Channel. (One of the victims was Enrique Granados, the Spanish composer whose opera *Goyescas* had made its premiere at the Metropolitan only two months before. It was the first modern Spanish opera performed in the U.S.) President Wilson regarded the sinking as a violation of the pledge made by the German Ambassador in Washington that ships carrying passengers would not be sunk without warning, provided they did not try to escape or offer resistance by gunshot. Wilson gave Germany an ultimatum: unless she abandoned such submarine warfare tactics, the U.S. would break off relations. Germany accepted our ultimatum, with the counter-condition that the U.S. compel the Allied Powers to respect rules of international law. Wilson accepted the German pledge but refused Germany’s conditions.

In May 1916, at Otto Kahn’s request, I handled the promotion of a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House by Kreisler, Paderewski,

McCormack, Casals and Barrientos, who volunteered to appear for the benefit of Enrique Granados' destitute children.

I spent the morning of the performance at Barrientos' home watching her autograph souvenir programs. She cried softly as she signed them. In the afternoon I took the programs Barrientos had signed to Paderewski's lavishly decorated apartment at the Gotham Hotel. A huge photograph of the pianist, framed in silver, stood on a concert-grand Steinway and dominated the room. Granados had been Paderewski's close friend, and the composer's death had deeply affected him too. In signing the program at his desk, it seemed that every stroke of his pen was a jab at German submarines. I had a feeling of kinship with the great musician because we were both doing a double job, helping his friend's children and protesting slaughter on the seas.

I wanted to make sure this event would receive widespread publicity and alert Americans to the ruthlessness of German submarine warfare. The Aeolian Company, which had made piano rolls of Granados' playing, followed my suggestion by advertising the forthcoming concert in the New York *Times*. On the day of the concert, in almost a full page, they reproduced my letter urging Americans to register their protest against submarine warfare by attending the performance. Great crowds stormed the Metropolitan doors that evening; I was scarcely able to push my way into the house.

The concert did its job for Granados' children, but, more important, it helped crystallize American anger against German brutality and the menace of her submarines. The public was given an emotional outlet for its resentment against our neutrality policy. Long afterward I realized that Otto Kahn had conceived and arranged the concert to stimulate public outrage at German *Schrecklichkeit*.

I saw how important timing is in planning such an event. The war was coming closer. On June 3, 1916, Congress passed the National Defense Act, calling for expansion of the Army and the National Guard, for creation of an Officer's Reserve Training Corps for Military Camps and for industrial preparedness. Tensions increased. Controversy raged around even such innocuous events as summer concerts in New York's parks. Acting for the Music League of America, I had arranged with the City Park Department for twelve free concerts by recognized singers and instrumentalists supplied by us. To augment the news value of these events, I used my *Damaged*

Goods committee technique, forming a sponsorship committee of musicians of many countries. Letters poured in to newspapers protesting the presence of foreigners on the New York Park Committee. One letter, signed "An American," in the Sun of June 16, 1916, asked, "Why are these affairs always put in the hands of foreigners … who know nothing of our ideals and our aspirations?" "Art knows no boundaries of nationality," I replied in a letter to the editor. "If the free music in the parks is meeting the needs of the people, the object is achieved." I still believe it is stupid jingoism to judge art by the nationality of its creators.

A little more than eight months of peace remained before the U.S. declared war. The fifteen hours of work I put in daily as publicity manager of the bureau, from nine A.M. often until midnight, left no time for play. But work was stimulating and a diversion in itself. I was learning by doing. I became more adept at seeing implications, recognizing interrelations, weighing values and anticipating the future. I learned to handle several problems at the same time and to keep them in different compartments of my mind. I made decisions—sometimes correct, sometimes not, but in time I felt I was using better judgment than I had at the start and was better able to weigh the visible and invisible factors that entered into the shaping of future actions.

chapter 8

NIJINSKY AND DIAGHILEFF'S BALLET RUSSE

I learned a lot working with the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, but never more than when I handled Diaghileff's Russian Ballet in 1915, 1916 and 1917. These three years taught me more about life than I have learned from politics, books, romance, marriage and fatherhood in the years since. I had never imagined that the interpersonal relations of the members of a group could be so involved and complex, full of medieval intrigue, illicit love, misdirected passion and aggression. But while it happened, I took it all for granted as part of a stimulating job. Nevertheless, my experience had a lifelong effect on me, for it prepared me to understand and cope with the vagaries of men and women who lived in special worlds of their own.

Otto Kahn, who had asked me to handle the Granados benefit concert, was responsible for my ballet association. He had seen the company in Europe, where it had been phenomenally successful, and had been deeply impressed by Diaghileff's conception and execution of ballet. As enterprising an operatic entrepreneur as he was a banker, Kahn, early in 1914, carried out an artistic coup for the Metropolitan Opera Company by signing up Diaghileff and his ballet for a tour in the United States. Within four months, World War I canceled the promised engagement, but Kahn did not give up easily. I don't know how he did it, but undoubtedly his connections as an international banker helped. In the summer of 1915, a little over a year after the cancellation, I made the announcement for him and the Metropolitan Opera Company that the Diaghileff Russian Ballet would visit the United States in January 1916 to perform at the Century Theater in New York and then tour cities as far west as St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and return to the Metropolitan for a short season in April.

The Metropolitan Opera Company was not organized to promote a large-scale operation like the ballet, so the job was turned over to the Metropolitan Musical Bureau. Kahn gave me the title of general press representative of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe.

I never learned why Kahn chose me. Possibly his wife had told him about the publicity I did for her Music League of America, which managed young talented musicians. Possibly the Granados benefit publicity made an impression. Maybe some opera star for whom we handled publicity had told him about me. Whatever the reason, I was given a job about which I knew nothing, a practice which many businesses still indulge in. I was ignorant about ballet as an art form, about the people in the ballet troupe and about my own country, which they were to tour in. In fact, I was positively uninterested in the dance. If I had been older, I suppose I would have hesitated about undertaking an activity about which I had no knowledge, training or experience. But my youth, and my experience with *Damaged Goods* and on Broadway, gave me a self-assurance that made me feel competent to handle any publicity undertaking. The American dream, generally accepted then, made every young man feel that nothing was beyond what he thought were his capabilities.

The Diaghileff ballet company had been hailed throughout Europe as the most creative art manifestation of the new century. Its history was sensational. In a few years it had vaulted to world recognition. Diaghileff, a Russian aristocrat and graduate of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, founded an art journal and then joined the staff of the Imperial Russian Theatre in Moscow, collaborating with the director, Michel Fokine, and the painter, Léon Bakst, in developing that organization. In 1909 he assembled his own ballet company in Russia, taking the stylized ballet of the Czars based on old French and Italian ballet techniques, and Isadora Duncan's modern dance forms and blended them into something startlingly original. The company's debut was wildly applauded in Paris. Diaghileff then expanded his activities, drawing into his orbit the ablest and most talented contemporaries in varied art forms—Stravinsky, Ravel, Richard Strauss, Picasso, Benois, Derain, Bakst and the great dancer Nijinsky. With their collaboration, he brought vividly to life Russian, European and Oriental folklore, combining dance, music, décor, color, costume, light and story in a dazzling creation that intoxicated his audiences and expressed the new aesthetic freedom of the twentieth century.

Diaghileff's ballet had profoundly affected the public and critics of London and other capitals. However, except for the East and West Coasts, America had little knowledge or interest in the ballet, for ballet violated the traditional Puritan taboo on dancing. Men who danced in ballet were an affront to America's pride in its manly, rugged pioneers. It was generally thought male dancers were likely to be deviates.

A select number of American dance enthusiasts had spiritually embraced Isadora Duncan; and Pavlova and Mordkin had, to be sure, toured the country, but their American followers were mainly aesthetes and *cognoscenti*. Only a few Americans, presumably those who followed the news of European art in highbrow magazines and Sunday rotogravures or who traveled to Europe, knew about the Diaghileff ballet and its significance.

The ballet, it was clear, needed high and favorable visibility before it arrived in America if it was to attract audiences. I had six months in which to persuade the public of the company's cultural, aesthetic and entertainment values and to build anticipation so that people would line up at the box office. I wanted people to talk about it and get excited about it long in advance. I believed that if the public understood the ballet beforehand, it would be enthusiastically welcomed.

The project was so big, and I so ignorant, that I immediately set about to learn what I could about the ballet before proceeding. By today's methods of research, mine was only a tentative approach. Today such research would be conducted by trained special librarians who would study and abstract bibliographical references, and by interviewers who would ask questions of knowledgeable people. I learned about the ballet organization, about Nijinsky, the other members of the company and co-operating artists in many fields. I obtained data from the Company's headquarters in Paris, the Metropolitan Opera, libraries, secondhand bookstores and balletomanes. Those ballet enthusiasts who turned up at our office after my press announcement that the ballet was coming were the most fruitful source of information. They bubbled over with information and rhapsodized about the ballet. Among them was Fred A. King, the brilliant drama and art editor of the *Literary Digest*. He was a bachelor in his early fifties, thin, sallow and usually skeptical and cynical. His first trip abroad had made him a ballet enthusiast, and his deep-set eyes brightened whenever I mentioned Nijinsky or the Diaghileff company to him. He had turned his apartment into a ballet

library cluttered with books, magazines, pamphlets, newspaper comments and criticisms. He offered me the use of his library, and I accepted gladly. Our friendship grew, based on our common interest and our genuine liking for each other. He called me “Bernaysie,” as Caruso did later. I would have squirmed if anyone else had called me that, but I was pleased to have this cynical editor do so. It was King who first hinted, but only very delicately, at the illicit loves and intrigues I would encounter when the troupe arrived.

Martin Birnbaum, another enthusiast, was an entirely different character. He was an art dealer, critic and collector who had none of the warmth of King, and his preciosity and egotism were beyond belief. An erudite, meticulous student of the dance, he had held the first exhibition in America of the décors and costume designs of Léon Bakst, startling the New York art world with Bakst’s fresh colors and vitality. He explained to me the historic background and interpretations of the dances. Later he wrote the stories of the ballet for our souvenir program.

An occurrence in a little bookstore near 13th Street showed me how strongly the ballet affected people and gave me an indication of what public reaction might be. At a table of old books, a lovely girl about my age, distinguished and cultured in appearance, with straight blonde hair, told me that she was looking for ballet material, too, that her reading about Nijinsky had made a balletomane of her in California, 6,000 miles away from where he was dancing. She had come to New York to take ballet lessons and invited me to her apartment at 56th Street and Seventh Avenue, where she lived with her aunt. Her name was de Wolfe. I went. The walls of the apartment were decorated with copies of murals by Jean Cocteau and Bakst showing enlarged pictures of Nijinsky in *L’Après-midi d’un Faune* and his other favorite roles. Later she became a dancer, changed her name to Natasha Rambova and married Rudolph Valentino.

After I had absorbed facts and atmosphere of the ballet, I could think of it in terms of its broad implications. I had the raw material for our advance press stories at my fingertips and could talk intelligently about the ballet with editors. What I knew about the ballet, and what I thought I knew about the public, convinced me that the ballet should be projected through interdependent themes.

Today I would not have had to depend on judgments arrived at by such processes. I would have made a survey of public opinion and public attitudes toward the ballet to find the ignorance or misconceptions that

existed, and especially to determine the potential audience in cities where the ballet was to appear. But in 1915 I relied on hunch and intuition.

Public opinion and market research have completely changed the approach to the public. We know something today about motives and attitudes, and we can concentrate on intensifying favorable attitudes, converting neutral attitudes and negating opposing attitudes. This is the basic feed-back principle in public relations.

We only groped for this in 1915. First, we decided to publicize the ballet as a novelty in art forms, a unifying of several arts; second, in terms of its appeal to special groups of the public; third, in terms of its direct impact on American life, on design and color in American products; and fourth, through its personalities.

I organized the material we had gathered, with these themes in mind. We awakened the immediate interest of art, drama and music critics, editorial writers, local managers, and others, with a four-page publication called "Metropolitan Opera Company Serge de Diaghileff Imperial Ballet Russe News." The box in the upper left-hand corner of Page 1, Volume 1, No. 1, proclaimed: "News of the $500,000 Serge de Diaghileff Imperial Ballet." Troy Kinney, an American artist who specialized in the dance, made vignettes for me of Nijinsky and Karsavina in their favorite roles, which I scattered through the issue to illustrate the stories that stressed our four themes.

Newspapers were our prime targets. We sent them reams of stories and photographs angled to their various reader groups—stories about composers and their compositions for music pages; costume, fabric and fashion design stories for women's pages, etc. We bombarded the Sunday feature sections, which carried much greater weight than today, when television, radio and pictorial magazines have cut into their audiences. The Hearst Sunday supplement magazine, *The American Weekly*, dominated this field, and Merrill Goddard, the editor, ran full-page color photographs of Nijinsky and Karsavina in exotic Bakst costumes.

I extolled the talents of all the leading dancers, but Diaghileff, Nijinsky and Karsavina were, of course, the three stars around whom the ballet's personal publicity revolved. Diaghileff was the great impresario, Nijinsky the greatest dancer the world had ever seen—"The Incomparable Nijinsky"—and Karsavina was his beautiful partner. I wrote that the dancers had been together since infancy and the corps de ballet "trained in

the Ballet School of the Czars from earliest childhood." This became a source of amazement to me in the light of what I learned later.

Magazines were our secondary line of offense, with the greatest coverage, as planned, appearing just before the ballet opened in New York. Their lively interest is reflected in the December 1915 coverage in *The American Hebrew, Collier's, Craftsman, Current Opinion, Every Week, Harper's Weekly, Hearst's Magazines, Harper's Bazaar* (color cover), *The Independent, Ladies' Home Journal* (double-page spread and cover), *Literary Digest, Munsey*'s, *Musical America, Opera, Physical Culture, Strand, Spur, Town & Country, Vanity Fair, Vogue* and Woman's *Home Companion*. A person passing a newsstand that month couldn't remain untouched by all this.

I wrote a piece for *Vanity Fair* under the pseudonym "Aybern Edwards"—why a pseudonym I can't remember. In any case, Frank Crowninshield, *Vanity Fair*'s editor, gave me a writing lesson I hope I have not forgotten. He thanked me politely for the article in a note, saying it was splendid, mentioning, as though it were an afterthought, that it lacked three or four "minor" points; could I supply them? They were the date of the season's opening at the Century Theatre, the opening date at the Metropolitan Opera House, a list of the ballets to be presented, which was the most popular, how long the troupe had rehearsed, how old Diaghileff was and how long he had been "at the game." I answered Crowninshield's questions in full.

Lugging a huge leather briefcase to Philadelphia, I called on Edward Bok, the famous editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who had expressed interest in the ballet. I had painstakingly stuffed the briefcase with lovely photographs and with our program of colored illustrations. I picked out twenty of the photographs and laid them on his large table, and waited for some reaction.

"Mr. Bernays," Bok said finally, "I am afraid my public would not approve of these photographs in which the skirts of the women do not come below the knees. The American woman, our reader, won't permit such pictures in her home. But I am so enchanted with these pictures that if you can arrange to have the skirts lowered below the knees, I shall be happy to use them in a color spread in the *Ladies' Home Journal*."

I assured Bok this could be done and engaged artists Troy and Margaret West Kinney to touch up the skirts of the female dancers. The Kinneys

lowered the costumes below the knees, $600 worth, their fee for the job. Bok accepted the pictures this way, and millions of American women were painlessly exposed, in a double-page colored spread, to a purified version of Bakst's costumes in the powerful *Ladies' Home Journal*.

My staff of three assistants busily compiled an 81-page publicity press book. Advance men on the road would give this ammunition to local managers for the use of local editors who wished to exploit the interest aroused by the national publicity. We perforated the mimeographed pages so they could easily be torn out; the missing dates could then be filled in and the stories placed in the newspapers. A frieze of drawings of Bakst ballet costumes ran across the top of the blue cover. Stories were classified under drama, music, Nijinsky, women's page, Sunday stories, etc. Short notes and fillers, with descriptions of each ballet in the repertory, took up 23 pages. Three pages discussed such questions as "Are American men ashamed to be graceful?"—a comment on the times. Thirteen pages were devoted to Nijinsky—a measure of his importance.

To relate the ballet directly to American life, I persuaded several manufacturers to make products inspired by the color and design of the Bakst décors and costumes and arranged for their advertising and display in department and other retail stores through the country. American manufacturers did not pioneer new styles then as they do today; many suffered from an inferiority complex and looked to Paris for creativity. One enterprising firm, Rice and Hochster, brought out beautiful ornamental combs with barbaric designs, inspired by Bakst designs. The *Scheherazade* décor stimulated some manufacturers to bring out colorful textile designs; jewelry manufacturers followed suit. Saks sold ladies' bags showing the Bakst influence; lamp shades and even table linens reflected the ballet's influence. J. M. Gidding and Company of Fifth Avenue featured a fashion window which they said showed an amazing similarity to the costumes and sets of Diaghileff's ballet. Gidding acted spontaneously, a sign of the ballet's momentum in affecting the public taste. The success of a public relations effort may be judged by action that takes place without direct stimulation.

By all outward signs we were making progress, and then, one day, after several months of intense nation-wide publicity about Nijinsky's arrival, Otto Kahn read me a cable stating that Hungary had interned Nijinsky as an enemy alien. He would not be able to come to the United States—a

crushing blow to the ballet, particularly after all the Nijinsky ballyhoo. I had learned not to become emotionally involved with my work. I suggested we release a statement by Kahn on the internment.

Nijinsky's enforced absence eliminated the most glamorous figure from our advance publicity. A few days later Kahn told me that Karsavina was "with child" and she, too, had to cancel. Our news release honored the delicacy of the theme and the times. Newspapers announced that Karsavina withdrew for "family reasons."

If Nijinsky and Karsavina had had previous appearances in the United States, their withdrawal after the gigantic build-up might have wrecked the undertaking; but the American public had not seen them dance and was quite ready to accept other dancers. Except for the *cognoscenti*, glowing descriptions of one Russian-named dancer could be applied to any other. Diaghileff substituted Leonide Massine for Nijinsky, several ballerinas for Karsavina. Our task now was to build them up in the public mind.

As we moved nearer the ballet's opening in January, newspapers published more and more material about it. Demand for free press tickets to the opening demonstrated the effectiveness of the advance work. Telephone calls and visits were so numerous at our office in Aeolian Hall that I transferred headquarters to the Century Theater on Central Park West at 60th Street, where the performances were to be given. The Century Theater was a white elephant. Built as a gesture to the drama by public-spirited New Yorkers, it was seldom used. It was too big and too far uptown. However, its wide stage and large auditorium made it ideal for the ballet.

I was pleased with the effect of our six months' intensive work. Then I wondered whether the ballet might not prove to be an anticlimax. When people are led to expect a great deal, they are more easily disappointed at the reality. I didn't know whether the ballet would live up to the public's imagination and expectation, stimulated by publicity. The ballet's first performance would answer that question.

Diaghileff, due to arrive early in January, cabled that two great charity matinees in Geneva and Paris had been given for the benefit of the Red Cross; Paris had cleared 150,000 francs before a brilliant audience. Sensational! Years later I learned that these two benefit performances were prompted by Diaghileff's doubts about the company and its performance; he used them as dress rehearsals for a group that had never danced together before. The Diaghileff Russian Ballet, which, according to the Metropolitan

Opera Company, had danced together since childhood, actually was made up of a few ballet stars and an assortment of Russian dancers recruited from wherever Diaghileff could find them in Europe.

Diaghileff's *régisseur*, Grigoriev, states in his diary, published years later, that he was sent by Diaghileff, after the contract was signed, to "engage as many dancers, male and female, as possible in Russia," and that Diaghileff himself had scoured the countries of Europe for dancers. The ballet had performed gloriously the season before, he says, but bickering among the principals and the discharge of company members at season's end had dispersed the entire troupe. Finally, Grigoriev and Diaghileff, scratching about, had assembled a company in Lausanne, Switzerland. This was whipped into shape by the ballet master, Cecchetti, and rehearsed in Geneva and Paris. For purposes of the American tour, it became "the original, the one and only" Diaghileff Russian Ballet.

I found out, too, in my research reading four decades later, that when Diaghileff made his contract with Kahn to deliver Nijinsky, Karsavina and Fokine he did not have them under contract. Nijinsky was already interned in Hungary as an enemy alien, Karsavina was in Russia awaiting the birth of a child and Fokine did not want to leave Russia for America in wartime. None of this did I know when eagerly, in the early, shivery, bleak morning of January 12, 1916, I went down the choppy New York bay by U.S. cutter from the Battery with ship-news reporters to greet the ballet troupe on the *Lafayette*. I was glad that famous Skipper Williams of the New York *Times* was along and that the reporters were as eager to interview the ballet principals as I. This morning's visit down the bay was no novelty, but I had a greater sense of anticipation than usual. I wanted to know what these people with whom I had lived in spirit for months were actually like and whether they came up to my descriptions of them.

Usually I took breakfast first and then interviewed people in their cabins. Today, however, I looked first for Diaghileff. I recognized him from his picture. He was standing alone on an upper deck gazing at New York's skyline. He looked the spittin' image of my concept of a grand duke—a completely bored man who never had done a lick of work in his life. His expression was supercilious and distant. I recognized his long, black, fur-lined coat with sable collar and fedora hat, both of which, I later observed, he wore indoors at rehearsals. He leaned heavily on his gold-topped cane, which seemed then, and innumerable times afterwards, to be the third leg of

a tripod supporting his body and head. His heavy jowls and broad face were set off by a rimless monocle that stayed in place despite muscular changes of his expressive face. I used to watch this monocle, half expecting it to fall; but it remained fixed in its socket of flesh. Diaghileff was forty-four years old, young by my standard today, but in 1916 he was twenty years my senior. I felt that I was in the presence of a tired old aristocrat of the Old World.

I knew from my reading that Diaghileff spoke English. But at this first meeting he beckoned to his interpreter-secretary, who translated my English into French and Diaghileff's French into English. I didn't understand why he insisted on a middleman. Later observation convinced me he used the interpreter to gain time to ponder his answers. When later I made requests for co-operation of various kinds, such as "Will you give Mr. X an interview?" "Will you have your photograph taken?" "Who will play the leading roles next Tuesday?" "When will ballet members be available for publicity?" he always had the time to look for the right answer.

Diaghileff's attitude toward me was most cordial, but I couldn't help noting his disdain for America and Americans, particularly those who had showered hundreds of thousands of dollars on him to bring the ballet here. He seemed determined to get the most money for what he gave the American public. Americans were materialistic, insular, *sauvage* and gross—an attitude that was prevalent among Europeans before World War I and did not begin to abate until after World War II. Diaghileff maintained his role throughout his stay in America, especially in his demands for projects that involved spending money. He needed more oboe players, he wanted more violins in the string section of the orchestra, he wanted additional rehearsals of the orchestra, etc. His demands were usually met, for he had long experience in getting pretty much what he wanted. Patrons of the arts basked in the reflected glory of the ballet. In Europe, it had been Baron Gunzberg; here it was Otto Kahn and the other millionaire directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. They didn't mind; we were living in an expanding economy without income taxes.

I was young, and the ballerinas interested me more than did Diaghileff. Flores Revalles especially fascinated me. She was gay, beguiling, divinely tall, and her spirit and personality reminded me of the *midinettes* I had met in Paris only a few years before. Léon Bakst had heard her sing in a

municipal opera company in a small town in Switzerland and they had become good friends. Diaghileff had picked her, at Bakst's suggestion, to play the lead in *Scheherazade*, a non-dancing role, in which she undulated in Oriental languor. Diaghileff thought America wouldn't know the difference between a singer and a professional undulator, and it undoubtedly gave him satisfaction to hoodwink the millionaires by palming off a singer as a ballet dancer.

Since Revalles was completely unknown in America, Kahn asked me to be sure she got her share of publicity. On the day of the ballet troupe's arrival, we called a press conference for her at the McAlpin Hotel, but only one reporter, from the *Morning Telegraph*, the daily that covered Broadway and racing, showed up. He reported the next day that Miss Revalles was photographed "swathed in a flaming scarf. The obliging Mr. Bernays held one end of it, and the dancer wound herself into it from the other side of the room. Then, as Cleopatra, she had to have stencilled on her chest and shoulders a Bakst design she had brought for that very purpose. Miss Dunbar [my assistant] appliquéd it with the skill she shows on drawing-room portieres."

Shortly afterward one stunt catapulted Revalles into nation-wide fame. Raymond Ditmars, curator of snakes at the Bronx Zoo, permitted me to photograph her with a long, harmless snake draped around her; she wore her striking Bakst *Scheherazade* costume, a closely fitting sheath gown with fringe hanging a few inches above her knees. Underwood and Underwood syndicated the sexy photograph throughout the country. Television and picture magazines have to a large extent taken the place of photographic syndicates, which in 1916 flooded the country with photographs and captions that outdid the imagination of press agents, who were sometimes hampered by facts. The Revalles caption said that she could be observed almost every day in Bronx Park studying the snakes' sinuous movements. It stated that she selected one of the finest specimens and within hours had so charmed it with her beauty that not once during the picture taking did the cobra spread its hood.

The Hearst Sunday *American Weekly* (which had the largest circulation at the time), Sunday rotogravure sections and daily newspapers throughout the country ran Revalles' picture in full front pages. I urged Revalles to make a pet snake her trademark and never to travel without one. She hesitated, but agreed—show people intuitively adjust themselves to getting

publicity for themselves, whatever the method. When I saw how easily Revalles became a national celebrity, I recognized how necessary it was to look behind a person's fame to ascertain whether the basis was real or fictitious. Public visibility had little to do with real value. Without the snake or some equivalent, Flores Revalles, an attractive, provocative and talented girl, might well have had to wait years for national recognition. The snake took up a long lag in time.

The day after arrival the ballet started rehearsals. For the opening performance they gave *L'Oiseau de Feu* by Fokine, with music by Stravinsky; *La Princesse Enchantée*, music by Tschaikovsky; *Soleil de Nuit* by Massine, music by Rimsky-Korsakov; and *Scheherazade* by Bakst and Fokine, music by Rimsky-Korsakov. The audience was ecstatic. Hopes and expectations were more than fulfilled. Next morning the critics reacted most favorably, the *Times* reviewer describing the performance as "the most elaborate and impressive offering that has yet been made in this country in the name of ballet as an art form."

The ballet was not without competition from other attractions during this New York run. On the same page of the *Times* that carried a review of the ballet there was advertising for Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*, Ethel Barrymore in Our Mrs. *McChesney*, Mrs. Fiske in *Erstwhile Susan*, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in *Sybil*, Leo Ditrichstein playing *The Great Lover*, Gaby Deslys in *Stop, Look, Listen*, Otis Skinner in *Cock o' the Walk* and the Castles dancing at a night club. There were also advertisements for a French and a German drama, several burlesque shows and the new Washington Square Players. And good music was available to the man who preferred concerts to ballet or drama. Caruso was to give a recital at the Biltmore, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra was in town; Harold Bauer and Pablo Casals were performing at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon; and Leo Ornstein was giving a piano recital. Despite competition, the ballet was crowded during its run.

I attended the ballet in snatches, occasionally in long snatches, but seldom as a regular audience member would. I enjoyed what I saw and heard, but I was more interested in the audiences and their reactions and in looking out for the newspapermen who flocked in from all over the country to see the spectacle.

To the public and critics, the most impressive fact about the ballet was its cohesiveness. This was actually an illusion, as I soon discovered. The

ballet people were strong individualists who sought to destroy the person above and choke off the one below. Their relationships were based on intrigue, deviant and illicit love, hatred and jealousy—all taken for granted as part of normal existence. Sex melted lines of demarcation between the hierarchic layers of the organization—business managers loved dancers; men and women of all ranks consorted with men and women of varying degrees of masculinity and femininity; husbands fell in love with other husbands or their wives.

The corps de ballet behaved like inmates of a rabbit hutch, constantly darting about, pulled by intrigue or sex. There was no stability except at performances; then Diaghileff's genius somehow pulled the scattered people, emotions, ideas, together into a magnificent whole. And in all the excitement, pushing and fuming, Diaghileff remained wrapped in the same calm, imperturbable, ducal majesty with which he strode across the stage. How he kept the ballet together I cannot guess, for Diaghileff himself was the center of intrigues as involved as any that involved other members of the company.

The number one topic of interest was the friendship of Diaghileff and Leonide Massine, the beautiful young dancer, Nijinsky's substitute during the first American season. Everyone at the ballet accepted this and took it for granted, as they did the combination of oil and vinegar. Diaghileff had found Massine in Moscow in 1914, when Massine was an undistinguished member of the ensemble of the Bolshoi Ballet. Recognizing a talent, he had signed him to a long-term contract and turned him over to Fokine, the choreographer, and Cecchetti, the ballet master. As late as 1915 Massine had been dancing small roles, but when Nijinsky, because of his internment, couldn't come to New York that first season, Diaghileff, without any qualms, substituted this practically unknown young man for the greatest dancer in the world.

Some friendships in the ballet were participated in by nationals of several countries. Lopokova, the *première* ballerina, developed a friendship for Heywood Broun, but Randolfo Barocchi, Diaghileff's Italian hatchet man, a strange, dwarflike person whose straggly black beard intensified his sinister look, became the good friend of Lopokova too. We understood that the columnist and the ballerina were to be married. Certainly whenever I saw them together at the Century before and after performances, they demonstrated their attachment unmistakably. So I felt uncomfortable when I

saw the shriveled Barocchi walk out of the Century with the delicate, personable Lopokova. I looked for signs of trouble between the two men. But Barocchi somehow won without fireworks, for just before the ballet returned to Europe after the second New York engagement, he married Lopokova. I was sorry for Heywood. At the Paris Peace Conference after World War I, two years later, I stopped off in London, where the ballet was performing, and met Lopokova and Barocchi at the Savoy Hotel. They appeared glad to see me and happy, and we chatted about New York. Later they were divorced and Lopokova married Lord Keynes, the great economist. I understand it was a good marriage and I am glad, for she remains a fond memory of the ballet.

Perhaps all this chaos made such a deep impression on me because I had never in my short life encountered such concentration on these kinds of friendships among people. They kept these artists agitated, but did not adversely affect their performance. Maybe they even strengthened it. Who knows? I decided people's private lives were not my concern.

Continuous battle kept the ballet in turmoil. One battle, that against German music, was waged by the French conductor Pierre Monteux. Monteux had joined Diaghileff in 1911 and had successfully conducted the première of the difficult *Petrouchka*. Then he had imperturbably conducted *Le Sacre du Printemps* despite a riot in the theater when the audience split into two factions, for and against the music. Diaghileff wanted Monteux for our first American season, but Monteux was in the trenches on the French front fighting the Boche. The ballet could not get him a furlough that year. But for the second American tour, which started in October 1916, Monteux was released from the Army and rejoined the ballet in America, thanks to the intervention of Otto Kahn and his friend and business associate, Sir William Wiseman, the propaganda representative of the British Government in this country.

Monteux was scheduled to conduct Richard Strauss's *Til Eulenspiegel*, although he hadn't been so informed before. "Get as much publicity for him as you can," urged Kahn. I did my best at Quarantine with Monteux, an undistinguished-looking Frenchman with a large drooping mustache and a pleasant, matronly wife, but he had nothing to say. Campanini, the newsworthy general manager of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, happened to be on the liner and received the major space the reporters gave

the boat next day. I refused to give up, and the next day, at M. Monteux's first rehearsal with the orchestra, I dug for a story, this time below the surface, for anything about his past, present or future that might make news. And then Monteux casually remarked to me that he was willing to conduct ballet music by dead German composers—Beethoven and Wagner, for instance—but in no circumstances would he conduct the work of a living German. That, of course, included Richard Strauss, composer of *Til Eulenspiegel*, the ballet Monteux was scheduled to conduct. Gleefully, I telephoned the newspapers the story. That *was* news. The next morning Monteux became an American celebrity, a front-page sensation, like Flores Revalles with her snake.

"Dead German? Okay! Live one? Nevaire! M. Monteux balks at Richard Strauss's music, and ballet is in a fix," said the New York *World* headline. The New York *American* headed its story: "'Conduct Strauss ballet? *Mais non!'* says M. Monteux. New director refuses to lead *Til Eulenspiegel* for Diaghileff artists!" The New York *Sun* said, "French conductor of ballet bars Strauss. Pierre Monteux tells Metropolitan Opera Company he won't play enemy music." And the New York *Herald* quoted M. Monteux: "'I am a French soldier on leave of absence, and I cannot conduct music by Strauss, who signed a manifesto against France after the beginning of the war.… I am grateful for the opportunity to be here, but I cannot forget that my regiment is at the front fighting the Prussians.'"

Mrs. Nijinsky, in her book on her husband, refers to Kahn's fury at Monteux's refusal to conduct live Germans. But her recollection is a little bit faulty, I think. I have a letter that Kahn wrote me next day: "You have utilized the Monteux story very cleverly and effectively." At the time, that letter made me feel as if Napoleon had conferred a Legion of Honor on me. Monteux stuck to his decision and another conductor was engaged to take on the Strauss ballet, while Monteux conducted *Carnaval* by Schumann and other dead Austrian and German composers.

The structure of the ballet company, although not rigid, was stratified. Diaghileff was surrounded by a personal staff, secretaries, assistants, *régisseurs* and business managers. Nijinsky, during the second New York season, in April 1916, shared the pinnacle with Diaghileff. When Diaghileff was absent on the second tour, Nijinsky was alone on the pinnacle. The conductors, Monteux and Ansermet, had the same status as the *premiers* and *premières*. The corps de ballet, which carried the main burden of the

performance, was a nondescript group that disappeared into the background until transformed by the magic of the stage. The strong young men, with their hard, muscular limbs, looked like bank clerks in their store clothes. The young women, beautiful on the stage, looked plain in street clothes, except for several beauties who almost broke up the ballet, as I will relate later. The orchestra, recruited in this country, had little contact with ballet members. Craftsmen, seamstresses, valets and other assistants were treated like slaves; they just worked. Everybody seemed to know his traditional place, presumably never stepping up or down or across to other elevations, except in sexual affairs.

The company manager's job, the sensitive position in the ballet, was incredibly demanding. He was captain of the ship, spiritual adviser, magistrate and treasurer. He was responsible for the performances going on and running smoothly. He was called up by members of the company whenever anything was wrong, internally or externally. He was adjuster and arbiter in squabbles or disagreements, whatever their nature. Perhaps his most difficult job was to persuade Diaghileff to accept bookings. The temperamental Russian, for one illogical reason or another, often refused to fulfill engagements; the distance between bookings, for instance, was either too long or too short.

Richard Herndon was finally given this impossible job. He was six feet tall, as understanding as a trained psychiatric nurse. Warm, gentle and personable, he could, when occasion demanded, be as tough as a drill sergeant. He had managed such outstanding stars as Sarah Bernhardt. He was aware of the intrigue and knavery that surrounded him, and knew how to preserve equanimity in the most provoking circumstances. Herndon could make a royal princess feel comfortable in a Second Avenue cold-water flat. He rode herd on the *premières*, ballerinas and other principals, the musicians, the corps de ballet, the costume women and Nijinsky's manservants like the perfect university president—and he loved it.

After two weeks in New York the ballet went on tour to cities as far west as St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis and Kansas City. I remained in New York to prepare for the post-season performances in April at the Metropolitan Opera House, at which Nijinsky, released from internment, was scheduled to appear. He did not make the opening performance on April 3 but arrived four days later on the *Rochambeau*. I went down to Quarantine to meet him. Hoppe's remarkable photographs of him in the

ballets *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Spectre de la Rose* had created an image of him in my mind. The photographs showed a gracefulness and strange, indefinable nonmasculine sexuality, giving him an enigmatic and eerie quality that I was certain represented his spirit and personality. The wildly enthusiastic critiques that poured into our office from Europe had confirmed the impression of the pictures. They added a dimension I couldn't see in the photographs; they referred to him as jumping into the air like a jet of water or a flame dashing upward. All this had stirred my imagination, and I had found it easy to project to the public the excitement he had created in Europe and that I too had caught.

On the *Rochambeau* I was surprised. Instead of the anticipated Greek god, an insignificant and unprepossessing little man in Russian-made store clothes opened his cabin door when I knocked. He had no visible charm and he seemed shy and aloof. But these latter adjectives hardly described his wife, Romola, who appeared at the door with him, and took complete control. She projected authority and assurance, hardly what I had expected of the wife of the greatest dancer in the world. She was a cocky young woman who knew what she wanted, had gotten it and was going to keep it against all comers. My first thought, brought about by her bossiness, was that the couple would be difficult to work with. But Nijinsky willingly followed me on to an upper deck, where photographers snapped him jumping into the air in remarkable elevations. At my suggestion they also took a family picture, now famous in ballet lore, showing Nijinsky with his wife holding their young daughter Kyra in her arms. They looked, I supposed, like any normal, young Russian bourgeois couple emigrating to America. The photograph was widely used throughout the country. Even the most knowledgeable public did not think of Nijinsky as a father, but here he was in this unfamiliar role.

The ballet meanwhile was buzzing with excitement; everybody waited for an explosion, for it was common knowledge that Nijinsky had been the bright star in Diaghileff's life before Massine replaced him.

A history of the Nijinsky-Diaghileff relationship from 1909 to 1916 may shed some light on the happenings that now occurred. Diaghileff decided early in life that the love of a man for a man was the purest of loves, and in that spirit he had loved and possessed the young dancer Nijinsky. He had met him in 1909, when Nijinsky, a brilliant young dancer finishing his training with the Maryinsky Ballet, was already widely known

for his elevations, and Diaghileff immediately engaged him for some performances. Nijinsky made a huge success in Paris and Berlin in *Les Sylphides* and *Cleopatra* and in a succession of triumphs. But Nijinsky could not leave the Maryinsky for good because he was bound to them as a performer for five years. However, in a performance of *Giselle*, Nijinsky danced in tights and a tunic that apparently was not long enough to preserve the amenities. The director had asked him to wear a longer tunic, but Diaghileff objected, insisting it would hurt the artistry of the performance. A member of the Imperial Russian family at the performance objected to Nijinsky's dress, and Nijinsky was forced to resign from the Maryinsky Ballet. He immediately joined the Diaghileff company.

Until 1913 Nijinsky was an inseparable companion of Diaghileff on tours or at their home. But in 1913 the ballet went to Rio without Diaghileff. On this trip, for the first time, Nijinsky talked to other members of the ballet. He fraternized with a Hungarian girl, Romola, the daughter of a wealthy family in Budapest, who had become so infatuated with him that she joined the ballet in a small role and pursued him without success for a year. Nijinsky married the girl in Buenos Aires, where the ballet was playing. When Diaghileff heard the news in Europe he summarily discharged Nijinsky by cable. Nijinsky and his wife left for Europe, went to Budapest to have their baby and, when World War I broke out, were interned there.

On Nijinsky's return to the ballet in New York with his wife, it was rumored that, despite Diaghileff's relationship with Massine, he was still infatuated with Nijinsky and jealous of Nijinsky's wife and that Massine was jealous of Nijinsky. Accounts differ as to the truth of the situation. Mrs. Nijinsky, in her book about her husband, confirms the reports that Diaghileff was jealous of her. She says he greeted them on their arrival with a bunch of American Beauty roses for her and a kiss on both cheeks for Nijinsky, a custom among Russian men. She says Nijinsky handed Kyra to Diaghileff, who held her for only a moment and handed her to a man standing nearby. She says that Nijinsky would have refused to dance in the Diaghileff ballet in the United States had it not been for his gratitude for American intercession in obtaining his release from internment.

On the other hand, Grigoriev, the *régisseur* of the ballet, says that the meeting between Diaghileff and Nijinsky was "cold and final" and that Nijinsky asked only what ballets he was scheduled to dance. He refers to

Nijinsky's "vagueness and unfriendliness" and says that Nijinsky was out of practice and that his dancing was "by no means what it had been, though it improved as time went on." He says that Nijinsky's relations with Diaghileff and the company were hostile and that this could not continue indefinitely. Mrs. Nijinsky, contradicting him, says that the company acted politely toward Nijinsky. She was present when Diaghileff upbraided Nijinsky for his marriage—which possibly led Grigoriev to conclude that Diaghileff was still in love with Nijinsky.

I was not present at these meetings, and what I write now is based on memoirs that appeared years afterward. But these memoirs fill in some facts, which, at the time, I could only surmise in the light of rumor and gossip. They explain what seemed so strange and baffling to me, part of the confused ballet shenanigans. As I look back at these events, I am struck by a German proverb, "*Was ich nicht weiss, macht mich nicht heiss.*" Its English equivalent is "What I don't know won't make me hot."

I was present at an orchestra rehearsal at the Manhattan Opera House a few days after Nijinsky's arrival. I first noticed his egocentricity here, the forerunner of the disease that later institutionalized him. Standing on the stage in his *chiton*, the exercise costume, he looked as unprepossessing as he had on board ship. He had no small talk for the people around him. The orchestra was in the pit and the conductor was on the podium, but Nijinsky just stood there, motionless.

"What's up?" I asked Richard Herndon, the company manager. "Is anything the matter?"

"Oh, Nijinsky knows the orchestra is waiting for him," Herndon replied. "He's just exercising his power. He enjoys making expenses mount up."

After a frozen quarter of an hour, Nijinsky moved into dance.

When the company made its first cross-country tour, I arranged to have my friend Pat Crowe, a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*, accompany the troupe so he might interview Nijinsky. This would be a coup, because the sprightly *Evening Sun* was a kind of daily *New Yorker;* its articles were copied by newspapers throughout the country. Crowe started interviewing Nijinsky at Grand Central Station, conversing in French for an hour. At Bridgeport Nijinsky asked me in French when the interview would be printed. I explained that no one could ever be certain when, or even if, a newspaper interview would be printed. Other news might crowd it out. Nijinsky flew into a rage.

“This man has taken my time under false pretenses,” he cried, gesticulating wildly. “If I do not have a guarantee that the interview is printed, I refuse to permit him to ride on this train to Boston. Have him put off.”

I told the always cheerful and diplomatic Herndon what had happened, and he explained to Nijinsky that the only stop scheduled for our special train was our destination, Boston, but the dancer didn’t care. Mrs. Nijinsky joined her husband in demanding that the train be stopped at the next station. Herndon finally warned the Nijinskys of lawsuits if the train were stopped. They relented and the train rolled on. And I don’t remember today whether the interview was printed or not.

On arrival at Boston we walked to the nearby Copley Plaza, then Boston’s most distinguished hotel, where we had reserved a suite for the Nijinskys. When we arrived, Boston newspapermen were waiting eagerly at the registration desk to interview the great dancer. There were so many that I suggested we move to a reception room near the hotel’s front entrance on Copley Square. I led the way down the hall with Nijinsky, followed by the reporters. We had gone perhaps fifteen feet when Nijinsky turned to me.

“Why the long walk?” he asked complainingly in French.

“So many newspapermen are here to interview you,” I explained, “that it would be better to talk in the reception room than to have a stand-up press conference.”

He said, “I will not walk that far for any newspaperman.” He turned on his heel and strode to the elevator, leaving me and the newspapermen flabbergasted.

But if Nijinsky often left a negative impression offstage, the effect of his technical prowess on his audiences was overwhelming. When he made his debut at the Metropolitan on April 12 in a bill that included *Prince Igor, Petrouchka, Scheherazade* and *Spectre de la Rose,* he was the embodiment of grace, movement, life and beauty itself; as he projected himself upward from the stage, or jumped in a tremendous arc through a window in *Spectre de la Rose*, he made his audience feel that never again would they experience a like sensation. Nijinsky’s effect on his spectators was comparable only to that of Caruso on his listeners.

The universal praise Nijinsky received was too much for his ego; few can assimilate adulation and awe from their fellow men without ballooning

of their own egos. From my personal contacts with him I think he was a completely withdrawn personality, dominated by his wife.

The ballet was scheduled to return to Europe in May 1916. Because of the war's increasing intensity few of us thought a second tour to the United States possible. However, the public furor created by the first tour was so tremendous that Otto Kahn decided there had to be a return engagement—this time a triumphal cross-continental tour, starting in October. But Diaghileff was tired and bored with America; he wanted no more of it. Kahn asked me to talk to Diaghileff and see whether I couldn't change his mind. Diaghileff, Max Elser, and I lunched in the downstairs grill of the old Ritz Hotel at 46th Street and Madison Avenue. Elser recalls that I talked mostly in French, sometimes in English, trying to convince Diaghileff that he owed it to the American public to bring them the beauty of his art once more. Diaghileff finally yielded to my arguments and agreed to a second tour after a summer holiday. Kahn was delighted when I told him the news, and I announced the second tour. It was scheduled to open in New York in October for a few weeks, then go to the West Coast and close in New York.

Ballet history needs to be rewritten, for my account of how the ballet returned for a second tour differs from Grigoriev's (strongly anti-Nijinsky) and Mrs. Nijinsky's (strongly pro-Nijinsky). Grigoriev wrote in his book about the ballet that Diaghileff approached Kahn about another tour of America because he was "anxious about the future of the company" and unsure about the possibility of obtaining "continuous engagements in Europe." He adds that Kahn stipulated that Nijinsky should again be included in the company. According to Grigoriev, Barocchi reported to him that Nijinsky demanded complete control of the company. Diaghileff, refusing to remain here under this condition, offered to retire from the management and suggested that the Metropolitan sign up Nijinsky to head the company, which was done.

Mrs. Nijinsky, however, writes that Kahn wanted to educate the American public to an appreciation of the beauty of the ballet and, realizing that Diaghileff was a disturbing factor, asked Nijinsky to become artistic director and supervise the forthcoming tour. This proposition, she adds, surprised Nijinsky, but he did not want to offend Kahn. Thereupon, the Metropolitan rented the Russian Ballet from Diaghileff, stipulating that, in the interest of peace, Diaghileff was not to return to the United States during its tour.

I was not a party to the negotiations, but I know that after I had persuaded Diaghileff to agree to a second tour, Kahn made his own demands on Diaghileff. Kahn wanted Nijinsky, but Mrs. Nijinsky didn't want Diaghileff because she felt his presence threatened her relationship with her husband. So the compromise was made—Nijinsky was to run the ballet and Diaghileff was to stay at home.

Once the arrangements were completed, Nijinsky started planning for next season. Two new ballets were to be included, *Til Eulenspiegel* by Richard Strauss and the *Mephisto Valse* by Franz Liszt. In the spring of 1916 the tide of American nationalism rose, presaging our entry into the war. This was reflected in unexpected ways. In the music field, nationalism was a subject of anguished discussion. American musicians traditionally started their musical careers on a European stage. Performers needed French or Italian recognition before they could get an important engagement in this country. Now the public suddenly demanded American singers and English librettos. No one thought of commissioning an American ballet composed by an American. Diaghileff, I am sure, would have been cold to such a suggestion. But agitation for some American participation in the ballet became so vocal that, as a concession, someone suggested that an American designer do the décor and costumes for the forthcoming *Til Eulenspiegel*.

This suggestion catapulted Robert Edmond Jones into fame. Jones was just twenty-eight years old at the time. He was known to a few as the designer of the decor for a play at the Provincetown Theater written by a new and unknown playwright, Eugene O'Neill. I was given the assignment of inviting Jones to design for the ballet *Til Eulenspiegel*, with music composed by a German, Strauss, to be performed by Russians and conducted by a Frenchman, Monteux.

Jones lived in a tiny third-floor room at Mabel Dodge's splendid home on lower Fifth Avenue, where she entertained talented young men: Lincoln Steffens, John Reed, Max Eastman, Carl Van Vechten, D. H. Lawrence and others. Years later she visited Doris and me and told us she would like to re-establish her salon. But when we went there we found neat rows of chairs, a lecturer and no interchange of ideas. She had lost her salon magic and she returned to Taos and her fourth husband.

I walked up the three flights of stairs to Jones's room, where he sat playing with little cuttings of fabrics in innumerable colors and shades. He

was delighted to be interrupted in his work, as artists usually are, and he explained his technique in color manipulation. He did a brilliant job.

At the end of September 1916 the company arrived for the New York season, scheduled to open on October 9 at the Manhattan Opera House, then to go on tour for forty weeks. Nijinsky, now in charge, accused Diaghileff of withholding some of the most important artists—sixteen of the best dancers, says Mrs. Nijinsky in her book. Grigoriev writes that only six women and six men of the company remained in Rome with Diaghileff. But considering that they included Tchernicheva, Massine and Idzikowski, there was a real loss, although Diaghileff sent replacements.

I ventured down the bay again, by revenue cutter, to greet the company, Zenia Specizewa, and other principals. I rushed to the salon for the dancers' cabin numbers, leading a pack of reporters and photographers. Repeated knocks on their cabin doors brought no response. It was almost as if there was a conspiracy against publicity. The photographers demanded pictures. I felt let down after all these months' work. As we climbed from one deck to another looking for someone to publicize in lieu of the hiding principals, I saw three beautiful young women sitting on the capstans on the loading deck. They were unmistakably Russian ballet dancers. I greeted them. Not a word of English! I used the key word "Diaghileff." They nodded "Yes." I knew we had won. The photographers saw youth and beauteous languor. My captions for the pictures said these were three of Russia's most beautiful girls, chosen by the Czar of All the Russias, trained in the Royal Ballet School, and now members of the corps de ballet of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet. The principals, unluckily for them, were holed up in their cabins.

The next day front-page stories and photographs made these three young girls famous; and they dramatized and symbolized the ballet for Americans. But this acclaim started a Russian revolution all its own. That morning Otto Kahn telephoned me. He faced a crisis. The principals, led by the new *première* ballerina, Specizewa, refused to appear because of the publicity the members of the corps de ballet had received. I explained the reasons for their sudden fame and suggested that an editorial in the *Tribune* praising the principals might assuage their anger. Kahn agreed that that was a good idea. I talked to Geoffrey Parsons, editor of the *Tribune*, and he was delighted to come to the aid of the ballet. The next morning the New York *Tribune* ran a glowing tribute to the principals. Peace was restored; Specizewa consented to dance.

And then, just before the season opened in New York, Nijinsky sprained his ankle at rehearsal. Even without Nijinsky the première of *Til* took the public by storm. The entire New York season was a success, although Nijinsky danced only a few times.

In November the company left for Boston, the first stop on the extended transcontinental tour. *Variety* noted that, with the exception of the circus, this was the largest road organization ever to be sent out of New York. The troupe consisted of fifty-five dancers, fifty-two musicians, technicians and a general staff. I had been asked to make the tour but had declined the offer. I hated to leave New York, particularly because other activities with the Metropolitan Musical Bureau kept me so busy. However, I accompanied the ballet to its first stop, Boston.

Boston was surprising, for I knew of no American city that could compare with New York in culture and background. Boston prided itself upon being the Athens of America. It was the home of the great Boston Symphony, *The Atlantic Monthly*, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and of Harvard University. Boston's music and drama critics had national prestige. The only American quotes we used outside of New York were from the critics of Boston.

At the dignified old St. Botolph Club near the Boston Public Garden, I lunched with H. T. Parker, drama critic of the Boston *Transcript*, whose erudite reviews were influential throughout the country, and met Philip Hale, music critic of the Boston *Herald*. These men, steeped in the ballet's lore, questioned me intently about the Ballet Russe. I felt from their conversation that they thought of New York and New Yorkers as commercially oriented upstarts, but they were willing to listen.

I also visited with a young music critic, Olin Downes, in his cubbyhole at the Boston *Post*. We gossiped about musical life in New York. I gave him my candid impressions of Gatti-Casazza, Caruso, Martinelli and other artists we had worked with. Soon afterward he left the Boston *Post* to become the music critic of the New York *Times*, a position he occupied for many years.

Charles Ellis, who managed the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the local engagement of the ballet, told me he had been watching my ballet publicity and asked me to join his organization. "I am growing older," he said, putting his arm around my shoulder. "There's a great future for you here." But I could think of no inducement that would impel me to leave

New York. New York was stimulating and was growing, and that was where I wanted to be. I told Mr. Ellis so, without even waiting to think it over, but I don't think that deliberation would have had the least influence on my decision, which was based on my infatuation with New York. Forty-five years later in Boston I was listening to an Esplanade Pops Concert of the Boston Symphony, and the memory of Ellis' offer created a nostalgic feeling. I thought, "Why not sponsor a concert in his memory?" My offer to the Boston Symphony was accepted, and my wife and I later heard a program by the orchestra I might possibly have been managing had I accepted Ellis' offer.

After Boston the ballet continued its tour, marked by factional warfare between Nijinsky and Diaghileff's administrators, who shared the company management. The ballet returned to New York City in April, enjoyed another successful short season here, and left for Europe, never to return.

My years of ballet intoxication from the summer of 1915 to the early part of 1917 were over. I was now twenty-five years old. I had few doubts about my capacity to meet any publicity challenge that might come up. Despite the excitement of an impending war and the *Schrecklichkeit* of submarine warfare the whole country was discussing the ballet. And the ballet had affected our culture, as it had Europe's. Ideas reach beyond the bounds of our imagination and spread in all directions. The ballet liberated the American dance and, through it, the American spirit. It fostered a more tolerant view toward sex; it changed our music and our appreciation of it. Richard Strauss, Stravinsky and other ballet composers brought a quick response from American composers in the popular and classical fields. The ballet scenarios made modern art more palatable; color assumed new importance. It was a turning point in the appreciation of the arts in the United States.

I finished this chapter in Cambridge, when Ernest Ansermet, the conductor of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet in its first season here, was guest conductor of the Boston Symphony for two weeks. He had been associated closely with Diaghileff and I visited him in a Boston suburb. M. and Mme. Ansermet greeted my wife and me warmly. M. Ansermet didn't look the seventy-eight years that the Boston Symphony program notes declared him to be. His vivacious greeting and his animated, firm handshake were those

of a dynamic man. He was gentle, sympathetic and personable. After almost half a century we established an immediate rapport.

I had come prepared to ask Ansermet to clear up some events of forty-six years before. Ansermet had lived with Diaghileff and the ballet in Lausanne before it came to the United States in 1916; he knew the grand master intimately. Diaghileff had heard him conduct a single concert in Geneva and immediately wanted him, in Monteux's absence, to conduct the ballet on the American tour. "I will not go," Ansermet recalled saying, "I have my concerts here." But Diaghileff reasoned and cajoled. "Finally," Ansermet told me, "I succumbed and was sent in advance to organize the orchestra in New York for the Russian Ballet. You were the kindest man I met and I thank you now for taking me under your wing."

"Did Diaghileff make a contract with Kahn to deliver Nijinsky and Karsavina knowing that they were both occupied, one interned in Hungary, the other getting a baby?" I asked him.

"I know you think he should not have made this promise that Kahn insisted upon," he replied. "May I disagree with you? Diaghileff was indomitable; he felt he could accomplish anything he committed himself to, and he was sure he would produce both Karsavina and Nijinsky in America. This was not a matter of bad faith, Mr. Bernays; it was a matter of optimism. And I feel that in making this commitment he was sure he could deliver."

I asked M. Ansermet, "How do you explain Diaghileff's attitude toward the United States? It seemed cynical and disdainful."

"I do not agree that Diaghileff was disdainful of America or cynical. He was devoted to the ballet, but he was so afraid of the water, of crossing the ocean, that it made him feel antagonistic, coming to this country. I can tell you that when I returned with him after that first season he always wore his life preserver on the ship and he continually clutched me fearfully, in such trepidation was he of the water."

"Wasn't it a phobia?" I asked.

"Yes, it was. You know, that is how he lost Nijinsky—when he would not make the travel to South America, and it was on this journey that Nijinsky fell under the spell of Romola and married her. It was Baron Gunzburg who played a great role in arranging the marriage. He had no ulterior motive, but he sincerely felt that Nijinsky should get away from the spell of Diaghileff so that he might develop to the fullest. He thought that

marrying Romola would free him; actually it did not. She was a terrible, dominating woman."

"A bitch?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "a witch." And then he translated "bitch" into French for his wife so that she would understand our dialogue.

"The first thing Nijinsky did," said Ansermet, "after the contract was signed was to fire all of Diaghileff's friends and adherents, including me and Grigoriev. We were both victims of Romola's wrath."

"Diaghileff and the ballet members went to Cadiz, Spain."

"Diaghileff was so strapped at the time," said Ansermet, "that he did not have enough money to pay his taxi. When they arrived at the hotel he put his monocle in his eye and instructed the porter to pay the fare. He was not arrogant. He only seemed so. I saw, *moi-même*, Diaghileff at lunch with Massine order two hard-boiled eggs, which he gave to Massine. He ate nothing."

I suggested to Ansermet that the ballet, to my way of thinking, was a rabbit hutch, that the deviant behavior of so many of the cast was standard.

"Oh, no," said Ansermet, "I cannot agree with you completely, Mr. Bernays. A number of the members of the corps de ballet were young women of good, middle-class families who brought their bourgeois moral code to the ballet. Naturally, there were relations between the young women and the young men, as always, but I must add it was much less than usual. After all, you must remember that these young men and young women worked very hard. They rehearsed, they played in performances in the evenings, and they were tired."

And then, to stress his point, he added that he had talked to the radio officers on the ship going back to Europe and that the radio officer had complained to him bitterly, "Here I take a long trip—we have had other ballet groups with us—and I have tried hard to make one of the young women, but it has not once been possible."

We talked of Mme. Lopokova, that charming, sweet and gentle girl who had been the delight of everyone who had met her or watched her from the audience.

"Yes, I admired Lopokova, as all of us did," said Ansermet.

I told of meeting Lopokova and her husband at the Hotel Savoy in London during her 1918–19 season at Covent Garden and of my amazement at their apparent happiness.

Ansermet's eyes lit up. "Do you know what happened to that couple?" he asked. "Ah, I will tell you what happened to Lopokova. One evening—the Russian revolution had just taken place—Lopokova was sitting in Diaghileff's box—he liked her very much. Other guests were some Russian Cossacks in full regalia, wearing full coats, their belts filled with bullets. Naturally, they were charmed with Lopokova, their talented countrywoman. Barocchi was backstage, occupied with his ballet duties. Next morning Barocchi burst into Diaghileff's hotel room. 'Lopokova is missing,' he cried. 'I am lost,' he kept repeating to Diaghileff. 'I will commit suicide.'

"Lopokova could not be found and another dancer substituted for her. The day after her disappearance, Barocchi's anguish seemed to have vanished, for he came to Diaghileff and demanded the two weeks' pay due to her. Then he went to the bank and drew out her money, to which he had access, and returned to Italy. He was never heard of again."

"What happened to Lopokova?" I asked.

"Oh, Lopokova—she turned up after several weeks. She was smitten by the Cossack general at the box party, went off with him and returned to dance in the ballet when his money gave out. Oh, yes, I almost forgot," he added. "One day Lord Keynes, the great scholar, came to me and asked me about Lopokova, whom everybody loved, and I told him about her rare qualities. Within two weeks she became Lady Keynes and lived happily ever after."

Ansermet, in discussing the prudery of this country, shook his head over my adventure with Edward Bok, who insisted that the photographs of the Bakst costumes be altered to make them reach two inches below the knee before he would run a double-page spread in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Ah, Mr. Bernays, did you know that we had a difficult time with John S. Sumner, the vice crusader in New York? When he saw *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* for the first time he noticed that Nijinsky, as the fawn, fell on the scarf of a nymph and lay on it, with his face to the earth like this." Ansermet illustrated Nijinsky's pose by diving onto a colonial sofa, with none of his seventy-eight years showing. "'That cannot be permitted,' said Mr. Sumner. So Nijinsky was allowed to do this." Turning around quickly onto his back, Ansermet faced the ceiling, suggesting that the scarf was lying on him.

Ansermet made a great hit with critics, and his conducting of Stravinsky received the accolade of every critic except one. I asked him how that

happened.

“Oh, it was Max Smith of the New York *American*,” he said.

Smith was a critic with a German background. “But why was Smith inimical?” I asked.

“When I came down the bay,” he said, “you introduced me to reporters. They asked me all imaginable questions, and one asked what I thought of Wagner. I told him that Wagner’s music was incitement to war. Next day I was famous. The newspaper writers distorted my sentence and had me say Wagner caused World War I. Smith never forgave me, but I became well known.”

I did not recall this incident until he reminded me of it. I did not want to let the afternoon end before finding out what became of Flores Revalles, one of my most exciting memories of the ballet.

“Ah, yes, Flores Revalles,” said Ansermet. “She was a rapturous woman and Bakst loved her very much. She had a beautiful body and great charm, so she sang in some little operas in Switzerland and then traveled with an Italian company, bringing enjoyment to Egyptian operagoers. Now she is an old lady living in Switzerland.”

chapter 9

ON TOUR WITH CARUSO

For several years Coppicus attempted to sign Caruso to a post-opera-season concert tour under the bureau's management. Such a tour with the great tenor would enhance the bureau's reputation with our current and potential clients, improve our bargaining position with buyers of artists throughout the country and would be profitable. Coppicus also worked on Enrico Scognamillo, Caruso's unofficial business manager and confidant, but without success; each time Coppicus thought the arrangement was consummated, plans fell through.

Caruso thought he had good reason not to make an American concert tour. The so-called "monkey house" episode, an international *cause célèbre* of some years before, had given him a traumatic shock from which I do not think he ever recovered. In November 1906, just before his third New York season, Caruso visited the Central Park Zoo and watched the monkeys frolic. A young woman standing beside him accused him of pinching her. The police arrested Caruso, and the newspapers gave the story the most lurid publicity. He denied the charge and the court acquitted him, but he knew his name and his glorious voice were now associated with the words "monkey house" in the minds of millions of Americans. When I first heard this story at the Metropolitan Opera House I was surprised that a world-famous singer had pinched a strange woman in the monkey house. However, after some parties at my home on 106th Street, attended by Metropolitan Italian singers, I recognized that Caruso, a stranger in America, had indulged in a traditional Italian national pastime.

The incident had made Caruso afraid of women, places, situations and crowds strange to him. Visits to American cities might be fraught with comparable ridicule and embarrassment. He was unusually shy of strangers, who might place him in a position to cause a new scandal. I once saw him

rush precipitately from a room he had entered at a party when he found himself alone with an attractive woman he did not know.

The temporary failure of his voice at the end of his 1908–09 American season undoubtedly also played a part in deterring him from accepting a concert tour in the United States. He curtailed his engagement at the Metropolitan Opera as a result and went to England for a throat operation. His voice was restored, but his fear lingered on. In later seasons in New York, critics pointed out that he sang better on some nights than on others, while at the turn of the century, in his early London seasons, no such variations were noted.

Finally, I believe that Caruso felt his singing was a gift of God. What God had blessed him with, He might whisk away. So, he probably reasoned, why should he add to his singing schedule or change the pleasant routine of his New York life? Money was unimportant; why court possible trouble by traveling?

Coppicus, working on Scognamillo and Caruso, finally succeeded in the spring of 1917; Caruso consented to sing three concerts under our management. We dropped everything on hearing the good news and celebrated for the rest of the day. I was keen about the idea of working with the world's greatest tenor, a figure of extraordinary and unheard-of appeal to the public. I was eager to find out what this fabulous singer was like, to know how he reacted to the overwhelming public adulation he received, and to observe how the public reacted to him. That the tour would be financially rewarding was unimportant; I wanted to gratify my curiosity.

Next morning Coppicus and I made plans for the tour. We were to choose the three cities Caruso would sing in. Coppicus would co-ordinate all tour activities, and I would make the bookings and handle the publicity in advance of the tour and accompany Caruso and his entourage on tour. I was elated. This wasn't a chore; it was fun!

Coppicus told me Caruso wanted to discuss publicity with me, so I rushed over to his large apartment at the Knickerbocker Hotel on 42nd Street and Broadway, the corner called the "top of the world." European travel was a luxury, limited to the wealthy. The movies were just beginning to satisfy the yearnings of the public for romance, glamour and escape. Broadway represented to millions of Americans the fulfillment of their yearnings, and the Knickerbocker Hotel was the apotheosis of the Great White Way.

Caruso, apparently anticipating my arrival, greeted me warmly in Italianized English and ushered me into his apartment. A Louis XVI table, decorated in gold leaf, stood in the center of the round entrance hall. An inlaid circular panel of cloisonné pictures formed the top, showing Caruso in his favorite operatic roles in *La Traviata*, I *Pagliacci*, *La Bohème*, etc. With pride, Caruso pointed out to me the details of the intricate workmanship in the pictures. Then he led me down the hall, past the many rooms of his ornately decorated apartment, to one room bare of furniture. His mood was businesslike. It was an opera-house legend that Caruso cared nothing for publicity and never looked at a newspaper criticism. But here before me were thick newspaper-sized clipping books—huge volumes—bound in linen, standing on edge or lying on the floor, dozens of them.

"My clipping room," Caruso explained proudly with a sweeping gesture of his arm.

He sat down on the floor cross-legged like a tailor and pulled me down beside him. He showed me hundreds of clippings, pausing now and then in delight over some praise of years before. He was eagerly co-operative, and we worked together for hours while I abstracted material for my use on pads I had brought with me.

As I got up to go, Caruso looked at me appealingly and asked, "It will be a great artistic success, this tour, will it not?"

"The tour can only be an unparalleled triumph," I assured him. I think it made him feel better.

During the weeks that followed, Caruso, the most admired performer of his period, perhaps of all time, became part of my daily life. His glamour affected me as it did others. I was talking to the sun god, and the sun god by his light obliterated his surroundings. When we walked down Broadway together people forgot themselves and their interests for the moment and focused their attention on him. And the strange part was that everyone took this attitude for granted; it appeared the natural thing to do. I wondered why I too felt this way. In this case, I recognized I was letting the public's reaction to Caruso affect my own attitudes. This is how people feel toward movie stars. I suppose identifying with someone who has achieved an extraordinary reputation is natural.

By getting on with Caruso, I was learning how to get on with people, adjusting. Of course, if giving up a vital, moral or ethical belief is involved, adjustment is undesirable. Then one can tell the individual concerned,

politely or not, as the occasion warrants, to go to hell or one can bow out of the situation. But no principle was involved. We fitted our conduct to his moods, which we treated as the ancients treated the position of the stars—as omens that affected our actions. The mood might be shown in a dark frown or a hesitancy to answer immediately. Often we consulted Scognamillo, who could sensitively appraise the singer's moods; if the portents weren't propitious, we delayed a decision—such as whether or not to put a particular song on the program or schedule the concert in a certain city—until the next day, the day after or the day after that.

People still talk of Caruso's simple personality. Actually his personality was complex; he was in turn tempestuous, whimsical, childlike, primitive, friendly, distant, warm and ingratiating. My own relationship with him was easy and happy. Business never entered my head or his. We acted like two boys toward each other—boys who like and understand each other. We never had to translate our feelings into words. After I had seen him several times he called me by what I suppose was an Italian diminutive added to my name—"Bernaysi."

"Bernaysi," he said to me, "we will make great success of our tour working together. You are my *agent de la presse*, yes? And we will have great times on our travels, you and I."

Caruso's fame restricted his life, as fame inevitably does. He lived alone with his servants like a lonely monarch and followed a routine. He was separated from an unfaithful mistress—a former opera singer, the estranged wife of an Italian businessman. She lived in Italy, as did their children. Hangers-on and a few operatic associates completed his circle. The world saw him as the center of a large group of friends and thought that the many people who boasted of his friendship really did know him intimately. Actually few knew him well. Scognamillo was the exception. He played the role of liaison between the singer and the world. He walked with difficulty, leaning heavily on a cane; but walking or not, he was Caruso's constant companion. Scognamillo made Caruso's appointments for doctor and dentist, helped buy his clothes, arranged for his insurance and bank needs and made phonograph-record contracts and other deals for him, such as the one for our concert management.

Because Caruso didn't like to talk or do business, his court favorite did it for him. This was perfectly understandable. Other singers at the Metropolitan Opera, recognized their inadequacies in business. Today such

business managers practically control the economic lives of their clients, in some cases even doling out pocket money to them. But at the time they did not exist as a distinct vocation.

In New York, study and rehearsal of roles occupied Caruso's afternoon. He recorded and performed. For exercise he walked two blocks from his hotel to the opera house or to the Victor Recording Studio, both on 40th Street. He made a few New York restaurants famous by patronizing them. One of them, Del Pezzo, on 46th Street, served a spaghetti Caruso liked, later named Spaghetti Caruso. Word spread that he patronized the place and the restaurant reaped the benefit in expanded patronage. Often he lunched at the Knickerbocker Hotel's festive dining room, which was usually studded with Broadway stars. When he entered the place everybody stopped whatever they were doing—eating, talking, ordering—and stared, either restrainedly or unabashed; the great Caruso was entering. And Caruso strode, never walked, to his table.

In 1917, selecting the cities for a Caruso concert wasn't as simple as today. Requisite information on concert halls, the standing of managers and the habits of the concertgoing audience are a matter of record today. None of this information was available then in books, and I had to check each city myself to get it, as if on a voyage of exploration.

I visited Indianapolis first and called on Stewart's, the leading music store, to enlist their co-operation. They were pleased to hear that Caruso might give a concert in Indianapolis, for his visit would boost Victor Gold Seal Records. Then I called on the local musical manager, Ona B. Talbot, who monopolized music bookings in Indianapolis (and nearby cities). A bustling little woman of copper complexion, she had great drive, and, under her direction, Indianapolis turned out larger audiences for music than any other American city of its size. No New York manager risked sending an important artist into her territory except under her local management. Mrs. Talbot was enthusiastic. But where Caruso would sing presented a problem; no concert hall was large enough for a Caruso audience. Then she had an inspiration. The cattle-show auditorium had the largest seating capacity in Indianapolis, she said. She was a woman of action, and we left her office and walked over to the Executive Mansion to ask the Governor of Indiana for formal permission to use the building.

"The cattle auditorium is perfect," he told us affably. "What is the date?" I told him. He shook his head sadly. "That's too bad. That comes

right after the Cattle Show. The Augean odors the cattle leave behind can't be removed so soon." Speedy, effective deodorizing chemicals didn't exist, and not even Caruso's voice could compete with such a redolent atmosphere; so, to Mrs. Talbot's regret, Indianapolis was omitted from the tour.

At my next stop, Cincinnati, a city of strong German background, music also played an important cultural role. A huge music hall had been built for the Cincinnati Orchestra, and the annual May Music Festival was the big event in Cincinnati's musical life. J. H. Thuman, the local music manager we had decided to deal with, had his headquarters at Wurlitzer's music store in town. Rumors put the Wurlitzers down as pro-German, but in prewar 1917, hyphenated Americans (German-Americans, Italo-Americans, et cetera) were a recognized part of the American scene. I signed the contract for a Caruso appearance in Cincinnati.

Now I was ready to do my advance work. I called on the music critics of the two morning and evening newspapers—the *Enquirer* and the *Commercial Tribune* and the *Post* and the Taft-owned *Times-Star*—and placed photographs and press material with them for use before the concert. I arranged for three-sheet postings of Caruso on the big boards outside the music hall and for the imprinting and placement of window cards in good locations, such as Pogue's, the city's leading department store. And I ordered imprinting of four-page folders for mailing and for distribution at the box office and other locations. These chores finished, I moved on to Toledo.

My lasting impression of Toledo is hitching posts—they were everywhere on the main streets. I had not seen hitching posts since Ithaca, where no well-established business concern or home was without one; and I remembered them from my boyhood summer vacations on Lake George. Hitching posts represented everything rural to me, and yet E. C. Mills, the local manager, boasted to me of the musical attractions he brought to the city and the large audiences they attracted.

"You may think this town isn't interested in classical music," said Mr. Mills, a wry, matter-of-fact Midwesterner, "but it is. Why, the railroads run excursion trains from the country for my big attractions. Caruso would go big here. I know it."

"It doesn't look like a musical town to me," I said doubtfully. But perhaps this was a sign of the insular New Yorker. "What's the seating

capacity for your concert hall?" I asked.

Mr. Mills smiled. "We have no concert hall that is big enough to hold the crowd that will want to hear Caruso. But," he added, "we have an abandoned covered railroad station, which we equipped with a wooden floor and a stage for a recent concert held under my management."

We walked over to the railroad station, a block wide and two or three blocks long, with a vaulted wooden roof covered with tin. No one looking at it from the outside would have thought it was a concert auditorium. We walked in. I saw the stage still standing at one end. I had never seen a concert hall as large as this; all it needed was chairs. I felt myself a proficient appraiser of concert halls.

"This will be adequate," I said, looking down the dusty expanse from the stage.

Toledo, therefore, became our second concert stop. Caruso's voice could easily fill this hall, I was sure, even without a public-address system and amplifiers, both still years in the future. I called on the editor-owner-music-and-drama-critic of the *Times* and *News-Bee*, placed my material, photographs and articles and made arrangements with Mr. Miller in New York for the advertising posters, the "paper" as it was called.

Pittsburgh, a booming war-materials center, presented no difficulties. May Beagle, an angular spinster whom we had picked as local manager, showed me the handsome Byzantine mosque, the Shriners Temple, that the Masons had built in a new residential section of the city near the Shenley Hotel. I inspected the building and then signed with her for our third stop, confident we had made the best possible arrangements for the tour. I did my advance chores in Pittsburgh with the *Chronicle-Telegraph*, *Dispatch*, *Gazette-Times*, *Post* and *Press*. Then I returned to New York for final activity for complete picture and story coverage of the territory by mail. I had visited only leading newspapers and knew our potential audience was spread over a much wider area, since railroads intended to run special trains for the concert. So I compiled a list of the weekly and daily newspapers within a 100-mile radius of each city and sent them releases.

On April 29, I left New York and returned to Cincinnati to greet Caruso and his party, arriving from Atlanta, where the Metropolitan's annual post-operatic season had just ended. Early Monday morning, on May 1, at 7:00 A.M., the train pulled into the dirty old Cincinnati station. This station was located on flats on the outskirts of town. The neighborhood around the

station, an ornate wooden structure, was poor and drab. The trains arrived on tracks separated by long wooden platforms covered by peaked wooden roofs. As the train drew up and came to a stop, Caruso, immaculately dressed, his favorite meerschaum cigarette holder slanted up from the right corner of his mouth, walked carefully down the steps of the Pullman, followed by members of his entourage. He held his gold-topped cane characteristically behind his back, in the crook of his arms, at an angle stuck upward from left to right. Pearl-gray spats set off his highly polished black patent-leather shoes, and he wore his green fedora hat at the usual slightly tilted angle. He looked and acted exactly as he did when leaving the Metropolitan Opera House after a performance, moving up Broadway slowly from 39th Street to the Knickerbocker Hotel on 42nd Street. He was unmistakably *the* Caruso to the reporters from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, *Post* and *Times-Star*, who crowded the platform.

"Hmm," he grunted to newspapermen who crowded the platform—he often used musical grunts in place of words. "Hmm, Cincinnati! What news from my son at the front?"

Caruso's nineteen-year-old son, Rudolfo, had joined the Italian Army to train for active service, and he took it for granted that everyone knew this and that late news of the boy would be waiting for him.

While he made these inquiries, the members of his entourage stood by like dutiful courtiers—deadpan Coppicus and his vivacious wife, Maybelle; Richard Barthelmy, his French piano accompanist; the genial Richard Herndon, manager for the tour; and a self-effacing valet who looked and acted like an Italian *paisano*. I had reserved a suite for Caruso at the Hotel Gibson, one of Cincinnati's largest—a drawing room, bedroom, dining room and valet's room. We rode up together; when he saw it, he turned to me and said, "It is too magnificent. Let us give back one room. I do not need a separate dining room."

I was surprised, for he maintained four huge establishments—the sixteen-room suite at the Knickerbocker Hotel and three in Italy. But he did not press the point, and kept the room.

For several days Cincinnati basked in the radiant presence of Caruso. Wherever he strode—he never walked—crowds gathered and followed at a respectful distance on the street, in and out of shops. To my surprise, Caruso expanded under the warmth of public approval and became sociable. On a

Cincinnati main street a newsboy rushed up to Caruso and showed him a copy of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* with his photograph on the front page.

"Buy your own picture, Mr. Caruso," the newsboy pleaded.

Caruso smiled, patted the boy on the head and gave him a dollar. The boy was stunned.

In a sense, our entourage took over the city. We trooped everywhere in a loose squadlike formation—up and down the aisles of department stores and along the main street, looking at shop windows. Caruso headed the squad, with Mrs. Coppicus usually at his side. He maintained a deliberate pace, toes out and elbows up, as we moved slowly from street to street. Mrs. Coppicus' quips and lighthearted cheeriness kept him in a good mood. That was part of her job, but quite aside from that she enjoyed her role and Caruso did too.

I felt as though I were walking on the boulevards of Paris with a popular monarch at the height of his glory. Once our party moved in on Pogue's department store, with Mrs. Coppicus arm in arm with Caruso. Traffic blocked the aisles and business halted. Mrs. Coppicus stopped for a moment to buy a small flask of perfume. She intended to use it to sprinkle a few drops on her handkerchiefs. When Caruso saw her stop, he politely stepped to the counter. "You have a gallon, please, of the perfume you have sold Madame?" he asked the saleslady. "I would like to buy a gallon, if you please."

"We have no gallon containers, sir," said the saleslady in a tone a subject would use in addressing royalty. "The largest bottles we have are two ounces. Can I sell you one?"

"Oh, no," answered Caruso. "Send a quart to the hotel."

Pogue's must have ransacked all of Cincinnati for perfume, because Mrs. Coppicus later received enough perfume at the hotel, as a gift from Caruso, to last her a lifetime.

That night Caruso retired early, a ritual he always practiced the night before a concert. Shortly afterward my telephone rang. It was Caruso. "Bernaysi," he said, "music from the room next door is keeping me awake. Can you stop it? I cannot sleep. I must sleep. There is a concert tomorrow." He was in the habit of calling me when he needed help. I made inquiries at the desk and found that a wedding party was dancing to a small orchestra in that room. I telephoned the manager and asked him to do what he could do to ensure Caruso's rest. The manager passed my complaint on to the

wedding party, which voluntarily moved nine floors below. Certainly this was confirmation of the high regard in which Caruso was held and a demonstration of the impact such adoration has on people. I am sure Caruso never gave the slightest thought to the difficulties he was causing that evening. And yet next day he was characteristically thoughtful. He sent the newly married couple, honeymooning at the hotel, his autographed photograph with a line in his handwriting—"Thank you for my *not* sleepless night."

Next morning we had breakfast together in the hotel dining room. His waiter told Caruso he had served him at the Café Royale in Paris. Caruso rewarded his memory with a five-dollar tip. Caruso rested that day, answered no telephone calls and received no visitors. For six hours prior to his performance he ate nothing. That night a capacity audience of 4,000 stormed Cincinnati's Music Hall and gave him an enthusiastic welcome. At the close of the program Governor Cox of Ohio and the entire audience, standing at attention, joined Caruso in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," accompanied by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

I did not have a seat at the concert. I was in the outside lobby or the box office discussing with Coppicus the improvements we might make in arranging the myriad details that go into every event of this kind. Were the newspaper advertisements as effective as they might have been? Was the placing of window cards extensive enough? Should we have stressed other angles in the publicity? Was Thuman, the local music manager, as capable as we thought he was? This kind of post-mortem was valuable for the future, because the only way to improve a procedure or develop a principle is first to subject it to painstaking analysis.

Even before these post-mortems I had already evolved a program for publicity which I followed in the three concert cities. First, I spot-checked on the "paper" posted to ensure that three-sheets, window cards and leaflets were where we had agreed they should be on my first visit. Then I visited the music editors and assured myself they had adequate photographs and press material for their coverage, and I left with them the updated concert program. I telephoned local city desks any newsworthy incidents that occurred to our party or typed them out by hand on a hotel typewriter and had them delivered by messenger. These chores kept me active during a long workday, sometimes from 7:00 A.M. to the dailies' press time, around 11:00 P.M. Finally, before we left a town, I wired the city desks of the

newspapers and press services in the next city the time and place of arrival of our party, so they could send reporters and photographers to the station platform. There the reporters usually had a few words with Caruso—not a formal press conference, but one on the march, such as Harry Truman holds on his morning walks.

As is customary among singers, a heavy dinner followed the concert. Our party sat down at a large, round table in a corner of the Hotel Gibson's main dining room. Miss Tracy, who headed Cincinnati's Conservatory of Music, was invited by Caruso to dine with us. For her it was an unforgettable event, possibly the red letter day of her life. Association for a quick hour or so with Caruso in this way meant increased status for anyone in the music teaching profession. Even in New York, Caruso's juxtaposition with a music teacher meant increased prestige and earning power. William Thorner, New York music teacher, occasionally lunched with Caruso at the Knickerbocker Hotel and had himself paged in the dining room so that when the page boy's call was acknowledged, other patrons, glancing up, would know he was dining with Caruso. This was gilt by association.

Toledo, where the great Willys Overland Motor Company was located, was our next stop. Toledo was an up-and-coming automobile town. It had no musical tradition as did Cincinnati; therefore, Toledo's Caruso concert generated even more excitement than Cincinnati's. Perhaps the novelty of a visit by a great artist (for few stars included Toledo on their itineraries) or perhaps Caruso's glamour as a magnetic star affected Toledo more than it did Cincinnati.

John L. Willys turned over his own automobile to Caruso during his stay. The Sixtieth Ohio Infantry Band, in full uniform and all aglow with patriotism because war had only recently been declared, saluted us on arrival, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the Italian national anthem. Caruso responded with a salute to the American flag. By chance I discovered a soldier in the band who looked like Caruso, and at my suggestion the news photographers snapped the singer and his double. The picture appeared for weeks in newspapers throughout the country.

In Toledo, Caruso demonstrated his ability as a caricaturist and his respect for other people. We dined together in the hotel restaurant. Caruso was accustomed to ask for paper while dining and to draw caricatures of those about him. (I have one he made of me on the back of a hotel letterhead.) While we were eating our spaghetti he noticed a hat-check girl

across the room. She had a sharply pointed nose and a drooping mouth, and he drew a telling caricature of her. It was unmistakably she, the characteristics of her face exaggerated and unflattering. I knew how much people valued these caricatures, so I asked for the sheet and took it over to her.

"That horrid man," she said when she saw the drawing. "I think he's awful."

I repeated her displeasure to Caruso, curious at what his reaction would be. He immediately walked over to her, apologized abjectly and sent a bellboy upstairs for a photograph of himself. He autographed it and presented it to her with a formal bow and flourish, and she forgave him. This gesture was characteristic of him, for Caruso did not want to hurt anyone.

He showed this same characteristic when Robinson Locke, owner-music critic of the *Blade*, asked me for his autograph, to be written in the first of four huge scrapbooks he had collected about Caruso. Mr. Locke made a hobby of collecting press clippings of famous actors, actresses and musicians. Three young women worked full time pasting them in scrapbooks. When one book was filled, Locke classified the artist as a star and placed his name in gold letters on the cover.

Caruso, with four huge volumes to his credit, had long since achieved the status of a star. I left the books in Caruso's room, with a note asking him to autograph the first book. I did this for Locke, despite forebodings, for I noticed that the first clipping book dealt with the tenor's first years in America and included many pages devoted to the unfortunate monkey-house episode. The next morning I found the huge books stacked outside my door. On the first page of the first book Caruso had written in a bold hand that when a gentleman inscribes his name in a book it usually means that he subscribes to everything in it. If he did so in this case, he would be subscribing to a lot of silly nonsense. But since he was a gentleman he was responding to the request of an unknown man who asked him to put his signature in the book, and therefore he signed himself Enrico Caruso.

Many years later I learned that Mr. Locke had willed the scrapbooks to the New York Public Library Theatrical Collection. I telephoned George Freedley, the collection's librarian, to check my recollection of Caruso's first-page inscription in the first of the scrapbooks. Mr. Freedley obligingly agreed to look it up, then telephoned me that he had found the four volumes

intact but that the first page of volume one was torn out. Possibly an autograph collector had appropriated it or Mr. Locke's heirs had treasured the signature and retained it.

When I reached Toledo's huge concert "hall" at 7:00 that evening I ran into a human storm. There was no washbasin in Caruso's makeshift dressing room, and he told us he couldn't and wouldn't sing without one. (It was his practice to gargle into a basin before he sang.) I volunteered to find a portable basin for him to put on a table in the adjoining room. I found a nearby hotel, rushed to the desk and pleaded with the manager to rent me a basin for the night. He would not relinquish even one; he needed all of them that night, he said, for the influx to Toledo for Caruso's concert had filled most of his rooms and people were still pouring in. In desperation, I decided to rent a room. I registered and, after the bellboy had taken me upstairs and left, tucked the washbasin under my arm and carried it unwrapped to the railroad-station hall. Caruso was able to gargle, and the concert went on as scheduled. I returned the basin after the concert.

During the concert I remained backstage. Before each number Caruso paced up and down in the wings. Raspingly he cleared his throat, hummed a few notes, "mi-mi-mi-mi," and spat on the stage. I'm sure this manifestation of nervousness was tied up with his fear that every time he sang might be his last time. Before one of his numbers I remarked how beautiful his huge emerald shirt studs and cuff links were. "Like Diamond Jim Brady's," I suggested.

"Better than Diamond Jim's," he replied quickly, "much better." He loved precious stones and walked away slightly hurt, stroking the emeralds before going onstage to sing his glorious "Una furtiva lagrima."

He sang to 5,500 people, his largest audience of the tour, and gave nine encores in response to the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

The hotel dining room where he had his post-concert meal was crowded with people from the concert who came to get another glimpse of their idol. It was so crowded it seemed airless. A waiter, probably in response to a diner's request, opened a large window, draped with curtains, behind Caruso. At the first sign of the draft, Caruso slid under the table and disappeared until a member of the party at the table noticed his disappearance, surmised the reason and ordered the window closed. Then Caruso popped himself back and up into his seat, as if he had never

absented himself. No one commented on his disappearance; anything the great tenor did was accepted.

In Pittsburgh the Shenley Hotel gave us their best suite. Hotels on the tour considered it a distinction to be singled out for Caruso's visit, which brought them revenue and publicity. We all assembled in his living room immediately after our arrival. Caruso explored his bedroom and returned with a dramatic grunt that indicated something was wrong, terribly wrong. Angelo, his valet, whispered to me that the trouble was that he had a three-quarter bed instead of a double bed in his room. Angelo always knew what was wrong, but this was bewildering because nothing like it had come up at our two previous stops, where Caruso had had three-quarter beds.

"Is that all?" I asked Angelo.

"Not all. There is only one mattress. Caruso wants three mattresses."

"It can be done," I said. "Is that all?"

"Yes, it is all, except I need eighteen pillows and three mattresses." It was Caruso himself who answered me this time.

"Eighteen?" I questioned.

"Yes, eighteen pillows, three mattresses—or no concert tomorrow."

It was 1:30 A.M. Coppicus, his wife and I mobilized the night staff of the hotel—six bellboys, one housekeeper and a Hungarian houseman. The night manager and his assistant stood by. We assisted the personnel in the search for additional bedding so that Caruso might sleep comfortably on this crucial night before a concert. I noted with interest the unquestioning service rendered by the Shenley personnel—all hero worshipers. No one complained about the post-midnight request; everybody appeared to enjoy the opportunity to help Caruso solve whatever he thought was his problem. We ransacked linen closets for pillows, dragged mattresses to the room. In our zeal to carry out the great man's wishes, we gathered more pillows and mattresses than we needed.

Meanwhile, the tenor sat in his drawing room thoroughly disgusted with hotel life in the "American provinces." But he bore up sufficiently to call for ink and paper. Amidst the excitement he sat at his desk and composed in his own hand a 300-word cablegram to Buenos Aires' Teatro Colón management, giving detailed instructions on the arrangements for the opera performances in which he was to appear that summer. The cable cost $150, which impressed me.

Finally, a triple-tiered bed for Caruso was prepared, with pillows around the bed like a border of potatoes, to keep out drafts. Caruso nestled cozily inside and went to sleep. And so did we.

The next morning, as a precaution against a recurrence of the Toledo washbasin episode, I inspected his dressing room before the concert. When I saw the room I was sure Caruso would regard it as inadequate because of its small size, uncomfortable furnishings and second-floor location. I asked the management to let us use a Shriners' first-floor meeting room as a dressing room, and, of course, they acquiesced. But then I discovered that the second room was chilly. Rather than assume the risk of Caruso's catching cold, I rode around town the major part of the morning to find what was then a newfangled contraption, an electric room heater. Finally I located one and installed it in the improvised dressing room.

In the evening, when he saw his chambers, he grunted, "Hmm, no other dressing room?"

I led him up a flight of dark, tortuous stairs to the small whitewashed room I had originally rejected.

"I like it," he said. Quietly he followed his customary ritual of dressing for the concert.

It was another capacity audience of 4,000. The three favorite encores he sang—"O Paradiso" from *L'Africana*, "Una furtiva lagrima" from *L'Elisir d'Amore* and "Vesti la giubba" from *Pagliacci*—drew ecstatic applause. I never missed his "Una furtiva lagrima"; I was always broken up with internal sobs.

The tour had turned out an artistic and financial success. The public had stormed the concerts. Newspapers had given them reams of space. The critics had been uniformly enthusiastic. The musical trade press had kept musicians and music clubs through the country informed of Metropolitan Musical Bureau activity. *Musical America* headed an article, "PITTSBURGH IS CARUSO MAD." And then: "Edward L. Bernays, who has been dubbed the 'Caruso of press agents,' is now in reality the press agent of Caruso. He writes to *Musical America* from Pittsburgh that the city has gone mad over the appearance of Caruso in his concert on May 5th with the Cincinnati Orchestra."

Pitts Sanborn, in the New York *Globe*, had first referred to me as the press agent of Caruso and the Caruso of press agents. It had been taken up

by some in a spirit of amiability and by others in a spirit of envy. I discounted both poles of the reaction. I knew that Pitts had written in sincerity, and that pleased me.

Caruso's tour occurred when national excitement about entering World War I was at its height. Although submarine warfare had not deterred the singer from accepting his customary summer engagement at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, we had seriously considered whether some turn in events or some crisis might have made a concert tour here impossible. This fear was dissipated. Our isolation, with 3,000 miles of ocean separating us from the European battle front, made the war, even though we officially entered it on April 6, seem remote to most Americans, especially to those in the interior of the country. U.S. soldiers did not enter the combat zone for almost another year; meanwhile, the war's impact on Americans produced expressions of our nationalism with bands and banners and parades rather than with fear of death or injury due to war. Heightened emotions made people more receptive to Caruso's singing. The fact that Caruso was an Italian, and the Italians were our allies, helped. And the fact that Caruso had a son in the Italian Army also helped; the great tenor sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" gloriously.

Back in New York, all of us were elated by the tour, each for different reasons. To Caruso his triumphal tour was now no surprise. None of his fears had been realized, and with the exception of the pillow episode, everything had proceeded smoothly. As for Coppicus, I never saw him emotional about anything but box-office receipts; studying them, he rubbed the palms of his hands together slowly, backward and forward. Even after deducting the local manager's share and my 25 per cent of the profits from the Caruso tour, there was more than enough left to satisfy him. And the prestige that accrued to the bureau assured its future.

I was impressed with the power an image has in affecting people; for the overwhelming majority of the people who reacted so spontaneously to Caruso had never heard him before. Some few may have listened to his recordings, but the attitudes of the mass had been formed by what they had read or heard about him. The public's ability to create its own heroes from wisps of impressions and its own imagination and to build them almost into flesh-and-blood gods fascinated me. Of course, I knew the ancient Greeks and other early civilized peoples had done this. But now it was happening before my eyes in contemporary America.

The influence of Caruso on America cannot be measured accurately. Historically, it was like that of all great men who stimulate change. They make their appearance, the time is ripe and the public responds; then the engines of communication spread the news of change. The public gains new standards and criteria, and the culture pattern is changed. He became the symbol of serious music to millions of Americans and gave it greater significance. His publicity breakthrough hastened the acceptance and spread of classical music in all its forms. Newspapers had given musical artists space before, but Caruso made artists more newsworthy. He stepped out of the music page and was front-page news wherever he went and whatever he did. A decade later, Lindbergh made a breakthrough that enhanced the newsworthiness of all aviators.

A pioneer society had disregarded classical music, had felt it was enjoyed only by highbrows and by those with special knowledge. Caruso changed this attitude, for he evoked in the listener a personal reaction of deep gratification that made his music universal in its appeal rather than limited to a special group.

The Caruso tour was a thrilling experience, but in retrospect I find it affected me in ways I didn't think of then. My self-confidence was strengthened—not that I suffered from a lack of it. But I proved to myself that a project considered most difficult was different from others only in slight degree. I also found, to my surprise, that the people of Midwest America were like those in New York. But in 1917 phrases like "in the provinces" and "on the road" showed that the Eastern seaboard, and particularly New York (and before that Boston), endowed themselves with a kind of reverse provincialism. They believed they had a totally different culture from the "provinces"; to some degree they probably did. In any case, that feeling had been indoctrinated into me in New York and intensified by my Paris visit. I thought America west of the Hudson River was inhabited by peasants. Then in Cincinnati I found a symphony orchestra, a music festival and a music hall—and a local pride in these activities that New York did not match; in Toledo a huge railroad station was mobbed by people clamoring to hear Caruso; and in Pittsburgh I watched a rapturous audience demand encore after encore. These were no "provinces."

On the tour I learned also the difference between the myth and the man. I had been on Broadway for several years and had worked with such top

performers as Nijinsky, Otis Skinner, Elsie Ferguson and Mischa Elman. I had not lived with them over a period of time. With Caruso I saw how the powerful influence of publicity developed hero worship and in turn influenced the hero, encouraging him to live in a world of his own. Finally, the tour sharpened my skill as a press agent, making me more proficient in the techniques I was often to engage in—releases, photographs, news wires, three-sheets—sizing up situations, people, managers, editors, audiences, even wedding parties. Most of all it demonstrated to me that attempting to understand people was a basic consideration in getting along with them. I always tried to put myself into the other fellow's shoes before I approached him. This came naturally, and it made most matters seem easy because it helped reduce friction. I suppose it might be called a kind of feed-back. It is important to know yourself; you must also know the other fellow.

Three years later an incident occurred, a direct aftermath of the tour. I had left the bureau to enter government service in World War I, and Coppicus asked me to appear as a witness at a lawsuit instituted by Scognamillo's widow against him. She claimed one third of the profits of our Caruso tour and of two subsequent tours that had taken place after I had left the bureau.

It came as a great surprise to me that the public idea of the relationship between Caruso and Scognamillo was so totally at odds with reality. We had thought the relationship at the time was that of sovereign and court follower. The widow in her complaint alleged that her husband had known Caruso well and that his services had been necessary to close contracts between the tenor and Coppicus. I was called on to corroborate certain facts. The trial revolved around whether the late Mr. Scognamillo had relinquished his claim to a one-third interest following a scene in which the singer had become indignant at him for profiting through their acquaintanceship. Scognamillo supposedly had agreed to Caruso's demands to cease and desist.

I have no knowledge of the outcome of the suit. I do remember, however, that the New York *World*, which covered the event, headlined its story, "FIND NEW PROFESSION IN CARUSO SUIT." At the court's request to identify myself and my vocation, I had answered "Counsel on public relations." The headline writer considered the new profession more newsworthy than the suit. Subsequent events have proven him right.

chapter 10

MOVIES AND RALLIES FOR DEMOCRACY

When war was declared against Germany on April 6, 1917, like millions of other young Americans I was swept along by the martial spirit. I had a personal compulsion to lick the Kaiser.

President Wilson's idealism deeply affected most of us. Young liberals saw in him the great human symbol of the American tradition. We joined his crusade, channeling our fear of war into emotions of aggression.

The Draft Act was passed, the War Industries Board was created, food and fuel controls were imposed on the nation, Liberty Bonds were floated and loans were made to the Allies, in rapid succession. I volunteered for the Army the day war was declared. Naïvely I thought enlisting would be the easiest thing in the world, because newspapers hammered away at our need for men. I wrote the Adjutant General in Washington but received no answer. I sent a letter to the U.S. Navy. I wrote twice to Commander K. M. Bennett, but no answer; no doubt the Army and Navy were flooded with applications like mine and were too busy putting themselves on a war footing to bother with volunteers.

I decided to try a personal approach. Max Elser had left the Metropolitan Musical Bureau and was now doing publicity for New York's Mayor John Purroy Mitchel's Committee on National Defense. Elser introduced me to a colonel at the U.S. recruiting offices, who had me put through a physical examination. The diagnosis was flat feet and defective reading vision in one eye. Max sat in the room, watching the sad performance. I insisted on going through the examination once more; the original findings were confirmed and I was certified as disqualified for active duty. I now wrote to Frank Persons, Director General for Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross in France, for "any position for which

you believe my qualifications and past experience fit me." I didn't hear from him either. I wrote to Lee F. Hamner and Marc Klaw of the Commission on Military Training Camps offering to work out a plan for musical artists to appear at Army camps and the Officers' Reserve camps. I received polite answers.

The draft came, two months later, but I was deferred because of defective vision. I helped my local draft board, made up of volunteers, by organizing its statistical and clerical work. I thought this might help me get into the war, but the U.S. wasn't taking anyone who didn't have 20/20 vision. I decided to go to war on my own, to mobilize music, the field I knew best. On May 26, 1917, Mae Stanley in *Musical America* ran an interview with me headlined "MOBILIZING THE MUSICAL FORCES OF AMERICA." Some of the ideas in the 1,800-word interview are still practical in the light of what we know today about morale-building.

I urged that concert singers include a martial number on each program; that patriotic slogans be printed on music circulars; that composers write patriotic and military music; that music-equipment firms devote advertising space to Liberty Loans, naval enlistment, food production and conservation; that naval bands do duty at recruiting places.

I devoted my spare time to the promotion of U.S. bond sales, recruiting rallies, a Red Cross pageant, a huge patriotic music festival and a concert to help the sale of U.S. war savings stamps. And at the Metropolitan Musical Bureau I set up a booth where Pasquale Amato, Giuseppe de Luca, Mischa Elman and others of our stars sold Liberty Bonds.

Meanwhile, my work at the bureau kept me busier than ever, because so many foreign musicians preferred to remain in the U.S. rather than travel in waters infested by submarines and mines or try to tour war-torn Europe.

During the first year of U.S. participation in the war, I did my first work for the movies. William Fox, president of the Fox Film Corporation, telephoned me toward the end of 1917. He said he had read about my publicity activities on Broadway. I was thirteen when I first went to the movies to watch elves and fairies flickering on the moon, to the accompaniment of a tinkling piano. William Fox, who had produced them, was summoning me to his office on West 49th Street. Boy! I took a taxi to a seedy-looking building that housed leaders of the new moving-picture industry. In a partitioned private office, which was part of a chopped-off loft, Mr. Fox, a dark-complexioned, pudgy, moon-faced man with thinned-

out black hair, sat at his desk. It struck me that his hair was parted and slicked down like Marc Klaw's and that he also looked like a saloon keeper. His secretary, Winfield Sheehan, sat next to him. Fox, rapidly increasing the number of his storefront movie houses in New York, had engaged Sheehan, because his former contacts with the Police and Fire Departments of New York City might, Fox thought, speed licensing.

"Young man," said Fox, "I want you to handle the publicity for a great pitcha, *Cleopatra*, with Theda Bara—super-colossal," he said with enthusiasm and conviction. "The greatest pitcha of all time. It's got more elephants, tigers, camels, soldiers and dancing girls in it than any pitcha made yet. A hot box-office attraction. You make it hotter."

I had thought of Fox as an impresario, like Diaghileff, or a producer, like Henry Miller. It was a disappointing beginning.

"Come to my home in Mt. Vernon to close the deal Sunday," he said.

To be considered for such an assignment was as exciting as it would be for a young man to be asked to handle Brigitte Bardot. A vamp then had more allure than a love goddess of today can equal. We were just coming out of the Victorian period. Two years before, Theda Bara had made a sensation in a Fox picture based on Kipling's poem, "The Vampire." Before that she had played bit parts for Pathé Films under the name of De Coppit. In previous Fox publicity she had been described as the illegitimate daughter of a French artist and an Arab woman, born in the Sahara Desert. The name "Bara" backward spelled "Arab," but her real name was Theodosia Goodman; her birthplace, Cincinnati.

Fox, in his large home in Mt. Vernon, greeted me with his undershirt showing under red suspenders; the sight reminded me of something my father had long before commented on—that no gentleman wore visible suspenders. We talked as Fox drank coffee at the large table full of dirty breakfast dishes. He repeated with gusto how colossal *Cleopatra* was. He asked me my fee.

"One hundred and fifty dollars a week," I said.

"Start in Monday," he said. He would run the picture off for me and I was to make recommendations.

Looking back, I am surprised at the glowing report I wrote. Apparently my Broadway years had aligned my viewpoint with Broadway's box office. The most respected newspaper movie critics shared my opinion, for the New York *Times* later reviewed *Cleopatra* as the "finest sort of film fare,

and movie fans are certain to flock to it." Oswald Garrison Villard's literate New York *Evening Post* called it "an elaborate production … of absorbing interest."

My memorandum pointed out that *Cleopatra* offered "all those features that delight moving picture habitués. There is easy stimulation of the senses and the imagination, the mass effects are big and powerful, the decorations glorious and splendid." I suggested that special efforts be made to reach those who were not movie habitués—for instance, students of Egyptian and Roman history. I raised questions that this public might discuss: "Is Theda Bara just in her portrayal of the Egyptian queen as a woman only of lust, voluptuousness and sensuousness? What have other portrayals been?" I outlined an advertising program and urged that the literature on Caesar and Cleopatra, from Plutarch to Shaw, be studied as the basis for newspaper stories about the movie. I suggested feature stories of all sorts, one about Cleopatra's couch in art throughout history, another to reveal how armored men made love!

I don't think the attitude of the motion-picture companies toward the exploitation of sex has changed since that time. They still seem to be just as ready to exploit lust, voluptuousness and sensuousness; only their methods have changed.

Fox approved my recommendations. First we prepared small advertisements—a silhouette in profile of Cleopatra reclining in her native costume, which later became the picture's trademark. We advertised Theda Bara as the "siren queen of today" or the "vampire queen of yesterday." Another advertisement screamed that the "hottest winter resort in New York" was the theater where the picture played. These one-column, one-inch advertisements stimulated public interest.

A huge press sheet for editors, twice the size of a daily newspaper, contained stories and illustrations embellished with lurid headlines. "The loves of Cleopatra bared on the screen" had a subhead "Outlines of the story that stirs men's blood." "The high cost of kissing the modern Cleopatra is cheap compared with the price Caesar paid," said another. I shrink from them today, but my friend, Arthur Mayer, the movie historian, tells me that they expressed the accepted attitudes of the movie editors of the times.

I looked for social values in *Cleopatra*. My press sheet suggested *Cleopatra*'s educational appeal. "Invite high-school principals to *Cleopatra*.

He will see it is a classic way to teach ancient history. Milliners and dressmakers will find it an inspiring source of new ideas for fashions.”

Fox asked me to work with Winfield Sheehan, but he, busy, perhaps thoughtless, kept me waiting half an hour or so several times. My patience wore out. I told Fox that no one was paying me for waiting time, and resigned. Fox carried out the program I suggested and for two years the picture ran as a great box-office success.

My several months’ work with the movies thoroughly disillusioned me. Three years later I had a professional encounter with Samuel Goldwyn, who reminded me of a salesman in a perpetual rush, never stopping to resolve the situation at hand.

I decided this was no world I wanted to associate myself with permanently. It was a crude, crass, manufacturing business, run by crude, crass men. I have continued to enjoy the movies occasionally as a spectator only.

In 1918, a year after we entered the war, I was still trying to get into the war effort, without success. I have never been through such a frustrating experience in my life. Finally, on one of my biweekly visits to the New York *World*, I talked to my friend, John O’Hara Cosgrave. He introduced me to Ernest Poole, the head of the Foreign Press Bureau of the U.S. Committee on Public Information in New York, directed by President Wilson’s close friend, the newspaperman George Creel. Cosgrave, I knew, had liked me since *Daddy-Long-Legs* days. I was sure he would help me, and he did. He wrote Poole a letter, which Poole later gave me. It said:

Edward L. Bernays was in to see me just now to ask aid in getting connected with the Committee on Public Information. I told him I was not in a position to guarantee his patriotism. However, he showed me a bunch of letters from people who know him much better than I do which seem to cover this point.

I first met Bernays through Jean Webster who described his press agentry to me. Then I thought of him as a possible candidate for my staff. He is very able, works absolutely clean, is quite devoid of subterfuge and tricks, and has an intelligent and inventive mind. So far as I can gather it is not necessary for him to enter service. His position in charge of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau gives him an excellent income, so he seems to be actuated by an honest desire to do his part. If he can get by the fact of his

Austrian birth and relationship to Freud, you would have a man of unusual value … quiet, persistent, steady, inventive, together with an unusual capacity for news. He has great diplomatic tact in dealing with people, an attribute not so easily found that you can afford to disregard the application of this young man. Personally, my feeling is to take in just such persons, for they may be really of use in bringing other foreigners to see the light.

When I saw Poole at his office at 95 Madison Avenue soon after, I did not realize that one of my qualifications for the job, according to Cosgrave, was my Austrian birth, which might be used to make "other foreigners" see the light. I was a bit over a year old on my arrival in this country, and I considered myself as American as the next fellow. Public opinion toward Americans with Austrian or German associations was charged with suspicion, bias and often hate. Sauerkraut had been renamed Liberty Cabbage; hamburger was now called Liberty Steak; Bayer's aspirin was boycotted because it was of German origin; the Metropolitan Opera banned Wagner's operas. One New York hotel lobby had a warning which read "The speaking of German is not permitted here."

Poole listened attentively when I told him of my year-long unsuccessful efforts and how eager I was to get into the war. I showed Poole some of the testimonial letters friends had written about my loyalty. Earl Derr Biggers, author and dramatist, creator of Charlie Chan and *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, had written that he was "as certain of his [Bernays'] loyalty to America as I am of my own.… The only cloud in the sky, I believe, concerns the fact that he happened to be born in Austria." Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*, had characterized me as "not only a sound and patriotic American, but a man of great constructive energy and executive ability." He, too, pointed out that on my mother's side I was "descended from an Austrian family, but he came to this country when he was one year old." Letters from Charles P. Sawyer, sports editor of the *Evening* Post, and Frederick A. King, music and drama editor of the *Literary Digest*, noted what apparently seemed an anomaly—that I was a patriotic and loyal American citizen *although* Austria was my birthplace. This qualification annoyed me then; it still does.

Only John Chapman Hilder, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, put his finger on the heart of the matter when he wrote that he couldn't express strongly enough his belief that my ideals and accomplishments were far better

evidences of my character than the fact that I happened to be born in a country which was now our foe.

Poole took the letters and told me I would be thoroughly investigated by Military Intelligence and that it might take several months. I was shocked. In the period in which I had lived—1891 to 1918—I had never heard of such an investigation of an American. A very large proportion of New Yorkers were foreign-born or the sons and daughters of foreign-born, and they thought of themselves as American as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. My father was devoted to his adopted country, active in civic, economic and philanthropic affairs in New York. Theodore Roosevelt, while Governor of New York, had sent him on a mission to Europe to study and report on orphan asylums. However, there wasn't anything I could do except wait until the government investigated my loyalty.

Several months later Captain Henry T. Hunt wrote a letter to Poole, countersigned by Colonel R. H. Van Deman, Chief of Military Intelligence, in which he concluded, "In view of these considerations, we take pleasure in recommending him for this position."

I reported for duty at the offices of the Foreign Press Bureau, U.S. Committee on Public Information, at 95 Madison Avenue.

PART TWO

adjustment

1917–1922

chapter 11

WORDS WIN THE WAR AND LOSE THE PEACE

The U.S. Committee on Public Information had no precedent in this country. Germany, of course, had operated an enormous propaganda machine for years before the war. England and France used the international cable and news services, Reuter's and Agence Havas, which they owned, as propaganda tools. The U.S. Committee marked the first organized use of propaganda by our Government, and its work was the forerunner of modern psychological warfare. It built Allied morale in the United States, undermined enemy morale and won over neutrals. Cedric Larson and James R. Mock, in their book *Words That Won the War*, wrote that director George Creel and his associates "were literally public relations counsellors to the U.S. government, carrying first to the citizens of this country and then to those in distant lands the ideas which gave motive power to the stupendous undertaking of 1917-1918."

Years later, the Nazis and Communists adapted and enlarged upon the committee's methods.

The Foreign Press Bureau of the committee, initiated in November 1917, supplemented the cable and wireless news sent to overseas media by the press services and the CPI. It supplied interpretation and background material that emphasized America's contribution to the war effort. It was seven months old and growing fast when I started working with it. The CPI was constructed overnight and in the face of bitter and continuous attack from Republicans and others who feared the potential power of a Government propaganda agency.

Nominally, our operation was headed by Ernest Poole and his chief of staff, Paul Kennaday. Creel had asked Poole to head the bureau, stressing that "We haven't got a day to lose. The defeatist spirit you found in Russia

is spreading all over Europe now.… We've got to get the whole American booming war picture into the news in foreign papers all over the world!" Neither Poole nor Kennaday had more than a vague notion of how to supervise and direct a Government public information and propaganda bureau.

Hamilton Owens, our editor (later editor of the Sun papers of Baltimore) and anchor man, ably directed the foreign-news desk. He assigned articles and handled copy. He was always cool, calm and smiling. Recently he confirmed my own recollection that Poole was "no executive" and that Kennaday wasn't much better. "They were fearful," he wrote, "when they should have been bold, and both had a weakness for long-winded college professors who thought that the art of propaganda consisted mostly of writing essays extolling their own patriotism. I passed hundreds of thousands of words that every editor in the world, no matter how stupid, would have thrown into the wastebasket unread. Now and then a tough realist such as Bill Bullitt would show up and try to pull them back on the track. Mrs. White-house, who worked out of Switzerland, had some capacity, and so did Arthur Livingston, God rest his soul. Hendrik Willem Van Loon turned out some good stuff, but only rarely. He was too moody and self-centered."

Certain of us were assigned, in a loose way, to specific areas. Dr. Arthur Livingston, a gangling, quiet, thoughtful Columbia professor, was our expert on Italian affairs. His appeals to the Italian people in his articles helped break Italy's alliance with Germany. We liked each other, but I am afraid that publicity activities were alien to his academic background and he never quite understood their workings.

Hendrik Van Loon worked for the bureau on a free-lance basis, writing pieces about the New Freedom. He was poor and frustrated at the time. Recently divorced from his wife, he despaired of ever achieving any success as a writer. I visited him often in his tiny rented room in a huge house on Gramercy Park.

Other people in the office concentrated on Germany, labor, Latin America and other varied subjects. We sent articles, photographs, cuts and mats on American agriculture, labor, religion, medicine and education to overseas posts for placement and to American trade publications that had circulation in foreign countries; our material always stressed Woodrow Wilson's ideals and the good will of the American people toward other

peoples. We staged events in the U.S. that dramatized our propaganda themes. We distributed statements made by the President, the Secretary of State and other officials and newsworthy private citizens. And when unfavorable news came from the front, we tried to counteract it with stories on our war effort. Compared with today's U.S. Information Agency facilities, our network was sketchy. CPI offices in Switzerland, Denmark and Holland distributed our material in those countries, and it reached the Central Powers through their newspapers.

We were all pioneers, devoted Wilson zealots in this new activity. We thought of ourselves as crusaders and worked regardless of hours. George Creel wrote me in 1941, "When we started out it was just as though the Babylonians had been asked to build a threshing machine. Moreover, speed was the essence, and not only did an organization have to be built up overnight but in the face of bitter and continuous attack. Of course we had no chart, for at the time psychology was just a word and public relations counselors were unknown. And where could we have found men of training and experience? All that offered were authors, newspaper men, advertising men and college professors. It still amazes me how few mistakes I made in the selection of men. And as the one authoritative head, I *did* coordinate. Compare, for example, the haphazards of today—the duplication, conflict and overlapping—with the record of the CPI. And remember also that where we had one dollar to spend, today they have a thousand."

I was the only member of the bureau staff with publicity experience. Poole and Kennaday treated my numerous suggestions with respect, although they didn't understand what I did or why I did it. I came from a different world—Broadway publicity and press-agentry. I tried to translate my ideas into action; they were satisfied with my ideas. And they let me go full speed. With little or no executive direction, work gravitated to those who wanted to work. And, after waiting one year for an opportunity to participate in the war effort, I was eager. Many important and neglected activities fell into my lap. Poole let me apply to international affairs the experience I had gained in creating events for *Daddy-Long-Legs* and the Russian Ballet.

For background I read the newspapers and magazines and studied the daily Naval Intelligence "pink flimsies," copies of intercepted cables and letters. These often provided me with themes and made me feel I was sitting at a central information center. I read with interest and surprise of

underground movements for democracy in Germany and the growth of the labor movement in England. I was given charge of the export division of the bureau. I thought that American exporters might become a source of distribution of U.S. news and viewpoints to contacts overseas in Allied and neutral countries. The American Manufacturers Export Association willingly co-operated, and we prepared leaflets used by its members who carried on an overseas letter campaign, which emphasized America's war aims and goals. Six hundred and fifty branches of American firms in foreign countries gave generous window space for photographic paste-ups, effectively captioned to tell our story.

I planned and carried out a campaign directed at Latin American businessmen. The Germans were attempting economic penetration and propaganda in Latin America and our activities were designed to counter that danger. We placed articles and photographs in Spanish and Portuguese export journals and produced inserts in these languages for use in catalogues of American products.

I started a service of colored postcards, showing our war preparations for overseas distribution, to bolster our allies when they thought the "Yankees" were too slow in coming. We dispatched thousands of postcards to the Italian front for soldiers to send back home and improve Italian morale. One card pictured thousands of men in civilian clothes marching down Fifth Avenue. The Italian caption read, "5,000 American citizens are transforming themselves into soldiers to defend the liberty of the people." In another, a huge battleship rode over a caption: "The defense against the submarine: American soldiers lost at sea, 290; American soldiers in France, 1,250,000." To demonstrate America's appreciation of Italian cultural contributions to this country, we distributed photographs of bronze statues of Italian heroes, Christopher Columbus and Garibaldi. The cards were showered on the enemy—paper bullets to help win the war.

Our activities also reached out into planned ship launchings. In August 1918, as a result of reverses on the Piave River, Italian and Allied morale plummeted so low that the Washington CPI office asked us to demonstrate dramatically that we were co-operating with our Allies wholeheartedly. I suggested we name a new U.S. cargo ship the *Piave* and launch it ceremoniously.

I organized a committee of prominent Americans and Italians in America to sponsor and participate in the *Piave*'s launching in Kearny, New

Jersey. Motion and still pictures were made of the ceremonies. At my suggestion, Enrico Caruso, Gatti-Casazza and other esteemed Italians in America signed a scroll expressing confidence in American support of Italy. The press services cabled the news to Italy. I assumed that Italians who read about it in their newspapers were impressed by America's war effort in their behalf.

Near the end of the war, Washington asked the Foreign Press Bureau to initiate propaganda that would counteract efforts being made by the German-Austrian propaganda machine. The United States, carrying out the Wilson fourteen-point program, was encouraging the independence of small nations, according to their ethnic backgrounds, and was trying to break up the Austro-Hungarian empire. But the German-Austrian propaganda was using clashes between Czechs and Poles on the border between them over possession of the Teschen coalfields to show how dangerous it was to permit the breakup and dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The assignment was handed to me. The problem was to show that the new burgeoning Czech and Polish nations would not be in each other's hair and that they stood steadfast against a common foe.

I had met Tomás Garrigue Masaryk, the Czech leader, sometime before this assignment. At luncheon at the old Delmonico's I had been much impressed with this teacher and philosopher forty years my senior. He fled Austria at the beginning of the war and became president of the Czechoslovak National Council.

At lunch in 1914 I urged him to declare his country's independence on a Sunday. The slack news events of Sunday would give his declaration more space in the newspapers of the world. Masaryk was astounded. "That," he said, "would be making history for the cables." I answered that cables make history.

I knew the high regard in which he was held, as provisional president of the *de facto* Czechoslovak government, a symbol. I also knew how highly Ignace Paderewski rated as a symbol of the Poles. To place these two human symbols together on a platform to discuss their common cause against a common enemy would make the world realize that the people they represented were united against the common enemy.

At my suggestion a mass meeting of the oppressed nationalities was held at Carnegie Hall "to protest Austrian domination." Masaryk and Paderewski stood shoulder to shoulder on the platform. The hall was

crowded with Americans from many of the subnations of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and they cheered the speeches. Newspapers in this country gave the event some coverage—we were still isolationist in our thinking—but it made big news in Europe.

In these and other activities I functioned with Poole's authorization always, but with no guidance or supervision. It was not until two decades later that I had a glimmering of what Poole thought of me. In his autobiography, *The Bridge*, published in 1940, he made mention of "Edward Bernays, one of the ablest and most devoted younger workers on our staff." That pleased me, for when I worked with him I thought we were worlds apart.

Rumors coming to our office from Europe in early November 1918 foreshadowed the end of the war. Now what excited all of us was speculation as to who would be chosen to go to the Peace Conference in Paris. Shortly after the Armistice, a group of us from the bureau were designated to go to the Peace Conference as members of the official press mission. Poole announced the selection; happily, I found myself on the list. The bureau was the logical choice to handle press relations for the American peace mission and in turn to supply news and feature material about what went on in Paris to our New York office for distribution in this country.

That night my mother and father were excessively proud of their son, who had been chosen a representative of the United States to attend what seemed to them and to me, too, the most momentous event of the ages. We all believed the Peace Conference would bring us a new world bulwarked by Wilson's League of Nations and his Fourteen Points. My family and I fully believed that what we had propagandized during the war would be translated into action.

Poole asked me to round up supplies—office and medical—which were at a minimum in war-torn Europe. The list included 3,360 stencils, 144 pounds of ink, 100 bottles of varnish for special use in mimeographing, and other multigraphing material. I also purchased a maternity kit—why, I can't remember.

The New York CPI office asked Washington to expedite our passports and secure letters from Creel to speed the issuance of visas by the foreign consuls in New York. Creel responded with a letter on November 15 for the British, Italian, Swiss and French Consuls General, stating that members of

the Committee on Public Information—Charles S. Hart, Edgar Sisson, Carl Byoir, Carl Walberg, E. L. Bernays, Major H. E. Atterbury, Edward Henry Shuster, Edith C. Strauss, Alice Seixas, Josephine Giglio and Marian Taylor—"are going to England on an important mission." This indicated there were plans to take us to countries outside of France. Sisson was the director of the Foreign Section, Hart and Byoir his assistants; Shuster was accountant and office manager; Walberg, a Chicago advertising man. William Chenery wrote material for the foreign press; Kenneth Durant (later U.S. correspondent for the Russian press agency, Tass) and Charles M. Willoughby; and Gustave W. Axelson and W. Heinecke, German experts, joined the party later. A representative from the U.S. Treasury came too, to make sure that the financial requisitions met Treasury requirements. The women members of the mission were secretaries.

On November 18, the day before we left, President Wilson announced, to everyone's surprise, that he would attend the Peace Conference. Our feeling of the importance of our assignment increased. We mentally prepared to handle the releases of the American delegates, maintain liaison with the American and foreign press, and assume for the delegation and the President the generally accepted functions of a press mission.

Together with other CPI personnel from Washington we sailed on November 19, 1918, a week after the Armistice, on the White Star liner the *Baltic*, bound for Liverpool, from where we would go to London and Paris. News photographers snapped a photograph of our group, which still hangs on my office wall. Before I left, as instructed by Poole, I released a brief item to dailies and press services stating that the Official American Press Mission to the Peace Conference was leaving for Paris. I could not have guessed then that this routine release would have such far-reaching consequences. This is how the New York *World* printed the story on page two of its issue of Thursday, November 21, two days after we left. The headline read "TO INTERPRET AMERICAN IDEALS."

"Sixteen employees of the Committee on Public Information sailed from New York Tuesday, constituting 'The United States Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference,'" the story read. It then listed the sixteen by name and continued, "The announced object of the expedition is 'to interpret the work of the Peace Conference by keeping up a worldwide propaganda to disseminate American accomplishments and ideals.'"

Our mood is reflected in a letter to my parents on November 23, the day after my birthday, in which I wrote:

It is not the easiest thing in the world to write a letter. So many portents crowd in. All one can do is wait to see what will happen. Beyond that, I do not try to penetrate the veil. I do not know who can. Few, if any of us (there are 16 on board), talk about our Paris work, or what it will be, or who will do it or how and why. We discuss anything but that.

During the crossing we were in a constant state of excitement; we discussed the potential dangers of floating mines and speculated about what the Peace Conference would be like. However, the idea of the conference itself was overpowering and awe-inspiring.

While we were tense with the expectancy of accomplishment at the Peace Conference, hell broke loose in America as a result of the authorized release to the newspapers stating that the Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference was on its way to Paris.

I never would have known this had I not, twenty-one years afterward, read a book, *Words That Won the War*, the story of the CPI, by Mock and Larson (Princeton University Press, 1939). A passage in the book referred to George Creel's displeasure at the way "Bernays was handling publicity for the group towards the end." At first I was baffled. Then I surmised that Creel was referring to the statement I released about our mission's departure and that his displeasure hinged on the release and the consequences that followed upon its publication. If the conclusion of historians is correct—that President Wilson's failure in Paris was due to the lack of liaison between the U.S. delegation and the American public—the repercussions created by this release contributed to that failure. I decided to track down the facts and circumstances surrounding the item.

I checked and cross-checked a number of relevant volumes dealing with the war: *Words that Won the War*, Creel's personal story, *How We Advertised America; Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era* by John M. Blum; *American Chronicle* by Ray Stannard Baker; Creel's *Rebel at Large;* and My *Memoirs* by Edith Bolling Wilson. Other books shed little light on the events under discussion, with the exception of *From Pinafores to Politics*, an autobiography by Mrs. Florence J. Harriman, who was present in Paris during the Peace Conference.

I checked with my miniature diary I kept during my stay in Europe. I corresponded with former associates on the CPI and with some of the people I met in Paris. I looked at old newspaper files and dug old letters from my files. I believe what follows is the first complete story of the complicated circumstances leading to the American failure at the Paris Peace Conference.

The domestic political situation was confused at the end of the war. In the Congressional elections a week before the Armistice (two weeks before our mission sailed for Europe), Americans, tired of war, rejected President Wilson, his policies and the Democratic Party by voting in a Republican majority in both Houses. Wilson, whose second term still had two years to run, now faced a hostile Congress and a disillusioned people who had become isolationist. Senators Henry Cabot Lodge, Boies Penrose and Hiram Johnson led a vigorous attack on the President and his policies. Creel, a whipping boy for partisan attacks in Washington during the war, came under accelerated attack.

Events followed in rapid succession. On November 12, after a long conference with the President and with his approval, Creel issued orders for the "immediate cessation of every domestic activity of the Committee on Public Information." This was a sop to the opposition. On November 14 he released the American press from its voluntary censorship, and on the 15th he ended censorship of cables and mail and made the statement that the Peace Conference in Paris would be wide open to American newspapers. This was consistent with Creel's liberal attitudes.

Creel wrote in his book, *How We Advertised America*, that when the question of publicity arrangements for the Peace Conference arose "there was a general assumption that the government would exercise certain authorities and controls, and that I would act as administrative agent" and that he "entered immediate and vigorous protest [against the accusation], taking the matter straight to the President. What I insisted upon," he adds, "was the government's immediate and complete surrender of every supervisory function as far as news was concerned and the restoration to the press of every power, liberty and independence.[1]

"With Peace Conference publicity disposed of presumably, and with the domestic activities of the Committee in process of settlement, there then remained only the Foreign Section with its representatives in every capital, its intricate machinery, and with hundreds of thousands of dollars involved

in the adjustment of assets and liabilities. Paris was the one logical center for this demobilization and the President believed that the importance of this liquidation required my personal attention."[2]

The President and Creel agreed, then, according to the latter, (1) that there was to be no authority or control of news or censorship at the Peace Conference and (2) that the liquidation of the Foreign Section should be carried out from Paris by Creel personally. Both of these decisions seem logical and in order. But Creel later writes that he instructed Edgar Sisson, before he left with us for Paris on November 19, to "engage and equip working quarters for the American press."[3]

Certainly this latter suggests he had in mind for our mission more than liquidating the Foreign Section. He apparently felt he had a responsibility to take care of the American press at the Peace Conference. And the fact that our mission was composed of trained people in the newspaper, magazine, advertising and publicity fields indicates it was to be in charge of press relations.

On November 20, the day after we left, Republican members of Congress picked up the announcement of our Press Mission's departure and attacked Creel. On the basis of this item, they accused Creel of planning to exert cable censorship and "control" of Peace Conference publicity. And the word "control" was used to mean that the Press Mission under Creel would determine what newspapermen might write and publish.

Creel, angered by this attack, issued a statement to the press on November 21, "in an effort to stem the tide of absurdity and falsehood," declaring that

The one proper effort of the Committee on Public Information will be to open every means of communication to the press of America without dictation, without supervision, and with no other desire than to facilitate in every manner the fullest and freest flow of news.[4]

He added that he would have no connection with cables and cable censorship, nor would there be any, that no press censorship of any kind existed in the United States and no plan of resumption was suggested or contemplated. The charge that he was to control all publicity in connection with the Peace Commission, he said, had no basis in fact. He insisted that correspondents would write as they pleased and with their usual

independence. As for press arrangements, conveniences and privileges, these matters would necessarily be governed in large degree by the desires of the authorities of the country in which the Press Conference was held.

Creel writes that, at the request of a group of correspondents who came to him after this statement was issued, he went to Wilson and begged him to let the newspaper group travel on the *George Washington* with the President. Since not enough space was available for everyone, Creel arranged to place one representative each of the Associated Press, the United Press and International News Service on the *George Washington;* they were then asked by the President to accompany him as his guests. "At the same time," Creel adds, "with his usual kindliness of thought, he [Wilson] asked me to be his guest on the *George Washington*, if I could make my plans coincide with his sailing date. This, then, was why I went to Paris, and how I happened to be on the *George Washington.*"

Creel obtained passage for the other newspapermen on the transport *Orizaba*. This was interpreted in the Senate and the newspapers as illustrative of his attempt to control the press, and further public outcry followed. On November 25, when our mission was still on the high seas, Creel sent a confidential cable to the CPI office in Paris in which he stated that

Contrary to the press, the people that I sent abroad were part of the Foreign Section, and will have nothing to do but purely mechanical work in connection with distribution. I will have absolutely nothing to do with the publicity of the Peace Conference, nothing to do whatsoever with the organization of any personnel that will go from here, and am going myself in a capacity personal to the President.[5]

Apparently, under attack, he had again switched the contemplated purpose of our mission. Our mission was hardly equipped for "purely mechanical work." Only a few secretaries knew anything about mechanical work.

But the heat was still on, and on November 27 Creel released another statement to the press, saying that

The representatives of the Committee on Public Information who sailed last week did not in any manner constitute an official Peace Conference press mission. They were stenographers, accountants, film men, and division

heads, not one of whom will have connection with the Peace Conference or with the preparation of the Conference's press matter. Their sole duties will be the completion of the Committee's foreign work and settlement of contracts and business details incident to the absolute cessation of activity.[6]

In this statement, Creel substituted for "purely mechanical work" the function of "settlement of contracts and business details." Again, it is obvious that the personnel of our mission was ill equipped to do that. Creel talks of "stenographers and accountants, film men, and division heads," but of the sixteen members only three were stenographers and one an accountant. The rest were newspapermen, publicity and advertising experts—even a German specialist—all of whom had been active in the Foreign Press Bureau preparing news and feature material. There were several division heads, but the only film man was the head of the department. Evidently Creel, in his efforts to appease his critics, was groping for random explanations. Furthermore, in this statement, he again denied categorically that he would have any relationship with the Peace Conference:

The widely circulated rumor that George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, will have control of official publicity in connection with the Peace Conference is absolutely without foundation. There will be no such control, and the situation itself precludes any such control.…

A few days after Creel's November 27 statement, Postmaster General Burleson took over the cables. He had long before been given standby authority to do this if and when the need arose; just why he did it then, Creel writes, "was never explained." Creel went to the President, who, apparently preoccupied with other duties, did nothing and "dismissed the matter as unimportant."[7]

But some Senators and newspapers thought the matter important enough to protest vigorously. They accused Wilson, Burleson and Creel of conspiring to muzzle the press. "With the cables in our clutches," Creel writes, "*mine* was to be the task of censorship in Paris, *my* autocratic whim would decide what news of the Peace Conference should reach the people of the United States, and *my* 'interpretations' would be forced upon suffering correspondents.

"As a matter of course," he adds, "no Senator made the slightest effort to ascertain the facts, the press carried their fulminations with glaring

headlines, and editors thundered against the hapless stenographers composing 'the United States Official Press Mission' and denounced my 'iniquitous pact' with Mr. Burleson."[8]

All of us in the mission had become "hapless stenographers."

A Congressional inquiry called Creel and accused him of trying to run the Peace Conference. They cited Burleson's surprise action in taking over the cables, the published story of our official mission (which I had released by instruction), and the departure for France of our mission as proof that Creel hoped to re-establish censorship and to control what Americans learned about the Peace Conference. When Theodore Roosevelt, on November 29, added his criticism to the chorus, saying that the whole purpose of our mission was to "make the news sent out from the Peace Conference to ourselves, our allies, and our enemies what they desire to have told from their own standpoint, and nothing more,"[9] Creel went to Wilson and "released him from his offer," pointing out that any service he might be able to render would be more than offset by his presence. He explained to the President that all he wanted was a chance to save face. "As soon as possible after arrival we can work out some mission that will take me away from Paris and out of the picture." The President agreed.[10]

Later, Creel writes that our mission was not the "United States' Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference"; that he had sent "an advance delegation to Paris, consisting of Mr. Edgar G. Sisson, director of the Foreign Section; his associate, Mr. Carl Byoir; and a force of accountants and stenographers." It was the New York *World*, he states, that "on the alleged authority of some member of the party, whose name was not given, announced that these purely clerical employees constituted 'the United States Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference.'"[11]

With the heat on from Congress, Creel found it expedient to disavow the authorized story I had released. This accounts for the otherwise mysterious statement attributed to Creel in *Words That Won the War*, in which he refers to his displeasure as to how "Bernays was handling publicity for the group in the end."

I don't know whether Creel was tired or disheartened by the criticism of the Senators and the press. But whatever it was, it finally wore him down. I can't understand his giving up; he had always been a fighter. But it is tragically clear that he did not fight to maintain the functioning of our press mission, which he himself had created to serve as a press relations body.

On shipboard we were, of course, oblivious of the imbroglio in America. On December 4 we arrived in Liverpool. I was put in charge of the group's movement, because, I suppose, as the youngest man in the mission I had displayed the most boundless energy. I sought out the Liverpool stationmaster and he provided us a special train to London "out of gratitude to the United States." The English generally reflected this grateful attitude after the war.

After a few days in London, we left for Paris by train and channel boat. British Tommies lay on the decks of the boat that took us to France, men and uniforms worn out and frayed after four years of war service. Alive but dazed, they were unaccustomed to the peace, which was only three weeks old. This was not war, but its aftermath was still disturbing.

In Paris, the huge former residence of the King of Montenegro, near the Champs-Elysées, served as our mission's headquarters. The rococo mansion boasted ornate salons downstairs, a huge dining room and regally furnished bedrooms on the upper floors. It was alive with activity and functioning, since a few members of the committee had arrived before us and the Paris CPI had helped put things in order. It was certainly no "accountants" or "hapless stenographers'" dormitory.

Rowland Lee, now a motion-picture producer, then a handsome and dashing, almost winsome, young second lieutenant, lived at 58 rue Montaigne with us. In a recent letter he reminded me of some of the events I had forgotten. Sam Blythe, Ida M. Tarbell, Edith Wharton and other prominent writers dined with us. Marshal Foch, Lloyd George, Viviani and Poincaré and other political, military and diplomatic personalities engaged freely in off-the-record informal discussions at our table. I wish I had recorded their conversations.

Lee recalls the conference as "truly a great and unforgettable experience for all of us." He remembered our own warm friendship and "long, weighty debates about the present and future of the world." We knew all the answers, he wrote, and settled the world's problems on long walks in which we explored Paris, visited theaters, cafes and art galleries. "One thing struck me very forcibly about you," he adds. "You had no fear of any language. Whether you knew anything about it or not, you would launch forth unperturbed and in some amazing way managed to hold up your end of the conversation and make yourself understood."

Physically, Paris was as I had known it, except for Army stations offering free prophylaxis to American doughboys. Young *midinettes* still flashed their provocative charms; Folies-Bergère audiences still watched expressionless as nudes came down the steps at the end of the act. But gaiety on the streets had faded. There were too many war dead.

I was assigned to supervise the preparation of our new offices at 104 Champs-Elysées, the former apartment of James Gordon Bennett, which Edgar Sisson had rented for us. After I finished this I was on my own; nobody supervised or told me what to do. I spent my time boulevard-gaping and exploring the Paris I loved. The conference was not to start until January 18, and that was still more than a month away. I stopped in at the Hotel Crillon, where our Peace Mission was quartered, and talked with old friends about the future.

Occasionally I dropped over to the French Maison de la Presse on the Champs-Elysées to chat with acquaintances and listen to scuttle-but. The French Government had taken over the imposing mansion of a millionaire as headquarters for the working press of the world at the Peace Conference. Creel refers in one of his books to a discussion in Washington with M. Tardieu and M. Aubert, members of the French High Commission, about the establishment of this Press Center. An American correspondent told me the Center made it easier for the French Government to put out French propaganda to the foreign correspondents, especially the Americans.

A story I heard there taught me a profound truth, that the power structure is not always what it appears to be to the naked eye. During the war the gates of Paris were closed at night. On one occasion Premier Clemenceau tried to enter the city, but the guards did not recognize him. He carried no identification papers with him. When they asked him who he was, he answered promptly, “de Lesseps,” and they permitted him to pass without question. De Lesseps was the owner of *Le Matin*, France’s great newspaper; he was as powerful in France as Lord Northcliffe in England.

Bill Shepherd, a war correspondent, told me another story which I recall because it stressed how important it is to look behind words for their meaning. At the beginning of World War I the Germans mowed down England’s volunteer army. Press reports on the number of deaths in British “evacuation hospitals” led the British public to believe that soldiers were dying because treatment was inadequate in these hospitals. The number of volunteers fell off on that account. Lloyd George, in desperation, sought

Lord Northcliffe's advice. Northcliffe considered for a moment, then replied, "In communiqués from the front, don't write of evacuation hospitals; call them evacuation stations. The furor over casualties will then subside immediately. Volunteer recruitment will revive. People expect a low rate of death at evacuation hospitals. They accept a high rate of death at evacuation stations."

Lloyd George followed Northcliffe's suggestion, and volunteering picked up. This was the first time I ran across such consciously planned use of what Stuart Chase later called the "tyranny of words." Today this kind of word manipulation is practically world-wide. The idea struck me with powerful impact.

In these days, before the actual start of the conference on January 18, I often explored Paris and the surrounding countryside with a crazy Kansas farm doughboy dressed in rough, shaggy khakis that fitted him like a potato sack. He drove the Army car assigned to me. He despised "frogs" (the doughboys' name for all Frenchmen) and accelerated the car whenever he saw a Frenchman cross the street. He delighted in almost running him down, then swerving just in time, and he could not be calmed down. As the Frenchman jumped out of his way he mouthed a stream of American curses at the "frog" in his path. The Frenchman, who did not understand a word of what he was saying, no doubt put him down as just another American barbarian from across the Atlantic. The doughboy, of course, considered *France* barbaric. He knew the war in France had brought him there; he wanted to go back to Kansas, the only civilized land under God's heaven. All this foreign stuff was outlandish to him. Millions of Americans, in France and at home, were equally xenophobic. I wondered then whether our country would ever change this attitude. My doubts were not dispelled until after World War II.

Occasionally I ran into New York acquaintances and friends and we chatted at sidewalk cafés. I met Jane Grant, smartly uniformed, in Paris with the YMCA, in order to be near Harold Ross, then an editor of the *Stars and Stripes*. She introduced me to Ross, bristly haired, wearing a badly fitting doughboy uniform, and we talked about a fat sergeant named Alexander Woollcott whom no one took seriously at the *Stars and Stripes*. Ross's grunting, primitive manner covered what seemed to me shy hostilities. He did not impress me then. Jane loved him and later married him.

My little diary shows entries for days with one word—work. But what I worked at made so little impression that I can't be more specific. I recall Saturday, December 14, 1918, the day President Wilson arrived in Paris. It was a mild, misty day and the streets were crowded early in the morning. My chambermaid, Marie, asked permission to go out for an hour to see "*le bienfaiseur de l'humanité*" (the benefactor of humanity); a large sign on the Champs-Elysées near where I lived read in French "Honor to Wilson, the Just." There was wild and electrifying pandemonium; thousands lined the boulevards shouting "*Vive l'Amérique, vive le Président!*" The trees and the roofs along the avenue swarmed with cheering crowds. Soldiers and gendarmes waving batons had difficulty keeping the crowds on the sidewalks. The President's horse-drawn victoria was piled high with flowers. He wore a shiny top hat, which he kept taking off in a dignified way, first to the right, then to the left, in response to the cheering crowds. The President of France, Raymond Poincaré, sat next to him. Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by two women and a French officer, rode in the second carriage. She projected a glow of profound calm and happiness, looking much like the hazy, romantic photograph made of her by the fashionable photographer Arnold Genthe which had helped reconcile people to Wilson's remarriage soon after his first wife's death.

The Armistice celebration I had witnessed in New York a month before paled in comparison with this Paris welcome. I have never seen anything like it since, and only three other mass manifestations I remember have approached it: the triumphant returns to New York of Lindbergh from his transatlantic flight, General Eisenhower from World War II and General MacArthur from Korea. Wilson's reception was a demonstration of the power of words and pictures. Millions had been conditioned to think of Wilson as the liberator of the people from future wars, a living prince of peace. I realized again the potency of the CPI. I didn't think of the phrase "words that won the war," but I reflected on the idea these words signified. However, I didn't recognize then that what I saw and heard was in reality a consequence of communications.

Paris became a training school without instructors, in the study of public opinion and people. I was learning much more without assignments than I could have learned sticking at a desk in the office of our mission. The process was as fortuitous as the flight of windswept pollen.

I was on my own. I assumed that we were not directed because the Peace Conference had not yet started. I hadn't received any direction in New York either; I supposed that this was standard government procedure and that my work would take shape later as it had in New York.

But the work I anticipated never did materialize; the mission and its planned activity died before it began. The delays I took for granted were the result of events in the U.S. and in Paris which I did not know of at the time. It is difficult to get at the truth of hidden influences that are the real factors influencing one's life. This is one reason why strategic intelligence—fact finding and research—always plays so important a role in what one does, and even with this approach one may still miss some of the salient facts.

I have already discussed some of the reasons for the dissolution of our mission, particularly as it was affected by the release of the story of our sailing. But other causes lead back to February 1918, when Ray Stannard Baker went to Europe for the State Department to report on public opinion and events there. He spent October and early November in France and Italy studying the underlying trends of public opinion, arriving in Paris just before Armistice Day.[12] Significantly, in his book, *American Chronicle*, an important chapter is entitled, "I am Unexpectedly Chosen to Play a Part in the Peace Conference."

On November 12 Baker thought his task in Europe was over, that he "could no longer be of any assistance." He wanted to return to his family in New England. "I was tired and stale after many months of breathless work and excitement," he writes. "I had my heart set upon spending Christmas at Amherst. I had already cabled my plans to the State Department, but as yet I had had no reply."[13] In Paris, Baker visited Colonel House, the President's alter ego, where he raised the question of going home. House urged him to remain in Europe: "Stay on at least until the President arrives."[14]

After the President arrived Baker saw him and told him he would like to go home. The President said to him, "Baker, we're over here to do one of the most difficult tasks ever entrusted to American leadership. I should like to have you remain; if it appears, after you try it for a few weeks, that you cannot make a go of it, I will let you off."[15]

Baker yielded. On December 18 he was shown a letter written by the President in which Wilson unequivocally made Baker head of press

relations and recommended a daily press meeting in which releases prepared under Baker's supervision were to be given to the correspondents.

According to Mrs. Wilson's My *Memoirs*, Baker's appointment was made somewhat later than he states in his account. She writes that when she and the President returned to Paris the second time, on January 7, awaiting the opening of the Peace Conference on January 18, Henry White, a member of the Peace Commission, asked her whether he might confide to her that Secretary of State Lansing was "terribly sore" because the President's meetings of the American peace commission were held in Colonel House's suite instead of in Lansing's and because the newspapermen who looked for information were told to see Colonel House instead of Lansing. Mrs. Wilson says she told White that she "thought these things were so small … they had never entered the President's mind, but that [she] knew the President would appreciate [White's] thought in telling [her] of them, and he would look into them." "Yes," Mr. White answered, "they are small things, but Lansing is a small man, and sometimes personal vanity makes or mars the success of large affairs."

Mrs. Wilson continues that she repeated the conversation to her husband the following Sunday afternoon and the President expressed his regret about the meetings, saying that he would change their location. As for the newspaper matter, he said, "I have been working out a plan in my own mind. It is this: I have decided to ask Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, for whom I have the highest regard, to act as an intermediary between our Commission and the other press representatives. It is highly important that the right news be given out, so I am going to ask Baker to accept this position, and come to see me every night at seven o'clock, when I will go over with him everything that has transpired during the day, telling him what is finished and what is unfinished business, and suggesting that the completed business be furnished all the papers, but that questions still under discussion be omitted."

Mrs. Wilson says that Baker appeared promptly nightly at seven, often waiting an hour or more for the President when he was in conference. Mrs. Wilson adds that the President initiated these meetings "purely out of justice to Secretary Lansing" and "to compose any differences that may have arisen between him and Colonel House because the newspapermen seemed to prefer the latter as a source of news." But she may have overplayed the

personality clash, because Wilson appears to have regarded the matter as serious in its own right.

Although Mrs. Wilson omits mention of the presence of the official U.S. Press Mission and Creel in Paris, her account sounds plausible except for the date.

In any case, Baker tells how, after discussions with Secretary of State Lansing, he started at once to organize a Press Department, with offices at 4 Place de la Concorde, a few doors from the Crillon Hotel, which had been taken over for the American Peace Delegation. He writes that he knew there was plenty of trouble in store for him and that he immediately told the President that in order to do his job properly he would have to be admitted entirely and completely into the confidence of the Commission.[16]

Several score American newspaper correspondents were accredited to the Peace Mission by Baker. They used Baker's offices at the Crillon as headquarters and shortly afterward formed an organization similar to the journalists' organization in the House of Congress, registering some 150 correspondents representing press organizations, newspapers, magazines and syndicates. They were "hungry and clamorous," Baker reports. He adds that he now issued statements by American experts regarding highly complex situations that seemed invaluable and were eagerly used.[17]

Baker was doing the work intended for our press mission. It is difficult to understand Creel's later comment on this except as sour grapes. In *How We Advertised America*, Creel writes:

Praise has been given, and very properly, to the helpfulness of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, also to the President's agreement that the correspondents should have a daily conference each morning with the American members of the Peace Commission. On the second day after my arrival in Paris I took up with the President this matter of a daily conference and secured his consent to it. It was at my request, joined in by Colonel House, that the President signed the order attaching Mr. Baker to the Peace Commission to act as its press representative. From the first I begged the President to meet regularly with the correspondents and it was his sincere desire to do this, and it would have been done but for the back-breaking burdens that he bore, the demands that took every second of his time, and the constantly changing situation that made it impossible to talk with any degree of certainty.

These things done, I had the feeling that the Committee, as far as was properly in its power, had discharged its full duty in aiding the press of America to obtain the news.[18]

Creel took credit in his book for recommending Baker to Colonel House for the job Creel had planned for himself and for the mission. But, according to Baker's autobiography, Colonel House asked him to stay on after the Armistice, and the President requested his help at the Peace Conference.

Baker functioned at the Crillon, handling press relations and getting out material for the press; meanwhile, at 104 Champs-Elysées, the Mission's offices, we issued some releases. But none of us at the time thought these duplications indicated anything more than the usual confusion associated with working for the government. We thought we were functioning as planned.

This was the muddled situation on January 18, when the Peace Conference actually started the sessions of the Big Four—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando. Peace Commission press relations had not been defined. Newspapermen blamed the President for the lack of publicity. They were annoyed because the President seldom found time to meet with them. Their attitude worsened day by day.

The Big Four issued only dry communiqués. Then when the Big Four shrank to the Big Three—Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George—no communiqués were issued. European diplomats believed in the old diplomacy; their job was to carry on negotiations between themselves, not with the public's participation.

I was present when Herbert Bayard Swope of the New York *World* vigorously supported by Richard Houlihan and Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*, David Lawrence, then with the Associated Press, and Larry Hills, editor of the Paris *Herald*, and other disgusted correspondents, protested vociferously to Baker in the press room and threatened to leave the Conference unless more news was made available. Swope's insistence on freedom of information shocked European statesmen, but his posture and authoritative manner finally forced the conference to issue daily communiqués.

Forty years later Swope wrote me that the tone of the correspondents had been "wholly intransigent." "What would have happened," he asked in

his letter, “if the conferees had defied the press of the world? Would the press have dared to leave the Conference and permit some s.o.b. who didn’t think with us score world beats? We were on the brink, but we carried it through, bluff though it might have been. As a matter of fact, I doubt it was a bluff; I think we would have left the Conference just as Wilson had done, in February, 1919, when he took the *George Washington* back to America. Sometimes a statement is as effective as action itself.”

Baker, in his memoirs, confirms what Swope wrote me. “Newspapermen at the Peace Conference,” he writes, “were not begging, but demanding. They sat at every doorway. They looked over every shoulder. They wanted every resolution and report and wanted it immediately.”

In the end, without any further explanation, Creel made up his mind to disband our mission. In late January Sisson asked me to make the necessary arrangements for the return of some members of the party to America. I bought their tickets and made other travel arrangements; salary payments were authorized up to and including February 7. Then I helped close our 104 Champs-Elysées offices. The actual conference had just commenced, yet the knowledgeable and experienced men and women who had left New York as the official press mission were now on their way home or transferred to other U.S. jobs in Europe. I asked for and received permission to stay on in France for a few months.

We had come to Paris with messianic zeal for the Wilson crusade and had seen our anticipated duties taken over and then fade away completely. Our task really remained unassigned. Americans and Europeans both distorted Wilson’s aims and plans. Communications broke down. The American public wanted news from the peace delegation and got almost nothing. The press resented the handouts that restricted their contact with the peace conferees. They and their publics wanted information that affected them and their constituencies. The mimeographed statements hid rather than revealed events.

Baker did not have the know-how for his job. In his own book he questioned his ability to do the work. Creel was on the fringe of the situation. Meanwhile, our mission stood by, unused, and was finally disbanded.

John Blum’s biography of Joseph Tumulty, the President’s secretary, throws little light on the situation. He says that Tumulty urged Wilson

before he went to the Peace Conference not to assign Creel to handle Peace Conference publicity. Tumulty's reason was Creel's unpopularity with the newspapermen. The President, according to Blum, overruled Tumulty and sent Creel anyway—but this is contrary to Creel's own statements and inconsistent with all other evidence.

Blum writes that Tumulty's initial concern when Wilson left for Europe was with public relations. Lacking confidence in Creel, Tumulty sent Wilson and Dr. Grayson, the President's intimate and physician, detailed instructions for dealing with the press. Tumulty, seeking to create an atmosphere of mutual trust between Wilson and the press, tried to "induce Wilson to engage in those sentimental activities which delight American newspaper readers. The President solicited such advice, but he adopted Tumulty's ideas only at the time when they were least important."[19] Later in his book Blum states categorically that Creel was to disseminate the official American point of view in Europe and the United States and that the President assigned Ray Stannard Baker the task *only* of preparing all formal news releases.

Blum says that Creel continued to carry on publicity in Paris at the Peace Conference and that Ray Stannard Baker prepared only formal news releases. But Baker's and Creel's books both deny this; and most of all, the death of our mission contradicts it.

Blum also states that when Wilson's relations with the press deteriorated, Tumulty realized that the fault and the responsibility were not Creel's or Baker's; they lay with Wilson. "Since there was no effective remedy for the President's attitude toward the press, Tumulty hoped to generate American enthusiasm by taking Wilson directly to the people when he returned and by persuading him to champion specific measures which the people seemed to want."[20]

Actually what Tumulty saw was the visible effect of the situation; he failed to see the underlying causes. The damage had already been done, and as subsequent events proved, it was irreparable.

For some reason Creel, despite his statements about having no association with the Peace Conference, takes credit in one of his books for helping the correspondents in three ways:

1. Placing Walter Rogers, Director of the Committee's Foreign Wireless and Cable Service, in a position to help correspondents handle press loads over four transatlantic cables.

2. Agreeing that the committee should transmit all formal statements, speeches of the President and other like matters for simultaneous delivery to the three press associations in New York.

3. Aiding individual correspondents. The Committee on Public Information undertook the delivery of material to the American press, since the Navy, in charge of wireless, was forbidden by law to charge tolls, nor could it receive private messages. Creel succeeded in making an arrangement whereby the French Government and the United States Navy offered 3,500 words daily on the wireless absolutely free of charge to the American correspondents in Paris.

In *How We Advertised America* Creel writes:

> The Peace Treaty has been attacked from many sides as a "failure in advertising." I agree. There can be no question that the Paris proceedings have never been placed before the people of the United States with any degree of clearness or in such manner as to put public opinion in possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
>
> When it is charged, however, that the failure is the fault of the Committee on Public Information because we did not conduct a "vigorous campaign," I disagree absolutely and unalterably. Nothing would have been more instantly attacked and *justly* attacked, than the use of governmental machinery and public funds for any such purpose. Bad as conditions are today, they would be infinitely worse had the President attempted to support his cause by "press-agenting" with the people's money. As for the Committee on Public Information, its duties ceased automatically when fighting ceased.[21]

This is quarterbacking after the fact. If he had insisted on following the original plan, communication with the media in the U.S., both directly and through the correspondents in Paris, would have been assured and the course of history possibly altered.

I believe that Creel's failure to insist on effective handling of Peace Conference press relations—that is, to maintain liaison with the public—helped to lose the peace for us. So did Baker's inadequacy. The final blow was Wilson's inability to meet the press.

In 1918 I was concerned about the future of the world. I still am. Lack of effective public relations between President Wilson and the people of the United States, historians confirm, was one of the reasons for the rejection of

the League of Nations by the United States. The final breakdown of the League in the early Thirties was due in large part to the same lack of good public relations.

The United States and the rest of the world have learned little from these two experiences. The public relations of the United Nations today, like those of the former League, is sadly lacking. At least two individuals who have headed this vital branch of the UN have been grossly inadequate, I believe. These jobs are delegated on a basis of regionalism rather than qualifications. Another factor militates against the strength of the UN: newspaper representatives stationed at the UN headquarters also represent the nationalism that pervades their home countries. Their predisposition and that of their publishers is toward nationalism in news presentation. They resent any attempts of the UN to present its news in a manner that would enlist the support of the people of the world. Their information department is merely a live mimeograph machine. But to ensure the interest of the people for the UN demands more than that. Social scientists have found that people accept only what they *a priori* are willing to accept. The presentation of facts by themselves makes few converts to the UN.

Those concerned with world peace should insist that public relations receive greater priority at the United Nations. The top position in UN public relations should be given to a talented, experienced public-relations expert who can carry on effective year-round activity to strengthen the UN and enlist the support of the people of the world. This would be a most important instrument for peace.

[1] *How We Advertised America*, by George Creel. New York: Harper & Bros., 1920, p. 402.

[2] *Ibid*., p. 403.

[3] *Ibid*., p. 411.

[4] *Ibid*., p. 405.

[5] *Words That Won the War*, by James R. Mock and Cedric Larson, Princeton University Press, 1959, p. 332.

[6] Creel, *op. cit*., p. 408.

[7] *Rebel at Large*, by George Creel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1947, p. 205.

[8] *How We Advertised America*, Creel, p. 404.

[9] *Ibid*., p. 406.

[10] *Rebel at Large*, Creel, p. 205.

[11] *How We Advertised America*, Creel, p. 409.

[12] *American Chronicle*, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1945, p. 359.

[13] *Ibid*., p. 369.

[14] *Ibid*., p. 369.

[15] *Ibid*., p. 374.

[16] *Ibid*., *p*. 375.

[17] *Ibid*., pp. 375-76.

[18] Creel, *op. cit*., p. 413.

[19] *Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era*, by John Morton Blum. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1950, p. 171.

[20] *Ibid*., p. 173.

[21] Creel, *op. cit*., p. 401.

chapter 12

INTERVAL IN PARIS

Despite the dissolution of our official American Press Mission to the Peace Conference, I did not want to leave Paris. For forty-two days and nights I was footloose in the French capital. My former connection with the Committee on Public Information gave me a semiofficial status, because no American civilian was supposed to be in Paris unless he was on an important mission. I dropped in at Ray Stannard Baker's press office of the American mission at the Hotel Crillon, where correspondents gossiped about how the French were hoodwinking Woodrow Wilson and how the handsome new Mrs. Wilson was falling for social pressure by the *haut monde* of Paris. I kept asking American foreign correspondents covering the Peace Conference for the lowdown—we all realized the conference would affect our lives directly—but there was little information available.

At the Maison de la Presse, a huge private mansion on the Champs-Elysées used by the French as propaganda headquarters, I sat in a deep leather chair and listened to friends confirm or deny the gossip I picked up at the Crillon. Or I dropped in at Harry's Bar, frequented by American newspapermen, and headquarters of the Order of Barflies, a select association of drinkers whose capacity, real or imagined, was rewarded with a lapel button from the proprietor. Mr. Harry was not too scrupulous about qualifications for the button, for even my buttonhole boasted a barfly. From Harry's to the Ritz Carlton on the Place Vendôme, people buzzed about decisions made behind closed doors and discussed implications.

One day at CPI headquarters, Carl Byoir said he was going on a goodwill mission to the new independent nation, Czechoslovakia.

"I'm going to open up communications between Czechoslovakia and the Allied world," Byoir said. "We're taking a couple of radio operators with us and some sending sets to establish the country's contact with the outside."

“What route are you taking?” I asked.

“By way of Vienna,” he said.

“Will you drop in to see my uncle, Sigmund Freud,” I asked, “and take him a box of his favorite Havana cigars, Coronas? I know he hasn’t been able to buy any in Vienna because of the blockade.”

Byoir was willing. At the nearest French state-monopoly tobacco station I bought a box of Coronas. That gesture triggered an important chain reaction. On his first evening in Vienna, Byoir visited Berggasse 19, Freud’s home. The streetlights were out, a wartime precaution against airplanes that the Viennese had not yet lifted, though the war had been over several months. Freud greeted Byoir cordially, and as Byoir was leaving my uncle gave him a book to deliver to me, *The General Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis*, given in German at the University of Vienna during the war. He inscribed it to me on the flyleaf—“In grateful acknowledgment of a nephew’s thought of his uncle.”

I took the book back to America in March and arranged for its translation and publication. This was the first popular presentation of psychoanalysis by Freud himself; it stimulated broad, widespread interest in psychoanalysis in this country. A box of cigars from an admiring nephew, delivered by a member of an American mission to Czechoslovakia, was helpful in introducing psychoanalysis in the United States.

I continued to live in high style, thanks to my friend Paul Iribe. He had generously turned over to me his bachelor apartment on the ground floor of a building around the corner from 58 Avenue Montaigne. Iribe, a famous French designer, helped introduce *art-nouveau* decoration to France, and his apartment was decorated by flamboyant *art-nouveau* textiles that covered the furniture and walls. A *bonne à toute faire* came with the apartment.

Most people think the cocktail party is an American institution, but at the Peace Conference in Paris, Lord Northcliffe, the press lord of England and confidant of Lloyd George, was already using it as an instrument of British foreign policy. I was a guest at such a party Northcliffe gave for American journalists. Undoubtedly, Frederic William Wile, Northcliffe’s adviser on American affairs, suggested it because American correspondents were so disgruntled about the paucity of Lloyd George’s news releases at the Peace Conference. The party was an effort to assuage the dissatisfaction of correspondents by giving them a titled Englishman and a few free drinks.

In the spacious gray ballroom of the Ritz Carlton I watched the routine at the receiving line because I wanted to know how such matters were handled. Lord Northcliffe, a small, squat man whose double-breasted blue jacket hung open, stood in the farthest corner of the room. The rotund Wile, a former correspondent of the New York *Times* in Berlin, stood at his side, clearly enjoying his job and importance. As each guest walked toward the host, Wile focused on him, leaned over to Lord Northcliffe and whispered a eulogistic description, probably secured from *Who's Who*. Each guest received a flattering word from the British peer, based on Wile's quick information. The intent was patent; the performance proceeded as smoothly as if a script had been written and rehearsed.

I overheard the exchange with Abraham Cahan, editor and publisher of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Cahan was powerful in New York City, because his paper gave thousands of newly arrived Russian immigrants their first lessons about America, and his readers, new or potential voters, followed his political guidance. As Cahan entered the reception line, Wile spoke up. "My Lord, may I present Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, an influential, respected newspaper of New York."

Northcliffe missed no bets for England and added Wile's whispered footnote. "Mr. Cahan, your dynamic position in American public life deserves well of England, and it's a great pleasure to meet the editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. I have heard much favorable comment about you and your great journal. I know many Jews and have the highest respect for them." Cahan enjoyed this accolade. My ego was duly massaged, too, and I can't say I disliked it when Northcliffe responded to Wile's whisper that I was a brilliant young member of the U.S. Committee on Public Information.

The cocktail party did not accomplish its purpose. The journalists were too sore about the Peace Conference policy of ignoring the press and the public to be appeased by a few drinks in pleasant surroundings. But it did demonstrate that under a different set of conditions, a reception might serve a useful purpose.

Soon after this episode I encountered for the first time amateur propagandists and special pleaders, trying to secure recognition and independence for small countries of which they were patriotic nationals. Frenetically they swarmed about the foreign correspondents trying to enlist interest in their national cause. Their propaganda briefs were learned, dry briefs, handed out indiscriminately to anybody who would take them.

Wouldn’t it be more effective, I thought, for these prospective nations to have professional propagandists instead of amateurs? Experienced men would be more helpful in gratifying hopes for recognition than these emotional patriots with their pedantic literature.

Karl M. Wisehart, a friend of those days, remembers me surrounded by “heavy drapes of a Paris apartment with exotic Oriental atmosphere, or something akin, by result of the subletting owner’s special tastes, a devoted middle-aged peasant woman attendant, alert to every eyelash of a gesture betokening need.”

He remembers I had the “idea” then of putting the press agent on a professional basis with standards and an ethic, and one of my problems was whether to form a partnership or strike out on my own.

“It was being resolved—coolly but persistently,” he wrote me recently. “No apparent tumult of indecision, though that may have been going on inside.”

At another cocktail party I was introduced to Haisan Kendry, aide of Emir Feisal of Arabia, who was seeking Arabia’s independence at the Peace Conference. Kendry asked whether I could help secure recognition of Arabia by the United States through a publicity campaign. Emir Feisal, a legendary figure at the Peace Conference and son of the Sheik of Mecca, had been brought over to favor the English by the enigmatic Colonel Lawrence of Arabia. He and General Allenby had captured Jerusalem and Damascus from the Turks. Now both England and France were seeking control of Arabian Syria; England was to consolidate its position in the Middle East, and France was to control the entrance to Mesopotamia, in that way isolating the British possessions of Cyprus and the Suez Canal. Feisal was attempting to prevent European domination and looked to the Peace Conference for support. Later events proved this hope vain.

Kendry made an appointment for me to see Feisal to discuss the proposed activity. I had never met an Emir before and wondered what the genus was like, but I felt as casual about the meeting as I would about any business appointment. I suppose that the world-famous Caruso and Nijinsky had conditioned me to think of and deal with individuals as individuals rather than in terms of their symbolic importance.

At the Hctel Continental two Arabian dragomen in turbans and white burnooses lay on the carpet of the hotel corridor in front of the double doors of Feisal’s suite, each with one elbow on the floor and his hand straddling a

long rifle. Newspapermen told me they were there to protect the Emir from possible attempts by the French to seduce him with beautiful women. I never did find out whether such an attempt was made, but my friends were not surprised at the precautions.

Feisal, a young man about thirty-three, with a sallow complexion, a pointed beard and deep-set eyes, sat at a large conference-size table. Captain Kendry acted as interpreter. Feisal, wearing a burnoose, discussed his problem with me as though we were two symbols—I of all Americans and he of all Arabians. Our conversation was impersonal. With his elbows on the table and his chin resting on his two hands, he said slowly, in a monotone, “I speak to you, and through you to millions of your fellow American countrymen. Tell them about the dire plight of the Arabs caught between French and English attempts to rule them. Tell them we must be permitted to develop our own nation in accordance with the principles laid down by your great President Woodrow Wilson. I want you to arouse American public opinion to support our demands for freedom and independence.”

Today the concept of independence for ethnic entities is a familiar one, but at the time this idea was a novel one. It struck me that this one of Wilson’s Fourteen Points, disseminated by our own Committee on Public Information, had helped create and emphasize an awareness of the new doctrine by the Emir. He was repeating what we had tried so hard to get the world to accept.

Later at his apartment on the Champs-Elysées Captain Kendry confided to me, “The Arabs pin their hopes for independence on Americans of Arabian extraction who live in a small enclave in Brooklyn.” I was surprised that an Arab thousands of miles from New York was telling me about the city I thought I knew so well. I had never heard of the group.

“These sympathizers will furnish our cause with the money for a publicity campaign to rally American and world sentiment in support of Arabian independence,” Kendry continued. “We are eager for you to carry on the campaign. When you return to New York will you work out an arrangement with the Brooklyn community to finance you?” He gave me the addresses of several Brooklynites who headed the movement for Arabian independence.

This craving for independence by the nationals of small countries, coupled with a reliance on former nationals of the country in the United

States, was prevalent in Paris in 1919. This attachment of U.S. citizens to their country of origin holds today as it did then and according to some historians is a dominating factor in many of our national policies. Emir Feisal's idea had logic behind it.

From New York I carried on correspondence with Kendry, and my friend Harrison Reeves acted as my liaison with him in Paris. I was struck by a characteristic of this correspondence that applies today as it did some forty years ago. Foreigners thought they knew more about American public opinion and how to influence it than Americans did. Kendry, an English-educated Arab who had never been in this country, suggested to me in a letter that dailies would be the best medium to make an impression on the American public, since magazines do not reach the man in the street as the dailies do. Nothing came of my numerous discussions with Arabian sympathizers in Brooklyn. They were strong for independence for their homeland but had no inclination to dig into their pockets and back their enthusiasm with necessary funds. But this unsuccessful venture stimulated further the idea I had discussed with Wisehart: Doing publicity for other nations, applying my experience to other countries, might be a fascinating, constructive career.

During my unplanned stay in Paris I learned how valuable strategic intelligence was to business. As a little boy I had heard that knowledge is power, but no one ever bothered to explain what that meant. I discarded the proverb as an aphorism of ancient tradition. But when I met Alfredo Adams, an international oil magnate of unidentifiable nationality, his activity proved to me that thorough knowledge of facts adds up. Adams bought and sold oil leases all over the world. He made a fortune from acting on the basis of strategic intelligence. I knew Adams only casually. In New York I had attended a party he gave for Caruso at a luxuriously furnished private house which Adams had rented for this one occasion. I had been struck then by his drive and powerful physique. He was a stocky man, and his taut muscles seemed to struggle to be freed of their bonds of clothing. Adams seemed glad to run into me again, and over cocktails at the Ritz bar he told me how he kept abreast of and ahead of his competition. Secretaries were stationed in luxury hotels in Paris, London, New York and Mexico City to supply him with information, hard news, soft news, incipient news, rumors all checked and counter-checked and interpreted in terms of his interest—oil.

Harrison Reeves, a Harvard graduate, was his secretary at the Ritz in Paris; he was a brilliant conversationalist who enjoyed the mystery and adventure of his vocation. He dined with knowledgeable people and kept a flow of information going to Adams. Adams' activity impressed me. In 1919 business tycoons were supposed to be so prescient that they needed few facts to guide them; they made decisions by intuition. Adams gave me new orientation about decision making. I recognized that I had already done strategic intelligence on a small scale—in gathering facts about the Russian Ballet, for instance. But I saw how vital such intelligence could be. Some years later Walter F. Bullock, the New York correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*, told me how his use of strategic intelligence had shaped world history. Bullock, a short, powerfully built man of sixty or so, had a rugged English look. His eyes always had a boyish twinkle. Like his colleagues, he lived his profession twenty-four hours a day. He was competent to discuss almost everything political as an expert. He held a commanding position as an interpreter of America to the *Daily Mail*'s large audience in the crucial years of World War I and in the postwar era.

The story Bullock told me was about Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson. Lloyd George found it difficult to deal with Wilson, whose background and personality were antipathetic to him. In a fix, the Prime Minister turned to Lord Northcliffe, who cabled Bullock to send along a personality sketch of Wilson for Lloyd George's guidance. Bullock made a thorough research of Wilson and appraised each major move of his in a critical situation—his fight against alumni domination when he was president of Princeton University; his legislative battles as Governor of New Jersey; and his Congressional battles during his first Presidential term. Bullock concluded that Wilson yielded when resolutely opposed. He cabled Northcliffe a thousand words, ending each crisis evaluation with the line, "When resolutely opposed he yields."

Bullock's cable guided Lloyd George during the remainder of the Peace Conference in his dealings with Wilson. The record shows that Wilson yielded every time he was resolutely opposed. Bullock's brilliant strategic intelligence had influenced history.

Lloyd George promised to have Bullock knighted after Northcliffe returned to London from a trip around the world. But Northcliffe died in Asia and Bullock never received the honor.

In the forty years since this event I have seen great companies flounder because they did not gather adequate information about trends, movements and events that might affect their position. Trends or facts in the newspapers are often reported too late for constructive actions.

I fell victim to the world-wide Spanish influenza epidemic of 1918–1919, which in the United States caused more deaths than the war. It struck with particular virulence in Paris. With a high fever and sore throat I fled to the American Hospital at nearby Neuilly. They put me to bed for a week and then sent me home to my flat. In a state of physical and mental exhaustion, I found my convalescence more enervating and bewildering than the disease. One day, certain that death was just around the corner, I telephoned my friend Rowland Lee.

"I'm very ill," I said. "Can you come over right away?"

Lee, in one of his letters, recalled what happened afterward; I don't remember much myself. "I hurried to your flat and found you in a cold, dark room lying on a couch," he writes. "You were fully clothed and enveloped in perhaps the largest, thickest fur coat I had ever seen. Heaped on top of this were all the bedclothes and comforters you could find—plus a small rug.

"You were pale, depressed, and looked most miserable. You had phoned a doctor friend of yours of the American Hospital. He would wait for you if you came out right away.

"I pulled you out from under the heap and steered your wobbly legs into a taxi.

"At the hospital, I dragged you up the steps and into the foyer. We discovered that the doctor was on the third floor. If there was an elevator, we couldn't find it or it wasn't working, so we started up the stone stairway.

"On the first step you collapsed, saying you just couldn't make it. With that, I picked you up as one does a wounded soldier and slung you over my shoulder—fur coat and all—and started the climb. Two flights of stairs and a landing to each floor.

"I don't know which one of us grunted the most, but I finally made it and eased you onto the corner of a desk in the doctor's outer office. He appeared at once and led you—bent over at right angles—into his room. I was really pooped and collapsed in a chair.

“In not more than twenty minutes you emerged, relaxed and smiling. The doctor clapped you on the back and said, ‘Eddie, there’s not a thing in the world the matter with you. Maybe a little change of air would do you good. Why don’t you go down to the Riviera for a few days. Just stop worrying about yourself. You’re perfectly okay.’

“At that moment I could gladly have kicked you *down* the stairs.

“The color came back to your cheeks and you looked at me with blissful innocence until you caught the expression on my face. Then you spoke quickly, ‘Come on, Rowland, I’ll buy you a big champagne lunch at Fouquet’s.’

“That you did! And whatever happened to the monstrous fur coat?”

That fur coat, a gift from my father, had a huge mink collar and reached almost to the floor. It kept me warm in the New York winters from 1912 to 1917 and served as a trademark. People who didn’t know me had heard about the coat and identified me by it. I wasn’t wearing a conscious trademark, like the gardenia Grover Whalen wore, but a comforting thought translated into fur and fabric. I wore it with the same pleasure my young grandchildren get from their favorite blanket. In Paris it proved a godsend. We had so little fuel at times that I broke up the less expensive kitchen chairs for the fireplace.

Weak and groggy after the flu, I decided it was time to go home. I bundled up in my coat and took a train for Brest on February 27. The Army had given me a billet on the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, taking American troops home. My cabinmate in a four-berth cabin was Simeon Strunsky, a famous essayist and a foreign correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and later columnist of the New York *Times*.

At Brest, Strunsky most tenderly brought a large cardboard box into the cabin and told me it held a porcelain doll with real hair and eyes that opened and closed. It was for his only child, a baby daughter. Twice daily, on awakening and just before going to bed, he opened the box that occupied an upper berth and looked at the doll, anticipating his daughter’s pleasure. Just before debarkation he opened the box for a last look and found only broken porcelain and a crumpled dress; rough weather the night before had shattered the doll. Strunsky’s tear-filled eyes unnerved me for a moment.

“Don’t be unhappy,” I said. “If your daughter had known about the doll, it would have been a minor tragedy. This way only you will know.”

The day before disembarking I sent my father a radiogram, but to my disappointment, he was not on the pier. I wondered what kept him away, but our relationship did not encourage me to ask why. Years later, after he died, I found my radiogram to him, with a notation on it from my father's shipping brokers: "Mr. Bernays, *Nieuw Amsterdam* carries troops—no chance getting a pass to meet her." I felt better for seeing this note.

I was back in New York after an absence of four months, with the world at peace. I knew that musical and theatrical press-agentry and publicity would not satisfy me, after my experiences in the broader theater of world affairs. I was intent on carrying forward what I had learned in my work with *Damaged Goods*, the Russian Ballet, Caruso and the Committee on Public Information. The impact words and pictures made on the minds of men throughout Europe made a deep impression on me. I recognized that they had been powerful factors in helping win the war. And that discussion I had with my friend Wisehart and King Emir Feisal and Captain Kendry stuck in my mind. I would do something like that. But I still hadn't crystallized the idea.

chapter 13

PUBLICITY DIRECTION

I had been home only a short time when Edgar Sisson, the wartime director of the Foreign Division of the Committee on Public Information, asked me to lunch, with Carl Byoir, associate director of the Foreign Division, and Roy Dickinson, an editor of *Printers' Ink*. Our lunch turned into a bull session about wartime experiences in New York, Washington and the Peace Conference in Paris. We speculated on how Wilson's failures in Paris might have been averted, or at least mitigated. We discussed our own futures, deriving a certain satisfaction from the common knowledge that each of our futures was uncertain—for the war had interrupted all our careers. Carl Byoir, ambitious and astute, had apparently already set his course. He had acted as a liaison between the United States Government and two groups of Americans of foreign extraction, one Czechoslovakian, the other Lithuanian, during the war. Now he was filling orders from Americans for food parcels to be sent to relatives and friends in Czechoslovakia. He had recently opened a New York office for the purchase of surplus-food stores in U.S. Army warehouses in Europe, and the business was proving profitable.

Byoir had also created the Lithuanian National Council of the United States by merging a voluntary association of Catholic and Protestant Americans of Lithuanian extraction, principally from the coal-mining and steel-mill regions of Pennsylvania. He was planning a campaign to secure U.S. recognition of Lithuania, which had been detached from Russia and had declared itself a republic. England had recognized Lithuania; U.S. recognition would now ensure the tiny Baltic republic's continuity as a free and independent nation. U.S. recognition had not been granted because our Government adhered to the desire to maintain Russian unity. The war, Byoir explained, had brought the coal miners and steel puddlers prosperity, and

the Council was paying him well, from funds raised from first- and second-generation Americans of Lithuanian extraction.

Byoir said suddenly, “Would you, Ed, like to do publicity on a free-lance basis for the Council, trying to win the support of the American people for Lithuanian recognition?”

I was taken by surprise, but I accepted the offer. In my own mind I had been thinking about this kind of activity. I was already deeply identified with Woodrow Wilson’s Fourteen Points. This point was independence and self-determination for ethnic entities. The next day Byoir, on behalf of the council, contracted with me to advise the Council on publicity activities that might help meet their objective and to write six short articles a week about Lithuania for the newspapers. I was to receive $150 a week for these services.

I used the technique I had used effectively for the Diaghileff Russian Ballet and for the Committee on Public Information. My previous experience had shown me that people select for reading what appeals to their personal interests. I searched in encyclopedias and other books for Lithuanian institutions and traditions that had their counterpart in this country and would therefore interest Americans. An article on the points of similarity and dissimilarity between Lithuanian and familiar American music appeals to American music lovers; Lithuanian drama appeals to Americans interested in drama. Sports, business, transportation, food, clothes, family patterns and customs in Lithuania can be identified with the American counterpart in each area. We approached Lithuanian research by group interests and then wrote short pieces based on the research—one about Lithuanian embroidery, to interest women; another, “Lithuanian Business Awaits American Exporters,” to intrigue businessmen; a third on Lithuania’s language—even a piece on prohibition in Lithuania! Each story contained the message that Lithuania, the little republic on the Baltic, the bulwark against Bolshevism, was carrying on a fight for recognition in accord with the principle of self-determination laid down by President Wilson. This theme would appeal to the Americans’ identification with liberty and freedom. I hoped it would spur constructive action on the part of the public, such as letter writing to members of Congress and newspapers.

Years afterward a Yale social psychologist, Leonard Doob, gave my approach a name, “the segmental approach.” It identifies a major interest of the reader with a cause, intensifies his interest and stimulates action.

Our articles were printed in newspaper type and bound into pads, and I distributed broadside to editors of newspapers, syndicate feature services and trade papers. This was improvisation, of course, but it worked. The clipping bureaus returned hundreds of stories on Lithuania from newspapers all over the country.

We initiated other activities. We arranged a concert of Lithuanian music to show music lovers that Lithuanians had a music tradition of their own—intercultural relations, we would call this today. We found and publicized a pretty twenty-year-old girl, Mariano Gizis, the daughter of a Pennsylvania coal miner from Lithuania. The Lithuanian National Council sent her to Paris as a human symbol to represent Lithuania at a Paris international conference. We called her the "Joan of Arc of Lithuania," and her face, with its distinctly Lithuanian features—high cheekbones and slightly slanted eyes—became widely known through the country as a result of newspaper publicity.

Mariano took her role seriously. She was deeply imbued with the fervid nationalism so characteristic of the post-World War I period (and the post-World War II period, for that matter). She fought hard for recognition of her homeland, making stump speeches, giving interviews and posing for photographs.

Our articles and activities swung editorial opinion throughout the nation to Lithuania. The word "Lithuania" began to have meaning for Americans. The Washington contact man of the Council told us he felt public support was sufficiently potent to warrant a direct approach to the U.S. Senate. Telegrams signed by the president of the council to members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asked their support for American recognition of Lithuania. To my delight, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, wired us in response on May 23, 1919:

I have declared in many speeches that I was strongly in favor of Lithuanian independence. I think they should be free to govern themselves and I believe as a people they would be a great defense to German aggression on the shores of the Baltic. I trust that the Treaty of Peace with Germany, now being made, protects Lithuania and will secure her independence. Lithuania has been resisting Bolshevism and trying to set herself free from a country which has as yet no recognized government. She certainly is entitled to her freedom.

Other supporting telegrams came from Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University; Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; and Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas. These, too, were reprinted in the newspapers.

Meanwhile, my friend, Pitts Sanborn, on his annual trip to Paris, investigated for me a reported Polish military attack on Lithuania. We reprinted the cable of his findings as a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times*. Signed by the Lithuanian National Council, it called on a million Americans of Lithuanian origin and on six million Lithuanians in their homeland to protest Polish imperialism and the massacres of Lithuanian Jews. Immediate recognition of Lithuania by the United States as an autonomous state would prevent such incidents in the future, the advertisement said, urging readers of the *Times* to write members of Congress asking them to support U.S. recognition of Lithuania.

Signs of public interest and support of Lithuania were accumulating in our mail, in editorial support and accelerated use of our material. We had been forwarding copies to Congress and the State Department. Finally, on July 27, 1922, the United States officially recognized Lithuania. Our campaign proved to me the effectiveness of the techniques and strategy we had used. And Lithuania remained an independent nation until Soviet Russia swallowed her up in 1940.

In the throes of my Lithuanian activity, the office of the Assistant to the Secretary of War, Colonel Arthur Woods, telephoned me from Washington. A Major Foster was on the wire. As if he were placing an order for a quart of milk, he asked me to conduct for the War Department a national publicity campaign for the re-employment of ex-servicemen. About four million men were pouring back into civilian life looking for jobs, Major Foster explained. The economy was finding it difficult to absorb them. The War Department recognized the enormity of the problem, he added. If no efforts were made by Government to find jobs for these men, they might vent their frustrations on their Government. Colonel Woods had agreed to head up the effort and tackle the problem. He had no G. I. Bill of Rights or law to rely on, so he had decided to use persuasion and suggestion to the public to cope with the problem.

I heard Major Foster out and accepted his offer as casually as he had made it. I asked no questions. I knew Foster was familiar with my work with the Committee on Public Information and for Lithuania. I didn’t

wonder whether, singlehandedly, without an office, I could take on this job in addition to my other commitments. But I was young and I suppose I thought I could do anything I set my mind to.

The War Department now officially retained me as publicity adviser to the Assistant to the Secretary of War to enlist public support for the re-employment of ex-servicemen. They paid me a hundred dollars a week for twelve weeks, plus a reimbursement for some assistance, and an allowance of four dollars a day in lieu of subsistence. I requested a credit of three thousand dollars a month for out-of-pocket expenses of printing, mimeographing and stationery; the Government supplied a frank for postage for all my mailings. Three thousand dollars a month seemed to me then a huge sum to spend for any purpose. But I soon found out it was easily expended for mailing-bureau costs. In the future I was much more careful in appraising budgets.

The Army gave Colonel Woods 24,000 men as field representatives; the Department of the Interior contributed 15,000 more, and the Department of Agriculture others. But I never did learn what they did, if anything. Furthermore, it was obvious that they could work purposefully only if public opinion reflected a favorable attitude toward the activity. The weight of public opinion had to be highly vocal and determinate in support of employers re-employing ex-servicemen. This was a simpler problem in 1919 than today. Three news media blanketed the country—the dailies, weeklies and monthlies—and the dailies were the backbone of any national activity.

I decided to use the themes of bandwagon, patriotism and reason in all three media, with emphasis on the daily newspapers. Clip sheets had proven so effective for Lithuania that I applied the idea to the War Department and added a refinement: foreign-language clip sheets for the numerous influential foreign-language newspapers in circulation then. The articles dealt with leaders who had re-employed servicemen, pledges made by groups to do so, an appeal to patriotic motivation, and the economic advantages in re-employing ex-servicemen. I developed yet another approach—printing up outlines of feature stories and sending them with a postcard to newspaper editors asking them to return an attached postcard indicating articles they would like to have. This was also productive. Newspaper columnists, whose power was widespread, much like the influence of today’s television personalities, were appealed to in verse.

We created and distributed slogans, such as “He’s not a Dead One, so after you’ve put his name on the Honor Roll—don’t forget to put it on the Pay Roll, too,” and “A job inside is worth a hundred ‘Welcome Home’ signs in the window.”

Editorial support followed. For its bandwagon effect on other groups, I enlisted the Fifth Avenue Association of New York to take the initiative and pledge themselves to re-employ their ex-servicemen. They did, and each member received a citation from the Government signed by the Secretaries of War and Navy for display in their windows. Their example accelerated similar movements in other cities. The prospect of kudos undoubtedly helped influence the Fifth Avenue Association to co-operate.

One story aroused more interest than I had anticipated. It was a harmless enough woman’s page interview with Mrs. Arthur Woods, which gave us a chance to expound our philosophy of re-employment. But the interview, printed in the New York *Sun*, aroused the vocal antagonism of Congressmen who did not like the Administration. They accused Colonel Woods of using Government publicity efforts to push a member of his family, which was of course untrue. In addition, Mrs. Woods was a close relative of J. P. Morgan, which created a potentially explosive situation for Woods. The New York newspapers, stimulated by the Washington ruckus, asked Colonel Woods whether he had authorized the interview. The colonel had, of course, previously approved the interview. But he denied ever seeing it or even hearing about it. I learned later that the “dementi,” a diplomatic denial, is standard procedure in diplomatic circles. A gentleman who didn’t want to assume responsibility for an act when he was questioned about it very simply denied it. I learned a lesson. From that time on I never quoted anybody without previous written authorization, and never again did anyone repudiate an authorized interview which I had handled.

Despite this disclaimer, working with Colonel Woods was enormously gratifying. He was unlike anyone I had ever worked with—an American version of *noblesse oblige*. Handsome with polished manners, a graduate of Groton and Harvard, he had a high sense of social responsibility. His spirit was infectious and brought out the best qualities of those who worked with him. At press conferences his smile charmed otherwise hardbitten reporters when he said, “Try me on another question. I don’t think I can answer that one.”

I prize a letter that Colonel Woods wrote me when our work for the War Department ended on September 14, 1919:

I want to let you know how highly I think of the work you have been doing for us. The results you got were quick, and grew in steadily increasing measure. You have shown that you know how to reach all classes of the public and to get the facts before them. You have been resourceful and have steadily impressed me as doing more and better work than I had any reason to expect.

The success of the work we have been trying to do here depended more than on any single thing on having the people of the country realize the situation and cheerfully take up themselves the duty of looking after the welfare of men discharged from the service. Your work has been instrumental in getting the facts before the public in such a way as to help enormously in bringing this about.

Ten years later, Colonel Woods asked me to join him on the President's Emergency Committee for Employment created by President Hoover to find jobs for the depression jobless. Again I enjoyed working with him and tried to help him cope with this problem.

At the start I worked for the War Department and the Lithuanian National Council from my home on 106th Street, where I lived with my parents. I also worked at the offices of my two clients, in the subway, wherever I happened to be. But after a few months of this, to eliminate the wear and tear of traveling, I rented three rooms on the fifth floor of a large, remodeled house at 19 East 48th Street. In midsummer 1919, with a great sense of achievement, I rode up in the slow, bumbling elevator that smelled cozily of coal gas from the furnace in the cellar and planted my flag there with three new golden oak desks and chairs, two wooden file cabinets, three typewriters and a telephone. My office furniture cost $1,102; the first month's rent was $255, making $1,357 as my basic investment in the future.

I lured my young friend, the Assistant Sunday Editor of the New York *Tribune*, Doris E. Fleischman, to work with me. I had known this beautiful, intelligent, charming and ingenuous girl well for years. We had spent many hours talking together. She had attended *Damaged Goods* with me (a daring action at that time). I had taken her often to the Russian Ballet. After her graduation from Barnard College I helped her to find an editorial position

on the New York *Tribune*. She made an extraordinary record there when women were just entering journalism. She became my staff writer, received $50 weekly and wrote principally about Lithuania and the War Department. With her help I secured a secretary, Eva H. Marks (salary, $30 a week), a mail clerk ($25) and an office boy ($12.50). I hired my brother-in-law, Murray C. Bernays, a Harvard Law graduate recently returned from the Argonne, for $75. My assignments paid for the office salaries and left something for me besides.

My wartime experience showed me that press-agentry had broader applications than theater, music or the ballet. I knew the clients I wanted would misunderstand my intentions if I called my work press-agentry. And I was determined it would be more than that. I could have called my work "publicity," but that seemed only a little better than calling it "press-agentry." "Publicity" was then and is still a vague term used to describe the gamut of activity ranging from advertising through promotion to press-agentry. I had not then heard of the phrase "public relations," which had been current mostly in public-utilities circles during the early years of the century. I called what I did "publicity direction" in an attempt to avoid the vagueness of the word "publicity."

I had learned I could suggest to people or organizations a course of action that resulted in favorable publicity. I could create events and circumstances from which favorable publicity would stem.

In my work with the Russian Ballet I had found that attractively designed folders printed on dignified stock presented a favorable impression of the ballet and were effective in securing engagements. I prepared and sent out a folder to announce my activities. It was printed on high-grade Japan paper and cover stock in three editions—one for prospective clients in the general field of business, one for music and one for drama clients. They were differentiated by the insertion of the appropriate word in the body of the copy. Clients started coming in—in response to this announcement and on the recommendation of friends. The assignments varied from publicizing Paul J. Rainey's five-reel adventure film *Heart of the Jungle* to publicizing for Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and her nonpartisan Committee for the League of Nations, a reception the organization held for the King and Queen of the Belgians. Albert de Silva, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union, engaged us to do the publicity for a proposed visit of Ramsay MacDonald of the British Labour

Party. This was five years before he became Prime Minister; in 1919, the year of the Red scare, MacDonald was regarded by many Americans as a dangerous radical. The men's group of the Ethical Culture Society engaged us to promote a Better Industrial Relations exhibit.

I rented a room at the Hotel Chatham down the street so that I could live nearer my office. Before long Otto Kahn telephoned and asked me to publicize Jacques Copeau and his Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, offering a season of French plays at the old Garrick Theater on 35th Street. Then Henry Miller engaged me for his play *The Famous Mrs. Fair* by James Forbes. I accepted these assignments because I was not yet well enough established not to, and the theater always presented opportunity for off-the-beaten-track activity. We worked again with Marc Klaw, a prewar client, but instead of Erlanger his two sons, Alonzo and Joseph, were now his partners. In the new setup the father was a kind of chairman of the board; his money, name and experience stood behind his two sons, who produced the plays. Joseph, the more personable of the two brothers, acted as business manager; Alonzo, cold and distant, applied mathematics to his main interest, the Stock Exchange. He believed, unfortunately, that mathematics also governed play selection and production. He tried to gauge the success of a comedy in New York by the number and duration of laughs it received on its road tryout.

For the Klaws' first production, a conventional romantic bonbon called *Sonya*, I engaged a friend, Caroline Appleton, to give *Sonya* social cachet. She arranged for an opening-night society audience in Washington, the tryout city. Nobility and diplomats from many countries accepted. I was sure the gala would satisfy the Klaws. But satisfaction lies in the emotions of people and not necessarily in facts. The day after the gala I received a handwritten note from Alonzo Klaw. "Last night's audience," he wrote, "was a great advertisement, but it killed the show. We rang up ten minutes late and even so they poured in all through the first act. Besides, they didn't applaud at all although the play seemed to hold them, and the common people in the audience applauded. These things are bound to influence critics, so if you do this sort of work for Chicago, don't get enough 'swells' to kill the play but concentrate on a smaller number whose names count for most and if possible get them to come on time."

I read this unexpected criticism with as little pain as possible, because I had determined long since to ignore the opinions of all but those I

considered knowledgeable judges. I wrote Mr. Klaw that “swells” never came on time.

In return for a financial interest in the play, I did publicity for *The Rose Girl* by Anselm Gotzl. I never had handled a musical comedy before; that, and the prospect of working with chorus girls and dancers, persuaded me to accept the assignment. Gotzl had no money—not even enough for props. Recalling the co-operation I had worked out between manufacturers and the Russian Ballet, I persuaded manufacturers and retailers to donate merchandise for the play and display it in their stores with mention of the play in return for a program credit line plus display of their merchandise on the stage. *Women’s Wear Daily* on September 8, 1920, pointed out in a story that this was a new approach.

What I then called the “creation of circumstance and overt acts” still dominated our “publicity direction” orientation. When the Best Foods Company asked us to launch a new salad oil made of cottonseed, I recognized that getting people interested in a specific brand of salad dressing on the basis of its ingredients—oil, vinegar and condiments in suspension—presented an insurmountable task; salad dressing would have to be associated with something overt to attract attention. The idea might even be incongruous, although not so incongruous as to alienate people.

I decided that an exhibition of oil paintings and salads, “A Tribute to the Palate and the Palette,” in an art gallery would serve our purpose. The play on words, palate and palette, and the association of salad oil and famous oil paintings of salads would arouse public interest.

The Art Centre galleries, for our several weeks’ showing, borrowed paintings of salads by modern French masters from the Reinhardt and Ferargil Galleries and wrote to VIPs, asking for their pet salad recipes for exhibition with the paintings. A committee, headed by Henry B. De V. Schwab of the Best Food Home Economics Department, sponsored our show. It included prominent artists, editors, journalists and museum directors, who joined because they liked salad, publicity, French art or a combination of them. Salads were dedicated to Governor Alfred E. Smith, Mayor James J. Walker and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Best Foods was pleased with the successful launching of their salad dressing.

That fall I got my first taste of what was then called “organized charity.” The war had brought construction to a halt and a grave housing shortage had developed. The Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropies in

New York was conducting a postwar drive for $10,000,000 for a building program, the first such drive since the formation of the federation a few years before. I worked with Manny Straus, professional fund-raiser—I suppose he might be termed a pioneer in that field.

Straus was too smooth for me to want to know him intimately, but he interested me as a dexterous, manipulative artist. I was inquisitive to know the mind inside that head and how it functioned.

“I never have a desk at a client’s office,” he boasted, “and I don’t want one. It would put me under too much obligation—if my client saw a desk, he would expect me to be at it. I prefer to have my desk in my hat; then I’m flexible.”

I never knew Straus was watching me as I watched him. One day he sailed up to me in the Federation offices. “I will give you twenty thousand dollars a year during your life. You’re a young man who will go places. If you accept you’ll never have to worry.” He gave me forty-eight hours to make up my mind. The offer was flattering. Twenty thousand was more than I was earning, but I turned it down promptly. If I was worth that to him, I was worth more to myself, and I did not want to be harnessed for life to anyone. Later I learned he didn’t have the twenty thousand he offered me. This was presumably a deal in which the financing would come from my earnings.

Meanwhile, I was drawing on my showmanship experience to focus attention on the drive’s big dinner at the Hotel Commodore. I bought real bricks for invitations, pasting stickers on the four long sides—one for the address, the other three containing a pitch for the drive. You couldn’t easily throw a brick into a wastebasket. So thousands of recipients kept the reminders of the drive on their desks—paper weights that resisted being thrown away.

To my distaste I had to spend time publicizing the people who attended rallies, headed trade committees or donated large sums of money to the drive. From the news standpoint there was little excuse for this space grabbing. The Federation had existed for only a decade, and the newspapers were indulgent about it. But you could not satisfy the gluttons for publicity. Their hunger for it fed on itself; the more publicity they received, the more they wanted.

Pressure became the leverage used by the Federation to get donations. Money-raising groups were organized by trades. A chairman of a specific

trade was named by the paid drive organizer. In return for the publicity he received, he solicited members of his trade group, or if he did not function the professional money-raiser did it in his name. The retailer put pressure on the wholesaler for donations when there was a surplus of goods to be sold. The wholesaler prodded the retailer for donations when the product sold was in short supply. It worked—but it added to fund raising an element of legitimized blackmail I resented. Pressure of this kind was so generally accepted that few dared resist it.

The experience with the Federation disillusioned me. I deplored the exploitation of human frailties, even for a good cause. I had no taste for the astute money-raisers who capitalized on potential donors' voracious appetites for seeing their names in print—the battle for the distribution of credit, I called it. I became convinced that society, rather than so-called organized charity, should take care of those in need, as the New Deal began to do thirteen years later. I kept away from organized charity for twelve years.

My first big business client was Arthur Roeder, president of the U.S. Radium Corporation, a company in which the du Ponts had an interest. Roeder paid me thirty dollars a week. A brilliant executive who thought deeply about his problems and treated them as a theoretical scientist might, he engaged us in 1920 to promote radium (whose properties Madame Curie had discovered only twenty-two years before). Carnotite ore in Colorado, with the highest radium content anywhere in the world, provided the radium, and the U.S. Radium Corporation compounded the luminous material for painting on poison containers so they were visible in the dark and also for gauges, watches and other instruments. Gasoline tanks equipped with luminous dials eliminated danger from match-striking in the dark. The increased sale of automobiles expanded this industrial use of radium. U.S. Radium also sold radium as a therapeutic agent for cancer control.

Radium in 1920 was a romantic substance with a mysterious magic about it. Its appeal came from the mystery of its unknown properties as well as from the fact that a frail little Polish-born French woman scientist had discovered it. Doris wrote stories entitled "Radium Bank for Those Who Bank on Radium," "The Danger Sign of the Poison Glass" and "The Royal

Jewel of Today" and sent them to newspapers in printed clip sheets. They gained public recognition for radium's luminous and therapeutic powers.

I wrote the story of New York State's purchase from the corporation of 2¼ grams of radium for $250,000 for the Institution for the Study of Malignant Diseases at Buffalo. It was the first radium purchase made by a state. Headlines through the country heralded the purchase, alerting physicians and laymen to radium's potentialities in the struggle against cancer.

I carried the radium to Buffalo, at Roeder's request. During the journey I felt I was carrying a stick of dynamite. Little was known about its properties, but I knew it was potentially dangerous. The radium was encased in a heavy round lead cylinder, which contained several tubes, each with a silver capsule of radium. I felt uncanny, traveling with a piece of inert matter at my side that could destroy me if I exposed myself to it. Yet it was to be used as a therapeutic agent where I was taking it—dangerous and helpful; valuable, yet worthless to anyone who did not know how to use it. Public relations was leading me into strange situations.

Then an event happened in a far corner of the world, the Belgian Congo, that finished my radium days. A news item reported the discovery there of carnotite ore with a radium content higher than the American ore. Production in this country practically ceased. That news item, disclosing the large potential Belgian Congo supply, immediately brought the price of radium down from $120,000 to $70,000 a gram.

Clients were coming in to my office on their own. By the year's end I had ten employees. I had learned how to make contracts, what to charge clients and how to organize work and delegate it. My administrative work until then had been limited to the few people I had working for me, with the Russian Ballet and the Metropolitan Musical Bureau. What helped me most in administration was thinking out in advance what was to be done and mentally allocating to others what they could absorb in effort, related to time. To prevent myself from being harassed by various details that needed to be done, I trained myself to keep whatever I was doing at the time in its own mental compartment so that competing chores would not interfere with the job at hand.

A passbook of the Harriman National Bank showed deposits of $11,000 during the last eight months of 1919. That more than took care of expenses.

Only token income taxes affected the remainder. Working in the next room was Doris Fleischman, the young woman of brilliance and warmth, whose intuitive and deliberate judgment I could depend on and with whom I spent much of my leisure time, although that often was negligible.

Now a happening occurred that might have changed my life by leading me into politics; however, for a reason unknown to me, it was never consummated. In the summer of 1920 Belle Moskowitz, the brilliant adviser to New York's Governor Alfred E. Smith, told me the Governor had ambitions to become President. She asked me to outline a publicity program that would interpret the Governor and his work both to the people of New York State and of the country. I sent her a detailed program that would carry the story to the largest possible audience through newspapers, general periodicals and trade magazines, agricultural and religious journals—all media. The program embraced news distribution and advice to the Governor on my handling of his speeches, proclamations and the development of created circumstances. I proposed to discuss and help plan fundamental policy with him on city, state and national issues. The program was thorough; Mrs. Moskowitz reported to me its approval by the Governor.

With her acquiescence, I approached the New York *World* asking for a leave of absence for Russell Porter, one of its star reporters, to join my staff. They were agreeable to the suggestion. I wrote Mrs. Moskowitz that I was willing to take on the public relations job for the Governor for a $500 weekly fee, placing Porter at the Governor's disposal, as agreed upon in my conversation with her. In addition the fee included one other writer, an interviewer, a stenographer, a messenger and the general overhead. Out-of-pocket expenses for quantity multigraphing and other materials would be charged for. It strikes me now that this proposal was made without much thought of profit.

Between August 9 and September 1, I helped out the Governor and Mrs. Moskowitz without Porter and without any formal exchange of a letter of agreement, for Mrs. Moskowitz had given me a verbal commitment to proceed. On August 23 we issued a news release on awards for remodeling a New York City tenement block in an architectural competition organized under the auspices of the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Housing and the Reconstruction Commission, of which Mrs. Moskowitz was secretary. This competition was part of a program of rehabilitating New

York, favored by Governor Smith and liberal New Yorkers to make New York “a decent place to live in.”

On September 1, I wrote her, reminding her to send me formal confirmation since our arrangement involved three parties—Smith, Porter and myself. Lack of funds, I thought, might be the reason for the delay, and I suggested that if that were the case we hold up any activity until such funds were available, to relieve her and myself of any responsibilities. On September 2 she returned my letter with her handwritten note. “Dear EB: Suggest if agreeable to you we hold back a few days until I make Albany material available and have a final talk today with the Governor. If not agreeable, I can go ahead anyway. B.M.”

I did not expect reimbursement for the work I had done. I never heard from her about the matter again. I never asked her about it, because I did not want to put her in an embarrassing position.

Eight years later Governor Smith ran for the Presidency. I wonder what might have happened to Smith and to me if our arrangement had gone through.

I stayed at 19 East 48th Street for two years. By then we were too crowded in our three small rooms on the fifth floor, and I looked for more spacious quarters. With midtown Manhattan booming, the S. W. Straus Company, which sold guaranteed mortgages, was erecting its own beautiful white building on the northeast corner of 46th Street and Fifth Avenue. We rented a corner suite of offices facing downtown and west on Fifth Avenue. Next to us, on 46th Street and Madison Avenue, was the new Ritz-Carlton. Where Saks Fifth Avenue is now located, between 49th and 50th streets, was the old Buckingham Hotel, a dignified hostelry for wealthy dowagers. The mansions of millionaires lined Fifth Avenue above the 50s, and nineteenth-century brownstone residences graced the side streets.

Rockefeller Center wasn’t on the drawing boards yet. In view of downtown’s traditional dominance, many questioned the wisdom of erecting office buildings and hotels in the Grand Central Station zone. The midtowners cited the permanence of the Grand Central railroad terminal as justification for their move. No one remotely imagined that within a few decades airplane travel would invalidate this justification for the location of hotels like the Commodore and Biltmore.

At that time, 1921, I first got to know and observe the sensational press agent, Harry Reichenbach. He also had an office in the Straus Building, and I often bumped into him there or at the Ritz-Carlton next door, where we both took lunch. Reichenbach was unmistakably Broadway, smooth and outgoing. He might have been the man at the box-office window who had sold you the tickets for a hit, or one of the loungers in front of a theatrical office building. He was about forty, slightly bald, and walked with a slouch. During the war he had been a major engaged in propaganda on the Western front. Now he made a good living hoaxing newspapers and the public.

Luncheon at the Ritz's fashionable Fountain Room was always gay and lively. The headwaiter's sense of selectivity, his judicious placement of the guests intensified the modish atmosphere that pervaded the place. One day I spotted Harry sitting in his customary chair in the foyer, apparently waiting for someone for lunch.

"I am intrigued," I said. "I see you sitting in this same chair whenever I come to lunch. You appear to be waiting for someone to join you. And then you lunch alone. Tell me why. I'm curious."

"Delighted," he said. "I decided some time ago to come to the Ritz daily, to sit on the same chair and to wait. I knew that some day somebody would come along and tell me something interesting and valuable. Somebody might even give me a stock-market tip. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what happened. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whom I had met, saw me sitting here some months ago. He came over to talk to me. He gave me a tip. 'Buy New York Central,' he said. And I did."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"Well," said Harry, "then Mr. Vanderbilt did what so few people do. He saw me sitting in the same chair some months after and told me to sell the stock. I made a lot of money—a lot of it—when I sold it. That's why I'm still sitting here today."

Reichenbach was well known for disingenuous but amusing stunts. From his waiting perch in the Fountain Room's foyer he once described to me his work for Obesitea, a tea to make people thin (and badly named for that, it seemed to me). Here was a typical example of his methods. He hired three couples from a leading theatrical agency, he said, pairing very slim, attractive young ingenues with gnarled old male character actors. He gave each team expense money for lunch at fashionable restaurants—the Ritz, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza and Waldorf-Astoria. At luncheon, the old man, with an

ear trumpet to his ear (this was before the days of electronic hearing aids), listened eagerly to his companion. At some point in the conversation the woman whispered something into the instrument. The apparently deaf character actor answered her, “I can’t hear you.” Then she said loudly, “How my figure got that slim? I drank Obesitea, of course.” Then he repeated, “I can’t hear you,” and she raised her voice, “Obesitea made me so thin!” and extolled the virtues of the tea.

“Yearning for a figure like the ingenue’s,” Harry said, “women stared and listened and remembered the name Obesitea. The words took wing —‘Obesitea, Obesitea, we want Obesitea!’ Distraught headwaiters of restaurants that did not serve Obesitea promised to order it. Simultaneously Obesitea salesmen descended on the stewards of the restaurants where the teams had dined and sold it in quantity. In some hotels,” Harry added, “the tea, by name, is on the menu.”

But that was only one of his activities for Obesitea. Asked to stimulate retail sales through drugstores, he secured drugstore route sheets from the newspapers he so enjoyed hoaxing, hired some additional ingenues from his favorite theatrical agency and sent each young woman on a route. She would go into a drugstore, step briskly to the counter, draw from her purse a shopping list (which Harry provided) and read to the clerk a list of standard items she wanted to buy—a bottle of Listerine, two tins of aspirins, a bottle of soda mint, Ex-Lax and other household remedies, to the delight of the clerk. The pile on the counter would grow bulkier as items were pulled from shelves and drawers and placed on the heap. The last item on the list was a pound of Obesitea.

The clerk went through drawers, looked up and down shelves, consulted his fellow clerks. But he found no Obesitea. The ingenue waited patiently. She fidgeted. Then she became annoyed. Now she looked at the clerk disdainfully and said, “What kind of a drugstore is this that doesn’t carry an important product like Obesitea?” Finally she stomped out taking none of her purchases. “What, no Obesitea? I’ll never shop here again!” Harry said, “Then I inserted a little ad in the New York *Times:* ‘Obesitea, by the gross only.’ The orders came in from drugstores all over town—no druggist wanted to be caught napping without Obesitea in stock.”

“How about repeat orders?” I asked.

“It’s too early to tell about that,” he replied. “There are thousands of drugstores, and Obesitea is an expensive item.”

“Why do you continue to hoax people?” I asked. “Don’t you think the publicity man has an obligation to tell the truth? If you tell the truth,” I added, “you can build authority for yourself as a reliable news source—and you can also live with yourself.”

“I can’t see the harm a good fake does anybody,” he answered. “If I dealt with organizations that kept to the truth, I would tell them the truth too. But look, Ed, do the newspapers tell the truth? Don’t they have sacred cows? Do they print stories about shoplifting in department stores? Do they attack corporations their owners hold stock in? Why should I treat them in the way you would like me to treat them if they treat me and the public the way they do? No,” he concluded, “I’m going to keep on fooling them. That’s the way I make my living; that’s the way they make theirs.”

And Harry, whose analytical, imaginative mind might have been harnessed to more constructive purposes, continued to hoax the press and the public until his death in 1931.

That same year, 1921, Philip LeBoutillier, president of an importers association and also head of Best and Company, engaged us to combat the American valuation clause in the protectionist Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill. The high-tariff bloc had slipped this clause into the bill. It provided for American valuation: imports into this country were to be appraised in hard American dollars and not in the depreciated currency of the exporting country. American exporters realized such valuation would drastically raise the price of imported goods. LeBoutillier asked us to rally public opinion against this provision and thus to defeat it. I thought the public would quickly respond to a presentation of the facts and recognize the detriment to their interests of a high-tariff policy favored by the Republican majority then dominating Congress. But any plea made by LeBoutillier’s importers association would be suspect because of its obvious self-interest. I decided a nonpartisan committee of women speaking on behalf of the consumer would best enlist nation-wide opinion against the detrimental clause. I went to Mrs. Moskowitz, for I knew that opposition to a protectionist tariff was consistent with her political philosophy and that she would value the publicity that came her way from any campaign against the clause.

Explaining my interest, I asked her to organize a Consumer Committee Opposed to American Valuation in the proposed tariff bill. Her keen, analytical mind grasped the implications immediately, and she offered to co-operate. The committee, made up of distinguished women, characterized

the American valuation provision as the most awful snare ever concealed in an American tariff bill, one that would most gravely affect the cost of living.

A letter from the committee to leading American women, urging them to read in the March *Good Housekeeping* an article by William G. Shepherd about the committee's activities, showed up the dangerous results of the proposed provision. If it went through, the cost of manicure scissors would increase from 30¢ to $1.20; cotton gloves from 47¢ to 72¢; veils from 75¢ to $1; and ladies' kid gloves from $3 to $5.65.

We submitted to Senator Boies Penrose of the Finance Committee of the Senate a carefully prepared brief, indicating why American valuation would increase the cost of living, destroy the export market, decrease revenue and endanger our international relations. But Senator Penrose had already made up his mind on this matter; he sent us a letter stating that the hearings were closed and asked us to file our brief. Shortly afterward the bill was passed intact. The bill adversely affected European exports to the United States and contributed in some measure to Europe's economic collapse.

After World War I private industry converted wartime technology to peacetime use. And they also applied wartime propaganda methods to launching peacetime services or products.

A brilliant young inventor, Emil Simon, who during World War I had developed new radio transmittal and reception systems, came to us and asked us to help him launch an intercity radio message service between New York, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago. I was fascinated by this new magic, which would do away with wires and telegraph poles. We set up elaborate ceremonies with the mayors of the four cities, who exchanged greetings signalizing the new epoch in communications.

The inauguration was a success and reaped the notices we had hoped for. But the telephone and telegraph companies were too strongly entrenched. Simon's company did not have the resources to buck them. After some months of attempts to encourage commercial traffic, the company ceased functioning.

By 1922 our office had worked out effective approaches to publicizing inventions and discoveries. Chilpak, one of the first companies to freeze fish, retained us to publicize its launching. We applied a systematized

publicity approach to frozen fish—sending releases to media and arranging a luncheon of frozen food for prominent doctors, health officials, women's club officers, dietitians and interested editors. (We did not as yet call these people group leaders.) Quick freezing, we pointed out, was a fundamental idea adaptable to many foods—a suggestion that was greeted with skepticism.

In 1925 Percy Deutsch, the vice-president of Brunswick Balke Collender, retained our public relations counsel for the panatrope, an electronic phonograph. I suggested hiring Aeolian Hall (where musical artists made their debut), and we treated the machine's debut as though it were the debut of a singer or instrumentalist. To emphasize the panatrope's purity of tone, live performers alternated with the instrument performance. The audience could hardly tell the difference. And a committee of prominent citizens not associated with the profit motive added public testimonial to the panatrope's value. The debut audience liked what it heard and the critics praised the technical achievements of the machine. But the panatrope itself faded into oblivion.

In my first few years on my own I carried out programs for a variety of clients, publicizing a music machine, the eugenics movement, a furniture manufacturer, a hotel development, even a race horse. The assortment sounds, and was, incongruous. I was elated by the clients that came streaming in. We did not advertise. Individuals and organizations contacted us on their own initiative.

One of our clients was Venida hairnets. Norvin Rieser, Venida's lively go-getter president, who led the field, had much business acumen and little cultural background. He had made a fortune from the hairnet craze that swept America when most American women wore their hair long. Hairnets were made of the hair of Chinese women, and knotted and bleached to match Western women's hair, and packaged, advertised under fancy brand names.

An apocryphal story attributed the name of the company Venida to a remark Rieser made to his wife when they were desperate for a name for their product. According to the story, Rieser paced the floor of their bedroom, repeating plaintively, "Ve need a name, ve need a name." "Ve have a name," cried Mrs. Rieser. "Ve-need-a … Venida."

Thousands of women workers in munitions and other war industries during the war had cut their hair for comfort and safety. But the majority of

American women had continued to wear their hair long until Irene Castle, America's dance favorite, had bobbed her hair so she might dance in greater ease with her partner, Vernon Castle. The short-hair fashion, started earlier by the war workers, soon swept all America. As bobbed hair became fashionable, women discarded their hairnets. One haircut, well publicized, killed long hair and maimed the hairnet business, a demonstration of the effect of publicized leadership on the activities of millions.

I enjoyed this problem. Hairnets did not interest me, but getting them on women's heads again did. But I would have to know a lot more about why women wore hairnets before I could tackle the problem.

There was no market research of the kind we know today. Business thought it knew what the public wanted, or thought the public didn't know what it wanted. Business gave the public what it wanted to sell. I asked around why women wore a hairnet and found three possible reasons: (1) it enhanced a woman's beauty, (2) it was a sanitary safeguard that kept a woman's hair in place during cooking and serving of food, and (3) it protected women factory workers' hair from dangers from machines. I never bothered to ask women who did not wear hairnets why they did *not*. That would be asked today. My responses gave me enough answers to make assumptions and to proceed on a course of action. I decided to use a symposium technique, so successful years earlier with the *Medical Review of Reviews*.

I first went to Penrhyn Stanlaws, the well-known American illustrator whose paintings of women appeared on the cover of *Cosmopolitan*. I discussed with him his ideal of beauty in women and told him the reason for my interest. We agreed that the uninterrupted line and the silhouetted coiffure, with long hair kept tightly in place with a hairnet, was the ideal of American beauty. He was willing to co-operate, and together we drafted a letter, which he signed and which was sent by the mailing bureau to hundreds of other American artists, asking whether they concurred in his ideal. They did. We abstracted the letters; Stanlaws released the symposium to the press. Newspaper headlines proclaimed that American artists regarded the Greek coif as the ideal of woman's beauty. The hairnet played an obvious part in this ideal; you couldn't achieve the Greek coiffure without one.

A second letter we prepared for Stanlaws' signature went from his Hollywood address to women's club presidents and officials of the

Federation of Women's Clubs. Newspapers gave visibility to their support.

Since the hairnet's aesthetic role was effectively confirmed, we sought a similar approach that would dramatize the hygienic use of the hairnet. Now I told my story to Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City, later U.S. Senator from New York. I suggested he write a letter to health commissioners asking them to support his plea that women who cooked and waited on table wear hairnets. Copeland was nationally known for his interest in public health. Not a man of great talent or wisdom, he nevertheless had a great flair for publicity. He went along with my suggestion. Health commissioners concurred enthusiastically with him. As in the case of the Stanlaws symposium, nation-wide press coverage and support followed.

An unexpected response to his letter gave an added fillip to the publicity that was making our hairnets newsworthy. The health commissioner of Seattle said that long hair worn by the mixers of milk shakes and other drinks (then done by hand) was a disturbing element because falling strands of hair messed up their drinks. He urged that soda jerkers be legally required to wear hairnets. The American sense of humor responded to the suggestion and gave it wider circulation. One city passed an ordinance making it compulsory for soda jerkers, male or female, to wear hairnets. Editorials carried the discussion along. Hairnets received national visibility.

To emphasize the third theme, a labor expert wrote to state commissioners of labor suggesting that authorities insist that women working with, or near, machinery wear hairnets for their own protection. Here too favorable response resulted in publicity and use.

In another activity for Venida I found humor an effective way of spreading an idea. Walter Kingsley, a literate and mentally agile press agent, once discussed with me his activities for the famous Palace Theater in New York, the key vaudeville theater of America. "You put wings on your ideas if you add a laugh," he said. Business was then afraid of tying laughs to a product. When I read that a barge was being launched at a Bronx shipyard I suggested to the builders that they call it *Venida*, because "Venida rules the waves"—the slogan of our hairnets. They agreed; we held a launching ceremony and the gag traveled overland.

We had no quantitative yardstick by which to measure success. Hairnet sales to women who worked in factories and handled food increased. As for the major market, we possibly retarded a long-time trend, but eventually the

mass market for hairnets faded out. Only older women wore them. I recognized the power of the processes I was working with: in each case an example of coincidence of interest between the public and the private interest. The individual had cooperated because of what he believed to be the public interest. Bringing together such interests accelerates change in society. Such processes could be applied to hairnets or important social problems.

chapter 14

FIGHTING JIM CROW IN THE SOUTH

After the war to make the world safe for democracy, social ferment was great among Negroes, many of whom had risked their lives for their country, yet were consistently denied their Constitutional rights. New leaders were replacing the Booker T. Washington type, who saw the Negro's salvation in training for crafts. Men like James Weldon Johnson, Walter Francis White, graduates of Atlanta University; William Pickens, a Yale University graduate; and Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois united with white liberals to fight discrimination by court action and by appeals to public opinion. They functioned under the banner of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, founded in 1909.

Johnson, a gentle, warm, understanding man, had given up his position as U.S. Consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua, then a rare position for a Negro, to become secretary of the NAACP. His assistant, White, blond, blue-eyed and fair-skinned (and able to pass as a white), had investigated peonage in the South recently and had gathered valuable data for the NAACP's legal department. White was already so identified with the cause that even in this early stage of his career (1920) he talked and acted like a symbol for all the colored people of America. Dr. Du Bois, editor of the NAACP publication *The Crisis*, looked and behaved as an elder statesman, although he was only about fifty. Pickens was the traveling secretary for the NAACP, a powerful personality with a brilliant gift of oratory.

The promise of work, of the ballot and protection under the law had encouraged 500,000 to 700,000 Negroes to migrate to the North. White Southerners, afraid that more would leave and that they would lose their cheap labor supply, resorted to ruthlessness and intimidation to halt the exodus. Only the year before, Secretary of the NAACP John R. Shillady,

investigating cases of Negro peonage, had been beaten up and was forced to resign from the NAACP because of shock and physical injuries. I knew little about all this when one morning in May 1920 Arthur B. Spingarn, a New York lawyer and one of the founders of the NAACP, telephoned me.

He asked, “Will you handle publicity for the NAACP’s Atlanta convention? It will be the first ever to be held in the South. Herbert Seligman, our regular publicity man, is sick. Our Association wants the Atlanta convention to be a springboard for publicity, to make South and North realize that we are in earnest in battling for the civil rights of the Negro.”

I accepted at once, although my knowledge of the Negro and his place in the society was sketchy. I knew that in France after the war American doughboys, both Southern and Northern, had hated the French Colonial Senegalese soldiers. This was attributed to sex jealousy not to race prejudice—a belief that French streetwalkers had a special yen for the handsome, masculine Senegalese. I knew about prejudice in our Army and Navy, but I put this down to the bias of Southern officers who made sure Negroes were put into service battalions. Ironically this antagonized our white soldiers at the front, who resented risking their lives at the front while Negroes were safely behind the lines. The momentary shock occasioned by news of lynchings and peonage in the South was soon crowded from my mind by other news closer to me. The bulk of the problem, like an iceberg, remained below the surface of public attention; to many Northerners the South was a lovely remote land of mint juleps and devoted Negro retainers.

My contact with Negroes had been mostly with household employees—Mrs. Matilda Wilson, my mother’s companion for forty years for whom I had a deep affection, and our butler, christened Freeman, born on Emancipation Day, January 1, 1863, who walked me to Dr. Sachs’ school on 59th Street through Central Park. As a boy of ten, every time I mentioned Freeman’s name I was glad Lincoln had freed the slaves.

Mrs. Wilson, a New Yorker for many generations, came of a family that had worked for the Dutch patroons and had been freed by them before the Revolutionary War. The *hauteur* of the patroons had been handed down to Mrs. Wilson; she placed “poor white trash” on a level with “poor Negro trash” and was contemptuous of both. Her knowledge of music and literature was extensive, acquired from my mother. She continued to insist she didn’t know a word of German, although she thoroughly understood

Mother's German. It was a little game she enjoyed playing. When Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President, her old mother, who had been a maid in the Roosevelt family, said, "My, my, just think of it: Aunt Sally's boy in the White House!"

Three hundred twenty-eight NAACP branches with a membership of nearly 100,000 whites and Negroes were functioning in the United States. To dramatize the Negro's plight in the South, the NAACP had decided to hold its eleventh annual convention in the South for the first time. Atlanta was chosen because it was the industrial metropolis of the South. The NAACP decided the economic self-interest of Atlantans provided a more favorable background for the meeting than less industrialized cities like New Orleans or Charleston. The Atlanta *Constitution*, a key Southern newspaper, edited by Clark Howell, carried forward the tradition of Harry Woodfin Grady, editor and orator, who ran the paper from 1879 to 1889 and who spoke for a new South. He recognized the need for coexistence of the races—a step forward, compared to the rabble-rousing of certain other Southern newspapers. Protestant church leaders in Atlanta, in keeping with Christian doctrine, were demanding humane treatment of the Negro.

In New York I didn't have much time to plan strategy, for the convention was scheduled in a few weeks, from May 30 to June 2. Spingarn told me that arrangements for speakers on the program were completed. He emphasized, in his characteristically quiet, logical way, how vital it was to get publicity—much publicity, good publicity—into the Southern newspapers if the convention was to accomplish its purpose. That was his only suggestion; from that point on I was on my own. I preferred it that way.

In New York I established contacts with Northern newspapers and with press services, with a view to covering the Atlanta convention for them. Now I decided to explore the scene of the forthcoming activity. I sent my young associate, Doris, to Atlanta to get the feel of the town. She was to make arrangements for news coverage in the Southern press and seek assurances that some important Georgian elected officials would attend our meetings so we could publicize the official sanction, however indirect, that our cause was receiving. I don't suppose I would have asked Doris to go to Atlanta if I had not felt, subconsciously, that since I loved her no one could be unkind or negative to her. Years later Walter White told us that the Negroes in Atlanta had assigned a bodyguard of four men to shadow her

whenever she left her hotel. Word had been spread she was a “nigger lover.” “Did you know,” White said to Doris, “that white men loitering at your hotel threw pennies at your feet?” She hadn’t noticed the pennies nor, if she had, would she have understood the meaning of that gesture. It was a demonstration that she was a prostitute who could be bought for pennies.

Doris and I had little knowledge of conditions in Atlanta and received no briefing from the NAACP officials. We thought conditions there would be like those we knew in the North. Oblivious to the dangers of her trip, she left as blithely as I had asked her to go. The Hearst office in New York gave her a letter of introduction to the editor of the Hearst paper in Atlanta, the Atlanta *Georgian*, and Jackson Elliott, then assistant general manager of the Associated Press in New York, wired Atlanta AP that Doris was coming.

“Will the Associated Press cover news of the conference objectively?” I asked Elliott.

“They always do,” he told me.

We had arranged conferences for Doris with Georgia’s Governor and Atlanta’s Mayor. Doris visited both of them and invited them to say a word of greeting at the conference. The Governor said an engagement he couldn’t break—to go duck hunting—prevented his accepting.

“Will there be any trouble?” Doris asked.

“I think there will,” he said grimly.

“Are you going to do something about it—call the militia to preserve order?”

“That’s a good idea,” the Governor said to the quiet, gentle, reserved young woman from the North. “A fine idea.”

He picked up the telephone, called the Adjutant General and instructed him to have the militia ready for eventualities while the conference was going on. The Mayor, playing the situation by ear, told Doris he wasn’t sure whether or not he could make the convention.

Doris then made the rounds of the newspaper offices. The Atlanta *Journal* and *Sunday American* were “much interested” and promised to cover the conference. The Atlanta Associated Press correspondent, an able, crabbed, older man, conscientiously objective, promised coverage of the meetings. The United Press could not cover meetings, but promised to use our stories as a basis for theirs and requested Doris to keep them informed of happenings. The city editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* was pleasantly co-operative.

“How would you advise me to handle this story?” he asked Doris, perplexedly. This was probably the first time he had been asked to cover meetings protesting the plight of the Negro in the South.

Doris, largely ignorant about the general situation, answered, “Most meetings like this would be handled on the front page in the left-hand column. Why don’t you treat it as a straight news story?”

He looked at her, apparently liked her suggestion and said, “Yes, that’s right. That’s what I’ll do.”

He promised to cover Sunday’s mass meeting and “anything specific” and asked Doris to write stories of other meetings and special interviews with Mary White Ovington, a white director of the NAACP, and Florence Kelley, another director, a well-known social worker, both coming to Atlanta.

Meanwhile, in New York, I mailed advance stories to the Northern press. The New York *Times*, in an editorial on May 23, said: “That a conference under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People should be held in Atlanta this year—the first of eleven annual conferences ever held in a Southern city—is startling to say the least.”

The next week when I arrived in Atlanta I experienced a sensation I had never had before and have had only once since (in St. Louis, more than twenty years later, when I went there to do what I could to help prevent an incipient race riot). I was familiar with Sunday quiet in a busy large city, because I had lived in New York all my life. But the silence I now found in Atlanta on a weekday was a different kind of quiet—the quiet that precedes anticipated violence. From the remarks the bellboys, taxi drivers and room clerks made to me about those “God-damned niggers” I felt that violence might break out at any moment. The Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce had formally welcomed the conference, the Protestant Ministers’ Council supported the convention, the newspapers expressed to Doris their favorable interest and still these responsible Atlantans, aware of the prevalent public mood, dreaded what the conference might precipitate.

The NAACP was seeking five goals for the Negro, almost revolutionary by the standards of the public in 1920 Atlanta:

1. Abolition of lynching
2. Equal education and industrial opportunities
3. The ballot under the same qualifications as others

4. Abolition of segregation

5. Abolition of Jim Crow railroad cars.

Now that we knew a little more about conditions, Doris and I sat down in a drab hotel room to work out a publicity platform to guide us. We decided on three themes to emphasize during the conference:

1. The Negro's importance to the economic development of the South. We decided to make frequent reference to the increasing migration of Negroes to the North and the labor shortage that threatened the South in consequence. I felt this theme would worry white Southern bankers and industrialists to a point where they might exert such pressures as they possessed to temper persecution of the Negroes. This approach was based on an appeal to their fear—fear of losing profits if migration of workers persisted. The technique was based on fact. The question was whether bankers and industrialists would respond to it.

2. The less intolerant attitudes of some Southern leaders toward Negroes. We decided to stress the theme that outstanding Southern individuals and groups supported a move to improve race relations. The emphasis on this theme would strengthen our nucleus of supporters and possibly might develop a bandwagon movement.

3. The support of the NAACP by important leaders in the North. Hammering on this theme might induce Southern group leaders, opposite numbers in the same vocation, to follow the lead of their Northern confrères. We had obtained favorable statements from Northern leaders and intended to publicize them. This theme might enable us to align some Southern leaders with our viewpoint.

It was good strategy to schedule the conference meetings at the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church, for the South prided itself on its piety, and a church—even a Negro one—was less likely to be attacked by unruly mobs than a hired hall. The Mayor did not attend any meeting, but he sent an official welcome to the convention. The Governor stayed safely away. At the closing session the delegates voted unanimously for the five-point platform, and the resolutions were sent to President Wilson and to both Houses of Congress. The press services carried the resolutions throughout the country, undoubtedly strengthening the attitudes of those who already espoused our cause.

Bishop John Hearst of Baltimore presented to Dr. Du Bois the Spingarn Medal, awarded annually to the Negro who had made the greatest

contribution toward solution of the Negro problem. In his acceptance speech Du Bois said, “If the South wishes to be abreast of the world, it must put an effective ballot in the hand of every citizen, black and white, male and female,” a daring statement to make in Atlanta in 1920.

The Atlanta newspapers kept their promise to Doris and carried stories of the meetings, to the surprise of experts, who thought the contrary would happen. Walter White, in one of his newspaper dispatches, wired that the conference had “received more notice from the Southern press and Southern individuals of standing than any other conference hitherto held.” The Atlanta *American* ran a special story and interview with the Mayor on the conference, and the Atlanta *Constitution* boxed the statement of welcome the Mayor sent to the convention. In another story the *Constitution* listed the progress made by Negroes since 1910 in literacy, college attendance, ownership of property, employment and in their transition from plantation labor to industry and business and the professions—law, medicine and dentistry. These were daring revelations for a Southern newspaper. The newspapers printed the statements I had obtained in New York, among them messages from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York and the NAACP’s William Pickens, who wired that the test of any civilization was the “marginal man … the relation of that civilization to its weakest and not to its strongest elements.”

The news coverage we had arranged for in New York and Chicago also worked out. Bruce Bliven, managing editor of the New York *Globe*, authorized me to file collect press messages. The Western Union clerks in Atlanta gave me dirty looks when I filed them, but the messages went through, and the *Globe* ran them. Walter White filed telegrams over his signature to the New York *Evening Post* and the Chicago *Daily News*. The press associations gave the convention wide coverage. For the first time in the history of the country, under the dateline of the South’s industrial metropolis, Atlanta, news was published throughout the country alerting the people of the United States that whites and Negroes alike were seeking new status for the Negro.

The people of Atlanta did not echo the attitude of their leaders and the press. At the new YMCA building, which had been presented to the Negroes of Atlanta by Julius Rosenwald, a woman delegate from the Middle West was prevented from making a long-distance call to her home. “We don’t give ‘niggers’ long-distance calls,” the operator said and hung

up. When the Bishop of Haiti, staying at the home of his Atlanta Negro friends, invited me to visit him, I was advised by the Atlanta convention officials not to go during the day because it might lead to police or mob action. White men did not visit Negro homes in Atlanta. But in the dead of night I walked down a tree-shaded avenue and visited him.

Happily, the conference ended without overt disturbance. "Atlanta is breathing easier now that the Eleventh Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is over, and so are the delegates," Doris wrote in a press release. "As one of them expressed it on the Atlanta University campus at the presentation of the Spingarn Medal —'I feel as if I were sitting on a volcano.'" Later Mr. Ailes, the Associated Press man in Atlanta, wrote me that he had been reading some of the Du Bois book, *Dark Waters*, and that he was more surprised than ever that he was permitted to come into the South, make an address and get away without any disturbance.

Our Northern contingent left Atlanta together, gratified at what had been accomplished, disgusted with Southern bigots and happy no violence had broken up the meetings. None of us had illusions that our demands would be granted, but we had proved that the fight for the Negroes' civil rights could penetrate to the South through its media. Papers had reported on what previously had been taboo. Doris' visits to the editors in Atlanta had opened up the question. The letters of introduction and the expressed interest of press association headquarters in New York had helped. But most of all, the climate of opinion of the South was ready for a change. The South was losing cheap labor to the North, and this must not go on.

The Southern Railway provided a special sleeper for our delegation's return, a portent of the future because sleepers were only for whites; coaches served the Negroes. At the Atlanta station Doris insisted on sleeping in the Jim Crow car, where the returning Negro delegation was entrained, in spite of the warning that this was illegal.

The reaction to the conference was favorable among the NAACP leaders. Oswald Garrison Villard applauded it in an editorial in *The Nation*, saying it had come off "extremely well" and had "won more publicity than any similar gathering."

The South made a lasting impression on Doris and me—one of subversion of the American traditions of freedom and equality on which the nation had been founded. How could national ideals be adjusted to the

reality? That was the question every American had to face; and we are still facing that question after forty years.

chapter 15

MARRIAGE AND LIFE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

My relationship with Doris at this time was on two levels. At the office we were fairly businesslike and professional, but after working hours our relationship became highly personal. I saw Doris almost nightly and walked her to tatters, rummaging through Bleecker Street shops and seeking out charming Greenwich Village restaurants, strolling along Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, or exploring the Jewish, Italian, Greek or German districts. At Webster Hall we attended "Arabian Routs," balls given by Greenwich Village entrepreneurs to ape the balls of the artists and models of Paris. (We left them, however, before the customary brawls.) I did not realize our relationship was growing closer, nor did she. Actually I don't recall what happened in the last few months before our marriage—it was all so exciting. When our friendship grew so intense that we didn't want to leave each other, we decided to marry—and to keep it secret until some undesignated future time.

When you are in love you are often out of logic. With Doris living at home with her parents, the idea of secrecy was impossible, since she would not continue to live at home once we were married; nevertheless, we were wed in the grim and grimy so-called marriage chapel in the Municipal Building on Saturday, September 16, 1922. The ceremony was performed just before noon, in the hope of avoiding publicity, because Saturday evening papers go to press early in the day and nobody, I was sure, would check on the marriage license bureau at five minutes to twelve on a Saturday. I handed the marriage clerks twenty-dollar bills and they gleefully accepted them. I had to share my delight with others.

After the ceremony we took a taxi to the Waldorf-Astoria, then one of my clients. I had reserved a room for us for the weekend, but when we

arrived at the hotel we were ushered into the suite recently occupied by the King and Queen of the Belgians (for whose visit we had helped build up public interest). I am still so overcome by the emotion of the occasion that I can't remember much about the suite; no doubt it was lavishly furnished, with heavy curtains and deep carpets and a bathroom larger than the living room of many contemporary Park Avenue apartments. When we checked in I asked Doris to sign her maiden name in the hotel register. She didn't care one way or the other, but I had an inner fear that marriage (though I wanted it fiercely with Doris) would take away some of my liberties as an individual if there were always a Mrs. added to my name. I wanted both the ties and the freedom.

Our flouting of convention set a newsworthy precedent. When an assistant manager of the hotel saw our two different names registered for the same suite and listed as a married couple he notified the press—according to a procedure I had established, that anything newsworthy should be communicated to the press. The next day the newspapers carried boxed items stating that for the first time a married woman had registered at the Waldorf with her husband, using her maiden name, and that the hotel had permitted it. The Waldorf-Astoria became a symbol for modernity and the liberation of women. Actually the Lucy Stone League, an organization of ultrafeminists (and a few men, Heywood Broun and myself), had made an issue of a woman's right to keep her own name after marriage. The league took its name from its patron saint, Lucy Stone, who, in the mid-nineteenth century, had been advised by the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court that she had a right to the name by which she was commonly known and no law required her to take her husband's name at marriage. Joining the league was simple and involved only the payment of small dues. I had joined in 1921 (bringing a reluctant Doris with me) because I liked the league's idea of protest and independence. (About that time I also took on the Dort Motor Company's voting contest for the most popular woman motorist in New York, who would receive a Dort car. Women drivers were still rare, and the contest's purpose was to increase their number, creating buyers for Dort. The contest, too, reflected the times: feminism was in the air.)

It seems preposterous today that thoughtful women and men could have concerned themselves with such foolishness, but the postwar climate of the U.S. was a fertile breeding ground for such ideas, and some league

members fought for this intangible goal as if their lives depended on it. It became a symbol for equality of the sexes.

In any case, our marriage did not remain secret long. Some newspapermen had checked the license bureau after we left, and it had been announced in Saturday's evening papers. We broke the news by telephone to our families. They were not as surprised as we thought they would be; in fact, when we visited my parents for the first time after our marriage, my father gave Doris a large package with jewelry and a letter dated 1917. The package carried this inscription: "For Doris, when she shall have married Edward." He smiled and said, "This has been in the vault for five years."

The name issue arose again some months later when Doris made her first trip to Europe. She of course asked for her passport in her maiden name. The State Department refused. Finally they compromised, issuing a passport reading, "Doris Fleischman Bernays (professionally known as Doris E. Fleischman)." In an earlier decision involving Ruth Hale, Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes had ruled that this form "preserves for the applicant for a passport any professional or commercial advantage which may be ascribable to the use of her maiden name, while adhering to the prevailing and well understood practice of issuing passports in the family name." However, two years later, after Doris had written a protest note to the Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, pointing out that Fleischman always had been her name and that he surely would not want her to travel under a false name, the State Department issued her the first passport ever made out to a married woman in her maiden name, confirming my belief that individual action in a democratic society can move even the most hidebound bureaucracy.

Several theories purport to explain the attraction between a man and a woman. In writing this chapter I had hoped to discover why Doris and I married and have lived happily together since, so I checked our relationship against the theories. None quite fits, and if I have any theory at all, it is that of inevitability. I do not imply that inevitability is related to fatalism, that stupid belief that a divine power is busy with a computing machine picking out mates. I am thinking of something much simpler than this and more logical: two people had the good judgment at approximately the same time, by an unconscious process of weighing all the factors, to recognize that they were better suited to spend the rest of their respective lives together than with anyone else. And that is just the way it happened and has continued for

over forty years. As Robert Frost says: “How happily instinctive we remain, our best guide upward further to the light.”

What ingredient in all this was more potent than our judgment, I don’t know. I am willing to concede such an element, though I cannot define it.

It started at Far Rockaway, a beach resort on Long Island where our families had summer cottages. Doris was sixteen and I was seventeen; we went swimming together and immediately got over our heads in conversation. Her brightness, warmth and understanding impressed me, but I was soon back at college and our pleasant relationship was not diligently pursued (although I remember that I arranged a surprise birthday party on the beach at night for her and her friends the following year at Elberon, New Jersey). After my graduation from Cornell my parents entrusted me with the flattering task of finding them a home. I chose an apartment in a new building at 106th Street and West End Avenue, not unmindful of the fact that my good friend Doris lived around the corner with her family in an English basement private home. My father liked the apartment so much that he immediately rented the other apartment on the floor, with a beautiful vista of the Hudson River and Riverside Drive Park. But, strangely enough, now that I was practically next door to Doris, I did not immediately “rush her”; I knew she was there and that was good, I saw her from time to time and we became close friends.

In those days, if one knew the girl, one also knew the family. The Fleischmans, highly respected in their own right, were distantly related to the Cincinnati Fleischmans. Samuel Fleischman, Doris’ father, was a lawyer who had come to New York from Albany, where his family had lived for several generations. He was a humorless, stern man with an Old Testament prophet’s viewpoints.

“Wipe that powder from your nose,” he would lash out at Doris when she was an adolescent. “You look as though you had fallen into a flour barrel.”

Such experiences may account for Doris’ restrained and diffident manner. They did not affect her intelligence and understanding; her perception of a person’s underlying motives has usually been intuitively correct. The great psychologist Sandor Ferenczi called her a “lightning analyst”; the brilliant economist and statistician Carl Snyder said she should have been a “psycho-doctor.” Besides being a talented writer, she painted well and sang beautifully; in fact, I had urged her before I decided she must

work with me to take up singing as a career. I am glad she didn't, for over the years she has been my most valuable asset. She has contributed heavily to the policy and strategy we have advised our clients to carry out. Her balanced judgment carries overriding weight with me. And she has unique compassion and understanding. She has also tried things she couldn't do—such as making out checks and keeping the books. She has done everything in public relations, except get into the direct client relationships.

After our marriage we decided to live in Greenwich Village to establish our independence from the conventions and restrictions of what we considered our old bourgeois world. Greenwich Village's reputation for nonconformity dated back to pre-World War I days, when the Washington Square Theater was founded and the cultural rebels fraternized at Mabel Dodge's home on lower Fifth Avenue. Now, in the Twenties, it was not as revolutionary, but it still provided a haven for the young artists destined to make their reputations in the next few decades. Painters, sculptors, musicians and writers were swarming all over the place, living in cramped boardinghouse rooms and apartments and dining at tiny foreign-type restaurants scattered through 8th Street, Sixth Avenue, Washington Place and Sheridan Square.

We rented 44 Washington Mews, a former stable for a Washington Square North mansion, previously occupied by Paul Manship, the sculptor. It consisted of a kitchen and a north-facing dining room downstairs, and upstairs, facing north, a huge studio with high ceilings. Facing the narrow, cobblestoned street was a small bedroom and bathroom. We were so eager to take possession of our home that we moved in before it was ready. At last we were householders! Doris wondered vaguely what to do next and assumed that everything would work out as it had in the family home she had left the week before. Soon she learned it wasn't that automatic. I, too, like most men, had taken the workings of a home for granted, but unlike young husbands today, the idea that I might share some home responsibilities never crossed my mind.

The first morning at Washington Mews, Doris and I left the house together. For the first time in my life I made sure that doors and windows were closed. I liked the new experience. That day Doris wrote an outline for a public-relations activity for the New York City Hotel Association and the "Welcome Stranger" Committee and a story about the Beaux Arts Ball. She also telephoned an employment agency for a maid, interviewed applicants

(without having the least notion what questions to ask) and returned home with me at seven o'clock.

People found it difficult to accept the idea that Doris was both my wife and my professional partner. In 1922 a woman entering any profession other than nursing, teaching or social work was a novelty. And treating her as an equal in a profession was a source of even more wonderment. Doris was highly responsive to these reactions. She recognized immediately that her ideas might be treated as "a woman's" rather than judged on their merits, so she decided early to withdraw from personal relations with clients. I conferred with her after the client had left. All in all, I think Doris was right to avoid the day-to-day ups and downs of interpersonal relationships with clients.

We made adjustments to dovetail our home and office lives. In her own book, published in 1955, A *Wife Is Many Women*, Doris wrote that her home job "was to count the guests, turn bills over to our bookkeeper at the office, and buy the necessary pots, pans, soap, and linens." One morning I asked her, "Aren't you coming to the office with me?" She herself tells what happened.

"I looked around our lovely studio, at the flowering plants and the cut flowers that seemed so essential and appropriate to our honeymoon state of mind.

"'I think I'd better stay home for a little while and fix the flowers, don't you?' I said."

I agreed and a new precedent of attendance at the office that allowed time for minor emergencies of decorating, plumbing and house painting was set. When our first child, Doris, was born in 1929, the relative and flexible values of professional and personal obligations had been quietly and satisfactorily established.

With all their children now married, my parents gave up their apartment in New York, moving first to the Ambassador and then to the Gotham Hotel. The British Orders in Council and the German submarine warfare during World War I had reduced the grain export trade to almost nothing and forced my father into retirement at the age of fifty-four. Four years later he had purchased the St. Denis, an old hotel at 11th Street and Broadway, near Grace Church, where Broadway had been bent so it would not disturb the old Brevoort Farm. With his associates he renovated the old building and rented its stores and offices, applying the same energy and brilliance to

managing the building that had made him U. S. Grain Exporter Number One. The St. Denis soon paid its owners an income of $60,000 a year, of which my father's share was $36,000. In 1922 my parents bought a large country home in the Georgian style in Quaker Ridge in Scarsdale and settled down to a quiet life.

Some months later my father complained of a pain on his right side. The doctors failed to diagnose the ailment as appendicitis, and his distress continued. On a Sunday morning, while Doris and I were visiting, he suffered a severe shock from the pain. We called an ambulance, which rushed him to New York Hospital on West 16th Street, where he was operated on for a burst appendix. In the absence of sulfa drugs or antibiotics, peritonitis set in and he grew progressively worse. We spent hours at that old hospital on West 16th Street, a ramshackle place that intensified all our prejudices against hospitals, which at the time were regarded as places to die in. I remember my father lay on his bed in a room facing 17th Street, a pillow propping up his head. His heavy black-and-gray beard extended over the white cover and a tube protruded from his mouth. His expression was deeply sad and troubled.

After a week, in which the doctors could do little to alleviate his suffering, I visited him for the last time. He couldn't speak, but his eyes recognized me and they appeared to be saying goodbye out of an almost unconscious state. We spent the last hours with him at the hospital.

I arranged for his cremation in Long Island and drove out with his body. I heard the crackle of the gas flames as the attendants turned them on; it was gruesome. After a few days the crematory sent me his ashes, mailed in a round tin. For many years I kept them in the office behind some books.

After my father's death, I resolved to devote myself to the St. Denis—even to move our office there to be better able to take care of the estate's interests. But wiser friends prevailed upon me to withhold action, assuring me that time would enable me to better evaluate my first emotional decision, and I decided to remain where I was. I entrusted management of the building, with the acquiescence of my fellow executor, to Henry Bern, the brother of my boyhood friend, Paul Bern. Someone had told me about a new stone façade, Egyptian lacquer. I arranged to have this put on the St. Denis, which made it a landmark in that section for years.

At the depth of the depression in the early Thirties we sold the building—it was no longer paying even its taxes. Who could have imagined such a

devastating decline in just a few years! In the meantime, the building had channeled $3,000 a month to my mother. She ran her establishment at Quaker Ridge in the accustomed way, with car, chauffeur, servants, summer trips and bounteous gifts to members of the family. When no more income came to the estate, we gave up the Quaker Ridge property in Westchester and I maintained my mother at New York hotels, where she lived, young in spirit, until she was ninety-three. She kept up a widespread correspondence with men and women throughout the world, participating actively in discussions on politics, international affairs and literature.

She had three wishes she did not fulfill before her death—to fly, to live to be a hundred and to meet President Eisenhower. At eighty-two she wrote a book about life with her brother Sigmund in Vienna in the 1860s and 70s, and up to 1922.

For seven years our comfortable home at 44 Washington Mews served as a meeting place for stimulating young people who, often in parties of thirty or forty, would sit around upstairs and downstairs discussing abstractions and realities—news, art, drama, politics, international affairs, philosophy and the social sciences and prohibition. Even so, our household was a quiet island in the wild sea of the Twenties. The wallets of some of our friends were chockful of membership cards in speak-easy clubs but we ourselves avoided speakeasies after one or two visits; we found them dull, vulgar and sad. During these years we also avoided the theater and concerts. My earlier activities as press agent had destroyed all my illusions; I now saw the performers as persons rather than as role players. Happily, Doris exchanged her enjoyment of music and the drama for the fascinating people of New York.

The selective processes that take place under such circumstances left us with a hard core of intimates and an ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances. Our intimates gave us what all of us need most—companionship and the opportunity to exchange ideas of all kinds in an atmosphere of understanding, which, for most of us, had been precluded by the gap between the generations at home.

Among our closest friends were Leila and Samuel Hoffenstein. He was then the press agent for Al Woods. He was cynical, but his conversation was always stimulating. Sam, in a novel approach, projected Woods, a roughshod, roughneck producer, as the apotheosis of what he was—corn. The public loved it and apparently Woods did too. Howard Dietz was

another friend. Today he is well-known for his theatrical work. He was publicity man for Samuel Goldwyn but was better known then for his glittering contributions to FPA's column in the New York *Tribune;* a by-line in the column helped make the reputation of many a young writer in this period. Another intimate was the thoughtful and astute Arnold Rosenthal, the promotion manager of *Good Housekeeping*, and his wife. And there were Dr. Seth Hirsch, a radiologist, and Gabriel Hess. Gabe was the attorney for the Hays motion-picture organization, which had been recently set up to assure the world that movies were pure.

Two of our good friends were accomplished raconteurs, and when they were together they always tried to top each other's stories. Clay-land Morgan, the imaginative publicity man for the French Line, referred to a little black memorandum book, which he drew from his back trouser pocket when any word or other cue in the general conversation triggered his memory. Konrad Bercovici, a writer who had come to New York from Rumania, needed no cues; he had already published *Around the World in New York* and had become a symbol of the gypsy spirit. Konrad had deep-set eyes, bushy eyebrows and long drooping mustaches, and with his all-embracing personality you could almost feel him putting his arm around your shoulder. I am sure that many realities grew out of the ideas sparked at these gatherings at Washington Mews. Once, I know, they did, much to my discomfiture. Thompson Buchanan, the playwright, brought Joan Lowell, a beautiful, voluptuous girl, to dinner. Hiram Motherwell and his wife Ann Herendeen sat spellbound at the table as she told us of her adventures sailing the seven seas in a small sailing vessel with her captain father. So entranced were we that we urged her to put her adventures in a book. She did, and *The Cradle of the Deep* later became a Book-of-the-Month selection. The book was dedicated to me and to Hiram, and I was delighted to read on the flyleaf acknowledgment of my encouragement. Not until months later did marine experts disclose publicly that what Joan had written as a true story of her life was really fiction. And it created a great to-do in the press.

Our residence in Washington Mews coincided with the years of Harding's normalcy and Coolidge's prosperity and my own first experience with big business. Our friends were predominantly from other fields of interest. There was Emanuel Lavine, the star police reporter of the New York *American*, who had the courage to expose the police department's

third degree in his book of that name; Scofield Thayer, the editor of the *Dial*, an avant-garde magazine, who gave every gathering he attended an effete touch; the temperamental Hendrik Willem Van Loon, whose *Story of Mankind* had jolted historians by its clarity and simplicity (I still have a stack of notes and acceptances to parties decorated with Van Loon's whimsical drawings of giraffes, camels and birds); and Sara Teasdale, who, with her exporter husband, sat quietly while others hotly debated the topical subjects.

Paul Bern, the producer-director, came to town twice yearly from Hollywood to "reinvigorate his imagination," and each time we tried to have two or three parties at which he could absorb from young writers, poets and artists the prevailing point of view. As a kind of recompense, to keep us informed about Hollywood, he asked some of his glamorous stars to visit us when they came to New York. I recall Mabel Normand telling us how Mary Garden, after a scene in the movie *Thaïs*, being made in Hollywood, had thrown her and a few other supporting actresses a handful of colored stones from her gown. Mabel had kept hers as a memento until they dropped out of her make-up box one day when she threw it down in a fit of temperament. Someone pounced on them, scooped them up and demanded, "Where the hell did you get these?" She told him. "Costume jewelry!" he exclaimed. "You're nuts! These are real emeralds!" And they were.

One group of friends had just returned from overseas assignments and told us first hand of a postwar world still in turmoil. Tom Steep, AP correspondent, just back from Shanghai with his beautiful wife, Miriam, predicted the Chinese revolution; Henry James Forman, a writer, kept us informed about Russia; Harrison Reeves, Alfredo Adams' secretary in Paris, regaled us with tales of international oil intrigues; and Will Irwin, World War I correspondent, recalled the internecine warfare that went on among the generals during the war.

Sometimes our discussions centered around problems such as improving the appearance of mass-production-manufactured goods. I remember an evening at which Dorothy Shaver of Lord & Taylor and architects Raymond Hood and Ely Jacques Kahn excitedly pictured an America in which beauty would become an integral part of refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, wallpaper, houses, etc. Later on, as I will relate, I was able to contribute to this concept. On that particular evening the discussion was based on a common

subject of interest, but sometimes equal excitement was generated by contrasting interests and personalities. With some hesitancy we invited Leatrice Joy, a glamorous motion-picture star of the period, to meet Carl Snyder, the erudite philosopher and statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and they got along as perfectly as if they had been matched as male and female lead on a Hollywood set.

At one party Alexander Kerensky assumed the center of the stage quite naturally. He was tall and handsome (although his features were a little scrambled) and his hair was closely cropped. His voice, a marvelous basso, dominated the conversation, of which he remained the focal point despite the heavy competition of the other guests. He was a romantic, fascinating person, a teacher, orator and spellbinder, who had ruled Russia for only a short period because he had misjudged the times, which demanded ruthless power rather than restraint.

Kerensky told us how he had joined the Labor Party in Russia as a young man (although he was a Social Democrat), had become the Minister of Justice in the provisional government after the first revolution in February 1917 and had served as Minister of War from May to July 1917. Then he had succeeded Prince Lvov as Prime Minister of all the Russias in July and remained Premier until November 1917, when his regime was overthrown by the Bolshevik revolution and he was forced to flee from Petrograd to Paris. There he became editor of the socialist revolutionary paper *Dni*. Now he was in the United States, trying to secure the support of the American people to re-establish his premiership. Although ten years had elapsed since he was deposed, he still was firmly convinced he would be called back to power at any moment.

At the house that night he acted as if he were still the Premier. He brought with him a young Russian professor from Columbia, Viner, who acted as his aide-de-camp—on a voluntary basis, of course—and who by his presence reinforced Kerensky's delusions. That evening Viner seemed to walk figuratively three feet behind the Premier as a mark of respect. Dinner conversation was general; at the table were Dr. Arthur Bookman and his wife, Judith, a warm friend who mothered artists and got along splendidly with them; Dr. Sandor Ferenczi, the Hungarian psychoanalyst and disciple of Freud, who was concerned about the breach that had arisen between Freud and A. A. Brill; and Lucille Buchanan, the beautiful, bright-eyed associate editor of *Harper's Bazaar*.

Kerensky was telling us about a recent lecture trip out West. In his deep basso voice he said, “A lady from the audience stood up after I had finished my talk and said, ‘Oh! Mr. Kerensky, tell us about the time you killed the Czar.’”

Meanwhile, it was evident at the dinner table, from the animated conversation and glances they exchanged, that Dr. Viner was falling for the beautiful Miss Buchanan. After dinner we all adjourned to the studio upstairs, where we sat down to continue our discussion. And now, as usual, new guests arrived: Walter F. Bullock, the London *Daily Mail* correspondent in New York; Dr. Leonard Blumgart, a pleasant and studious psychoanalyst; Henry Irving Brock, assistant editor of the New York Sunday *Times;* an arch-conservative Southerner; Max Elser, my former associate at the Metropolitan Musical Bureau; slight Phyllis Duganne, who designed shawls and wrote short stories; Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, known to all New Yorkers as “Belle,” and her husband, a social worker; Doris’ brilliant brother Leon and our lifelong friends, Doris’ sister Beatrice and her husband Martin Untermeyer.

People seldom withdrew into little eddies of conversation because everybody wanted to hear what everybody else was saying. I don’t recall all the subjects we explored; we moved from Coolidge prosperity and the stock market to the future of psychoanalysis and Europe’s foreign-debt payments—and, of course, we kept returning to Russia’s fate. Kerensky, in his slow, heavy English, was assuring himself and us that he would return as Premier. When, finally, we came downstairs for hats, coats and goodbyes, Kerensky looked around for Dr. Viner. He could not be found. Nor was Lucille Buchanan there either. They apparently had left together. The former Premier of all the Russias acted as if he were completely helpless without his aide-de-camp, deserted by his most loyal adherent. “Where is he? How could he leave before I left?” he asked in astonishment.

Chaim Weizmann, president of the world Zionist organization, also visited us often. He was a vigorous man in his late forties, a chemist and scholar. He had helped to secure the Balfour declaration in favor of a homeland for the Jews and was in New York to whip up support for the future Israel, still under the mandate of the Zionist organization and the British Government. I was amazed at his self-assurance. Weizmann was quite sure that he would become head of a state that didn’t even exist. On one of his visits he said to Doris, “I will make your husband first secretary

of foreign affairs of our new country if he will help us.” Doris reported his offer to me. I expressed my appreciation to him at our next meeting and told him I did not believe in a religious state.

“But it will give status to Jews throughout the world,” he insisted, “just as a free Ireland has given the Irish status.”

I did not argue the point, and the nonexistent President of a nonexistent country accepted my firm refusal gracefully, passing over the issue to describe his unrelenting activities in pursuit of his objectives.

“I spend my evenings in Brownsville in Brooklyn, where there is a large Jewish population,” he told us. “I make talks at meetings that are arranged for me, and there is hardly a night I don’t bring home six thousand dollars for the cause, contributed in coins and dollar bills.”

One of our more fascinating friends during these years was Achmed Abdullah, a novelist, playwright, man-about-town and soldier of fortune. Achmed’s full name was Achmed Abdullah Nadir Khan el-Durani-el-Iddrissyeh. He claimed he was born in the Crimea of mixed Russian and Afghan ancestry and had received his education at Eton and Oxford, but some newspapermen maintained that his real name was Shauffler, that he was German, had gone to Afghanistan as a British intelligence agent and had emigrated to the United States when the Middle East situation got too hot for him.

Abdullah talked animatedly and amusingly about harems, emirs, grand viziers, the desert, camels and elephants. He was a prolific writer whose books were outnumbered only by his adventure tales.

Like many acquaintances, Abdullah drifted out of our lives in the late Thirties. When we saw him again in the Forties, he complained that the world had so shrunk that the locales for intrigue had been exhausted; Oppenheimer, Maugham, Forster and he had used up the Far and Middle East, and the European and African backgrounds were losing their appeal. Soon after this, he married his literary agent, Jean Wick, a prim New Englander, and they took a suite high up in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Another of our visitors at Washington Mews was Gurdjieff, whose cult of “harmonious development of man” thrived in the Twenties. Gurdjieff was one of the survivors of a group of Russian scientists who went to Tibet in 1895 to discover the alleged secret knowledge and mystic practices of the lamas. They traveled in Mongolia, Turkestan, Afghanistan and Persia, studying with so-called adepts. Gurdjieff, after years of apprenticeship,

severe discipline and study of the occult schools, was admitted to their membership. Gurdjieff then gathered a group of disciples eager to subject themselves to the rigors of his system of training. He was introduced to the Western world by Ouspensky, the Russian mathematician and author of *Tertium Organum*, which he called a scientific exposition of mysticism.

The mysterious Institut Gurdjieff, where Katherine Mansfield spent her last days, was dedicated to a search for "cosmic Consciousness." My good friend, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Sunday editor of the New York *World*, who leaned toward the metaphysical, believed that Gurdjieff's method developed extraordinary physical control and that the complicated movements and the rhythmical demonstrations of Gurdjieff's disciples made the Russian Ballet seem like child's play. At Cosgrave's invitation Doris and I went to see some members of the Institut perform with their "Master" shortly after their arrival here. Gurdjieff appeared on the platform and through a translator welcomed us. He had penetrating eyes and, with his bald skull and big black bull-whip mustachios, he looked like a sinister Yul Brynner. He tapped out rhythms on the platform with a cane, while his disciples—about thirty to forty men and women of different ethnic backgrounds and ages—danced in extraordinary formation, weaving in and out in difficult geometric designs. Then he performed a mind-reading stunt that baffles me as much now as it did then. He asked Doris to think of an animal and put its name on a piece of paper she held in her hand. Then one of his disciples, as if in a trance, drew the picture of the animal Doris had thought of—an elephant. He stepped down from the stage and presented the picture to Doris. Several people who attended the demonstration with us were so impressed that they later made large donations to the movement. I have little doubt that Gurdjieff had that in mind when he gave the demonstration.

When Gurdjieff came to our home we invited the editor and writer Henry James Forman to serve as translator. Actually this was unnecessary, for Gurdjieff was able to communicate even without speaking, and I could understand his sketchy French and interpret his deep grunts.

One night Gurdjieff invited us to dinner in his apartment on Central Park South. We found rolled-up mattresses and cots, apparently for his disciples, resting against the walls of the living room. At dinner a fat woman disciple placed a large pot of stew on the long table from which the Master ladled out the food. After dinner a disciple brought in a large basket of candied fruit, which Gurdjieff told me had been sent by a Park Avenue

woman admirer. Proudly he pulled a check from his breast pocket and showed it to me. It was for $10,000 from “another rich woman.” Serious men accepted him at face value, but he had so much of the showman in him that I could not accept him as any kind of intellectual or spiritual leader. I just remained baffled and put him down as a rare phenomenon met occasionally in a long life—like Dunninger or Houdini.

The Arthur B. Spingarns invited us to meet Clarence Darrow, a man I admired for his courageous action in the Scopes trial, defending the right to teach evolution. The impression that remains is that of an intense middle-aged man with a face like that of an eagle, a mane of hanging, loose black hair, a theatrical manner and deep sincerity.

Frank Harris, a rather sad old man, never seemed like the character he depicted himself as in his autobiography. He tended his bookstore, a basement a few steps down on Fifth Avenue near Fourteenth Street. I browsed there occasionally and he ambled over to me to help me find the book I wanted. But I dropped in only to satisfy my curiosity about the man who had written a noteworthy book about the life of Oscar Wilde. I was not a good customer, only mostly sorry for Frank Harris.

Leon Fleischman, Doris’ brother, often brought his girl friends to our house, which widened my acquaintance with beautiful and talented young women. And they became part of the group that assembled there. Marion Morehouse, later the wife of e. e. cummings, was one of these young women—she played bit roles on Broadway. She was tall and thin and her face was devastatingly beautiful, tranquil and languid as only a woman’s can be. But she never opened her mouth to talk. Once Leon brought her to the Catskills to us for a weekend. But for some reason she ate so continuously that it dispelled her mystery for Doris and me.

George Harrison Phelps told us of a lovely young woman with three young daughters whose husband had left her. She was coming to New York for a fresh start in life. An entrancing, fragile creature, she told us her story. She was supporting herself and children by photography. Later she married John V. N. Dorr, a much older man, an inventor with international interests and a home in Connecticut. We spent a weekend with them. One of their thatched cottages had a sod roof and there Lillian Gish sat in silent contemplation, probably of Nell Dorr’s new happiness.

New York social life was extremely fluid; close friends of one year became acquaintances of the next. But there were always new discoveries. We found friends among wise and lovable older people, a new experience for us because at home the gap between the generations had not been bridged. I recall three in particular. Thekla Bernays, a distant relative from St. Louis, Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve and Samuel Strauss, the former editor of the defunct *Globe*. They added new dimensions to our lives and helped to shape them without attempting to do so.

Thekla played an important role in St. Louis in the early 1900s, encouraging bright young writers and artists, and when her brother died she moved to New York, where her informal salon became a center of cultural stimulation. Zoe Akins, the playwright, and George O'Neil were her protégès. She introduced me to the Wall Street genius, John Pope, one of the first men to foresee the crash of 1929. At the crest of the boom in the late Twenties, Pope urged his clients to sell their securities fast. Fortunately, I followed his advice and sold most of the stocks I had accumulated up to that time. Thekla also introduced us to Dr. Dana Atchley of the Presbyterian Medical Center, who became our physician.

Carl Snyder had an encyclopedic mind; in fact, he had been editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He had a real affection for Doris, bringing her small bouquets when he came to visit us for dinner, or making subtle verbal gestures when she said or did things that pleased him. At that time, as the economist and statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, he postulated the idea that America had grown at an average rate of 4 per cent annually and that this growth was correlated to the expansion of credit of the United States. He was trying to persuade the Government to accept his idea that credit expansion in a depression would bring back prosperity. At the same time Snyder was excited about psychoanalysis, the secret of remaining young, American literature and international affairs. The world was his book, and he had studied and mastered more facets of human knowledge than any other person we knew.

Samuel Strauss was an extraordinarily gentle and introspective man, but after he had talked for a few minutes on any topic he became so abstract that it was hard to follow his thought. He later wrote a book of philosophy that I tried to read without great success (it was described by the reviewers as unnecessarily obscure). But he did write one piece that made a strong impression on Doris and me: "Things Are in the Saddle" in the October

1924 *Atlantic Monthly*. At a time when Americans were obsessed with prosperity, Strauss warned his readers that they would regret the loss of values and morals that an overemphasis on things brought with it. Doris and I, guided by Strauss's admonition, never put our things in the saddle. We never cried over marred furniture or broken vases, or let possessions possess us. "The sanctity of our home did not extend to furniture," wrote Doris in A *Wife Is Many Women*. "Years later, when the children and their friends occasionally smashed things, we remembered not to scold or be sorry ourselves. I do not recall either of us ever punishing the children for any unintentional damage they did. As a result, people said politely of our living room: 'This room looks lived in—why don't you get a decorator?'"

My erudite son-in-law, Justin Kaplan, a Simon and Schuster senior editor in the 1950's and now writing a biography of Mark Twain for them, identified for us the poem from which Strauss's title derived. It was an ode by Ralph Waldo Emerson:

The horseman serves the horse,
The neatherd serves the neat,
The merchant serves the purse,
The eater serves his meat;
'Tis the day of the chattel,
Web to weave and com to grind;
Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind.

Emerson said this about the 1840s in the United States. What would he have said about the 1920s?

We had lived happily and comfortably at Washington Mews for seven years. But now that our first child was due, Doris and I reluctantly looked for larger living quarters. We learned that William Averell Harriman was to vacate his house at 8 Washington Square North, around the corner from the Mews. We subleased it from him for three years. Two great bronze roosters stood guard on granite pediments on the stoop. A white Federal wood door with a brass knocker welcomed visitors. To the right of the entry was a high-ceilinged drawing room with a white Carrara marble mantelpiece supported by lady Zouaves. Mahogany sliding doors opened in to an Adam music room and thence to a dining room.

A lovely curving balustrade, its worn mahogany smooth and warm to the hand, led upstairs to the three bedroom floors. An engineer later told Doris that she climbed the equivalent of the Eiffel Tower daily to our bedroom on the second floor and to the nursery to Doris, who was joined by Anne seventeen months later. Eleven rooms had been assigned to servants on the top floor. Doris felt this was an ironic arrangement, designed to destroy the servant class.

Staffing a home like ours was a managerial chore of the first order, and I don't know how Doris did it so perfectly. Without training or previous experience, except what she had gained in our small house in Washington Mews, she managed servants, menus, markets, bills, guests and her professional work in the office. She was kind, tolerant, understanding, humane and organized.

Our household staff consisted of a butler, laundress, cook, kitchen maid, houseman, waitress, upstairs girl and nurse. Bahnesen, our butler, was skillful, intelligent and served with the flair of a Toscanini. He remembered the likes and habits of every guest. Many of our friends had told him he was too good for a household job, but he remained with us for years, because, he told us, he met so many interesting people. We canceled a Sunday-night party when little Doris insisted on being born that day as scheduled. We were unable to reach ten of our friends with the news, so I told Bahnesen to act as host. Our friends were so impressed with him that they persuaded him to give up butlering. When Doris returned home from the hospital he sadly announced he was to become a woolen salesman at R. H. Macy's.

We were not always so fortunate in the choice of butlers. During Prohibition a new butler opened our wine cellar, got roaring drunk, rushed to the front door and hurled all the wine bottles across the street into Washington Square Park.

Doris looked forward to the baby with high maternal expectancy. For some reason I was most concerned with what the child would be when she grew up. But adjustment to the baby, when she came, was easy. I suppose it helped that the burden on Doris wasn't so great that it took her away from me.

When Doris was born we filled out the birth certificate with both our names—Doris E. Fleischman and Edward L. Bernays. The New York City Department of Health at first refused to accept Doris' maiden name on the birth certificate. I argued that she was recognized as Doris E. Fleischman by

the State Department passport, the Internal Revenue Department, by insurance companies and in her professional and private life and that the same standards should be applied by the Board of Health. In an unprecedented ruling they agreed that a woman who keeps her maiden name after marriage may be registered by that name as the mother of her child.

When our children were little, child care and child psychology were new. We tried out many new theories, checking our theories with books. Doris showed the enthusiasm and care she gave to everything. Little Doris' routine was carefully researched and adoringly watched. We felt we were really the first parents in the world.

Bahnesen brought us our breakfast, coffee and a roll, at eight o'clock. At 8:30 I drove to the office, and Doris followed me after her ordering and playing with the children. Then as now a conscientious mother and career woman had a difficult time. Doris went home for the children's lunch; I lunched with clients or friends or had a sandwich at my desk. Doris left the office at 4:00 P.M. SO she could play with, bathe and feed the children. At 6:30 I arrived home and rushed upstairs to see the babies. Then Doris and I changed to dinner clothes, which we usually wore till 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning.

Hundreds of friends and acquaintances dined with us during these years at one party after another. Young writers, publishers, musicians, artists, psychologists, doctors, scientists, uptown socialites, stock brokers, bankers, politicians and businessmen made up our circle. Park Avenue friends talked, to Doris' disgust, about the phenomenal stock-market rise. But the young professional people in arts and letters were, fortunately, uninterested in the impact of market changes, in the manic atmosphere of 1929, the last year of the great. Coolidge-Hoover inflation, the New Era.

Eight Washington Square was designed for large formal parties. In 1929 Doris and I gave a New Year's Eve party to which we invited 250 people. Three hundred came. We were not surprised. Prohibition made people eager for festivities. Invited guests asked their friends to come, and these friends casually extended our hospitality to their friends. Everybody danced, sang and drank until morning, when breakfast was served to the hardier guests. The number of crashers increased so much that our New Year's Eve parties were too impersonal for our pleasure. In 1932 we invited no one and went

to bed early. The doorbell rang seventeen times between 10:00 P.M. and 1:00 A.M.

The vicissitudes of life and death have parted us from many of our old friends.

chapter 16

GREAT HOTELS

Psychological dislocation, an aftermath of the war, together with the breakdown in law induced by Prohibition, brought violence to America—gang shootings and killings in the Twenties. A society conditioned to killing in wartime did not adjust easily to peaceful existence. This did not seem strange to me. We are taught the sanctity of life and the need to preserve it and overnight it becomes our patriotic duty to kill. And when peace is restored again, overnight we are expected to return to the values we had before the war started. This was too much of an adjustment for many.

In 1922 travelers were afraid to bring their children to New York because of these conditions, and the city's hotels suffered in patronage as a result. The city's Health Commissioner, Royal S. Copeland, told me that every mail delivery brought at least one letter asking whether it was safe for a mother and daughter to pass through New York on the way to Europe. I myself, while talking to my good friend Emanuel Lavine in the press office opposite New York police headquarters, heard the rat-tat-tat of machine guns as two rumrunner gangs fought out territorial boundaries on the street outside. My friend hardly interruped his conversation, so casual had such occurrences become (to him, not to me).

I feel sure postwar crime was no worse in New York than in other large cities, but New York was larger and therefore had more of it. Throughout the country, people thought conditions were worse in New York. At the suggestion of Lucius Boomer of the Waldorf, the Hotel Association of New York engaged us as counsel on public relations to help re-establish New York as a friendly place to visit.

The Hotel Association dealt with such problems as its relations to government, labor, the public and other areas on which competitors could safely agree. Like other social islands, professional, economic, ethnic and religious, the New York hotel men in 1922 also maintained close personal

relations. During the day they hosted their guests, almost like the tavern keepers of a previous generation, and at night they hosted one another at Lucullan feasts at which the chef of the evening tried to outdo the chef of the previous get-together. In the fall and winter seasons, the Waldorf entertained the hotel men one day, then the Astor, then the Biltmore, and so down the line. Gourmet festivals and hotel dinners for hotel philanthropies filled the gaps. This constant wining and dining kept me as busy as my office duties. But it was no hardship, for I enjoyed good wines and well-prepared food.

I cast about for a dramatic way to change the attitudes of people outside New York toward the city. A successful Broadway play, *Welcome Stranger*, sparked the idea. A Welcome Stranger Committee to make the people of the country realize that New York was a warm, friendly city, drawn from representative profit and nonprofit New York institutions and groups, would soften the exaggerated reports of New York vice and crime, particularly by extending its hospitality to visitors in word and deed. The executive committee of the Hotel Association immediately approved the idea. I called a meeting of representatives of New York's museums, theaters, music organizations, educational institutions, railroads, religious and other groups, promised co-operation in welcoming individual and group visitors by writing to their opposite numbers in cities throughout the country, telling them about New York's friendly attitude and sending out a calendar of coming events as an incentive to travel here.

As new recruits rallied to the committee's activities, we released news stories. We sent Welcome Stranger announcements to governors, mayors and boards of trade. All this brought favorable publicity for New York in newspapers and trade publications. Then editorials in praise of New York followed our correspondence and pronouncements. In the minds of potential visitors, the city became friendlier and of course the reception accorded visitors by the New York cooperating groups was friendlier. Before the days of polling there was no method of accurately assessing the direct results of this activity. Still, it is fair to assume that if negative attitudes toward New York hurt the hotel business, then positive attitudes toward New York built it up. And the room count did go up.

As the hotel tycoons in the association realized the power of public opinion, first against them and then for them, they sought to bring the Democratic National Convention of 1924 to New York. This might also

help to further the nomination of Al Smith, who was far from being a Dry, a position that was anathema to hoteldom. The association also thought the convention would bring thousands of delegates to the city. The association practically depleted its treasury in its efforts to bring the convention to New York. But when it took place, the convention became deadlocked and lasted so long that many delegates were financially embarrassed and spent less money at the hotels for entertainment than anticipated. The association, because of lack of funds, gave up its public relations activities and us. Our success, therefore, turned into a Pyrrhic victory. I was able to observe how basic changes take place in a large industry. Watching competitors co-operate in a trade association has always delighted me. Business enterprise, until comparatively recently, was private in every sense. But common problems in relations with government and labor brought business competitors closer together in trade associations. This was always a painful experience for hard-bitten entrepreneurs, who, accustomed to ruthless competition, now found themselves required to exude sweetness and light in sitting around the conference table with their competitors.

Hotel owners profited from the increased business and the high occupancy rate during the war. After the war, nationalism and prosperity both encouraged Americans to travel more in their own country. Hotel men realized that they were businessmen running organizations involving heavy investment and that hotels could no longer be conducted like old-fashioned taverns.

The hotel men who gathered around the table with me at these meetings —E. M. Statler, W. C. Muschenheim, Albert Keller and Lucius Boomer— each in his own way was a personality and demonstrated his special kind of hotelkeeping. E. M. Statler, the slight, alert, articulate owner of the Pennsylvania Hotel (now called the Statier-Hilton), opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, was *the* chain hotel man of the group. He had started off with one Statler hotel in Buffalo and now operated them in five cities—Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and New York. Statler, a proponent of Elbert Hubbard’s economic gospel, subscribed to by many businessmen, held that there was nothing you couldn’t get if you went after it. “Service” was his key word to success. Even as Mencken was satirizing the gospel of service in his attacks on the Rotary Club and American boobery, Statler was preaching it to his employees and to the traveling

public and gaining the good will of businessmen, his principal customers. This appeal was successful.

At our meetings Statler always acted as if he were crusading for a profitless ideal. Actually, I am sure, he was as aware of profits and the balance sheet as the most acute banker. Behind his simple, direct and ingenuous manner was Yankee shrewdness. However, despite Statler's service palaver, I admired him because he had a clear recognition of his obligations to the public and honestly tried to maintain both efficient and humanness in his establishments.

The Hotel Astor's William C. Muschenheim, who looked like the Foxy Grandpa of the popular comics, was a typical German innkeeper of a past generation, devoted to *gemütlichkeit*, good food and service. At most hotel banquets the soup usually arrived at the table tepid. At Astor banquets the soup was tasty and piping hot. The plates had been preheated. At the Astor, Muschenheim tried to maintain high standards in food, drink and service. At the association, Muschenheim usually went along with the plans others suggested; he was not aware of the strategies and techniques of public relations, but he was a solicitous host and his sauerbraten and its mustard caper sauce were *par excellence*.

Albert Keller, of the Ritz-Carlton, was also of German background, but his presence and manner were cosmopolitan. He had a certain *je ne sais quoi*, as if nothing could disconcert him. He seemed ready to discuss the weather with the Prince of Wales or to confer with Escoffier about the correct way of preparing truffles. This impeccable manner went with over six feet of powerful body and a deadpan face. A world traveler at the Ritz-Carlton on 46th Street might have thought he was at Shepeard's in Cairo, the Ritz in Paris or the Carlton in London. The elevators and lobbies were perfumed with a delicate aroma. The clerks in the front office wore morning coats and trousers until the afternoon. Then they changed their uniforms to striped trousers and a Prince Albert. In the evening they wore dinner clothes. The rooms were furnished in immaculate taste and each room was differently decorated.

Keller, like Muschenheim, was not articulate about public relations. He went along with the dynamic Lucius Boomer, president of the Waldorf-Astoria, who dominated the meetings. Boomer had engaged us in 1921 as counsel on public relations, and after a year he induced the Hotel Association to take us on too. I knew little about hotels when I started with

Boomer. My experience was limited to the few New York hotels I had been taken to as a boy, to the Savoy in London and the Ritz in Paris, which I had visited during my sojourn at the Peace Conference. I had learned that these hotels owned by a corporation could be highly personal centers of life, but until I started working with Boomer I had no idea how to bring about such results.

I liked Boomer on meeting him and I think he liked me. Later I found out that such a mutual liking was an unusual occurrence in Boomer's life. He was a heavy-set middle-aged man who carried himself well. He was meticulously dressed, a trait he consciously adopted to make his employees aware of what he expected of them. He wore glasses that were almost invisible. His face remained almost expressionless during his conversations with me. At times he looked at me with an air of expectancy, as if he were wondering what I might say. Some people called him supercilious but I never found him so, although occasionally I heard him be sarcastic when he felt someone was not particularly bright. His conversation was direct, logical and to the point.

"Mr. Bernays," he once said, "you know your field of public relations counsel. That's why I make arrangements with you. You will advise me in that area for my hotels, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Mc-Alpin and the Willard in Washington. Most hotel workers are untrained. They come to America from foreign countries; their job with us is their first job. As soon as they learn the language, with few exceptions, they seek other employment. This is not true, of course, of waiters, who have remained with the Waldorf for years, nor of the chambermaids nor of chefs. But much of our personnel is a changing one."

Boomer continued on what I later discovered was a favorite theme of his: "Housekeeping is the essence of hotelkeeping. It is housekeeping on a quantity basis. I expect my guests to be served as they expect to be served in their own homes—only better. And I am a perfectionist. If I were not, how could I expect my people to do as well as they do?

"Our problem can be reduced to simple terms," he said. "To get our army of employees to treat our guests as if the Waldorf were their home away from home. People come to this tavern to eat, drink, sleep and enjoy themselves, but the physical structure and physical things like beds and bathrooms are not enough. The fulfillment of their desires depends on waiters, chambermaids, porters, desk clerks, bellboys and a host of others.

“One other problem that I want your help on is how to re-establish the hotel’s old glamour and compensate for the Waldorf’s disadvantageous location. The newer hotels uptown are more modern than the Waldorf-Astoria. The Grand Central Station zone has become the center of new hotels—the Biltmore, the Commodore, the Ritz-Carlton and the Roosevelt—where tourists and business visitors to New York disembark from their trains. Could you bring back the Waldorf’s earlier glamour?”

Had this question been put to me a year or two earlier, I would have thought it necessary to give an immediate answer. I suggested we study the entire situation in and out of the Waldorf before coming to any conclusions and recommendations.

I learned that the Waldorf, built on the site of the old William Waldorf Astor home, was combined in 1896 with the Astoria, built next door on the site of General Jacob Astor’s home. The hotel’s ornate public and private suites were distinctly Victorian. The large guest rooms had many nooks and crannies, designed and built without regard to cleaning them or the cost of land. Absurdly wide corridors wasted much space. The structure seemed more like an old castle in England than a modern American hotel.

Under George Boldt, Boomer’s predecessor, the Waldorf-Astoria had become a symbol for the best in hotel service for American and foreign visitors alike. When Boldt died the du Ponts bought the hotel and installed Boomer to run it. The Victorian period was over, but Boomer had preserved the amenities of the Victorian era: the doorman tipped his hat to arriving guests, the front-office clerk greeted the guests cordially, the bellboy hung up the guest’s hat and coat after he deposited his hand luggage in his room. Waldorf guests expected to be transported to the world of unreality they had read about in novels and seen portrayed in the rotogravures of their Sunday newspapers. Boomer watched over the operation as a good general did over his army.

I carried out an informal survey with the personnel who worked at the front of the house, those who came in contact with guests: the assistant managers, clerks in the front office, cashiers, maids, captains, waitresses, bus boys, bellboys, etc. I did not survey the back of the house (the kitchen and backstairs personnel, the accounting, bookkeeping and housekeeping departments); that was unnecessary. Scientific research did not come till years later. I gathered facts and impressions in conversation with people, checking and rechecking on what they told me so that I could identify clear-

cut areas of agreement and disagreement and then base my recommendations on what I could isolate as fact.

I learned to my surprise that few of Boomer's staff enjoyed working with him. They felt that he was cold, arrogant and dictatorial. But I never found him so in my decades of association with him. I think some people resented his brilliance and his insistence on perfection.

When we had finished our study I talked to Boomer and proposed a master plan to deal with public relations at the hotel, the first such blueprint for hotels. Later, in his book *Hotel Management: Principles and Practices*, still the hotel management bible, Boomer used this plan for his chapter on public relations, and it has become standard procedure in hotel operation.

"Public relations just doesn't grow by itself," I wrote in the preface to the plan. "Policies and practices of a good hotel must conform to changing public demand. Then the hotel must interpret itself and its new practices to the public. The function of a hotel publicity department, its activities, the supervision of its personnel, its strategy and tactics must all be carefully worked out." The plan analyzed the objectives of a hotel in patronage and prestige and drafted the organization of a hotel public relations operation. For the Waldorf, I suggested a supervisor, special-feature writers, society reporters, a specialist on pictures, typists and stenographers, filing clerks and office boys. I outlined an office routine that included scanning lists of reservations and arrivals, getting interviews with and photographs of important people, studying the functions at the hotel for news angles and ensuring that the results of public relations activities were fed back to the employees to strengthen their *esprit de corps*.

Boomer approved the master plan and put it into action at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Every channel to the public was used to project the hotel, and the feedback of anything favorable to the hotel employees became standard procedure. As an example, we provided people who booked banquets or other events with a printed form to fill out. It had space for details of the event and served as an aid to the hotel's publicity department. This delighted the organization booking a date, because they got their publicity free, courtesy of the Waldorf.

One idea we tried out backfired, reminding me that good will must never be considered an end in itself. We recommended that when a couple registered at the Waldorf news of their arrival should be mailed to newspapers in their home town, to give local publicity to the hotel. Three

days after we initiated the system the Waldorf received an irate letter from a wife saying that she had read in her local paper that she was in New York with her husband when actually she was in her home town. We dropped that method of building good will.

To build up patronage we suggested special diets for travelers who needed them. The Waldorf set up a diet kitchen. Doctors prepared special menus for visitors for convalescence, malnutrition, overweight, colitis and other common conditions. They were given to guests on request. Newspapers gave this innovation widespread publicity, undoubtedly reasoning that their own readers would profit from our menus. We then added a children's menu, prepared by a pediatrician.

We had to cope with a false rumor that Marshall Field of Chicago was going to buy the hotel and turn it into a department store. Room cancellations were coming in from all over the country. What could I do to quash the rumor? Boomer asked. "Any false rumor should be blanketed," I said. "Denial will only bring it to the attention of more people than already have heard it. Denial might even substantiate the truth of the rumor to some. Why don't you make and announce a fire-insurance contract covering the Waldorf for a period of years?" But I quickly realized that fire insurance had a negative connotation for a hotel. I recalled that Oscar of the Waldorf was the symbol of the hotel and that possibly we could dramatize the Waldorf's continuity through him. I urged Boomer to sign a long-term contract with Oscar and surround the contract signing with a ceremony. We called in news photographers for the ceremony (flash powder crackled, sparkled and exploded dangerously and helped make the event dramatic). The story was printed. Cancellations stopped overnight, and all without mention of the damaging rumor.

I then turned to the two problems Boomer had given me—the first that of maintaining the standards of service. He had engaged associates and assistants who compensated for his own shortcomings, and he gave them full rein and responsibility. An introvert himself, he hired extroverts for positions they fitted. Roy Carruthers, a jovial Detroit race-track operator and the manager of the Book-Cadillac Hotel, became the manager of the Waldorf under Boomer. Roy, the perfect handshaking front man, knew how to run a hotel and maintain the Waldorf standards. George Lindholm, his assistant, was better suited for his job of human relations with guests than anyone I have ever met. George was a warm, gregarious person who

naturally and without conscious effort increased an individual's feeling of personal worth. I ran across him in the lobby at least five times a week and each time he made me feel as if I had been greeted by a long-lost brother who admired me greatly.

George illustrated in one of his actions how Waldorf policy worked out in practice. A woman came to New York to entertain in her Waldorf suite. On the morning of her arrival she telephoned Lindholm, excitedly saying that the evening gown she had brought with her clashed with the wallpaper of the drawing room where her party was to be held the next day. The crowded hotel could offer her no other suite, so Lindholm immediately sent up a decorator and then a paperhanger, who repapered the room in a color and design that complemented her gown. The impact of this gesture far outweighed its expense.

To the public, Oscar and not Boomer had been the living symbol of the Waldorf. He was widely known as a chef, because a food manufacturer had bought the right to use his name for a sauce, widely advertised. The press gave Oscar much human-interest publicity; some reporters thought he owned the hotel. Actually, by 1922, he was nothing more than a peripatetic, lumbering professional host whom guests had transformed into a potent nostalgic symbol of the old-fashioned host. At mealtime daily he shuffled through the restaurants, public rooms and banquet halls, greeting the people he had met, at least once before, with a restrained smile, warmly shaking the hands of those he knew slightly better and adding a friendly word of welcome or a pat on the back to those he knew well. The beneficiaries of Oscar's smiles responded as though a king had laid hands on them. In their minds his greeting gave them status.

Although supercargo, Oscar persuaded himself that he was indispensable to the successful running of the hotel. Boomer tolerated this attitude because of Oscar's value as a handshaker and wisely gave him the title of maître d'hôtel. But Oscar's real work—running the profitable banquet business—was already being carried on by Claudius Philippe, a young, dynamic Frenchman recently arrived from France. Philippe lived the life of an anonymous tightrope walker. Keenly ambitious himself, indefatigable, he was astute enough to curb his ambitions in the face of Oscar's own overweening desire for the spotlight. That training prepared him for his work as head of the new Americana Hotel in 1963 and later for his hotel consultant's activity.

Boomer had discovered a new application for the Manual of Arms; he took the basic idea of the manual and applied standardization of action to the duties of the bellboys, chambermaids, porters, waitresses and other personnel in hotels. There were standard procedures for everything, from the correct way to hold a glass to making a bed. This was a revolutionary idea in the hotel industry—in which the competitive position of a hotel depended on the quality of service rendered by the employees. This had always been left to the individual employee to determine. Mr. Boomer set his own standards in these matters, and Hamilton, his assistant, wrote them up. Employees were given training courses. These were followed by check-ups. The individual employee was expected to add a gracious personality to the uniform Waldorf service—to the surprise and delight of the patron. The solution to the first problem Boomer put to us was well in hand: the men working with him were carrying out his instructions and maintaining Waldorf standards. Their difficulties were to increase as the problem of restrictive immigration laws decreased the supply of available hotel labor and as increasing outside opportunities were offered American workers. But that was a problem common to all hotels.

The second problem was that of reviving the glamour of the Waldorf and making it stand as a symbol of the best in hoteldom, the premier hotel in America for distinguished visitors from this country and overseas. Boomer sent the writer Peter B. Kyne to London with instructions to offer Lloyd George the hospitality of the Waldorf. On his arrival here the Waldorf became the center for news about him by readers of the entire country. No better symbol for U.S. and foreign consumption could have been found.

As for the matter of age, we made an advantage of a disadvantage by suggesting an elaborate celebration of the Waldorf's thirtieth anniversary, 1893–1923, a birthday party that presented to the public the theme of tradition that Boomer had emphasized in his talk with me. We easily recruited a roster of distinguished men for the Waldorf-Astoria's thirtieth-anniversary committee: Robert Grier Cooke, president of the Fifth Avenue Association; Vincent Astor; Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; Otto H. Kahn; Adolph Ochs; Charles M. Schwab; and other VIPs. We held a luncheon for the hotel's personnel in the Waldorf's Astor Gallery with Oscar as the guest of honor. Employees sat together in classes, determined by the year they entered the hotel's service from 1893 to 1923. Flowers covered the tables; short-time employees served the guests. For the

benefit of reporters, Oscar recalled the notable dinners he had served and noted the changes during the past thirty years in the length of dinners, drinking habits and Prohibition, the reliability of waiters (declining even then) and of beards. Dishwashers, silver polishers, cold-meat Gutters, chambermaids and elevator boys doffed their uniforms to sit at the banquet board. The orchestra played “Sweet Little Buttercup” from *HMS Pinafore*, “Sweet Rosie O’Grady” and “Two Little Girls in Blue.” We set up next to the Astor Gallery a museum containing mementoes of thirty years. Messages of congratulations we had asked for came from dignitaries in Europe, Asia and South America who had been Waldorf guests.

Boomer watched public relations activities with the same interest with which he followed all other hotel activities. Once he showed me a pie-crust chart that indicated to a fraction how much the different departments produced in income and, similarly, what was the outgo for salaries, repairs, linens, liquor, food, fixtures, taxes, pilferage, etc. Today this is standard practice, and people who have never been in the hotel business run their properties by this method.

Boomer recognized the implications of even the minor aspects of contact with his public, which often assume importance. A supply of national flags of all countries was kept, and the proper flag flown from the flag pole for the visiting dignitary. And these dignitaries received their national dishes well prepared if they wanted them. For example, the brother of the Sheik of Bahrein, from the Isle of Pearls in the Persian Gulf, was in America years later at the new Waldorf on Park Avenue, to propagandize Oriental pearls, which abound in the waters around Bahrein. I talked to him in his Tower room, where he sat at a table, in T-shirt and trousers, his picturesque burnoose and flowing robes on a chair beside him. With his bare hands, he was tackling a large heap of chicken and rice on a plate before him, ripping the pieces of the fowl apart and stuffing the rice by handfuls into his mouth, in between bites of the meat, for all the world like Charles Laughton as King Henry the Eighth. Through his interpreter he complained to me that he was depressed that the dish was not prepared to his liking. Chicken with rice a la Bahrein was better.

The next time I visited the sheik, a charming Egyptian girl was at his side as he devoured his meal of chicken and rice with evident enjoyment. Miss Azeez, who presided over the black-coffee service in the Starlight

Roof, confided to me that Boomer had asked her to supervise the cooking of the royal chicken. She had graciously consented.

Nothing escaped Boomer's attention or interest: the discourtesy of a telephone operator, mistake in names by a headwaiter, an over-officious room clerk. When he walked through the old Waldorf's Peacock Alley or the huge lobby on Park Avenue, he might pick up a thread or a pin under the eyes of his employees. They would obviously have to take note of his action, which then served as an example to them.

To his objective, analytical mind, Boomer added a quality, rare among people with that approach. He followed through in action. He thought of his hotels on an abstract level and then treated them as realities. To me this is the way to proceed in any situation.

Despite our activities, the old Waldorf suffered from its poor location, in a city that was rapidly building more and newer hotels uptown. By mutual agreement our contract ended. Then in 1930–31 the present Waldorf was built on the square block between 49th and 50th streets and Park and Lexington avenues. I thought Boomer would call me in to help in its developing period. But he told me that financial interests put pressure on him to turn the work over to Ivy Lee, who was adviser on public relations to Rockefeller interests and others. Several years after the hotel's opening, Boomer again retained us on a yearly basis and later on an intermittent basis until his death. The Thirties were difficult years for luxury hotels and Boomer was aware that he needed every possible resource to maintain good will and room count in a period of declining personal and business income. What activities of the Waldorf should be continued, what changed, and what policies and practices should govern the Waldorf during the depression? One suggestion I made was for a survey to ascertain what guests liked and disliked about the Waldorf, why they came rather than to some other hotel, why they went elsewhere, how services could be improved to meet their desires, and what publications Waldorf guests read. Boomer then acted on the findings. For instance, before the survey Boomer had introduced a *couvert* charge because meals were not showing a profit. The survey indicated that some people did not know what *couvert* meant and objected to the charge. The words "bread and butter" were substituted and the objections were overcome.

Boomer asked me to advise him in the early Forties, when Arthur Hornblow was producing a motion picture, *Weekend at the Waldorf*.

Hornblow submitted a script with gangsters and murderers amuck at the Waldorf. Boomer wasn't certain he should co-operate. (The press had recently played up a gangster who frequented the Waldorf barbershop.) I told Boomer what Ivy Lee had once remarked to me—that from a public relations standpoint everything should be viewed on balance. In contemplating co-operation, you had to weigh the total impression and decide whether it added up to a plus or a minus.

"A movie that associates the Waldorf with the underworld will harm the hotel, regardless of any affirmations about the Waldorf it might contain," I said. I advised against co-operating with Hornblow unless the underworld was deleted. At Boomer's request I wrote a memorandum to Mr. Hornblow expressing my view. Hornblow protested but eliminated the references to gangsterism. The picture became a great success and helped the Waldorf.

Over the years until his death Boomer invited me to an annual Christmas dinner for approximately 100 people. It was always a most distinguished assembly, drawn from the fields of communications—press, radio, magazines, business, finance, government, with a few leaders among hotel men. Some years I attended a full-dress rehearsal of the dinner and ate the same meal I would eat a few days later. We then criticized the dinner, as if it had been a dramatic tryout in Boston. Boomer acted on the criticisms he felt were sound. At these dinners no speeches were made. What Boomer liked most about the dinners, I thought, was having most important men as his personal guests: one year Herbert Hoover, Douglas MacArthur, heads of great press services and distinguished editors and authors attended. Boomer, the onetime stenographer, was now *primus inter pares*.

Soon after Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration, Boomer invited me to luncheon to meet former President Hoover, a new permanent guest in the Waldorf Towers. We ate in Mr. Hoover's huge high-ceilinged dining room in his apartment. Mr. Hoover seemed truly disturbed. Throughout lunch he emphasized that the United States had fallen on evil days. "Soon there will be no private hospitals or private universities left in the country," he said ominously. At one point, with a dramatic gesture, Hoover placed his finger ten inches from the edge of the table, moved it slowly along the tablecloth to the edge, let his finger drop, and stated funereally, "Shortly we will be over the precipice."

Boomer agreed. Many industrialists were convinced that Roosevelt was hell-bent on wrecking the social group into which he had been born, that he

was a traitor to his class, who wished to destroy the equilibrium that existed between “the classes and the masses.” Often I tried to dispute this point with Boomer, but it was not arguable as far as he was concerned. Reason could not affect his fervor against Roosevelt and the New Deal. He was adamant in his objection to labor unions, which he felt were going to ruin the country. When the service and hotel industries were organized in New York, after the Wagner act, the Waldorf was among the first hotels to be unionized. The union was recognized by Boomer according to the law, but the men he had formerly regarded as co-workers at the Waldorf became evil conspirators trying to destroy a sound economic system. I could not persuade him otherwise and we did not pursue the matter further. I decided then that it is sometimes possible to change the attitudes of millions but impossible to change the attitude of one man.

Despite this failing, Boomer was an imaginative, thoughtful and efficient businessman. To my knowledge he was the first hotel executive to recognize that the hotel industry was an integral part of the world of mass production, consumption and communication. Personnel directors, industrial relations experts and the other specialist operations of present-day business operations were unknown. But Boomer recognized that he was dealing with large numbers of people inside and outside the hotel—employees, guests, potential guests, purveyors. He standardized all the procedures possible, always aware that where services were involved they must remain personal within the standards set.

Boomer’s reputation rested on thinking and planning that anticipated the service given the public—a rare approach in any business, most unusual in hotel management then. Other hotel men might spend the day back-slapping and fraternizing with guests in lobby and public-room floors; Boomer sat in his office listening to executives and advisers, evaluating their reports, making decisions based on them and planning for the future. He set the pattern for the hotel and the hotel man of today.

chapter 17

TWO MAGAZINES AND THE SELL MANIA

William Randolph Hearst doggedly opposed our entry into World War I. Under the slogans “America First” and “No Entangling Alliances” he defended the Germans, harangued the British and simultaneously protested his own superpatriotism by running red-white-and-blue headlines and stanzas of “The Star-Spangled Banner” on his front pages. According to the biographer W. A. Swanberg, Hearst was sincere in his belief that the United States should stay out of the war. But his tactics made him the most hated man in the United States. When we finally entered the war, not even Hearst’s endorsement of our action could efface his public pro-Germanism.

The bad odor of Hearst lingered after the war and spread to his outlying possessions—his magazines, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper’s Bazaar* and the others—adversely affecting their advertising income. In 1921 *Good Housekeeping* and *Cosmopolitan* retained our organization as counsel on public relations. My job had no ideological connotations. Hearst rarely injected himself in his magazines’ affairs; they were self-contained ventures better left in the hands of highly competent business managers and editors, whom he had enticed away from competitors by offering them more money than they could afford to turn down. The Hearst philosophy of publishing, I learned, was the purchase of paper at so much per pound and selling it to advertisers at so many more cents per pound. Subscriptions and newsstand sales brought in so much per pound; the editorial content cost so much per pound. Editors were considered good when they sold paper poundage at the highest profit. It was as simple as that.

Ray Long, the editor-in-chief of *Cosmopolitan*, ran the stable of magazines. Hearst bought Long away from the *Redbook* in Chicago. Long was a dapper little man, with a thin, closely cropped mustache and an

overpowering ego. He wore a daring blue dinner coat at parties. He understood his advertisers and his readers, was unsparing in the expenditure of money to get the authors he wanted, and surrounded himself with editors who carried out his instructions.

We carried out a campaign for *Good Housekeeping* in support of the Shepherd-Towner Bill, then pending before Congress, which would provide Government funds for prematernity care. This move consolidated the magazine's standing with women, who stood to benefit from this welfare legislation, a precedent in U.S. Government welfare legislation.

At *Cosmopolitan* my contacts were the sedate, tired managing editor, Verne Porter, and the business manager, J. Mitchel Thorsen. Porter gave stories submitted for publication in *Cosmopolitan* to his secretary, an attractive blonde young woman, to read. If she liked them, he felt sure his public would like them and he bought them. Thorsen was the prototype of the manic, euphoric salesman then prevalent. As part of a continuing effort to attract advertisers, he distributed the *Better Way*, an informal, chatty house organ, to a large promotion list; it was so well done that advertisers preferred it to *Cosmopolitan*. I am sure that because of this incongruous reason it brought many advertisers into the magazine.

We were asked to promote a story called "Guilty" by a rising young author, Fannie Hurst. The highly emotional tale of a child who inherited her mother's violent antipathy to fish might stimulate interest among women and in scientific circles. I thought Miss Hurst's thesis didn't stand up scientifically and said so. But it might focus public attention on the myth of inheritance of acquired characteristics. Perhaps scientists would, by their comment, kill the persistent belief that such characteristics could be inherited. We sent advance proofs to biologists, physicians, gynecologists and genetictists for comment. Their opinions, abstracted for newspaper use, were released and widespread publicity resulted.

Thirty-seven years later I asked Fannie Hurst whether she remembered the great sensation "Guilty" had caused. She told me repercussions from the publicity had lasted for years.

We promoted other pieces to arouse public discussion. In 1921 Dr. Woods Hutchinson, a popular medical writer, wrote an article called "The Pace That Kills Is the Crawl," in which he claimed that the slower pace was more damaging than the fast. The article was a rationalization for the strenuous pace of the Twenties and expounded the thesis that the go-getter

followed a wise course. At our suggestion, Dr. A. L. Goldwater, a distinguished physician, sent out reprints of the article, on *Medical Review of Reviews* letterheads, to business leaders, soliciting their comments. *Cosmopolitan* published them in a pamphlet under four headings: "The Active Life—a Longer Life," "Work Hard—But Watch Your Health" (with an essay by William Jennings Bryan extolling sleep as a great revivifier), "Work Hard—But Not Too Hard" and "A Collection of Assorted Comments."

Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, wrote an introduction to the pamphlet: "This discussion, it seems to me, brings clearly to light the fact that hard work is largely responsible for the splendid vigor and enterprise of the American businessman. By the same application of his power to constructive effort, with courage and vision, he is assured the greatest future in our history or the history of the World." And the Boston *Transcript* commented that the article was "perhaps the most important redeclaration of faith in the strenuous life heard since [Theodore] Rooseveltian days."

In 1921 American business was hit by an inventory panic. At my suggestion *Cosmopolitan* organized a Sell Now Committee of prominent men in government and business. The committee, through us, corresponded with business leaders, urging them to intensify their selling effort to liquidate inventories; this naturally gained the support of trade associations, trade journals and manufacturers, bringing *Cosmopolitan* widespread publicity and credit for leadership.

The Sell Now movement turned out so successfully that *Cosmopolitan* followed up with a fiction serial, *The Go-Getter* by Peter B. Kyne, glorifying the indomitable salesman. We organized "The Quest of the Blue Vase," a competition in which corporations entered their own salesmen (Kyne's go-getter had sought a blue vase). *Cosmopolitan*, on my recommendation, created a magazine, a promotion piece, which was sold, called *Go-Getters*, to spread the gospel of resourcefulness and initiative among salesmen. *Go-Getters* caught on too. Businessmen were eager for morale-building messages at a time when selling was almost equated with religion.

Large corporations in the country backed the Go-Getters movement and ordered *Go-Getters* magazines by the hundreds for their salesmen. The United Go-Getter Club of the United Light and Railway Companies of Iowa

had members in the leading cities of Iowa; the Durham Duplex Razor Company provided gold buttons enameled in blue and red and inscribed "Durham Duplex Go Getters"; the Sherwin-Williams Company, in a Go-Getter campaign, gave its fifty leading salesmen deluxe copies of Kyne's *The Go-Getter*. This was one manifestation of a mania that permeated America. I apparently participated willingly in this irrational hoopla. The word "go-getter," still in the language, is one of the few residues of this manic drive of the Twenties.

About this time I was retained by James W. Elliott, the prototype of the new career revivalist salesman—another manifestation of this crazy selling age. *Cosmopolitan*'s drive was directed at getting more advertising income; Elliott's business was selling securities to the public.

Jimmy Elliott directed an army of a thousand salesmen. His organization—the James W. Elliott Business Builders—occupied two floors of the Knickerbocker Building at 42nd Street and Broadway and filled nine auditoriums, each seating 159 people, for lectures and conferences. He had started the Business Builders immediately after World War I, with fewer than 50 salesmen, on one small floor at 620 Fifth Avenue. In a year and a half his force had increased twenty-fold. He recruited his prospects from the postwar unemployed, through fullpage advertisements in the New York *Times* and other newspapers: "Our need is your opportunity—450 executive places to be filled." Seventy per cent of these men had never sold anything before they joined his organization. Elliott's salesmen sold stock in American corporations—the Carlisle Tire Corporation, the Daniels Motor Car Corporation, the Industrial Extension Institute (factory management courses and services), the International Bed Corporation, the Man Message Corporation (Elliott's own, which sold so-called inspirational messages), the Urban Motion Picture Industries Corporation and the U.S. High Speed Steel and Tool Corporation. Elliott said that his organization developed businesses by locating added capital for them through stock sales and by discovering men in the sales force to staff the organizations as they developed. As far as I know, none of these corporations exists today. They have either merged, discontinued, been absorbed or failed.

Elliott himself was young, dynamic and sincere, as Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt was. Elliott believed salesmanship was neither abstract nor difficult. "The secret of selling is keeping on keeping on" was his favorite slogan. "Keep on keeping on," he liked to exhort, "for you are judged by the record

you make, not by the ability to make a record." Such slogans and his other revivalist tactics produced in his salesmen unbounded optimism. He boasted that through intensive effort he and his men reached thousands of otherwise untapped purchasers. He prided himself on his inspirational tracts, used by over 700 large industrial corporations to stimulate sales.

Elliott never studied sociology or social psychology, but he intuitively grasped the temper of his times and his men so well that he became the apotheosis of the evangelist businessman. When he walked into an auditorium the men greeted him with respectful silence. His lectures were followed by wild applause. He drew from his followers the devotion of a religious leader. Whenever I dropped in at the Knickerbocker Building, night or day, I heard singing from behind closed doors of the nine auditoriums. Cheer leaders inspired the men to give their most to Jimmy Elliott and the team, and everybody sang well-known inspirational songs with new words by James Elliott.

"I consider the musical part of our meetings a most important part of our program," Elliott said to me. "A singing man is a happy man, and a happy man is a hard worker."

Elliott secured loyalty from his men by appealing to their desire for status, personal worth, group identification and money. His salesmen no longer thought of themselves as individuals, but, like the followers of Billy Graham and Oral Roberts, experienced a kind of mass hysteria.

During that summer I worked with Elliott he occasionally invited me to join him, his wife and a disciple or two on long taxicab drives around Manhattan and the West Bronx. Before the days of air conditioning, this was his way to cool off after a day of intense work, of inspiring the faithful in sweltering auditoriums.

To publicize the Business Builders' activity, we suggested weekly evening meetings at Carnegie Hall; the auditorium's national reputation would make the occasions newsworthy. The initial meeting marked the first time that Carnegie Hall was taken over for the meeting of a sales organization. Elliott presented outstanding salesmen with medals, and distinguished speakers inspired the audience with such rhetoric as: "A workman today must be fired with the intense flame that the poets sang of. 'Set yourself on fire,' cried Dante; the best match is a big idea." The most respectable banks endorsed him (the banks themselves engaged in practices they would not indulge in today, such as selling securities of corporations in

which their officers and directors had an interest); dignified, highly regarded newspapers like the New York *Times* published his full-page advertisements; and reputable men gave him their names to be used as sponsors and accepted invitations to speak before Business Builders meetings. There was general approval of business evangelism—Bruce Barton talked of Christ as a master salesman in his best-selling book, *The Man Nobody Knows*.

How banal and meretricious this was. However, in the manic climate of 1921, it was believed that salesmanship was bound up with the needs of the American economy. People accepted Elliott as they did jazz, speak-easies, ballyhoo and the talk of prosperity. I was thirty, with a few years of professional activity behind me, excited by the dynamics of watching a young man ignite an army with his enthusiasm and drive, and I accepted society's approval of him.

chapter 18

CORRESPONDENCE WITH FREUD

When I returned to New York in March 1919 after the Peace Conference in Paris, the only thing I brought back in my luggage that I had not taken with me to Paris was the inscribed copy of the *Introductory Lectures in Psychoanalysis* given at the University of Vienna in the winter of 1915-1916 and 1916-1917. Freud had sent it to me to Paris in grateful acknowledgment for a box of cigars the American mission had taken him. I did nothing about the book until I opened my office in July 1919, when I was advising Horace Liveright of Boni & Liveright and brought up at a meeting with him the possibility of publishing a translation of the lectures.

News from Vienna was very disquieting to my parents. The inflation had gathered momentum and the Austrian crown was almost worthless. We had no specific details, but I knew things could not be going well with our relatives.

Not until years later, when Ernest Jones's biography of Freud was published did I learn of the dire straits my uncle and his family were in at the time. The inflation had wiped out his $29,000 savings and his insurance of $20,000. And he was worried that he might predecease his wife. In fact Jones reports that at 63, Freud was providing for his large family and other dependents from his daily earnings from treating patients. His financial situation was indeed precarious. But this I did not know at the time. Jones's account of my association with the *Lectures* is so garbled and confused that it may be well to set the record straight.

In the last years of the war, psychoanalysis had fallen to a low ebb in public interest in this country. But now the avant-garde was talking about psychoanalysis, as Clarence Oberndorf points out in his *A History of Psychoanalysis in the United States*, and using it as an excuse for sex

palaver. Scientific journals were treating the subject professionally, and a leading bookstore carried some two hundred popularly written books which dealt with psychoanalysis directly or indirectly.

But no authoritative book by Freud himself gave the story of psychoanalysis in Freud's translated words for laymen. I thought several purposes could be met by publication of the book in English. It would popularize psychoanalysis in America authentically and it would provide stable American dollars for my uncle.

I cabled my uncle for authorization to translate and publish the volume, since correspondence took six to eight weeks. He cabled me his authorization.

I decided to forego any financial interest in the book in view of the circumstances. I made a contract with Horace Liveright on behalf of my uncle, who was to receive 15 per cent royalties. I was sure Horace would push the book vigorously. That was more than most publishers did then. They acted more like contemporaneous bankers and restricted their newspaper advertisements to formal announcements.

I thought an important American psychologist might help the sale of the book and wrote to G. Stanley Hall, asking him to write the introduction. Hall was founder and editor of the *American Journal of Psychology* and the first president of the American Psychological Association. He had invited Freud to Clark University in 1909, when he was president of the university. Hall agreed to write it.

Finding a translator was more difficult. Few experts knew both the German terminology of psychoanalysis and its English equivalent. I unearthed a Ph.D. in psychology at Columbia University, a Miss Hoch, who took on the job of translating the *Lectures* at our office; and as a precautionary measure to ensure accuracy I had the translation checked by Cora Senner of New York, who had studied with my uncle.

Everything was moving ahead smoothly when my uncle sent my father a cable, dated September 24: "MONEY DISTRIBUTED. TELL EDWARD STOP TRANSLATION. EXPECT LETTER. FREUD."

The money referred to a gift of a million crowns made by my father for a children's home in Vienna. I was surprised by Freud's change of mind and cabled the following reply: "CABLE RECEIVED. UNDER YOUR AUTHORIZATION PROCEEDED IMMEDIATELY, TRANSLATION FINISHED, INTRODUCTION WRITTEN BY STANLEY HALL, ALSO PRINTING, ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY CONTRACTS ALL

PLACED. DISBURSEMENTS AND OBLIGATIONS TO DATE AGGREGATE $3000 MUST THEREFORE CONTINUE. YOUR PROPERTY RIGHTS FULLY PROTECTED."

After an interval of weeks I received a letter from my uncle from Vienna, dated September 27, 1919. My uncle had spent the day with Ernest Jones. (I learned this years later from Jones's biography of Freud.) There was no reference to Jones or the meeting in my uncle's letter. It was in longhand, in German, and Freud, with his customary solicitude, expressed the hope I would be able to read the German. He continued:

Thank you very much for the interest you show for my cause. Through the visit of Mr. Byoir I learned of your personal interest.

You asked me for the authorization to have a translation made of my lectures. I referred you to Dr. Brill and gave it to you after having received your second telegram. I now believe such action on my part was somewhat hasty. Do not take it amiss that I review the matter. I know of course that you wanted to do me a favor and wanted me to share generously in the profits. However, in the meantime conditions here have changed in an important respect.

I heard from Mr. Hirsch that your intention was to have the translation published as part of the Sunday supplement of a newspaper, or in a weekly periodical. I cannot possibly give my consent to this. Altogether this would be too American for us over here, and even in America many would consider it as inconsistent with scientific practice. I must also insist that the person of the translator carries certain guarantees. Not only should he have an intimate acquaintance with both languages but no less with the subject matter of psychoanalysis. He ought to be an analyst himself, otherwise the translation might do great harm.

In addition, the fact is, that at the moment Dr. E. Jones in England, working in close co-operation with the International Psychoanalytic Press here in Vienna, is about to found a publishing house to publish translations and original works on psychoanalysis in England and in the United States. It is most important for him to have the lectures, still unknown in the English-speaking countries, among his first publications. I am therefore asking you to relinquish your rights in his favor, assuring you that you would thereby do a great service to me and to my cause.

And would it not be a good idea that you yourself contribute some capital to this hopeful undertaking.

Write to me personally and get in touch with Dr. E. Jones, London 69 Portland Court.

With heartfelt greetings
Your uncle
Sigm

Jones apparently had told Freud he wanted the English publication rights. But, of course, both Jones and my uncle misunderstood, because I owned no rights. I was only acting as agent of my uncle. He owned the rights, and publication by Liveright was only for this country. Nor had I any intention of publishing the translation in a newspaper supplement or a weekly periodical.

I now wrote Freud a letter confirming what I had said in the cable, itemized the expenses laid out, said the book would sell for four dollars and predicted a sale of three thousand copies. I said I was sure we could make arrangements to enable his London friends to bring the book out in England too. I expressed regret that his original authorization should have brought our work on translation and the obligations I had entered into to a point where I could not withdraw. I hoped the book in translation would bring him “added fame and glory and also a substantial recompense.” I sent along a hundred dollars as the advance against royalties Liveright had sent.

Shortly thereafter Liveright asked me to convey to Freud an offer guaranteeing him ten thousand dollars for a lecture series, to be given in English under Liveright’s sponsorship in America. I outlined the proposal to Freud, adding that Sir Oliver Lodge of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and his forthcoming lectures in this country were arousing great interest and that Americans would be equally eager to hear him. In the letter I urged my uncle to make a public appeal to the American people to aid the Austrian people, who were suffering economically. “The American press and the American people,” I wrote, “have sympathy for the plight of the Austrian people and such an appeal would be of material assistance to your countrymen. If you care to make it, I would gladly see to it that it received the proper distribution.”

In the next letter I received, dated January 4, 1920, Freud wrote in English: “I am very proud of earning money by the work of my nephew. Would you not consider the thought of entering into business relations with our International Psychoanalytic Publishing Company, which is creating

just now an International Press in London for bringing out a new Anglo-American Journal of PSA? You could help us a great deal. I will advise my man, Dr. Otto Rank, to write you about it and show the same way to our editor, Dr. Ernest Jones, in London."

As for Liveright's lecture-tour offer, he commented: "I do not think I should risk it. My health and my powers are not up to the point and I would lose very much by the preparations necessary here, and the enormous costs of traveling and of life in America would greatly diminish the sum guaranteed by the firm. So at least is my first impression—until I know more of the matter."

Commenting on my statement regarding the anticipated reception of his book, he wrote: "I would be very glad if your translation of the book gains the material and scientific success you expect, but my manner is not obtrusive."

And, with his usual modesty, he wrote regarding my suggestion of his making an appeal for Austrian aid: "I do not consider myself a person of public notoriety, such as may be entitled to appeal to the American people on behalf of the Austrian people and, in my own country, at least, I am in the dark." I think this last referred to the lack of recognition his own country had accorded him. His last paragraph was characteristic: "Excuse my writing you in English," he wrote. "I did not remember how far you feel at home with German, and answer me without much delay, as letters are going from 17–21 days." It was signed, "Your most affectionate uncle Sigm."

On January 15, 1920, my uncle wrote me acknowledging receipt of a check for 14,480 Kr., which I had sent to the Wiener Bankverein in Vienna, and asked me to send future checks to the account of Dr. Ernest Jones, care of Messrs. Lippmann, Rosenthal & Cie, bankers in Amsterdam. "I have good reasons for doing so. Our state is in a very bad condition and it is rumoured that our accounts in foreign countries will be confiscated." The letter closed with an optimistic note. "Expecting your good news, I am your affectionate uncle Sigm."

I wrote my uncle, on February 5, that I would be happy and proud to be associated with his psychoanalytical work and that I awaited with interest word from Drs. Rank and Jones in London. I added that his comment on the proposition of the lecture tour would be taken under advisement and that he should give no thought to a tour unless a high guarantee was made in

advance, so that he would incur no loss of his time, costs of traveling and other expenses. I again assured him that America was tremendously receptive to anything he might have to say on any subject and I referred to a conversation I had with Carl Brandt, a well-known literary agent, who begged me to secure for him something for publication from Freud, for placement in a monthly magazine of high standards. I pointed out such an article would be lucrative and would focus attention on the book.

On February 27 my uncle wrote me that my "willingness to work in cooperation with our publishing firm" pleased him "very much" and that Dr. Jones would write me further details. The Psychoanalytic Press, he thought, intended to publish an edition of the *Lectures* in England. Commenting on what I said about his reputation in the States, he remarked wryly: "It pleases me to hear that I have a good name in the United States; but to turn this into money is presently not easy."

Earlier in the year, C. M. Hiller, business manager of the new International Psychoanalytic Press, had written me from London that the Press wanted to sell its books and journals to lay readers in our country. The International Psychoanalytic Publishing Company was apparently a holding company for the International Psychoanalytic Press in London. "We now want an American who would manage this business. In case you should be able to do it yourself or give us the name and address of one of the firms you are connected with, we should be obliged to you." As a favor to my uncle, I replied I would be glad to do it. I was to receive 33⅓ per cent discount on all six-dollar subscriptions of the *Psychoanalytic Journal*, and this percentage was to include all promotion carried out by me. Special circulars imprinted with my name and address would be sold to me at half the English printing costs, and this cost was also to be subtracted from my commission. Soon after this Dr. Otto Rank wrote me from Vienna offering me identical terms to those I had already accepted from Hiller.

Soon thereafter we announced we were in business in the following newspaper release:

The International Psychoanalytic Press of London and Vienna announced the opening of its New York offices at 19 East 48th Street. A quarterly journal, the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, directed by Prof. Sigmund Freud and edited by Ernest Jones, M.D., will be brought out by the organization.

The *International Journal of Psychoanalysis* takes the place for English-speaking readers of the *Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse* and *Imago*.…

The International Psychoanalytic Library, consisting of books by authorities on psychoanalysis, will be part of the new organization's activities. Three new books are announced: *Addresses on Psycho-Analysis* by Dr. J. J. Putnam. *Psycho-Analysis and War Neuroses*, A Symposium by Drs. Karl Abraham (Berlin), S. Ferenczi (Budapest), Ernest Jones (London), Ernst Simmel (Berlin), with an Introduction by Prof. Sigm. Freud (Vienna). *The Psycho-Analytic Study of the Family*, by J. C. Flugel, B.A.

On February 26, to my surprise, Jones answered my letter to Rank. He had opened it because he said he knew a letter for Rank from America could only be a business letter from me. He told me—the third man to do so—that the International Psychoanalytic Press would be glad to have me act as their agent in America and Canada, but he reduced the 33⅓ per cent commission to 15 per cent of the six-dollar subscription. I assured Jones, as I had already assured Hiller and Rank, that I would go ahead on 33⅓ per cent or, if they preferred, on 15 per cent, if that was the arrangement they now preferred. Jones replied they would go ahead but only on an annual arrangement, "at least at first." He added that the *Journal* was already being supplied at a special rate to members of the Psychoanalytic Society (about twenty-five copies in all the United States) and these would not be included under our arrangement. From a business standpoint, a one-year arrangement at such a commission was untenable, because it did not cover promotion expenses, but again, in deference to my uncle, I agreed. Jones offered to buy fifty copies of Freud's new book when it came out.

In a note, dated June 17, which I didn't receive until the second week of July, Freud wrote me that Allen & Unwin in London had asked him for the British rights to my translation, which they said had already made its appearance. "I wonder that I got no news from you for a long time, nor did I receive samples of the book, as I had a right to expect," he complained. "I hope you will explain your silence to me." On June 30, immediately on publication of the book, I had sent him two copies expressing the hope that both the translation and physical appearance would meet with his approval. I also enclosed with the books notice of an advance of $275 against

royalties (which I deposited to the account of Ernest Jones at a bank in Amsterdam).

On July 12 I answered his June 17 letter, saying that the statement of Allen & Unwin was undoubtedly based on a misconception. Liveright had advertised the book in advance of publication to stimulate bookseller and consumer demand. I said that when I saw the pre-publication advertising I myself had asked Liveright for copies that were not yet at hand.

The mails were very slow. On the same day, July 12, on which I had sent my letter, one arrived from my uncle reiterating his irritation at having received neither book nor check. “Since letters from America have been lost in the mails, I think it is important to tell you again that I have had no news from you since February 5, with the exception of a book catalogue, no copy of the book already published a long time, also no money since the first 100 dollars. Naturally I sometimes am puzzled by this. Heartfelt greetings, your uncle Freud.”

On July 20 the tone of another letter he had sent me indicated that he felt better about the matter: “The impatience I expressed to you a few days ago was a result of news from London (where the book already is) of press notices, and of a letter from Allen and Unwin, who want to publish an English edition.” He thanked me for the books, which had just arrived, and for the promised remittance (“sent to the correct address”), and then, with characteristic thoughtfulness, added that he hoped “your efforts will also be worth your while. I believe there will be more than one edition of the book.” There was indeed. Apparently I had not yet made clear to him that I was treating the whole matter as a gesture of good will.

Freud had paged through the book cursorily. He wrote:

I have noted a number of misprints and misunderstandings which I am listing and shall put at your disposal for a second edition. You may tell the translator (name not mentioned) that I understand the difficulties which exist in rendering errors and dreams into another language, but I do not consider that the expedient he used of inventing similar examples to be the correct method. Such inventions do an injustice to the author and deprive the presentation of its plausibility. The only proper thing to do would have been to substitute for the untranslatable examples of slips of the tongue, puns in dreams, etc., other examples *based on his own analytical experience*, and occasionally to annotate the German example. But then the

translator would, of course, have had to be an analyst, as for instance Dr. Brill. I am afraid that the reviewers will not fail to emphasize this shortcoming. The difficulties of a translation of such materials are indeed great. I shall have completed my list of mistakes in a few weeks.

For example, I note the use of the word "Suppression" for "*Verdrengung*." In the literature in England, it has been agreed to translate this as "repression."

In a letter dated July 9 Jones asked me who had translated the *Lectures* and pointed out that my contract with Freud was strictly limited to the United States. Apparently Jones was under the same mistaken impression my uncle had been, that I had a financial interest in the book. Jones further stated that the International Psychoanalytic Press in London would sell some copies of the *Lectures* but that an English edition to be published by the Press jointly with Allen & Unwin was being prepared. "I regret to say," he added, "I do not find the American translation at all adequate and could specify in which respects, but nevertheless we might be able to use it as a basis for our translation, which would perhaps save us a little time. To this end, Mr. Unwin is writing to your publisher to offer him twenty-five pounds for the use of your translation. If we cannot come to an arrangement, we will get ready to proceed with our own translation, which has indeed been started. Perhaps you will be good enough to discuss the matter with your publishers."

Dr. Jones's waspish reference to "my publishers" and "our" translation was uncalled for. I wrote Jones that there was no necessity to offer money to the publishers of the American edition and that he was at liberty to proceed with or without the American translation as he saw fit. To this Jones answered, with his usual, perhaps unconscious acerbity and arrogance, "We shall probably make some use of the American translation, although it will be extensively rewritten. You asked for an example of its inadequacy: the word *Verdrengung* is translated as 'suppression' instead of 'repression,' the two words have quite different meanings in psychoanalysis." This was, of course, the error my uncle had pointed out to me. I was no expert psychoanalyst or translator. I had done what I could with the best resources at that time to translate the volume. As for Jones, I felt his irritability did not really concern me. But I was surprised at the apparent obtuseness of a man considered an expert psychologist.

On August 2 I repeated to my uncle what I had told Jones, adding: “We have naturally, for your information, made no money on this entire translation.” I enclosed a laudatory review from the New York *Tribune* and explained that other reviews were appearing, written in the same spirit. I added that several magazines had asked me for anything from Freud for publication and that a publisher who had heard Freud was writing a new work on his researches had asked me for it.

On August 12 Uncle wrote me expressing the hope that the book would go well: “I am trying to correct numerous errors of translation due in part to carelessness as to meaning, in part to insufficient knowledge of German. I am sending the list of these to London for the English edition; Dr. Jones will give them to you when you request them.”

On August 25 Freud wrote: “It is all right now. We had to take into account the delay by post delivery. I got the review from the New York *Tribune* and will gladly accept any others you think worth being sent.”

Meanwhile, we were promoting the Press publications and actually dug up some subscribers. But by October 1 no magazines had yet arrived in response to orders sent to London the middle of August. On October 5 one copy arrived. By October 27 two new subscribers responded to our sales letters, which already included Mrs. Arthur Ries, Theodore Schroeder, Dr. Elizabeth Severn, Dudley Ward Fay, Margaret Naumburg, Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle and Dr. Carolina F. J. Rickards.

On October 30 I notified Jones we could no longer do promotion on a margin of 15 per cent of six dollars, or 90 cents. (Hiller now increased the discount to 25 per cent on orders received through the trade and 15 per cent, as formerly, on all direct orders.) Orders dribbled in, but in January 1921 I wrote Hiller that I could put no further work and money into this promotion campaign. In March 1921 London notified us that because of the limited number of subscriptions we had sent them the Press was forced to make new arrangements. So closed an undertaking I should not have entered into in the first place.

On October 2 Freud returned to Vienna from Holland, where he had attended the 6th International Psychoanalytic Congress of September 8, 1920, in the Hague. He was pleased by the good sale of the translation and wrote:

I had expected it would mean a piece of good business to you, but I realize from your letters and Felix' account [Felix F. Wiener, my brother-in-law] that it all goes to my profit, and I thank you heartily for this demonstration of kindness and helpfulness.

Now, my appetite getting sharpened, I propose to you the following arrangement which is likely to fall in with an offer of yours. I could promise to write, let us say, four popular papers a year for a certain review chosen by you, and these articles, if successful, could be collected in the shape of a small book after some time. The title might be *Scraps of Popular Psychoanalysis* or something like that. They are to be easy yet original, the first I intend to write down I might name: "Don't Use Psychoanalysis in Polemics." As for the size, it will depend on the subject, not too long generally. I will write in German, but join an English version, which if not available itself, can guard the translator against serious mistakes.

I hope you will answer what you think of the project and how much it can bring, deduction made for the costs of translation or correction, etc. Also if the topic I mentioned as a sample seems a good one to you.

With kind love and thanks for your interest
Your uncle Freud.

I discussed the matter with the editors of *Cosmopolitan*, one of my clients. They were interested in several 3,000-word articles at $800 to $1,000 per article but would not contract for them in advance. I relayed this to my uncle, commenting that the editors were somewhat justified in their stand because he had never before written for a mass audience and the editors could not be sure the pieces would appeal to *Cosmopolitan*'s readers. I added that if the editors thought the public would understand what he wrote, they would carry on, and I mentioned a few subjects that the editor, Verne H. Porter, had suggested for a mass audience: "The Wife's Mental Place in the Home," "The Husband's Mental Place in the Home" and "What a Child Thinks About." "I am suggesting them to you," I wrote, "as being more suitable to this purpose than the idea you suggested."

At the same time, Scofield Thayer, editor and publisher of the *Dial*, asked me to offer Freud a $10,000 guarantee to spend six months in the United States lecturing and treating patients at $25 an hour, the usual fee asked by prominent psychoanalysts. This had no connection with the Liveright offer, which had lapsed by now. I sent a cable to my uncle which

asked him whether he would devote as much of his mornings to psychoanalysis as there were worthy patients. I said I believed that half the $10,000 would cover all expenses of journey and stay in America and that net profit would be several times the remaining $5,000. I urged him to accept. If he did, I would make necessary business arrangements and wire their completion. I asked for a cable reply.

I received a cable answer from my uncle, short and to the point: "NOT CONVENIENT. FREUD." This was followed up by a long letter from him:

I feel deeply grateful towards you on account of the endeavours you make to assist me financially in these hard times and I see it is not your fault if I must refuse your proposals. But refuse I must and so will at least give you my motives for doing so.

To your cable inviting me to accept an invitation to come over for six months to treat patients and give lectures under the guarantee of earning $10,000 I had to answer "Not convenient" for more than one reason-partly personal ones and partly depending on the conditions of the case. To begin with the former, I am not so robust; my general health is far from being intact, and a sojourn of half a year in New York would be a great hardship for me. People of my age [he was 64] do not enter into adventures like this unless the chances are very brilliant. In the second place, the offer is not a very generous one. Those gentlemen you mentioned have no risk at all. The $5,000 advanced by them has to be paid back, in fact I have to come over at my own expense, to live by my work; and if I do not fall ill, they may be pretty sure I will earn $10,000 in the course of six months. The offer is even unnecessary, for if I wanted to go to New York I would not be at a loss to procure the money for the fare.

Another point is that you most likely underrate the cost of my living in your town for six months. You seem not to take into account that I would need three rooms for analytical treatment: a waiting room, private one to sleep in, one for my patients. As people who pay $25 an hour are not expected to come to another place than a first-class hotel, the costs of the apartment for itself would amount to perhaps $50 daily, i.e. the fees of two patients, and $1500 monthly, $9000 a year. I don't know how I could do better by getting private lodgings, a servant, etc.

Another point: I would not be able to give lectures in English. I do not expect German lectures would be received kindly by the public and

traveling around is incompatible with the fixed hours of analytical treatment. Add to this the difficulty of finding appropriate cases for treatment, the jealousy of New York specialists, etc.

The outcome of the undertaking would be that the New York people had got the better of me. They could get my treatment cheaply while I am likely to get nothing out of them. I communicated the conditions of your cable to two of my English patients here and they gave the judgment that I had not to go, that the offer was far below my level, that they expected the guarantee to extend to a sum of $50–100,000 and I had better wait until the patients who needed me came over to Vienna. I, for my part, see that $10,000 is a big sum, figured out in Austrian crowns, but it is not much in America.

A last consideration could warn me that if I brought back some thousand dollars from America I could not keep it a secret when I returned and had [sic] to pay a big portion to the tax here, while I am not sure if I could escape heavy taxation in New York. So it was not easy to cable agreement and set out for America in the term of two weeks.

In your other offer contained in your letter of November 19, the difficulty is not money. I concede $800 is good payment for a paper of 3000 words, not much more than eight pages, not a whole sheet. But the insurmountable obstacle is in the different way an American and a European editor will handle the same question. If an author of good esteem offered a contract to a German publisher he would be glad to accept it and would not let it depend on the success of the first article, whether to take a second one or not. This absolute submission of your editors to the rotten taste of an uncultivated public is the cause of the low level of American literature and to be sure the anxiousness to make money is at the root of this submission. A German publisher would not have dared to propose to me on what subjects I had to write. In fact, the subjects brought forward in your letter are so commonplace, so far out of my field, that I could not give them my attention and my pen. A European editor would have shown more respect to an author he appreciated. You often assured me I was highly considered in your country and the public was ready to accept from me whatever I gave them. Now this instance is good to show how little is found behind this pleasant affirmation. Had I considered regards like those of your editor from the beginning of my career I am sure I would not have become

known at all neither in America nor in Europe. So we have to drop this business altogether.

My alterations in the text of the Translation are with Dr. Jones and you can get them if you apply to him. I was astonished to hear that your publisher made difficulties for him about the English edition, although you assured me there were none. Will you kindly attend to the matter?

With affectionate regards
Your uncle Freud.

This letter was exasperating, and I felt frustrated in my effort to be helpful. It was furthermore quite clear that Freud had no idea how widespread his popular appeal was here; nor did he realize that a scientific body of knowledge could be popularized without diminishing its scientific validity. I cleared up the Liveright difficulty.

Like other authors, Freud was deeply concerned about the sale of his book. “In view of the fact that the book was supposed to be so popular,” he wrote me on February 4, 1921, “I had expected more. Apparently much outcry and little wool [*Viel Geschrei und wenig Wolle*]. I am sorry that all your earnest efforts to make a rich man of me have not been supported more actively by American conditions.” The slowness of the mails was at fault regarding his view on book sales.

The same letter also showed Freud’s kindness.

Today I am about to ask a favor of you, not for myself but for someone else who well deserves it.

The engineer Ernst Kassowitz, son of the famous pediatrician Kassowitz (whom your mother will surely remember) intends to emigrate to the United States as he can find no employment here. He is an experienced and competent person; during the war he endured great hardships and overcame them. An excellent job has been promised him by a large American firm, but in order to enter the country, he requires a document, an affidavit, which you are to procure for him, according to the enclosed directives. Let me add specifically that thereby you will not incur any obligation whatsoever. This is a simple formality; and besides the strong, healthy man is wealthy.

By filling my request and sending me the documents as soon as possible you would enable me to do a great service to the family of a deceased friend.

Naturally I made out the affidavit and sent it to Freud.

On February 26 he sent me a letter indicating his delight at a note informing him that I had mailed $500 to Jones's account in London. "I was very glad to hear it because, first this is a considerable amount of money, in view of conditions here and secondly it is a proof of the good sale of the book in the United States. My cordial thanks to you."

Royalties were painfully slow in coming from Liveright. Twice I had to engage an attorney to collect the royalties due from Liveright, who maintained that collections and the general book business were slow (there was a depression in the United States). Horace had no sense of money; when he had cash, he often speculated in new ventures and was unable to meet current obligations. My efforts to collect money due my uncle did not affect my relations with Horace; he thought my action in engaging an attorney to secure money due my uncle was natural and admirable.

Freud was pleased at the way the book was going. "I am glad to acknowledge the receipt of $1911.08 and rejoice in the success of the book, 4325 copies bearing witness to the attention it found in your queer country," he wrote me on April 24, 1921. "I am deeply touched by your unselfish zeal in this matter which can have brought no profit of any kind to you and simply meant a kind device of yours to assist me, your uncle, in these hard times.

"You did not seem to be puzzled or irritated at all by the attempt of the publishers to rob us of our royalties. You seem to consider it a common business trick and I am sure you know your people. No doubt you were right in engaging an attorney to get the money out of them."

Horace, I knew, had no thought of robbing anyone. He just wasn't a good businessman.

On May 31, 1921, I wrote my uncle that Scofield Thayer, the editor and publisher of the *Dial*, wished to go to Vienna for treatment. Thayer, a sensitive esthete, had been treated by psychoanalysts in New York without success. I told my uncle that Thayer was willing to remain in Europe as long as necessary.

Freud replied on June 19, 1921:

I see you provide me not only with dollars, but also with patients. Now the matter stands as follows.

I intend to leave the town middle of July not to return before October 1. On this date I expect to find more people claiming my hours than I could accept, most of them doctors from England and America, that is to say, pupils not patients. I will have to make my choice. Your colleague should bring me some advance data if I take him instead of another man. He should pay $20, while doctors pay only $10.

If he agrees to these conditions (October 1 and $20), the further decision will depend on the nature of his case. He ought to write me and state what it is. For example, I would not take him if he be a homosexual and desired to be changed, etc.

We all rejoice in the presence of dear Lucy [my sister], who behaves so nicely towards all of us and from whom we hear so much about your life and conditions in New York.

I wrote to Freud that Thayer was agreeable to his conditions and would write to him directly from Paris. “He assures me he is not a homosexual,” I added.

On June 28 Freud wrote me:

I am enclosing to you an advertisement of B. & L. [Boni and Liveright] boasting of the issue of the revision of our book. Now do you think the royalties they paid were up to the number of 17,000 copies? An edition is seldom less than 1000.

I am sorry to confess I am also furious on interviewers. Some days ago a little girl, Miss Solano, showed me a letter of introduction from you. But I was not kind to her. She got nothing out of me. Don’t take this as a sign of slighting your wishes. I imagine you could not refuse the letter, but left me the freedom to deny the interview.

At this period journalists who went to Vienna asked me for letters of introduction to my uncle, which I gave them.

The next letter from Vienna, dated January 3, 1922, signed “affectionately yours” thanked me for a box of cigars I had sent my uncle from London. “I have received the box of cigars,” he wrote, “and feel extremely proud of a nephew who can give such extravagant presents.”

On April 26, 1922, I sent a check to my uncle, care of a Hague banking house, 2,459 Florins ($1,040.85), royalties for the six months ending

December 31, 1921, accounting for 7,345 books. I had engaged a lawyer for collection and had subtracted 10 percent for legal services.

On June 28, 1922, Freud wrote me telling me of the marriage of my sister Judith to Dr. Victor Heller; his brother, the bookseller, and Freud assisting. “It was all done in five minutes and the new couple was very happy. The kind cables from home made an excellent impression.”

On July 8, 1922, I wrote my uncle that Liveright had just telephoned that a check for the June royalties would be forthcoming in a few days. Actually, the few days turned out to be a month and a half. I said to my uncle that Liveright told me all publishers were paying their royalties later than the stipulated date and that he did not feel such late payments should injure his reputation in Freud’s eyes. Mr. Boni and Dr. Leonard Blumgart, an American psychoanalyst, apparently had told Liveright that Freud thought he was not getting an accurate accounting on the book. I said there was no question in my mind that he was and that I felt that in the future Liveright would not delay the checks. In justice to Liveright, I wanted my uncle to know this because Liveright was pushing the book energetically and I thought the sales would continue splendidly.

On July 13, 1922, I wrote Freud that the number of books in an edition varied, that it was customary to issue editions of 500 copies, that printing of sheets in quantity is done at one time, and bound copies are made up when a new edition is needed.

On August 30 the check promised by Liveright on July 8 came through: $973.35 for royalties on 1,442 copies sold between January 1 and June 30, 1922.

On October 2, 1922, Uncle wrote that “I am indeed surprised and glad to have to thank you again for the result of your kindness. If you were here part of the sum has to be spent on a wedding present. [Doris and I were married on September 16.] I heard from Judith that you have married your friend and helpmate and join in her conviction that marital happiness is assured to you. We all rejoice in these good news especially at a time when we were deeply afflicted by a loss in the family. You know what I mean.”

In the same letter he returned to a familiar topic: “I have not given up the idea that you should be the man who could introduce the productions of our Press into your country in a business way and will have a conversation about this matter with Drs. Rank and Jones.” The letter closed: “With hearty good wishes to you and your wife. Your old uncle Sigm.”

On April 8, 1923, he thanked me again, this time for a royalty check, adding: “In truth, you are the only one of my relations who has ever, or at least since many years, done me any service.”

Doris was about to leave for her first trip to Europe and Freud promised to “be friendly to her” when she came to Vienna. He also asked me to send him a carton of his favorite G. Washington coffee (among the first instant coffees) and to deduct the cost from anticipated royalties. He added that the Psychoanalytic Press had severed its connection with the *Verlag* and was carrying on as an independent enterprise in London. “This makes it impossible for me to further the business connection with you, which I wanted to do.” And a footnote: “I believe that Mr. Thayer will leave Vienna not without much improvement.”

Two weeks after he wrote that letter, Freud consulted a leading rhinologist in Vienna. The symptoms of cancer of the mouth had appeared in February, but Freud had not mentioned it to anyone. He made no mention of it in his letter to me.

On August 24, 1923, I read an article about Freud by Dorothy Thompson, possibly then the most important columnist in America. I thought her comment put a false interpretation on Freud’s work. I was asked by the press for comment on the piece and cabled him:

AMERICAN WRITER IN AMAZING ARTICLE GIVEN WIDE CIRCULATION AMERICAN PRESS GIVES ABSTRACT ICH UND ES AND DISTORTED VIEW YOUR WORK. PRESS ASKED ME CONSTRUCTIVE STATEMENT YOURSELF FORTHCOMING WORKS. IN INTEREST YOURSELF URGE COMPLIANCE THIS REQUEST.

Several days later he sent me a cable: “NEVER MIND.”

I had followed up my cable with a detailed letter in which I also discussed possible arrangements to publish his forthcoming books. I now received a letter from him, dated September 14, 1923, from Rome, in which he outlined his attitude:

I never hitherto reacted to criticism or misrepresentations and I think I did well. Besides I was and still am in no mood for the explication of my work to the public at large. Your Doris—a kind, clever and natural girl as I found her, will have told you in what unfortunate situation she found us and I have not yet recovered from the blow. It was my sweetest child. [This was a reference to the death of his beloved daughter Sophie.]

To be sure I would be glad to have you act as my agent, and rejoice in the fullness of confidence between us. There was a complication by the English department of the Verlag [and] the International Psychoanalytic Press, directed by Dr. Jones, which handicapped me. But now the situation is changed. The Press is separated from the Verlag and independent. I will make it clear to the Press that I reserve the American rights to myself and that you are to mind them.

There is the question of the translations. Brill's were not good, that of the lectures, as you know, rather bad, but the new English translations are done by excellent people, clever pupils like Mrs. Riviere or the younger Strachey [brother of Lytton Sr.]. So I would make it a condition that you acquire those translations for your American editions.

Boni & Liveright could have already paid the royalties for the first half of 1923. They are three months due now. It is the only book which pays.

On October 20 Freud wrote me again:

When you wrote me on October 2 you still had much hope for your father. Only in these last days have I learned what has happened since. [My father had died.] Now it appears that you were right in asking Judith to come over. [Judith was my sister living in Vienna.] You know it is hard on me to write more on this subject. Constellations of many years cannot be changed by chance or sudden events.

Meanwhile, I have gone through my second operation [a cancer operation on the jaw] which, it is promised, will bring me longer relief than the first one.

I thank you again for the trouble you took in collecting the royalties from B. and L., and I shall try to tell you what I think your relations should be regarding the publication of my books in America.

I have made it clear to all people that I consider the American rights my own and that you should be the only person minding them. The International Press is mistaken when it thinks it has a claim on the American rights. You, to be sure, may enter into relations with them or any other firm, as you think it convenient. There are only two points to mind: first, that the interest of the Verlag and Deuticke, the original editors, be respected and secondly that you make no wild translations but try to get the best ones in agreement with myself and, perhaps, the International Press.

Freud ended his letter with: “I cannot close this letter but I must express my satisfaction at the thought that in a crisis like the actual one, my sister and her daughters should find a hand and a head like yours to help them. Give my best love to Doris. Your old uncle, Sigm.”

After his second operation for cancer of the jaw, Freud was permitted to go home on October 28. Despite additional operations and X-ray treatments, he kept up his correspondence with me. On December 8 he wrote me:

You know it was my serious intention to give you the agency for the American sale of my books on a business basis. But I am sorry to say as soon as I made known my decision the International Psychoanalytic Press [directed by Jones] revolted against it, proclaiming it could not exist without these rights and I had to concede the American rights of my book for two years more. I am quite sure this is no loss for you but I am annoyed to have to retrace my steps.

I was puzzled by Dr. Jones’s continued hostility toward me, especially since I had never met him. Thirty years later he confided to Doris that he had been jealous of me in his affection for Anna Freud and that we had been rivals, an idea I could hardly have dreamed up.

About six months later I had Boni & Liveright send Freud a copy of my new book, *Crystallizing Public Opinion*, and wrote my uncle that the book attempted to present to the public the case for the new profession of public relations, and that I hoped he would tell me what he thought of it. His short comment (May 11, 1924) was: “I have received your book through Boni and Liveright. As a truly American production it interested me greatly.” Taking into consideration his general attitude toward the American public’s sensationalizing of psychoanalysis, I understood. He was more responsive to my second book, *Propaganda*. On March 2, 1928, he wrote me: “I picked up your new book not without misgivings that it might prove too American for my taste. However, I found it so clear, clever and comprehensible that I can read it with pleasure. I wish you all possible success in this achievement and send you and Doris cordial greetings.”

On April 7, 1924, Freud had written me that in May, Dr. Otto Rank, “one of my best pupils, the editor of our periodicals and the director of the International Psychoanalytic Press, will be coming to New York and will discuss with you various ways of possible business cooperation. He has full

power of attorney, can be trusted implicitly, and I can also recommend him to you highly as an individual." But Rank and I were unable to get together in New York, and on June 20 I received the following letter from my uncle:

I was very sorry to hear that your contact with Dr. Rank found so short and unfriendly an end. He has sent me a copy of his letter and your reply to it. I quite understand that his letter was very clumsy in tone, but you know he is a foreigner and does not find it easy to find the right note for America and I believe you could have answered him in a more friendly way, out of consideration for me. I am sure you know that he has been my confidential friend for many years and that his intentions could have only been the best. If anything can be done to make good the situation, it can only be initiated by you and I hope that you will consider the matter again and that you will do something about it.

With cordial greetings for you and Doris.
Your uncle, Freud.

On July 1 I wrote in reply:

I have your letter, and from what you say it would appear that Dr. Rank presented only his side of the case.… When he arrived in America on Saturday morning, I received a telephone call from some representative of his, a doctor whom I didn't know, who stated that Dr. Rank was on the pier and asked me whether I could get accommodations for him at some New York hotel. The hotels he wanted to get into at that time were busy, but through telephoning about and using my personal connections, I was enabled to secure attractive accommodations for him at one of the large hotels. From that time until the receipt of the impudent letter from him, I didn't hear from him although I left my name at the hotel several times. When I made a last attempt to reach him there, I was informed that he had moved without leaving an address—*spurlos versenkt*. It was not until I received word from him in a letter, not even signed by his signature, and telling me that he would grant me an interview during specific hours, that I heard from him.

I don't know any place in the world where such conduct would be considered an invitation to turn the other cheek.

It is the type of action and attitude by Europeans who come to the United States which make it so difficult for them to get along.

As you know from what I told you, I had shown myself most solicitous about his welfare both in letters and the efforts that I had made to provide for his welfare here, but when I didn't even receive a sign that he was leaving until the impersonal "Command to appear at Court," naturally, you will understand that my actions were only those warranted by the circumstances.

I am writing you all this although I didn't intend to, in order that you may know the facts, and I didn't want to trouble you with this recital.

I know from your past experiences how difficult it is for you to find men to represent you who embody the right scientific attitude and knowledge and personalities which are keyed to the world they live in.

Naturally I would not let the attitude of Dr. Rank in any way affect our own relations, and I am glad to do anything under these circumstances which you suggest or ask.

When Jones's biography of my uncle was published I learned more about Rank, and Jones's observations seemed to explain the whole incident. Jones writes that from 1921 his relationship with Rank deteriorated, until finally, in March 1923, when the Psychoanalytic Press in London was separated from the Viennese publishing company, Rank passed through a hypomanic phase in December 1923. Jones refers to Rank's book, *The Trauma of Birth*, as "more suited to the announcement of a new religious gospel than a scientific work."

Jones says that after Rank had been in the United States six months, disturbing accounts of his activities reached Europe. He was saying that psychoanalysis had been superseded by his own new discovery and that an analysis could be completed in three or four months. Brill, the American psychoanalyst, was puzzled by Rank's actions and wanted to know Freud's attitude toward them. Freud said he thought the accounts about Rank were exaggerated and that he thought it was wrong for Rank to propagate untested ideas, and Freud mentioned to some that he thought Rank was suffering from a psychoneurosis. Then, says Jones, Rank sent Freud letters in September 1924 which left Freud with the feeling that Rank was lost to the movement for good. Rank announced that he was returning to America for at least six months. But he got only as far as Paris, suffered a severe depression (the first in five years) and asked Freud to forgive him.

My uncle wrote me that he agreed with my comments on Rank's conduct. On August 1 I wrote him: "I received your letter this morning and I am glad that after knowing the facts in the little contretemps with Dr. Rank, you agreed with me absolutely, but that is a bygone matter, and my principal satisfaction is that knowing the facts, you understood."

In October Freud, convalescing from his radical cancer operation, took up work again "in a limited way." I wrote him that at a dinner party I attended, Belle d'Acosta Green, the librarian of J. Pierpont Morgan, told me she had talked about Freud enthusiastically with Dr. Federn, a psychoanalyst from Vienna. Freud replied (November 27, 1924):

When you wrote me about your meeting with Miss Green, the librarian at the J. P. Morgan Library, I suddenly remembered what I had been told by Dr. Federn. According to him she had the intention at that time of buying my manuscripts for the Morgan collection. Federn, who is not completely reliable, thought she really meant this seriously. I would not object at all. I cannot imagine what the value of such manuscripts might be. For me, at all events, they are worth nothing and I am quite ready to turn them into tangible assets, should a connoisseur turn up. But of course, it would have to be worthwhile, if only for the sake of prestige.

Nothing ever came of that conversation. Several years later I met Miss Green again at a weekend party given by the John O'Hara Cosgraves in Stamford. We discussed books and manuscripts. I mentioned I might be able to get for her the manuscript of an important work of Freud's, or at least I would try. But reputations in the U.S. move in cycles like fashions, and that year Freud was out of fashion. Politely, Miss Green suggested it was of little interest to her and we went on to other matters. Thirty-four years later I happened to be talking with Goodspeed's autograph specialist in Boston, who told me that good letters of Freud's brought $400 to $500 each. Their value had increased to $1,000 or more several years later.

In the summer of 1925 I went to the Paris Exposition as a Commissioner for the U.S. Department of Commerce. Freud read about my mission and wrote me on May 17, 1925:

We read with pleasure in our Viennese newspaper that you will be going to Paris on an official mission and shall therefore anticipate seeing you at

our home. We shall be at the Villa Schuler in the Semmering from July 1 on, near the South Station Hotel.

I am taking this opportunity to bring to your attention that I have so far this year not received anything from Boni and Liveright, neither the long overdue royalties for the second half of 1924 nor the 150 dollars for the reprinting rights of the Origins and Development of Psychoanalysis nor have I received a copy of the reprint.

With cordial greeting to you and Doris
Your uncle
Sigm.

Doris and I visited my uncle in the Semmering. I thought it might be feasible, in view of the interest his *Lectures* had created, to start a scientific foundation for the promotion of psychoanalysis in the U.S. I talked to my uncle about it. He was agreeable and he wrote me a letter for the record, which I released to U.S. correspondents in Vienna:

DEAR MR. BERNAYS:

You have informed me that it is your intention to start collections in the United States for a scientific fund for the promotion of psychoanalysis. In your communication you state that your countrymen are accustomed to provide means for the promotion of ideal goals and causes and in addition you note that surely not all causes so supported can rival psychoanalysis in cultural significance.

I welcome your plan with great satisfaction. Your undertaking is a worthy one. If you believe that it would promote the cause, I am ready to serve as the administrator of this fund. However, as I do not want to bear the whole responsibility, I propose that a committee of trustworthy persons be named to serve with me. These, half of them Europeans, the others Americans, to be selected by both of us. All details of the arrangement can be left to your understanding and skill.

The chief tasks of such a fund would in my estimation be threefold:

1) The support and the promotion of the existing psychoanalytic institutes. Two of them exist, one in Berlin, one in Vienna. These are training as well as treatment centers and their chief service is to train physicians theoretically as well as clinically in psychoanalysis and furthermore to make analytic therapy possible for low income groups. I trust that closer acquaintance with the achievements of these institutions

will persuade your countrymen to found similar institutes in your country and thereby set an end to the very frequent abuses of psychoanalytic methods.

2) The preservation of the “International Psychoanalytic Press,” which has been publishing our periodicals for more than a decade and has printed a large number of valuable books. From the very beginning this Press has not worked for cash profits and its only purpose has been to promote psychoanalytic publications. To preserve it is a crucial matter for our science.

3) A serious and decent publicity campaign which is to spread information concerning the character and the value of psychoanalysis.

All these aims are assuredly worthy of winning the sympathy of cultured and liberal minded people in the United States. I wish to add that such a psychoanalytic fund has already existed. It was founded in the early war years by one of my Hungarian adherents, Dr. Anton von Freund, but came to a premature end and was soon exhausted, due to the devaluation of the Austro-Hungarian currency. Yours as ever.

An accompanying letter was addressed to me personally:

As European members of the committee I would like to have beside Storfer, the President of the International Association, Dr. Karl Abraham, Dr. Eitigon, the founder of the Berlin Institute, and Dr. Ferenczi, as one of the most prominent pupils. Among the American members, you and the friend whom you wish to appoint as treasurer are assured. The others you are to choose yourself. Perhaps in conjunction with me after some correspondence. There is a certain argument against selecting some of the local analysts. They will surely advocate that the money be spent in the United States, which would not help us. Do think this over.

Two days later Anna Freud wrote me:

In the matter of characterizing Austrians, I can contribute something related to your activity: A newspaper solicits advertising from a businessman. His answer: “Not now, when business is. so poor. Perhaps when times are good again.” This is no joke, but a real occurrence. Or another, Lucy wanted to buy some sandals in a well-known Viennese shop. That was impossible because her feet were too small. I want to buy sandals,

but that is impossible because my feet are too large.… But when somebody asks for a normal size, the reply is “Yes, these are the sizes most in demand; unfortunately we are out of them.”

Papa wants to tell you that he is completely in agreement that in the United States only non-analysts [to serve on the committee of the Fund] should be chosen. Here in Europe, this is quite a different matter. Furthermore, we believe that 400 words have to date never been telegraphed from Austria to the United States. [Freud’s letter of record was cabled to the U.S. by press correspondents.] That surely must cost so much that it would be enough to start the ball rolling for a Psychoanalytic Fund. In any case, we were very much impressed.

But the American public was not yet ripe for psychoanalysis. The results of our campaign for funds were so sparse that I abandoned the idea.

During the next years, Freud’s health was deteriorating. Yet I still heard from him. In November 1925 he acknowledged $150 royalties and added: “I once more admit your cleverness,” presumably in getting the money from Liveright. On October 9, 1926 he instructed me to send $400 of the royalties to the account of Dr. C. S. Bacon at the First National Bank of Chicago and the rest, $170, to my sister Lucy for the benefit of her two small sons, Frederick and Walter. He had expected to see me and Doris on the Semmering that year and he was sorry we had not come. I heard from him again on May 5, 1927: “I thank you heartily for the care and attention which you always give to my little chores. I have lent your interesting truly American book *[Crystallizing Public Opinion]* to Martin [his son]. Unfortunately he will soon have the occasion to consider entering upon a new career.” Martin was giving up law because of the poor economic conditions in Austria.

On October 3, 1927, he wrote me that “I am glad to learn that our book still pays.” He wrote that he had seen my mother the day before. “She looked splendid and had a good day with her leg.”

In May 1928 I sent him $376.66 royalties due to December 31, 1927. In September 1928 I sent him $276.06 royalties on 422 copies sold. He acknowledged it with, “Thank you again. Sorry the royalties are diminishing. I saw your mother, found her splendid. I am likely to stay here for some weeks more, on account of a new plate. Love to Doris. Affectionately yours, Uncle Sigm.”

On May 1, 1929, I sent him $351.09. On May 13, 1929, he wrote me, “I thank you and Doris affectionately for your cable on my birthday.” He acknowledged the check and then referred to little Doris, born in April of that year. “I hope that your little one gives you much joy.”

On July 29, 1929, I wrote Freud that Liveright was willing to pay an advance of somewhat over $5,000 against royalties for his autobiography but that I thought, if he was interested, he could get a better contract. “Please let me know what you think of this,” I concluded. “You can, of course, call on us for whatever assistance I can give.”

Freud’s reply was memorable (August 10, 1929):

This proposal is of course an impossible one. An autobiography is justified only on two conditions. In the first place if the person in question has had a share in interesting events, important to all. Secondly, as a psychological study. Outwardly my life has transpired quietly and without content and can be dismissed with a few dates. A psychologically complete and sincere life recital would, however, demand so many indiscreet revelations about family, friends, adversaries (most of them still alive) with me as with everyone else, that it is precluded from the very outset. What makes all autobiography worthless is, in fact, its lying. Besides, it is really an example of your American editors’ naïveté to believe that he could get a hitherto decent man to commit such an outrageous act for $5,000. Temptation would begin for me at a sum a hundred times as great and even then the offer would be rejected after half an hour.

In New York, on May 14, 1931, we celebrated Freud’s seventy-fifth birthday, and, to do it fittingly, I thought I should give a birthday banquet at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. I made up the list of people to be invited—both psychoanalysts and those interested in or related to it in their activities—and a notable group of men and women came. Those who could not come expressed a deep regret, reflecting their high esteem for Freud. Dr. William A. White made the principal talk.

Judge Julian Mack, Jerome Frank, Dr. A. A. Brill, Clarence Darrow, Theodore Dreiser, Alvin Johnson, of the New School for Social Research, and Mrs. Jessica Cosgrave were among those who came. The group sent Freud a cable:

Men and women recruited from the ranks of psychoanalysis, medicine, and sociology are assembling in New York to honor themselves by honoring, on his 75th birthday, the intrepid explorer who discovered the submerged continents of the ego and gave a new orientation to science and life.

In May, 1931, he wrote on the printed acknowledgement of our birthday greetings, “Heartfelt wishes for you all, that you will survive the bad times in good order.”

From 1932 on, my uncle was undergoing intense suffering and physical distress, and our correspondence dropped off. In 1933 Hitler’s persecution of the Jews began, and in 1934 Freud’s books were publicly burned by the Nazis. In this and the ensuing years Freud’s vitality steadily ebbed. In 1936, on Freud’s eightieth anniversary, I gave another birthday party at the Harmonie Club in New York with important personalities to pay tribute to Freud. In 1937 Vienna seethed with physical unrest, and in 1938 came the Nazi invasion of Austria. Freud left for London. In 1939 Freud died.

chapter 19

HORACE LIVERIGHT, PIONEER IN PUBLISHING

Horace Liveright, in 1920 the boy wonder in book publishing, began his business life on Wall Street and at 21 was a recognized authority on bond values. Bored by his work he looked for new challenges before he was 30. Reading had been a means of his self-education and he was fascinated by ideas. In 1917 an opportunity arose for a partnership with Albert Boni, who was associated with his brother, Charles, in a new publishing venture. The Bonis were eager, daring young men with little money or know-how about the business side of publishing. They delighted in a tie-up with this go-getter from Wall Street and thought their business problems would be solved. To the newly organized firm of Boni and Liveright they brought the Modern Library and their back list of books. Liveright was thrilled with his new career.

I met Liveright two years after his entry into the firm through Doris' brother, Leon, who had become a partner of the firm. We discussed applying the new publicity direction to book publishing, a hitherto untried approach. Book publishing was dominated by stuffy old firms who treated the business as if it were the practice of a sacred rite. The Macmillan Company, Doubleday, Harper's, Scribner's, E. P. Dutton, Henry Holt & Company and G. P. Putnam's were run like conservative banking houses. Books were handled in the same way they had been published—for a select audience and not for a larger public. Book publishing was static in the content of its books and in its promotion when it should have been, of course, vibrant with ideas. But Liveright was to change all that.

When Leon and I entered Liveright's office he was standing before the window facing the street, his John Barrymore profile outlined against the light—purposefully, it seemed to me. I did not realize then that he was only

31 years old; a few years older than I, he seemed at first glance so much older, poised, sophisticated and authoritative.

"I've been in the book business only two years," he said. "I've taken over publication of the Modern Library and last year published my first list of original titles." And now, as was his habit, he discussed agitatedly his grandiose plans for his forthcoming list. I paid attention quietly, trying to size him up, but I found this difficult. He demonstrated in his conversation exuberance, faith in aggressive publishing, willingness to gamble and a flair for publicity. But his overpowering ego enveloped him to such an extent that I could not penetrate to the mainsprings of his action. We came to an agreement quickly. His decisions were almost instantaneous, a hangover, I suppose, from his Wall Street days. For my part, I thought his decision to proceed was prompted as much by desire for personal recognition as for that of his books, a natural enough frailty.

Working together would be exhilarating, we agreed. I was eager to try out our strategies and tactics on books. Books should respond more quickly to our techniques than almost any other commodity. The fact that our approach had not yet been applied to the book business was a further stimulus to my interest. Liveright and I agreed that a number of books should receive the dynamic treatment the entrepreneurs give a new drama, opera or sporting event.

Liveright was excited about his list, which covered the spectrum of ideology, right of left to left of right. I think Liveright automatically identified himself with every book he had selected for publication. His critics dismissed him as a salesman who hedged his investment by publishing such a broad list. Maybe there was validity for this appraisal, but I think his interests extended over a wide range of subjects. He had sympathy for the underdog, was fired by a desire to prove the conservatives wrong and also identified with the conservatives, from whom he had stemmed. I had learned you don't pin down as absolutes the complex motivations of a human being—certainly not of a Liveright.

Whatever the motivation, Liveright talked with equal enthusiasm about Waldo Frank's Our *America*, in which for the first time the United States was psychoanalyzed, and Samuel Abbott's *The Dramatic Story of Old Glory*, a banal history of our flag. He mentioned a book by Duncan Aikman, Mary Austin's *Outland*, Konrad Bercovici's *Dust of New York*, Theodore Dreiser's *Hey-Rub-a-Dub-Dub*, Lionel Edie's *Current Social and*

Industrial Forces, Charles Fort's *The Book of the Damned*, William Dean Howell's *Great Modern American Short Stories*, Joyce Kilmer's *Dreams and Images*, R. H. Lowie's *Primitive Society* and Percy Mackaye's *Americanized Socialism*. In the Modern Library there were Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* and George O'Neill's *The Cobbler of Willow Street*. And in the Penguin paperback series there were, among others, Ezra Pound's *Instigations*, John Reed's *The Sweep of the Russian Revolution*, Edgar Saltus' *The Paliser Case*, Upton Sinclair's *Jimmie Higgins*, Adriana Spadoni's *The Swing of the Pendulum*, Harold Steams's *Liberalism in America*, Algernon Tassin's *The Craft of the Tortoise*, Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *Ancient Man* and Mary Heaton Vorse's *Growing Up*.

I asked Liveright for his comments on each author, for I thought his appraisal might help me decide which books to promote heavily. Liveright's comments are interesting in the light of subsequent literary history. Many of the authors and books Liveright was so enthusiastic about are forgotten; some remain among the American classics. A number covered vital controversial areas—psychoanalysis, sex, alcoholism, social unrest, the labor movement, strikes and liberalism as it affected college students and professors.

Liveright described the then unknown Dreiser to me as "our biggest author," pointing out that although other publishers ignored him, "we are working hard on him with the bookstores." Liveright, sensing interest in social science, predicted that R. H. Lowie's *Primitive Society*, a germinal book on anthropology and primitive society, could "be made a big thing." Eugene O'Neill, who had not yet achieved his literary stature, Liveright characterized as "one of the most picturesque figures in the country." He told me, "I have a long story that O'Neill sent me some time ago. I must dig it up for you. Tyler produces *Chris Christopherson* and Williams *Beyond the Horizon* sometime this season."

The Modern Library was sold to Random House in 1925. Liveright noted the Penguin series "hasn't gone well, in spite of fine criticisms." America was not yet ripe for paperbacks.

John Reed's *The Sweep of the Russian Revolution* elicited this comment: "Doubt whether anything should be done at the present time. Will explain." Upton Sinclair's *Jimmie Higgins*, Liveright also noted, "has had a poor sale—only about twenty-five hundred. Ibáñez [a very popular best-seller writer] considers Sinclair a big man."

Liberalism in America, by Harold Stearns, was, according to Liveright, "rather a highbrow book, which will be mocked by all conservatives."

He lauded *The Craft of the Tortoise*, by Algernon Tassin, with the comment "This is one of the best plays I've ever read."

I asked Liveright to choose five books we should emphasize in our promotion. His selections were typical of his pragmatic approach; they covered sex, prohibition, psychoanalysis, radicalism, women's place in society: *The Story of a Lover*, anonymously written by Hutchins Hapgood; *In the Sweet Dry and Dry*, by Christopher Morley and Bart Haley; Our *America*, by Waldo Frank; *Iron City*, by M. H. Hedges; and *The Swing of the Pendulum*, by Adriana Spadoni.

I read them, not for purposes of literary evaluation but to mine them for raw material, ideas—to further the public's interest in them. I looked for ideas in the flow of contemporary thought that could be dramatized and publicized. I tried to apply the techniques I had learned with the Russian Ballet and *Daddy-Long-Legs*.

For Hutchins Hapgood's *The Story of a Lover*, published anonymously, I decided to get from America's reigning movie queens—Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters and Alice Joyce—their definition of love. In romantic cadences, Lillian Gish (or her press agent) wrote that in the crucible of love there could not exist the waste of the carnal; there could be only the pure gold of loving affection. Dorothy Gish gushed that on the loom of life love was the warp and woof of all worth having—that it was one of the few good things which money could neither buy nor ravage. Alice Joyce's answer was that love is life, laughter and lightning, but most of all love is love. These romantic sentiments were published in the press in association with Hapgood's more serious treatment, giving the book visibility it might not otherwise have received.

Christopher Morley's *In the Sweet Dry and Dry* was a satire on efforts of a high-minded moderate drinker to keep the nation slightly moist. I thought I would follow Morley's own line and submitted for his approval some releases I thought humorous. His reaction taught me that some humorists take their humor seriously.

I am sure you will understand my point of view when I insist that the enclosed story is not to be used under my name! Of course, as I told my friend Liveright, I am heartily in favour of any helpful publicity the book

can get through your ingenious enterprise, but I do not wish to be put in the position of putting my own hand to work on the composition of Sunday stories. Please do not think me unappreciative when I say that I cannot afford to sign my name to anything that I have not written myself. That would be far worse business, from my point of view, than if the book never sold another copy.

You can appreciate my shudders when I see (happily crossed out in the script) the statement that the new "Alcoholshevik" party is to be headed by Christopher Morley. Now this book was written by Haley and myself as a light-hearted skit, but I should be heartily enraged to have it made a reason for public assertion that I am a gin-hound, than which nothing is farther from the truth! To be candid with you, I believe that persiflage of this sort can do the book little good, and might do me very great harm. I beg you to act with discretion, and do not put me in the unhappy position of having to disavow any ill-advised propaganda.

I say this with the entirest friendliness and good feeling. But I have been lucky enough to gather an agreeable measure of esteem among a kind-hearted section of the reading public, and I dare not risk this goodwill being tossed away by reckless and irresponsible publicity.

Old Ben De Casseres, who writes for the *Times* Sunday Magazine, would very likely be willing to write a very cheerful and whimsical commentary on the book. But please do not put me into the ungraceful attitude of electioneering for my own offspring!

Morley did help me publicize his book. Moreover I learned that even newsworthy actions may fail to accomplish their objective. I suggested to O. O. Mclntyre, then publicity man for the Majestic Hotel, that he convert the Majestic bar, in disuse because of Prohibition, into a booklovers' tavern; the opening ceremonies were to coincide with the publication of Morley's punnish book. To make the event newsworthy, I invited to the inauguration ceremonies Liveright authors Waldo Frank, Mary Heaton Vorse and Hamlin Garland, who accepted, I think, because of the lure of publicity. Their books instead of bottles were placed behind the bar. The president of the New York County chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union accepted our invitation and walked gingerly behind the bar, her first time in such surroundings, she told me. My release emphasized Morley's book. We headlined our story "BARROOMS BECOME BOOKLOVERS' TAVERNS—MAJESTIC

HOTEL TO HAVE FIRST ONE AT CHRISTENING SUNDAY." The next morning the *Daily News* captioned its story and photographs: "FLOW OF THOUGHT WHERE LIQUOR FLOWED BEFORE." The names of the authors were spelled correctly, but there was no mention of Morley's book. The *Tribune* headlined its story "BOOK LOVERS' TAVERN MAKES DEBUT IN DRINKLESS BAR," also with no mention. The New York *Evening Sun* a few days later reported that two Barnard graduates (my sister Hella and Stella Hanau) were running the Book Tavern. It was good publicity, except that Morley's book, the prime purpose of the endeavor, had been lost in the novelty of the booklovers' tavern.

Our work with Waldo Frank's book, *Our America*, showed how effective our approach could be. The book broke new ground in its dissection of America with a Freudian scalpel and foreshadowed the lively interest psychoanalysis would arouse in this country. Frank psychoanalyzed the United States and reached what were then considered startling conclusions, dealing with the inhibitions of our national politics and our American ideals. I knew his book would not be a best seller, but the man and his work appealed to me. The book was a thoughtful approach in depth to the United States at a time when introspection about our country was novel. I adapted an idea, which had proven successful in efforts to increase the re-employment of ex-servicemen, and offered 1,000- to 1,500-word features, based on Frank's psychoanalysis of the regions of America, exclusive to one newspaper in a town. One feature, "Psychoanalyzing New York," dealt with the "souls of six million Americans"; others dealt with "Psychoanalyzing New England" and "Psychoanalyzing Chicago and the Middle West" areas.

Doris, fascinated by the new psychoanalysis, wrote the feature pieces. "Under Frank's guidance," she said in one of them, "America reveals itself in terms of repressions and compensations—it is the suppressed desire of the Puritan, of the Pioneer, that Waldo Frank sees everywhere."

Critical response to the book was enthusiastic. Gilbert Cannan, a leading critic, wrote: "Book? This is not a book at all, it is a mystery of America, a drama and a spilling of revelation. Here in germ are dozens of plays all crammed together."

I sent the book to Dr. Samuel Schulman, the distinguished Rabbi of Temple Beth-El, New York's leading synagogue. I thought he might comment on Frank's appraisal of the Ethical Culture movement in the book.

Schulman did—and attacked Ethical Culture vigorously. The New York *Times* reported this in a column on November 24, 1919. Liveright ran an advertisement in the *Times*, reprinting this news story, with a follow-up mailing to booksellers.

M. H. Hedges' *Iron City* discussed in realistic terms academic freedom, college education for women, industrial conflict, conservatism vs. radicalism, militarism and politics. The book lent itself to what I called the segmental approach. We wrote and distributed stories based on its appeal to special groups. "Can American College Women Love?" was one. The movement for women's equality with men in education, some people believed, might destroy womanliness and her capacity for love. "Are the Children of College Parents Puny?" was another. Higher education might have a desiccating effect on women, which in turn would adversely affect their children. Today beauty queens are college students and graduates.

Another concerned itself with soldier Presidents. With World War I over, the lurking fear prevailed that a latter-day General Grant might become President. As for the divorce of Big Business and the American College, that was another topic of concern, while tenure of college professors, insecure then, was still another.

For Adriana Spadoni's *The Swing of the Pendulum*, which treated woman's place "in the working world and in marriage," we wrote pieces about well-known contemporary women like Alice Duer Miller, suffragist and author; Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, suffragist and special war envoy; Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid, wife and co-worker of the publisher; and Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, organizer, politician and labor authority. One of Doris' fillers, which was widely used, showed the public's attitude toward women in the working world and the new dimensions of love it produced:

Feminism has created a new romance. It is the romance of the new affection, nurtured in the fertile ground of interest between the woman who works and the man who works with her. The new romance is slipping from the ballroom, and sitting up in wooden chairs, back of wooden desks. The new romance is often grimy, and shows lines of weariness around the eyes. But there is a new sparkle in the smile, an alluring knowledge in the smooth brow that adds greater piquancy to the old game of mating.

Such is the observation of the feminist Adriana Spadoni, who in her novel *The Swing of the Pendulum* has given her heroine three lovers, all

attracted to her in the workroom.

We were able to stir up national interest in *The Book of the Damned* by Charles Fort, because it challenged the fetish of the logic of science, strong in 1920. Fort wrote about freaks of nature that defied scientific analysis, such as frogs raining from the clouds. I do not know to this day whether Fort took himself seriously or wrote tongue in cheek. Whatever his motive, the book received much publicity, as we tied it in with news coverage of scientific events, such as signals reported to have been sent to the earth from Mars.

Liveright had renovated a brownstone building between Fifth and Sixth avenues, where Rockefeller Center now is, for use as his headquarters. His shower bath, installed next to his private office, was a stopping-off place for friends in the hot and sultry New York summer days before air conditioning.

Liveright had a knack for finding promising young people to work for him. Manuel Komroff, head of the production department, became a well-known writer, and partner Beatrice Bakrow, later George S. Kaufman's wife, worked in one of the departments; Edward Weeks, later editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was a salesman; and Julian Messner, who started his own publishing firm later, was his sales manager; Richard Simon became a founding member of Simon and Schuster. He was a salesman on the road and, among others, sold my book, *Crystallizing Public Opinion*, which Liveright published in 1923.

Publishers' Weekly, the book industry journal, featured an article I wrote, "Promotion Expert Urges New Sales Method for Books," in its March 20, 1920, issue. I outlined the new methods Liveright had adopted and said they were creating high public visibility for Boni and Liveright and their books. It was said this stimulated other publishers to comparable efforts.

Publishing routine up to then consisted of mailing the author's biography, photographs, and book notes to literary editors and distributing publishers' catalogs. We had made additional efforts. We sent circulars weekly to 300 bookstores in the United States (serving at that time a population of 105 million). We offered free to newspapers 100 newsworthy feature articles on our books, each described in 75 words. Skeptical newspaper editors wrote us asking whether they would have to pay for the

features. One Midwest book editor, Julius Liebman of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, said that he could not understand why this material should be offered free. Should there be any strings attached, he told us frankly to forget it. Editors today are more sophisticated about publicity. The Providence *Journal*, Buffalo *Express*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Detroit *Free Press*, New York *Tribune*, New York *Post*, Kansas City *Post*, Kansas City *Star* and other newspapers asked for articles. Presently feature stories about our books appeared in newspapers throughout the country. "As you know," wrote one editor, "all the papers are suffering terribly from the shortage of newsprint and it is only this which prevents us from using everything you send."

Publishers were astounded by the public attention Liveright's books received. Before long other publishers followed Liveright's example and adopted the method of going into the market place to increase the reading public. Undoubtedly Liveright made a profound impact on publishing.

But a cultural time lag still plagues book promotion. No one minimizes the difficulty of the promotion of individual books in an era in which mass production and mass distribution prevail. Every book, a separate entity among the 28,500 trade-book titles issued annually, must find its particular public. The potential profits on most books are not large enough to risk competing in the market place with the advertising of cigarettes and soap. But the book publisher certainly can compete in the market place, with ideas that relate his book to life, as we did over forty years ago. Many books today die stillborn because no effort is made to launch them. Authors languish because a publisher waits for the public to buy a book the public doesn't even know has been published.

When our year's assignment with Liveright was over my personal contact with him continued. Liveright enjoyed parties and we often met. Typical of such festivities was a dinner in 1923 given at the old Hotel Brevoort in his honor, "in recognition of his unselfish and untiring efforts in fighting and eventually bringing to a defeat the recent Book and Press Censorship Bill before the New York State Senate." The one hundred and fifty guests were certain, I am sure, that Liveright had arranged the dinner himself, but that did not prevent their attendance. We were willing to help him honor himself, for we knew we would have a rousing good time. T. R. Smith, Liveright's editor, had formed the committee, which consisted, among others, of Elizabeth Marbury, play producer; Walter Guest Kellogg,

editor of the *Survey Graphic;* Charles Hanson Towne, poet; Lawrence Langner, of the Theatre Guild; Fannie Hurst, novelist; Heywood Broun; Elmer Davis, then on the New York *Times;* Burton Rascoe, literary critic of the New York *Tribune;* and Eugene O'Neill. Many others joined the party.

I sat in the large dining room surrounded by them and Zoë Akins, H. L. Mencken, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Van Vechten, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Edgar Selwyn, Robert Simon, Hamilton Gibbs, B. W. Heubsch, six Liverights—members of his family—and James J. Walker, who made the best speech of the evening. After the speeches, libations and general rejoicing at the bill's defeat, I commandeered the party and all of us, including the musicians, walked half a block to our home at 44 Washington Mews, where we carried on merriment through the night. At one point a policeman knocked at the door and warned us to quiet down. I beckoned to the leader of the senate majority, James J. Walker, known later as the Party or Night Mayor of New York. He walked to the door with me, grinned, and the policeman saluted the senator and moved on. The party continued. Next morning I found a charming woman and her escort sleeping, dressed, on separate couches in the studio. In spite of what I considered my broad-mindedness, I was surprised. We drank a toast in hot coffee to Liveright, and to Doris, who had gone to Europe with a friend, and all of us went to do a day's work at our offices. I regretted Doris had missed a good party.

As the years went on, Liveright became more manic, more interested in pleasure and self-indulgence than in publishing. He branched out into the theater. But his major interests were parties, beautiful women and drink. He was divorced from his wife and lived an existence of what I call consecutive love, with beautiful actresses his good friends. We saw him less and less. And then we read that he had died—and his business had been bought by Arthur Pell, his former bookkeeper.

Horace was a success and a failure. He unshackled book publishing from conservatism and gave it dynamics that related it to life. The public recognition he and his firm received gave encouragement to other young men to strike out for themselves as publishers. They took books out of the sanctity of personal libraries and made them conveyors of ideas in the broad market place. Liveright set a precedent and urged new methods to expand the market of books on meaningful subjects other publishers had neglected. He was a failure, in his personal life and in business life. Somewhat

narcissistic, he demanded applause, but he played the role of a strong man to prove he was one.

He appeared to me to need to compensate for an underlying sense of inferiority. He wanted the world to revolve around him and he worked hard to become the center of his universe. Possibly he wanted to forget his background and believed his education could not support his social and intellectual aspirations. I do not hold against him his desire for personal publicity. In a highly competitive society, in an era of mass communication, modesty is a private virtue and a public fault. But he added to this desire the unpleasant characteristic of brashness. Once he wrote me that he couldn't present the introductory letter from me to Freud in Vienna because he had postponed his trip to Europe. He had taken it for granted I would give him such a letter and imagined he had already received it, although he had not even asked for it.

For a former financial man, his attitude toward money was strangely unbusinesslike. He was profligate with money. Funds which should have been set aside for royalties were spent for other things. Authors were given large advances, and this in turn served as his rationalization for heavier advertising than was warranted by the possible returns he would receive. Since his business didn't earn it, he either borrowed money or sold new partners a share of the business. When they stepped out he found other partners.

As to his tremendous influence on the publishing business, there is no doubt.

chapter 20

COUNSEL ON PUBLIC RELATIONS

My work with Liveright represented a divide between what I had done—my press-agentry, publicity, publicity direction—and what I now attempted to do: counsel on public relations. This was no mere difference in nomenclature, no euphemistic changeover. It was a different activity, in approach and execution. From a one-way street of information and persuasion from client to public, it became a two-way street, with the element of adjustment added to the other two elements. Counsel on public relations was based on dealing with interaction between client and public.

A discussion of development of the activity between 1913 and 1929 might be in order. I had no knowledge of what a press agent was or did before I helped to produce *Damaged Goods* in 1913. I proudly called myself a press agent or publicity man. When in 1915 I became publicity manager of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau and handled publicity for Caruso and operatic and concert artists, I liked the new title and used it when I was with the Diaghileff Russian Ballet.

Even before our entry into World War I, in 1917, I was trying to find a rationale for what I was doing. In an interview in *Musical America* I said: “A press agent must regard his calling as an art and as a science. A science in that it employs the elementary laws of psychology, very much as advertising does. An art in that inspiration often plays the most important part in furnishing him with his happiest ideas for novelties, slogans and catch phrases.”

I had not heard of the words “public relations,” because they were not in general use. Public utilities had used the term since the late nineteenth century to describe certain of their informational activities and they were current in their trade journals, but they had not spilled over into the general

press or to the public. I had no occasion to see or read these trade publications.

When I served on the U.S. Committee on Public Information in World War I, 1918–1919, “public information” was the term used for the war’s informational effort. But I did not hesitate to call myself a propagandist, even though the word had been tarnished by the German propaganda of the Kaiser and by the Communists.

It was a word in current use. Tobin and Bidwell, in *Mobilizing Civilian America*, the story of the U.S. Committee on Public Information, described the men on the committee as a “group of zealous amateur propagandists organized by Mr. Creel.” They use propaganda in a beneficent sense and refer to the work as perhaps the most effective job of large-scale propaganda which the world had ever witnessed.

But the poor connotations of the word in the postwar period induced George Creel, when he wrote his story of the U.S. Committee on Public Information in 1920, to call his book *How We Advertised America*. This was illustrative of the uncertainty with which new meanings found words to express them.

When I opened my first office at 19 East 48th Street in 1919, I decided against the words “public information,” “press agent” or “publicity manager” to describe my work. I wanted something broader than publicity or press-agentry. I called what I did “publicity direction,” by which I meant directing the actions of a client to result in the desired publicity. A year later Doris and I coined the phrase “counsel on public relations,” which we thought described our activity better—giving professional advice to our clients on their public relationships, regardless of whether such advice resulted in publicity. We borrowed the word “counsel” from the law, hoping its professional implications would carry over to the new field. The new term meant something definite to us but not to the public. Often I fell back on the word “publicity” to describe my activities, not because it was accurate but because it was easier than trying to convey the meaning of the new term. It was difficult to get the new concept and the new term accepted as meaningful.

In the 1920s almost a conspiracy of silence about public relations and publicity prevailed in the mass media. Most people don’t like to accept a new idea, particularly when it threatens the status quo. The press and educational field were suspicious of a new profession that seemed to

encroach on their areas of activity. Only *Printers' Ink* and *Editor & Publisher*, and to a lesser extent *Fourth Estate*, another weekly devoted to journalism, discussed the subject extensively. Much of what they said was strongly negative. *Editor & Publisher* violently attacked public relations in general and me in particular, saying I was a "menace." Marlen Pew, the editor, objected to my statements that created circumstances are news; he saw practitioners in public relations as "space grabbers." I enjoyed his attention and I thrived on it. Occasionally I met Pew socially. He confided to me that his attacks were not personal, that, in fact, they were a good way of promoting *Editor & Publisher*. It made him and his journal an adversary against someone portrayed as an outside enemy.

The Jackson Heights Corporation, one of the early companies in housing developments, came to me as a direct result of one of Pew's attacks. The corporation executives told me they were retaining me because anyone who was a "menace" of the proportions I was described by *Editor & Publisher* must be good.

Once in 1920 Irving Romer, editor of *Printers' Ink*, relented grudgingly in his attack on public relations. He published a letter I wrote him on the "justification and importance of my profession." I did not mind the caption "The Press Agent Has His Say," although nowhere in the letter did I refer to press agents. I felt it would make some converts for public relations among his constituency of advertising men. *Printers' Ink*, three decades later, engaged us as advisers, and *Editor & Publisher* ran a friendly piece and photograph on my seventieth birthday.

When I saw how difficult it was to gain acceptance for the terms "public relations" and "counsel on public relations" I decided I would take on an uphill one-man campaign for public relations. Public relations would become a continuing free client. The advance in acceptance did not proceed on an even front; there was continuous backing and filling.

This misunderstanding and ignorance about public relations prompted us to publish *Contact*, a four-page, 8½ × 11 house organ, in the early 1920s. It was Doris' idea and she was editor and publisher of *Contact*, issued from time to time to give a "clear understanding of the scope and functions of the counsel on public relations." The typography, layout and paper were designed to give an impression of dignity and restrained distinction, and it carried no dateline, since that would have restricted its use as a mailing piece. Doris selected short items she found in magazines and newspapers

that had a bearing on our concept of public relations and in a deft paragraph or a telling headline pointed up its public-relations theme. The idea of viewing events from a public-relations standpoint was new: *Contact* became an immediate success. I sent it to 15,000 editors, publishers, heads of organizations, profit and nonprofit, and many leaders of groups.

Contact established us. It exposed our readers to the role public opinion played in their lives, and they learned about counsel on public relations and who we were and what we did. Our proposal in *Contact* for a Government department of public relations rated an editorial in the authoritative New York *World*. It took another twenty years before the Government organized a public relations arm of the United States.

Contact was commented on in textbooks and other publications. We discontinued *Contact* in the early 1930s only because we were too busy at the time to put the necessary effort into it. Years after, I walked into the Art Museum Library in Chicago and found a complete file of *Contact* under "Serials." *Contact* may well have been the single most important activity in advancing our cause.

By 1922, understanding of public relations was emerging slowly. As an instance, Colonel Robert Stewart, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, issued a statement, novel for the time—and trite today: "It is not enough to advertise a product. The public ought to be acquainted with the honesty and high character of the institution back of the product."

"In 1922," says Eric Goldman in his monograph *Two-Way Street*, "apparently the first use of public relations counsel was at the time of the Bernays wedding, when the groom described himself by that phrase." Certainly the term had news value, for in 1920 a newspaper account of a Caruso lawsuit was headlined: "FIND NEW PROFESSION IN CARUSO SUIT TRIAL" and it stated that Edward L. Bernays introduced the new profession by declaring he was a public-relations counselor.

But the distinction between "counsel on public relations" and "publicity man" in that year was unrecognized and sketchy. The publication *Fourth Estate* said in 1922 editorially, "Counsel on public relations" and "director of public relations" are two terms that the newspaperman is encountering more often every day.… It should be said that they are—or can be—disassociated from the old idea of the "publicity man."

Publicity was a subject of discussion in this period. In *Publicity*, by R. H. Wilder and K. L. Buell, published in 1923, the authors refer to the frequent use of “publicity agent” and “publicity manager” by some companies, and noted titles like “good-will engineer” and “councillor in public relations” used by some financial and commercial organizations. But they pointed out that some organizations were still so afraid of the accusation of bidding for popularity that they gave their publicity manager the title of “vice president.”

Publicity—the one-way street—was the prevalent method of enlisting public interest. A bulletin of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in 1924 illustrated this approach. It attacked twelve businesses and groups for sending “free puffs” to the newspapers to enlist public support.

Walter Lippmann’s book, *Public Opinion*, was published in 1922 and had made a great impression on me. So had William Trotter’s *Instincts of the Herd* and Everett Dean Martin’s *Behavior of Crowds* and Le Bon’s book *The Crowd*. But these discussions of public opinion referred little to the application of their findings to everyday use. No one had taken up the working relationship between private policies and practice and public opinion. I was interested in this interrelationship and by 1923 had clarified my thinking on this subject.

I suggested to Horace Liveright that he publish a book on public relations. I believed it would itself be a sound public relations move for what we were doing. He told me it was a “swell idea” and impetuously gave me a contract and told me to go ahead. At my suggestion he wrote a number of influential public-opinion leaders, asking for their comments on the potential of a book on counsel on public relations, which would define for the first time the scope and function of this new profession.

The responses indicated general curiosity, interest in and ignorance of the subject. Melville Stone, head of the Associated Press, expressed disdain and sarcastically professed complete ignorance of the existence of public relations.

I decided to go ahead. We discussed possible titles. I wanted the words “public opinion” in the title. Lippmann’s book was stimulating general discussion of public opinion. If we had put “public relations” in the title, only a handful of people would have had any idea what it was all about. The book was published in 1923 under the title *Crystallizing Public Opinion*.

“The rise of the modern public relations counsel,” I wrote, “is based on the need for and the value of his services. Perhaps the most significant social, political and industrial fact about the present century is the increased attention which is paid to public opinion not only by individuals, groups or movements that are dependent on public support for their success, but also by organizations which until very recently stood aloof from the general public and were able to say ‘the public be damned.’”

I stated that, generally speaking, the interaction of people and movements is obvious—the charitable society, dependent on voluntary contributions, the great corporation whose profits might be taxed away, whose sales might fall off or its freedom impeded by legislative acts. I pointed out that there were other trends of fundamental importance not so obvious: the tendency toward increase of size of corporations; the growing assumption by the public that it had a voice in the conduct of large aggregations, whatever their nature; and third, the keen competition for public favor due to modern methods of selling.

“The public relations counsel,” I wrote, “is the pleader to the public of a point of view. He acts in this capacity as a consultant both in interpreting the public to his client and in helping to interpret his client to the public. He helps to mould the action of his client as well as to mould public opinion.”

Most of what I said is accepted today (even though some of it is still misinterpreted), but in 1923 it was greeted with mixed reactions. Mencken, who recognized all the implications, called it a “pioneer book” in the *American Mercury* and considered it a milestone in the development of public relations. The *Railway Age* praised it for its intensive study of an important field. Publications in the business field approved of the name for the “new profession of public relations,” but Nunnally Johnson quipped in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, “The P.R.C. has now been added to the H.C.L.” The New York *Times* lauded *Crystallizing Public Opinion* as “the first book to be devoted exclusively to the occupation which is gradually becoming of overwhelming national importance,” but added, “If, with the change of name, there is to come a change in the ethics and manners of the press agent, people will be delighted to call him a public relations counsel or sweet little buttercup or anything he wishes.”

The Survey, a liberal social-service publication, saw our work only as a fresh and far-reaching salesmanship, and *The Nation* assigned the book for review to Ernest Gruening, later the first Senator from Alaska, who

described the counsel on public relations as a super-diagnostician of the public mind, adding that this new sublimation came to fill an obvious need. But in keeping with the prevalent skepticism, the review was titled "The Higher Hokum."

Through the reviews of the book hundreds of thousands of people were exposed for the first time to the concept of counsel on public relations. From our standpoint, this was all to the good. But many still believed the term "public relations counsel" to be a euphemism for "press agent." I decided one way to give the term professional status was by lecturing on the principles, practices and ethics of the new profession of public relations at a university. New York University was willing to have me give the first such course at an American university. Today, universities have schools of public relations and give advanced degrees in the subject. I was called a lecturer in journalism, and the course was given in the School of Commerce and Finance.

But acceptance still seesawed. In an editorial the Chicago *Tribune* in 1924 stated that public relations was becoming a profession, an art and a science and urged that the business executive, when he was trying to secure the public's co-operation, should as a priority extend complete co-operation to the public-relations department of his organization. The editorial emphasized that this meant revealing all relevant information with dispatch.

But Abram Lipsky's book, *Man, the Puppet: The Art of Controlling Minds*, published in 1925, saw the public relations counsel only as a new Pied Piper who was the old press agent in new guise. On the other hand the New York *Herald* in 1926 declared that "the old-time press agent has gone and that with the emergence of the public relations counsel there was a refinement not only of title but of methods." In 1926 H. L. Mencken, in his *American Language*, dismissed counsel on public relations as a euphemism for press agent: "A press agent is now called a publicist, a press representative or a counsel on public relations, just as a 'realtor' and 'mortician' are euphemisms for 'real estate man' and 'undertaker.'" But Mencken was openminded, and in his *American Language Supplement No. 1* (1946), twenty years later, he recognized the validity of the term. He asked me to write and later published two pages on its history. We had made progress.

In 1926 *Time* took notice of counsel on public relations. Commenting on my attempt to explain to *Editor & Publisher* the evolution of the counsel on

public relations from publicity man, *Time* said that editors and publishers were unaware of any change. *Time*, like *Printers' Ink*, became a client decades later.

When barriers seemed impenetrable and I wanted to make my point, I advertised to reach my audience. In January 1927 I told the story of counsel on public relations by buying a page in *Editor & Publisher's Yearbook* and headed it "Counsel on Public Relations—A Definition." This was the first time an effort of this kind had been made to educate the newspapers to what we were driving at. In 1927 *Advertising and Selling* ran my article "A Public Relations Counsel States His View." That was an advance too.

I recognized that if public relations was to receive acceptance, leaders must accept it. I aimed to reach the intellectuals and opinion molders by writing for publications they read. Three breaks came in these early years. In April the *Bookman* published "The Minority Rules," in which I showed that public relations could speed acceptance of a minority idea among the majority. In May 1928 *The Independent* ran "Putting Politics on the Market," a plea for politicians to use the same techniques of leadership that industry was already using. Politicians, whose main concern was leadership, worked by hunches instead of applying the principles of public relations. That same year *The Independent* published another piece, "This Business of Propaganda." In 1929 the *Forum* published a debate between Everett Dean Martin, a publicist, who ran the Cooper Union forums, and me.

I felt elated in 1927 when we penetrated academic walls, an area with which public relations, I felt, had potentially close ties. The *American Journal of Sociology* printed my article "Manipulating Public Opinion, the Why and the How." The title sounds unfortunate today, but it came out before Hitler and Mussolini gave the words bad overtones. Only the brashness of youth could explain the optimistic use of so baleful a word as "manipulating." Despite the title, or maybe because of it, public relations became a subject of interest in social-science circles.

We talked to a mass public in *The Delineator;* "A Challenge to Women's Clubs," in 1928, presented a program of public relations and publicity for women's clubs designed to help them ameliorate the ills of society.

I tried to organize public relations men into an association with insistence on high standards. Premature publicity, a full-page article in

Editor & Publisher, wrecked the plan before it ever got off the ground in 1928.

In 1928 Liveright published my second book, titled *Propaganda*. In two hundred years the word had changed from a positive word, with high religious connotations, to a military and political word with negative connotations. This may illustrate the shift in the power impact of these forces. But, whatever the cause, it shows how vital in the process of communication is a knowledge of the meaning of words. In this book I called public relations the new propaganda and expanded the thesis of *Crystallizing Public Opinion*.

Two reviews reflect the thinking of that time. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* Earnest Elmo Calkins wrote, under the title, "Our Invisible Government": "Mr. Bernays' story of the way the public's mind is made up is a highly entertaining book, and it is copiously documented with modern instances, most of which the reader will undoubtedly recognize, for it is equally an informative one."

In the New *Masses*, a radical magazine with a Marxist viewpoint, the reviewer recommended that all revolutionists read *Propaganda*, admonishing them to trust nothing in it but to absorb the technique for future application.

In 1928 came recognition from an important source. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, through its Policy Holders Service Bureau, gave over an issue of 49 pages, "Functions of a Public Relations Counsel," to public relations. It was based on interviews with T. J. Ross of Ivy Lee's office and with me. I suggested to George H. Doran, the publishers, that they bring out an *Outline of Careers*, putting public relations on a parity with other careers, to be written by men in various vocations. I wrote the chapter on public relations. This and a companion volume, edited by Doris, *An Outline of Careers for Women*, in which she wrote the chapter on public relations, popularized the new vocation.

This gives the background of public visibility in which we conducted our activities from the pre-Twenties to 1929. There was still much to be accomplished before public relations became widely recognized.

PART THREE

fulfillment

1923–1929

chapter 21

ART COMES TO INDUSTRY

Wilson effectively demonstrated the power of public opinion. After the war public opinion loomed as a force. Leaders throughout the world were looking for ways to deal with this great force. They recognized they were dependent upon public opinion.

Industry had quickly converted its war machine to peacetime production, using ideas, inventions and discoveries previously employed in destruction of the enemy. From 1920 to 1930 physical production and industrial output per man increased markedly. With mounting industrial output came business's concern with the public's attitudes, both as consumers and as citizens. Public relations filled a need. It suggested ways and means to leaders who needed advice on how to adjust to public opinion. It explained how to give information to the public and persuade the public to accept products and services.

In this postwar period both new and old business forged ahead. The automobile and radio, stepladder industries, brought prosperity to those engaged in them and to others in the economic chain of consequences. New demand was created by the expanding economy for office buildings, apartment houses and suburban dwellings, accelerating the construction industries. Suppliers vied for the consumer's dollar. The luxury trades went after new millionaires. Machine tools made the manufacture of products simpler, more uniform and less expensive.

Big business sought our public relations advice in the Twenties. Cheney Brothers, old established silk manufacturer in New England, was one of the first to come to us. Our work with these New England silk manufacturers began as a prosaic effort to promote their style leadership. It culminated in a movement that fostered art in American industry. Cheney Brothers was a century-old, tightly knit, family-owned company. Seven generations of Cheneys had lived on the same land in South Manchester, Connecticut.

Only direct descendants were permitted burial in the family cemetery. The genes of any individual are well thinned out in three hundred years; nevertheless, in a little pamphlet devoted to ancestor worship, Charles Cheney, the head of the family, with the aplomb of a Plantagenet, drew pride and strength from a Cheney who had migrated from France to England during the Norman conquest.

According to custom, the treasurer, not the president, headed the firm in New England—on the principle, I suppose, that money dominates a company's affairs. Charles Cheney carried on the company's relations with the banks and concerned himself with other broad policies. He was a small, wiry man, with an eaglelike nose and grayish skin drawn taut over his face. His eyes were like gimlets and his lips thin. Horace Cheney, his brother, was equally inhibited, but not as forceful. He supervised distribution, advertising and public relations.

The Cheneys looked on silk as a commodity and as a religion. Yet their Puritan spirit stifled their interest in fashion and style. Their dress goods featured routine colors and unimaginative prints, and their upholstery line contained only conventional brocades, woven on Jacquard looms. Although most of their products were used and bought by women, no woman held a responsible position with the firm in 1923. They scorned the new synthetics of science. The firm was mired in a dead tradition, while its competitors, notably Mallinson, were trying to become style leaders. A gaudy popular print line of Mallinson's was inspired by patriotic landmarks.

At last Cheney Brothers reluctantly and in desperation appointed Henry Creange as Art Director. It was a triumph of Yankee perspicacity over Yankee tradition. Creange, a dynamic French industrial designer who had recently migrated to the United States, had previously been associated with factories in France, Italy, Bavaria, Austria and in England; as Art Director of the Royal Ginori Porcelain Works of Italy, he had designed ceramics for U.S. consumption.

He came to the United States at a propitious time. Social commentators were deploring the ugliness of machine-made products and were enthusiastically discussing Europe's new art movements. Many Americans, responsive to the new importance of the U.S. as a world power, urged that we establish our artistic independence in this country. Some American manufacturers were attempting to act on this suggestion.

One of Creange's first decisions on his new job was to ensure our engagement as counsel on public relations to Cheney Brothers. I don't think Creange had a clear idea of what we could or would do but he was eager to take a chance—and so was I.

At Cheney headquarters on Fourth Avenue near 17th Street, the center of the textile industry, in the dim and gloomy street floor of a huge loft building, Creange showed me patterns, designs and colors that mirrored the deadly soberness of the surroundings. The silks, rolled up on wooden cores, lay on long bare tables. Equally dull upholstery and neckties shared the gloomy space. Creange, animated and impeccably groomed, appeared out of place in the musty surroundings. He spoke idiomatic English, but he permitted his manner and gestures to reveal that he was French through and through.

We discussed the basic approaches that would bring Cheney the style and fashion leadership they wanted and needed. I was struck with Creange's ambition, which was later confirmed by his actions, to be recognized as the man solely responsible for Cheney's leadership. I was willing. I enjoyed working with him, for he was imaginative and stimulating and was able to translate our ideas into action.

Creange discussed the strategy and tactics of how we would accomplish our goal. Most men are more interested in tactics than strategy. He was more interested in strategy. He developed a major plan, a three-phase system for mass production of style goods. Its simplicity for the manufacturers of such goods was striking. Manufacture each year should be divided into three categories: Phase one, one third of the total, novelties; Phase Two, one third, the preceding year's successful innovations; and Phase Three, the last third, staples. The plan applied to shoes, automobiles, textiles, hosiery, clothes, art metals, pottery, plants—in fact any industry in which style or fashion played a role. I was eager to see whether this plan could be made to work.

Phase One was crucial if Cheney was to become a style leader. The two other phases—last year's successes and staples—would take care of themselves. Phase One could not be applied overnight, for new fashion ideas from Cheney would be accepted only after the company had already established itself as a style leader. In those years France had the completely dominant role in setting style leadership. Today the U.S. has muscled in. Our first recommendation, therefore, was to associate Cheney with French

fashions so that their own novelties would be accepted when they were introduced.

We started building up this concept by initiating a free style service for fashion editors of the U.S., supplying them with news about silk usage and style in Paris. We sent French *croquis*, drawings of dresses (to be made of Cheney silk), to newspapers. We released photographs of models dressed in Cheney fabrics to 150 rotogravure sections of newspapers. We added a free mat service of Paris fashions for 300 small newspapers, and we corresponded with hundreds of newspaper editors about French fashions.

We used the available avenues open to the public to impress on them our relationship with the French fountainhead of fashion. We even used French terminology to make our point, labeling our folders "Chronique de la Mode" above the imprint "Cheney Style Service." We distributed French fashion information bulletins to salesmen in department stores so that they might talk more intelligently about how yard-length silks for dresses were to be made up.

We then used a press agent technique to further the prestige of Cheney silk: we presented the wife of the President of the United States, Mrs. Warren G. Harding, with a dress length of silk. Doris, accompanied by the oldest worker at the plant, went to the White House to make the presentation.

In the trade—and to some extent among consumers—these activities stamped us as fashion leaders. We next tried a variation of the idea. Reasoning that a prophet, to be honored in his own country, should first be honored in a foreign country, we presented three lengths of Cheney silk to the Textile Museum in Lyon, France, the great French silk manufacturing center. This news was cabled back to American newspapers, and Cheney's leadership was strengthened.

Meanwhile, I eagerly looked for inspiration for silk design in painting, sculpture, even new buildings. I kept in touch with all contemporary trends that might find expression in silk. When the Earl of Carnarvon opened the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt, I telephoned Creange and suggested we present to a young American woman designer a scholarship fund for a trip to Egypt so she could create silk designs inspired by the ancient Egyptian finds. In a few days Hazel Slaughter, a charming young woman from Brooklyn, went to Egypt. By the time she returned, however, the glamour of ancient Egypt had worn off in the United States and nothing came of the

Egyptian-inspired designs. Nevertheless, Cheney's style leadership was enhanced by the publicity her trip received, and our program to establish Cheney's eminence was succeeding, even before we had launched a single novelty made by Cheney Brothers.

I found that our ideas were having an impact on the Cheney organization internally. Even the tie sales manager of the company now requested aid to establish style leadership of Cheney silk ties.

If we were to be successful as silk style leaders, Cheney could not stand by itself; silk made up only part of what a woman wore. It was essential that other elements of the women's-wear industry should reflect a new appreciation of beauty. Gloves, stockings, coats, millinery would need to reflect a similar appreciation of art in industry.

I decided that Creange's vital personality would be ideal to spearhead the movement, but Creange needed public recognition to become effective. Michael Friedsam, the president of B. Altman & Company, was respected as an outstanding merchant and leader in Fifth Avenue Association affairs. His art collection, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was one of the country's great art treasures. He was a natural link between art and industry; maybe he could be persuaded to give an annual Art in Industry Medal to the man who had contributed the most in the past year to this cause. Such a gesture would demonstrate dramatically his belief in this socially sound idea that was associated with his interests; it would signalize publicly the activities of the man who won it and simultaneously further art in industry.

Creange, who knew Friedsam, took me to his offices at B. Altman's. I told Friedsam that art in industry needed encouragement and that he, as head of a respected and influential retail establishment, might want to assume leadership and institute such an award. I suggested the award be administered by the Architectural League of New York and that the annual recipient be the man who had done most to advance art in industry in the preceding twelve months. Friedsam agreed that the medal was a fine idea, and the annual Arts in Industry Award Gold Medal was initiated. The Architectural League named a committee of eminent judges.

I believed Creange would win the medal because of his pre-eminence in the field. That was, to be sure, a speculation, but I thought it a safe one. When the choice was finally made, the judges named Creange winner. He deserved to win. No one had done more to further art in industry. The League followed up the award with a dinner honoring Creange at the Ritz-

Carlton Hotel in New York. Abraham Flexner of the Rockefeller Foundation and Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute both attended the dinner and gave it a special cachet. Creange, thrilled by the accolades of friends and well-wishers, got the ego titillation of his life. Editorial comment in the New York *Times* lauded the idea of art in industry as beneficial to the country, representative of public response to the award.

By 1924 our press campaign, our emphasis on France and the medal award had brought about recognition of Cheney's leadership. We felt we now could safely proceed with Phase One of our plan-that is, the production in America of Cheney Brothers novelties. But we decided at first to make only novelties inspired by France. Creange, on a trip to Paris, had found an ironmonger in Paris, Edgar Brandt, who worked iron into modern designs for grilles and gates. Creange adapted his designs for the 1924 line of Cheney silks and called them Ferroniere Prints. To dramatize this metamorphosis of iron designs into silk we brought some of Brandt's lovely ironwork to America, rented an art gallery and launched our new silks at an art show, draping the new Ferroniere prints around the ironwork. We held an opening for both art critics and fashion editors—and the collection was widely publicized in the general and trade press.

Recalling the favorable reaction that our Cheney silk exhibition at the Lyon Textile Museum had elicited, I recommended a showing of our American-designed, French-inspired Ferroniere prints at the Louvre in Paris. An exhibit of our silks was prepared and accepted by the Louvre—the first time silks made in America were shown there. Cheney sent its best silk draper to Paris to arrange the exhibition. Paul Léon, France's Minister of Beaux Arts, and other French and American notables, including the U.S. Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, attended the opening. Cheney was delighted by the publicity that resulted. The Louvre was convinced that the exhibition glorified France, since American design had used French inspiration, and we were convinced that American design had advanced itself in the eyes of the American public.

American correspondents cabled reports of the Louvre opening to the United States. This stimulated American editorial comment supporting the exhibition as a demonstration of art in industry, and Cheney became its main beneficiary. The Cheney Louvre exhibit gave additional news and style value to the Ferroniere prints. It was now possible to get them shown in department-store windows throughout the United States.

The client is often the last to appreciate the value of a good idea, for he has few standards to judge by. This showing by the Louvre caused Charles Cheney to issue a statement which concluded: “The common use of one inspiration by the iron and the silk industries shows the universality of art.” That was typical of Cheney’s style. I recall one other composition of his, a suggestion in a letter to me—“It appears to us that this might properly be made an object of further publicity.” Men who had been with the firm for years said this was his method of issuing commands. It seems to me today polite arrogance. I was not aware of these subtleties then; instead I was flattered that Cheney recognized the value of publicity, after the company had held as fast to secrecy as medieval guilds for a hundred years.

A counsel on public relations, like a physician, is often consulted on matters outside his immediate province. One day in 1923 Horace Cheney came to me about his son Bushnell, Yale 1921, an inbred, sensitive young man with a bent for the aesthetic and dramatic. A fragile soul, with a halting personality, Bushnell, much to the family’s chagrin, had renounced a career in the silk business for the theater. Horace told me the story as though his son had married a heathen or had been converted to Catholicism.

Horace was, of course, too much a Cheney to contribute personally to his son’s delinquency, but he realized he could not induce Bushnell to enter the family business. He made the best of a bad bargain and asked me for advice on how the boy might at least succeed in the theater. Bushnell was married to a strong personality, Alice Keating, an actress who had played with John Barrymore in *Hamlet*. They had organized the Jitney Players: the name accurately suggested the mobility of a Ford with the art of the drama. Bushnell had built a stage on the chassis, assembled an extraordinary group of young people and founded a theatrical company, which lived an itinerant existence, presenting drama through the country. The Jitney Players, like the American expatriates in Paris’ Latin Quarter, escaped from the shackles of a society that wanted to turn them into silk merchants. Some of them later made good on Broadway.

My experience on Broadway had taught me that an able business manager and publicity man were prerequisite to successful theatrical production. I recommended an old hand, Wells Hawks, to co-manage the Jitney Players with Bushnell. He was happy with the choice, and the company opened at a garden party in Rockville, Connecticut, in the summer

of 1923. After a shattering earthquake in Japan I suggested to a client, the Jackson Heights Corporation that they place a park at the disposal of the Jitney Players so they might play the first benefit performance in the United States for the victims of the Japanese earthquake. A committee of distinguished men and women sponsored the performance and the Jitney Players became nationally famous.

The success we had with Cheney Brothers prompted the company to make public relations a management function, formalized by integrating it into the company's committee system.

The committee system was more prevalent in American business then than it is today. It is, I think, the most wasteful and time-consuming practice in the folkways of American business. It operates on the theory that collective brains are better than the same brains functioning individually—which is, of course, not so. We held interminable meetings attended by Colonel Heckman, the general sales manager (who retained his World War I title proudly); Charles Cheney; his son Ward, just graduated from Yale University and dedicated to carrying on the Cheney tradition of silk; the advertising manager, Guy Bolté; Miss Goldsmith from our office; and others. Each presented his little problem for discussion, as if the fate of the world depended on an immediate solution. At one meeting we discussed color indices and how we could get salesmen to verbalize colors to their customers; at another the problem was whether a new silk weave should be launched in the form of yard goods or a dress made by a prestige dressmaker. Once we deliberated over what we should name silk weighted with metal; and should we provide silk gratis for gowns that would be used in a motion picture *McCall's* magazine was making in co-operation with French dressmakers.

For four years we moved gingerly in our campaign for style leadership, projecting only our interpretations of French inspiration because we felt the public wasn't ready for strictly American origination. By 1927 we felt we had established Cheney silks sufficiently to create and launch our own Phase One. That spring Creange decreed that its colors should rule fashion. I suggested we associate our effort with Georgia O'Keeffe, the American painter, whose exotic and erotic flowers made you feel you were looking deep into the mysteries of nature. Critics were talking enthusiastically about Miss O'Keeffe's work. I believed she would be ideally fitted to interpret the

colors Creange had selected. Had we proceeded logically we would of course have derived our colors from Miss O'Keeffe, but we worked backward, seeking her interpretation of colors Creange already had in the works.

Miss O'Keeffe was then a disciple of Stieglitz, the great photographer, whom she later married. I telephoned Stieglitz and tried to arrange for Miss O'Keeffe to paint for us five interpretations of the principal colors in Cheney's forthcoming line. He appeared agreeable to the proposal but asked me to see him to complete the arrangements. At the large Anderson Galleries Studio, at 59th Street and Park Avenue, I met Stieglitz. His gray hair was cut in a bang and his mustache bristled on his placid face. I had often seen him walking in the daytime in his opera cape and round, flat-crowned black felt hat. No one could ever forget that sight. Miss O'Keeffe had high, glossy cheekbones, a flat face and an immobile expression. I recalled I had seen her too, walking on Park Avenue with a pair of trousers over her forearm—his, undoubtedly.

"I should like to commission you to make color paintings for Cheney Brothers," I said. Both were astounded by my request, despite my previous telephone conversation.

Mr. Stieglitz did not answer me directly. "I deplore American society's treatment of artists," he said, "and especially of myself. I cannot even afford a studio and am here with Miss O'Keeffe in this little boutique because I cannot afford a larger one."

I offered him a studio in the Saint Denis building, the property of my father's estate, at 18th Street and Broadway, of which I was president. I made the offer in good faith, but I was sure he would not accept it, for if he had he would not have been able to bewail the studio he now had. I was right. His conversation veered to other topics. Miss O'Keeffe said little, under the spell of the master.

I returned to my offer of a commission for five color plaques, which we planned to use in windows and reproduce for advertising. Stieglitz said, "We will take the matter under advisement." In accordance with his suggestion I telephoned him next day. "She is willing to paint five canvasses—brown, red, gray, green and blue—for six hundred dollars," he said.

I said that was satisfactory, and the paintings on canvas, about twelve by twelve inches, were delivered shortly afterward. One glance convinced me

they were just what we wanted; Creange was delighted. We reproduced them and publicized our line as “The newest fall colors … so exquisite that a modern artist symbolizes their charm in a series of paintings.”

The colors produced violent reactions. One salesman almost fainted when he saw the red. So potent were these little paintings that Altman’s put them in their Fifth Avenue window against a background of silks. Marshall Field’s in Chicago showed them, setting the keynote for stores throughout the country. Our first Phase One was on its way to becoming a great success.

After the season was over we stored the O’Keeffe paintings in Cheney headquarters’ files, just as we filed letters. One day Stieglitz telephoned me. “Will you please return our paintings?” he said.

“Whose paintings?” I asked.

“Oh, the paintings Miss O’Keeffe loaned you.”

“Loaned us? Cheney bought those paintings and paid for them.”

“Oh, no, no, never,” Stieglitz said. “Our arrangements were for loan and reproduction rights.”

The paintings meant little to Cheney. Though Cheney *had* paid for them, they felt their established ownership was not worth fighting for, and I did not press the point. The file clerk returned the paintings we had purchased.

The next year, 1927, Creange returned from Paris excited about a new portrait painter of the *haut monde*, Kees Van Dongen, and back he went to French-inspired American novelties. Maybe he still felt he was treading on perilous ground by making American originals. “Great bubbles of color, saffron yellow, fire red, and violet, burst like magic waves upon a dark background,” wrote one critic.

Creange designed what were called Van Dongen silks. To give Van Dongen’s work greater significance in America, we showered art magazines and art columns of newspapers with releases about Van Dongen and also sent them a book about him. I supplied Broadway publicity men with Van Dongen silk for their stars’ gowns. I persuaded our clients, the Almco Galleries, lamp manufacturers, to make “lamp shades inspired by Kees Van Dongen, the French impressionistic genius whose influence has been so dominant in the world of modern art.…” When opportunity arose, as a result of which one client might profit by co-operating with another, we brought them together and let them explore possibilities. We again rented a

studio at the Anderson Galleries and exhibited original Van Dongen paintings draped with their derivative silks. The publicity was two-pronged—art and fashion.

After the exhibition we sent the Van Dongen paintings touring in art galleries through the country as far west as San Francisco. Leading department stores showed the silks in a tie-up with the exhibitions. Once again, Cheney moved closer to its goal.

Later that year the Russian-born artist, Marc Chagall, not yet well known, inspired a line of printed Cheney silks in spritely floral patterns. I wish I had bought some of his beautiful paintings, but in my concentration on the strategy and implementation of Phase One, I never thought of it.

Cheney's fashions were now so well established that the trade, fashion editors and public looked to them for leadership. I thought we might create clothing designs suited to the psychological needs of the child. Creange authorized a psychological study at the Larchmont public schools. I suggested we get the reactions of children from kindergarten to 12 years old on designs and colors. The tests were supervised by Edna Brand Mann, then director of the Child Welfare Department of *Success Magazine* and also associated with the Child Study Association of America.

The boys and girls were exposed to a "Toyshop" series of Cheney silks, including all-over designs of small elephants, ducks, fish, orange trees, clovers, bow-knots and staple designs, such as polka dots. The youngest children, from four to seven, overwhelmingly chose Toyshop designs, but strangely, 50 per cent chose the fish design and 25 per cent the duck design. Fish and ducks swim, but we were unable to attach any significance to the coincidence. The children appeared to choose solely on a pictorial basis. At the age of seven, however, the preference shifted to floral designs, such as clover. Conservatism became more pronounced as the children became older.

Creange followed up our study with children's designs based on the Noah's Ark motif, which provided opportunity for joint merchandise with toys and books. I suggested animal designs by contemporary artists, but that was a bit too avant-garde for Creange.

Cheney's style leadership was now established. Creange, too, had achieved national standing. His supremacy was taken for granted in the industry. He no longer needed to fight for it.

From 1924–1927 we promoted Cheney Brothers in terms of art in industry. We tried to make Cheney Brothers and art in industry interchangeable and synonymous terms. Our activities with the International Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts in Paris in 1925 were possibly the most important and lasting of these activities. As a result of what transpired, the exposition directly affected America's manufacturers in the industrial-arts field and ultimately changed the shape, design and color of our homes and even outdoor surroundings.

Creange and I thought the appointment of an official American delegation to the exposition by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover would serve the public interest and foster art in industry in the U.S. Creange discussed the proposed commission with one of his important art contacts, Charles R. Richards, a desiccated, brittle professor who was president of the American Association of Museums. Creange suggested that Richards should be chairman of the not yet appointed commission. Richards was eager for the honor and approached the Secretary of Commerce. Hoover, then angling for the Presidency, was at first skeptical of the proposal because of the possible connotation of "art in industry" to the hardheaded businessman. After several visits Hoover appointed a three-man commission consisting of Richards, chairman; Frank R. Holmes, the able, straightforward art director of the Lenox Pottery Company of Trenton, New Jersey, who designed the most beautiful china in America; and Creange. I was made an associate commissioner.

No doubt the Secretary and his team of brilliant young men saw potential political benefits in the favorable publicity that would follow the creation of the commission. But Hoover, in addition to his concern about the art aspect, undoubtedly did not want to assume the burden of internationalism when America, in the post-World War I period, was isolationist. In a letter to Richards he carefully delimited the activities of the commission, pointing out that he did not assume responsibility for the commission's work. He stressed in his letter of appointment that it "in no sense involves official American participation in the Exposition itself nor does it convey the right to use the term 'U.S. Commission.'" To emphasize the commercial aspects of our mission, he said that "you should go visit the Exposition and report to me upon such features of the Exposition and phases of the procedures in connection therewith as may be of interest and value to American manufacturers."

Our impressive letterhead read “Commission Appointed by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States to Visit and Report Upon the International Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts in Paris, 1925.” The American Museum Association contributed $10,000 toward expenses for the 17 weeks’ period from February through June, organizing a delegation of American leaders in the art-in-industry fields to go to Paris. I recognized that this would influence American industry to change its production to greater beauty.

I studied carefully the planning of the French exposition and found that the French propensity for classification had been applied to the exposition. Every phase of human endeavor that impinged on the broad subject had been broken down and fitted into the exposition, from architecture to furnishings and decoration, wearing apparel and textiles, arts of the theater, arts of the street, merchandising, advertising, publishing, education and industrial-art groups. We now asked trade and professional associations in all these classifications to appoint delegates. We appointed a chairman for each of these categories and also delegates-at-large, contingent on their attendance at the exposition.

Newspapers and the trade press gave our activities intensive coverage in this country and in France. A long editorial in the New York *Times*, entitled “Art in Industry,” began: “By appointing a committee to report upon the Exposition of Industrial Arts in Paris, Secretary Hoover has recognized an idea, the influence of which is growing steadily.” We always noted in our releases that this was the first time art in industry had been officially recognized by the U.S. Government. Other newspapers followed the lead of the *Times*.

Of course Doris went with me to the Exposition. We had arranged in New York for many receptions, conferences, luncheons and dinners in Paris. When we arrived at our headquarters at the Hotel Continental we were given a formidable schedule of events. In keeping with the period, it suggested formal attire for gentlemen. Doris took one look at the schedule and rushed me over to the Galeries Lafayette, the great department store, for a cutaway and a silk topper, tails and a white tie. With the aid of scissors, needle and thread Doris made me presentable.

Burnet Hershey, who the year before had done a public-opinion survey for me, was publicity man for the delegation. Thirty-six years later at the Overseas Press Club he recalled: “How could you possibly have functioned

as a publicity man for the delegation wearing a silk hat, a cutaway and striped trousers? French journalists would never have accepted handouts from you in that regalia! They would have had their false image of Americans confirmed by your action."

The lushness of color, the *art moderne* design, the Sybaritic atmosphere made an unforgettable impression on Doris and me. At our continuing round of events we drank repeated toasts to Franco-American friendship, the presidents of the United States and France and to art. On Tuesday, in striped trousers and cutaway, the Minister of Commerce tendered us a champagne reception at the Hotel Continental. The next day, the Commissaire Général of the exposition, M. Fernand David, welcomed us officially. On Thursday we attended a reception and dinner under the auspices of the Association Française d'Expansion et d'Exchanges Artistiques at the home of the Baron and Baroness Henri de Rothschild. One hundred and fifty guests sat at a long table in a huge dining hall lined with varied marble. Great crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, creating an atmosphere of sumptuous luxury. The Baron, a rotund little man, sat at the middle of the table, the Baroness opposite him. After dinner we watched a display of fireworks in the exquisite formal gardens. But, regrettably, all this glamour had an effect opposite to that intended. Rothschild's American guests wondered why France hadn't paid its U.S. war debt instead of permitting its citizens to entertain so luxuriously. I myself felt that all this emphasis on ceremony and ritual left little energy or time to spend on the realities of implementing intent with action. Entertainment, to be acceptable, must be carried out in terms of criteria set by the guests rather than the host.

At the Union Interallié, the President of France, Domergue, gave us a party. He engaged Doris in conversation; I saw Marcel Knecht, widely known as the luncheon editor of *Le Matin*, rush up as he heard them exchange such greetings as "How are you, Mr. President," "How are you, Mlle. Fleischman," "The weather is beautiful," "Yes, the sun shines in Paris." Knecht offered to act as interpreter, but Doris, realizing shyly she had had very little to say, gracefully bowed out.

The English, French and American newspapers reported our activities fully. In 1925 it was news that 125 American business leaders, on their own volition and at their own expense, crossed the ocean (almost a week's time each way) to expose themselves to new influences of art in industry. When

we returned to America I remained a strong Francophile despite my realization that most of the French expressions of good will had been ceremonial.

The exposition's influence in the United States became evident immediately, first in American typography and in American advertising. Obviously it takes little time to use new type fonts and new design. Textiles and furniture took a little longer. When delegates returned to the United States the inspiration of the exposition remained with them and showed itself in what they manufactured, and this in turn had its effect on their field. Change was accelerated by exhibitions featuring the best of French decorative arts in textiles, ceramics, lacquers, metal work, furniture, painting and sculpture, held several years later by fashionable Lord & Taylor and thrifty Macy's. These exhibitions dramatized the art-in-industry movement for the American public and hastened its acceptance by manufacturers and retailers. This influence survives today in the universal acceptance of beauty as an important aspect of the manufactured product. And the acceptance of American industrial designers like Raymond Loewy, Henry Dreyfuss, Norman Bel Geddes, Walter Teague and others was accelerated as a result of our visit to Paris.

Freud has said that we forget what we do not want to remember. I do not remember why our Cheney relationship ended. It might have been because of any one or more of a number of causes. Professional relationships, I had learned, are not enduring in an impermanent world. They are like railroad timetables—subject to change without notice. Even with a contract, relationships often change, by renegotiation. A new policy-maker in the firm, a change in the economic climate, a wave of cutting expenses—any of these can end what appears to be a permanent and fruitful relationship. But while the relationship lasted, it seemed as permanent as time itself. And this was true of my years with Cheney Brothers.

chapter 22

THE WORLDS OF FASHION

Our Cheney Brothers work led to other fashion industries—women's hats, men's clothes, luggage, stockings, velvet and artificial flowers. These products depended on public taste, and enabled me to experiment with new public relations strategies and tactics. In the early Twenties Hart, Schaffner & Marx, who mass-produced men's clothing, retained me. The name caught on because of its rhythm. The clothes caught on because young Americans, after wartime uniform, enjoyed getting back into well-made smartly styled civilian clothes. A company with a fine national reputation had engaged us in the regular conduct of business; no crisis needed to be met.

So far as I know, this was the first time a national clothing manufacturer had retained outside counsel on public relations. With headquarters in Chicago, they distributed their clothing through selected retail stores. These benefited from Hart, Schaffner & Marx's extensive national advertising showing handsome, vigorous males.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx stood out from run of the mill clothing manufacturers. They had made an epoch-making agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union at a time when sweatshops still dominated the industry. The Hart, Schaffner & Marx annual economic essay contests had associated their name with universities throughout the country—a worthwhile association. Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx were actually people. But by 1925 they had either retired or were on the verge of retirement, and the administration of the company was in the hands of Mark Cresap and Al Levy, with whom I worked.

Cresap was a wiry, alert and perceptive businessman, a go-getting salesman. He lived a twenty-four-hour-a-day existence for the glory of the firm. Levy, an artist-businessman, loved the clothing business and was in charge of production. He chose fabrics, decided on their color and shaped the contours, always aware that the firm's success depended on maintaining

style leadership. That was a tough assignment, for a year might elapse between the choosing of weave, weight and color of the fabrics, the determination of style and the sale of the suit in the retail store. After manufacture, clothing was shown to retailers before it was shown to the public. As in women's wear, the spring styles were ready in the preceding fall, and next fall's styles were ready in the spring.

Cresap and Levy wanted to ensure that the styles they picked and manufactured would appeal to the public a year later in New York, San Francisco, New Orleans or Minneapolis. My experience with Cheney Brothers proved valuable. Enlisting public support for men's and women's fashions was similar, except that leadership in men's clothing depended on the English, the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) and the peers of the realm, and not on the French. Hart, Schaffner & Marx provided itself with an English style consultant-Captain J. A. Murdocke, a veteran of World War I, socially well connected, a writer on clothes and a style adviser to British tailors. His prophecies came true because he made them come true. Captain Murdocke supplied Levy with trend letters; Levy checked on these with personal visits to England. This gave him a firm basis for planning fabric, color and line.

Thousands of workers and the satisfaction of millions of men depended on Murdocke's and Levy's judgment. A lapel too narrow or too broad, too many or too few buttons on a sleeve, the width of a trouser leg, the cut of a vest, high or low, could make or break a year's line. We thought of our problem as affecting leverage points of inffuence. A photograph of the Duke of Westmoreland wearing a certain kind of plaid influenced the American buyer. What the American style-conscious male heard over the air or read in newspapers or magazines about men's clothes molded his point of view.

We issued style bulletins for men, and we distributed these to trade papers, house organs and male style leaders. We supplied radio stations and motion-picture newsreels with features. We set up a Style Bureau for Men which furnished pictures and actual garments to photographers, artists and art directors for illustrations for advertisements in which well-dressed men appeared. We wanted consumers to be presented with Hart, Schaffner & Marx fashions.

Captain Murdocke sent us a steady supply of photographs of the Duke of York and other British notables wearing suits like those we hoped would

become fashionable in the United States. A photograph service for newspapers was started, and captions identified the name of the fabrics used in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits, such as “Dixie Weaves” or “Glenn Urquhart Plaids.”

Hart, Schaffner & Marx women’s fashions received comparable treatment. Here we changed the leverage point from London to Paris. That summer I took with me to Europe new fall women’s coats and arranged for French models to wear them at the Paris races. I had photographs taken and placed them in leading French and American fashion magazines and newspapers. *L’Art et la Mode, Très Parisienne, L’Officiel de la Couture* and *Les Modes* carried full-page pictures of them. Magazines were mailed from Paris to our dealers in this country to let this visible evidence demonstrate our style leadership. American fashions today don’t need psychological support of France.

We held periodic fashion shows, the first one in the spring of 1924. These shows were planned to create news. I wrote a monologue for Mr. Levy. A hundred newspaper fashion writers, newsreel and news photographers attended. The male model was photographed with a bobbed-hair flapper holding an eggplant the color of the fabric. “Just Blame Wales” read our caption. “EGGPLANT TO INFLUENCE MEN’S GARB. THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS GIVEN HIS BLESSING TO THESE COLORS IN LONDON.” Widespread newspaper publicity snowed us under. With the co-operation of Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson Girl, Neysa McMein, the illustrator, and Nickolas Muray, the photographer, we introduced women’s coats in June with similar success.

At another show in New York we displayed 100 years of men’s suit fashions. Magazines and newspapers eagerly picked this up as a pictorial feature. Later we asked businessmen to discuss the part clothes played in their own business success, which created interest.

I recommended that Captain Murdocke come to the United States to lecture before men’s-wear retail associations on the style leadership he and Hart, Schaffner & Marx represented. Soon after his arrival here, we asked to have Mayor Walker receive him at City Hall. Mayor Walker was nattily attired in a typical Broadway-type outfit, tight-waisted and obtrusive. Captain Murdocke complimented Walker on his dress, saying the Mayor cut a neat figure. “That’s nothing to the figure in the budget,” Mayor Walker quipped.

The next day Captain Murdocke, to my amazement, because I was, and still am, a most casual dresser, telephoned me and asked me what he should wear for a men's-wear retailers meeting the following day in Philadelphia. He asked, "Would it be good form to wear suede shoes?"

"No! No!" I responded. "For heaven's sakes, don't! They would be regarded as a sign of femininity and you would get a cold greeting from the conservative Philadelphia dressers when they see you."

The next morning I took the train to Philadelphia with him, and a delegation waited on the Broad Street platform to greet him. As I went down the steps of the parlor car, the fashion kings proudly wore suede shoes—and Captain Murdocke in polished calf! He gave me one look, was embarrassed and never again asked me for fashion advice.

My experience with Cheney had given me insight into the world of fashion, the huge American business of textiles. Sidney Blumenthal retained us as counsel on public relations to the Shelton Looms, founded in the middle of the nineteenth century. Blumenthal would have liked to produce conventional fabrics, but he realized that to keep abreast of stiff competition he would have to adjust to the consumer's demand for style and beauty. However, he lacked the qualities of Creange; he could cope with finance, manufacture and distribution, but not with design and fashion.

The Shelton Looms comprised more than 1,000 wide double-shuttled plush and velvet looms, the largest amount of equipment owned by any one manufacturing company making pile fabrics in the United States. The corporation did its own weaving, dyeing and finishing, block, screen and roller printing in its plants at Shelton, Bridgeport and Uncasville, Connecticut.

Before we planned our program a knowledgeable member of my staff made some plant inspection tours to determine how realistic Blumenthal's appraisal of his own products was. Kathleen Goldsmith reported the line was "extremely depressing" and "more or less staple, so we will have to depend on digging up special news."

Blumenthal was not convinced he was manufacturing this type of line, but with his background and temperament, revolutionary action was out of the question; he would not hire a Creange to redesign them. I thought he might change his approach to the public if his products were not drastically affected. If the public responded, he might change his production policy. I convinced him to carry on a saturation campaign in behalf of transparent

velvet. If theatergoers and concertgoers were exposed to velvet, increased acceptance and sales might follow.

I sent letters to managers of musical bureaus, theatrical agents and stage and movie producers, offering their stars free dresses of transparent velvet. Responses overwhelmed us. Most distinguished artists wanted a transparent velvet dress. We sent them to leading dressmakers for their gowns, and distributed photographs to fashion magazines and newspaper rotogravure sections and towns where the stars appeared. Many of America's star performers on stage and screen became models for Shelton Looms' transparent velvet, with due credit in programs and visual and descriptive publicity.

Blumenthal worked out a deal with the Publix, Paramount, Loew's and Stanley theaters to stage and route through the country, in 24 key cities including New York, *The Velvet Revue*, a tabloid musical comedy of the type then so popular—an adjunct to movie bills. The women performers wore transparent velvet. The show ran about 900 performances, titillating the spending emotions of 3½ million women, all potential customers.

Blumenthal visited Paris, where our representative arranged a luncheon with outstanding French decorators. Blumenthal proposed the startling view that America could make or break any fashion in interior decoration because of her huge purchasing power. This pronouncement had its effect on the French decorators, and it echoed across the Atlantic in the American press. It appealed to America's growing sense of nationalism in style leadership. If Blumenthal could tell off the great Paris decorators and assert America's leadership, he must himself be a leader among leaders in decoration.

Blumenthal now took up the arts-in-industry idea and proposed an institute to co-ordinate activities between businesses making industrial art objects and creative artists. He gave a luncheon to top department-store owners and executives and presented his idea and predicted that increased leisure and greater financial resources would give Americans an opportunity to satisfy their craving for beauty. Nothing was done about his specific suggestion, but undoubtedly exposure of influential men and women to the idea furthered art in industry.

The shifts of fashion in that period sometimes produced strange effects. In the late Twenties, for instance, the forces of fashion appeared to plot the

deflation and near elimination of the luggage industry. The lush, romantic clothes of a previous period were replaced by skimpy flapper styles—scanties, short skirts, stockings, waists and a cloche hat. In a boom decade of pleasure travel, the steamship lines and European railroads appeared to conspire against luggage. Staterooms of even the best ocean liners were small, and checking and reclaiming luggage was such a major chore on European railroads, that the tourist resorted to single steamer trunks that would fit under a berth to reduce red tape in travel. Thousands of traveling salesmen visiting American towns, large and small, traveled "light."

The luggage industry came to us for help. This problem involved changes in the social patterns of the luggage consumer.

We tried to modify women's fashions; if women wore more, they would use more luggage. We set out to revive the diversified wardrobe. We sent articles to the women's pages of magazines and newspapers on topics like "How to Pack and What" and "What the Well-Dressed Woman Wears on a Weekend," suggesting a diversified wardrobe. We emphasized the need for a varied wardrobe in summer travel and social occasions and advised hostesses to stress in their invitations the varied activities their weekend guests would be involved in (requiring, of course, a diversified wardrobe). We organized a Luggage Information Service and offered illustrators and photographers information on luggage; we urged architects to allot suitable space for luggage storage; we suggested to health officials that they emphasize the importance of individual ownership of luggage; we supplied authentic luggage information to travel writers and furnished luggage for movies and plays. We wrote to college and university officials recommending that they list in their catalogues the clothes and luggage the university student would need; we offered hotels information and co-operation to facilitate the handling of bags and trunks; we suggested that retail stores combine luggage in their window displays with wearing apparel and other travel needs, and we stressed the relationship of the new styles in clothing to the new styles in luggage. We urged sales managers to insist that adequate luggage was a prerequisite to salesmen representing them properly.

We offered co-operation on the solution of their luggage problems to general passenger and baggage agents of transportation companies, particularly the railroads. For press photograph distribution, Eddie Cantor posed for us, packing in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam Theater.

Paul Althouse, Metropolitan Opera star, had his picture taken with trunks as he left for a concert tour. The great motion-picture companies, MGM and First National, co-operated with us and had their stars photographed with quantities of luggage. We approached the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which did a market and statistical survey. We suggested a simplified, practical procedure to facilitate the mass production of luggage.

We were corresponding with 66 railway companies, 10 steamship companies and 31 tourist agencies; we were supplying leading photographic services such as Underwood and Underwood with information and models of luggage; hotel managers were asking for advice about their luggage problems; numerous magazines and newspapers were publishing articles like "Labor Day Weekend Wardrobe," "Perfection in Traveling Equipment," "Advice to the Travel-Lorn," etc.; and 150 radio stations were carrying material on luggage and how to use it. And foreign embassies were offering co-operation in increasing free weight for travel abroad.

New and unexpected fashion trends from Paris threatened to put ribbons, flowers, braids, straw and lavishly decorated women's hats out of business. They were out of fashion in Paris. Great couture houses joined annually in a ball to set next year's fashions. But in the United States, fashion was competitive and costly.

I suggested a new plan to the Eastern Millinery Association for their semiannual style show in an attempt to modify trends. Certain style leaders might cooperate:

1) artists who set standards for women's beauty would choose models;
2) society women and editors of fashion magazines would judge them;
3) models would wear the hats;
4) high-fashion millinery designers would make the hats.

We set up millinery classifications in ribbons, fabrics, straw, braids, ornaments, fancy shapes, flowers, ostrich feathers and lace. Hundreds of pictures taken at our show were used by newspapers. We sent exhibits of the hats throughout the country. One company wrote that trimmed hats started moving by the thousands. According to *Editor & Publisher:* "In 30 days' time the millinery trades were humming again with activity, even though the felt hat is by no means yet driven off the millinery preserves! The millinery trades feel that a serious casualty has been averted by the

skillful applications of the publicity idea, worked out by Edward L. Bernays."

But I maintain it wasn't publicity at all. It was applying principles of public relations to women's hats. Stuart Chase telling the story of the millinery campaign for *The Nation* (February 16, 1927), saw its implications in a different light. "Not only God but Counsels on Public Relations are masters of the mystic pulls of gravitation," he observed in telling the story of the millinery campaign. "Mr. Bernays holds, furthermore—and we cannot but agree with him—that the principle is applicable to *all* types of merchandise. 'Ideas that desire to get public attention must avail themselves of this kind of mechanics.' And so, happily, the consumer may forever cease from buying what he freely wants; and the Kingdom of Heaven of the Salesman will come upon earth. High on the awful steps, above the Angel Gabriel himself, in morning dress, their honest faces transfigured with pleasure in a work well done, will sit Mr. Bruce Barton and Mr. Ivy Lee."

At about the same time (February 16, 1927) a letter from Charles J. Cohen of the Fashion Hat Company said that he sold thousands of large hats where there had been no demand for them before. He felt that our creating a suitable climate for acceptance of the styles had proved a most successful stimulus.

chapter 23

PIERRE CARTIER: DIPLOMAT IN TRADE

An expanding economy, a booming stock market and small income taxes in the Twenties spawned a garish generation of millionaires eager to gain status by a display of wealth. Two brilliant, individualistic Frenchmen helped them to do it—Pierre Cartier with precious jewelry and Germain Seligmann with old and modern masters.

My association with Cartier began as a result of a Cheney fashion show at the Ritz-Carlton. To make the show more newsworthy and to add a touch of French glamour, an indispensable part of high fashion then, I suggested we borrow jewels from a distinguished French jewelry establishment and decorate our models with them. The jeweler would receive a program credit line in return. Cheney approved the idea, still novel in 1921, and I telephoned Cartier, the leading French jeweler in New York. To my surprise, the man I talked to acquiesced in what I thought he might have regarded as a wild suggestion, and I arranged for the jewelry to be brought to the Ritz-Carlton on the day of our show.

I found Alexandre Teneau, an immaculately dressed Frenchman with a thin line of mustache and deep-set, mystical eyes, waiting for me at the hotel. We exchanged introductions; then Teneau put his hand casually first into the left side pocket of his coat, then into his right, then into his trouser pockets, and drew out what must have been several hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious jewels and handed them to me. I thanked him, borrowed a tray from a waiter and took the pile to the dressing rooms, where we decked each model with matching necklaces, bracelets, rings and brooches of rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious stones few of them would ever possess.

Cartier had developed and society had accepted the parure as the summit in fashion. All the jewelry each model wore was matched. The audience, which had come to see silks, gasped at the display of brilliance and luxury in the jewels. I sat in the back of the room with Teneau listening fascinatedly, without showing my skepticism, to his accounts of his occult experiences, which confirmed his belief in a spirit world. I liked the man and enjoyed our immediate intimacy. He asked me about myself—how I did what I did—and seemed surprised when I told him.

"A strange life," his expression seemed to say, "for a man to arrange fashion shows at the Ritz, to borrow jewelry to make the shows more glamorous, and all to give the name of Cheney Brothers widespread reclaim." Meanwhile, he repeated to himself, at intervals, possibly for my benefit, "Monsieur Cartier, the head of the House, will want to meet you. He will want to speak with you."

Doris and I invited Teneau and his wife to our home. When we saw each other he always said to me, "I have spoken of your work to Monsieur Cartier, the head of the House. He has expressed deep interest in your work and he will see you soon." From his manner I might have assumed he was talking about the Master of the Universe, who would give him the indication when I would be granted an audience. Almost a year after our casual initial meeting at the Ritz-Carlton, M. Teneau telephoned me.

"Monsieur Bernays," he said, "will you see Monsieur Cartier, the head of the House? He would like to make an engagement with you to talk to him."

Cartier's is still housed in the beautiful Renaissance building on Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, which was traded to the firm in 1917 for two Oriental pearl necklaces then valued at $1,500,000; they were sold years later, in 1957, at auction for $161,000. I had often passed the store but never had been inside. Metallic coats of arms of the royal families to whom the House of Cartier were court jewelers were appliquéd to the outside of the building. My first visit inside almost bowled me over. The main gallery was decorated in lovely boiserie, wood wainscoting with mirrors. Men who I could only assume were salesmen, dressed and groomed like top diplomats, sat at small tables as though they were part of a stage setting. No jewelry whatsoever could be seen. Instead, now and then, silent, neatly uniformed porters in dark-blue serge suits carried trays of jewelry covered with a dark-gray cloth to the gentlemen sitting at the little tables. A porter conducted me

to the directors' room on an upstairs floor. On the way to the elevator I passed M. Pierre Cartier's private office. It was small, not more than ten by ten, planned to foster an atmosphere of intimacy. Through the curtained glass windows I caught a glimpse of M. Cartier seated at a delicate kidney-shaped Louis XV desk, built, I later learned, of rare French wood, designed by Alavoine, the fashionable French decorator of the day in New York.

A few minutes later M. Cartier joined me upstairs in the directors' room. In his black sack coat of rough woolen material and striped trousers he looked and acted like a French diplomat. His suit was so meticulously pressed that he might have used the crease in his trousers to cut butter with. A small cornflower graced his buttonhole. He wore a black tie and a vest, low-cut, over a stiff-bosomed white shirt with pink horizontal stripes. He looked as if he were just going to a formal wedding after a barbershop massage, for his skin was burnished smooth. His age seemed uncertain then, and his appearance did not change in my ten years of close association with him. He was of medium height, with a ramrod-erect figure.

He greeted me as formally as if I had been an ambassador from a country allied to his. He always greeted me that way—the same extension of his arm and hand, a slight bow from the waist and a cordial "How do you do, Mr. Bernays?" pronounced with the very slightest of French accents. After several years he added to the greeting a smile and a pleasantry, a slight gesture and sometimes a delicate nudge in my ribs with his forefinger.

With diplomatic restraint M. Cartier engaged me in a conversation that turned out to be an inquiry into what we might do for him—an indirect probing, never jarred by direct questions.

"We do not crave nor do we want what Americans call publicity," he pointed out. "That would not be proper or desirable for the House of Cartier. But discreet publication of matters of interest about the firm—that is within the bounds of our tradition." His deadpan expression concealed all emotion.

"You must not forget, my dear Mr. Bernays," he added, "that in this establishment discretion rules, for the jewelry business is based upon discretion. The House of Cartier has been noted for its discretion in three world capitals—in fact, throughout the world—and shall continue so."

As Cartier talked he pulled down his vest so that his stiff shirt front, which he wore as casually as if it were soft, remained rigidly straight.

We talked in this half hour of large and small affairs, as if we were meeting socially in a drawing room. After our discussion he retained me as counsel on public relations for Cartier at a fee of $6,000 for a year's services.

Pierre Cartier was one of three brothers who shared among them what was then the largest retail jewelry business in the world, founded by their father in 1848. M. Cartier thought of the Cartiers as a counterpart of the legendary Rothschilds. One Christmas he presented me formally with a recent book, *The History of the Rothschilds*, and in a little speech told me he and his brothers had taken their inspiration from the Rothschilds. "We brothers are very close," he added. "That is our strength."

Crowned heads, international tycoons and parvenu millionaires of five continents were, in Cartier's phrase, "clients of the House." Louis ran the Paris and Jacques the London firm. Jacques also purchased Oriental pearls in India. He maintained relations with the rajahs of India, who were profitable to the firm, for they bought jewelry from Cartier and then sold it back when they tired of it. The business relationship between the brothers was never divulged to me. I supposed each had some interest in the others' business; they exchanged information and jewels, and shared profits and losses, if there were any of the latter, which I doubt.

Along with a complete disregard for the number of hours he worked each day, Cartier had a passion for punctuality. He came early and stayed late six days a week. His sharp eye encompassed every detail of the business. Every employee knew what was expected of him, for on each desk a framed card outlined his duties. Every morning M. Cartier, flanked by his chief of staff, M. Armand Sieper, carrying a pad and pencil, trudged up and down and through the building. Cartier noted details out of place—a shade about to fall, a frayed carpet, a cupboard's loosened door hinge. These details, recorded on the chief of staff's pad, were attended to immediately. Later I followed this practice in spirit in our own office building for many years, but I never accompanied our office manager on his inspection tours.

Formal behavior is a short cut to understanding; it removes abrasions that ruffle relationships. M. Cartier understood this to a degree I have observed nowhere else in the business world. The Cartier uniformed doorman performed as if he were on the staff of Buckingham Palace. He bowed low to clients and touched his hat before opening the limousine door,

then he rushed to open the door of the shop. Salesmen approached by a client stood at attention. This ceremonial was impressive. To M. Cartier, who set the tone, ceremony was the essence of a successful business. Most American customers warmed to this punctilious nineteenth-century French diplomacy.

When we had made our arrangement I thought my work would involve publicizing million-dollar pearl-necklace sales. But M. Cartier meant what he said when he had talked about "discretion," a word which described the French passion for secrecy in business, intensified in the case of Cartier by the nature of the jewelry business. Secrecy was deeply ingrained in the establishment. During the ten years I worked closely with Cartier I never visited anywhere in the storied building, except the first- and second-floor selling areas, M. Cartier's office and the directors' room on the third floor. Yet M. Cartier trusted me implicitly. Doors were everywhere, but most of them remained closed, except for special reasons. Working for Cartier's must have been like a prison term for many employees, who spent their days in these discreet cells, knowing little of what went on about them and having little or nothing to do with their fellow workers.

For ten years I participated in Wednesday morning meetings of an advertising and publicity committee founded at the time of my connection. This was a rubber-stamp committee that fostered the illusion that M. Cartier's decisions were democratically arrived at after discussion with his staff. M. Cartier sat at the head of the huge directors' table, flanked by his secretary (an adoring woman slave who presided over the research department) and department heads, including M. Armand Sieper, his general factotum. We discussed every subject to the point of micrometer precision—always on the highest plane of protocol.

M. Cartier treated all solicitations for advertising as deferentially as invitations to a dinner party. The secretary read the letter of solicitation aloud. Then a motion was made that a letter of regret be written, expressing thanks for the invitation and stating that due to budgetary consideration the invitation of the publication could not be accepted. Every letter, personally signed by M. Cartier, concluded with the nineteenth-century closing, "I am your obedient servant."

I enjoyed these meetings, for they contrasted so dramatically with my own informal life. And they reminded me of childhood dinners at home, when my father dominated the dining table. Here I was a visitor at the

family board and took the matter more casually. Whenever I expressed a difference of opinion to M. Cartier, I couched my objection in a formal, diplomatic way. I found myself always treated with the ultimate of politeness, even when my objection was overruled.

M. Cartier soon learned to assess publicity in terms of its effect—good or bad for the House. He slowly recognized that in a competitive business, in an era of constantly expanding mass communication accompanied by accelerated prosperity, “discreet” publicity for the House was vital if it was to retain and extend its distinction and prestige.

No newspaperman was ever able to ferret out from Cartier the name of a customer or what he purchased; this was confidential information. Cartier’s knew that a man who bought two pearl necklaces might be buying one for his mistress and the other for his wife, to assuage his sense of guilt. I quite understood M. Cartier’s solicitude about pitiless publicity in these circumstances. However, I felt that such secrecy was not essential for other facets of the business.

We made some headway. Cartier was among the first to use the back of theater-ticket envelopes for advertising. Cartier placed a formal announcement, “Cartier, Jewelers at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue,” on the envelopes of all the legitimate theaters of New York. Every theatergoer, of course, was a potential Cartier client—never a customer. As another approach we suggested to producers of drawing-room comedies and detective mysteries in which a pearl necklace was mentioned that reference to the “Cartier pearl necklace” would enhance the play’s prestige. I also suggested, and publicized, several exhibitions of rare laces. We also showed the pearl necklace of the Hapsburg Empress Josephine; a display of the snuffboxes of Prince Yousepouf, intimately associated with the death of the Czar of Russia. These tidbits had little relationship to the hundred-thousand-dollar-and-up items which Cartier sold, but I suppose they might be justified by Cartier as building what other retailers called “store traffic,” a term, I am sure, that never crossed M. Cartier’s mind, if indeed he had ever heard it.

I developed a favorable climate of opinion for Cartier by a technique I now call *triangulation*, although then I had no term for it. This is how it worked: When Cartier of New York bought jewelry of dramatic or historical interest in Paris, it was mentioned at our Wednesday meeting. I studied the purchase from the standpoint of American news value. If sufficiently

newsworthy, I wrote a story about it, which I sent to Paris for release there. The Paris house duplicated my release and turned it over to Paris correspondents of U.S. press services and newspapers. The story was cabled back to New York and published here, and often throughout the United States, under a Paris dateline. If the story turned out to be as newsworthy here as I had hoped, the New York newspapers and press services followed up with Cartier in New York for comment and expansion. That gave an additional fillip to Cartier's noteworthy purchase in Paris.

Occasionally, M. Cartier asked me to formulate statements for the press, but he always put his final touches on them. These statements referred to jewels, usually pearl or diamond necklaces, lost or stolen, or confirmed the truth of advertisements that insurance adjusters or brokers had inserted in the newspapers offering a reward for their return. Sometimes unfavorable items about Cartier appeared, such as an account of a suit involving a pearl necklace. The plaintiff charged that the necklace he purchased was not part of the crown jewels of Russia, as, he alleged, Cartier represented it to be. Yet even this story, which emphasized the huge price of the necklace, proved that million-and-a-half-dollar necklaces were not fiction and whetted public interest in pearls.

We also helped in publicizing the French and English Houses of Cartier. Once a $250,000 pearl necklace disappeared after it was mailed in a box by the Paris establishment to the London House. Speaking for Cartier, I confirmed the loss and stated that a reward of $50,000 was offered by the London correspondents of A. R. Lee & Co., insurance adjusters. The identity of the owner of the missing pearls was not divulged. This heightened the mystery and simultaneously publicized Cartier's policy of discretion, so satisfying to clients. On the other hand, Cartier recognized the news value of his acquisition of the historical snuffbox collection of Prince Yousepouf and of Princess Josephine's jewelry; such publicity broadened the market for jewelry with historical associations.

I counseled M. Cartier on advertising copy and on granting requests for pictures and data about jewelry or precious stones. *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* treated Cartier as the arbiter of fashion, on what jewelry to wear and how to wear it, and I answered their requests for such information.

I am sure Cartier did not decide on his customer relations in psychological terms. He instinctively took the steps necessary to impress them. The life of a jeweler was bound up in snobbism in the Twenties.

Cartier knew that the display of royal coats of arms on his building would appeal to affluent Americans. Prospective purchasers gained the feeling, and possibly the belief, that they were royal by association. In his office, where he met clients, the millionaire was invited to sit on a delicate Louis XIV cane-bottom chair bearing a simple oblong gold plaque at the top to this general effect: “On this chair sat Her Majesty, Queen Marie of Rumania, when she paid a visit to the House of Cartier.” The client presumably never forgot the experience of sitting where the Queen sat, and possibly passed this bit of priceless information on to his friends.

Cartier’s snobbism was projected with deftness. But the head of the stationery department riled me by a condescension which would have made the Queen of England feel like a commoner and be annoyed. Strangely enough most clients of the House, though humiliated, seemed to feel the better for the privilege of dealing with this man.

The stationery department took up more floor space than was justified by the amount of money brought in. But undoubtedly M. Cartier installed the department, as chain stores do their loss-leader departments, to bring in prospective buyers of engagement and wedding announcements, writing paper and calling cards, who might then become purchasers of a hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklace.

M. Cartier, I knew, longed to be French Ambassador to the United States but was realistic enough to know he could not be. In the 1920s men in trade were given no such assignments. He transferred the skills of diplomacy and the conference table to the sales counter and applied the techniques of a good ambassador to the profit motive, with an uncanny grasp of the opportunities for money-making then prevailing. For Cartier, salesmanship was an art applied to a science. If he felt qualms about his position in trade, understandable in a Frenchman who hobnobbed with aristocrats, diplomats and high government officials, he never showed it.

I was fascinated by his ability to negotiate sales of pearl necklaces. It was not what people imagined selling to be like. He never said, “This is a great buy, a necklace of X pearls of Y grains, perfectly matched and costs Z dollars.” He talked of painters of the seventeenth century who painted *grandes dames* with pearl necklaces, or he described the rich colors of yellow and pink pearls that made up the matched necklaces. Or he discussed the difficulty of matching pearls, or discoursed on India and her

love of beauty and jewels. His sensitive understanding of people enabled him to know the price people would pay for status.

A client sitting on Queen Marie's chair once asked for an emerald. Cartier pressed a button. A uniformed attendant brought into his office a drawer of emeralds, covered with a soft, dark cloth bound in silk. Cartier casually picked out an emerald from the drawer and mentioned its price, $35,000. "This is one of our poorer emeralds," he said. "We have, of course, much better ones." The client's expression gave M. Cartier an indication of the next step. If the client could afford it, he asked for the best emerald in the house, and M. Cartier gratified his wish. If not, the customer would have to make do with what his money would buy.

Cartier was brilliant in his use of strategic intelligence as part of his sales methods. Few people in business were using such methods then. Cartier gathered and stored information that he could use in sales approaches. His secretary, aided by another aging spinster, noted on index cards relevant and invaluable data about past, present and potential clients—engagements, marriages, deaths and births—culled from daily newspapers, society publications and the Social Register (which detailed family and club relationships). Data from wills filed in the surrogate court were added to the cards—detailing bequests of important jewels and where they might be purchased by Cartier for resale.

Cartier's network of intelligence included florists and candy shops, whose tips about continuing sales of flowers or candy bought by the same man for the same woman might result in the sale of an engagement ring. Headwaiters and front-office hotel clerks kept the House informed on millionaire visitors who came to town from Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other prosperous industrial centers. But that was not all. Information on sailings of clients or prospective clients trickled in from booking clerks of steamship companies. People who booked first-class passage on the *Paris*, *Bremen* or *Berengaria* became known to Cartier almost instantaneously. Such intelligence paid off.

One Monday I made an engagement for lunch, for the next Wednesday, with Jules Glaenzer, master salesman of Cartier's. On Tuesday he telephoned me. "I can't keep my engagement, Bernays," he said. "I'm terribly sorry. I'm leaving for a trip to Europe on the same ship with Edsel and Henry Ford." A tip that the Fords were sailing had come in and immediately Glaenzer booked passage on the same ship. Several weeks

later he was back at his desk, with a tale of fabulous sales amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Fords.

Glaenzer brought off another skilful coup at a box party at the opening of Marilyn Miller in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. Glaenzer arranged for the stars to wear Cartier jewelry on the opening night, with, of course, a credit line in the program. Glaenzer chose his guests, all clients of the House, carefully. He knew his guests' taste and kept it clearly in mind when he selected the jewelry for the play's principals. After the show ended he asked his guests to wait in the box while he collected the jewelry on stage. Returning to his guests, Glaenzer said, "I hate to take so much valuable jewelry home by myself so late at night. Do wear this home. I'll have our man pick it up tomorrow morning." And he parceled out the jewelry to the ladies in the party, according to his predetermined selection. This done, he took them to a night club. Late next day, as promised, the chaste-looking Cartier delivery auto called at the home of his guests for the jewelry, but the women liked the jewelry so well that each one bought what Glaenzer had given her to wear.

Observing Glaenzer at work and at play, I was glad I had not permitted my private life to be dominated by my professional relationships. He spent his entire life in salesmanship for the House. He cultivated acquaintances among the great musical performers of the time and invited them to perform at his home. They did, and Glaenzer then invited men and women of wealth to hear them. Fifth Avenue was attracted by Broadway and vice versa. Cartier's sales increased.

Cartier created overt situations to move fashion trends. When Viscount Lascelles in England bought an emerald engagement ring for his fiancée, the princess royal, it was at the suggestion of Jacques Cartier, who recognized that emeralds might become fashionable for engagement rings instead of diamonds if the royal family gave its imprimatur to their use. I publicized the royal emerald engagement ring in this country to encourage the idea.

M. Cartier anticipated by years corporate image building by asserting his leadership in improving United States and French relations. Today most corporate executives try to exert leadership in fields outside their business. They are aware that leadership in one area carries over into another. This truth was not generally recognized in the early Twenties. Cartier became a working director of the French Hospital in New York. The headquarters of

the French Chamber of Commerce of New York was given to them rent free by M. Cartier, in a Cartierowned building next to the shop on Fifth Avenue. M. Cartier participated actively in what he termed “manifestations to improve French-American relations.” His palatial home on East 96th Street near Fifth Avenue served as a Franco-American center; here the French Ambassador met Americans he wanted to meet and also those whom Cartier wanted him to meet. M. Cartier used his good offices with the Embassy to suggest that Americans he liked receive the highly prized Legion of Honor. If he was not the French Ambassador, he could at least be an unofficial one. French Ambassadors Jules Jusserand and Paul Claudel were his good friends, and Jules Henry, a permanent top Embassy officer, was close to him.

Cartier was a prime mover in the 1924 French Exposition held in New York, which brought much good will to France. At his request I became the counsel on public relations for the exposition and also a director. Distinguished Franco-Americans in New York made up the board; they were aware that the success of the exposition might get them membership in or a promotion in the Legion of Honor. A *chevalier* might become an *officier*, an *officier* a *grand officier*. Boutonnieres played an important role in the life of Frenchmen and of Americans of French background in New York. And the urge for Legion of Honor recognition was mixed with another sentiment. These men wanted, individually and as a group, to re-establish in the United States some of the glamour France had lost during and immediately after World War I. America had embraced normalcy and isolation under President Harding. The feeling prevailed that our war adventure in Europe and the loss of our lives and money had not been worth the result. France became a kind of scapegoat. Maybe the desire of these men to bring France back into American favor was also a form of their ego projection, for if they were successful they would share in the re-established French prestige.

Our board of directors had harmonious meetings in the offices of the French-American Chamber of Commerce in the Cartier building. No one revealed his motivations, yet everybody realized the other fellow’s stake in the activity.

I wondered how these men would go about planning the exhibits for the ten-day exposition. Their mixed motives dictated the outcome. The exposition was intended to appeal to the American public, but the directors

designed it to please French government officials. The emphasis was on luxury. French officialdom thought France was the luxury center of the world. To please French officialdom rather than their audiences, the exhibitors designed their exhibits as if France and the United States were made up of only the very, very rich. Exhibitors spent thousands of dollars on exhibition rooms with exquisite wood paneling, as though their future depended on the permanence of these ten-day creations.

In typical French encyclopedic style, the exposition had exhibits in every category, from A to Z: automobiles, chinaware, furs, gowns, hardware, jewelry, leather goods, lingerie and hosiery, optical goods, perfumes, pharmaceutical and photographic supplies, railroads, steamship lines, shoes, and so on through the alphabet. The French Government sent over Gobelins tapestry, Sèvres porcelains and beautiful Beauvais furniture, works of art and expensive jewelry. Wanamaker's department store had a display of French battle flags and a replica of the table on which the Treaty of Versailles was signed. There was also a reproduction of the map that guided Columbus to America; it had been discovered shortly before in the French National Library.

Cartier built a small exhibition hall at the exposition, a miniature replica of the Fifth Avenue store. In one case was Napoleon's silver service, valued at $100,000; next to it were ropes of Oriental pearls, diamonds and pearl tiaras and a necklace with emeralds valued at $85,000. The New York *Times* estimated the value of the Cartier gems on exhibit at $1,000,000.

The exposition received ample publicity, and crowds filled the Grand Central Palace. Of course they were only a minuscule percentage of the people of New York and the country, and I doubt whether the exposition changed the attitudes of many Americans toward France. I know the entrepreneurs were happy, although I do not know how many promotions in the Legion of Honor went with their satisfaction. As for myself, I had never been thanked so graciously. I had learned never to expect thanks in business, for corporation executives had been conditioned not to thank people for services beyond the call of duty. They were afraid it would cost them money. I was sent a beautifully engraved "*diplome de Haut Concours*" and was decorated with the boutonniere of an Officer of Public Instruction of the Republic of France. I learned later from an associate of M. Cartier that he had proposed my name to the French Government for the decoration. When my decoration was announced to the newspapers by the

French Government, Cartier was among the first to send me a letter of congratulation, written as though my decoration had come as a distinct surprise to him. I knew how much he respected French decorations; he always wore his in his buttonhole.

My contacts with M. Cartier outside the shop were few, but I gained new insights into his personality as a result of them. On a trip to Washington, Cartier asked me to accompany him from the Mayflower Hotel to look for a Postal Telegraph office; he wanted to send a telegram to New York.

"Monsieur Cartier," I said, "there is a Western Union office in the hotel lobby; no need to go out to hunt for a Postal office."

"Ah, no, Mr. Bernays," he replied. "The telegram goes to Clarence Mackay, the president of the Postal Telegraph Company. He is my client and my friend, and I would use no other system but his to send him a telegram." M. Cartier and I trudged through Washington until we found a Postal office.

On that Washington visit I asked Cartier why he had opened an establishment in New York and settled in the United States. Frenchmen seldom emigrated from their native country. M. Cartier smiled almost imperceptibly as he turned to me and said, "Mr. Bernays, you have heard of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan. He was a client of the House. One day in 1915 he came into our establishment on the Rue de la Paix to buy a trifle—I think it was a pearl necklace or an emerald. He turned to me and said, 'Tell me, Monsieur Cartier, why don't you open an establishment in New York?'" M. Cartier's eyes twinkled as he continued. "That, Mr. Bernays, was a command. I acquired the house on 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue in 1916 from the Morton F. Plants, whose residence it was, and we opened our establishment there. I have never regretted it."

Cartier told me about the crowned heads of England, Russia, Belgium and Holland, who, before the outbreak of World War I, decided among them that Russia was the safest place to keep their jewels during the war, because of the Czar's absolute powers. France, with its revolutionary background, couldn't be trusted; England was dangerous because of its leftist labor movement; and so on. To Czarist Russia went millions of dollars' worth of crown jewels for safekeeping. When the Bolsheviks took over, they took the jewels and nationalized them. Later, some found their way back to Cartier's in Paris when the Soviets converted the treasure into cash. Perhaps some of

these were then rebought from M. Cartier by the same crowned heads to whom he had originally sold them.

Cartier told me about the Russians who fled their country and became emigrés in Paris. They were forced to leave everything behind except the jewelry they could smuggle out on their bodies. This became their survival fund. Many an emigré in Paris lived off the disposal of bits of jewelry to the Cartier firm, sometimes a single pearl at a time. The jewelry proved their salvation, Cartier their savior.

After a while it became clear to me why Cartier enjoyed repeating these two stories. In both instances his usual relationship was reversed: he was the buyer bearing gifts, not the scraping and bowing seller, and he felt the better for it.

Once M. Cartier invited me to his palatial home on East 96th Street to a Christmas party for his daughter, Marian, whom he loved intensely.

In the depression that followed the stock market crash of 1929, the visible possession of expensive jewelry was frowned on. In some circles people were ashamed to wear it, as they were reluctant to use Cadillac and Packard cars. Precious jewelry became unwanted. M. Cartier and I discussed our cyclical economic system and the impact of the depression. I said there might not be a public to buy costly jewelry for some time to come and suggested instituting a $5 and $10 department—a revolutionary innovation in a shop in which $100,000 sales were routine. M. Cartier immediately did so, and for five or ten dollars the purchaser received, in addition to his purchase marked “Cartier,” a pale-blue Cartier box. In years to come, the man who purchased a silver spoon or a napkin ring or a gold toothpick might become wealthy as a result of stock market, real estate, inheritance, marriage or some other unforetellable cause and be in a position to spend more money. The department built up store traffic, if not immediate large sales.

I gave serious thought to the wisdom of handling jewels during a depression and concluded that, in all conscience, I could not continue to work with the House. The more people talked about Cartier, the more ill-will might develop for the firm. I felt, with regret, that our relationship should end. I told M. Cartier how I felt and he understood and reluctantly assented to terminating our arrangement.

Cartier’s impact on jewelry in the United States was marked. Their jewelry, made with taste, was beautifully designed and executed,

identifiable at a glance. Jewelers copied or adapted Cartier designs.

I never penetrated M. Cartier's formality or his private personality. I knew Cartier the businessman as well as any man I had ever had such contact with. First names or dropping the "Mr." would have marred propriety. He never expressed satisfaction or dissatisfaction with my work. The continuity of our relationship was his expression of attitude. He once wrote me a letter wishing me a speedy recovery when I was sick. And he gave Doris and me a lovely tea caddy of blue Sèvres when we were married. These were the only signs of a personal nature in a decade.

In our relationship as adviser and client, we both learned from each other. M. Cartier early in my professional life taught me by example that good manners and formality play an important role in interpersonal relations. They ease the jarring of egos often so disturbing. They even ease relationships between buyers and sellers, as Standard Oil demonstrated years later with their goodbye to customers, "Thank you, and Happy Motoring." I think M. Cartier learned from me that even in a world of mass communication, publicity need not interfere with discretion.

As for M. Cartier, I liked him. He had faults; I deplored his snobbism and remoteness. He had admirable qualities and a good mind, attuned to organizing ability, and his planning and execution were near perfection. He had a highly developed sense of beauty, of the graceful and aesthetic. He loved his native land and admired his new country. He worked energetically to bring about better Franco-American relations when the war debt and the fulminations of William Randolph Hearst and others were eroding them. He lived his life conditioned by his upbringing and his surroundings. After 1931 we saw each other only occasionally. A characteristic of advisory relations is that their termination cuts close business ties.

In the early 1940s Doris and I went to a reception for General De Gaulle at the Waldorf-Astoria given by the Free French in New York. I was then advising the Free French information offices in New York on public relations, without a fee, as a gesture to freedom. The French colony in New York was split down the middle between support of the Free French and the Vichy government of collaboration. M. Cartier's sympathies, judged by what he said and did publicly, lay with Vichy and Pierre Laval. To our surprise we ran into him at the reception and he told us he was there to honor De Gaulle. He seemed a little proud and a little embarrassed as he turned to us and said four words, "I make my obeisance." Doris and I

thought that M. Cartier's switch was a sign De Gaulle would win. And he did.

I have not had occasion to set foot in the establishment for three decades. Just as I was finishing this chapter I read that a newly formed syndicate had purchased the major share of Cartier stock at a price of between four and five million dollars. The sale did not involve the Cartier shops in London and Paris, which remain in the ownership of the Cartier family. The biggest share of New York's Cartier's went to a corporation which owned a shopping center and a textile mill. Another syndicate member was the financial power behind the company that operates jewelry departments in twenty Gimbel department stores and has major interests in two Fifth Avenue jewelers, Tecla Pearls, and Black Starr & Frost.

Pierre Cartier had long since retired to Switzerland—and died there. The only vestige of the old order that remained in the report was that, with its traditional reserve, Cartier would not discuss the deal with the press. Claude Cartier, the 37-year-old nephew of Pierre and the great-grandson of the founder of the House in Paris in 1848, would continue as president of the firm, the newspapers stated. Thorstein Veblen had propounded, in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, that conspicuous waste and conspicuous consumption dominated our society. Maybe the changes of the last decades finally engulfed his theory.

chapter 24

JACQUES SELIGMANN AND COMPANY

Pierre Cartier had at his command strategies and tactics that enabled him to sell million-dollar pearl necklaces to customers. Germain Seligmann, head of Jacques Seligmann and Company, international art dealers, introduced me to a new world of persuasion, in which his units of sale were Old Masters priced at hundreds of thousands of dollars each.

French-born Germain Seligmann had been brought up in an atmosphere of art and francs. He too looked like a French diplomat, suave, impeccably dressed, his coat and trousers tighter than the current taste. His courtly expression and bristling mustache did not conceal his basic hardness. His politeness partially concealed an implacable and ferocious ego, which his customers had less opportunity to observe than his employees.

His father had founded the establishment in Paris. Germain opened a branch in America in order to deal directly with the many new millionaires who had earned their money in such businesses as oil, rubber, automobiles and banking. Other dealers in luxuries, such as Duveen, Knoedler, Wildenstein and Cartier, had found this practice profitable. Art followed the richest markets.

What interested me about Germain Seligmann was that, like his competitor Lord Duveen, he understood psychological factors in his profession, not as an academic discipline but as a way of life.

He had become knowledgeable without study, following his hunches and insights. I have found that many businessmen and professionals who have services to sell often function in this way. They somehow know how to advance themselves, even though they do not know the rationale for the methods they use or even of the area in which they function.

Seligmann dealt with paintings and sculptures, whose value he helped to establish by the methods he used in selling them and by his understanding of the customers. He knew that works of art had little economic stability. Prices fluctuated with the demand for a sculptor's or a painter's work and the supply on hand. Demand could be stimulated by superimposing psychological values on works of art. If a prominent collector could be induced to buy the work of an artist he had not bought before, the whole market for that artist might be increased. When a great museum purchased a work of an artist not hitherto represented, obviously it added to the value of the artist's work. Seligmann knew that the price of works of art of certain periods could be stimulated in comparable manner. He spent most of each day at his occupation of creating such values.

Germain appeared to have few personal friends. His contacts were mainly his customers, to whom he was attentive and very deferential. His punctilious commercial behavior was balanced by a pattern of abusing his employees and needling his colleagues. He created stormy scenes with them at slight provocation. The Gallery now and then was humid with suppressed tears. He would be enraged at any deviation from the way he thought a particular activity should be carried out. When an art magazine did not give the firm's advertisement preferred position he was outraged. Several times after he had rudely questioned some details of procedure, I resigned in writing. After each refusal to release us from our contract he was enormously friendly and polite.

His mild-mannered cousin, René, spent many evenings at dinner parties dowsing for prospects. He had the same last name as his cousin, which was an advantage, for he was often mistaken for the head of the firm. Germain did not mind this, because it enabled him to evade social duties, which he found irksome. He preferred to spend his evenings alone plotting major sales attacks.

Seligmann's plans for American markets were to separate Old Masters from all moderns, so that any of his customers who were prejudiced against the moderns, as many were, could not accuse him of disloyalty to the Old Masters. The phase of his business concerned with moderns was carried on by DeHauke and Company, a separate corporation and gallery that functioned under Seligmann's roof. Seligmann despised modern art but recognized its growing market. Count DeHauke resembled a fragile, tenuous figure in one of the French modern paintings he sold. Once we

invited Count DeHauke to dine with us. He had forgotten the hour and telephoned my secretary, who told him it was 8 P.M. "My God!" he said to her. "I have never in my life dined before 9:30 P.M."

Germain had strange ideas about the field of public relations. I wondered why a man so fundamentally antipathetic to public relations had engaged our services. He was secretive and feared that public relations might endanger his private intelligence system, which was the foundation of his salesmanship.

Seligmann thought sales of Gothic art might be stimulated following the widespread publicity given the purchase of Gothic tapestries by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. To induce wealthy collectors, especially Catholics, to buy Gothic art, he planned a loan exhibition of religious art of the twelfth to sixteenth centuries.

René persuaded Cardinal DuBois of Paris to sponsor the exhibit here for the benefit of the Chapelle de Paris Sacré-Coeur; also he enlisted Cardinal Hayes's co-operation in New York. Next, I organized a committee consisting of prominent U.S. collectors of medieval religious art, who were not unwilling to see the value of their own treasures increase. We sent 1,500 letters to preferred customers and 10,000 invitations to the exhibition. We wrote letters to a hundred members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in New York, Catholic charitable organizations, religious orders, convents, academies and art schools. The price of Gothic art rose.

For the opening of Seligmann's new galleries in a mansion on East 51st Street, facing St. Patrick's Cathedral, we asked French and American society leaders and those in art and architecture to sponsor the first exhibition. The New York *Tribune* listed 82 men and women present, including Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Paul D. Cravath, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mortimer L. Schiff and Lawrence G. White. Because museums were buying art and assuming a more important role as purchasers, due to increasing income taxes, we asked for and received congratulatory telegrams from such sources as the Detroit Art Museum and the Chicago Art Institute.

An exhibition of Ingres' drawings of antique statuary in Florence had news value because the artist's notebook had been unnoticed until 1904, when it turned up at an auction, and the Ministry of Beaux Arts in France had just sponsored a new book about Ingres. We purchased copies of this book and sent them to leading art critics in advance of the exhibition. The

exhibit was loaned to Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Smith, where presumably, it broadened the students' art appreciation (a few of whom later might be potential purchasers of Ingres' work) and also enhanced Ingres' reputation.

The Seligmann galleries were not so well known in this country as the Duveen galleries. I wondered whether an event in Paris would receive recognition here and help bring this about. I suggested to Germain that he should turn over the firm's Palais Sagan for a Salon of American Artists in Paris in July; it would be a novel cultural exchange gesture. Such manifestations were unusual then. I felt an exhibition would foster French-American friendship, build good will in the wealthy American colony in Paris and raise Seligmann's prestige in America. Germain asked me to organize the exhibit.

Doris and I arrived in Paris on June 14, with two weeks in which to arrange the show. I invited distinguished connoisseurs by telegram to act as sponsors, and twenty-four hours later we had a committee of French and American officials, friends of American culture, American social leaders in Paris and other newsworthy art lovers. Then I invited American artists in France to dinner at L'Avenue's, a well-known café in the Latin Quarter. Robert Logan, Jo Davidson, John Storrs, Wheeler Williams, Waldo Peirce, Robert Chandler, Norman Jacobsen, Ivan Offer, Myron Nutting, Maurice Sterne, Sterling Calder and Paul Burlin accepted. If only I had bought an example of the work of each of these artists at the time!

The dinner was marked by boisterous discussions among the artists. The big question was: Should they prostitute themselves by showing their art in a bourgeois gallery to a bourgeois audience?

"Why show? We don't need it," said Jo Davidson. "Show! Show! Show!" bellowed Robert Chandler, a benign bearded giant. "Whenever you get a chance, show!" Turning to Davidson, he added, "You don't need a show, of course, but the rest of us do."

Eventually Chandler shouted down the opposition and they agreed to show in Seligmann's headquarters of Philistinism. We launched an extensive publicity campaign and interest mounted; almost 200 American artists, including John Taylor Arms, Howard Leigh, Lee Hirsch, Adolph Dehn and Arthur W. Heintzelman brought paintings to the Palais Sagan in person or sent them there; a Czechoslovakian painter asked if he might be included if he took out first papers for American citizenship.

One gallery was devoted to the academic, another to the modern school and a third to miniatures and watercolors. The vernissage was a *succès fou*, sparkling with aristocrats, diplomats, reporters and Latin Quarter Americans, all happily talking and looking at almost 1,500 pictures. Paul Léon, director of the Paris Beaux-Arts, presided. Editorial comment followed the first news stories. The French Government bought a painting by Anna Klumpk; other paintings were sold off the wall. And as a pleasant surprise I received a letter from René thanking me for my "generous initiative."

However, not all international ideas for shows materialized. In 1927, at my suggestion, Seligmann offered loan exhibits to Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Spain, Austria, Egypt and others. For one reason or another, they turned us down; for instance, an Austrian exhibit evaporated at the last moment because of a political upheaval there.

One of our last efforts for Seligmann illustrated how a newsworthy, psychologically sound idea could develop new publics for an artist. Raymond Woog, noted in France for his children's portraits, was scheduled to come to the United States for his exhibition at Seligmann's. I cabled a suggestion that he should make a statement when his ship arrived to the effect that he had come to paint representative types of American children for exhibition in France. I advised that when he was interviewed he should point out that he was an unofficial ambassador, here to help interpret America to the French people. Mr. Woog's statement to the press was agreeably noted here.

Widespread publicity followed his public invitation to parents and children to come to the Seligmann galleries, where he would select two children between four and ten years of age to sit for their portraits; the paintings would be exhibited in the Luxembourg Museum. Even the New York *Times* ran pictures of the children in their rotogravure section. A number of commissions now came to Woog from wealthy families who wanted their children's pictures to be painted by the man who exhibited in the Luxembourg.

When I started to work with Seligmann I believed that buyers acquired pictures and other art objects because they liked them. When I finished I recognized that most important works of art were bought for other reasons. They were fashionable. Art served upward social mobility in America. The dealer who knew how to project art symbols effectively reaped the profits.

Two decades later when I was retained by Wildenstein and Company, Inc., the economics of art had changed. Only capital-gains spendthrifts and men of very great wealth could afford Old Masters in the new era of high income taxes. Even privately supported art museums, university museums and tax-supported museums were affected by the tax trend. The art business was concentrating on sales of lower value to a more numerous market.

chapter 25

BREAKFAST WITH COOLIDGE

I don’t think I ever would have had breakfast with President Calvin Coolidge and Al Jolson, Charlotte Greenwood and the Dolly Sisters at the White House if a Democratic ex-Police Commissioner of New York, Rhinelander Waldo, had not wanted to be Governor of the Philippines.

Waldo retained us to further a Non-Partisan League for Coolidge. He thought this activity would help secure the job. He asked me to suggest a newsworthy group to visit the White House to dramatize Coolidge’s “warm, sympathetic personality” to the country—one that would counteract Alice Roosevelt Longworth’s widely quoted quip that Coolidge was “weaned on a pickle.”

The American public accepted this quip as the truth, because they had no reason to believe Coolidge was different. In fact, only that summer Coolidge had reinforced this impression of austerity by publicly reprimanding a Secret Service man for taking a walk with his wife in the woods. I racked my brain for some association that would reverse the impression of coldness. I decided that stage people symbolized warmth, extroversion and Bohemian camaraderie and that if they breakfasted at the White House they would dissipate the impression. The President, a keen politician, was not averse to a visit of Broad-wayites, and C. Bascom Slemp, his secretary, set up a breakfast date.

The lure of a White House breakfast was powerful for actors and actresses, and they were as curious as anyone to see for themselves whether the legend and the reality of the President coincided. We took the midnight train for Washington after the Broadway curtains fell. Our party of forty included Al Jolson, John Drew, Raymond Hitchcock, Charlotte Greenwood, Ed Wynn, Francine Larrimore, Justine Johnstone, the Dolly Sisters, Brennan and Rogers, Buddy da Sylva and others.

Despite the difficulties of protocol in allotting lower and upper berths to satisfy the participants' sense of importance, we arrived without incident at Washington's Union Station, where Cadillacs waited to take us to the White House. In checking my list for the ride to the White House I discovered the Dolly Sisters were missing. I found them on stools at the station's Savarin Restaurant eating breakfast.

I was shocked. "Look, you can't keep the President of the United States waiting for you. Come along now."

"Oh, go on," they said. "Who's he? A Vermont farmer. We don't start working till we have our coffee."

Nothing would budge them. They took comfort and democracy literally. We all waited while they enjoyed coffee, toast, bacon and eggs.

At the door of the White House President and Mrs. Coolidge awaited us. "I have met you all across the footlights," Mrs. Coolidge said graciously, "but it's not the same as greeting you here."

At the White House I lined up the party for a handshaking ceremony with the President. Although I did not know most of their names, it was my job to introduce each guest to the President. They had to whisper their names to me as they moved up the line toward the President, and then I relayed the information. I wondered how he would behave. To my surprise, he completely lived up to the mental picture the country, including myself, had of him. He was practically inarticulate, and no movement of any kind agitated his deadpan face. He shook each hand perfunctorily, said "Good morning" and then took the next hand extended to him. It was a repeat performance of my earlier meeting with him. His face reflected no inner anything, in strong contrast to the warmth of Mrs. Coolidge.

It was even more surprising to me, therefore, that after the last person on the line had shaken his hand, Coolidge turned to me and asked pleasantly, "Your name, please?"

"Oh, Mr. President, that's not important," I said. "I'm the publicity man for the party."

"Not unimportant either," the President replied, looking at me searchingly. "The publicity man—your name."

Apparently he was fully aware of my function and the political value of the performance he was participating in.

President Coolidge, escorting the tall comedienne, Charlotte Greenwood, led us into the state dining room. Mrs. Coolidge took the arms

of Colonel Waldo and Al Jolson.

At a breakfast of coffee, fruit, toast, griddle cakes and sausages, Raymond Hitchcock entertained us with a discussion of economics. Waldo and Charlotte Greenwood flanked Coolidge, and I noticed they talked a lot. The President didn't appear to open his mouth; his face remained expressionless.

After breakfast we all adjourned to the White House lawn, where Al Jolson sang a song called "Keep Coolidge." It was about a race now begun with Coolidge, the one to fill the Presidential chair, and how we should reciprocate for what he had done for us by keeping him there. Mrs. Coolidge and the guests joined in the refrain. The President stood in the crowd. I assumed he enjoyed it, and apparently he did, for Slemp, his secretary, came up to me, drew me aside and said, "Mr. Bernays, please tell the President the Cabinet is meeting and waiting for him. See if you can get him to leave the party."

I relayed the message to the President, who left the party, as silently as he had joined it.

To the country at large the headlines and the stories reflected surprise and undoubtedly changed the reputation of Coolidge as intended. The New York *Times*, among others, front-paged the breakfast and reported: "Actors Eat Cakes with the Coolidges … President Nearly Laughs … Guests Crack 'Dignified' Jokes, Sing Songs and Pledge Support to Coolidge." The New York *Herald Tribune* headline read: "President Receives Theatrical Republican League, Led by John Drew, Al Jolson, Raymond Hitchcock."

Incidentally, I never learned why Rhinelander Waldo didn't get the post he had hoped for, which had started this whole thing.

chapter 26

PROCTER & GAMBLE: 99 44/100% PURE

Procter & Gamble was my client for over three decades, from Harding's Administration to the post-World War II years. Procter & Gamble proved to be a microcosm of industry. The company's acceptance of public relations had a great influence on other companies, for Procter & Gamble had a reputation for being well managed, and other companies took their cue from them. Their changing attitude toward public relations in this period reflected industry's changing attitudes.

In 1923 Procter & Gamble of Cincinnati, Ohio, was one of America's largest soap and vegetable-fat manufacturers. Two products dominated its business—Ivory soap and Crisco. The company had adopted a revolutionary merchandising policy of advertising to whoop up consumer buying, thus making the company independent of jobbers. Until then, jobbers had pushed the sales of products on which they made the most profit. Products were at the mercy of jobbers. Instead, Procter & Gamble hired hundreds of salesmen, who visited retailers and sold goods directly.

Procter & Gamble instituted a further innovation in connection with this move by engaging a counsel on public relations. They commissioned the president of their advertising agency, the Blackman Company, Jake Fraser, to find one. His selection of me was a feather in my cap. The company paid me $12,000 a year for counsel, but more than that I was now associated with a great American company. I was to be indoctrinated at company headquarters, in Cincinnati, and accompanied Fraser and his assistants, Mark Wiseman and Dick Compton, on the first of many such overnight train rides.

The atmosphere at the Gwynne Building in Cincinnati seemed more like that of YMCA than the headquarters of a soap and vegetable-fat

manufacturer. Desks piled with papers were laid out with geometrical precision. Quiet young men sat or moved noiselessly in and out of the rows of furniture. They dictated in hushed tones to stenographers. Executives passed silently in and out of their own little cubicles. It seemed to me more like a strict boarding school for grown men than a business institution.

On an upper floor the offices of the company's high command were appreciably larger than those downstairs—the desks free of clutter, the atmosphere hushed as in an ancient tomb. Here I met Ralph Rogan, vice-president in charge of advertising. He was a brother-in-law of the president, William Cooper Procter, and had as detached an attitude about business as a Chinese philosopher. He greeted me cordially, and pleasantly made small talk without any mention of the purpose of my visit. I thought this a bit queer, but by then I knew better than always to look for the norm. He turned me over to two young men who were to be my liaison with the company. They were to become my close friends over the next thirty years. Neither had had any previous experience or training to qualify him for public relations. Such qualifications were rare then. Companies put men into public relations work regardless of experience. Work was carried on by trial and error. Both men had come from the advertising department and had been transferred to the newly formed public relations branch.

Harry S. Brutton was a highly perceptive young man who understood broad principles and followed up the small detail. Harry's formal education had been limited, but he had an overwhelming amount of common sense and a high intelligence, plus a keen interest in his work. His sense of integrity was powerful.

John P. Darnall, Harry's associate, was soft-spoken and gentle, with an unstudied air of culture. He had been a teacher and was married to the daughter of a U.S. Senator from Kentucky. John's previous assignment had consisted of answering complaints from ladies allergic to Ivory soap.

My first activities centered on what is today called brand-name promotion, in this case Ivory soap and Crisco. The work had little or no resemblance to public relations. Ivory had unique qualities: it was white and floated and, unlike most soaps, was unperfumed. I capitalized on these characteristics by hiring a hospital consultant, Oliver H. Bartine, to survey U.S. hospital officials on the advantages of a white unperfumed soap. The officials' comment in support of white unperfumed soap gained nation-wide publicity. We did not mention Ivory. This was unnecessary, because it was

the only white soap on the market. Here was a beneficent monopoly, without anyone having to worry himself about it. That survey made such an impression on the public consciousness that we tried similar ones.

At our suggestion a businessman wrote to other businessmen asking them to express their preference as to colored, scented or pure white, unscented soap. Pure white unscented won by an overwhelming margin, and this information was duly publicized by the press. Next the magazine *Medical Life* made a survey among club women asking their preferences as to soap and water or face paint and powder. Soap and water plus the "wash rag" won out and there were many news stories about this throughout the country.

These activities, we all felt, gave the advertising of Ivory soap greater penetration because the public had been preconditioned to accept the advertising.

I also went in for press agent stunts. An Ivory soap yacht race, in which boys participated on the lake in Central Park, gained nationwide attention. And Will A. Page, press agent of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, called a meeting of the Follies girls' New Amsterdam chapter of the Dorcas Society at which the girls unanimously passed a resolution to use "nothing but warm water and pure white, unscented, floating soap on their faces." I decided that there wasn't much difference in getting people to buy tickets for a play or soap at a counter. I initiated a National Household Service which supplied the public with household hints.

I tried to think of new dramatic ways to relate soap to current events. And there was always a challenge in whether the company would accept the idea. Ideas are not always judged on merit but by the frame of reference of the decision-maker. Communities, I thought, might be induced to wash their statues and public buildings because of civic pride, and this might stimulate cleanliness among the citizens. We organized a committee to encourage cleaning of statues.

I also hit on the soap-sculpture movement, and as a result millions of school children carved Ivory soap for the next quarter century. Brenda Putnam, a sculptor, had written to the company asking for large blocks of Ivory soap, which she wanted to use instead of clay for sculpting. That gave me the idea for a nation-wide soap sculpture competition for school children to further a laudable social objective-creative and artistic expression in an inexpensive medium. Children, the enemies of soap, would

be conditioned to enjoy using Ivory. And nothing would be wasted—soap shavings could be used for washing. The coincidence of public and private interest in the mingling of soap and art was so incongruous that it was bound to be newsworthy.

Harry was enthusiastic about the plan. Somehow the company approved it. I suspect Harry went directly to Rogan. Decisions were so unpredictable, I never knew what would be approved.

I organized a committee to sponsor the National Soap Sculpture Competition in White Soap for Procter & Gamble. Among the judges were Harvey Wiley Corbett, architect who helped design Rockefeller Center, and sculptors Leo Lentelli and Lorado Taft. Millions of children participated in the first annual competition. Some communities held local competitions, backed by their local newspaper, and submitted the winning sculptures to the national exhibition held in New York. I engaged the Art Center gallery in New York to exhibit the sculptures. Later we disassembled the exhibit and sent portions of it touring the museums around the country.

Press and magazine coverage for the exhibition was greater than I anticipated. The London *Illustrated News* ran a full-page of soap-sculpture prize winners. The competition became an annual event and a symbol for white floating Ivory soap.

In 1928 I tried out a variation of the soap-sculpture idea with another art—photography. Ivory soap was advertising the use of soap to keep hands clean and beautiful. I had noted that American advertisers often focused public attention on specific areas of the body to sell their products. Public attention focused on lips helped lipsticks to popularity; focus on legs stimulated stocking sales. Beautiful-hands photographic contests in New York, Philadelphia and other cities helped create a favorable public climate for the Ivory advertisements.

To get publicity for a new soap when Procter & Gamble was expanding its line of soaps, I wrote to newspaper editors asking why they shouldn’t critically appraise a new soap, just as they criticized music, drama and literature. A flood of publicity resulted.

We were now promoting new products as they were developed. In 1925 more than half of the country’s glycerine, a by-product of soap, was produced by Procter & Gamble. The company was marketing glycerine as an antifreeze.

In 1926 we scored a coup that stressed glycerine's use as an antifreeze. The *Norge*, under the guidance of Amundsen, Ellsworth and Nobile, made the first blimp flight across the North Pole. Glycerine was supplied for the flight. We arranged for press interviews with the explorers, who expressed a favorable opinion of its effectiveness. On June 2 a dispatch from Nome, Alaska, used by the New York *Times* and the St. Louis *Dispatch*, quoted Amundsen and Ellsworth as saying, "The cooling water for the engines was mixed with glycerine at Kings Bay to prevent it from freezing." A reprint of the *Times* article was broadcast through the country.

During these early years I also promoted Crisco, a vegetable fat made by hydrogenation of cottonseed oil.

In 1928 one press agent gimmick for Crisco didn't quite work out. The company had donated 4,500 pounds of Crisco to the Byrd expedition to the South Pole, on the condition that they would allow Procter & Gamble free use of their name in publicity and that they would accept no competitive cooking fats. The chief steward of the expedition, in an Associated Press interview, listed "one ton of lard" among the provisions. The story appeared in the Procter & Gamble home-town paper, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Harry Brutton wrote me that it seemed strange that the expedition carried one ton of lard after they had agreed to the company's condition that no cooking fat other than Crisco be taken along. I investigated and found that the steward had used the word "lard" in its generic sense. Crisco *was* the only shortening taken along. He assured me the error would not be made again.

We also promoted new products. Detergents were coming to the United States. Dreft, a Procter & Gamble detergent, was said to perform miracles in salt water. We aimed our activity at yacht owners in a number of media.

During World War II the company introduced Drene, a detergent shampoo. That provided a new focus for promotional interest—the hair, in addition to the hands. Pauline Bowie—a lovely young matron, a former instructor at Stephens College in Missouri, where young women learn about cosmetics and perfume and how to make hairdos-was engaged by us. I preferred not to get tangled up in women's hair more than I had to.

Mrs. Bowie's devotion to Drene was evangelistic. She lunched daily with editors at expensive New York restaurants, wheedling free publicity for Drene from them. Magazines, screen and others, had a policy of allotting editorial space to beauty proportionate to the advertising of the beauty products. The wasteful practice of having a young woman persuade

editors to do what trade practice assured they would do anyway continued. A publisher told me he wanted the minds of his editors stimulated!

Mrs. Bowie spent her time calling on hairdresser-association secretaries and hairdressers and enlisted their support for Drene. And she sent news and photographs of women's hairdos to media that might publish them.

For two decades Procter & Gamble public relations were carried on in this minor key, the company apparently pleased with the relationship. Then in 1943 my activity changed abruptly from that of a press agent, publicity man and promotion expert to real counsel on public relations. R. R. Deupree, president of the company, asked me to visit him in Washington, where he was an important part-time government adviser on World War II war production. My previous contacts with him had been on a handshaking basis at company Christmas dinners, but apparently he had kept himself informed of my activities. I took my little daughter Doris along, so that I might show her a glimpse of Washington. During a taxi ride to the hotel Deupree asked Doris what brand of soap she liked best. She answered promptly, "Lux." Fortunately he had a sense of humor.

Deupree said to me, "In my Washington wartime assignment for the first time in my life I have been exposed to the power of public opinion. As a result I realize how important it is for a corporation to have public opinion's support. I never realized that until I saw how government functioned. That is why I asked you to come here and discuss public relations with me."

I told Deupree my ideas about the coincidence of public and private interest, of the supremacy of propaganda of the deed over propaganda of the word, of the desirability of a large corporation assuming constructive leadership in the community, and many other ideas I had been discussing for years at Procter & Gamble, with little or no tangible effect. Business, I said, was only one of the many groups that made up our society. Business depended on the good will and support it received from other segments of society.

Deupree knew how to listen, and he thanked me cordially for my visit. A lifetime of experience had taught me never to be sure that interest and apparent acquiescence necessarily led to action. But I did not wonder long.

Deupree, strangely enough, had come to the presidency of the company from the accounting department and had turned out to be a master salesman. People called him "Red." He was a forceful, untutored man of action.

Following our talk, he acted immediately and completely reshuffled the company organization so that public relations was now on a parity with advertising on the company chart. But in the shuffle Harry, my collaborator for two decades, was passed by. William G. Werner, a second-string man in the advertising department who had frequently disparaged public relations as free-space piracy, was now at the head of public relations. I felt that Werner, who was a blunt and direct man, lacked experience for this function. But at Procter & Gamble, as at many other companies, qualifications were not always the determining factors in appointing a man to a job. Werner's seniority in the advertising department made him next in line to head the advertising department, but he lacked the social graces they thought necessary for this job, so he was made public relations head. The young advertising men assigned to work on different brands were cast for the most part in the same mold: freshly washed, bland, well-dressed young college men in their late twenties and early thirties. Neil McElroy and Howard Morgens, who started in the department, years later became presidents of the company. I never quite understood either of these men. They were bright in a dull way, for their brightness seemed to center only on soap and vegetable fat. When McElroy became Secretary of Defense, a job for which he was totally unfitted by experience, he took along a brand-name publicity man as his public relations man at the Pentagon, and this man knew little about public relations—only about his brands.

The displacement of Harry was cruel juggling and it broke his heart and spirit. The president of a Jesuit university, St. Francis Xavier, in Cincinnati, once told me he would readily accept transfer to head a kindergarten in the Philippines and would feel happy and satisfied. I asked him why he thought he could adjust to such a drastic change, and he replied without hesitation, "Conditioning from an early age." A man in business is subject to no such conditioning. He is led to expect rewards for diligence and loyalty, to believe in the American dream. Hard work and faithfulness are supposed to speed men to the top. There is equal opportunity for all, particularly white Protestant Americans. Equal opportunity! At the age of 50, Harry Brutton, after 30 years at Procter & Gamble, was assigned to minor tasks. This disregard of an individual as dedicated to his corporation as a churchman might have been to his church in medieval times was shocking to me, a wanton disregard of human dignity and human resources. In private life I would have protested, but in a monolithic corporation where there is no

representative government, no give and take in the making of decisions, these decisions were unshakable.

Paradoxically, the executive order that practically ended the business career of my close friend Harry opened up a new era in public relations for the company and new opportunities for me. Overnight my suggestions to Deupree in Washington became company policy. The company treated public relations as an integral part of the company and I soon saw it permeate most policies. I say most, for there were still logic-proof compartments in the organization. As an instance, in 1945 in a memorandum I recommended that Procter & Gamble hire more Negroes. The recommendation reached the highest authorities but nothing was done.

I was glad we were out of the advertising department's aegis. They had little or no understanding of public relations, and I didn't like the way they functioned. In the advertising department responsibility was shared at every level by three or four men, who discussed a matter and made a recommendation to Rogan, whose decision was final. This stifled individualism. No one risked presenting an original idea that might displease his colleagues. Every man felt that he was disposable, like a demountable, detachable automobile rim. This discouragement of initiative was distasteful to me. Nor did I like the policy that sought to reduce competition from other manufacturers for the valuable space on the shelves of retail outlets. Procter & Gamble conceived the idea of manufacturing similar products with different names, advertising each in competition with the other and in that way getting more shelf space and more sales.

Procter & Gamble's advertising department encouraged competition even among its own advertising agencies. The general practice in business was to place a company's major advertising with one agency. Procter & Gamble assigned separate brands to different agencies and these agencies competed for more of the company's advertising. This naturally led to excessive zeal in projecting products.

Working daily in the advertising department was Dr. Paul Smelser, a psychologist who studied advertising's impact on the public (even the width of grocers' shelves was measured to make sure soap or Crisco packages would fit). Procter & Gamble pioneered in meeting their public's tastes. Occasionally Dr. Smelser also did research on competitors' products. Once a competitor even sued, accusing Procter & Gamble of spying. The ethical aspects of this did not appear to disturb the high command; the publicity

aspects did. I couldn't help thinking about what Reinhold Niebuhr once told me: that the ethical problems of business will not be solved until men in business use the same code for their business life that they profess for their private life.

There was always the question as to how far you should go in trying to get acquiescence from a client.

I was dealing with many company problems on many fronts. If I had tried to insist on my recommendation in any one situation, I would have been out of the picture completely. If I found that there was a basic conflict of interest between me and the client and he had gone ahead on some basic matter which I protested, I would have resigned.

Of course, this is what every politician faces in our society—and what men in every profession face. I carried on and gave my opinions, trusting that enough of my recommendations were taken so that on balance I could justify the validity of the relationship to myself.

I was asked to advise on major company policies. Procter & Gamble's relations with the public, with the soap industry, with stockholders, with its purveyors, with plant communities, with its employees—all came within our scope. We were consulted on the company's relations with educational groups, women's groups and the mass media. Deupree's enthusiasm for public relations was now so vital that the company for the first time ran public relations advertisements that furthered the company—not its products—to the public. We deployed our effort along a broad front.

But one of our first recommendations was not too successful. Intellectual leaders were protesting that radio soap operas, sponsored by the company, debased American taste. This banal type of entertainment sold soap, no doubt about that. The company was reluctant to pass up profits for considerations of social responsibility. Nevertheless the protests worried Procter & Gamble officials. They still remembered the experience of Prohibition, when organized and applied public opprobrium had shut down the liquor industry. We analyzed the letters that came to the company in protest against soap operas and urged a comprehensive study as a basis for action. This was carried out. But soap operas were too successful for the company to eliminate them—even with the new enthusiasm for public relations.

Then came another problem. Company officials worried that World War II consumer habits of austerity might carry over into peacetime. The public

had been conditioned to use less of everything. Would people buy more lavishly after war's end? We were asked to ready drives to encourage spending when the hostilities ended. The horrible fear proved groundless. Consumers clamored for products denied them in wartime.

In 1948 Procter & Gamble asked me to give them a program to meet the company's social responsibilities. Under Colonel William Cooper Procter the company had won a name for itself with pioneering plans like profit sharing and guaranteed employment. In the depression years we had helped focus public attention on these forward-looking policies. Without the necessity of union pressure he had instituted profit sharing soon after American capitalism emerged from the robber-baron era. Labor, of course, is not too important in soap manufacture, which is largely mechanized. And soap sales are relatively stable year 'round, thus eliminating risk in guaranteed employment. Nevertheless, credit is due Colonel Procter for his early enlightened policies.

Procter was a man of commanding presence, with a strong ascetic face. A leader of the community, he was fundamentally a conservative but supported occasional progressive ideas. Cincinnati appears to breed men like Procter and Robert A. Taft. At the first annual company Christmas dinner that I attended, he only said business had been good during the past year and that with the continued aid of God it would so continue. Then he sat down, ending the festivities. Hundreds of men had traveled thousands of miles to Cincinnati just to hear this one-sentence blessing. I gasped in astonishment when we were dismissed after it. I attended these annual dinners during Procter's lifetime and they were all alike.

My program emphasized company leadership, and that meant leadership in the activities on which it impinged. I suggested company participation in civic and community affairs. My recommendation was received with favor, because Charles Luckman, the new president of Lever Brothers, competitive soap manufacturers, was so active at that time. A runner-up was threatening Procter & Gamble's position in the market place. Mr. Luckman spoke up on many topics, and widespread publicity followed his statements. Knowledgeable observers saw a mimeograph machine grinding out fame. I discounted the commotion, because the words were largely unrelated to Luckman's actions. But Procter & Gamble officials were not sufficiently aware to evaluate the difference between words and deeds. They thought Luckman's relentless publicity might affect them adversely. As a matter of

fact, the Luckman bubble burst. Procter & Gamble carried out my recommendations enthusiastically, particularly the suggestion that we build up more than one man to the public. Company executives in different departments participated, on a national and local scale, in public activities of a constructive nature. Now it was Deupree or some other company man who headed the Red Cross, the Community Chest, the USO or the Arts Fund Drive for support of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Art Museum. Harry was assigned to the museum's fund-raising campaign, and I found myself advising a manufacturer of soap and vegetable fats on how to satisfy the cultural longings of the Cincinnati community. Or maybe it was to stimulate them.

I used the segmental approach in company activities. A talk by Procter & Gamble's controller at a controller's convention raised the company's prestige among controllers. Advertising, research, purchasing, home economics and other department heads did their stints before groups of interest to them. I compared this public relations approach to the Mississippi River. Its powerful current flows from its tributaries.

Sometimes we stepped out of a segment in favor of the whole. With the National Association of Better Business Bureaus we organized for Procter & Gamble a conference of national leaders at the Waldorf-Astoria on October 23, 1945, to alert the public to the wisdom of keeping its $170 billion wartime savings in good securities and prevent their diversion by cheats and swindlers into nonproductive channels.

The most socially constructive activity I performed in this period developed from a radio program contest, conducted by Ralph Edwards and sponsored by Procter & Gamble. Participants vied for staggering prizes by completing in 25 words a sentence that began, "I support the [name of a voluntary health association] because …" The winners were awarded trips around the world. It was suggested that contestants include a contribution for the health organization with their entry. We could not make a donation obligatory, because the U.S. postal laws prohibited such conditions for entry into a contest. But a casual and perfectly legal suggestion to contribute often brought in over a million dollars per contest. The voluntary health association received all the money contributed.

Procter & Gamble asked me to select the beneficiary organization. Many pressures were exerted on Procter & Gamble, Ralph Edwards, the advertising agency and on me to throw support in one direction or another.

As an instance, I was invited to lunch at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel by a friend. When I got there I found key figures of the Rockefeller Institute, the U.S. Public Health Service and a voluntary health organization, each desirous that I name *it* as the program's beneficiary. Many voluntary health organizations vied for the millions of dollars the public donated. Many received money disproportionate to the need. For example, the March of Dimes received many millions of dollars because of the emotional appeal of Roosevelt, a victim of polio; the American Heart Association received only a few hundred thousand dollars, although heart disease claimed millions of victims, while polio had relatively few mortalities. The American Heart Association was selected as the beneficiary of our program. The public responded with a flood of money, over $1,000,000, which took the American Heart Association from its unimportance and made it a large, effective organization.

To aid in making my subsequent choices authoritative, I organized an informal committee of most highly respected public-health authorities to advise me—men like Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation and Louis Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and others. The mentally sick were still outside the pale of society since there was no adequate national voluntary health organization to deal with their problems. I recommended we make mental health another beneficiary of the program. The committee agreed to hold whatever money came in for this cause in escrow and use it as leverage to form a national organization made up of several smaller ones. Interestingly enough, the same techniques that brought in over a million dollars for American hearts brought only a little over $100,000 for mental health—an indication of the public's ignorance of the field. However, as a result of our effort and the money that came in, the National Association for Mental Health was formed.

The last decade of my relationship with Procter & Gamble lacked the warmth and personal friendship I had had with Harry and John. Werner was an uncritical individual, insensitive to the nuances of people or of public opinion. And he was an egotist besides. But that did not hinder the public relations improvement of the company. As an example, we taught company plant managers how to establish and maintain good relations with their communities. In 1947 we introduced a new technique in industrial relations planning. Robert Lynd's *Middletown*, a sociological exploration of Muncie, Indiana, had made an impression on me. When Procter & Gamble planned a

new factory in New England, I suggested a Middletown survey of the town to disclose the local mores—as a basis for employment policy—to determine whether women should be employed on the night shift and how to bring about adjustment among the different ethnic groups in the working force. In the past, industry had relied on test by trial and error to find out these things, often to its discomfiture. We engaged David Page, a West Point graduate and Columbia University sociology major, to make a study and submit recommendations. It was easy to adjust the operation of the plant to local conditions once the company knew community customs.

In 1949, consistent with its policy of leadership, Procter & Gamble joined the New York Better Business Bureau in fighting gyp door-to-door selling outfits in New York City. A day-long conference at the Waldorf-Astoria attended by legislators from city and state law-enforcement authorities alerted housewives to the need for discriminating between legitimate and illegitimate door-to-door salesmen.

As the last years went by, I listened to suggestions from Werner that I build a larger public relations organization—a factory—to carry out the writing, printing, mailing, public-opinion polling and surveys, press agent product publicity and other activities. Suggestions were made that corporations were by their very nature immortal, carried on without regard to the death of existing officers, and that adviser's organizations, too, should be deathless. Procter & Gamble wanted to work with self-perpetuating organizations. I pointed out that advisory services seldom maintain their identity beyond one generation. They usually multiply by fission or change their character with the death of one dominating personality and the installation of another.

I had decided long ago that I wanted to be an independent adviser, not head of a public relations factory, where my time would be spent as an executive. I preferred problem solving to drill majoring. The hints and suggestions from Procter & Gamble fell on deaf ears; the matter hung fire for years. I knew from business experience that large corporations assumed that economic power carried with it social control.

Procter & Gamble severed relations with me in 1953. & Procter & Gamble executive first informed me the company was taking on another public relations firm to inaugurate a new plant the company was managing for the Atomic Energy Commission. They were sure I wouldn't mind. I didn't. Sometime later I received a three-month cancellation notice. The

letter explained that Procter & Gamble sought a more far-ranging public relations coverage from the point of view of types of problems to be dealt with and the size of staff.

Taking account of my thirty years with them, I find that the most significant element was the fine reputation the company maintained—a 99 44/100% pure reputation—despite citations by the Federal Trade Commission for infraction of regulations, antitrust suits and a lawsuit involving industrial spying.

The products of Procter & Gamble were good: its profit-sharing and guaranteed-employment plans were progressive. In my many visits there I saw no Negroes employed in the offices. I knew of but one Jew employed at headquarters. However, the company had advertising firms headed by Jews, and the brokerage firm favored by the company, Westheimer, was Jewish.

Maybe everyone at Procter & Gamble was living in an age of innocence. I recall H. G. French, the treasurer of the company, coming to me with a problem. He owned a large estate in the heart of the town, which he deeded to the city and it is now a city park. He prized his collection of engravings, and his art collection is now in the Cincinnati Art Museum. He talked to me about the worst of Hitler's anti-Semitic purges then taking place. Somehow the Westheimers, the company's stock brokers, came up in our conversation.

"Mr. Eernays," French said sincerely, fixing me with his big innocent eyes. "I must ask you to do something about these Hitler attacks on the Jews in Germany."

I agreed with him that something should be done and done promptly but added that, regrettably, I was not in a position to curb Hitler. I wondered what powers Mr. French thought I possessed. He had probably discussed Hitler with a Westheimer partner, had been shocked by what he heard and had come to the conclusion that somebody should do something about it other than himself. He had appealed to me because of the "magical" success with soap-sculpture publicity.

Procter & Gamble, today a much larger corporation, is considered among the best managed companies of America. In corporate life, as in every other phase of society, there is a gap between the ideals we profess and living up to reality.

chapter 27

NOTES ON THE 1920s

In the post-World War I period a wide variety of businesses, people and professions availed themselves of public relations. They were eager to try it out to help solve their problems, and so was I. I found myself advising people and organizations here and in Europe—politicians, publishers, singers, insurance companies, manufacturers and friends.

GEORG SCHICHT

World War I demonstrated to Europeans the effectiveness of the mass-production and mass-distribution techniques of American industry. They looked up to Henry Ford as a hero and wanted to imitate American selling and promotion methods. Some European businessmen decided to draw directly on American know-how and acted as they thought American businessmen would act in the circumstances.

In 1924 a cable, signed by a man whose name I did not know, from a city I had never heard of, asked me to send a counsel on public relations to Europe to study the attitudes toward margarine and butter in eight middle-European countries. I was to send a cable of acceptance and a credit would be opened in New York.

A map identified the town, Aussig, as an industrial suburb near Prague, in Czechoslovakia. Research revealed the signer, Georg Schicht, as head of the Schicht soap and margarine company. He was one of Europe's great industrialists, and his company, along with Unilever, the British-Dutch combine, and Procter & Gamble, consumed the world supply of copra, derived from coconuts, a basic ingredient of soap. Schicht, intrigued by American selling methods, had placed a standing order with a London bookseller for all new books on advertising and selling, publicity,

propaganda and public relations. They had sent him a copy of my *Crystallizing Public Opinion*.

Within 24 hours after cabling my acceptance the National City Bank of New York informed me that a credit of $15,000 was on hand. Now I had to find an able man willing to go to Europe to make the study, for this was before the day of market research. At the Waldorf-Astoria, I ran into Burnet Hershey, a war correspondent I had met at the Peace Conference in Paris five years before. Hershey was a bright young newspaperman who spoke German and French. He had some publicity experience and a fine reputation; he was thinking of writing a book and was footloose. Within a week he was on his way to Aussig. I was exuberant, for I had never even thought of sending representatives overseas to explore people's attitudes on any subject. At first Hershey encountered suspicion and antagonism among Schicht department heads, but I assured him this was usual with the people in the organization of new clients.

Hershey's survey was so successful that Schicht wanted to continue our relationship. I made an agreement with Schicht for a year's services and opened an office in Vienna, agreeing to visit Czechoslovakia to see things for myself. Schicht and his wife met Doris and me in Paris, where we were visiting the Paris Exposition. He was straightforward and, except for language differences, might have been a Midwest American go-getter. When we got to Prague we found a hotbed of nationalism. The atmosphere was tense. There was deep antagonism between the Czechs and the German-speaking native population. We were advised that the best way to approach strangers was first to address them in English—which they might not understand but which established our nationality—then in French and last in German.

The Schichts' modern country home was surrounded by a high fence. Doris, walking into the drawing room, was menaced by a huge German shepherd dog, about to jump at her throat, when Mrs. Schicht dashed into the room and commanded the dog to lie down. The German-speaking Schichts kept several police dogs, trained to kill strangers at sight, to protect them against nationalistic Czechs. (During World War II, I learned to my regret that Schicht had become a leading German collaborator, a gauleiter under the Nazi regime. Recalling those savage German shepherds, I was not too surprised.)

I put my brother-in-law, Bruno Randolph, in charge of the European office. The New York *Times* of July 28, 1926, noted in a dispatch from Vienna that the "newly formed organization" would apply American advertising and "publicity" techniques to European business. It quoted me as promoting the idea U.S. industry had acted on ten years before and which European industry was just recognizing—that consumer demand and ensuing high turn-over decreases the need for high manufacturing profit per unit and makes for prosperity.

Randolph applied contemporary American marketing methods to Schicht's operation throughout Central Europe and was much in demand as a lecturer. What was done introduced the idea of public relations methods to other European manufacturers. After our year's contract had terminated, Randolph remained with the Schicht company for a number of years. This was my first experience with a client taking over a liaison contact in toto, but by no means the last. I put it down as one of the hazards of carrying on.

THE HOUSE OF WORTH

With Schicht, it was possible to apply American methods and efficiency and to get some satisfaction in pioneering public relations. With the new client, the House of Worth, distinguished Paris dressmaking establishment, it was quite impossible. For Jacques Worth, the business head of the house, struck me as a most unbusinesslike man. Jacques' grandfather had founded the high-fashion dressmaking industry of Paris. Worth had gowned Europe's queens and princesses for three generations, from the time of the Empress Eugenie. But Jacques, a tall, husky Frenchman with a charming, ingenuous smile, temperamentally wasn't geared to organization.

I first met Jacques Worth, the brother-in-law of Cartier, when he visited the United States. He had been impressed with the way I handled his trip here. We arranged for a visit to the White House with Pierre Cartier, where President Calvin Coolidge received us in his office. Pierre, Jacques and I were lined up in arm chairs, at right angles to the President's huge flat desk. The President greeted us and then turned first to Pierre and asked, in a deadpan manner, "Do you like America?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said M. Cartier.

Next he looked at Jacques and repeated the same question.

"Yes, Monsieur le President," said M. Worth.

Then he turned to me. “Do you like America?” he asked.

“Yes, Mr. President,” I answered. “I have lived here all my life.”

That did not deter the President from following the same pattern in his next question. He asked each of us if we liked Washington. Again each answered, “Yes.” Now Jacques made a neat, short speech, took a gold trinket made by Cartier out of his trousers pocket and, on behalf of the *midinettes* of Paris, presented it to the President with their good wishes. The President took the trinket, without changing expression, opened the bottom right-hand drawer of his desk and chucked it in. The audience was over, but the news of Jacques’ gift reached all America.

Later, I arranged for Worth to give a radio talk. I suggested in my best French that he begin his talk with “*Bon soir, messieurs et mesdames.*” He opened his program in English with “Good night, ladies and gentlemen” and undoubtedly lost half of his listening audience. But he loved the reception America accorded him and carried off his visit with *éclat*.

Worth was one kind of person on a holiday to America and another in his Rue de la Paix office. In Paris he was a volatile Frenchman who varied from day to day in his moods, desires, plans, hopes, goals. Organizational approaches were out of the question. One day he would agree with the liaison woman we sent to Paris, Cornelia Lathrop, that the history and traditions of the House should be emphasized to the public. The next day he wanted absolutely no mention of the past, only the present and future. Sometimes he wanted advice on everything, including recommendations on how to reorganize the internal structure of his organization. The next day he wouldn’t listen to a comment about the weather. Cornelia’s New England rigidities were too much for the flexibilities of Worth’s temperament.

There was no doubt that M. Jacques had some ideas about his business. He once said to an interviewer who wanted material for a lurid article on mannequin life that “Worth was the first house in Paris to give the mannequin a living wage and to give her the opportunity to be a business woman with a dignity of her own if she chose to assert it. In fact,” said M. Worth, “we have literally closed our doors to certain American buyers who refused to believe that this was our policy.”

M. Jean Charles Worth, the creative head of the company, maintained restraint in his fashions consistent with the tradition of Worth, but he recognized that dancing was part of contemporary living. “It is necessary to design gowns that will permit the wearer to dance the Black Bottom and the

Charleston if she wishes," he said. "And so a gown must be soft, must give freedom and must develop as a feeling rather than as a design."

Our efforts to approach public relations in organized ways were futile and fruitless. Cornelia once tried to plan a press opening to be held the night before the public showing of new fashions, but nobody had a clear idea of what the collection would be, three days before the regular opening. No photographs or sketches of the gowns were ready until ten days after the opening. And this tradition apparently could not be broken although the desire for publicity was insatiable. In press conferences and interviews the brothers were charming but lost themselves in personal trivia and revealed irrelevant intimacies of their lives, instead of sticking to fashion. It would have been very exasperating, if it were not for the Worths' charm and manners. Their easygoing Gallic spirit was just not compatible with the efficiency demanded for effective public relations work. We were glad to be through with the client after trying hard for 18 months.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

My experience with the Worths was humdrum compared to my year's encounter with Bernarr MacFadden when he was publisher of the New York *Graphic* and other publications. MacFadden's personality was unfathomable. He seemed almost illiterate and he appeared inarticulate, yet he was able to give a new emphasis to the idea of physical culture in the United States and made a fortune as a publisher.

In 1927 I took MacFadden on with reservations. I thought that he might profit from our advice and that I could expand his constructive contributions to society, although I was concerned about his cultism and faddism. At this time, the height of his career, he owned ten confession and physical-culture magazines and the *Daily Graphic*, whose avowed purpose was to put a stop to intolerance, government censorship, fraud and partiality in business and politics, and to battle for direct primaries for every elective office. For years he had extolled the benefits of fresh air, milk, fresh vegetables and physical exercise to a large public. His devotion to the advantages of physical education was sincere, yet, despite his advocacy of health, he fought the medical profession, drugs and vaccination. His magazine *Physical Culture*, with emphasis on cultism, stood for the liberation of the body. Whatever his limitations, he was aware of them and

surrounded himself with bright people who implemented his ideas, sound and unsound.

MacFadden's brain trust included J. O. Elder, a tall, heavy, handsome man who looked like a fullback on a college football team; Guy Harrington, his treasurer, tall, seamy-looking, gray-haired and bleary-eyed; and Emile Gauvreau, editor of the *Graphic*, whose small stature and injured foot may have accounted for his power complex. Fulton Oursler, an editor of one of his magazines, and George Sylvester Viereck were other brain trusters, but, unlike the others, they did not attend our weekly public relations meetings in MacFadden's small office. These had been initiated when I became the company's adviser.

MacFadden, a bushy-haired sixty-year-old, sat at these meetings straight as a poker on a stenographer's chair. The rest of us sat on comfortable office arm chairs. MacFadden usually said very little.

I tried to switch his activities from support of cults and fads to support of an organized, planned approach to the furtherance of physical-education programs in the schools. I knew that MacFadden lifted heavy weights for pleasure and walked many miles a day and sincerely wanted to promote healthier bodies. I felt that if properly directed, the man had much to contribute to American life. But getting him to function intelligently was difficult. He wanted, for instance, to walk barefoot from the MacFadden Building on 65th Street to City Hall to demonstrate how healthy living preserved the vigor of a sixty-year-old. I persuaded him to desist on the grounds that this would hold him up to ridicule. At another meeting he suggested that a nude statue of his eleven-year-old daughter be sent on tour through the country to demonstrate what his adherence to physical training habits had done for his offspring. I stopped that too. But I made no progress in efforts to bring about a change of tone in the *Daily Graphic*. Gauvreau was bent on getting out the kind of paper he wanted, and circulation moved up rapidly because of his sensational treatment of the news. Composographs, made up of photographs of the principals in an event, pasted up, showed lurid scenes that could not be photographed. My recommendations to improve the paper carried little weight in the light of rising circulations. When I urged that Walter Winchell, who brightened up his Broadway column with light poetry, harmless personal chitchat and contributions from readers, be brought from the back of the newspaper to the front, Gauvreau resented the suggestion. Winchell left for another

tabloid, advertisers would not come in and the *Graphic* lost so much money that it finally was discontinued.

One worthwhile activity came out of our relationship. MacFadden let me organize an American Foundation for Physical Training, which promoted to the nation's schools curricula for physical education that represented the soundest approaches of the best educators of the period.

I felt it would be important if British acceptance of MacFadden's views on physical education could be reflected here. Sydney Walton arranged for a dinner given for him at the House of Parliament. His London speech on the importance of physical education was cabled back to America as news. The *Graphic* played up the story of the first American since Alexander Hamilton to be entertained in Parliament.

After a year of diligent effort trying to untangle MacFadden's socially constructive ideas from his fads and cults, we gave up. A quarter of a century later I learned to my surprise the reason back of my assignment. According to Mrs. MacFadden, in her book *Dumbbells and Carrot Strips*, Fulton Oursler had convinced MacFadden that he was Presidential timber and, without my being told, I had been selected to give him public relations advice which would help him in this ambition. Fortunately, he never made it.

GROVER WHALEN

Others came to me to gratify their desire to achieve the highest office in the land. From casual meetings at public luncheons and dinners I had a speaking acquaintance with Grover Whalen, Police Commissioner of New York in 1923. The handsome, gregarious Whelan, impeccably dressed, always sported a white carnation in his buttonhole. Reporters called him "Whalen the Magnificent." One evening in our Washington Mews studio a telephone voice introduced itself as that of Mr. Flynn, secretary of Commissioner Whalen.

"Will you come down to police headquarters to talk to the Commissioner on a personal matter he's deeply concerned about, and can you make it tonight?"

This was unorthodox, but Doris and I had no date and I was always ready for adventure. By taxi from Washington Mews I arrived at police headquarters on Centre Street in a few minutes. I walked up the huge

marble staircase and asked for the Commissioner. A policeman ushered me into Whalen's office, a huge high-ceilinged room with windows on three sides.

Mr. Whalen, who sat behind a large desk, arose and greeted me most cordially. He crossed the room to a small wood cabinet, carefully picked a key from his chain, opened a hinged door and, with a broad grin on his face, drew a decanter of whiskey from the cabinet.

"Straight?" he asked.

I nodded.

Prohibition was the law of the land but its flaunting was not uncommon. It was a surprise, nevertheless, to be served a drink by a police commissioner sworn to uphold the law.

"Let's cut through the underbrush," he said as we sipped our drinks. "No reason to spend time in palaver. I invited you here this evening to gratify my ambition. I want to be President of the United States. Will you help me?"

"Tell me, Mr. Whalen," I asked him as casually as he had put his question to me, "what is your platform? What is your stand on the issues that face the nation? What is your political philosophy?"

He looked surprised for a moment but recovered quickly.

"Oh," he assured me, "I have a platform. I am for a uniform national law for revolver registration." His face lit up. "I have thought seriously about this for a number of years," he added. "This law will appeal to both men and women, to mothers and fathers, in this period of bootlegging and gangsterism."

He expounded on the advantages of a national revolver registration act. As I left, I said I would think it all over.

I never got in touch with him, nor did I hear from him. Mr. Whalen, later as New York's official greeter, contented himself with welcoming heads of state rather than being one. An ambitious American, he thought there was nothing beyond his reach, even though he had no qualifications for the job he aspired to.

Albert Grossman

But such desire for position was characteristic of politicians, I was learning. Four years after Grover Whalen sent for me, Albert Grossman, a

New York State Assemblyman from the 21st District, came to the office. He wanted to be re-elected and needed help. I asked him what I had asked Whalen, what he stood for, his platform.

"My platform is to be re-elected," he replied blandly. "I stand for re-election." That was all.

I told him I could not work with him. But he was friendly and persistent. I suggested he introduce a bill which, I felt, would dignify my new profession—to establish a counsel on public relations for New York State. Grossman stood to gain recognition if the bill passed. The legislative drafting division drew an act which amended the existing law and created in the executive department a division of general public information, the head of which would be known as the supervisor of general public information and counsel on public relations. The bill was killed in committee, which was no great surprise. Legislators feared the new office might become an instrument of political propaganda. However, the bill stirred up some public interest and Grossman, despite the defeat of his bill, was re-elected. Today New York and many other states have information and publicity bureaus, and there are few Governors, I am sure, who do not have their counsel on public relations.

HENRY R. LUCE

Two of today's durable magazines, *Time* and *The New Yorker*, began in the Twenties. In 1923 Freddie Benham, a young, brash reporter on the New York *World*, begged me to meet his two friends, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, at the Yale Club. They had an idea for a new weekly magazine. Freddie thought I might help them in public relations or possibly invest some money in their venture.

Benham sat by as the young men, with fervor and articulateness, described their prospective publication. It was to compete with daily newspapers and weeklies, particularly the now defunct *Literary Digest*, which each week summarized editorial comment and the news.

I listened, while Henry Luce eagerly and nervously outlined his plans; Briton Hadden sat by and for the most part listened. I found that, on their assumptions, reasoning didn't lead to their conclusions. Investing in their venture was out of the question, I told them. They were entering on a field in which I thought success was impossible. I doubted that the public wanted

a weekly, in which news would be a week old. I didn't think readers accustomed to the successful weeklies—the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Literary Digest*, *Collier's*—would embrace the new, unfamiliar formula. Luce and Hadden had rented an office on East 40th Street and had raised money to start *Time*. I declined their offer of $125 a week for public relations counsel because I thought their evaluation of the market was incorrect and I didn't want to take their money for a project I felt would not succeed. Besides, our fees were higher than they could afford to pay. I was intrigued by their enthusiasm and wanted to be helpful, so I handled the first public announcement of *Time* as a *beau geste*. Years later I sent a copy of my original release to Henry Luce for his archives.

Years afterward, too, I bought stock in *Time*. I have never calculated how much more I paid for it than I would have if I had bought it at the time of our original conversation at the Yale Club. But I had no feeling of regret that I had missed an opportunity. Life always has new opportunities. The pragmatic test is to take advantage of more opportunities than one misses. As a matter of fact, years later I was retained by *Time*, by *Fortune* and by Mrs. Henry Luce (Clare Boothe Luce) in a professional relationship.

HAROLD ROSS

In 1925 I had a comparable experience with Harold Ross, whom I had first met in Paris in 1918 when he was with *Stars and Stripes*, the American Expeditionary Force newspaper. My first impression of him when he was introduced to me by Jane Grant of the New York *Times* was of an uncouth, boorish young man with whom it would be difficult to get along, and I dismissed him from my mind. After Ross returned to New York Jane married him and we met at parties given by mutual friends. As I got to know him better I decided that my first impression had been too harsh. Under the rough exterior lay some warmth. When Ross was ready to launch *The New Yorker* he and his wife invited us to dinner at their home, where Alexander Woollcott and other friends of theirs lived cooperatively in a large house made from two narrow ones on 47th Street, west of Tenth Avenue, divided into apartments with a communal dining room and a card room.

The dinner turned out to be an effort of Ross's to stimulate our investment in his forthcoming weekly. During dinner Woollcott

ostentatiously stalked through the dining room on his way out, coming back several times after we thought he had left, muttering audibly, “What an obnoxious gathering.” A feud existed between Woollcott and Ross’s wife, Jane Grant. He was ambivalent about her, sometimes keen, sometimes negative. That night he apparently was strongly negative. That strange ménage and the neurotic Ross reaffirmed my decision not to invest my time or money in *The New Yorker*. But I later wrote to Ross that I believed the magazine would “find a ready market—not only in New York but outside of New York as well—if the contents live up to the tentative plan.”

Ross and I maintained personal, but not business, relations, and in response to a request he made to me before the first issue I offered suggestions, some of which he acted on. I urged him to run “inside stories of the big stories of the week” and called attention to the popularity of William Hard, Clinton Gilbert and Fred Kent, who dealt in depth with their subject, politics. I suggested that he send tentative tables of contents in advance to advertising managers of prospective advertisers. In response to another request, I said he might find an advertising manager for the magazine by looking among the advertising agencies.

Ross displayed his usual horse sense in his comments on the advertising manager:

DEAR EDDIE,

Very much obliged for your advice and suggestions. I will keep in touch with all developments in the hope of getting more.

We have a circulation man, but no advertising man as yet. I am putting out lines to direct the attention of someone to fill the latter position and if you know of any possibilities, I will be obliged if you will send them around.

I think I want a fairly young fellow—at any rate, one not so old that he is too cautious.

Just before *The New Yorker* appeared, Ross called me again. As a *beau geste* I wrote a telegram for the New York newspapers which Alice Duer Miller signed, announcing *The New Yorker*’s publication on February 25, 1925. The publication date fell by coincidence on the 200th anniversary of New York’s first weekly, the New York *Gazette*. I noted in the telegram that a group of “young writers” would contribute to the new weekly, including

Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Marc Connelly, and George S. Kaufman. All this was duly recorded in the newspapers the next day.

Some months after the magazine's founding, Hawley Truax of *The New Yorker* caught me while I was having my teeth drilled in a dentist's chair. He told me the magazine was out of money and needed funds to continue through the first summer. He offered to sell me a nice share of the magazine for $5,000. Dale Kramer, in his book *Ross and The New Yorker*, writes: "Unfortunately the dentist drill suggested the nerve-shattering nature of a business relationship with Ross."

Exactly. I made no investment in *The New Yorker*. I have not regretted this decision. Ross found money elsewhere and kept going. We remained friends and he asked me to submit material for the "Talk of the Town," a forthcoming feature of the magazine. I submitted the following:

William Beebe, The Great Naturalist

William Beebe is a great naturalist. Nobody will deny that. Even Mrs. Putnam (Nina Wilcox Putnam), a one-time hostess of his at Connecticut, believes that. At all events, Mr. Beebe was invited to a party at her home. Many famous New Yorkers were there and a good time was being had by all. At an early hour of the evening, it must have been 10 or 10:30 o'clock, Mr. Beebe, after watching the fellow guests, rushed up to his hostess and said, "I am so sorry, Mrs. Putnam, I have to leave town immediately for New York." Mrs. Putnam seemed to be much put out. Mr. Beebe had been her one particular star, but under the insistence of Mr. Beebe she yielded and he took his departure for New York—more or less breaking up her party. Next day Mrs. Putnam received a telephone call from the great naturalist. He said: "I did want to tell you, Mrs. Putnam, how sorry I was to go. I had been writing a story on monkeys and could find no inspiration to finish it. Then I went to your party. I watched your guests and felt that I could finish this story. I rushed home and have just written the best piece in my career, and I thank you." We wonder whether Mr. Beebe is still on Mrs. Putnam's calling list.

Ross wrote:

That is the best page of "Talk of the Town" that has come in and I am exceedingly grateful. Just what I wanted. More will be appreciated at any time. Many thanks.

I have been concerned about this department, but I think it will start all right.

But for reasons I do not know, the pieces were not run.

Soon after that Ross phoned me. “Will you see a young man, Ralph Ingersoll, I have hired to do ‘Talk of the Town’ and tell him how to cover New York.”

Ingersoll, a callow, diffident young man, came over and told me he had recently been graduated from college with an engineering degree. He was pretty sure it was impossible to have one man cover all New York, quite impossible. I said I didn’t think the problem was too difficult if he organized to meet it. I suggested he select a key man or woman in each area he wanted to cover—art, music, business, medicine, drama, politics, whatever.

“Walter Kingsley, Palace Theater press agent,” I said, “sits at the crossroads of Broadway and knows it intimately. He’ll tell you all there is to know about Broadway. Jacques Coe, Wall Street man, will tell you more about Wall Street than anyone I know.”

I gave him the names of men and women in other fields. He said he would act on my suggestions. I did not hear from him again for years. When he became general manager of the Luce Publications I wrote him a note of congratulation. He answered that as a very young man he had come in to see me and I had helped him get where he wanted to go. And in his autobiography he recorded his thanks again. Very nice of him—and it seldom happens.

Ganna Walska

Georges Djamgaroff, a White Russian with a gold-tipped cane and a long, fur-trimmed coat, heavily perfumed, swaggered into our office one day smoking a cigarette in a long holder. In English, compounded of a mixture of French, Russian and some unidentifiable languages, he said he had been commissioned to engage our services. I couldn’t guess who sent him. Possibly, I thought, it might be a small nation on the fringes of Europe or in the Middle East. I expressed no emotion when he told me that the name of his principal was Ganna Walska, though I was surprised.

I knew of her as the most provocative woman of the Twenties—some said of the century. No one had yet defined what it was that made her so attractive to the wealthiest men of her time. She was not beautiful or brilliant and yet three of these men had wooed and married her, for qualities indiscernible to the eye. At the time she was the wife of one of the richest men in the country—Harold McCormick of the International Harvester Company.

Thirteen years before, in 1918, I had met her in the glittering company of Antonio Scotti, Enrico Caruso and other singers of the golden age of opera. Like everyone else, I was drawn to her magnetic personality. I knew of her ambition to be a singer. To gratify it, one husband had bought her the beautiful Champs-Elysée Theater in Paris so that she might have her own theater to appear in. I was aware that when she announced a recital she usually backed out of it the day of the performance.

When Djamgaroff told me the two problems she wanted my help on, I agreed to take her on because of the contrast to the less romantic industrial activity I was engaged in. First, Mme. Walska wanted to be considered a citizen of France by the United States, although the law made her a United States citizen, because of marriage to an American husband. She had recently arrived in New York from France with a collection of jewels and dresses valued at two million dollars. The U.S. Customs wanted to collect one million dollars, claiming she was an American and that her possessions were therefore dutiable. She maintained that her status was that of a French visitor and that she was intending to return to France. She was already in New York living in her Park Avenue home, a private little chalet given her by one of her husbands. Second, she wanted to enlist my aid for a concert series here under the management of Charles Wagner, a leading music manager of the period. She wanted to be assured publicity for her tour.

Mme. Walska, I learned, had had an amazing career. A Pole by birth, she appeared first as a singer in a production of *The Merry Widow* in Kiev. At seventeen she eloped with her first husband, Baron Acadie d'Eingorne, an officer in the Imperial Russian Army. Scheduled to sing in Paris in 1915, she canceled her appearance when she learned her husband had died on the Russian front. She came to New York to appear in *Mademoiselle Nitouche* and soon afterward married Dr. Joseph Frankel, a celebrated New York neurologist. He hired singing teachers for her so that she might gratify her

girlhood ambition to become a concert singer. Frankel died two years later and left her $300,000.

On her return trip to France she met two Americans on shipboard who fell in love with her. One was Alexander Smith Cochran, head of the fabulously rich Smith Carpet Company, and the other was Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, then married to the former Edith Rockefeller. In September 1920 Cochran married Ganna Walska in Paris and presented her with jewels, houses and other valuables. In December 1921 Edith Rockefeller divorced McCormick. Six months later Cochran and Ganna Walska were divorced. Four days after her final decree she married McCormick. He was the angel of the Chicago Opera Company and scheduled her in the principal role of Zaza in Leoncavallo's opera of the same name. But she withdrew from the role. Then she left Chicago to continue her spotty singing career elsewhere. At the Champs-Elysée Theater in Paris, where she sometimes sang, her gowns elicited more praise than her voice.

She made another try at a concert tour in the United States in 1923, but the first reviews forced its abandonment and she returned to the Continent, where she attempted to launch her own opera company in Poland. But this never came off. Stage fright deterred her from singing in *Rigoletto* at the Paris Opera House in June 1923 and also in Nice and Vienna. She returned to New York for a role in *Madama Butterfly*, but that never came off either. In 1926 she sang a role in *Don Giovanni*. In that same year she held her own Mozart Festival near Paris.

Djamgaroff was not as communicative about himself as he was about Mme. Walska and her plans. But I had no doubt he had plans for his own future and was close to the lady. I told him I thought we might be helpful on the first problem. Equal rights for women interested me. It was unjust to fix a woman's nationality as if she were her husband's chattel. Mme. Walska's glamour and jewels provided an opportunity to dramatize this idea to the American people and possibly to bring about a change in both public opinion and the law.

The second problem—the concerts—were up to Mme. Walska herself. Could she free herself from the compulsion of nonappearance? The public was so intrigued by the romantic career of this woman that getting publicity for her concerts would not have presented any real problems.

Walska's attorneys, Bouvier, Caffey and Beale, fought the Treasury ruling in the courts and entered the plea that the domicile of a married woman should be determined by the same facts and rules of law as applied to any other person. We fought the ruling in the court of public opinion, maintaining that the Treasury Department decision was based on the old common law that the residence of the husband determined the residence of his wife, which no longer held. And feminism was in the air.

A young woman lawyer, a believer in women's rights, at my suggestion sent a telegram to distinguished women asking for comment on the issue. The New York *Daily Mirror* headlined the story that resulted (October 29) "WOMEN RALLY TO GANNA'S AID." "Fair leaders, including Zona Gale and Ruth Hale, have come to support contention of Ganna Walska that woman's residence be officially determined by her own domicile."

Quite by coincidence, a day later, The New York *Times* carried a Paris dispatch stating that Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at an internationalist feminist meeting, had called for an international agreement that marriage should not change the nationality of the man or the woman involved. Public opinion was moving to our side.

Our own government, stirred by all the publicity, announced a woman judge to preside at Mme. Walska's case when it came up before the U.S. Customs Court in New York. But apparently the compulsions that made Walska back out of her concerts made her back out of the court case, and she left for Paris. The trial was never held. The jewels and other valuables were returned to her before she left, with no duty to pay. As to her concerts, she made a few appearances and canceled others.

I did get some satisfaction from my assignment in having helped spread word of the injustice of laws that made a married woman's nationality the same as that of her husband. I'm sure the public discussion helped speed the change in the law.

BEECHNUT

Beechnut Packing Company retained us to help them increase their bacon sales. The sales of Beechnut bacon were falling off because people had slimmed down their breakfast to a piece of toast, orange juice and a cup of coffee. Research showed that Beechnut bacon sales went up when people ate heavy breakfasts.

Beechnut favored breakfast habits of a century before, when people started their day with bacon and eggs, doughnuts, pie and coffee. If the trend of breakfasts could be reversed, Beechnut, the dominant breakfast bacon, would regain its sales. Physicians confirmed to me that heavy breakfasts were scientifically desirable. The body needs food replenishment twelve hours after an evening meal. I enlisted a well-known New York physician, Dr. A. L. Goldwater, to write to physicians throughout the country for their opinion on heavy versus light breakfasts. Physicians from all over the country gave overwhelming support to the hearty breakfast.

Six months after widespread publicity on the survey, Bartlett Arkell, president of Beechnut, announced that Beechnut sales of bacon had increased "enormously in the past half year. Nothing else did it, except the recommendation of American doctors." I wish it were as simple to induce people to stop smoking on doctors' recommendations.

The Waldorf-Astoria was willing to use the brand name "Beechnut" on its breakfast menus; it was not bacon, but Beechnut bacon. Waldorf menus went to thousands of hotels through the country, suggesting they follow the example of the Waldorf, and some did.

New Jersey Telephone Company

Postwar science brought new electronic communications into use. Radio revolutionized communications. Telephone long lines expanded, and public-address systems gave new impact to telephone communication. The airplane, in combination with radio and loudspeaker, added new dimensions to spreading ideas.

In one event for the New Jersey Telephone Company, then under the presidency of the brilliant industrialist, Chester Barnard, we helped dramatize these new devices to the American public. The event was the opening of the company's new headquarters building in New Jersey. Seven simultaneous dinner meetings of the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce, held throughout the state, were interconnected with two-way wire circuits and equipped with microphones, speech-input equipment and public-address system. The diners listened to radio broadcasts originating from several New Jersey stations.

Then the first public demonstration of two-way wireless telephonic communication between an airplane and the land was staged, with the

general manager of the telephone company talking with an aviator flying over the home of a pioneer telephone entrepreneur, Theodore N. Vail.

Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico and a Jersey resident, telephoned a speech from Mexico City over the long lines and addressed the diners by an amplified public-address system, which in turn carried his voice to all the meetings by an elaborate telephone hook-up. The headlines reflected the novel approaches: "Telephone to Link All New Jersey in Hookup at State-wide Dinner," "Ambassador Morrow Speaking from Mexico City to Help Open New Telephone Building in Newark," "First Public Demonstrations of Two-Way Telephone Communication Between Airplane in Flight and Ground Is Featured to Mark Inauguration of New Jersey Bell Telephone Building" and "Innovation in Radio Hook-up Startles Guests."

ANSCO

Eastman Kodak was willing to see a smaller competitor, Ansco, prosper in 1927 and thus to remove the onus of monopoly from itself. Ansco could not hope for leadership but it could introduce new ideas that would help its sales. Here are some ideas we fed the company: to rent cameras to passengers on ocean liners and crack trains, such as the Twentieth-Century Limited; to make tourist and travel agencies sales outlets for Ansco cameras; to have camera lending libraries at resort hotels. The Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City tried out this idea.

We started a free Ansco News Service, providing news pictures for window display in camera shops. We stimulated the teaching of photography in school curricula; we wrote, printed and distributed "how to organize camera clubs" instructions; we propagandized the value of photographs in social workers' case records; we wrote company publication editors, pointing out the value of human-interest photographs, and offered to supply information on how to take photographs; we offered members of Rotary clubs a lecture on how photographs could be used in "boosting our city" contests.

Ansco was not equipped to handle the public response we stimulated, and after six months our relations ended.

chapter 28

GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL: INDUSTRIAL TORNADO

My assignment as counsel on public relations to the American Tobacco Company, a blue-chip corporation that made cigarettes and cigars, followed close on the heels of our relationship with Procter & Gamble.

The doughboys in World War I had popularized cigarettes. Up to that time manufactured cigarettes, called tailor-mades, had been thought *déclassé*. My father would not permit cigarette smoking at home. In some quarters, smoking cigarettes was considered a mark of effeminacy. But when the boys returned from France, where they had rolled their own, they took up ready-made packaged varieties. Three cigarette companies—Liggett & Myers, R. J. Reynolds and American Tobacco—had the major share of the cigarette market. For many years American had spread its advertising allotment over 50 different tobacco products, making no large dent on the public with any one of them. Lucky Strike had been a late entry in the cigarette sweepstakes; its name had formerly belonged to a chewing tobacco. Albert Lasker, who headed the Lord & Thomas advertising agency of Chicago, persuaded Percival Hill, then president of the company, to throw his entire advertising appropriation into promoting Lucky Strike cigarettes. Within three years sales zoomed from 25 million to 150 million cigarettes a day, and Lucky Strike gained first place among cigarettes, a position it held for two decades.

I worked with American after George Washington Hill had taken over the presidency from his father. Oddly enough, my first experience in the tobacco field was with one of American's to-the-death competitors, Liggett & Myers, which made Chesterfield cigarettes. R. L. Strobridge of the Newell Emmett Company, their advertising agency, telephoned me in August 1927. "How would you counteract American Tobacco Company's

Lucky Strike campaign?" he asked. My immediate reaction was that I would have fun deflating the hokum appeals American was then using to promote Luckies. The company was running large photographs of Metropolitan Opera stars and other famous singers in their advertisements in newspapers throughout the country, with testimonials beneath them and the slogan "Luckies are kind to your voice—no throat irritation."

"American's campaign has cut in on Chesterfield's sales," Strobridge added. "Liggett & Myers have never tried public relations before. I've persuaded them to make a trial run. Will you handle L & M on a six-month basis?"

Usually we accepted clients only on a yearly basis, because I considered time essential to achieve results. In our work no results could be guaranteed; we needed time to try numerous approaches to meet the goal set. However, the challenge of pitting my experience against a company that annually spent millions in advertising its products proved too great to resist, and I agreed to a six-month contract for $8,000. This was considerably less than half our usual annual rate, but I was flattered to have one of the big three cigarette companies come to us with a critical problem.

It was not within our province to combat Luckies' successful campaign with more advertising; instead I decided that ridicule, a weapon seldom used by American industry, might prove effective. I had noted how effectively statesmen and institutions were deflated by ridicule in *Punch* cartoons and in the American yellow press. I speculated that if the newspapers that carried Luckies' advertising were to ridicule this same advertising in their news and editorial columns, the advertising impact would be weakened.

To launch my plan I sought out Paul Bern's brother, Henry, an old friend who I knew would enjoy personal publicity, and asked him to establish and become head of a "Tobacco Society for Voice Culture, Inc." Its object would be "to awaken the public's appreciation of the numerous commercial organizations that seek to do us good—and do us *good*." A New York judge refused to incorporate the society, because he thought its purpose too flippant. The newspapers gave his refusal widespread publicity—and secured immediate public visibility for the society. A judge in New Jersey then consented to incorporate the society. Bern printed a letterhead on mottled tobacco-leaf brown paper, with the slogan "So to improve the CORDS of the THROAT through cigarette smoking that the public will be able

to express itself in SONGS OF PRAISE or more easily to swallow anything" across the top. On the left side of the letterhead the statement ran: "All lovers of the weed, including students of MUSIC, therapeutics, elocution or dentistry are IPSO FACTO eligible for free membership." At the bottom of the page large type read: "OUR ULTIMATE GOAL: 'A smoking TEACHER for every SINGER.'"

Bern sent a letter I wrote to newspaper columnists, cartoonists and various group leaders. This read, in part:

> In these days of tooth, booze, birth and breath control, we wish to call your attention to a new movement—a CAUSE—may we say a CRUSADE? It is 'The Tobacco Society for Voice Culture' which has been incorporated in New Jersey.
>
> We are told daily that we should smoke cigarettes NOT because they are good, but because they are good for us, that a cigarette is not a pleasure, but a medicine.…
>
> Hence the Tobacco Society for Voice Culture. It will endeavor:
>
> To establish a home for singers and actors whose voices have cracked under the strain of their cigarette testimonials.

We enclosed a "portrait of a smoked ham" with the caption "They ease my golden voice,' says Larry La Rue, the great thespian."

Immediate reaction followed, and the Tobacco Society for Voice Culture became the subject of amused comment in newspapers and other publications that carried Lucky Strike advertising. Group leaders who affect public thought and action responded, and swelled the rising tide of public opinion against the Lucky Strike campaign in conversation and further printed comment. The American public enjoyed the fun, and we learned through the grapevine that American Tobacco squirmed.

Our campaign penetrated to many places. H. N. Higinbotham, president of the Association of College Comics of the East, delighted with our Society's effort "to smoke the bunk out of testimonials," requested and received a statement about the society and its practices for use in his association's monthly Bulletin.

The society kept up a barrage of mail to all media, which resulted in additional publicity. *The New Yorker* ran a piece about the Society in "Talk of the Town," kidding American about its Lucky Strike ads.

Nunnally Johnson, then the New York *Evening Post*'s roving reporter, used the society as inspiration for a satire on "Haters of the World, Unite for Solidarity in Hatreds." "Whether It's Egg-Plant, Soccer or Dr. Stratton You Oppose, Mr. Johnson Finds an Organization Exists to Collect Your Dues."

Johnson wondered about the recently founded Tobacco Society for Voice Culture, which he said had for its purpose the heckling of singers who endorsed cigarettes. But he wasn't too surprised at an organization dedicated to a purpose you wouldn't immediately think an organization would be dedicated to.

American had also used physicians' testimonials to buttress its claims for Luckies. The *Medical Review of Reviews* made a survey of leading physicians to inquire whether they agreed that it was impossible for one cigarette to have any advantage over all others in preventing throat irritations and whether there was any scientific reason to prefer one cigarette over another or whether it was simply a matter of the consumer's taste. The physicians agreed with our theses; urged the public to be on its guard against endorsements of a small minority of the 140,000 doctors. The *Medical Review of Reviews* sent releases to the press. *Editor & Publisher* headlined its story: "Cigarette Copy Bunk, Physicians Declare Blanket Endorsement Used in Ads Unwarranted, They Say, Replying to Medical Magazine's Survey." We sent 5,000 copies to influential people.

During the course of our campaign rough-looking characters slithered into our office from time to time and asked for a list of our clients. I told the receptionist to disregard the requests and gave the matter no further thought. Not until later did I learn the source of these inquiries.

Doris and I were sitting at home one evening, some months after the initiation of the campaign, when David A. Schulte, whom I had never met, telephoned me. He was president of the company that owned the Schulte Cigar Stores located at strategic corners all over the city.

"Can you see me now at my home in the Ritz Towers on a business matter?" he asked.

"Can it wait until tomorrow morning?" I asked.

"No, it's urgent. Can you come right away?"

Mr. Schulte, a small, gray-haired, kindly-looking man, almost self-effacing, invited me to sit down in the large drawing room of his tower apartment, and asked, "Will you take us on as a client?"

I asked him who he meant by "us."

“The Schulte Cigar Stores.”

“What’s your problem?” I asked.

“Oh, whatever comes up,” he answered vaguely, and then asked, “What does your service cost?”

“I can’t answer that,” I said, “unless I can gauge the time and effort involved.”

“I don’t know exactly what I want you to do. What is your minimum yearly figure?”

The matter of a minimum figure had not come up before in my experience. “How will twenty-five thousand do as a retainer?” I asked. “If we have to do more work than that covers, we’ll tell you.” I hit on that figure because that is what some clients paid us for a year’s services.

“O.K.,” he said. “Go ahead. Get in touch with my general manager, Mr. Goldvogel, tomorrow for a letter of confirmation.”

It all happened as quickly as I’ve just related it. However, just as I was leaving the apartment Schulte called out an important afterthought: “By the way, Mr. Bernays, this arrangement is contingent on your not advising any tobacco interests but ours.”

It is generally recognized that a public relations counsel cannot advise competitive clients. “I have a tobacco client,” I said, “a tobacco manufacturer. But there is no conflict with the interests of Schulte retail stores.”

“Mr. Bernays,” he said solemnly, “I am sorry, but my arrangement with you is contingent on your having no other tobacco client.”

“I’m sorry you feel this way about it,” I replied. “I will have to postpone my decision until later. I’ll let you know tomorrow.” And I left.

By then I was accustomed to irrelevant and unnecessary requests from prospective clients. People not intimately associated with big business believe every executive functions as a clear-reasoning individual. This is not the case. Whim often is the basis for important decisions. I did not know whether Mr. Schulte’s request was based on whim or not. I decided to put my dilemma to Strobridge, and I telephoned him next morning to discuss matters with him. I assured him I did not wish to cancel my arrangement with Liggett & Myers; on the other hand, I said, I was sure he would not want me to lose a year’s retainer with a noncompetitive client just as my arrangement with him was drawing to a close.

Strobridge, a sensitive and fine character, was sympathetic. “Liggett & Myers won’t make a year’s commitment,” he said. “They haven’t been educated to move ahead in public relations. It’s absolutely new to them. Under the circumstances, I feel I ought not to stand in your way.”

The next day Mr. Goldvogel, general manager of Schulte’s, signed a year’s contract, with an option for renewal after nine months. During those nine months Schulte and his office telephoned us a few times, asking advice on minor matters, such as handling a few news releases. Such limited use of our services was not unique. Some clients gave us a yearly retainer and called on us only in crisis situations. When renewal time for the Schulte contract came around, George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, whom I had never met or talked to, telephoned me and in a strong, staccato voice asked me to come to his office.

In my relationship with Liggett & Myers I had heard much about George Washington Hill. His energy and enterprise in selling Luckies had made him a legend in advertising circles. For instance, many celebrities whom he persuaded to endorse Luckies had never before permitted their names to be used in this way; Hill’s success in obtaining their testimonials was causing much public comment. Hill believed in newspaper advertising across the board, as he called it, and used every daily whenever he ran a full-page advertisement, an unusual tactic at that time. I was eager to meet this man who, in an era when the extravagant had already become commonplace, was famous for spending advertising money so lavishly—I think it was $6,000,000 annually. Schulte had made no commitment to me for the ensuing year, so I made an engagement to see Hill.

Advertising’s Holy Terror received me in a small corner office of an old loft building, 116 Fifth Avenue. I found myself in the presence of a gaunt man in his middle forties whose skin was drawn close to the bone. He reminded me of a cowboy because he kept his big Stetson sombrero on throughout our conversation. The agency account executives later told me this was typical: Hill always kept his hat on; they took theirs off.

When I worked with the hat industry I had made a study of the symbolic significance of hats. I think that Hill may have regarded his sombrero as a crown, and he kept it on because he felt himself a ruler. His identification with rulers was shown in his attitude toward his own personnel. There was a belligerent truculence in his manner, and his staff quivered nervously when he buzzed for them or asked to see them. I found out later that this attitude

also dominated his dealings with stockholders and others with whom he came into business and social contact.

Hill sat behind a large flat-top desk on which the main object was a cigarette box, with Luckies in all four compartments—a small-scale monopoly. On the wall behind him hung a large, framed replica of American's famous billboard for Bull Durham smoking tobacco, showing a powerful Durham bull prancing behind a fence.

Hill commenced our discussion by telling proudly that he had fenced in the animal because church groups had objected to the original picture, which displayed the animal in full figure. "Goddam, we beat 'em, didn't we?" he said triumphantly. The slats of the fence covered the bull's procreative organs. He then thrust out his right hand and said, "Mr. Bernays, you're rehired. For another year."

"I don't understand," I said. "I've never worked with you."

"The hell you haven't! You're re-engaged." He laughed, long and loudly.

I asked him to explain.

He said, "The men who questioned your telephone operator were detectives from ex-Police Commissioner Richard Enright's agency. She didn't tell them who your clients were, but they learned somewhere else that you were working with Liggett & Myers. I asked my good friend Dave Schulte to hire you with the proviso that you advise no other tobacco company." And with a swagger in his voice he said, "You've been on the American Tobacco payroll for nine months. You were working for Liggett & Myers, weren't you? And we got you from them, didn't we? And you didn't know anything about it. That's why Lucky Strike is on top," he boasted.

Hill had used devious tactics to induce me to give up the Liggett & Myers account. I deplored the methods he used, but I reasoned that if Hill's highly respected company behaved that way, it must be part of the accepted pattern of corporate behavior. Possibly business was always conducted like a war. Hill had acted like a general, intent on confounding an enemy. To be sure, the two large corporations I had worked with before had, I thought, acted differently—Cheney Brothers and Procter & Gamble. I had a lot to learn in 1928.

While these thoughts were racing through my mind Hill offered me a retainer fee of $25,000 annually. I was not surprised at his offer. By this

time nothing Hill could have done would have surprised me. Carried along by the expansive mood of the period, I accepted the offer, excited by an opportunity to work with this big tobacco company. The competitive struggle seemed to me, as it did to most young men of the period, a natural field for one's energies. I thought of my engagement more as a status symbol than as cash in a bank. I felt that the relationship would bring other corporate giants to me.

I believed then—and still do—in the competition of products and ideas in the market place as an integral part of our democratic society; yet, had I known in 1928 what I know today, I would have refused Hill's offer. In the first place, cancer has been strongly linked with cigarette smoking. Furthermore, I no longer enjoy participating in or watching the kind of lethal competition that fascinated Hill and drove him to so many commercial excesses. With pitiless and ruthless force he tried to dominate the market and destroy all competition.

Hill would stop at nothing to get what he wanted; his energy and drive were concentrated at the time in a single purposeful direction—to sell more Lucky Strikes. He spent hours personally working out demonstrations his salesmen could use to convince retailers that the tobacco in Lucky Strikes was better than that in competitive brands. Actually, most cigarettes were made with practically the same ingredients, but the blindfold test he invented was talked about so often that people believed it.

He did not hesitate to telephone an advertising agency account executive at home late at night to raise hell about what he considered an improper or inadequate reading of a radio commercial. "Your damn announcer said 'Luckies are *kind* to your throat.' He's got to say 'Luckies are *kind* to your *throat*.'" If he discovered that an advertisement hadn't received the position in the newspaper he thought it should, he bawled out the agency executive in sizzling expletives that were heard through his office door. He took out his anger on any hapless stenographer who made a mistake.

His normal behavior was aggressive. He swaggered around his office, his arms swinging. At the slightest provocation he exploded, his face purpling with rage, but usually he calmed down quickly. Even his letters could be truculent.

Personally, he treated me with respect, and we maintained our Mr. Hill—Mr. Bernays relationship throughout the years I worked with him. But

there was no consistency in the way Hill acted to others. One of my good friends, an adviser of his for years, told me he had experienced respect from Hill for a term of years and then at a last meeting Hill had started off in anger.

"Goddam it, you're trying to sell out the company, you're through," and then in a crescendo: "Get the hell out of here."

The accusation was unfounded. Hill's persecution complex had caused the explosion.

The American Tobacco Company was as absolute as a dictatorship—fortunately, a rarity in our society. George Hill *was* the American Tobacco Company. He treated his directors as employees who were slaves to his whims. The company paid dividends, but the stockholders were ignored in the annual reports, which told practically nothing about the company except for the bald figures of assets, liabilities and surplus.

I knew of three other advisers in addition to myself retained by Hill. Louis Levy, of Stanchfield and Levy, was American's law firm. Paul Hahn, one of Levy's bright young men, was at first assigned as house attorney to American; his office was next to the great man's office. Here he checked legal aspects of advertising and contracts. Later he became Hill's assistant and ended up as president of the company.

Albert Lasker, of Chicago's Lord & Thomas, was in charge of placing the $6,000,000 worth of advertising for the American Tobacco Company, then the largest amount for advertising spent annually by any corporation. Hill insisted that every one of his newspaper advertisements dominate the page, even if it wasn't a full-page advertisement. It was common then for large advertisers to split the 15 per cent commission the agency was to receive; but Hill paid Lasker the full 15 per cent commission.

"Dammit," he said to me, "why shouldn't I? If I do, he delivers better, doesn't he?"

Communication between Lasker in Chicago and Hill in New York was mainly by telephone; the two men seldom met, which is possibly why the relationship lasted. Close relationships with Hill usually ended in an explosion; distance lent some immunity.

A succession of men from Lasker's New York office maintained routine contacts with Hill. I say "succession" because it took great stamina to stand up to him. Hill bullied the liaison man, yelled at him, shattered him and then ousted him from the assignment, boosting his own ego in this way.

Another would then take his place. A man might be fired because Hill didn't like the softening of the beat in the loud music of B. A. Rolfe's Lucky Strike orchestra or for some other trivial reason. The National Broadcasting Company, which carried several programs sponsored by American, also assigned a liaison to Hill, Bertha Brainerd, a delightful, brilliant young woman with a sparkling personality. She was a perfect extrovert, essentially feminine. Hill appeared to relax and restrain himself in her presence. A word from him and I have no doubt NBC would have fired her, but perhaps he wished to prove to her that he wasn't as bad as he was painted. And there may have been in Hill a note of chivalry, a code that set the pattern of behavior toward an attractive woman.

I did not know for some years that Ivy Lee worked with the company, advising on public relations. Then at lunch one day with Ivy Lee I casually mentioned my client, American Tobacco. "*Your* client!" Lee exclaimed. "American Tobacco Company is *our* client." To our mutual astonishment it was true. Neither of us had ever heard of a client retaining two public relations advisers, let alone not telling each of the other's connection. I guessed Hill's reason for doing this; later he confirmed my conclusion when I asked him about it. "If I have both of you," he said, "my competitors can't get either of you." I was not surprised at anything he did that he thought would further his business. This was his simple, direct approach to competition; when possible you created your own monopoly—you bought the kind of world you wanted.

I never asked Ivy Lee what he did for American Tobacco. The result of his work wasn't noticeable to me, nor was my work noticeable to him. When my advice called for action, it was usually the company that carried it out. I assumed Lee worked in a comparable way.

When I occasionally visited 116 Fifth Avenue to see other American executives I always knew if Hill was in the office. If he was present his automobile, a very fancy limousine, was standing at the curb. Inside each window a package of Luckies was fastened by some sort of wire device, advertising his pet product to passers-by. Upstairs a tough-looking bodyguard paced up and down outside his office. He accompanied Hill on his drives, sitting next to the chauffeur. Although I came to Hill's office often, the bodyguard never smiled or gave any sign of recognition. I had never encountered a bodyguard among my clients before, but I assumed Hill used him because he felt an important man needed a bodyguard.

Miss Barnes, Hill's secretary, was a sweet, nervous woman, possibly fifty years old; her face was pitted. Since the first day I started working with the company she had sat outside his door, always waiting nervously for his buzzer, walking in gingerly with a pencil in her hand, never knowing how great an explosion would greet her when she entered. One day I visited the company office and learned that Hill had gone to Europe. Miss Barnes was absent too. I was told they were on their honeymoon. No one had imagined that Hill would marry this sweet old maid, but I was not really surprised. Nothing he did surprised me.

I visited Hill once at his home, when the daughter of his vice-president and sales manager, Vincent Riggio, married Montague Hackett, then contact man of the American Tobacco Company's advertising agency, Lord & Thomas. It was a kind of dynastic marriage, like those encouraged by the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria.

His house at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, a marble-pillared nineteenth-century mansion, was more like an ancient English castle than the home of a contemporary American businessman. Huge rooms with eighteen-foot ceilings were all over the place. At the time Hill was not married to Miss Barnes; he had been divorced, and an auburn-haired friend acted as hostess.

Hill paid himself magnificently and his executives well. In 1932, the worst year of the depression, he drew $825,607 in salary. At one time, when income taxes were a fraction of what they are now, he took an annual salary of a million dollars. At the period of which I speak the average wage of his full-time factory workers was $614.12 annually.

Hill was in fact often under attack for his extravagant salary and his advertising practices. But he enjoyed disputation. He never recanted or modified his varied and exaggerated claims about Lucky Strikes. Criticism only confirmed his original belief that he was right.

I suppose the rational home atmosphere in which I had been brought up made me seek explanations for other people's conduct. I can only explain George Hill's untrammeled behavior as an attempt to prove to himself and to the world that he was an individual in his own right and not the victim of his father's domination.

Some people thought love of money drove Hill, but I don't believe it. In my experience of more than fifty years of dealing with American businessmen, I do not recall one whose primary objective was money as an end in itself. Most of the tycoons were concerned with power or status.

They wanted to put their company ahead in the competitive battle or to earn the reputation of being smarter or wiser than their fellow businessmen. Or they wanted to impress their directors or stockholders or the financial public with their pre-eminence.

Hill's main interest in life—indeed, his only one—was to see that Luckies retained first place in the race with Chesterfields and Camels. I did not know of any activities he took part in outside of his business—no charities, horse racing, paintings or yachts. If he had a point of view on topics other than Luckies and his business, I never heard it expressed. He gave no public speeches or press interviews. He was a rugged individualist, a residual phenomenon left over from the late nineteenth century.

He spent his waking hours thinking of ideas that might induce more people to buy Luckies. He left the production of cigarettes to subordinates. His field was selling. He seized recklessly, fearlessly any idea he thought would sell Luckies. Some of his selling ideas had far-reaching social effects. In the first year of our direct relationship, 1928–1929, Hill became obsessed by the prospect of winning over the large potential female market for Luckies. "If I can crack that market, I'll get more than my share of it," he said to me one day. "It will be like opening a new gold mine right in our front yard." He had an idea that might do it, he said. He had coined the slogan "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet" to meet the problem.

The thesis that excess weight affected health adversely was beginning to impress the public. Hill's campaign brought instantaneous response from women on two grounds: health and fashion, both of which stressed slenderness. An earlier campaign based on people's interest in their health, the "no throat irritation" theme, had advanced Luckies' fortunes. But this new concept was even more telling. Hill made the claim that cigarettes dulled appetites and thereby enhanced health by reducing weight.

My activities now focused on the slogan "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." In November my good friend Nickolas Muray, then a crack young commercial photographer, at my suggestion sent a letter to influential photographers and commercial artists praising slender women who lit cigarettes instead of eating sweets and asking their support for the ideal of slimness. Muray was eager for publicity and recognized that the publicity would help him. When his story was sent to the newspapers, photographers and artists took their cue from Muray, and the public soon became more and more oriented toward slenderness. We also publicized the slim fashions,

which Paris then emphasized, flooding fashion editors with photographs of thin Parisian models in *haute couture* dresses.

The sugar interests protested vociferously, counterattacking with statements that Hill's advertising was unjustified and not cricket. But Hill kept up the battle, reveling in the controversy he had started and convinced it would recruit new Lucky smokers from among the stout.

I urged Hill to have a scientific study made of medical literature showing the effects of the excessive use of sugar on the human body. "I'll engage a physician," I said, "to make a research of the literature supporting our contention and we'll publish it." Hill agreed. The published findings strengthened our hand.

I knew the sugar industry was trying to align science on their side. Bruce Bliven said years ago, "The cure for propaganda is more propaganda." The competition of ideas in the American market place is an essential democratic process, for then the public can make its own choice. Even when ideas conflict and confuse, public debate clarifies the issues and makes for a sounder choice, in the long run.

When battles were shaping up or got hot, Hill would call me in. I assume he also called in Ivy Lee and Albert Lasker, but we were never brought face to face in a joint conference to work out strategy and tactics. Hill didn't function that way. He got Machiavellian pleasure in seeing our individual points of view without confrontation.

"What'll we do to get these s.o.b.'s?" he would ask. "How'll we meet this g.d. situation?"

In one conflict, when he was under criticism by commentators in the journals of opinion and advertising trade press who said his advertising was in the worst taste, Hill hired outstanding artists to illustrate the Lucky Strike advertisements. We collected comments by distinguished artists on the importance of using good artists to stimulate taste in advertising. These comments, sent out as news releases, were picked up in newspapers and the trade press.

Hill had a flair for recognizing what was just below the surface of the public mind. He relied principally on intuition, and his intuition was generally right. The disadvantage of this method of procedure, however, is that, although you may often be right, you miss opportunities that reason might uncover. Hill believed, for instance, that only mass circulation publications were suitable advertising media for American, that

publications wth small and influential circulation, such as *The Nation, New Republic, Harper's, Atlantic Monthly*, etc., were unimportant to his products. Nevertheless, I have worked with few men of action so receptive to unproved ideas and so imaginative in carrying out new concepts. Skywriting was still an unproven advertising medium when someone brought it to Hill's attention. Soon he had thousands of city dwellers throughout the country gaping at spirals of smoke in the sky spelling out to their delighted astonishment, "Smoke Lucky Strikes." He intuitively recognized that the public would get an intensified desire for smoking Luckies from the smoke in the sky.

In December 1928 Hill asked me to devise a plan to strengthen public support for a new advertising campaign stressing moderation, a modification of the "reach for a Lucky" theme. After the excesses of the first eight years of the 1920s, America was receptive to the idea of restraint. Commentators on the contemporary scene in serious newspapers and magazines were pointing out the dangers and impossibilities of a manic state carrying on indefinitely. I proposed the organization of a Moderation League, to be formed and launched, coincidentally, with the advertising. We planned to enlist the co-operation of many organizations—the Automobile Association to urge moderation in driving, the air transport groups to call for moderation in stunt flying, the antiprofanity leagues to work toward moderation in speech, the architects' societies to urge moderation in the size of buildings to relieve traffic congestion, and art dealers' associations to promote moderation in the prices of Old Masters.

I felt, even before the 1929 crash that sobered up America, that as a nation we needed to practice moderation. I am sure Hill didn't actually care a whit about moderation itself. The fact that it would sell Luckies was his concern.

Hill was not at all receptive to my comprehensive plan for a broad, integrated moderation campaign; he was interested only in the next specific action I proposed. This attitude surprised me then, but I have since discovered that most tycoons tend to regard intermediate and long-range planning as impractical, eccentric and a nuisance. They don't want to be bothered with interpretive thinking and weighing intangibles. They want *ad hoc* action. A proposal for a onetime act takes less effort and time to read, understand, okay and carry out. The commitments and risks are fewer.

When I saw that Hill did not want to proceed by plan, I proposed enlisting Ziegfeld beauties in our moderation campaign. He acquiesced immediately. With the help of Ziegfeld's publicity man, six glamorous and beautiful *Follies* girls appeared at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and pledged themselves to moderation and organized the Ziegfeld Contour, Curve and Charm Club, which had as its motto "Moderation, sense and not sensation." They would demonstrate moderation by their ideal "modern figure with its tantalizing, sinuous curves." When the *Follies* toured the country moderation became part of the publicity theme.

We followed up the Ziegfeld tie-in by asking newsworthy groups and individuals to speak out for moderation. "Moderation has become the mode in women's fashions," intoned Jacques Worth, our famous French couturier. Soon clippings of news stories and editorial comment on the blessings of restraint were coming in from all over the country. Obviously the newspaper statements on moderation helped develop cumulative interest in the idea. By March the campaign was moving ahead effectively on its own momentum despite its *ad hoc* character. What we did had all the effect of a long-range program, for as soon as one action was gaining momentum we proposed another and carried that out. Hill was happy.

Next, Hill thought the time had arrived for a direct, vigorous campaign to induce women to smoke in public places. In 1929 it was acceptable for women to smoke at home, but a woman seen smoking in public was labeled a hussy or worse.

Hill called me in. "How can we get women to smoke on the street? They're smoking indoors. But, damn it, if they spend half the time outdoors and we can get 'em to smoke outdoors, we'll damn near double our female market. Do something. Act!"

"There's a taboo against such smoking," I said. "Let me consult an expert, Dr. A. A. Brill, the psychoanalyst. He might give me the psychological basis for a woman's desire to smoke, and maybe this will help me."

"What will it cost?"

"I suppose just a consultation fee."

"Shoot," said Hill.

Brill explained to me: "Some women regard cigarettes as symbols of freedom," he told me. "Smoking is a sublimation of oral eroticism; holding a cigarette in the mouth excites the oral zone. It is perfectly normal for

women to want to smoke cigarettes. Further, the first woman who smoked probably had an excess of masculine components and adopted the habit as a masculine act. But today the emancipation of women has suppressed many of their feminine desires. More women now do the same work as men do. Many women bear no children; those who do bear have fewer children. Feminine traits are masked. Cigarettes, which are equated with men, become torches of freedom."

In this last statement I found a way to help break the taboo against women smoking in public. Why not a parade of women lighting torches of freedom—smoking cigarettes?

The Easter Sunday Parade on Fifth Avenue seemed a natural occasion on which to launch the idea. One of my friends who worked for *Vogue* gave us a list of thirty debutantes. We sent each the following telegram, signed by my secretary, Bertha Hunt, from our office:

IN THE INTERESTS OF EQUALITY OF THE SEXES AND TO FIGHT ANOTHER SEX TABOO I AND OTHER YOUNG WOMEN WILL LIGHT ANOTHER TORCH OF FREEDOM BY SMOKING CIGARETTES WHILE STROLLING ON FIFTH AVENUE EASTER SUNDAY. WE ARE DOING THIS TO COMBAT THE SILLY PREJUDICE THAT THE CIGARETTE IS SUITABLE FOR THE HOME, THE RESTAURANT, THE TAXICAB, THE THEATER LOBBY BUT NEVER NO NEVER FOR THE SIDEWALK. WOMEN SMOKERS AND THEIR ESCORTS WILL STROLL FROM FORTY-EIGHTH STREET TO FIFTY-FOURTH STREET ON FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN ELEVEN-THIRTY AND ONE O'CLOCK.

We expressed similar sentiments in an advertisement in the New York newspapers that was signed by Ruth Hale, a leading feminist, who was glad to find a platform for her views, which happened to coincide with American's. Ten young debutantes agreed to march.

Our parade of ten young women lighting "torches of freedom" on Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday as a protest against woman's inequality caused a national stir. Front-page stories in newspapers reported the freedom march in words and pictures. For weeks after the event editorials praised or condemned the young women who had paraded against the smoking taboo.

The demonstration became almost a national issue. E. H. Gauvreau, editor of the New York *Graphic*, wanted us to reassemble the girls for a special photograph; another, the editor of the Ventura, California, *Star*, in a headline—"SWATS ANOTHER TABOO"—acknowledged that the parade had accomplished its purpose. Women's clubs throughout the country expressed grief that women would smoke in public; papers in Boston, Detroit,

Wheeling, West Virginia, and San Francisco reported women smoking on the streets as a result of the New York parade. Age-old customs, I learned, could be broken down by a dramatic appeal, disseminated by the network of media. Of course the taboo was not destroyed completely. But a beginning had been made, one I regret today.

Hill squeezed each advertising theme he used until he thought it had run dry, then he looked for a new one. Ultraviolet rays were first hailed as an elixir of life in 1931. Factories and nurseries installed ultraviolet glass; Northerners obtained healthful-looking Florida tans with sunlamps. We bought a sunlamp and had ultraviolet window panes installed in our Washington Square home to improve our health and that of our children. Hill recognized the impact of the fad and was eager to exploit it. He decided to toast the tobacco that went into Lucky Strikes with ultraviolet ray lamps during its processing. He built a huge nation-wide advertising campaign around the theme of this new achievement of science: "Lucky Strikes—they're toasted with ultraviolet rays."

By then the public was getting increasingly skeptical about the testimonials of opera stars and society figures, so Hill introduced a new category of leader to the testimonial brotherhood. He began to run huge, signed photographs of top American business leaders with their testimonials praising the toasting process.

Big businessmen permitted the use of their names, pictures and signatures as endorsements. The novelty of the approach made these testimonials effective. No money was paid for the endorsements. Alfred A. Knopf, among others, joined our parade. I suppose it flattered his huge vanity to see a Knopf face looking at him in the morning *Times*. In 1931 business was reeling under the stock-market crash and the Depression. Businessmen whose heads were above water were glad to see their oversize photographs in newspapers around the country at no cost to their companies or to them.

Hill also gave serious personal attention to the publicity of the Lucky Strike radio hour, which he had masterminded. The program featured the B. A. Rolfe orchestra and reached hundreds of thousands of dancing enthusiasts on a national NBC hookup. Hill spent hours at rehearsal in the broadcasting studio. In keeping with his personality, Hill insisted that the dance music have strongly marked rhythms, rapid tempos and crashing

noise. Such music gave people confidence, he said. It was an antidote to the Depression.

After the program's popularity had been established, Hill called me in and asked, "How do we hold on to that popularity? I can start a trend, but how do I keep it up?"

I suggested that we should have Rolfe write to group leaders, prominent musicians, personnel directors (in relation to music for the working man), the clergy (in relation to family unity), dance teachers and professors of music studies—all people who might influence the public's listening and dancing habits—explaining that the music of the Lucky Strike orchestra put most of America on its dancing feet and asking if, in this time of Depression, it hadn't given them confidence. Hill agreed to my proposal and Rolfe signed the letter we sent out. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra and its social significance soon became the subject of extensive nation-wide discussion. The replies to Rolfe's letter ran the gamut of the Pareto curve, from praise to disdain, but we didn't mind whether people talked for or against the thesis as long as they talked.

A year after our Rolfe campaign Hill hired Walter Winchell for Lucky Strike news broadcasts, capitalizing on a new trend in journalism—the telling of the inside story about people and events. Hill wanted me to help build a radio audience for Winchell, who was unknown except to readers of his syndicated newspaper column. I had never met the columnist, although he had worked on the *Graphic* when I was public relations counsel for Bernarr MacFadden, but I recognized the great appeal he had to the public. I planned to build him as if he were an institution. I engaged a photographer to trail him during his midnight rounds and distributed pictures of his nightlife activity to newspapers throughout the country to increase his glamour. I made Winchell's penchant for coining new words the basis of a letter to philologists, calling attention to him as a creator of new Americanisms.

Hill watched the Winchell campaign closely. He posted 45,000 billboards in 18,886 communities. The poster carried Winchell's picture and the phrase he used in his broadcast, "Okay, America." Hill never whispered.

Soon Winchell became a national institution; when he went on the air, all America placed its ear to the keyhole.

Hill never stopped thinking about the huge potential Luckies market—the women of America. New surveys showed him that women were now smoking in and out of the house; they also disclosed that many women objected to Luckies because the green package with its red bulls-eye clashed with the colors of the clothes they wore. Some time in the spring of 1934 Hill called me.

"Women aren't buying Luckies as they should. What do you suggest, Mr. Bernays?" he asked.

"Change the Lucky package to a neutral color that will match anything they wear," I replied.

This was a logical suggestion, but Hill became emotional at the idea of changing the color of his package. "I've spent millions of dollars advertising the package. Now you ask me to change it. That's lousy advice."

My experience with Cheney suggested my next thought: "If you won't change the color of the package, change the color of fashion—to green."

"Change the fashion—that's a good idea. Do it," Hill shouted enthusiastically, adding as an afterthought, "What will it cost?"

I knew that money alone couldn't change a fashion. Such a change depended on setting forces in motion that would influence other forces, and these in turn might change the fashionable color. I had no idea of the money necessary for mechanics, so I plucked a round figure out of the air.

"Twenty-five thousand."

"Spend it!" yelled Hill.

That was the beginning of a fascinating six-month activity for me—to make green *the* fashionable color. My work with Cheney had shown me that fashions seldom happen fortuitously; they follow trends. A planned event of importance can play a part in affecting these trends. The costumes and decor of the Bal de l'Opéra in Paris, held annually by French textile manufacturers and the *haute couture* of Paris, with the co-operation of the *haut monde*, had influenced French fashion trends—so why not a Green Ball in New York? Why shouldn't an American ball planned along comparable lines influence fashion trends here, particularly if it was linked with Paris fashion influences?

Some years before I had asked Alfred Reeves, of the American Automobile Manufacturers Association, how he had developed a market for American automobiles in England, where roads were narrow and curved.

“I didn’t try to sell automobiles,” he answered. “I campaigned for wider and straighter roads. The sale of American cars followed.”

This was an application of the general principle which I later termed the engineering of consent. Like an architect, I drew up a comprehensive blueprint, a complete procedural outline, detailing objectives, the necessary research, strategy, themes and timing of the planned activities. I wanted to be sure the money Hill had authorized was spent effectively.

Next, consistent with our usual policy, I researched the impact of green on society. The future always holds within it something of the past and present. I wanted to know the values embraced in the color green. Green had psychological, health and asethetic values. Green was “the color of spring, an emblem of hope, victory and plenty,” “the springtime of life and recuperation”; it suggested calm, peace and serenity. Many universities used green as their school color; graduate students in physical education and pharmacy wore jade-green hoods. A statistical analysis disclosed that green was featured in 5 per cent to 50 per cent of the current lines of the great French fashion houses; the average was almost 20 per cent, an encouraging base on which to build. I also studied the part played by fashion magazines, socialites, top dress houses and manufacturers, newspapers and women’s magazines in influencing the popular colors in the country.

Soon we were at work on two continents, making contact with a variety of social and economic groups.

First I talked to Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, a friend, chairman of the Women’s Infirmary of New York, wife of the former chairman of the National City Bank. Mrs. Vanderlip’s imaginative fund-raising efforts kept this voluntary hospital going. I suggested that a Green Ball be held in November under the Infirmary’s auspices for the hospital’s benefit. I explained that a nameless sponsor would defray the costs up to $25,000; our client would donate our services to promote the ball; the color green would be the ball’s motif and the obligatory color of all the gowns worn at the ball.

I added, “I can assure you the cause is not Paris green, a poison.”

I now approached Philip Vogelman, the enterprising president of the Onondaga Silk Company, and suggested his firm become the spearhead for color leadership in the United States. He listened to the program I outlined, and then agreed to bet on green. This was somewhat of a speculation on his part, but not financially, because green would have been in his line anyway. He was risking at most a wrong prediction. If he lost, it would not hurt

much; such miscalculation was a part of the textile business. But if he was right—with our help—it would raise him to leadership.

Vogelman gave a “Green Fashions Fall” luncheon that spring for fashion editors and fashion trades at the Waldorf-Astoria to induce these industries to follow his lead in picking green and to stimulate public acceptance of the color. We printed the menus on green paper and served green food—green beans, asparagus-tip salad, pistachio mousse glacé, green mints and crème de menthe. Joseph Cummings Chase, a portrait painter and the head of Hunter College’s Art Department, discussed green in the work of great artists; Dr. Joseph Jastrow, the psychologist, discussed the psychological implications of green.

I had wondered at the alacrity with which scientists, academicians and professional men participated in events of this kind. I learned they welcomed the opportunity to discuss their favorite subject and enjoyed the resultant publicity. In an age of communication their own effectiveness often depended on public visibility.

Widespread publicity followed the lunch. The New York *Sun* headlined its story, “It Looks Like a Green Winter”; the New York *Post* stressed a “Green Autumn.” One press service reported “Fall fashions stalking the forests for their color note, picking green as the modish fall wear.”

Vogelman invited buyers to a showing of his new green fall silks. We supplied Onondaga with green letterheads and green sheets for press releases and organized a Color Fashion Bureau, which sent authentic fashion data from New York and Paris to editors of feature and women’s pages. It alerted the fashion field to green’s leadership in the whole women’s clothing and accessories area. The bureau also promoted green in interior decoration. Nothing stands by itself. There is an interrelationship between the elements of fashion. House décors affect dress colors; if green dresses clashed with prevailing décors, women might not wear them. Costume accessories need to match the basic fabrics. In May, 1,500 letters on the dominance of green were sent to interior decorators, home-furnishings buyers, art-in-industry groups and clubwomen; 5,000 announcements were sent to department stores and merchandise managers.

Throughout the summer the bureau maintained its barrage. We were encouraged to note that green pencils and green writing paper followed the accelerating trend to that color. Without our nudging, other firms got on the green bandwagon. Peggy Sage announced a new emerald nail polish to be

worn with green costumes; Lilly Daché designed a special green hat; Prosper McCallum introduced green stockings. McGibbon & Company arranged a green window display in their Fifth Avenue shop. The woman's-page editor of a Philadelphia newspaper wrote: "Let me know what you are plugging. It is so adroit that even I, hard-boiled old she-dragon, can't detect it. If, as I suspect, it is glazed chintz, I will add a description with place to buy, including prices. I have a lot of respect for the clever copywriter who is responsible for such readable material, and I am quite willing to play along in a helpful way." Our effort to make green the fashion color sold chintz as an unanticipated corollary.

Onondaga didn't make chintz, and I never asked them how much green silk they sold. That was of less concern to them than their style leadership. The retail buyer, who purchases his material from the manufacturer long before the consumer does, bets on the public acceptance of a color or weave when he buys. If he believes a manufacturer is right about future consumer demand, he is more likely to patronize him. Thousands now asked to be put on the Onondaga bulletin mailing list. Department stores, theatrical producers, radio fashion commentators, art editors, pattern companies and trade papers added to the spreading enthusiasm for green. The praise of green in newspapers rose in a crescendo through the summer.

An Infirmary Green Ball Committee of prominent social leaders sold Green Ball tickets. At Mrs. Vanderlip's request an invitation committee—Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Walter Chrysler, Mrs. Irving Berlin and Mrs. Averell Harriman—invited the patronesses. The ball committee held a series of luncheons with representatives of the accessory trades to encourage them to make available green accessories for the green gowns the ball guests would wear. At my suggestion the committee started a news bulletin of its own about the ball. Emphasis by repetition gains acceptance for an idea, particularly if the repetition comes from different sources.

In 1934 high fashion in the United States still needed Paris backing. At my suggestion Mrs. Vanderlip sailed for France. We wanted the *haute couture* of Paris to supply the green dresses that would be modeled by American society women in the fashion show at the ball. We also wanted official approval and support of the Beaux Arts department of the French Government for our tableaux, based on the Barbizon paintings I had admired on my last visit to France.

In Paris our publicity woman arranged a tea for Mrs. Vanderlip. Forty French fashion VIPs—top figures at Worth, Lelong, Callot, Patou, Chanel and other members of the *haute couture*, plus Marian Taylor of *Vogue* and Carmel Snow of *Harper's Bazaar*—attended and agreed to support the campaign. The *haute couture* people and the French Government agreed to co-operate. The *haute couture* was dependent economically on the purchasing power and good will of American women. Because of her husband's standing, Mrs. Vanderlip was recognized by the French as a formidable spokesman for the American women, their customers. The French Government, too, acted in recognition of the place luxury goods occupied in their international trade.

Next, the committee engaged a consultant to handle the mechanics of the ball. Debutantes flocked to her call; society editors followed her lead. As early as August the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a full page headlined "Charity Benefit to Stress Fashion Importance of Green" showing pictures of the costumes to be worn and the paintings that inspired them. Newspaper interest mounted. Meanwhile, we trod gingerly through the political mazes of the American fashion world. Experts had advised us to await the return of Edwin Goodman, of Bergdorf Goodman, from a trip abroad before we approached other New York high-fashion houses for co-operation. If he played along, they would too. We waited; Goodman liked the idea, and his competitors came along, as predicted.

In September, Altman's Fifth Avenue windows were filled with green dresses and suits. Women's magazines were featuring green fashions on their covers. The November issue of *Vogue* carried two pages of sketches of the green dresses to be brought from Paris to New York. We knew now that green had arrived.

The unsuspecting opposition gave us a boost: The November magazine advertisements for Camel cigarettes showed a girl wearing a green dress with red trimmings, the colors of the Lucky Strike package. The advertising agency had chosen green because it was now the fashionable color.

As the ball's date approached, the green publicity moved ahead on its own momentum. Editors were now asking the ball committee for dress photographs and descriptions. The dress rehearsals for the event aroused sufficient interest for Hearst Metrotone and Universal News-reel to film them and run them through the country.

I did not attend the ball itself. I seldom went to events I planned. If the plans worked out, I was delighted; if not, I could do little at the scene of action. Happily, the ball was a great success, from the social and fashion viewpoint, and it firmly established green's predominance.

I don't recall bothering to check Hill's reaction; the color green was so omnipresent that he could not escape it. I was not looking for praise. Only once in a relationship of eight years did he indicate to me that he was pleased with my work. On that occasion it was Paul Hahn, his assistant, who wrote to me that Hill liked an idea I had submitted to him. I have found over many years that satisfaction is usually inherent in a re-engagement from year to year. The fact is that the professional engaged in a specialized activity is usually the best judge of the effectiveness of his activity.

Early in my career I had learned from William H. Ingersoll, of the then famed dollar-watch family, that executives are afraid to praise their co-workers. It's too expensive. "Praise means a raise," he once said to me. "I never praise."

Much later I learned of two amusing incidents connected with the Green Ball. The Waldorf, responding to the green fashion trend, had on its own initiative changed the blue stars in the Starlight Roof to green; and the ball consultant was observed passing out Lucky Strikes to her debutante participants. On other occasions and on this one, she was on American Tobacco's payroll. Hill had engaged her services for the ball without telling us about it or giving her the background information about its purpose. He just wanted to be sure that Lucky Strikes were there for the debutantes and their kin.

As a follow-up on the ball we now held "The Green Exhibition, A Loan Exhibition of Paintings" for the benefit of the Heckscher Foundation at the Reinhardt Galleries. After the exhibition, which reaped publicity in art and social sections of newspapers, we gave away "happy-go-Lucky favors"—little colored paper dolls dressed in green—with tins of fifty cigarettes. The term "happy-go-lucky" had an appeal when Americans were depressed by their economic status.

Having succeeded in matching fashion's green with Luckies' package, Hill now thought the time was ripe to go after the women's market with a billboard campaign. He showed me a colored poster design featuring a picture of a woman offering a package of Luckies to two men. Up to then

the idea of displaying pictures of women smoking had been too radical a departure from the mores, even for Hill.

“What do you think of it?” he asked.

“It makes me feel queasy,” I said. “I think a psychoanalyst could help us analyze its impact. Let me go to Dr. A. A. Brill again and get his advice.”

“O.K.,” said Hill.

I took the layout to Dr. Brill. Instantly he pointed out that three people in the picture created a conflict in the mind of the observer. “No observer can identify himself with anyone in the illustration,” he explained. “Two people should appear, one man and one woman. That is life. Nor should a woman offer two men a package of cigarettes. The cigarette is a phallic symbol, to be offered by a man to a woman. Every normal man or woman can identify with such a message.”

Brill’s lightning interpretation was, I thought, a brilliant piece of psychoanalytic thinking. The use of psychoanalysis as the basis of advertising is common today, but I believe this may have been the first instance of its application to advertising.

Hill’s main life interest was Luckies, but he watched his other products. One of these was Cremos, a machine-made cigar manufactured by a subsidiary, the American Cigar Company. Earlier, cigar factory workers had rolled the tobacco by hand, twirled the end of the finished cigar between their lips and moistened it to shape it. The new machine process used by Cremos eliminated this unsanitary practice. Hill called me in to see what we could do to augment the impact of the slogan “Spit is a horrid word, but it’s worse at the end of a cigar.” (This slogan sounded as though Hill himself had originated it.)

I sought for some way to link public interest in a new sanitary method of cigar manufacture with the private interest of American Cigar in selling more Cremos. I remembered that Charles Dickens, in his notes on American travel, had complained of the nasty American habit of spitting in public, a practice that was still prevalent despite antispitting ordinances. Spitting was a menace to health, since saliva could transmit tuberculosis and other diseases. I decided to draw the public’s attention directly to the dangers of spitting and indirectly to the health-safety factor in Cremos cigars.

I hired my good friend Emanuel Lavine, an able police reporter. He used his free time to call on health commissioners in the communities around

New York as a representative of the company and urge them to enforce the ordinances against spitting. In Elizabeth and Passaic, New Jersey, we supplied, free of charge, 30,000 antispit warning notices to the authorities for distribution. Police action against offenders followed up this posting. Newspaper publicity on the success of the antispitting campaign followed. Hill's advertising campaign for Cremos then appeared in a new climate of public opinion against spitting. The cigars moved from the cigar-store shelves.

By 1934 the cumulative effects of the Depression had left Americans with the jitters, which fostered the spread of rumors. That year I recall fighting five false rumors damaging to the American Tobacco Company. Gordon Allport of Harvard University had not yet written his *Psychology of Rumor*, but I had had enough experience in dealing with false rumors to have some knowledge of how to cope with them. I knew, for instance, that psychologically or economically insecure people who feel themselves victims of injustice spread rumors. A rumor spread by an individual about what a company has done to members of his ethnic group strengthens his adherence to that group and at the same time allows him to vent his frustrations and aggressions on his imagined adversary.

We never knew when or where a rumor dangerous to the company might crop up, how fast and how far it might travel, or how adverse might be its effect. One false rumor, feeding on the prevalent fear of unemployment, stated that Lucky Strike had discharged all its salesmen. We dispelled this (without ever referring to it) by publicizing facts and figures on the large number of salesmen then working for American Tobacco. Another false rumor stated that Lucky Strike had discharged all its Jewish employees. Possibly this was a reaction against Nazis. Sales dropped off in Jewish neighborhoods. We asked an independent, authoritative Jewish voluntary group to make a study of the company personnel to show the rumor was baseless. We sent a staff member to Jewish associations throughout the country to show the result of this study. Finally, the American Jewish Congress, in a news release, proclaimed the American Tobacco Company fair in its personnel practices.

A corollary of the anti-Semitic slander was the false rumor that some of the ingredients in Luckies were imported from Nazi Germany. In this case we publicized Luckies' ingredients and where they came from—never mentioning the rumor. The company was also rumored to have discharged

its employees of Italian background, a reflection of the insecurity of that group. Through the Italian-American press we publicized the fact that Vincent Riggio, vice-president, was of Italian background, and the rumor subsided.

The false rumor most difficult to meet was that American Tobacco factory employees had leprosy and that Luckies were dangerous to smoke. We thought this rumor might have been started by the competition's salesmen, made desperate by the Depression and the success of Luckies. We finally traced the origin of the rumor to a taxi stand on West 42nd Street, where our investigator boarded a cab and offered the driver a Lucky Strike. The cabby said he didn't smoke, then he asked if our man had heard the story about Lucky Strikes-four girls in the Lucky Strike factory had leprosy.

Taxi drivers primed with misinformation had passed the story on to their fares to points all over the city, and they in turn had passed it on to their friends and acquaintances.

Asked where he had heard the rumor, the taxi driver said he had heard it from the men who worked in the company garage. Pressed, he said the garage men had heard the rumor over the radio.

"On what station?" our investigator asked.

"I don't know," the driver replied.

"Do you know where the factory is at which the girls were discovered?"

"No, I don't know."

"How prevalent is the rumor?"

"Oh, all the cabbies know about it," the driver said. "I just had an argument with a man who didn't believe it. I took him to a storekeeper at the ferry who had destroyed two cartons of Luckies and refused to sell any more."

"Do you really believe the story?"

"You never know what to believe," the driver said. And then he added that this was a case where the health officials couldn't be bought.

We faced a difficult situation. Denial would fan the flames of the false rumor. Finally, I suggested that the health commissioner of the Southern city where Lucky Strikes were made give an award to the American Tobacco Company for the scrupulous cleanliness of its factory. We had the factory manager go to the commissioner with the story and make the suggestion, which the commissioner was glad to act on in the public interest. We publicized the citation, and the slander stopped.

American Tobacco wasn't the only tobacco company that was victim of false rumors that year. Liggett & Myers was accused of supporting the Nazi anti-Semitic campaign. The rumor mongers also claimed that Samuel Untermyer, the distinguished lawyer, was said to have attacked Chesterfields on the radio. Liggett & Myers promptly circulated Samuel Untermyer's statement that the rumor was baseless. Photostats of letters exchanged between C. W. Thoms, the president of Liggett & Myers, and Mr. Untermyer attested to this, and these were circulated.

In an effort to stop the baseless accusations that were undermining the economy, I prepared a memorandum to be submitted by the American Tobacco Company to the Secretary of Commerce, suggesting he call a conference to seek ways to deflate rumors. But Mr. Hill did nothing about it, and we continued to fight individual rumors as they cropped up.

The cultural time lag in our institutions is due in great part to the men who dominate them, who do not change with the needs of the times. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, was a dramatic example of such a man. The rugged individualism of the frontier of the 1880s and '90s dominated his actions. Frederick Jackson Turner, in *The Frontier in American History*, might have been describing Hill when he described the frontier man—"coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and acquisitiveness," "a practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients," "a restless, nervous energy." Van Wyck Brooks, in his *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, refers to the pioneer as having "an uncritical and uncalculating temper," "a large, loose desire for an expansive and expensive all-around life," "a native worship of success and prestige."

American corporate management has undergone revolutionary changes and become more democratized since my experiences with Hill, from 1927 to 1935. Absolute power such as Hill exercised has been watered down, tempered by many forces. Perhaps the most stringent force in effecting change was the revulsion of the American people against big-businessmen during the Depression. The treatment of the businessman, from godhead symbol to whipping boy, was a shocking experience to many men who, like Hill, had been brought up to live in self-contained power.

Newspapers which had had only praise for them now criticized them. Even the number-one tycoon, J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, was called to appear before a Congressional hearing and was questioned by

Congressmen. The head of the Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, brother of a Morgan partner, was sent to prison for his misdeeds. These were unheard-of happenings for hitherto respected tycoons. The New Deal put new laws on the statute books tightening controls on business. The Securities and Exchange Commission opened up to the public shenanigans of finance capitalism. It was unheard of to make it mandatory for a company official to register publicly the amount of his corporation's stock he had bought or sold. Now this was done. The Federal Trade Commission published cease-and-desist orders and poked its nose into advertising and labeling situations management had taken for granted formerly. The Justice Department instituted antitrust actions whenever the Department felt they served the public interest. Harvard and other universities began to teach in their graduate schools of business that business was a profession, that there were obligations other than making a profit—business owed a responsibility to the public. The graduates of these universities brought knowledge of the social sciences to business and applied it to the human problems of industry.

For a decade business lost influence. When it regained it, its ways had been modified. Many industrialists recognized only painfully that people played a more powerful role in their lives than they had ever imagined possible.

With the new climate came new goals and attitudes of the businessman. The corporation executive, knowing his chance of becoming an owner or large stockholder in his business was slim because the corporations were getting so large, sought stability and the assurance that, at age 60 or 65, he would retire happily to his pension, holding the esteem of his fellow men. He studiously avoided offending stockholders or consumers; he moved more slowly. Whenever possible he followed precedent. In recent years, when I presented a new idea to businessmen, I was asked the question, "What is the precedent for your recommendation?"

Hill was a freewheeler. I doubt whether a serious business committee today would permit me to retain a psychoanalyst to evaluate billboards, parade women on Fifth Avenue lighting cigarettes as symbolic torches of freedom, or authorize me to plan and organize a Green Ball. These ideas would be regarded as far out, remote and risky. Or if by chance they were accepted, they would be so diluted by the time they got into the works that they would be worn thin and possibly ineffective.

Today’s corporate leadership is essentially conformist; it prefers to play safe and remain in power. But in the present world situation American business needs dynamic, imaginative, individual leadership. Business needs to recapture some of the spirit of pioneering, adventure and initiative that Hill exemplified, but it must be tempered by social responsibility, which Hill did not have.

chapter 29

RAMIFICATIONS IN OIL

Fifteen years after kenesaw Landis' decision to break the great Standard Oil Company into separate units, I was called on by one of these units, now independent, the Vacuum Oil Company. It wanted public support for a merger proposed with another one of the split-up units, the Standard Oil Company of New York. Vacuum manufactured Vacuum oil.

I was plunged into the committee system of management, retained from its Standard Oil Company days. I do not believe ten minds jointly arrive at a sounder conclusion than they do individually. In this case one veto held up a decision until the next meeting. Consensus instead of majority rule prevailed. Maybe John D. Sr., in the original company, wanted his final veto on everything and the practice continued. For hours at these meetings I listened to interminable discussion, to find that one objection tabled a topic until next meeting. Action was slow.

Eben Griffith, a restrained man who showed the wear and tear of the committee system in his bland indecision, presided at our meetings. George Walker, a tall, charming, handsome man, with black hair tinged with gray, was his immediate subordinate. His job as aide-de-camp to General John T. Pershing at A.E.F. staff headquarters in Europe earned him his post at Vacuum. He was well dressed, groomed and mannered. A man, I learned, advances in business through his personal appearance, as a woman does on the stage. Walker was in a class with Warren G. Harding, Paul V. McNutt and Edward R. Stettinius.

We directed our effort to the newspapers of the country, pointing out the rationale for the merger in the public interest. We prepared and sent them public-opinion briefs. Editorials appeared favoring the merger of the two companies.

The court finally ruled that Vacuum and Standard Oil of New York could combine. The arguments we had used in our public-opinion briefs

were used in the court decision. This may have been a coincidence, for there were only a limited number of arguments in favor. Or it may not. A climate of opinion helps make court opinions. The law reflects changing times and customs.

Vacuum had another problem. Its oil was man-made. Pennsylvania crude-oil producers advertised that their oils were found in nature; they were not fabricated, and therefore they were better. This fallacious advertising was accepted by buyers and made inroads on Vacuum's markets. Chemically there was no difference except that Vacuum oil was purer. I went to Lewis Haney, who was financial columnist for the New York *American* and head of New York University's Bureau of Business Research, and we retained the bureau to find out from scientists if oils could be made as good as the natural product. Judgments were confirmatory, and the results were publicized widely. *Editor & Publisher* attacked what I had done as propaganda, which it was—true propaganda.

We worked on Vacuum's radio commercials and dramatized ideas of interest to consumer groups. The anniversary of Watt's invention of the steam engine became a day of tribute to him by Vacuum, and we broadcast messages from presidents of railroads honoring Watt.

Vacuum supplied free oil, technical advice and publicity to the early pioneering airplane flights. If flying succeeded, Vacuum would benefit from the associations it had established. The use of Vacuum fuel in successful flights could be publicized, and Vacuum presumably would gain favor with an increasing number of automobile consumers of oil, who would transfer to their own automobiles the kudos Vacuum had won for itself in the air.

I worked with early aviation pioneers, notably Captain Kingsford-Smith, who made the first non-stop flight from England to Canada, and with Dr. Hugo Eckener and his lighter-than-air craft, the Dornier DOX, which he flew from Switzerland to Portugal, then to Brazil and finally to its Lakehurst hangar in New Jersey and to New York. The night Kingsford-Smith was due to land in the United States, I kept in touch with him through the short-wave receiving set at The New York *Times* office. When I got there he was reported somewhere over Newfoundland. But the northern magnetic field was too powerful for his instruments to maintain contact with the land for his direction. At first we heard his loud signals, then only a buzz. For hours he flew round and round without knowing where he was. The operator and I waited nervously, for the noise stopped. This could mean

that he had cracked up. But when I left after midnight he was still flying. In the morning I learned that he had been able to make a landing somewhere in Maritime Canada just before his gasoline gave out. Although he failed to reach his original destination, New York, and arrived there by train, his flight confirmed that flights across the Atlantic Ocean east to west were possible, and it accelerated the advance of transatlantic air travel.

The DOX flight to this country illustrated contemporary flying hazards. Replacements for defective machinery could be delivered only by conventional means of transportation. When the DOX broke down after its successful flight from Europe to Brazil, the crew had to wait for weeks while replacement parts were brought by slow boat from Europe. The American public was excited about the DOX because it was built along the lines of the famous Graf Zeppelin. After many weeks of delay the DOX arrived at Lakehurst, and I arranged a flight over New York for newspaper people. At the insistence of the company attorneys all guests signed a document releasing Vacuum and the flight entrepreneurs from responsibility.

International trade was not of national concern in 1926, as it is today. Few American firms had foreign subsidiaries. But Vacuum Oil had subsidiaries in many parts of the world, usually separate companies incorporated in the foreign country, with Americans and foreign nationals on their boards.

VIPs from foreign countries in which Vacuum had a subsidiary occasionally came to the United States. Vacuum asked me to organize an itinerary for Claude Mackay, publisher of an influential Australian newspaper. He was accompanied by Beryl Mills, winner of a Miss Australia beauty contest conducted by his paper. We organized a Committee of Welcome to Distinguished Australians Visiting the United States. We went through the VIP New York routine—a visit to the Mayor, luncheon with Adolph Ochs at the New York *Times*, and then Niagara Falls and Washington. Then Miss Mills wanted to enter the Atlantic City bathing-beauty contest. I advised against it to preserve Miss Mills as a symbol of middle-class, reserved Australian girlhood. Fortunately, Miss Mills was agreeable, and the company’s reputation remained untarnished. The Standard Oil Company’s response to public opinion had changed from the days before John D. Sr. started giving away dimes and then millions.

chapter 30

KEEPING THE AUTO INDUSTRY ROLLING

Detroit was manic in the late Twenties. Our economy was booming. Better roads, more repair shops and filling stations had created an accelerated market for automobiles. When I was a boy a man who drove a car had to be a skilled mechanic, but by 1927 cars had so improved that millions of Americans were behind the wheel. Steel, rubber and people poured into Detroit, and automobiles rolled out.

The industry had shaken down since 1911, when 150 motor companies had fought for public favor. Now only a few companies competed in the market. Ford, Chrysler, the Dodges, Sloan, Nash and the Fisher brothers headed the companies they had founded. Sizable mergers were imminent. Meanwhile, automobile stocks advanced phenomenally.

Auto tycoons built huge manorial palaces at Grosse Pointe, a kind of Newport in Michigan, and bought expensive jewelry and art to announce their social arrival. General sales managers of the motor manufacturers behaved like Napoleons—and were treated with corresponding deference. Advertising managers, who disposed of huge sums of money, were idolized by newspapers and magazines eager for revenue. Ford's revolutionary $5-a-day pay as long ago as 1914 had made the auto worker's wages the best in industry.

The automobile affected almost everybody in the Twenties. As a single industry, cars occupied a place in the national economy and in the mass consciousness that is not matched today. You would have to add together the appeal of the jet plane, electronics and color TV to approach the motorcar impact.

When George Harrison Phelps telephoned me from Detroit in 1927 I had only the haziest ideas about the motor industry. He was president of

George Harrison Phelps, Inc., advertising agency, and he handled the account of the popular Dodge cars. He wanted me to name a new six-cylinder car the Dodge brothers were about to bring out, a car with a unit steel body and a low center of gravity. What would a list of suggested names cost? He would take care of my fee. I told him I would be in touch with him.

I telephoned an old friend, Frank Irving Fletcher, a nationally known, facile copywriter. Fletcher's reputation rested in part on his self-assurance. At a morning conference Franklin Simon, one of his clients, had stumbled over a word in a proposed advertisement submitted by Fletcher. "Take out the word," said Simon. "Leave it in," countered Fletcher. "Your reaction shows it's good." Simon left the word in.

"A new car needs a name," I told Fletcher. "Do you think you can help? The engineers have made a six that should sweep the market," I said.

I explained about the unit steel body and the center of gravity to Fletcher. "The name should signify stability, power, dignity, status. What will your recommendations cost?"

Fletcher said, "Fifteen thousand for research and submission of names."

This wasn't a staggering sum. The copywriter was then the big man in the advertising agencies. Business believed that word magic could solve any sales problem. Besides, automobile and other stocks were rising on the market at a phenomenal rate, and $15,000 was peanuts in the motor industry.

An old New England place name already had supplied the industry with Plymouth; explorers gave it the Cadillac, LaSalle, Hudson and DeSoto; *Burke's Peerage* had given us the Essex; the Indians had given us the Pontiac; and great Americans had been honored by the Franklin company and the Lincoln car. I wondered what Fletcher would come up with.

In a few weeks Fletcher produced a beautiful tan presentation folder, tied with red silk ribbon, containing hundreds of names. He suggested Lexington and Concord from his New England *Post Office Register;* a long new list of French, English, Spanish and Italian explorers, from Cartier to Verrazano; distinguished British family names—Devon, Argyll and Worcester—from *Burke's Peerage;* and some great Americans not yet honored by the motorcar—Grant, Madison and Jefferson.

I sent the list on to Phelps. The next day Fletcher wrote me that he had had an afterthought—"Beau-Brooke." He characterized this as quiet,

emphatic, easy to pronounce and not easy to forget. “It’s a ten strike,” he said, “and I hope it appeals to Dodge as much as it appeals to me.”

I was not surprised when they chose a name that Fletcher had not mentioned, the Victory Six (1928 was the tenth anniversary of the ending of World War I). Dodge had spent $15,000, but they prided themselves on having found a better name than any presented by the most successful word merchant of his time.

A few weeks after my first contact with Phelps I visited Detroit to arrange for a contract with him. When I arrived at the Book-Cadillac Hotel after an overnight train ride I was astounded to see men milling around and luggage heaped up in the center of the lobby. About thirty incoming guests were queued up at the reservation desk waiting to be assigned to their rooms. I thought some large convention must have brought these men together at the same time and place. When I asked the lobby cigar salesman what the occasion was, he shrugged. “Just people from all over coming to Detroit to buy and sell,” he explained. “Dealers, wholesalers and manufacturers of flower holders and machinery. The car industry needs everything.”

On the taxi ride to see Phelps I noticed several Victorian mansions converted to business buildings—this was the trend in some Midwestern cities in the Twenties. As towns became industrialized, owners of the mansions in the center of town moved to the suburbs and built new palatial residences, creating what sociologists called interstitial areas in the city. Phelps had bought one of these mansions and converted it into offices for his agency.

Phelps’s private office was two floors high, with a huge fireplace on one side and an organ balcony on the other. Brightly colored Oriental rugs hung over the railing; other rugs were scattered on the floor. At one end of the room Phelps sat on a high-backed Italian antique chair behind a huge fifteenth-century Italian refectory table. He stood up to greet me and put out his hand warmly.

“Don’t call me Mister,” he started off. “I’m George. We’re going to work closely together. I’ll call you Ed.”

Phelps made the greeting seem natural and pleasant. He was rather tall, loosely hung, and wore well-fitting clothes. He had the bland, smiling expression of a friendly salesman and seemed an anachronism in these surroundings. “I live a dog-eat-dog existence in Detroit,” he said, “not an

unsuccessful one, I might add. I'm head of a profitable agency. We have good accounts—big ones like Dodge Brothers, Montgomery Ward, Frank Stearns and Company, a pharmaceutical house, and others. In fact, my annual billings exceed ten million dollars a year. We're one of the largest advertising agencies in the U.S., with branches in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, London and Paris. And we do publicity too. But in this business we're always on some brink or other. The big boss meets an advertising executive of another agency on the golf course. That may mean hell to pay with an account I have served effectively for years and put my heart's blood and my organization's heart blood into. A hole-in-one by my competitor's new business-getter may impress a tycoon so much that we lose the account and four per cent profit on a million-dollar account. It's hair-raising, always walking on a tightrope. In fact, that's the reason I asked you here.

"We've had Dodge Brothers for years," Phelps continued. "A sweet relationship all the time. Then Dillon Read and Company, the New York bankers, buy the company, take it over. Accounts are always shaky, but under new ownership more so. And under bankers' control it's worse. Bankers know about money; they know nothing about merchandising and advertising. One of the Dillon Read partners is Wilmer, the new president of Dodge Brothers. I really don't know him well. We've got to impress him. We want to keep that account. That's why you're here. Do you get it?"

I said I did.

"We want to safeguard our largest account, Dodge, over one million a year. You're our insurance policy. Will you work with us? And know this," he added. "We're paying you out of our commissions. We're your client, not the Dodge Brothers."

That evening, after a day's work with Phelps, I looked forward to a good night's rest; the lobby was still whirring with the tense excitement of the morning. So were the halls on my floor. Wide-open doors revealed gay drinking parties in many of the rooms. Women ducked from one room to another as though they were afraid some pleasure might escape them if they stopped moving. The ruckus on both sides of me kept me awake all night.

Our three-year relationship ultimately changed Phelps's life. George Harrison Phelps was, like myself, a Cornell University graduate. He had established the first car agency in Worcester for Buick, had managed the Boston and New York offices of the Studebaker Corporation, and had later

become advertising director for Dodge. When he organized his own advertising agency, the Dodge account went to him.

George had buttressed his business with four brain trusters who complemented one another and him. They were men dedicated to the Phelps agency. Bill Laurie, his brother-in-law, was general manager. Henry Koch was a hard-driving detail man, a necessary part of the demanding advertising buisness, where a misplaced comma, period or even a semicolon makes a difference. Maxwell Pitkin, a young writer, could brilliantly apply words to soap, automobiles or drugs; and Percy Atkinson, his associate, was a cynical writer who also used words as a master craftsman.

Phelps turned over to me the assignment of launching the new Dodge Victory Six.

"The first showing of a new kind of automobile," writes Frederick Lewis Allen in *Only Yesterday*, "was no matter of merely casual or commercial interest. It was one of the great events of 1927, not as thrilling as Lindbergh's flight but rivaling the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Hall-Mills murder trial, the Mississippi flood and the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago in capacity to arouse public excitement."

The Victory's debut, scheduled for January 4, 1928, came less than a month after the first showing of Ford's Model A, which was already stirring up general excitement in the early fall. We knew the Ford debut would be a big competitive event. To top it we would have to put on a show that, in the words of Walter Lippmann, would "jut out of the routine of circumstance."

Ford did indeed launch the Model A with great *éclat:* full-page advertisements for five successive days which ran in approximately 2,000 daily newspapers at a cost of $1,300,000. The New York *Tribune* estimated that on the first day a million people tried to get into the company's New York showrooms. In September, of course, we did not know this. But I was convinced the debut of the Dodge could engender great interest if we used radio as the basic advertising medium rather than newspapers. Radio still had an aura of the miraculous, of novelty, of excitement about it. But first, I told Phelps, we should try to develop a favorable climate of opinion in advance for the new car.

"What's a climate of opinion?" he asked.

After I explained, he was willing for me to proceed. I found a prominent engineer and a health official who wrote letters to people in each field expressing, in general terms, support for the engineering and safety

principles the car embodied and asking confirmation of their confrères. Two symposia resulted and accounts were published in newspapers under such headlines as “Safety engineers urge building of motor cars with low center of gravity to ensure safety” and “Health commissioners urge motor cars built of steel to bring safety.”

Widespread discussion throughout the country now created public interest in an automobile that met these standards. I suggested to Phelps other ideas for promotion of the new car—that leading decorators design Dodge interiors, that artists like Harrison Fisher work out color schemes for the bodies.

Doris suggested that Dodge publish a house organ called *Performance* to keep Dodge owners continuously sold on their cars. Getting Dodge to accept such ideas was more difficult than thinking of them. But years later other manufacturers adopted some of these suggestions.

I now worked on the launching of the Victory Six. Advertisers had not yet used a network of radio stations for a commercial broadcast; only local stations. Businessmen preferred the older proven media, newspapers and magazines. The National Broadcasting Company was a year old in 1927, and the Columbia Broadcasting Company, which I was later to advise, had not yet been organized.

I recommended a program of voices of famous stage stars and a name band.

I suggested Will Rogers for master of ceremonies, E. G. Wilmer, the new president of Dodge, to describe the Victory Six and ask his listeners to visit their nearest Dodge showroom. I believed sandwiching Wilmer between the stars would give him a tremendous audience.

I contacted most big names in movies, among them Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Emil Jannings, Adolphe Menjou, Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Ramon Navarro, Tom Mix; also Walter Damrosch of the New York Philharmonic Symphony and the famous announcer, Graham McNamee.

The fees asked for individual talent were small—Paul Whiteman and his band for an hour, $5,000; Robert Benchley, $500; Al Jolson, $5,000; Laurette Taylor, $1,000.

Assembling the show was like working on a giant jigsaw puzzle. Dodge wanted to broadcast the show from different cities, which meant that we had to co-ordinate the individual station’s available time with the stars. NBC did

not have the requisite coverage and had to negotiate for time with some stations directly. In some cases we asked advertisers to give up their time periods for our program. The Ipana Company turned over their half hour on 21 stations to us for $3,089 and a credit line. Maxwell House coffee yielded its famous “Coffee Hour” to us. Our news release on these courtesy gestures was used by the trade press and favorably commented on.

We prevailed on the National Broadcasting Company to introduce a new idea—advance announcements of a forthcoming show. This had been frowned on previously for reasons unknown to me. We suggested the move, hoping we would encourage a few more radio stations to take the program, and several stations did come in as a result of this advance publicity.

When the program was finally set, the press agents of participating stars tried to make it appear that the success of the show hinged on their particular client. At first I worried about the crossfire of releases but finally decided to let Hollywood flacks battle out the distribution of credit without interference.

In preparation for the big night we burned up the long-distance telephone lines to ensure that the stars would be where we wanted them to be for the broadcast. Will Rogers was traveling in Mexico with President Coolidge and Ambassador Dwight Morrow. Paul Whiteman had band contracts in the Midwest which he abrogated for the broadcast. We dispatched emissaries to Al Jolson, who preferred to broadcast from a California location instead of New Orleans. He finally consented to go to New Orleans because we had already invested several thousand dollars to make the hookup possible. (Naturally we publicized his acquiescence to arouse advance interest in the broadcast.) We asked Lloyds of London if they would insure us against possible losses from SOS signals that might interrupt the program. At the time, if distress signals were broadcast at sea, broadcasting on land was halted. The inquiry was publicized. Fortunately, good weather prevailed and no distress signals interrupted the program.

Will Rogers opened the program in Hollywood. In New York, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra played Gershwin’s *Rhapsody in Blue* and other numbers, and Fred and Dorothy Stone, in Chicago, sang hits from their musical-comedy successes. E. G. Wilmer, in a short talk, announced the new Victory Six from Detroit. Al Jolson, in New Orleans, sang “Mammy” and other selections, and Will Rogers signed off from Hollywood. The show cost a little more than $60,000, a fraction of Ford’s newspaper

advertisements or one of today's spectaculars. It was a significant sum for radio then and it made a terrific stir. According to trade estimates, 35 million people listened. The next day crowds stormed Dodge showrooms across the country. The expenditure of over $1,000 a minute seemed a pittance.

The New York *Times* reported the broadcast on its front page. I sent a story to *Variety* and *Billboard*. "The spectacular event has demonstrated to large industries how they may harness the box office power of the stage stars to draw attention to commercial products and ideas," I wrote. "Big business in the immediate future will be glad to pay handsomely for such attractions as may justify the expenditure through definite results." This did happen later.

Reaching the American public by electronic communication is commonplace today. We had no concept then of the potentialities of radio, let alone television—an argument for letting imagination roam more boldly into the future than reason dictates.

An unanticipated incident on the program became a topic for conversation for weeks afterward. Al Jolson, in a monologue, said that Clara Bow, the "It" girl, lay catty-cornered in a bed. Millions of listeners were offended. Newspaper editorials excoriated Jolson, but little of the adverse opinion rubbed off on Dodge.

The impact of the Dodge Victory Hour convinced me radio was a powerful advertising force, but I did not know to what extent others agreed. At my suggestion, Myron Blumenthal's Universal Trade Press Syndicate asked 500 experts—heads of large advertising agencies, editors of general magazines and presidents of business and financial firms—whether they thought radio was an effective advertising medium. I thought this study would be valuable to the business community and would incidentally associate me with the most successful sponsored broadcast held thus far. Of 99 responses, only 25 per cent of the advertising-agency respondents answered an unqualified yes. The other 75 per cent were doubtful or admitted they lacked the experience to answer. Half of the editors of general magazines gave their unqualified yes.

Only one expert foresaw the political impact of radio. And yet within a few years radio was being used extensively to further sound political goals—by Roosevelt—and antisocial goals—by Hitler and Mussolini.

This survey emphasizes the lack of prescience of experts about the future. Experts, regardless of the field, are usually older men whose judgments are formed early in life. Experts stops where their experience stops. After their recognition as experts, they often carry on a repeat pattern. These men were, after all, members of a generation that had matured before radio. They clung to the beliefs they were conditioned to.

Experts are effective in evaluating the past, but I would rather have poets evaluate the future. Experts are circumscribed by the limitations their own work has imposed on them, poets by their imagination.

The Dodge Victory Hour worked out so well that Phelps gave me a second assignment—launching a new Dodge Standard Six in March. We repeated the format of our first broadcast, with variations. This time I recommended a program of famous movie stars. Their images on the screen were familiar, but only those who had attended their personal appearances had heard their voices. For the first time they would enter American homes. At the time, before TV, this was a novel idea. The movie magnates were leery about allowing their stars to appear on radio. Our first show had made a sizable dent on box office receipts the night of its broadcast because so many people stayed at home. But Joseph Schenck of United Artists, a maverick, offered us a tempting $25,000 package: Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson and David W. Griffith. And he promised us, as lagniappe, to book an important movie in which these stars appeared in twenty key theaters, to increase public interest in the broadcast. But we didn't go along with his deal all the way. After much sifting of talent, we finally signed up Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith, John Barrymore, Dolores Del Rio and Paul Whiteman and his band.

We had arranged to have the stars' relatives throughout the country listen to the program. This gave us advance news stories with local angles wherever we could locate relatives. I suggested recording Chaplin's voice—for posterity and because he reportedly suffered from microphone fright—as a substitute for him in case he froze. We insured Chaplin's voice against stage fright for $5,000 with Lloyds of London—which made interesting reading the day before the show.

Dodge asked me to engage publicity men in 55 cities. There were no directories of such specialists then. I had to write to theatrical managers, newspapers, chambers of commerce and universities, for there was no other

way to find them. Our search revealed they were available at fees ranging from $50 to $105 a month. One firm, Walton T. Farrar of Los Angeles, had offices in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle, with stringers in other cities.

Advance publicity gained such momentum that Vilma Banky, a motion-picture star, asked to appear on the program free. Regretfully we had to decline her offer.

Newspaper coverage of the second broadcast was even more extensive than it had been of the first one, for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company wired photographs of our stars to newspaper offices in eight leading cities. We also increased our audience, for many theaters, with the co-operation of United Artists, installed loudspeakers, enabling additional thousands to hear the stars they had seen on the screen.

When I read that Baron Gunther von Hunefeld, piloted by the German Captain Herrmann Koehl and the Irish Captain James Fitzmorris, had made the east-west airplane transatlantic crossing from Dublin to Labrador, I thought the Victory car should be dramatically equated with this flight. We presented the victorious fliers with a Victory car at ceremonies in Central Park. TO THE VICTORS BELONGS THE VICTORY, headlined the papers.

Despite all the activity, the Victory Six had not sold well. To be sure, people had rushed to the showrooms after the first broadcast. But word got around that the car's center of gravity was so low it was hardly navigable on bumpy roads, of which there were still many, and the Victory Six became known as a lemon.

Certainly in theory the scientists and engineers were right about the laws of dynamics and physics and the Victory Six. They neglected to think of things that had nothing to do with science—bumps, rocks, snow and ice on dirt roads. The Victory Six was useless under such conditions. Our campaign had been predicated on a good product, not a poor one. I had always believed science was bound to be right simply because it was science. After this episode, I was less wide-eyed about the application of science to products.

About this time the Chrysler Corporation made an offer to me to handle their public relations. I declined out of loyalty to Phelps and Dodge. The decision was consistent with my policy of no conflict of interest; I would not work for competitive clients. Neither Phelps nor I knew that when the

offer was made to me negotiations were already under way for Chrysler to purchase Dodge. Soon after this I read in the papers that the deal had been consummated. Neither Phelps nor I were retained by the Chrysler Corporation after the merger.

But Phelps had other things on his mind. Although he still had a flourishing business, a happy family life and more money than he knew how to spend, he resented the fact that the Grosse Pointe tycoons did not accept him and his wife, Laura, socially. Grosse Pointe was a way of life. Many automobile tycoons, who had come up the hard way, looked down on people with less money or power.

Phelps had been inwardly stimulated by the colossal publicity the new Dodge cars had received. He wanted public recognition and the status an advertising man seldom gets.

“Why can’t I apply the same methods we use in business to some of my own aspirations?” he asked me.

“There are ways in which you can,” I replied. I had unknowingly pulled the trigger.

“How, Ed, can I beat that snobbery in Grosse Pointe?” he asked me.

“George,” I said, “if you get social recognition in England and France, you and Laura will find the Grosse Pointe social climate changed. They’ll make a fuss over you. Let’s see if it can’t be arranged to have Laura presented at the Court of St. James’s. And in France you should receive the Rosette of the Legion of Honor.”

“Don’t kid me, Ed,” he said skeptically. “What would I be doing messing around with royalty and aristocrats? What’s an advertising-agency man from the midlands of the U.S.A. doing, trying to play around with this highfalutin’ bunch? I’m not dumb, but they might not like me. And how do you know they won’t just kid me along and take me for a ride after I put effort, time and money into trying to get to know them?” He paused a moment. “But, Ed,” he added, “if you say so, I might really go along for the fun of it. I suppose I want it, and maybe it’s the thing to do. It’ll help the business and the family. A great adventure. It can’t hurt, and maybe it will help.”

“Let me try England first,” I said. “I have an old friend, Sidney Walton, in London. He was publicity adviser to Lloyd George. Now he has a kind of publicist office in London although he doesn’t call it that. He has been Pygmalion to American businessmen before. He arranges luncheons and

dinners with British VIPs. It works, and, what's more, everybody enjoys it. Frankly, I think we should retain him."

I had first met the chubby, red-faced Walton in the early Twenties when Doris and I visited England. I was startled the first time I visited him, for he lived in the same house with George Bernard Shaw, at 10 Adelphi Terrace, on the floor below Shaw's. Huge spikes and a gate had been placed at the foot of the stairway leading to the floor above. Years later, in the late Forties, Walton had moved to a house in Harrow, set in a blooming garden surrounded by a high wooden fence and boxwood hedge. At one end of his bedchamber several steps led into a small room. "This is our chapel," Walton explained quietly, pointing to the candles, brocades and statuary where he prayed each morning before he left for work in London and each evening when he came home.

As an avocation he owned and published a high-church weekly. His contacts with the Establishment—the Court, the Church, finance and business—were fabulous. Everybody appeared anxious to heed his merest suggestion.

I cabled Walton, who arranged a luncheon for George at the House of Commons. George went to England for previously planned events. Sir Harry Brittain, an Americanophile, acted as host at the luncheon and at a dinner attended by British business notables.

These events were well attended and publicized both in England and the United States. The Parliamentary luncheon drew dukes, viscounts, barons, admirals, colonels and a few commoners. George was so elated he sent me a long cable for release to the press, giving the names of each guest with title initials, K.C.B., K.B.E., or whatever. The Home Secretary, Sir William Johnson, and Sir Howard Dogville headed the list. As an added fillip, the *Advertising World*, a British advertising trade paper, gave Phelps a luncheon attended by more than 200 representatives of the press of the British colonies and the United States. I often wondered whether guests at such parties had illusions about their nature or whether they accepted them as part of England's ritual and pageantry. George loved it all.

Walton charged 225 pounds for arranging his functions, and he was reimbursed for all costs. The hosts of the luncheon and dinner received an honorarium—an accepted custom.

While in England, Phelps, who was Vice Commander of the Yachtsmen's Association of America, acted as the association's special

envoy. He discussed with British yachtsmen participation in American yacht races and concluded negotiations for British entries in the forthcoming British International Motor Boat Race in America. He induced Sir Thomas Lipton, who entertained him, to donate the silver Lipton Trophy for the fastest five-mile lap, and returned from England triumphantly on the S.S. *Aquitania* in June 1928 with nationwide and international publicity on his arrival.

But soon after his return Phelps was getting restless again. He wanted Laura presented at the Court of St. James's, which, in the Twenties, was, to many, tantamount to a Social Register listing. He also decided he wanted the Rosette of the Legion of Honor, despite his serio-comic remarks, such as "I must be of a very low mental order to want this gewgaw."

Phelps also had ambitions for authorship. He was aware that *Crystallizing Public Opinion*, in 1923, and *Propaganda*, in 1928, had helped me establish myself. Why couldn't he write books too?

"I want to write books about economics," he told me. "I want to write about economic thinking and the relation of advertising to society. That'll make those big-shot Detroit VIPs sit up and take notice. Why should I stay anonymous while they get credit, glory and the larger profits, while I'm the guy who's responsible for them through increased sales? Ed, I'm going to be an author."

Burton Kline, an old friend, in his free time helped write Phelps's book, called *Our Biggest Customer*. Kline was a ghost writer and assistant to the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. Kline was afraid to sell anything under his own name, lest he be accused of plagiarizing Davis' style. Phelps discussed his ideas with Kline, and Kline then wrote in his highly readable style. The working man was America's most important consumer, and Phelps urged advertising and business to treat him accordingly—a new idea then.

Kline, at my suggestion, introduced Phelps to the Secretary of Labor. Davis agreed to write an introduction for *Our Biggest Customer*, and Horace Liveright published the book.

Davis appointed Phelps a traveling commissioner for the Labor Department. His mission would be carried out simultaneously with his trip to Europe for Laura's presentation at Court. But unexpected delays arose. Walton discovered belatedly that only the United States Embassy could initiate a presentation of an American citizen at Court, and the presentation

hung fire. Then Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, a friend of Phelps's, agreed to write to Ambassador Charles Dawes, his friend, to do whatever was necessary. But the American Embassy did nothing.

I asked Kline if he could get the Secretary of Labor to lend his influence in this predicament. I had learned that the State Department had a limited number of Court presentations to confer on American women, parceled out where they would do the most good for the national interest and the Administration. Cabinet members were listened to but custom restrained them from suggesting more than one applicant in two years. Secretary Davis was about due for one such courtesy now.

"But Mrs. Phelps's case is different," Kline told us. "That makes it slightly more difficult." By that I think he meant that Phelps was neither in the Social Register nor a large contributor to the Republican party.

"The State Department will go out of its way to accommodate the Secretary of Labor because of their intimate contact in immigration matters," Kline told us. "But, as Secretary Davis would have to say he is not personally acquainted with Mrs. Phelps, his recommendation might be pigeonholed and delayed."

Word finally came through that Laura's presentation was scheduled for the summer of 1930. Meanwhile, Harper's had brought out George's second book (also ghost-written), *Tomorrow's Advertisers and Their Advertising Agencies*.

Now Phelps nudged me about the Legion of Honor. "Ed," he said to me one day, "what about that there Legion of Honor? Where is it? Out the window?"

"George," I said, "you are up to your neck in fame—books, England, presentation at Court. But if you still want the Legion of Honor, it must come to you as a result of France's gratefulness for what you've done for her. We must find some problem France faces and solve it; then you will have earned your recognition."

"Let's earn it, then," he said.

I talked to Pierre Cartier, a member of the Legion and wise about these matters, and he was delighted to assist, for he liked George.

"Monsieur Phelps," he said, "you must first join the French Chamber of Commerce in New York, in which I play a small role. I can assure you that we will find a problem for you to work on and solve and it will add to the glory of France."

As I had anticipated, the problem was soon found. France would like U.S. tariffs on laces lowered. George threw himself into the matter as wholeheartedly as though he were getting 15 per cent of the gross. There was no cynicism about it. Phelps's values had changed. He had spent his life seeking business success; he had judged life by financial yardsticks. Now he found greater satisfactions in status values. He was a friend of France, serving the French and American public interests, as he saw it. Men identify themselves with causes that coincide with their motives.

Phelps made a good case for his campaign to reduce the lace tariff. He treated the problem as he would one of a client. He became a lobbyist for the cause and, through the presentation of fact, gained his point. It was reduced, though our high-tariff policy was not changed until years later. Now he awaited his red ribbon.

"Are the French really on the level?" he asked me. "Will it come through?"

It had not come through when he sailed in June to England for Laura's presentation. At that time I cabled Walton, suggesting he might give another lunch for George. George told me he felt poor after the stock-market crash and would Walton please take this into consideration in setting the expenditures. Poverty was a psychological state of mind rather than a reflection of actuality. If a wealthy man feels poor, he is often poorer than a man who has less money and doesn't feel poor.

My friend, W. F. Bullock, American correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, and other foreign correspondents bade George farewell at a Bankers Club luncheon, and they cabled news of his coming to their papers. Walton, in London, delivered again: W. E. D. Allen, M.P., entertained Phelps at a luncheon in the House of Commons and at dinner in his own home. The Dean of Windsor invited the Phelpses to the Deanery at Windsor Castle. And Laura, in a long gown and with feathers in her hair, curtsied to the Queen. As she was being presented, Laura noticed, six places ahead of her in the line, that someone else was wearing a replica of the dress that Worth had sold her. George raised hell about the dress to Worth, but despite this, Laura got "a wonderful kick out of it." He added, laconically, to hide his triumph, "Court went off nicely."

Meanwhile, the Legion of Honor matter had progressed. In London, Phelps received an invitation from the Mayor and Deputy of Calais, a center of lace production, to visit the city to receive its official thanks for his

contribution in getting the duty on lace lowered. After the Court presentation, the Phelpses took the train to Calais, where a delegation met them at the station. There was champagne at the City Hall; the Phelpses were driven around town in a triumphal procession. That night George was guest of honor at a formal banquet. In Paris the next day, at the Café de Paris, François Poncet, Under Secretary of State for the National Economy, gave a luncheon for him and pinned on him the Rosette of the Legion of Honor. Mission accomplished, I said to myself.

When Phelps returned to New York he was thoroughly reinvigorated. All his doubts about life and its meaning had been fully resolved. His wife had been honored at Court in England. He had a red ribbon and rosette in the buttonhole of each of his suits. His own government had appointed him an official traveling commissioner. In the space of a few years he had achieved the supposedly unattainable. Business life no longer seemed rewarding to him, and not long afterward he retired from the agency business.

Detroit was now too provincial. But he did not, to my surprise, move to New York. He bought a small farm in Weston, Connecticut, and became a gentleman farmer, specializing in brooder hens and large eggs! Hamburg Heaven on Madison Avenue, recently opened, bought his enormous eggs, and Doris bought a weekly consignment. Whenever we visited him he proudly took us out to the laying house and switched on infrared lights to show us how his hens were made to lay; it was all planned as carefully as an advertising campaign. He spent the last ten years of his life trying to produce the biggest hen's eggs in the country.

I have since wondered what drove me to work so energetically. I liked Phelps and I much enjoyed working with him, for his ingenuousness and responsiveness to new experiences were refreshing to me. Although he was ten or so years older than I was, he treated me as a teacher, and I liked that too.

I had no illusions about Phelps's strong wish for status. My mother used to say, "Each person gets spiritual satisfaction in his own way."

I learned that the self-made man suffers because he innocently accepts from his environment certain goals—business success, status, money—and he strives for them because he thinks they are the goals of the society. He appears well adjusted and then, as he grows more mature, finds an emptiness in the success he thought he wanted.

chapter 31

BREAD ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

William B. Ward applied to the manufacture of man's most essential food—bread—the same kind of mechanization Henry Ford applied to automobile manufacture. Ward was the largest baker in America, operating eighteen bakeries in thirteen cities. Approximately 400 million loaves of bread were baked each year in his huge plants. The operation was completely mechanized, from weighing, mixing and baking to automated wrapping and moving on endless belts to salesmen waiting to load their motor trucks.

Ward, a pioneer in scientific baking, was first to adopt this automation. His grandfather had started the business. Ward himself had been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and then had managed the Ward plant in the Bronx. When another branch of the family took over the Ward company, he resigned and organized baking companies in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, among them the United Baking Corporation, with bakeries in the Midwest and South. He resigned his office in the United Baking organization to get back into his father's business. As president of a newly organized Ward Baking Corporation, Ward and his group owned 99 per cent of the outstanding stock of the company.

I met Ward in his huge office at his plant in the East Bronx, which filled the neighborhood with the redolent odor of baking bread. Handsome as an Arrow-collar advertisement, he was broad-shouldered and quiet-spoken. Baking was his whole life, and he treated the business as a mystique. "If there is anything finer than creating or building up a bread business," he often said to me (and I am sure he believed it), "I can't think of it. It's wonderful—the responsibility of creating and building a loaf of fullest possible nourishment."

Ward was not hypocritical. In the contemporary mood—that business was a religion—he thought the public interest coincided with his private interest. His ambitions were concrete. He pictured himself as becoming the Henry Ford of bread, except that he said his would be a larger organization with more ramifications. Bread was more important to people than motorcars. He could own collateral businesses that included the products that bread was made of. And the bread business was unusual because, like the newspaper industry, the product was fresh every day and sold for cash every day. In 1924, 40 per cent of the population still baked its own bread at home.

My job, he told me, was to build the Ward name so that when the time came to announce the impending Ward Food Products Corporation, public understanding and support for the venture would be forthcoming. He retained us as counsel on public relations.

Before I entered on this activity I thoroughly indoctrinated myself in the bread business. I helped open two huge new bakeries in Cambridge and in Cleveland. Full-page advertisements in local papers invited the public to the openings to receive free loaves. Thousands poured admiringly through the spotless plant. We arranged for a VIP to press a button to start the machinery of the plant and solicited congratulatory telegrams for the opening from community leaders. Everyone eagerly endorsed the staff of life, stressing the public-health significance of a continuing supply of uniform sanitary bread, which, incidentally, was to release the housewife from the drudgery of home baking. Although women had only recently been politically emancipated, they were still slaves of the kitchen. In Cambridge, Mayor James Curley of Boston inserted the first batch of bread into the huge oven. When the first loaf emerged a Western Union messenger stood by to carry it to Governor Cox at the State House in Boston.

We broadened our publicity activities and widely distributed mats and news releases about bread. We arranged for manufacturers of delivery trucks and machinery to publicize Ward and Ward’s bread in house organs. One day John Philip Sousa received a huge birthday cake, baked by the Ward Baking Corporation, with seventy candles, at the Manhattan Opera House in New York.

Ward was not unappreciative of my efforts. At his office one morning he smiled boyishly as he asked me to sit opposite him at his huge desk to discuss a long list of pending matters: weekly mat and recipe services to

1,000 newspapers; nation-wide contests among farmers and dairymen to encourage larger production of wheat and milk; playgrounds, water fountains and swimming pools, which we contemplated donating to cities; advertising and sales of the product, sales promotion work of individual plants and the celebration of the company's 75th anniversary.

Ward nodded approval as I went over the list one by one. He then casually put his hand in the top left drawer of his desk, extracted a folded piece of paper and gently tossed it across the wide expanse of the desk, where it landed in front of me.

"That's for you," he said. "You've been doing good work."

I thanked him, without glancing at the paper, and put it in the inside pocket of my coat, and we continued the conference. I was not too curious about it. But in the elevator I found that the paper was a 1,000-share stock certificate of the Ward Baking Corporation. At the subway I bought a morning newspaper to find its price on the New York Stock Exchange. The piece of paper in my pocket was priced at $17,000 at the close of the market the day before, more than my fee for a year's work. Income taxes were negligible then.

Nothing like this had happened to me. The market long ago had ceased to surprise me. One evening, reading the Wall Street closing prices in the evening newspaper, I remarked to Doris that our shares of Middle Atlantic Utilities stock had increased $78,000 in value overnight. Doris did not raise an eyebrow. Instead she finished commenting on the detective story she was reading and mentioned that Carl Snyder was coming for dinner the next day. I called my attorney and financial adviser, James Garfield Moses, and asked what he thought about Ward's gesture. He replied cynically, "If the stock were going to be worth more I don't think he would have given it to you. Sell it." Moses was right about the security eventually going down in value, but that was irrelevant. The Ward Baking Corporation common stock advanced in price from 1924 until it reached a price above 90 in 1926. When the crash in baking stocks came in 1926, it plummeted with others.

Ward acquired new baking companies as a bibliophile collected books, and overnight I found myself with new clients. He had assembled a baking company with United as a nucleus, added units and called it the Continental Baking Company. Continental had 106 plants in 82 cities, from New York to California.

And Continental was expanding. This was all in line with the planned-for announcement of the huge food products company. Ward was building his edifice stone by stone.

In my relations with Ward I learned about baking-company finances mainly by hearsay. Much was going on back of the scenes, with comments and rumors of these goings-on reported in the press. In October 1925 I had another new client, the General Baking Corporation, a huge combine of the Ward Baking Corporation, the Continental Baking Company and the General Baking Company. The new organization was the world's largest baker, with a volume of $200,000,000 annually and a value of $100,000,000; yet in its 157 plants it would bake less than 10 per cent of the total bread consumed in the United States.

My release on this new development was not a formal announcement of the new company, but a portent of the big news to come. "It was learned today that the first steps in the gigantic baking merger, impending for some time, have definitely taken place."

In a day of business mergers it drew considerable comment, because it dealt with bread, a necessary commodity. I was surprised at the predominantly favorable editorial comment and put together a pamphlet titled *What Public Opinion Thinks of the Bakery Merger*. One editorial was headlined, "$400,000,000 Bakery? Why Not? The Bigger the Better." Another was titled, "Bread Takes Its Place Among Great Industries." The Baltimore *Sun* pointed out that there was little present disposition to quarrel with business and to say it was bad because it was big. "The proof will be found in the eating," it continued.

Antagonism against the proposal arose in important quarters. The American Federation of Labor, at its annual convention in Atlantic City, vigorously condemned the merger.

Meanwhile, the General Baking Corporation proceeded on its way. On November 5, 1925, a $39,964,685.67 check was paid by General Baking Company to the Guaranty Trust Company as trustee for the stockholders of the General Baking Company. On November 23, 1925, the General Baking Company acquired the Smith Great Western Baking Company, consisting of nine plants. Within a week's time I conferred with Paul Helms, the man whom Ward had installed as president of General Baking Company, on plans for publicity, industry leadership and how to increase bread sales for

the new corporation. In January 1926 the first annual report of the General Baking Company was ready.

Later in 1926 Mr. Ward felt he was ready to announce the Ward Food Products Corporation, incorporated in Maryland. His dream of empire, a combine of yeast, flour, sugar and head, had come to fruition.

Opposition arose in Congress and throughout the country on our announcement. The Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission competed to see which could stop it first. Fiorello La Guardia, then a fiery congressman from New York, spurred the attack. Though the Administration was Republican and friendly to business, they did not risk the accusation that they were fostering a bread monopoly.

The Ward Food Products Corporation never got off the ground. Ward signed a consent decree and agreed to dissolve the corporation, divesting himself of his bread interests except in one company, which the Government permitted him, and he chose to retain his interest in the Ward Baking Corporation.

That ended Ward's dream of controlling the baking business of America, and it ended our relationship with Mr. Ward as well.

The unexpected action of the United States Government caused bread stocks on the Exchange to fall precipitously. Insiders were hurt by the sudden collapse. Paul H. Helms, president of the General Baking Company, was wiped out financially. Ward, recognizing Helms's administrative abilities, had brought him to New York from Buffalo, where he had started as a route man selling bread, first from the horse-pulled wagon and then from the automobile. He was, like Ward, about forty. A small, slight, unobtrusive man, with the passive look of a branch bank manager, he had a friendly air of a slightly restrained Rotarian. He must have made money on his bread stock, for after he came to New York he bought one of those huge palaces in Westchester County, near Ward's own home.

Some months before the stock debacle, which followed the consent decree, Helms had asked me to suggest a birthday present for his wife.

"Why not give her a piano?" I said, remembering she had been a music teacher in Buffalo.

"But she has a piano," Helms replied.

I suggested that Helms buy a Parterre box in the Golden Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Sure, buy it," he said. "That's a good birthday present."

This was no over-the-counter purchase. You were buying part of a square block on which the Metropolitan Opera House stands, for the Parterre box holders owned the property. It was like joining an exclusive golf club and becoming a part owner of the golf course. I called Earl Lewis, treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, my old friend from Metropolitan Musican Bureau days, and asked him if any boxes were available.

"Yes," he replied, "several boxes are available, one the property of the August Belmont estate.

He asked me about the buyer's background. I told him what it was; he was a white Protestant.

Earl Lewis said, "That's enough for me to start on."

Lewis called me a few days later. "Ed, I think I can put through the deal. The price is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

I told him I'd call him back after I talked to Helms. I called Helms. "That birthday present will cost you a hundred and fifty thousand dollars," I told him. "Do you want it?"

"I told you I wanted the opera box," he said almost impatiently.

I called Lewis back. "Helms wants the box," I said.

Lewis then told me what he required. He asked Helms to put a deposit of several hundred thousand dollars in a bank for a short time. The bank wanted to make a nice showing for its audit report.

Lewis now called to say box four, second box from the stage on the right side, belonged to Helms. He was elated and invited me to inspect it with him. Like the others, it had an anteroom and a couch decorated in a faded, fraying red brocade.

"Is that what I got for my one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" Helms asked.

"I'm sure you can have it redecorated at your own expense, if you want," I said.

Helms and I went to Baumgarten, a decorator at 56th Street and Fifth Avenue. We picked out a rich red brocade, which Baumgarten promised to decorate the box with. Helms was happy his birthday gift would now meet the aesthetic standards his wife expected.

The morning after the first opera performance following his purchase, I telephoned Helms and asked him how he had enjoyed it. Sheepishly he

answered that the box had remained empty. “I didn’t want to put in an appearance. It might seem as if I were pushy.”

Helms telephoned me shortly after the bread-stock collapse. “Can you sell the opera box? It’s all we have left. I’m wiped out. But the opera box is in my wife’s name.”

To sell an opera box was never easy. An old story about J. P. Morgan helped me to a solution: A man asked J. P. Morgan whether he, Morgan, thought the questioner could afford a yacht. “You can’t afford a yacht if you have to ask the price of it,” Morgan replied. That had stuck in my mind.

Owners of private yachts would be the best market for Helms’s opera box. At the New York Yacht Club we copied from Lloyd’s Register the names of the owners of large private yachts. A letter was sent to each owner, offering him a Parterre opera box at a discount. Within forty-eight hours we had some nibbles. A few days later I sold the box for $120,000 to Robert Brewster. Helms had owned the box from November 27, 1925, to May 25, 1926. The six months’ possession of the box cost Helms $30,000, but it saved him financially.

“What are you going to do now?” I asked Helms.

“I’m leaving with my family for Los Angeles.”

“Why there?”

“I expect to join the golf club where the Fisher brothers play golf.” (The Fisher brothers made the bodies for General Motors cars.) “I’ll play golf with them. They’ll tell me when General Motors stock is due for a rise, and I will be in clover again.”

I said goodbye to Helms and he left for the Coast with his family. I saw him again twenty-six years later on television at the Republican National Convention. Eisenhower was being nominated and the California delegation was being polled. Doris and I sat watching the proceedings. I heard the name Helms called. There was my old friend, a member of the California Republican delegation. I learned that he was now president of the Helms Bakeries in Los Angeles. He had joined the golf club, as planned; he had played golf with the Fisher brothers. Their predictions about General Motors stock had proven correct, and Helms had started his bakeries with the proceeds from his wife’s opera-box sale and General Motors profits.

Once later, after Helms had died, I wrote to the Helms Bakeries to corroborate the date he had left New York. His son, Paul, Jr., president and general manager of the bakeries, asked me why I wanted the information.

He was unsure about the date and he hated to bother his widowed mother with this detail unless he could give her a definite reason for the request. The former secretary to Mr. Ward and the archives of the Metropolitan Opera Company gave me the dates. I did not inform young Mr. Helms that had it not been for the opera box, he might not now be sitting in high bread office.

The U.S. in a decree tempered Ward's ambitions. In 1927 he bought real estate in Westchester County, New York, bred and raised Guernsey cattle and was active in mining and railroad ventures in New Mexico. The next year he invested in supermarkets in Boston, intending to establish a chain of them. On January 1, 1929, he went back to Ward Baking as president of the corporation and asked me to advise him again. I looked forward to the relationship. Before making recommendations I suggested a market research of bread consumers and dealers, a novel proposal for 1929. The results surprised us all. Women, we discovered, considered bread and cake purchases as separate and distinct. While Ward's cake enjoyed the good will of dealers and consumers, Ward's bread didn't. There was prejudice against the Ward name in connection with a scandal of some remote member of the family; also, the public wanted a loaf with richer ingredients.

I recommended inserting advertisements in the cake and the bread package, each advertising the other. I urged Ward to change the present loaf by adding the richer ingredients public taste demanded and to sell the new loaf at a higher price. I suggested calling this super loaf "The Ambassador." Quality loaves are highly popular today, but they were not introduced until years later.

I laid these matters before Mr. Ward at a conference at which, as was his custom, he listened quietly, nodding his agreement as formerly. Not long afterward, when the company was just beginning to implement our program, I read in my evening newspaper that Ward's secretary had found him dead, slumped over his desk in his office.

On February 9, a few days later, I sent a telegram to the press: "The unending task of supplying daily bread to millions was interrupted Saturday in the 22 plants of the Ward Baking Company, located in 17 cities, when 6,000 employees stood by at 2 P.M. as a mark of respect to the late W. B. Ward, president of the Ward Baking Company, whose funeral service commenced in New Rochelle at that time. At 2:05 workers again went on with their tasks."

Mr. Ward’s dream of power ended with his death at the age of 45.

chapter 32

BROADCASTING: CBS AND NBC

I would have questioned anybody's judgment if they had told me in 1929 that William S. Paley, the young 27-year-old man who asked for my public relations counsel for a plaything his father had bought him, would in thirty years be head of a huge economic empire, the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

Paley looked even younger than he was. He was affable, cool, suave, polite, soft-spoken and well groomed. He told me he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. degree in economics and had become vice-president and secretary of the Congress Cigar Company, which manufactured Palina cigars (named after the family) in Philadelphia.

Our Philadelphia friends at the summer place we rented on the Jersey coast at Elberon described Paley as something of a playboy, a bachelor-about-town with social ambitions and not too heavy on the intellectual side. His snobbish contemporaries in the circle of Philadelphia Jews he wanted to move in snubbed him because his father came from Russia and made cigars, while their fathers were of German background, bankers, stock-exchange brokers, department-store owners or lawyers. I think Paley longed to show them that he could and would make good in New York, not in Philadelphia.

His father co-operated by trying to find a business for his son that would satisfy his ambition for a more exciting and agreeable pursuit than cigar-making. An ex-Army man, Major White, was then attempting to build a radio network to compete with the already entrenched National Broadcasting Company, with its red and black networks, owned by RCA. But White had neither the money nor the drive to put over this formidable undertaking. Paley Sr. bought White out.

In July 1928 young Paley came to the company, and on January 3, 1929, a few months before his visit to me, he became president.

Radio broadcasting had a powerful fascination for a young man with ambition in 1928. Miraculously, sound came out of a box. Without wires it seemed miraculous. Radio no longer is an epoch-making new concept, but then radio was astounding, a scientific wonder. It made a more profound impression on me than the first motion pictures. I had had preparation for them, for as a boy at home I played with a primitive motion-picture machine made up of pictures in a revolving cylinder. But nothing like it preceded radio.

Paley was intrigued by this new instrument, still unproven as to its effectiveness as a social, educational, political or economic force. He told me about the company, its twenty employees and its local station in 1928. By 1929 Columbia could broadcast from any point in the United States and from almost any point in Canada, Mexico, Cuba and the West Indies.

Growth corporations are the hopes of the speculative American investor today. He buys the stock of these companies, hoping they will grow faster than the economy. But the most imaginative seeker after growth would have hesitated prophesying the spectacular strides of Columbia Broadcasting from 1929 to today.

Last year CBS earned $49,655,739, mainly in television. CBS today owns seven radio and five television stations. It employs some 13,000 people. As of October 1963, it was affiliated with 306 radio stations and 205 television stations.

I immediately plunged into the one-man show, of which Paley was ship and captain and crew. He worked diligently; his hours were long—a change from his previous playboy days. He apparently wanted to succeed and drove himself. No family ties competed with what he did, for he was unmarried. In the highly competitive situation, this helped.

A poker face is often a sign of insecurity, usually covering unwillingness to face unpleasant situations. Paley appeared to retreat before matters needing pat decisions. After a year’s experience with him I never knew how his decisions were arrived at—whether he communed with nature, whether earthly advisers directed him, whether he flipped a coin or whether he was possessed of innate wisdom and intuitive judgment. Whatever his methods, they led to success. His closer colleagues confided to me that they never felt he exerted authority in their presence. Paley never

threw his weight around in public. Like other men with his personality traits, he used a “trigger man” when he wanted to exercise decision. I felt that native shrewdness made up for a lack of intellectual grasp of the realities he was dealing with. And that practical considerations played a more important role than ideological ones.

Occasionally, Paley the hard worker became Paley the self-indulgent son of the big Philadelphia cigar tycoon. In January 1930 he gave a house-warming for the press in his newly decorated 480 Park Avenue apartment. Someone telephoned me at midnight from Chicago to tell me that a morning newspaper in its first edition, covering the house-warming, mentioned a private bar installed in the apartment. Prohibition was the law of the land then and Paley had flagrantly flaunted the 18th Amendment. Paley was beginning to become a national figure.

The Associated Press, on January 24, 1930, proclaimed the new wrinkles in bachelor luxury the 27-year-old president of CBS had allowed himself. The furnishings in the six rooms cost an estimated $10,000 per room; it seemed a Croesus-like extravagance in a growing depression and entirely out of keeping with the times. In a barroom, chromatic lighting harmonized the illumination and the cocktails. Paley, in bed, without raising his head, could tune in on the new remote controls of radio, turn on any combination of lights and reach any one of several hundred books, on shelves in back of his head. The apartment had a piano concealed in a wall; only the keyboard projected. There was a silver-painted balcony and an aluminum staircase. In addition to other wardrobe space, Paley had racks for 100 shirts and 100 neckties. What astounded all of us was the thought of a radio in every room, some built into a wall. That was an unheard-of novelty.

As I worked with Paley I recognized that he was what was called a soft-sell salesman, a rarity in those days of go-getter salesmen. As an instance of the latter, Paley knew I was working with Hill of American Tobacco and that Hill was advertising on nine NBC stations and no CBS stations. Paley asked me how he could get some of the tobacco money for his stations. While I was in Hot Springs, Arkansas, April 14, 1930, I arranged with Paley to see Hill, and Paley himself went down to soft-sell him.

Paley the salesman took over the job of selling advertising agencies on air time. NBC had a head start and Paley wanted quick methods from me to accomplish his ends. The methods I suggested seem almost primitive today.

I urged him to ferret out by research the name of every agency that bought radio time. There were no directories with this data. I urged that visual presentations of CBS coverage be prepared and presented to agencies by a pleasant person. I urged publicity aimed at advertising journals. Columbia should offer its services to agencies to solve problems of radio research. I urged Columbia to advertise in leading advertising journals and independent researchers be induced to survey the listening audience. Columbia should look for encomiums of past results in its files and publish pamphlets about them for agencies and advertisers.

We made a list of recommendations for Paley to help salesmen sell their prospects. Creative ideas for the prospective client were to be prepared and the salesman taught how to present them. We urged CBS to create a department to co-ordinate the many activities of the growing company.

Our activity covered a broad area, judging by the requests made to me. Sometimes I served as a talent scout for Paley. Carl Brandt, author's agent, racked his brain at my request to find humorous writers for him. The list I furnished Paley included the best humorists of the period: Horatio Winslow, William Hazlett Upson, Richard Connell, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Octavus Roy Cohen, George Ade, Wallace Irwin, Sam Hellman, Roy McCardell, Don Marquis, Nunnally Johnson, Ring Lardner—"The Bonehead," Hugh Wiley, P. G. Wodehouse, Irvin Cobb, Frank Condon, Sewall Ford and Corey Ford.

Once Paley sent me clippings from the New York *Times*, complaining that their radio program listings featured NBC stations over CBS. I told Paley that NBC, with two broadcasting chains, was entitled to two-to-one coverage over Columbia. If he wasn't satisfied with the number of mentions, he would also discover that CBS offered fewer outstanding programs.

Paley headed his own public relations department too, although a young man was its titular head.

We urged Paley to improve the publicity department. We established consistency in headlines. For instance, Washington releases were inconsistent as to datelines. One on Senator Taft used Washington, a Red Cross dedication had no place of origin, and one on a Colonel Powell carried a New York dateline.

We worked to improve releases. A release about Toscha Seidel, the violinist, an Auer pupil, was a column long. We cut it to one inch, and urged

that this principle of brevity apply to all stories. We found that Columbia's Washington bureau had sent out an advance and a post story in the same envelope. The radio editor would be more likely to use an advance story if he did not get a post story of the event with it.

The treatment of news on radio was in flux. Paley once questioned whether Columbia's broadcast about a prison fire might not bring CBS unfavorable newspaper reaction, because Columbia had presented news of the fire before the newspapers. This seems incongruous today, but Paley feared that Columbia's news policies might be too aggressive.

"We are competing with NBC," I told him. "We must take the lead, not draw back. I believe the broadcasting of news is sound. A public appetite has already been created for it. If Columbia and NBC withdraw from this field, the public's appetite will be satisfied by someone. And I believe newspapers will discover news broadcasting helps them instead of hurts them." Research later proved this true, and Columbia did adopt an aggressive news-gathering policy.

I kept feeding ideas to Paley: as a good-will gesture, a social service organization should be allowed to make an appeal over the Columbia system; Columbia should hire an outstanding woman commentator; Columbia should engage an architect like Raymond Hood, who would confer with contractors and builders on the installation of radio reception facilities on roofs.

Occasionally Paley sent us some of his own public relations ideas for comment. He wanted to publish a radio pictorial monthly like the movie magazines that were then flooding newsstands. I suggested we ask a leading magazine expert, John Hanrahan, for his opinion. I still believed in relying on such experts. Shortly before John had effectively promoted *The New Yorker* to hard-boiled advertisers and potential subscribers. John felt there was little reader interest in radio personalities. He believed that the public interest in radio promised too little for him to launch such a venture.

Hanrahan was wrong; Paley was right. Boake Carter and Arthur Godfrey and other radio personalities disproved the expert. Paley did not go ahead with the venture. There was no magazine about radio, but TV *Guide*, started later by a fellow Philadelphian, made a mint. I was learning again that experts appraise the past more soundly than the future.

Paley as chief officer of the company presided over a disorganized body of people. The different departments were in each other's hair; conflict

instead of harmony ruled. Here is an example: Paramount News had made a sound reel of a broadcast. The publicity department had arranged one puff for Columbia in the reel. However, some other Columbia man, over the objection of the publicity department representative, had inserted so many puffs that Paramount had thrown the reel away, thus losing effective publicity for the network.

Opportunity for improvement was found in almost every department. Actually I carried on management functions. I urged that activities of receptionists be co-ordinated through a central department. Philip Merivale, a distinguished actor, had an appointment for a broadcast. The receptionist knew nothing about it, reported to no one else about it, and Merivale missed a scheduled broadcast.

I urged that interdepartmental communications be conducted only through department heads. Some departments that closed down at 5 P.M. were receiving telephone inquiries after that time. Since Columbia functioned as a newspaper did, we urged that someone who knew what was going on be on duty 24 hours a day.

Secretaries and their bosses were going out to lunch at the same time. I urged that lunch periods be planned so that a substitute could function for an absent principal. We made telephone numbers of chief executives available to head telephone operators in case of emergencies after office hours.

I urged that a prospective artist signed up by Columbia be evaluated beforehand by standards set by public relations and publicity. Columbia would save money and effort by such a procedure, and I recommended an artists' bureau head be appointed who knew both artistic and box-office values. I recommended a correction service for newspapers, the absence of which had plagued Columbia for some time. Newspapers were printing incorrect listings because of lack of liaison between the sales, program and publicity departments. The service was established.

The promotion and publicity departments operated separately and often at loggerheads. Once the promotion department distributed an address by Dr. Julius Klein, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce, without letting the publicity department see it. We straightened out the internal battle.

I helped recruit executives for Paley. Jessie Butcher, formerly a staff member of the *Times*, became publicity director. The first period of his tenure was difficult for him, so disorganized was the department. But our

constant letters to Paley to tighten and improve its efficiency increased the efficiency.

In 1929 I added a new man to our staff, Edward Klauber, night city editor of the New York *Times*. I had known him for a number of years, for he had been a suitor of Doris' sister, Beatrice. We saw much of each other after his marriage to a girl much younger than himself. His wife complained about his *Times* job because he was kept at the office until 2:00 A.M. She begged him to give up his abnormal hours. I got him a good job as a public relations man with an advertising firm, Lennen & Mitchell, but Klauber tired of agency activity after a year. He was a competent journalist, able in thought and action, but had a difficult personality. He was a misanthrope and moody, hardly suited for public relations. Despite my misgivings, I asked him to join us, although I felt close daily proximity in a small office like ours would not be too happy an arrangement. I hoped things would work out.

My surmise turned out correct. We did not have enough people to absorb Klauber's personality. But in a large organization, where personal contacts were less important and the big executive job was the thing, I thought Klauber would function. I told Klauber frankly how I felt and said I would try to find a place for him where personal compatibility would not be the prime consideration, where he would have full play for his valuable skills and talents.

I told Paley the truth about Klauber, stressing his exceptional executive ability. He would be ideal for Columbia, I suggested, experienced as he now was in journalism, advertising and public relations. At first Paley was reluctant. When Klauber was with Lennen & Mitchell, Paley had refused to work with him. But he took him on at my urging and paid him $15,000, $3,000 more than his remuneration with us.

I was right in believing Klauber's competency and fitness would work out in his new connection, for he soon ran Columbia Broadcasting for Paley, picked people like Elmer Davis from the New York *Times* as commentator and gave disciplinarian efficiency to what had been a loose, show-business type of structure.

We worked on many fronts with Paley, but I think our most effective contribution was to define policy for radio's future and, in effect, for television. On January 17, 1930, Paley appeared before a Congressional committee hearing as a witness on proposed new legislation being

considered for the burgeoning new broadcasting industry. I sent the statement I had prepared for him to the Carlton Hotel in Washington. As I read it thirty years later, it defined the status of radio and forecast its future. It read: “There is perhaps today no other force touching the people of America more broadly and vitally than does this new form of communication, education and entertainment.” The statement said that radio broadcasting was a private business, based on coincidence of the public and the private interest. “It is the part of enlightened business, however, to serve the public, and in doing that we are following in the footsteps of the greatest and most successful industries in America. Happily in the case of our own industry there are larger opportunities to be of such service than may be found perhaps in any other line of activity, with the possible exception of the public press.” It continued: “With the turn of a dial we can be obliterated.” It compared Columbia to a great newspaper or periodical which sells advertising but is dependent on the confidence of the public which reads its columns. It then said that Paley would be the last man to oppose new, broad, sensible legislation in a field so heavily fraught with the public interest.

The statement welcomed the proposed communications bill to bring about improvement and pledged fullest assistance, and added the hope that no legislation would be enacted to prevent the industry from continuing on a sound business basis. Paley then stressed the public service aspect of national broadcasting. Columbia was devoting approximately 75 per cent of its air time to public service, in contrast to approximately 25 per cent sponsored programs. “In the current week [January 17, 1930] only 22 per cent of the programs over Columbia were sponsored,” he said. Paley pointed with pride to the National Forum, “the American School of the Air, which is to start in two weeks, the most elaborate and comprehensive radio program yet conceived for schools.” The statement also referred to an idea of mine—“the National Goodwill Series,” scheduled to start the following week, with Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, with a background of British music. Fifty-five broadcasts would include many of the accredited diplomats in Washington, in an effort to overcome the disdain of intellectuals to radio by bringing to Americans an understanding of other countries and points of view expressed by ambassadors of all peoples and different ethnic origins. In the statement Paley noted the weekly broadcast of Frederic William Wile on the Five-Power Naval Conference. He referred

to a score of services for business men and women, among them a special daily program for farmers of the Middle West, elaborate productions of musical and dramatic nature, and a schedule of religious services.

Sustaining programs, Paley said, were sent to 75 affiliated stations, without cost, a precedent in network broadcasting. “It is our hope and aim to improve and enrich these services to the public just as rapidly and consistently as the growth of our business permits.”

What an empty promise this turned out to be! The public-interest programming the statement bragged about was the result of Columbia’s inability to get sponsored programs. Compared to its older competitor, NBC, Columbia had hours of time unsold. If Columbia’s policy, enforced by its lack of business, could have been carried forward it would have been a great boon to the public. Regrettably, the implied promise was never maintained.

In April 1930 Paley worked with me in trying to get President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and the American Minister in Prague to broadcast to the United States. Despite repeated effort, insurmountable technical difficulties prevented transmission between Prague and London.

We also tried to get the Pope to broadcast from Rome. My records indicate that Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, was most helpful. He sent me a copy of a letter he had sent to Columbia, which had negotiated with the Vatican for two years in regard to a papal broadcast. “In spite of the fact that arrangements cannot be made on the mechanical side for Easter, I strongly advise you to let no time go by in beginning negotiations for a later date.” The Pope finally broadcast from Rome.

We aided in another epoch-making event to upgrade radio—Columbia’s signing up of the New York Philharmonic Society, which was to build a middle-class and upper-stratum audience for radio—much needed at the time. But radio had so little appeal to top people that neither Clarence Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, who headed the orchestra’s board, nor Arthur Judson, the manager, were willing to lend themselves to personal publicity in connection with the orchestra’s engagement. We sent a telegram to 50 leaders in the music field all over the country telling them of the contract with the orchestra and asking their opinion for our release.

We were also called in for advice on the observance of the tenth anniversary of radio in 1930. We prepared an eight-page dummy for a

Saturday Evening Post insert, the theme of which was “Radio’s march of progress.” Individual advertisers were to take full-page advertisements. But Merlin Aylesworth, president of National Broadcasting, the larger network, did not wish to share its prestige with CBS. The event never came off.

Klauber was now functioning as Paley’s assistant, and matters there were moving along more smoothly. Shortly before my contract was to be renewed, Klauber invited me to lunch at the Berkshire. He told me Columbia’s budget could not carry two public relations advisers—himself and myself. I told him that if he believed this he should never have accepted the job we got him with Paley.

“Conditions are what they are,” he replied. “It is unjust to saddle two public-relations expenses on Columbia.”

Our contract was not renewed.

Some years later Frederick Birchall, acting managing editor of The New York *Times*, shed some light on Klauber’s character in terms of his own experiences.

“Why didn’t you call me before you hired him?” he said. “I could have told you about him. Klauber used to send men on the *Times* to cover a fire on Staten Island when he knew they were just about to go on their honeymoon, or to the Bronx on Christmas Eve when they had planned to decorate a Christmas tree.”

In 1936, David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, asked us to advise the newly named president of the National Broadcasting Company, Lenox Lohr, who had come to the job after serving as general manager of the Chicago World’s Fair. Sarnoff said of Lohr, “You know he has no *saichel*. He needs good advice.” I showed by my expression that I did not know what the word *saichel* means, and Sarnoff explained that it was a Yiddish word that meant shrewdness, brains, a capacity for quick understanding—a wonderful word, I felt, that had no English equivalent. Nevertheless, I thought this a strange introduction to becoming adviser to one of the great networks of the country. But what was to follow was still stranger.

Lohr, I found, was my age, a mechanical-engineering graduate of Cornell and a graduate of the Army General Staff College. He had attended Cambridge University in England, had been executive secretary of the Society of Military Engineers and editor of the *Military Engineers*. But my

first meeting never would have made me think so. He had a quiet manner, was unobtrusive and faded into the background. He had every reason to resent my being imposed on him by Sarnoff, who ruled the whole NBC roost from his office, at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, adjoining a well-appointed barbershop, provided by grateful shareholders for his sole and private use.

Lohr greeted me cordially and chatted with me. But numerous telephone calls and office personnel confounded him so that he suggested I have dinner with him at his new newly rented home on the Hudson River near Irvington. We were living in Westchester that summer, and I drove to his home. Here I met his diligent wife, a bevy of children and a sharp, wiry female secretary he had brought along from Chicago. She seemed to dominate the group—an acute, quick-witted woman who was the spittin' image of the figure in Grant Wood's famous painting of a farm couple. Lohr, I learned, had rented a small house for his secretary on the estate grounds, and here she lived alone, sharing her meals with the family and going to and from work with the lord of the Hudson manor. At the dinner table we naturally carried on only small talk. I knew my mission was to discuss the whole area of broadcasting and the relationship of NBC to the field and to its public and to get an inventory of Lohr's problems so that we might know what to do about them. At table I wondered just when the time for discussion would come. When he asked me to accompany him to the cellar after dinner I thought it was to a hideout for a private session to explore the business of the evening.

When I reached the bottom of the staircase I found the entire floor of the cellar covered with a miniature railroad system, with electric trains and locomotives, tracks, switches, towers, platforms, signals and other paraphernalia. Lohr took his place at a switchboard which enabled him with a flick of a lever to stop and start trains, change switches and lights and put himself in the position of a trainmaster of a present-day railroad system.

I thought this would be only a fleeting way station to our business conference, but this surmise was incorrect. Remaining standing at his control board, he discoursed on what to him was apparently not an avocation but a vocation. With affectionate enthusiasm I was given a thorough going over about devices and gadgets that had no interest for me. For over an hour and a half I stood silently, with no word about the objectives of my visit.

I had asked my chauffeur to call for me, and when the time arrived Lohr was still carrying on about his miniature railroad system. I bade him goodbye with the suggestion that on some future occasion we take up the subject matter for which I had made my visit. He aquiesced, but that occasion never arrived. I think Sarnoff was right about his *saichel*, for after a relatively short period Lohr left to take a post with the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, a job for which he was undoubtedly admirably fitted. This was a perfect adjustment, for when I visited the museum with the children, on one of our trips west, I noticed he was still presiding over moving gadgets and switches.

But my relationship with NBC was not entirely fruitless, for I was kept busy with vice-presidents, of whom there were a goodly number, and with publicity directors. I learned a lot about corporate structure during my tenure with NBC. I found, for instance, that the internecine warfare between executives was always greater and more intense than their common action against the competition or to meet other problems the company was facing. I thought it my duty to tell Sarnoff this, since I maintained contact with him as head of the parent company, RCA, and since he had retained me. I explained the dangers to the corporation of such a condition.

I asked him for a chart that would show me the lines of executives' authority and the limits of their jobs, to see whether it would be possible to avoid conflict and duplication. He looked at me in surprise, as if he had known all along what the situation was, and said, "My dear Eddie, this is a company of men, not of charts."

It was indeed a company of men, with the men in it aggressive and competitive. The new business of radio and its glamour had lured them into broadcasting. But since there was no centralized authority or tight organization structure they did not curb their aggressiveness and competitiveness but pushed each other about, squeezed each other out of jobs, duplicated each other's work and countermanded each other's orders. I had seldom seen such infighting and such waste of manpower, of time and energy.

In this case, a countervailing force had saved the company and its stockholders and had overcome the inefficiencies of management. The new medium in which Sarnoff had pioneered was moving ahead at such a rate that it took more than inefficiency to hinder its forward march and growth.

My work with NBC provided another surprise. Sarnoff gave me what I thought was complete factual data, so that I might prepare a statement for him that he could deliver at a hearing before a Congressional committee in Washington, investigating some aspects of broadcasting. To my astonishment, the facts that were brought out at the hearing, before the statement was to be made, were different from what I had been told. This made my statement useless.

I do not understand to this day the reasons that impel a client to keep his adviser so ill informed about the premises on which he is expected to render advice. A lawyer and his client, a doctor and his patient, can function effectively only on a basis of real mutual understanding. But I suppose some people will not face facts—even to themselves, let alone to their advisers. And they are not even embarrassed when the facts are brought to light by someone else and they have to face them.

It was a very revealing experience into the human aspects of a great corporation.

chapter 33

E. A. FILENE: THE UNSUCCESSFUL MILLIONAIRE

On a chilly November day, in his Back Bay Boston brownstone home overlooking the Charles River, I met E. A. Filene, the Boston merchant, and his team: Robert Moore, his assistant; Charles Wood, writer; Herbert Evans and Percy Brown, efficiency engineers; and Lillian Schoedler, his housekeeper-secretary, a college contemporary of Doris' at Barnard College.

Filene, 70, small and wizened, was immaculately dressed. He sat on a small rocker and conducted our conference to discuss public relations like a formal meeting. His lips were tense, and his skin was tightly drawn across the small bones of his face. He talked so quickly that it was difficult for me to follow him. He wanted to get to the bottom of everything we discussed; one question followed another in rapid succession. Occasionally he needled those present or used us as a sounding board for his ideas and continually referred to "my team."

I agreed to become counsel on public relations to Filene from December 2, 1929, to December 1, 1930, for a fee of $15,000.

Despite his having only a high-school education, three universities and colleges had given him honorary degrees. He had been decorated by France, Italy, Czechoslovakia and Austria. He had written three books on applied economics. He had planned and organized the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the International Chamber of Commerce. He had applied scientific methods and efficient organization to retail distribution; promoted improvements in organization of production and distribution in the United States and Europe, "in order to lower costs, eliminate waste, increase wages and profits and raise the general standard of living." He had founded the Twentieth Century

Fund to study and advance the social and economic structure of the country. He had organized credit unions in the United States and had furthered the American Association for Labor Legislation.

"I want you to get my observations into the newspapers of the country, with aphorisms of famous men. My short truths will carry more weight and conviction than long stories." He continued, "I am a millionaire failure. I recently gave millions to the Twentieth Century Fund just before the stock-market crash. I suffered severe losses in the drop. Filene stock went down, from 96 to 18; so did municipal bonds—the only two securities I owned. I hope you can help me put through important socially constructive ideas and further my reputation. I am unappreciated as a businessman by other businessmen. I want to be known throughout the world as a business leader."

This was not an egotistical whim, he said; he planned a chain of department stores, and it was essential for public financing to have a good reputation.

I now set out to learn what I could about Filene through his speeches and press clippings, talks with his team and with Filene himself. I learned he had always used a rubber stamp on all papers, cautioning, "How can we make or save a dollar on this?" I found gaps between the image of E. A. Filene and the reality. The public thought he was active president of William Filene's Sons great department store. He was president in name only. His office was an enclave in enemy territory, like a small West Berlin. He had opposed Filene's merger with Federated Department Stores, had quarreled with his brother and the majority stockholders about the merger and had been voted out of authority.

Charles Wood, his literary assistant, told me that Filene had the finest merchandising mind in the world and that his contemporaries disliked him because his thinking was years ahead of them. Filene made a contract with Wood to write his biography which stipulated that if Filene didn't like the book he could not change it but could shelve it forever. The deeper Wood dug, the more he was disturbed by Filene's personality. He gave Filene all due credit for constructive thinking, planning and action, but deplored his egotism and his pettiness. Filene paid Wood and the biography was never published.

Filene's disassociation from business had certain advantages, for he and his team were enabled to devote days and often nights (Filene, unmarried,

had no home obligation) to work on his constructive social ideas. His brain trust, chosen as carefully as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes picked his assistants, was a formidable instrument. One of them, Evans Clark, became director of the Twentieth Century Fund, later an editor of the New York *Times;* another, Glenn Frank, became editor of the important *Scribner*'s magazine and later president of the University of Wisconsin. I soon discovered that his present brain-trusters liked what Filene stood for but disliked him personally.

As a prophet without much honor in his own country, Filene had turned to Europe for propagandizing his ideas of extended international trade, mass production, mass distribution and consumer credit, and the European press had given him extensive publicity. He was known as "the mouthpiece of industrial America" and the "merchant prince Filene," and he cherished the titles.

My first advice to Filene was to create a scarcity value for himself in this country. I urged him to talk less, appear less before the public, not to water down his attention value. "When you do talk, the public should expect something worth while," I said. "Restrict your talks to major matters of public interest. Offer to help the Government in an area on which you are expert. Speak to business groups—but only on invitation." I then outlined recommendations for promoting the big ideas he was already interested in.

Just before a European visit he accepted my recommendation that Ordway Tead, a *Harper*'s editor, be host to American correspondents of European newspapers. "Filene," the invitation stated, "is so nearly an unofficial ambassador, at least in the commercial and industrial fields, that I wanted you to meet him before he left." Tead's introduction of Filene, which I wrote, summed up my attitude. "Filene might be considered a visionary but was actually so practical that he guided one of the great mercantile establishments of America to its success." Cabled accounts of his talk ran in European newspapers. This publicity helped stimulate Filene's news value when he arrived in Europe some ten days later. I recommended he use Sidney Walton, the London public relations adviser who had aided George Phelps and Bernarr MacFadden, and also that he take a public relations man with him from London to handle his press relations on the Continent. Filene, feeling self-sufficient, did neither.

I worked with Filene in publicizing a number of his ideas. One of the first was to save lives and add to the attractiveness of America—advocacy

of pedestrian paths on highways. Speaking to the National Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers in 1930, Filene, foreseeing the menace of the automobile, made his recommendation, and his talk created a nation-wide stir. But he did not follow through, although I urged him to. How different this country might be today if he had pursued this idea.

We pushed another good Filene idea—encouragement of mass travel—before people had given this a thought. Travel was for the rich. We publicized his talk to representatives of steamship lines, tourist agencies and educators at the Bankers Club, where he proposed the revolutionary idea of reducing transatlantic travel fares. It would benefit the European economy and bring about repayment of European debts and encourage international peace and understanding. The newspapers played up the speech. Again Filene did not follow through, but his idea undoubtedly laid the groundwork for the mass tourism of today.

We furthered another idea of his—a model stock plan that linked mass production with distribution. We sent copies of the speech, made to a Cleveland retail group, in pamphlet form to economists, department store executives and editors. Filene was pleased that he was modifying the attitudes and actions of the businessmen he wanted so much to influence and consort with. But again he jumped to other activities.

For furthering the Credit Union Movement and the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, which made co-operative credit available to wage earners and small farmers, we suggested and handled a double-header event: a dinner meeting of VIPs to protest the growing menace of loan sharks in the Depression, and a conference immediately following to promote credit unions. *The Survey* was willing to sponsor the events and devote an issue to the cause.

I picked a date for these events in our contract period, but Evans Clark, of the Twentieth Century Fund, suggested we change the date because of a conflict. The new date fell after the contract expiration date. Filene thereupon asked Paul Kellogg of *The Survey* to handle the publicity. Kellogg replied: “From the standpoint of publicity Bernays is the winner and there is no question but that the dinner and after-dinner meeting as planned would make a much bigger bang than any substitute which your office or ours would engineer.”

Filene asked our fee for handling the dinner. I said $2,500. He figured a year’s service was more economical, so he renewed our contract. He often

applied such bargain-basement tactics to his important convictions, which limited his socially constructive accomplishments.

Worthy people such as Dwight L. Morrow, Louis Bamberger, Herbert H. Lehman, Paul Warburg, Lillian Wald, whose prestige carried with public and press alike, now sponsored the event. Twenty-eight attended the dinner, and later 700 heard speakers stress the contribution of credit unions to the United States. Filene understood the importance of credit long before others. He proposed that "Credit in its last analysis is nothing but the right to buy things. Our difficulties have arisen from our failure to harmonize our credit system with the system under which things are being made and bought. Mass distribution cannot be an advantage unless the masses have the power and the right to buy. The Credit Union is credit for the masses pooled by the initiative of the masses and administered and allocated by the masses themselves. It teaches saving for use and its savings are used and used and used—and used savings are what put other people to work and so remedy unemployment." The November *Survey* went to leaders throughout the country, and long-needed credit unions grew rapidly.

When his home-town newspapers, the Boston *Globe* and *American*, carried no story of the credit-union event, he protested vigorously. Filene took publicity he received for granted, but there never was enough to satisfy him.

One idea of mine that Filene accepted brought him and Lincoln Steffens widespread publicity. When Steffens' autobiography was published, Filene said to me, "I want to do something for Steffens and get linked up with him publicly." Steffens had in his book commented favorably on Filene's fight to reform the politics of Boston.

"Why don't you give a dinner in honor of Steffens' book and invite the living people in his book? This will identify you with him," I suggested.

At my desk Steffens and I checked off names in the book's index. We liked each other. Steffens was a short, wiry fellow, with an orange-brownish beard, sparkling eyes, a quick wit and great personal warmth. "The antics of the unsuccessful millionaire amuse me," he said. "I was down on my luck in Europe not so long ago. I ran into Filene and asked him for slight financial aid. He snooted me and was almighty about it, delivered a lecture on thrift and told me what a poor businessman I was. He did nothing for me. But I am not cynical or resentful. I take them as they come, and I am delighted he'll do something with my book. I must say I think it speaks well

of him." And he added, "He thinks he can get some publicity because it will be a best seller." He paused. "Well, let him get it."

On April 11 we mailed invitations over Filene's signature. Bernard Baruch; Bainbridge Colby, former Secretary of State under President Wilson; Samuel Crowther; Wallace Irwin; William Travers Jerome, former fighting district attorney of New York City; Anne Morgan, sister of J. Pierpont Morgan; and a long list of others accepted. Filene glowed at the thought of acting host to this auspicious gathering—bankers, businessmen, lawyers, publicists and writers, including Heywood Broun, Abraham Cahan, Frederic C. Howe, Bob Davis, Rudolph Spreckels, Amos Pinchot, Herbert Bayard Swope and Will Shepherd. The speakers aired their social, economic and political points of view and praised the honor guest and the host. The newspapers played up the dinner. I still cherish Steffens' letter of deep thanks.

I also worked on statements and interviews covering the topics of Filene's major interests. Newspaper offices knew Filene as a prolific source on almost any topic from international affairs to cooking; he was a city desk's stand-by. I tried to restrain his ardor at times, and I asked him to check requests for statements and interviews with me so as not to spread himself too thin. But this was difficult. I recall that he once did turn down an invitation from the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Homemakers' Institute. He refused to speak to a "bunch of women who will listen while they are washing dishes."

Filene is still unrecognized as an important innovator. A liberal in the conservative area of business, he had constructive ideas that were years ahead of his time. If he had had less ego and had combined his originality and foresight with leadership qualities and personality, he would have made a profound impact on his times. Today many ideas of his have been nationally and internationally accepted. Undoubtedly his plaque of immortality will be posthumously awarded. Leadership requires more than a desire to lead or money or power. There must be qualities of leadership—factual and strategic.

Herbert Evans, now president of the six-station Peoples Broadcasting Corporation, recently characterized Filene to me as a great man who combined the canniness of a merchant with the emotions of a social reformer. He said that the question "What kind of a man is Filene?" would start a hot argument. Everyone was sure his conception of the man was

accurate. He added that Filene had admired me as a person who “realized the needs and point of view of the common people.” I pitied Filene and deplored his egotism, and simultaneously I admired his support of progressive ideas.

A few years after my contract with Filene had terminated, Kirtley Mather, director of the Summer School of Arts and Sciences and of Education at Harvard University, sent me an invitation to a dinner meeting at the University Club in Boston, called at Filene’s invitation. The meeting was to consider “How to make Americans think, not what to make Americans think.” A score of educators, psychologists and publicists met with Filene in a cold-looking, uncomfortable room at the club. Filene told us he was afraid that America was becoming the victim of propaganda (the year was 1936), that Americans had lost their capacity to think things through. He wished to make Americans think so that they could meet the problems democracy was facing and had provided $10,000 a year toward this purpose. He wanted our suggestions now. Around the table I recognized Alfred Adler, the inferiority-complex man; Helen McAfee, then president of Wellesley College; George Denny, who ran radio’s Town Hall Meeting of the Air; Clyde Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, a propaganda expert; and Lyman Bryson of Columbia University. Each defined the problem in his own terms, his primary interest. Dr. Adler emphasized that thinking depended on the teaching methods of teachers’ colleges and urged the money be spent to improve teaching. An expert in visual education urged better motion pictures. George Denny said the solution lay in radio. Lyman Bryson advocated adult education. I pointed out that the problem should be tackled by defining Filene’s objectives more specifically. What did he want to accomplish? The home, school, religion and other social institutions were all engaged in the job he wanted to carry out. The problem must be narrowed down and focused. But no action was taken on my suggestion.

The evening wore on. The air was smoke-laden and heavy. The unsuccessful millionaire’s head began to nod in little snatches of sleep. Finally he thanked us and adjourned the meeting. We all went home. Nothing had been accomplished.

But Filene’s mind still turned to the problem of getting the American public to think. Some months later at the Columbia University Club in New York, Evans Clark, George Denny, Miller, Bryson, myself and a few others

of the group again joined him at a meeting, as slow as the first. Again the old gentleman tired. He rambled on about credit unions and co-operatives. His audience fidgeted, thought of afternoon engagements. With an air of near desperation, Filene said to Clyde Miller, “You there—here is ten thousand dollars for the first year. I don’t care how you spend the money. I suggest you and two others appoint a committee. The American nation must be taught to think.” As a result Clyde Miller founded the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, which played a role in the U.S. in trying to define propaganda during the next few years. Filene was happy in his belief that he had taught Americans how to think.

chapter 34

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

The year 1929 opened with an optimism that was shared by the public and government alike. Stocks began to climb after a frightening December slump. There was much talk of the New Era and the new heights stocks would reach. We did not know we were approaching the end of an era in American life.

America had gone berserk in this decade, despite Harding's attempt to establish "normalcy" after World War I. The release of war tensions and our self-imposed Prohibition inspired excesses that affected our lives. The stock-market rise helped to encourage this manic state from 1921 to 1929. Everyone from bootblacks to the wealthiest in the land speculated in stocks. Florida's boom and bust were symptomatic of the times.

In this year my staff and I were busy helping the American Tobacco Company persuade the public to reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. We were counseling the manufacturers of artificial flowers. We were working on Sidney Blumenthal's fabrics and Cartier's jewels. We were helping to launch the new Dodge Victory Six. Our clients included Knox Gelatin, the Meter Service Corporation and the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. For Procter & Gamble we were extolling the virtues of Ivory soap. We were developing public relations for David A. Schulte's chain stores. The Ward Baking Company had retained us again. And we were advisers to the House of Worth of Paris.

In a typical month, January, our clients paid us gross fees of $16,523.48, with profits of $11,868.78. That was not considered bad for a 38-year-old, adventuring into an untried, unknown field. My fees, which I determined according to a formula my friend, Lucius Boomer, called "quantum meruit," ranged from $2,083.33 monthly ($25,000 a year) for the American Tobacco Company to $416.67 monthly for the House of Worth, a *beau geste* I made to Pierre Cartier, Worth's brother-in-law.

I was doing well, but the profession of counsel on public relations lacked the respect that I felt it deserved. Our clients knew what we could do for them and respected our methods, but to many we were still sensation mongers and ballyhoo artists—a menace to the integrity of press and business alike. I hoped for a dramatic event that would make others see us as we saw ourselves.

In February 1929 Napoleon Boynton, an executive of the General Electric Company in Cleveland, called on me. He was a good-looking, pleasant young man, G.E.'s general co-ordinator for Light's Golden Jubilee, a plan to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the invention of the electric light by Thomas A. Edison. Thirty-one years later I learned the circumstances leading up to Boynton's visit in Matthew Josephson's biography of Thomas Edison.

In 1909, says Josephson, Edison's old associates from Menlo Park and the laboratories in Orange, New Jersey, formed a society, the Edison Pioneers. They met yearly to honor their old boss. Lacking the money to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the electric light, they asked the General Electric Company to underwrite the celebration. General Electric, long under Congressional attack for monopolistic practices in lamp manufacture, regarded the celebration as a sound investment in public relations.

General Electric selected Schenectady, their home office, as the headquarters for the national celebration, but neglected to consult Edison about their plans; they asked him simply to play the part which would be assigned to him. The old man had previously been exploited by General Electric and Westinghouse, which also shared in ownership of the light patents. He had no desire to give so much publicity and free advertising to the two great companies.

Apparently one of Edison's intimates told Henry Ford that General Electric planned to take over Edison's Jubilee and capitalize on the inventor's fame. Thomas Edison was Ford's great hero, and Ford vowed to do something about this "shameful action." He suggested to Edison that the celebration be held at Dearborn. In a sense he kidnaped the party and snatched the Golden Jubilee of Light and its hero from General Electric. General Electric appealed to Edison and Ford to accept Schenectady, but Edison was stubborn and Ford wanted the ceremony and the publicity for himself. In the end the various parties agreed that the ceremony would take place in Dearborn, Michigan, on October 21, 1929. Ford had won.

In any event, the time was ripe for the Jubilee. The public had been surfeited by the murders, scandals and circus stunts of the Twenties. The United States—and, for that matter, the world—was ripe for a new hero, and here was the 50th anniversary of one of the most significant and beneficial inventions of the age, and the inventor was still living.

I recognized the potential professional significance of the assignment and plunged into the given task eagerly, joyfully quoting Victor Hugo's "No army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come." I immediately suggested a letterhead listing a cross-section of notable Americans as sponsors of the Jubilee. This would demonstrate that the planned festivities had a broad base of public support. The committee letterhead still impresses me as a very sound idea. Forty-one individuals joined a committee headed by President Herbert Hoover. The committee had representatives from religion, education, business, labor, government and the sciences. This committee was easily completed. In most cases it meant only a phone call to a publicity man.

I planned elaborate activity that would develop cumulative support for the Jubilee and give almost everyone a sense of participation. If all went well, the affair would receive world-wide attention. On October 21 President Hoover would dedicate the Edison Institute of Technology at Dearborn. The institute's facilities—a technical school and a museum to house the Edison memorabilia and Ford's own collection of early Americana—would also be inaugurated that day.

Ford had decided that no building was better suited to house Edison's institute than the one in which the Declaration of Independence had been signed. Engaging an architect, he instructed him to go to Philadelphia, buy Independence Hall from the city government and have it transported to Dearborn and re-erected there.

"I told him," the architect later said to me, "that the Philadelphia city fathers would not sell. He insisted that I go anyway. I took the train to Philadelphia, presented myself to the city authorities, made my offer and they turned me down, of course. I felt well-justified trepidation on my return to Dearborn. But failure didn't faze Ford. He turned to me and said, 'Then build me a perfect replica of Independence Hall that will last three times as long as the original. Build the foundation three times as deep and three times as wide as the one in Philadelphia. That'll show 'em!'"

And that is how the hall was built.

Ford's private version of Independence Hall was erected in "Greenfield Village," an assembly of nineteenth-century farm cottages, churches, taverns, and streets which Ford was building. Ford transferred the original, decaying buildings from Menlo Park, New Jersey, where Edison had performed his experiments in 1879, to Greenfield and reconstructed them. He renamed this part of the village Menlo Park. The streets were identical to those in the original town; Ford even transplanted some of the shrubbery and trees from New Jersey.

In the reproduction of Independence Hall, Mr. Ford was installing an Industrial Museum, a collection of Americana, to preserve the objects that Ford and his Tin Lizzie had helped eliminate. The collection consisted of articles of use—from gigs, victorias and fire engines to pots, pans, brooms, clocks, watches and chairs. The Edison memorabilia were to become part of the laboratory of the Edison Institute of Technology. Ford believed that by showing students the artifacts of an earlier period he would adjust the student, as a little pamphlet describing the institute said, "to the harmony of progress and perceive the manner in which necessity has spurred invention." But Ford never wrote that line.

Meanwhile, we sent letters to the managing editors of newspapers telling them about the Jubilee. We enclosed a postcard offering the editors scientific, industrial, economic and human-interest material. All they had to do was check what they wanted. I had used this device just after the war, for the War Department campaign to re-employ ex-servicemen. Our stories covered the life story of Edison, the first central electric-light station, the history of artificial lighting, the inventor's contributions to radio and other angles of the Edison saga. Requests poured in. We filled them, and stories appeared all over the country, building interest and support for the Jubilee.

One was an interview with Francis Jehl, the only man then living who had been with Edison at the birth of the incandescent lamp on October 21, 1879. Books and pamphlets and Edison's secretary, Meadowcroft, who spent much time and energy protecting his boss from the world, supplied us with information.

We issued a plan book for public utilities throughout the country, giving information and suggestions that would enable them to tie in with our program.

We held a series of luncheons at India House and the Bankers Club for editors of daily newspapers, magazines, foreign correspondents, movie

newsreel executives and newspaper executives. Distinguished personalities—among them James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, and Paul D. Cravath, eminent New York attorney—acted as hosts at these luncheons. The announcement, at our first luncheon on April 30, that President Hoover headed our sponsoring committee received nation-wide attention.

From May to October we worked from our office at 9 East 46th Street in New York. Sometimes newspapers asked for interviews with Edison. Meadowcroft, Edison's secretary, barred the way occasionally. To one request for such an interview Meadowcroft wrote: "Say I am fed up on interviews and questionnaires just at present."

Even minor details about our hero set off a chain of events which produced a new publicity surge. When we put out a release stating that the heliotrope, dahlia and goldenrod were Edison's favorite flowers we were deluged with requests for newspaper and magazine articles. Mr. J. W. Johnston, Garden Editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, arranged to have the Dahliadel Nurseries of Vineland, New Jersey, honor Edison by naming their new dahlia the "Thomas A. Edison" at the annual show of the American Dahlia Society in Madison Square Garden during October. We prevailed upon newspapers to reproduce their issues of October 21, 1879, or to carry Light's Golden Jubilee sections on or about the date of the celebration, with local public utilities backing the issue with advertising.

One of the co-operating General Electric subsidiaries reproduced the issue of the New York *Herald* of 1879 which announced the invention that "burned without gas or flame—cheaper than oil." We sent copies of this to newspapers throughout the country, after we had corrected a distortion which illustrates how casually corporations regarded historical truth at the time. The four printed sheets gave the impression that they were an exact reproduction of the New York *Herald* of October 21, 1879, but someone at General Electric had inserted the trademark "Mazda" throughout the text. It was as though a historian had reported Sir Walter Raleigh receiving a carton of brand name cigarettes from the American Indians.

Scientific American and *Industrial Education* magazines got on the bandwagon. *The Survey*, a social-service monthly, featured Light's Golden Jubilee in two articles in its October issue. The *Saturday Evening Post* announced a 19-page section in which members of the electrical industry would pay tribute to Edison. The section eventually expanded to 23 pages,

at a cost of more than a quarter of a million dollars to the industry. It made advertising history.

In August and September the country's press was moving on its own initiative to explore every angle of the celebration. And this was, of course, helped along by the planned organizational activities throughout the country and the world. Every time a group co-operated it became local or national news, and publicity about foreign participation developed too.

Light's Golden Jubilee no longer depended on a press bureau. Everybody was joining the procession. From the grass roots to Broadway the spirit of ballyhoo took over. Mayors and Governors issued proclamations to celebrate Light's Golden Jubilee. Universities offered lectures on Edison and the implications of his discovery. Educational groups conducted essay contests. Librarians displayed books about Edison. Museum heads arranged exhibits that would illustrate the history of light. Women's clubs throughout the country held exhibits honoring the Jubilee. Dining-car menus on leading trains mentioned the event. And to be sure that laggards acted, we sent copies of every dining-car menu that carried the announcement to superintendents of dining-car service who had not yet acted. Edison was the hero of the day.

We organized a Speakers' Bureau and prepared talks for chambers of commerce, fraternal orders, Lions, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, Boy and Girl Scouts and educational groups. Speakers were supplied by the National Electric Light Association, by electrical leagues and by state public utilities' information bureaus.

I still have an autograph collection of letters paying tribute to Edison from such leaders as Albert Einstein, General John J. Pershing, John W. Davis and Jane Addams. Admiral Byrd, on June 26, named his beacon at Little America after Edison. The Hungarian Legation wired congratulations to Edison. Austria, France, Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, Argentina, China, Brazil, Canada, Italy and Holland also marked the occasion in some manner. Mexico arranged to rebroadcast the Dearborn festivities. Japan scheduled a special illumination of the Ginza, a night Rugby game, dances, banquets and radio broadcasts in what was probably the most elaborate celebration outside the United States.

We tried to arrange at least one newsworthy event every month.

For the Diamond Jubilee of Atlantic City, from May 13 to 31, a spectacular lighting display was arranged featuring illuminated hotels, piers

and the famous boardwalk. Shortly afterward I wrote on the committee letterhead to the Postmaster General, saying to him that it might be in the public interest for the U. S. Government to recognize the Jubilee by issuing a commemorative stamp: He agreed, and widespread publicity created national interest in the issue. It was a two-cent stamp printed in red ink, depicting the original lamp with rays emanating from it. On the left was a scroll with “1879” facing a scroll inscribed “1929” on the right. The legend proclaimed “Electric Light’s Golden Jubilee.”

The stamp was placed on sale June 5 at the Menlo Park post office and at other post offices soon after. Within three weeks the original issue of 180 million stamps was exhausted. A second issue of 150 million was ordered. Commemorative stamps were sparsely issued then; newspapers wrote heady editorials about it. I think the issuance of this stamp helped give national status to Light’s Golden Jubilee, and I know it helped my reputation. As late as four years afterward Walter Winchell reported that “it took a press agent to get Edison’s likeness on two-cent stamps once. He is Edward Bernays of New York.” The stamp did not bear Edison’s picture, and it was issued because the Post Office Department wanted to get on the bandwagon of public interest aroused by Light’s Golden Jubilee. All I did was to write a letter on our committee letterhead.

On June 22 the little house at Mazdabrook, New Jersey, in which Edison had perfected his invention was transferred with appropriate publicity to Henry Ford’s Greenfield Village. On the day of the transfer I walked down Mazdabrook’s country road with Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford. Ford kept bending down, plucking weeds; he seemed particularly interested in milkweed. He had become obsessed by the idea of finding a rubber substitute and hoped the sap of these weeds might prove to be the answer. He never found rubber in milkweed.

After our little walk we sat on the porch for lunch. I was delighted to be lunching with two of the great men of the time and looked forward to learning something from their words of wisdom. Mr. Ford cupped his hands (Edison was extremely hard of hearing) and said in a loud voice, “What makes you look so well, Tom?”

Edison didn’t hear the first time and Ford repeated the question. A look of understanding and warmth came into the old man’s face and in a low voice he said, “My wife makes me take liver pills every day.”

“How many pills does she give you, Tom?”

That, too, demanded a repeat. “Three a day, Henry.”

Throughout the luncheon the conversation revolved around this subject. So all I really learned at that luncheon was that Mrs. Edison’s liver pills seemed to help the inventor.

Because of the summer lull, we planned no events for July and August. But public interest in Light’s Golden Jubilee held its own even against the competition of the Kellogg-Briand peace treaty, the world tour of the German *Graf Zeppelin* and ominous dips in the stock market. We had planned a rash of events for September and October, the big months, working up to October 21, the big day. In Louisville, Kentucky, the American Legion convention gave publicity to the Jubilee from September 30 to October 3. In Cincinnati, where Edison had worked for Western Union as a telegrapher, an Edison exposition of electrical devices was held from October 20–26. In Buffalo, a festival of light from October 10 to 12 included choral events, costume competitions, fireworks and a pageant of “Main Street Fifty Years Ago.”

George M. Cohan wrote a song tribute to Edison, the sage of Menlo Park, and Light’s Golden Jubilee, entitled “Edison—Miracle Man.” He would accept no payment for it. The song was the theme song of the festival, played whenever Edison appeared anywhere at a public event or on motion-picture screens. Ten thousand copies, including orchestrations and band arrangements, were distributed throughout the world. The General Electric, Everready and Graybar radio broadcasts featured it. School bands played it, and forty-two vaudeville acts adopted it as their feature song. The U. S. Army, Navy and Marine bands put it in their repertoires.

Henry Ford, who idolized Edison, was almost 70 when he snatched the Jubilee from General Electric and Westinghouse. From time to time during our preparations I visited Detroit to confer with Mr. Ford and his retinue. There was a lack of self-consciousness associated with these visits. I was functioning as a lawyer or doctor might who wanted to get on with the job. My visits gave me the opportunity to know Mr. Ford; he spent much time with me going over the huge grounds. My recollection of him is of an untutored individual with no abstract thoughts to slow him down. Things were his world. His philosophy was pragmatism: whatever worked was good.

The responsibilities of wealth did not disturb him. He used his power as naturally as a hereditary grand duke. Ford’s orders—often based on whims

—were considered unassailable law by those who surrounded him. Once, on a visit, I noticed the names of several great scientists engraved on the entablature of a huge building. I recognized the names of Darwin, Copernicus, Newton, *et al*. But there was one name that baffled me. One of the Ford men explained that Mr. Ford had asked the architects to submit a list of scientists whose names they thought should be engraved here. Ford added the name of a friend to the list. This was his building; he could do as he wished with it.

In order to keep a morning appointment with Henry Ford in Dearborn, when I missed the fast train—the Detroiter—I rode from Toledo to Detroit on a Stout airplane, manufactured by Ford. I was as afraid of airplane travel then as I am now. We arrived in Detroit safely, after a bouncy trip. Mr. Ford kept me waiting two hours after the appointed time. I might have taken a train and saved myself the mental anguish of flying. I told Ford I had used his airplane in order to arrive on time. “Never rode on one, never would,” he said to me.

On another of my visits Ford walked me around Greenfield Village. The old frame house from Menlo Park, where only a few months before Edison, Ford and I had lunched together, was now in place. Next to the house I noticed a large pit. I asked Mr. Ford what it was for.

“There was a pit like this right next to the house in New Jersey,” he said, “so naturally I had one dug here. That’s all.”

I saw an outhouse next to the house. Half in seriousness, I asked, “What’s that?”

“That’s Tom Edison’s straight-shot privy from Menlo Park,” he replied.

A replica of an early American village had been built on another part of the grounds. It was scheduled to be inaugurated on October 21, too. When we returned to Ford’s office I told him I had noticed a large patch of black, bare ground; this space would surely look better with grass on it. Ford picked up the telephone and spoke to his secretary: “Liebold, I want grass on the square, want it right away. Have it put down.”

I lunched with Edsel Ford that day in the executives’ restaurant. He was charming and personable and I liked him. He complained to me that it was impossible to get meat at the restaurant because his father was a vegetarian. Nor was smoking permitted in the building. Ford Senior imposed his whims on others.

After lunch, gardeners from nurseries in the immediate and surrounding neighborhoods were already putting turf on the black earth in the American village. By next morning the area had been completely covered!

I suggested to Mr. Ford that the distinguished guests coming to celebrate the Jubilee at Dearborn on October 21 should be called for at the entrance to Greenfield Village with horses and carriages instead of Ford automobiles. This, I explained, would dramatize the revolution in transportation his car had created. Without comment he lifted the telephone receiver and said, “Liebold, build a stable. Get enough hostlers. Buy gigs, victorias and buggies and have them ready by October 21.” In two weeks I saw a huge stable with horses and hostlers and a collection of barouches and other horse conveyances ready for the big day.

Ford walked me through his huge nondescript museum where were displayed artifacts of the civilization he had helped make obsolete—horse-drawn fire engines and music boxes. He stopped before some old music boxes and proudly started winding a number of them. They all played at once in a jumble of sounds.

One day I toured Ford’s design headquarters with him. As we passed an engineer working on a new car model, Ford looked at the design and, with a free gesture, took the pencil out of the engineer’s hand, rubbed out some lines that, for all I knew, might have been the markings for a cylinder or valve and shortened them by several inches. The engineer seemed to accept his boss’ change.

Ford had had Edison walk in the wet cement outside the new Edison Institute of Technology so that his footsteps would be preserved forever in the approach to the building. When I saw Edison’s footsteps pointed away from the building I suggested that Ford have the concrete blocks taken up and reversed so that Edison would be walking into the building rather than away from it. The next time I was in Detroit, this had been done.

As the big day approached I made weekly trips to Detroit to confer with Ford and his associates. Preparing the guest list was fun; it was like an elimination contest of Who’s Who, deciding who would go on the list of invitees, since only a limited number of people could be comfortably accommodated at the dinner, the key event of the Jubilee.

I recommended that Ford arrange for a corps of ushers to wear badges and hand out programs. I stressed the necessity of washrooms on the Greenfield Village grounds, noting them in the program and in signs

indicating their whereabouts. (This was a delicate memorandum; washrooms at that time could be discussed only euphemistically.) I recommended assigning men and women dressed in the 1879 period to stroll about the grounds to add color and visual stimulation to the event. I suggested distributing seating lists and designing an attractive dinner menu so both could be kept as souvenirs.

At the same time I discussed press accommodations with Ford's associates. I knew from previous experience that the event might attract a thousand or more people; in words and pictures, it could reach the entire world. Physical limitations demanded that we be selective, but we had to be careful in our selectivity because obviously neither Ford, General Electric nor Westinghouse wanted to antagonize anybody.

Ford asked me how many newspapermen I was intending to invite. I suggested a large number. Ford looked at me and in his drawn-out New England drawl said, "Many? Only a few. Don't stir the soup too thin." He knew about scarcity values, although I am sure he had never read Veblen.

Ford authorized me to invite representatives of the wire services, the photographic services and the weekly newsreels, as well as representatives of fifteen of the most important newspapers in the country and an additional number of outstanding journalists. The final list included Arthur Brisbane, Adolph Ochs, Ogden Reid, Medill McCormick, Cyrus Curtis, George Horace Lorimer, Merle Crowell, William Randolph Hearst and Frank S. Gannett.

I established press bureaus, complete with typewriters, telephones and wire facilities, at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit and at Dearborn. I worked out two sets of press cards for newspapermen and photographers. One entitled the holder to visit the Dearborn location before October 21 and the other to attend the festivities on October 21.

Detroit, before the big event, was in a state of excitement. The newspapermen acted as though they were covering Coronation Day in London. Our press office was besieged by correspondents seeking banquet invitations. The pressures became so heavy that at the last moment we had to cut down press representation at the dinner to one man per newspaper.

I wanted to be in Dearborn early in the morning of October 21, so I taxied from the hotel with Otto Kahn and Paul D. Cravath. Stock Exchange securities' prices had been dropping alarmingly. During the ride of about an hour Kahn and Cravath discussed with me the significance of the stock-

market situation. They agreed that the drop in stock-market prices was due to the stock-exchange rules in the United States, which, unlike those of England, required settlement of accounts in a few days. Such quick settlement, these two men theorized, made it necessary, when the market went down, for everyone to sell to cover their margin accounts—forcing the market down further. The conversation was carried on, on a high level of abstraction. Neither man seemed in the least worried or seemed to have the slightest idea we were moving into the great Depression. It was another instance when even the experts were blind to the signs of the times. Many of us remain the slaves of our childhood impressions. I had believed that titans of finance could foresee the future. I couldn't imagine that these two men, who were in the very center of finance, could be so incapable of evaluating a violent economic debacle.

On the 21st, Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Edison met President Hoover and his party on their arrival. They changed from their train to a replica of the Grand Trunk Railway train, a reproduction of the early train on which Edison had worked. They rode the half-mile spur to Smith's Creek Junction, where they were met by other notables, including Owen D. Young, Thomas W. Lamont, J. P. Morgan (the younger), Charles M. Schwab, Otto H. Kahn, Adolph Ochs, Madame Curie and Orville Wright.

The President stood outside the station, flanked by a crowd of guests, his aide and his personal physician. Nobody seemed to be in charge, so I pushed into the crowd and yelled for the "gentlemen please to move back, form a line and meet the President in orderly fashion." I stood opposite Mr. Hoover. As the line moved slowly between us, I asked the name of each approaching man and repeated it to the President. This was a detail none of us had foreseen and for which no plan had been made. What should have been a dignified ceremony of greeting the President of the United States was turning into a shambles. Near the front of the line was a man whose face was vaguely familiar. As he came along in his turn I asked him, "Your name, please?"

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," he answered in a low voice.

I introduced him to the President, struck by the fact that I was introducing John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whom I had not met before, to the President of the United States.

Ford escorted the party through Greenfield Village and Menlo Park. Edison was delighted to see the old bulbs, telegraph instruments, stock

tickers, dynamos and other equipment.

“Well, you’ve got this just about ninety-nine and a half percent perfect,” Edison said to Ford.

“What’s the matter with the other half per cent?” Ford asked.

“Well,” Edison drawled, “we never kept it as clean as this!”

The group gathered at the little station where Edison had sold candy and magazines many years before. As part of the ceremony, a boy handed Edison a basket of merchandise, which he was supposed to offer to the President. Edison, 82, enfeebled with age and sickness, took the basket, and offered his merchandise to President Hoover, crying, “Candy, apples, sandwiches and newspapers!” in a valiant effort to re-enact his boyhood sales pitch. It was embarrassing to all of us—a pathetic evocation of the past.

A buffet luncheon was served at the reconstructed old Clinton Inn, facing the village green. The President, Edison and their parties had luncheon at the Ford home. After lunch the President left for a horse-driven drive through the huge River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company. Most of the guests returned to their hotels to rest for the big event of the evening, the banquet, at which Edison would re-enact the creation of the electric light.

Hearst Metrotone News and Fox Movietone News covered the event for the newsreels; NBC and CBS gave us complete radio coverage. The broadcasts went overseas as well as to the United States, one to the Eastern Hemisphere, another to Latin America and a third to the Antarctic, where Commander Byrd was listening in.

Edison pressed a button which illuminated the perpetual light in the steel tower erected over the spot where the laboratory stood. I am sure that as the Edison Pioneers heard the President of the United States extoll the invention they had helped Edison to create, they were overwhelmed, as most of us were, by the way in which their idea, Light’s Golden Jubilee, had developed and grown and then moved on its own momentum.

The formal dinner began promptly at 6:15 at Ford’s Independence Hall. After Owen D. Young, the toastmaster, had opened the banquet, Edison, looking like a benevolent old wreck, walked with Ford and President Hoover to the transplanted Menlo Park laboratory and re-enacted the invention of the electric lamp.

Edison appeared on the second floor of the laboratory and demonstrated how he had made a carbonized thread and vacuum globe in 1879. Distinguished guests crowded into the laboratory to watch. Millions throughout the world heard Graham McNamee announce: “The lamp is now ready, as it was a half century ago! Will it light? Will it burn? Edison touches the wire … Ladies and gentlemen—it lights! Light’s Golden Jubilee has come to a triumphant climax!”

Models of the old carbon-filament lamp were turned up, in Menlo Park, Dearborn, Detroit and large cities across the country. After the re-enactment ceremony Edison was overcome by emotion; he faltered, sat down and wept. Mrs. Edison calmed him and someone gave him warm milk. That seemed to revive him. Finally, he took his place at the seat of honor on the dais and heard President Hoover make a laudatory speech.

Edison answered with feeling: “This experience makes me realize as never before that Americans are sentimental and this crowning event of Light’s Golden Jubilee fills me with gratitude. As to Henry Ford, words are inadequate to express my feelings. I can only say to you that in the fullest and richest meaning of the term—he is my friend. Good night.”

He turned white and slumped into his chair. Mrs. Edison and President Hoover’s physician helped him to a room behind the speakers’ table. They laid him on a sofa and administered drugs. He recovered consciousness and was put to bed for several days at Ford’s residence. “I am tired of glory. I want to get back to work,” he said.

Going back to New York on the train that night, I wondered whether the Jubilee had really honored Edison or merely exploited him. Everything had worked out as planned, which gratified me. But I asked myself whether I had served him or injured him by my contribution to the ceremony. An old man, recently very sick, had been subjected to great physical and emotional strain. It was not surprising that he collapsed. On the other hand, I could not forget the look of happiness in his eyes as he examined Ford’s reconstruction of Menlo Park and lovingly fingered the old bulbs, telegraph instruments, stock tickers and other paraphernalia with which he had worked so hopefully and successfully in his prime. Despite his weakness, the aged inventor had felt a deep and happy satisfaction at being the center of world attention and the recipient of tributes from a distinguished

gathering. Such recognition usually comes after a man's death; Edison had enjoyed it while he was still able to savor it.

It was Will Rogers who, in his pithy way, summed up the event when he said, "You can imagine what a collection of great men was at the dinner, when Otto Kahn and Charlie Schwab weren't even at the speakers' table!"

I was exhilarated when I arrived at my office, where I found copies of all available October 22 newspapers waiting for me. They reflected my own excitement. First-page stories and pictures were everywhere.

I tried to look at it objectively. Someone has an idea—Light's Golden Jubilee—honoring a fine old man who has made significant contributions to American life. You recognize that he can be made a myth, so you start myth-building. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say you help the myth to grow. The public, expressing its own unfulfilled aspirations, builds the myth until it becomes an overwhelming, meaningful reality. You then find the coincidence of interest between people's ideas and the myth. The President of the United States recognizes the vitality of the idea, and the myth grows faster and faster. Finally, the electronics on which Edison has made his reputation spreads the myth. Here in your office you see how newspapers have picked the idea as the most important one that day and you know that millions will come under its influence too. You conclude that it is now part of the social pattern and structure of the times.

There were those who felt differently about what I had done. A few days after I returned an advertising executive of the General Electric Company telephoned and requested me to count the inches of editorial space Thomas Edison had received in the past year. "I think you will agree with me," I wrote to George Osborn of the Company, "that this can be listed under 'foolish questions of the year.' It is impossible to estimate the amount of space Mr. Edison received or the amount of attention the event attracted." I did not hear from the advertising executive again.

The New Yorker, commenting on the Jubilee in "The Talk of the Town," said: "Bernays works well with multimillionaires, as the success of the great celebration shows. Under Ford's aegis he got into touch with governors, other countries, syndicates, etc. Under his direction committees were formed from Maine to Honolulu, holidays declared, lights turned on and off, speeches made, and a special stamp issued by the Post Office Department. Of course, the real greatness of Edison deserved all these things, and the people from the President down were sincerely desirous of

honoring him in a big way, but it took a public relations counsellor to put it over. It's a commentary of some sort or other on fame."

But all myth-building is a commentary on fame. Whether you accept the Freudian thesis or not, people want a father substitute. That is myth-building. Edison was an ideal subject—a great inventor symbolizing the scientific era of electronics to come.

Earlier, *Editor & Publisher* had vigorously attacked my role in the Jubilee, as it persistently attacked all public relations activities. In its October 12 issue, under a headline, "Edward L. Bernays Active in Promotion 'Jubilee' Where Hoover Will Speak," the editor wrote: "Mr. Bernays, in one of his familiar handouts, suggested very definitely that he was acting on behalf of the 'Light's Golden Jubilee' committee and for Henry Ford. In his communication he not only announced that President Hoover, Henry Ford and Thomas Alva Edison will be the principal figures in an all-day celebration, honoring the light, at Dearborn, Mich., October 21, but asked that newspaper editors tell him how many reporters or photographers they would send to cover the event and declared his willingness to provide comforts and conveniences for such representatives. … In a book called *Propaganda*, recently published under the authorship of Bernays, he tells of his exploits in organizing 'news events' to gain favorable public opinion for merchandise and services. He uses the newspaper, motion picture, radio and other forms of public communication in behalf of his clients.… An *Editor & Publisher* man asked Bernays this week if it was he who recently had induced the government to use a picture of the mazda lamp on postage stamps. He non-committally referred the inquiry to the Postmaster General."

The attendant publicity brought me public recognition and clients. But even more important than that, it provided me with an opportunity to explain public relations and to give people a better understanding of this vocation. Controversy gives public visibility to an idea.

There are always gaps to bridge in a conscientious professional's work. Does he work for recognition? Or does he work to please the professional standards he sets for himself? Certainly both, but the latter brings the greater reward. He does the best he can, often without the client's understanding. I had succeeded in my most elaborate public relations assignment. (A Yale social psychologist, Leonard Doob, later called it "one of the most astonishing pieces of propaganda ever engineered in this

country during peace time.”) I knew that I had advanced my professional standing and public relations.

Public relations had passed a milestone on the road to public understanding and respect. For here was a co-ordinated, planned effort which demonstrated that the consent of the public to an idea could be engineered if the time for the idea had come. Shortly afterward two important monthlies of that period, H. L. Mencken’s *American Mercury* and Ellery Sedgwick’s *Atlantic Monthly*, published full-length profiles of me, calling attention to the implications and importance of public relations to American society.

PART FOUR

depression, new deal and challenges to democracy

1930–1941

chapter 35

PRESIDENT HOOVER ATTEMPTS TO EXORCISE UNEMPLOYMENT

In october 1930, a year after the stock-market crash, Colonel Arthur Woods asked me to become a member of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, set up to deal with the increasing problems of unemployment and relief. It was a repeat engagement with Woods for me, for eleven years before I had assisted Woods in the War Department effort for the re-employment of ex-servicemen.

Until October, the Federal Government had done nothing to cope with the deepening Depression because Herbert Hoover stuck to his decision that unemployment must be handled locally, and that interference by Washington was un-American. Hoover was backed by the prevailing powerful business interests. Not until two years later was Hoover moved to concrete economic action, slight though it was, when he approved the Relief and Construction Act, which provided for loans for self-liquidating public works and loans to states for relief. Not until President Roosevelt entered the White House in 1933 was the problem tackled boldly. Public opinion vociferously supported the New Deal's conclusions that positive government action was necessary. Hoover's exhortations and cajolery had been useless.

To tell my story of public relations activity for the committee without sketching in the events that brought about its formation would make for an almost unbelievable tale—for President Hoover's approach was unrelated to reality. A recital of certain happenings that took place from the beginning of 1929 to October 1930, when the committee was announced, is essential to an understanding of the situation.

Ironically, President Hoover, in his inaugural address on March 4, 1929, had said, “I have no fears for the future of our country. It is bright with hope.” He added, “We shall soon be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.” This in spite of many signals of economic dangers.

In early 1929 the Federal Reserve Board warned that banks should not lend money for speculative purposes. The American economy continued to move upward, but in the summer and early fall, building contracts declined and production and price indices dropped. Despite these warnings the stock market, in a frenzy of unregulated speculation, continued to a new high. For six weeks the market was ragged. On Black Thursday stock prices crashed and the speculative mania ended, throwing the country into the panic that lasted until the middle of November. The market dropped 40 per cent, representing a loss of 26 billion dollars. Today, economists cite as contributing causes of the Depression paralyzing loss of purchasing power, inadequate recompense to agriculture and labor, outmoded tax policies, wild speculation, the piling up of private debt and inadequacies of the banking system.

Everybody looked to Washington for quick action and miraculous help. But government officials clung to theories based on precedent. Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon wanted deflation to run its course. Hoover expected to maintain price levels and spending; he hoped to continue capital expansion and public building, to make credit available to business and to prop up agricultural prices. The Administration displayed no fear of the future.

In November conferences with industrialists and later with labor leaders were held at the White House. The President extracted promises from these men that they would maintain the wage level, which he believed was basic to a sound economy. Hoover accepted their words for deeds. He continued to dispense optimism. He told the Chamber of Commerce on December 5 that co-operation along prudent lines was helping to solve the country’s problems. But by then the great automobile industry was in collapse, the textile industry was in distress and most industries and communities were suffering. Unemployment was even more widespread among those with lesser skills. Contrary to the President’s hopes, the weekly wage rate declined because industry did not maintain a full work schedule for individual workers.

Some alarmed Senators and Representatives wanted the Government to act at once, but Hoover refused to budge. On February 3 he stated that Federal relief would destroy character and strike at the roots of self-government.

Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors and former Postmaster General and chairman of the Republican party, voiced the optimism of the Republican leadership. Emphasizing "the great principles of our industrial progress, organization, cooperation, education," Mr. Hays suggested that all Americans should reassert their faith in the soundness and future of our industrial system. "I am confident that when we emerge into full prosperity, it will be with a record of no doles, no pauperization and no strangling taxation."

Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, led the fight to get Administration action that would alleviate the suffering of the people who were the victims of the Depression. In January 1930 he introduced three bills. In retrospect they seem tame and restrained. The first provided for a U.S. monthly index on employment. The Government then had no such figures on which to base action. The second bill provided up to $150,000,000 for a U.S. public-works building program and for Federal employment stabilization. The third was a bill authorizing a U.S. employment agency.

By no stretch of the imagination did this legislation infringe on human liberty. Quite the contrary. And yet what happened to these bills is a clue to Hoover's thinking and to the ruling establishment. The bill for an index of employment was passed but without an appropriation to implement it. The bill on public works and relief was finally passed but was sabotaged by the man—D. H. Sawyer, director of the Federal Employment Stabilization Board—appointed by Hoover to carry it out. Sawyer was *a priori* against its provisions, and sabotaged it by inaction. The bill for an employment agency had not passed by the end of the first session of Congress in 1930.

Hoover believed firmly that relief was primarily the responsibility of family, neighbor, landlord and employer. Second in responsibility was the local community through various philanthropic, voluntary and civic community agencies such as the Community Chest. The county and state might assist, but the Federal Government, never!

The Federal Reserve Board index had gone down from 118 in October 1929 to 88 in October 1930; factory employees from 101 to 82; payrolls 111

to 81; and common stock from 107 to 78. According to Department of Commerce estimates, the number of unemployed had increased from 460,000 in September 1929 to 3,360,000 in September 1930.

In December Congress was to meet again. Hoover knew there was agitation for a special session on unemployment and that demands for Government intervention would increase. Bread lines, soup kitchens and apple sellers were everywhere. He finally decided on a committee on unemployment without legal authority.

The President telephoned Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of *This Week*, whom he greatly admired and who admired him, and asked her to find three people for his proposed committee: a man to head it, a woman to head the women's activities and an expert on public relations. She suggested Colonel Arthur Woods, Lillian Gilbreth, the industrial engineer, and me. Both Mrs. Meloney and Colonel Woods got in touch with me, and by the time Colonel Woods's appointment was announced I had already had a chance to discuss plans with him. He was Groton and Harvard. He had been an impeccable and courageous Police Commissioner of New York and secretary of President Harding's Conference on Unemployment in 1921. He had called me once when he assisted the Rockefellers in their plans to develop their huge architectural center in midtown New York. I had suggested a name that would embody the name Rockefeller in the title and immortalize the family, but he had preferred Radio City. (Later the name was changed to Rockefeller Center.) He was a director of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the General Education Board and had been involved in the restoration of Williamsburg, Virginia. Commentators had high regard for his sense of duty and pure and lofty purpose and esteemed his charm. Woods was the ideal man for this impossible job. My experience with the Colonel in the War Department work had been highly satisfactory. I looked forward with keen pleasure to working with him again.

This was to be his toughest and most frustrating assignment. In our first talk Woods said he thought the committee should be called the National Committee on Unemployment, but I quickly convinced him that it should be called the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, to give a positive or affirmative impression of its real work. It was nicknamed the PECE and is so reported in history books. I suggested the use of the word "President's"; because of it the committee became the extension of the highest office in the land—the symbol of the summit. "Emergency" would

imply that the committee and the condition were temporary. “Employment” rather than “Unemployment” was constructive, a goal on which everyone agreed.

It was really a public relations committee. Its mission: to co-operate with the Federal departments and national organizations to further employment, to point out the value of expediting necessary public and semipublic construction work with industry and to indicate specific methods that might be used to share the work.

The committee was organized to cover the following areas: Federal Government, state and local officials, agencies in public and semipublic construction, industry, national relief, welfare and fraternal organizations, statistical and fact-finding groups, women and public relations. Our offices were in the old Department of Commerce Building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

On October 24, PECE announced that Edward Eyre Hunt had been named secretary and that I had been appointed a member of the committee and counsel on public relations. This story was widely carried in the press, as a first indication that the Administration was interested in the plight of its people and was planning to do something about it.

On the same day the President, at a press conference, pointed out that no special session was necessary to deal with employment. “The sense of voluntary organization and community service in the American people has not vanished,” he said. “The spirit of voluntary service has been strong enough to cope with the problem for the past year and it will, I am confident, continue in full measure.” Obviously, though, voluntary services were unable to cope with worsening conditions.

The press associations reported that the nation’s leading industries were pledging to supply work for the jobless and that relief organizations were being formed to prevent distress among the small number who would still remain idle.

The President said, “Colonel Woods is receiving most gratifying evidence of this from the governors, mayors, industrial leaders and welfare organizations of the country.”

Woods felt it was his job to stimulate optimism through the huge machinery of communications. He also tried to create new jobs and to pry loose quickly Government monies appropriated for public-works construction. After a careful study of the situation had been made, he

presented to the President a plan asking for $600,000,000 for highway construction, $100,000,000 for Federal public works and appropriations of $50,000,000 for Federal loans to states. Hoover rejected these recommendations and others from Woods, including a proposal for low-cost housing and rural electrification.

Woods, who had a wide acquaintance among economists, industrial relations men and social workers, recruited an able group—among them, Fred C. Croxton, vice-chairman of the Ohio Department of Industrial Relations; Joseph H. Willits, Bryce M. Stewart, Leo Wolman, Porter R. Lee and W. Jett Loucks.

I asked Percival White, an old friend, to help in this herculean task. He volunteered and joined up. Most of us working with the committee and a great part of the public, as well, had faith that Colonel Woods and the enactment of his recommendations for public works programs would beat the Depression.

In today's United States of social security, unemployment benefits and other welfare measures, the frame of reference of public opinion then can hardly be imagined. England and Germany had adopted social-security measures, but these demands seemed visionary, revolutionary and socialistic in the early Thirties.

Colonel Woods called on his experts to plan the committee's programs. We were to get the public to support them. We encouraged various methods of spreading employment: through reduced daily and weekly schedules, shorter shifts, alternating shifts and rotation of days off. We tried to increase the available work by advocating more extensive maintenance, accelerated replacement, new construction and stockpiling. We asked industry to analyze payrolls and make surveys of personnel as a basis for layoff procedures instead of indiscriminate dismissals. We urged employers to find personnel willing to go on furlough without pay; to disclose duplication of wage earners in the same family, as a measure of spreading wages; to maintain lists for preferential employment and to determine the adequacy of part-time wages.

To help persons laid off we encouraged help in the form of loans and dismissal compensation; we tried, too, to promote permanent policies for stabilization of earnings and employment through such policies as forecasting and planning, broader training, standardization of products, elastic workday or work-week and unemployment insurance.

We stimulated public and semipublic work projects. Where Government appropriations had already been made, we endeavored to cut red tape to speed up the release of money. Colonel Woods was much concerned with "red tape that interfered with human welfare," but Government departments were slow in carrying out the Congressional mandate.

We promoted community gardens and advocated the remodeling of houses and apartments as a way of helping manufacturing and employment. Additionally, a back-to-school movement was pushed, to keep young people off the labor market.

Despite our labors, these efforts were all ineffective. Particularly unsound was the share-the-work idea, which put the onus of sacrifice on the shoulders of the wage earner instead of the employer.

A telegram from Carl Laemmle of Universal Films to President Hoover reflects the attitude of the employer of that day: "Your appeal for financial aid for the unemployed … gives every employee opportunity to respond to a patriotic and brotherly duty." It was a time when everyone was inclined to pass the buck when it was suggested that employers make sacrifices for their employees. Laemmle's telegram suggested theatrical benefits as a way to raise funds for relief. Hoover wrote Colonel Woods that this was a "helpful aspect from an important quarter that shows a fine spirit of cooperation."

Some suggestions motivated by private interest were proposed as patriotic expedients: "Buy now, while prices are low." "Be patriotic and spend money." "Help the jobless by doing your Christmas shopping now." "Bring back prosperity and help business." These empty slogans were convincing only the businessmen who created them.

On November 10 the National Commander of the American Legion wrote that we should propagandize the idea that every Legionnaire ought to find a job for an idle veteran and if necessary create work to make a job.

Our organization was mushrooming at such a fast rate that I felt it would be advisable to redefine public relations for Dr. Joseph Willits of the University of Pennsylvania, who was a close adviser to Colonel Woods. Public relations, I wrote, should interpret to the committee public attitudes on its proposed plans and actions *before* they are put into effect. Public relations should co-ordinate public utterances of the committee so that it would speak with one voice; also, it should provide the mechanism to distribute facts and opinions to keep the public informed.

I had found that in mushrooming organizations the line of command is likely to be loose and that the top needs nudging to ensure effective action. I knew the great channels of communication, newspapers and advertising, were ready to co-operate. We could work with them through their great voluntary trade associations. I organized a voluntary advisory committee on public relations consisting of Merlin Aylesworth, president of NBC; William S. Paley of CBS; John Benson of the American Association of Advertising Agencies; Lee Bristol, president of the Association of National Advertisers; Gilbert T. Hodges, president of the American Advertising Federation; Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors; F. M. Feiker of the Associated Business Papers; and Arthur Richman, president of the Authors League.

I asked the associations to assume responsibility in their areas. Everybody agreed. The Four A's appointed a committee of C. D. Newell, H. K. McCann and G. C. Sherman to write copy for the advertisements, and the ANA promised to get free space for these messages. I did not have the press represented on the committee because practically anything the committee said was carried in the press. A sampling of newspaper headlines in October and November demonstrates surprising optimism in the light of events and what was to follow: "Optimism Gains as U.S. Speeds Jobless Relief"; "Woods Hastens Moves to Provide Work as Aides Are Recruited." A New York *Times* headline read, "Work for Jobless Put at $450,000,000. Or "Hoover's Drive to Aid Jobless Shows Results … President Declares Voluntary Cooperation of Industry Will Solve Problem … Vetoes Plan for Extra Session of Congress."

In this sea of uniform optimism, the liberal weekly, *The Nation*, raised a dissenting voice. The publication was regarded by the leaders at that time as a professional Cassandra, because its opinions did not echo the Republican line. On November 12, a few weeks after the announcement of the committee's formation, *The Nation* headed a leading editorial "Relief by Publicity." "Everyone was glad," it said, "that something was to be done at last. Mr. Woods took hold vigorously and a large output of publicity is evidence of his activity."

Added *The Nation:* "Stirred by the good work of Mr. Woods and Mr. Bernays, the newspapers during the past ten days have given enormous publicity to the unemployment question, which is all to the good."

It pointed out that Colonel Woods was calling attention to “what has been done or what is supposed to be or about to be done.” What was actually happening was in response to economic forces and the Colonel could not change this fundamental. The editorial referred to a few private and public undertakings that really accomplished employment stabilization and added: “As to the rest of the country, it is where it has always been. It is reaping the fruits of indifference and neglect. Most conspicuous of these groups is the administration of President Hoover.” There was a warning, too, that the committee could accomplish only trifling results and that real stabilization and relief could be accomplished only by deliberate and scientific planning for permanent results. The editorial didn’t discourage us because we thought that Colonel Woods could persuade Hoover to implement his comprehensive plans for public works.

Our committee also acted as an information clearinghouse for other Government departments when they did anything that aided employment. When F. H. Payne, Acting Secretary of War, wrote Woods that Shreveport, Louisiana, had presented 25,000 acres of land for the First Attack Air Corps and that approximately $7,000,000 were to be spent in its development over a three-year period, we released this to the press.

Will Hays pledged the support of the newsreel companies. Isroy Norr of his organization formed an editorial council of the newsreel editors. All newsreel films dealing with the Depression cleared through him.

Our self-delusion was unlimited, as typified by an offering of Glendon Allvine for the Fox Movietone News which spread three minutes of optimism in a reel entitled “Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear,” intended as a “constructive discussion to influence healthy spending in public places.” “Prosperity is largely a state of mind,” said Mr. Allvine.

We covered weekly newspapers through the country and did not neglect mail-order catalogues in our appeal to the public. As early as October 25 we turned to radio for its first use in a great national emergency. The Columbia Broadcasting System requested the “first opportunity to disseminate Woods’s plans for relief.” William S. Paley wanted us to capitalize on radio’s power over public opinion. CBS and NBC co-operated by broadcasting talks by industrial leaders who had carried out our suggestions.

A flyer for one of Colonel Woods’s broadcasts drew attention to his talk: “Do your part as Americans. Listen in and help solve the most serious

problem that has faced the country since war days." I helped Woods write the talks. The one he gave on November 7 on self-help urged private industry to support the Government's public-works program. "The Government is initiating as many constructive measures as it legally can."

I arranged for NBC and CBS to use the following sentence in their unemployment broadcasts: "Our fellow Americans suffering from the effects of unemployment need particularly the kind of help and encouragement which only a friendly hand held out by their neighbors can give." People were not aware that those same neighbors who were supposed to help had no jobs either and also faced starvation. Nor did we consider that neighbors in an urban society were not a strong cane to lean on. The state was really the closest neighbor anyone had, but that thought was taboo.

On November 6, at my suggestion, Colonel Woods talked by telephone with 44 governors and four representatives of governors. Woods ascertained the extent of the problem in their state, the public-works activity and any special measures they were undertaking to cope with unemployment and relief. Woods's findings were released to the press. The next day Colonel Woods broadcast a talk aimed at mayors, city managers and selectmen requesting them to forward information about unemployment and plans for relief in their communities. These were new approaches and aroused much comment.

At the annual convention of the Association of National Advertisers in Washington I warned that "business stands to lose the market if it does not assume the job of helping to find jobs for the jobless." To my astonishment, newspapers headlined my talk, "Bernays Seeks Help of Advertising Unit in Providing Relief." Advertisers sought to help by publishing optimistic slogans in magazines, billboards, railway street cards and placards; similar efforts were made on motion-picture screens and in radio broadcasts. One slogan illustrates the spirit of the times: "Spend ten cents more each day and help drive hard times away." How foolish this was can be seen only when one realizes that the core of Woods's plan—jobs for the jobless—was never put into action.

World's Work magazine assigned Theodore G. Joslin in November to write a round-up article on a month of activity for the January number. The committee was encouraging building with emphasis on local action, he reported. Civic projects were doing a great job, such as Chicago's

emergency $5,000,000 construction budget and Boston's emergency school construction of $3,600,000. Street and highways were being improved. Churches were placing their parlors at the disposal of the dispossessed. Church members' bedrooms were being used to house people recommended by charity agencies. Newspapers published free help and situations-wanted ads. A banner headline proclaimed "BIG BUSINESS TO THE RESCUE." DU Pont reported it was scheduling all repairs on its plants into a single six-month period. Sears, Roebuck and Company asked their employees to volunteer to give up one week's pay out of every four weeks for sixteen weeks, just as their executives were doing. The American Legion was urging all its posts to construct or repair quarters.

Our great objective, said Mr. Joslin, was to provide honest employment for those out of work rather than charity. He said an Army and Navy football game was played as a benefit for the needy. The Travelers' Aid Society was discouraging migration of the unemployed to the large urban areas. With heart-warming optimism he wrote that despite this Colonel Woods was not at all dismayed, for the nation severally and individually was behind him.

No one seemed to understand that conventional local machinery for relief was already breaking down, that only the nation as a whole could cope with the unemployment and destitution that affected millions of people. One letter I received from a magazine editor is as baffling to me today as it was when I received it. William F. Bigelow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, wrote me, "I doubt whether there is anything you can send me about the unemployment situation that would be of interest to the magazine."

Bigelow and I had worked together seven years before and I knew him to be a sensitive man. The only reason I could account for this statement was that he might have been a ledger-oriented editor who had one eye on the editorial side and the other on the advertising side; perhaps he didn't want to make his readers feel pessimistic, since it might dull the impact of advertising.

Recently I found in the National Archives in Washington an outline of my public relations plan for the committee, dated December 4, 1930, together with a report of accomplishment up to that date. Under "policy" I emphasized that there should be no "hokum," that "inspirational stuff—rally 'round the flag" should be kept to a minimum. I placed a taboo on the

words “co-operate” and “co-ordinate.” I emphasized objectivity in all the publicity and said that emphasis should be threefold: on government at the national, state and local level, with a view of cutting red tape in order to insure the carrying forward of public works; second, on industry, stressing the constructive efforts and procedures that industry had undertaken; and third, on community services, to further their direct action to care for the unemployed.

I also noted that the committee had prepared twenty recommendations for inclusion in a message by President Hoover but that Hoover had embodied only one of them, a recommendation for a comparatively small bond issue. I commented that this “again leaves the committee somewhat in the air, since it is necessary to keep the program within the bounds of what the President will support.” I added that the “President’s failure to come through with a suggested program for employment leaves the committee as much up in the air as ever on the question of a real set of objectives … the committee can do little else but act as a clearinghouse.”

In January of 1931 the Senate Committee on Appropriations held an investigation on unemployment, and Colonel Woods was questioned. He was sick and tired of the atmosphere of Washington, because nothing concrete had resulted. The following excerpt from the transcript gives some idea of the spirit of the hearing:

SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND (N.Y.): Did you, for instance, take up the apple-selling? Did you give some study to that?

COL. WOODS: I bought one or two of them.

SEN. COPELAND: We put five thousand men to work at that in New York.

COL. WOODS: Yes.

SEN. COPELAND: Then it developed into a racket.

COL. WOODS: Yes, characteristic of New York.

SEN. COPELAND: Characteristic of New York and other great cities; but we did sell a lot of Washington apples. I think the chairman of the committee will be glad to hear it.

CHAIRMAN: I am delighted to see them around the street corners selling those fine apples, too.

Two national disasters in the winter of 1930–31, and the Government’s attitude toward them, further frustrated Colonel Woods. First came the droughts in the Southwest and in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, which

brought starvation to thousands; Congress appropriated $45,000,000 for relief and the American Red Cross contributed $10,000,000. This disaster was considered due to natural causes—“A temporary condition brought about by some uncontrollable act or acts”—and so the Red Cross gave aid. But great distress due to unemployment in the Appalachian coal fields of West Virginia was not a natural disaster and therefore did not rate Government or Red Cross aid, despite Woods’s insistence. Finally, foundation and private funds were secured by the Colonel. He found it a bitter experience that such arbitrary distinctions were made when human beings were suffering.

Through all this, Hoover was still emphasizing local responsibility and would not admit that the Depression could not be handled locally. Private institutions could not meet the needs of those who applied to them, and individual municipalities were submerged by the costs of relief; but businessmen kept chanting that anything was better than the dole and kept harping on frugality, courage and hope.

On February 26, 1931, Colonel Woods and I conferred in Washington on the first report of the committee. I said to the Colonel that I did not believe that a history of the committee’s work should be published, because the committee had not been allowed to do anything concrete; it had only recommended action. Instead, I urged that the report consist of recommendations to the President with a detailed program of what needed to be carried out, description of the structure and a statement of its function. The report that was published followed this outline.

Unemployment had increased from 4,000,000 in March 1930 to 8,000,000 in March 1931. Woods had been turned down by the President in all his major suggestions for a bold program of Government expenditures. The President vetoed the U.S. employment bill on March 7, 1931. The Colonel resigned in April. Fred C. Croxton had taken over without fanfare, and Woods returned to New York in disgust. With Woods no longer associated with the committee, our committee relationship just faded away.

On July 1 I wrote Croxton about my expectations for the ensuing winter. He answered that he agreed with me that the coming winter would bring hardship to a great many people. Through the Association of Community Chests and Councils and the Family Welfare Association of America and the National Association of Travelers’ Aid Societies, he planned to formulate a program to enable communities to meet their responsibilities.

With a devastatingly bad winter ahead the old cry of rugged individualism and the hands-off policy of the government prevailed.

On August 19 Walter Gifford and sixty other businessmen were appointed to a new committee, the Organization on Unemployment Relief; there were no social scientists or economics professors to mar unanimity on the advantages of local relief. The committee undoubtedly served Hoover's purpose. It enabled him to postpone any action on behalf of the unemployed. To Woods it was a sad, frustrating experience.

But the program of the committee had some influence. The United States Steel Corporation, operating at 38 per cent capacity in 1930, had as many workers on its payroll as it did in 1929, when it was running at capacity. The workers worked fewer hours each, an unsound policy because it put the burden of the Depression on the worker.

During eight months of intensive activity the committee opened the eyes of the public to the close relationship between Government and unemployment and relief. When the Depression deepened and unemployment soared up to 10 million, and the Hoover Administration was turned out and Roosevelt and the New Deal came in, the public was prepared for and, in fact, demanded Government action.

For me, the committee experience was saddening. We were supported by all the media of communications and by men and women and organizations of good will. But the forces of deflation were too powerful to permit any shifting of the burden to local communities. Colonel Woods had made a powerful effort to further a national program, but Hoover's mind was closed.

Local communities paralleled the inaction of the national government in finding work and relief for the unemployed. Voluntary committees substituted for official action. In New York an Unemployment Relief Committee formed in October 1931 attended to these matters. Harvey D. Gibson, a banker, was chairman, flanked by big names, mostly from banking and business—J. Pierpont Morgan, George F. Baker, Thomas W. Lamont, Thomas J. Watson, Felix M. Warburg and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Such committee membership was part of the obligation of the rich and famous, a kind of democratic *noblesse oblige*. It cost the men only a little money and less time, since a paid staff did the work. They received publicity and ego-building for their public-spirited endeavor. The function of the committee

was to raise money for thousands of men and women out of jobs and in distress, victims of the boom-and-bust period, and to provide non-competitive work for heads of families, white-collar people and single women with previous office or professional experience. Established welfare organizations administered the direct relief. This super committee at the top of the pyramid recruited other committees from the many interested groups in our complex society.

I was appointed a member of the advertising committee headed by J. K. Fraser, president of the Blackman Company. Among the members were representatives of the major advertising agencies in the city.

We walked around wearing lapel buttons that seem sadly outdated and smug: “I have shared.” We publicized an ironic slogan: “Every man and woman who has a job should share.”

A program for giving had been carefully worked out, but always the word “voluntary” was prefixed to it. Some obscure fear prevented us from eliminating that word, as if giving by law, through taxation, might be evil.

Wages were to be donated, one hour’s pay a month for five months; those on salary, one-half day’s pay a month for five months.

Our efforts that bleak winter netted an amount that had little relationship to the money actually required. The committee raised a little over $4,000,000 to take care of the 30,000 unemployed men and women who had registered with it, only a small percentage of the total unemployed in New York. This sum provided approximately $130 a person for the winter, less than fifteen dollars weekly for the unemployed head of a family.

Banks which had grown rich in boom time released some of their profits for the cause; the Chase, the Guaranty, the National City each gave $100,000, and the foundations contributed some of the money their founders had made in the market place. Milbank contributed $300,000 and Carnegie $375,000. Our own committee’s quota was $90,000, and we raised about $120,000.

On December 31 the campaign was over. J. K. Fraser’s letter to me, cordial and self-righteous, was in keeping with the prevailing attitude. After mentioning the many compliments he had received for the committee’s work, he added that Headquarters seemed to consider our committee a model of sorts.

chapter 36

THE COMMITTEE ON THE COST OF MEDICAL CARE

At the height of the Hoover prosperity in 1927, a few farsighted men among the foundations recognized that despite the seeming prosperity there was much still to be desired in the health care of the American people. Joining with other forward-looking foundations, they organized the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care and provided the funds for an authoritative study of the subject. A distinguished American, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, former president of Stanford University, trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and a past president of the American Medical Association, headed the committee. Dr. Charles Amory Winslow of Yale was chairman of the executive committee and Winthrop Aldrich of the Chase National Bank and brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was treasurer.

They pursued their study for four years, with a task force of researchers headed by H. H. Moore, Ph.D. Times had changed from the start of the study in 1927. We were now in the depth of a depression. But that was, in the eyes of the committee, even greater reason why the American people should accept their findings. And they asked us in 1931 to help them gain public support for the final report, a year off.

The foundations that had chipped in were tops: Carnegie, Milbank, Russell Sage, Twentieth Century, Julius Rosenwald, Rockefeller, New York, Josiah J. Macy, Jr., Social Science Research Council and the Vermont Commission on Country Life.

I was sure the final report would stir the country and bring response in social action.

Important investigations had already been completed; surveys had explored sickness and disability, payment of medical services, provisions

for medical care by clinics, hospitals and industries. Selected regions had been studied, and these provided a picture of patterns of sameness and difference in the treatment of disease in widely scattered areas. The committee had found that the U.S. health bill was $3,647,000,000, which included $125,000,000 for chiropractors, naturopaths, faith healers and allied groups and $360,000,000 for patent medicines. Medical care and medical commodities were provided by 1,082,550 people; 38.2 per cent of the population received no medical care whatsoever; and a doctor's annual income was $5,300.

I was delighted to be associated with this socially constructive activity. The fact finders were high-minded experts. Their findings, if accepted, would aid the country immeasurably. I was glad these men had recognized how important it was to woo the public now that the climax of five years of work would come in 1932. Most studies end up as dust-catching books on library shelves. I felt that the time was propitious for action, for I believed that, with the country in a depression, constructive measures that would help the physical well-being of our people would be more likely to be acted on. With effective public relations, the time, effort and money ($1,000,000) so painstakingly spent should bring about the hoped-for results.

Public-health experts, sociologists and medical economists were invited to the committee. But the committee needed to have doctors' representation on it too, for it was hoped that organized medicine might co-operate. In addition to other physicians, a number of American Medical Association officials were appointed, including Olin West, its secretary; George E. Follansbee, the chairman of the Judicial Council; M. L. Harris, a former president and a member of the Judicial Council. These men undoubtedly reported back to AMA headquarters, so that the committee's work might be hamstrung, if indicated. Continuing information, I was told, was channeled to Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association *Journal*, spokesman for the AMA and the one-man boss of organized medicine. He was on record against group medicine or practice, which he called socialized medicine and which he equated with Communism. The AMA itself was a power structure controlled by a small group of men at the apex of the pyramid. It functioned by the principles of consent, monopoly and coercion, and in addition through skill in political tactics. The problem gave added fillip to my job. I felt we could beat the potential enemy if we used effective strategies and tactics.

The press was highly receptive to the barrage of releases we laid down, based on the reports issued. Next we whipped up public interest with a committee conference in Washington at the Mayflower Hotel on May 31.

Dr. Wilbur was a huge, towering man with a Lincolnesque manner and face. His appearance carried strength and integrity. At this meeting he outlined the poor state of medical care in this country and the experiments under way to improve existing conditions. He reported on the essentials of a satisfactory medical program for the country. He hinted at the recommendations and the future outlook. The meeting indoctrinated these leaders on what they might expect from the final report on November 29. We had made headway in gaining acceptance for it.

I wrote to Paul U. Kellogg, editor of the *Survey Graphic*, and other magazine editors, who worked on a three months' time lag, that the final report "promises to be of epochal significance in giving impetus to the solution of the present unsatisfactory conditions now existing in the provision of medical care in the United States." Diversified magazines such as *American Economic Review*, *American Home*, and *American Legion* eagerly brought facts of the report to the American people.

Our work became intensified as the final date approached. Mats and stories featuring rural studies went to newspapers in October. We carried out an extended program of regional conferences with subject guides for local leaders; also, we made contact with many voluntary associations in an attempt to push the report in advance.

Wilbur wrote thousands of leaders a persuasive letter before the report came out. We got out a leaflet for the University of Chicago Press in an effort to bring wider distribution of the final report, and we sent a letter to 25,000 VIPs throughout the United States alerting them to the document. As we approached November 29, we had radio talks on the National Farm and Home Radio Hour.

The country was being saturated in anticipation of the big day. I was concerned lest the AMA try to spike the report. On October 15 I sent our liaison man, Everett Marten, with a letter from Ray Lyman Wilbur, to cities in the Middle West with instructions to visit the editors. We also sent letters to the 2,000-odd editors of daily newspapers throughout the country and to the broadcasters. Marten's Midwest trip revealed the opposition we might expect. Marten told me that Olin West, secretary of the AMA, was "violently opposed to the propaganda of the committee." This was a

warning, and I urged Moore to organize a physicians' group to back the committee report. Such a committee would dramatize to the American people the support of doctors for the recommendations. If the AMA attacked the report as the impractical daydreaming of do-gooders, longhairs, reformers and people ignorant of medicine, such a physicians' group would become a valuable support for our study. Otherwise the AMA might destroy at one stroke the benefits of five years of work and an expenditure of a million dollars. Drs. Moore, Winslow and Haven Emerson and Morris Cooke, a liberal engineer, listened to me. But they turned down my recommendation, because I was using a political weapon to deal with a nonpolitical matter. They felt that for them to use such methods to prevent the report from being torpedoed was outside their scope. They were devoted to doing good. They thought truth without implementation was their greatest weapon. They would not use power techniques to achieve acceptance. I was let down, but I had accustomed myself not to feel annoyed when advice was ignored. The layman, not the expert, has the last word.

A fortnight before the final meeting of the committee, we staged a ratification conference.

The final meeting of the committee was scheduled on November 29 to be held at the Academy of Medicine in New York, the location most symbolic to the country of medicine and the public interest. The Academy has a noble building on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, ideally equipped for such a gathering. Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York had sent us a letter telling us he would have Dr. Thomas Parran, his Health Commissioner, in attendance at the conference. He added characteristically:

Those of us who believe that the promotion and maintenance of the public health is a vital function of government have long been concerned with the relation of medical care to mass health.… [The problem] is of vastly more importance now [than five years ago] because of the changed economic situation.

I hope that you have arrived at a practical policy for the present emergency, whereby more and better medical care may be available for those in want.… I hope even more that you have not failed to establish the ideal we should strive for over the next span of years.…

We planned the meeting to give the report maximum visibility. President Hoover had been willing to alert the country to the report. His advance statement, on the wire services, commended “a careful study of this report to the professional and community leaders throughout the United States.” The president of the Academy, Dr. John Hartwell, was the first speaker, followed by the president of Yale, James Angell. Then the Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, gave the high spots of the report. He presented five basic recommendations:

1. That medical care be furnished by organized groups of physicians, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, etc., centered around a hospital—giving service in home, office and hospital.

2. All basic public health services should be available to the entire population.

3. Costs of medical care should be placed on group payment basis, through insurance, taxation, etc., with individual payment for those who prefer it.

4. A specific organization should be formed in every community or state for “study, evaluation and coordination of medical service.”

5. Professional education of physicians, dentists, pharmacists and nurses to be reoriented in view of present needs; educational facilities to be provided to train nursing attendants, nurse-midwives, hospital and clinical administrators.

He pointed up some of the problems of medical care in rural areas:

1. Medical practitioners and facilities are practically unavailable in some rural areas.

2. Average income of rural medical and dental practitioners is less than one half the metropolitan average.

3. Current expenditures for medical care in most rural and semirural areas are insufficient as to proper service, facilities or fees.

4. Rural practitioners should have more opportunity for post-graduate study.

5. Less than 35 cents per capita spent annually for rural health.

Present to hear the findings were Lewellys F. Barker, M.D., Professor Emeritus of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University; George H. Bigelow, M.D., State Commissioner of Public Health, Boston; William Darrach, M.D., Dean Emeritus, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City; and others.

The majority report, backed by 17 M.D. members of the committee and by an overwhelming majority of the nonmedical members, was flanked by two minority reports and two statements. One minority report was signed by eight doctors and one Ph.D. who favored the AMA viewpoint. They attacked the majority report and said the committee had not proved a case for the workability of group medicine, had not proved that it did not contain more evils than it was supposed to alleviate. It compared the medical center ideas with the great mergers in industry and apparently disregarded the fundamentals that medicine was a personal service and that individual patients and not diseases or economic classes or groups should be the object of medical care. The minority report summarized objections: the majority recommendations might establish a medical hierarchy to dictate in every community who might practice medicine there; it worried about personal relations of physician and patient; and it stressed supposed disadvantages of group practice and attacked voluntary insurance and compulsory insurance.

The minority recommendations urged that what they called "government competition in the practice of medicine be abolished" and restricted only to such categories as the indigent, promotion of public health, Army, Navy, etc., and care of veterans suffering from bona fide service-connected disabilities and diseases, except tuberculosis and nervous and mental disease. The minority wanted to restore general practitioners to a central place, with emphasis on state and county medical-society plans.

The second minority report agreed with the first, regarding the committee recommendations as utopian.

These minority reports did not surprise any of us, since we had expected such action. And now Dr. Fishbein of the AMA pulled a fast coup. He wrote a scathing editorial that covered two and a half pages of solid copy —"The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care"—for the December 3 issue of the AMA *Journal*. In advance of publication he sent a copy of his editorial to newspapers to discredit the report. It reached the editors in time to embody its position in their accounts of the committee report on November 30. The December 5 issue of *Time* quoted it approvingly: "Under its present regime the AMA is forehanded. It anticipates attacks against its integrity, cohesion and liberty. With all its mighty might, it protects the interests of the private practitioner." Then it went on to quote these lines from the AMA editorial:

The alignment is clear—on the one side the forces representing the great foundations, public health officialdom, social theory—even Socialism and Communism—inciting to revolution; on the other side, the organized medical profession of this country urging an orderly revolution guided by controlled experimentation which will observe the principles that have been found through the centuries to be necessary to the sound practice of medicine. The physicians of this country must not be misled by utopian fantasies of a form of medical practice which would equalize all physicians by placing them in groups under one administration.…

Fishbein's virulent editorial is worth commenting on. It demonstrated clearly the AMA hatchet job on those with whom it disagreed.

It first attacked Harry H. Moore, to whom it suffixed his title of Ph.D. It deprecated him as the writer of a book, *American Medicine and the People's Health*, which "recorded his personal bias for insurance schemes, and, indeed, for governmental practice." Then it viewed the final report with "mingled amusement and regret." Fishbein ended his first paragraph with a story in bad taste, I thought, about a colored boy who spent a dollar on 20 rides on a merry-go-round. "Boy, you spent yo' money but where you been?" This was supposed to refer to the committee.

The editorial lauded the minority report.

It approved the minority report in its effort to "restore the general practitioners to the central place of medical practice."

It attacked industrial practices involving informal care of employees and families, and expansion of student health services at universities for faculty and townspeople.

It attacked the "menace" inherent in the expansion of the Veterans Bureau and wanted practice returned to the medical profession.

It wanted the burden of taking care of the indigent lifted from the medical profession and placed on government.

It opposed voluntary insurance schemes as giving rise to all the evils of contract practice and opposed the corporate practice of medicine.

It closed with the question *Time* reprinted from the editorial, already noted, and said that the AMA, through its Board of Trustees, supported the minority report and that when the delegates met in session in Milwaukee next June every physician affiliated with the association would be asked to do likewise.

The AMA *Journal* followed up its first blast at the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care with another editorial, two and one half pages of vituperative attack, on December 10, couched in the same biased tone as the previous AMA editorial. The majority report was called a "peculiar document." The editorial did not state that newspapers had been furnished with the AMA opinion simultaneously with the final report. This move naturally confused the press. They had to choose betwen the biased interpretation of the AMA, supposedly the voice of medical authority, and the recommendations of a committee that was not predominantly medical.

Here are a few examples of the journalistic reaction to Fishbein's attack: The Washington *Star* said the committee "recommends the socialization of medical service. To say the suggestion is revolutionary is to make but a mild statement of the fact." The Boston *Transcript* asserted: "As a flight of fancy, the majority report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care may prove entertaining." The New York *Herald Tribune* said: "Recommendations of … the Committee … for the partial socialization of medicine are certain to inspire more confusion and doubt than confidence. … The promise of reasonable insurance charges will not dispel the layman's natural repugnance to the idea of making something like a fireman or policeman" of the closest intimate outside his family.

The New York *Evening Post* said: "We consider this program dangerous from the standpoint of the patient. It makes self-pitying hypochondriacs out of people who can get medical care without cost." The Philadelphia *Record* said: "Characteristic of this topsy-turvy time, the conservatives have delivered a majority report which involves radical socialization of medicine under bureaucratic government control.… The *Record* … resents and denounces such a suggestion."

And so medical care of the American people was set back for years, although the committee's report still serves as a guide line to what will inevitably come if the American people are to get the medical care due them.

chapter 37

BOOK BUSINESS

My activities for some book publishers in 1930 stopped a price war in an industry that suffered from many economic problems and indirectly initiated the famous Cheney report, to this day the economic bible of book publishing.

Startling innovations in marketing books had put them into the headlines, and the book-publishing industry was making news by itself. New book clubs, which sold books by subscription, were hurting bookstores, which had to worry about selling books at regular prices. The Book-of-the-Month Club, the Literary Guild, the Book League, the Scientific Book Club and others were making headway. Department stores were attacking the price structure by using books as loss leaders. Books designed by publishers to sell at two or two and one half dollars were priced as low as seventy cents; dollar books were sometimes sold for seven cents.

A hard-cover reprint series, Star Reprints, sold for a dollar and made inroads in the regular hard-cover market. Fifty-cent mysteries were selling at cigar chain stores. Remainders—books left over from a regular edition when the publisher guessed wrong—were flooding drugstores at reduced prices. Reprints of fiction and nonfiction, published by Everyman, Modern Library, Oxford, A. L. Burt, and Grosset and Dunlap were also competing with books put out at regular prices.

The number of book titles published annually had doubled in the ten years since Horace Liveright had broken ground in that conservative business by using our public relations counsel. But it was still a sad figure, for it showed that the public was reading only a little over one book per person per year.

Intangibles complicated book publishing. The cost of a book was based on the size of the edition, but the publisher had to determine the size of an edition not from hard facts but by guesswork related to changing public

taste, the author's reputation, the effectiveness of the advertising, the competitive situation and other elements. So difficult was it to assay these factors in advance that almost every book was a gamble—a condition that still prevails.

In May 1930 three important publishers—Doubleday Doran, Farrar and Rinehart, and Simon and Schuster—announced that they were reducing the price of new fiction in hard covers to one dollar. The public no longer would have to wait for reprints or remainders. This drastic step created great confusion and split the ranks of publishers. Some members of the National Association of Book Publishers vigorously opposed the dollar pricing policy.

Alfred A. Knopf, the young and dynamic head of his own house, led the attack on dollar books and decided simultaneously to try to improve the industry's public relations. With Donald Brace, of the new Harcourt, Brace firm, and Henry Hoyns, head of Harper & Brothers, serving with him on an executive committee of a group of publishers, Knopf retained me for a three-month period. Dodd Mead and Company, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, Horace Liveright, Inc., Longmans Green and Company, and Frederick A. Stokes also associated themselves with the group.

I told the committee that they ought to consider two approaches: The first was to convince the public and the price-cutting publishers that dollar books were not in the public interest. The second was aimed at increasing the market for good books. This was essential because only in this way could book publishing become a stabilized, profitable business.

I suggested the establishment of a Book Publishers Research Institute; our first release on behalf of the participating publishers made a frontal attack on misguided publishers of dollar books. Reckless price slashing was a threat to publishers and public, the statement said. The profits of book publishing were so small that the dollar book would cause the economic death of six thousand book retailers. This pricing policy would force the publisher to look for mass markets in order to safeguard his original investment—and this audience would force a lower standard in the quality of books. The market for serious authors would be demoralized and the $50,000,000 book industry would be seriously threatened.

This release had a poor pickup. Realizing that events usually gain more attention than a statement, I arranged a luncheon for book-review editors and critics at the Uptown Club to tell them the facts. We made our point.

The New York *World*'s news account was typical of newspaper coverage throughout the country. The *World* said we had "inaugurated a nationwide educational campaign to convince the American book buyers that the new departure of lowering prices represents the latest economic and cultural fallacy exploited in the United States. For the publisher bringing out a new book, the matter of price or profit cannot be the motivating consideration if he is to maintain the traditional high standards of his calling. He must publish books of uncertain fate by new authors and books of outstanding merit, which are not widely sold … but which are necessary, unless our cultural and intellectual life is to become static and therefore sterile."

By August 1 the publisher members of the Book Publishers Research Institute were so enthusiastic about developments that Knopf re-engaged us. Facts were our ammunition in pushing for wider book markets. We wrote to government bureaus, economists, psychologists, librarians and others for data that would be helpful in broadening book markets. Facts flowed in to us and went out to newspapers that had asked for them. Universities' business-administration departments co-operated with us. Graduate students are always looking for M.A. and Ph. D. thesis subjects. We wrote to department heads of several universities suggesting subjects their students might research. The Census Bureau and the Department of Commerce promised to collect more data on book publishing.

Chambers of Commerce made studies of community reading habits, and we used their findings to spread our doctrine. In Scranton, Pennsylvania, for instance, we learned that 76 per cent of the books read were fiction, 13 per cent were in the arts and sciences, 4 per cent in history or biography and another 4 per cent in poetry, drama and the classics. Women were year-round readers; in the winter the number of men readers was almost as high as women.

I looked for groups whose reading habits might influence others. We first tried out our idea on the 1925 class of Wellesley graduates. These women, then aged around 25, read fiction in preference to nonfiction on a basis of about four to one. This was not a surprising discovery then. I am sure that ratio would be reversed today.

Our release announced that of the fiction read, half was written by American authors and half by British. This is hardly true today. There was little interest in mystery stories. Sigrid Undset was the most favored author of the Wellesley group; J. P. Priestley was second and Erich Maria

Remarque third, followed by Edna Ferber, Thornton Wilder and Ernest Hemingway.

The impact of this study led us to make similar surveys of Hunter, Michigan, Harvard and Knox graduates. In these cases we used two sets of alumni: one group that had graduated between 1890 and 1895 and the other in 1925. So successful was this maneuver in terms of press coverage that we next tackled American business tycoons to discover their reading habits and favorite books. Two-thirds of their reading was devoted to biography and politics; history and economics rated high. On an average the industrialists said they did two hours of reading a day. The New York *Times* took this figure with a grain of salt. “What about the interruptions by telephones and callers and others that wreck honest intentions?” its editorial asked.

We did not limit our research of reading habits to the living; we also explored the past and then released the findings to the newspapers. Benjamin Franklin was mightily influenced by Mather’s essay “To Do Good.” Thomas Jefferson favored a wide range of reading; John Adams advised his daughter Abigail to spend her solitary hours in reading so that she might better be able to attend to the education of her children. John Quincy Adams spent much time studying books, but complained that his studies were hampered by having to go through much useless material. Even the career woman, a relatively new phenomenon at that time, was studied. The result was what we had expected: that books played a potent role in her life.

Professor William Lyons Phelps of Yale University coincidentally issued a list of what he considered to be the one hundred best novels. Phelps was the Clifton Fadiman of his day, highly regarded by readers throughout the country. We sent a copy of his list to the leading book critics of the country. The releases provoked heated discussion and probably stimulated some people to buy the books mentioned.

Another release that made national headlines stated that more people were reading in England since the Depression. It didn’t occur to me until later that the statistics I quoted might have reflected library attendance in the winter, when the unemployed went indoors in search of shelter and heat. I had assumed that leisure drove people to books, not the cold. Even reasonable statistics are to be questioned.

We experimented with other approaches to stimulate reading. We urged officials of large city libraries to ask their local newspapers to campaign for

public support of increased library budgets.

Another new idea gained nation-wide publicity. The word “scofflaw” had just caught on with the public. We decided to look for a pejorative word for the book borrower, the wretch who raised hell with book sales and deprived authors of earned royalties. We initiated a nation-wide search for a lethal epithet. For judges we chose important bookmen: Harry Hansen of the New York *World-Telegram;* Burton Rascoe, former book critic of the New York *Herald Tribune;* and J. C. Grey of the New York *Sun*. The entries showed the fluidity of our language and proved the validity of Mencken’s contention that the American language is highly imaginative. Here are the words the judges pondered over and from which they made their selection: Book weevil, Book sneak, Borrocle, Greader, Libracide, Booklooter, Bookkibitzer, Culture Vulture, Greeper, Bookbummer, Bookaneer, Biblio-Acquisiac, Blifter, Book buzzard, Bookbum.

“Book sneak” won the award. I was not surprised that it never caught on like “scofflaw,” but it did call attention to the evil. Cartoonists took up the idea. One cartoon showed real verbal wealth with a dialogue between two characters. “Listen, you bibliofelon, where are my books; have you turned booketeer?” “You’re a viperous volume vulture and a book rat. You Kipling Keeper, Poe Plaguer, Chaucer-chiseler, O. Henry Hangeroner, Balzac Borrower, return them at once.”

Unless a publisher sold 3,000 copies, he made no profit on a novel which was usually priced at two dollars to two-fifty. If he sold his novel at a higher price he did make some money.

This is how the figures stacked up on a two-dollar novel: Thirty cents went to the author as royalties, but less on a first novel. Type and plates cost twelve cents, regardless of the size of the edition. Paper, printing and binding were approximately twenty-five cents. Overhead was thirty cents. Advertising and promotion were fifteen cents. After the discount to dealers, a profit on each book of five cents remained. If 5,000 copies were sold, a $250 profit went to the publisher and $1,500 to the author.

In the reprint area, publisher and author came off worse. In a dollar reprint, the author received a five-cent royalty. The company that reprinted the book paid five cents a copy to the original publisher for the use of the plates. The printing, paper and binding cost eighteen and a half cents. Little money was left for promotion and only thirty cents for overhead and profit. We kept hammering away at this bookkeeping on books, and our efforts

evoked favorable comment in many media. It was obvious that the book business could not run successfully on this price structure.

Henry Hazlitt in *The Nation* and Lewis Gannett in a series of important articles in the New York *Herald Tribune* discussed the economics of books and let their readers in on the facts.

There was no doubt about the high visibility of our two themes. One important result of our activity was that O. H. Cheney, former vice-president of the Irving Trust Company of New York, was engaged by the association of book publishers to make a thorough study of the entire industry: distribution, competition and trade practices. The study was scheduled to begin September 2.

This activity, welcomed by the entire industry, might well provide an answer to many of the problems of publishing. We had given a sense of urgency to the policy group of the publishers' association.

Our campaign registered full success. On December 19, six months after it began, the New York *World* carried a front-page double-column headline: "DOLLAR BOOK IDEA IS ABANDONED BY ALL BUT ONE PUBLISHING FIRM." The article said, "That bright child of literature—the $1 book—has been left shivering on the doorstep. It was learned yesterday that all but one of the larger houses have abandoned the idea, originated last summer with loud trumpeting, that was to have brought gold to the publishing business and H. G. Wells within the reach of everyone.

"Simon and Schuster and Farrar and Rinehart, two of the firms which have been leaders in the cut-rate plan, have retired from the scene. Now only Doubleday Doran and Company provides first editions at a buck, but even it is limiting its dollar volume to romance, the West and history. Its philosophy is not so cheap.…

"The ten old-line publishing houses, which have wide fields, grew quite heated when the dollar book plan was adopted, but they are quite calm now."

chapter 38

POWER STRUGGLES FOR PROXIES

AMERICAN AVIATION CORPORATION

Theodore Dreiser and Frank Norris, in their most imaginative depictions of power struggles, did not match the realities of the struggle that occurred when two strong financial groups recognized the profit potentials of the new aviation industry and went to war with each other in a short and decisive struggle for millions. In this struggle more was at stake than in smaller conflicts; the weaponry was more intensive and better organized and more money was spent. Also, those who acted on my recommendations understood better the value of strategy. Battles are not won by blind slugging. Given equal resources, the side with the best strategy wins. But in the struggle for control of the Aviation Corporation of America, the end was a complete surprise to me and the public.

In this proxy war both sides had unlimited resources to buy the necessary mindpower, manpower and mechanics. The stakes were high. Launched only three years before, American Aviation was a holding corporation, owning the most extensive air transportation system in the U.S.: American Airways was its operating company.

The fighting started and ended in November 1932. It was fought along lines more reminiscent of the Twenties than the Thirties. The New Deal, with its new regulations of the financial community, was still three months away. The adversaries were the American Aviation Corporation and Everett Loban Cord, a spectacular promoter, speculator, automobile, airplane and airplane engine manufacturer.

American Aviation had been launched by Lehman Brothers and W. A. Harriman and Company, and associates, who brought out an issue of

2,000,000 shares of common stock at $20 in 1929. The stock, like others, had been hard hit by the crash and the subsequent depression, which had brought about a decline of 83 per cent in all stocks by November 1932. But American Aviation stock was still selling above the ratio of the average of other stocks and above that of most other aviation stocks. Its position of current assets to current liabilities was good, a ratio of twenty to one, with cash over $9,500,000 and current liabilities only $500,000.

Roland Palmedo, an associate of Lehman Brothers, told me the company put most store for the future on its operating subsidiary, American Airways, already serving 62 per cent of the largest cities from Canada to Mexico and from the East to the West Coast. Since its formation the company had worked to bring about a co-ordinated nation-wide system of air transportation. Daily scheduled flights covered more than 29,000 miles, monthly operations nearly a million. They served 69 per cent of the country's population and connected by air and rail with every major U.S. city.

In addition to Robert Lehman and W. Averell Harriman, the board had on it David K. E. Bruce, son-in-law of Andrew Mellon; Amos G. Carter of Texas; Sherman R. Fairchild of Fairchild cameras; Robert A. Lovett; General John F. O'Ryan, who had commanded the Twenty-seventh Division in World War I; Eugene Stetson; and others of equal high standing. The directors and management were impeccable, representing leaders in aviation, transportation and finance.

The personnel of the company was equally well known. Eddie Rickenbacker, America's flying ace in World War I, was president of American Airways and assistant to La Motte Cohu, president of American Aviation. Up to March the company had been run by a management firm, which had now completed its job, and La Motte Cohu, a partner in an investment broker firm interested in aviation, became president. C. R. Smith was operations manager of American Airways. His experience dated back to the beginning of the business in the South.

The aviation company had adjusted to the Depression by decreasing its payroll from September 1931 to September 1934 from $16,509 per month to $7,549 per month. It had increased its revenue $38,000 and its passengers from 7,064 to 9,840. And the payroll costs of American Airways and the Aviation Corporation had been reduced from 30.2 cents per revenue mile flown to 20 cents per mile, and from 5.4 cents per seat mile to 2.9 cents per

mile. American Airways was now the lowest cost large transport system in the United States.

American Aviation bought its supplies and equipment with complete freedom, exercising its judgment as to efficiency and price. It maintained a fleet of five types of planes and three types of engines. The company already owned 130 single and trimotor planes and flew 61 trimotor planes, the largest fleet of its kind in the world. In three years' time it had built up 39 different routes, from Amarillo—Fort Worth—Dallas—Houston—Galveston to the Washington—Cincinnati—Louisville circuit.

The aviation company had good labor relations. American Airways' pilots, through their Air Pilots Association, had recently given the company its vote of confidence by supporting it in a public statement; its relations with its eleven hundred employees, pilots, mechanics, station managers, radio operators, porters, dispatchers and others were of the best. The financial policies of the company had not gone as well as other company activities. The directors, with approval of the stockholders, had invested their surplus cash in securities, after the crash in October 1929, at prices which then seemed low. As time went on and prices became still lower, investments were increased. The deflation of the last three years had reduced the market prices of these securities to the point where it was felt wise to set up a reserve of about $5,200,000 and thus anticipate the loss that would occur if it became necessary to liquidate the securities prior to their anticipated return to higher values. Some of these securities, with a doubtful future, had been sold, realizing a cash loss of about $3,600,000. Management had told the stockholders that the actual losses were proportionately not so far out of line with those of most corporations and individuals and that the intangible values written off had been replaced by the very sound values of American Airways.

And now Cord wanted to take over American Aviation, lock, stock and barrel. Wall Street knew Cord as the man who could do the impossible at a profit. He had built and marketed an automobile, with a front-wheel drive, the Auburn, despite the verdict by engineers that it could not be done. He had successfully speculated in the stock market in the rise of the Twenties. His Auburn car had led the 1929 price rise in the stock market by reaching 514. He was in control of two other companies; one manufactured Stinson airplanes and the other the Lycoming airplane engines.

In the spring of 1932 Cord looked about for a way to get rid of his recently acquired Century Air Lines and the Century Pacific Lines, which operated in the Midwest and along the Pacific Coast. Without government subsidy for carrying air mail they had lost much money. He sold the losing air lines to American Aviation in exchange for five per cent of American Aviation stock. He had then increased his holdings in American Aviation to 30 per cent of the stock in November 1932. Harriman, chairman of American Aviation, had been glad to buy Century. It had made a nuisance of itself in the industry, charging low fares and making flagrant efforts to secure mail contracts in Washington. With two associates of his also elected directors, Cord—shrewd, aggressive and acquisitive—now became a director of American Aviation.

On November 10, in a bombshell report, the New York *Times* reported dissension among American Aviation owners. American Aviation, the story said, was negotiating to purchase and take over North American Aviation, whose transportation system would supplement that of American Aviation. North American Aviation covered the Eastern seaboard below New York and would join the transcontinental run at Atlanta and would meet its Boston—Montreal section at Newark and would give American Aviation a national coverage East, West and South.

Cord, from Beverly Hills, sent a telegram protesting the merger and said he was vigorously in opposition to the purchase and its terms. He said that in his judgment the sale was neither advantageous or to the best interest of the Aviation Corporation or the North American Aviation Corporation stockholders and was being furthered by a few selfish people. Cord added that he would fight in the courts and in Washington.

Cord had heard that American Aviation wanted to purchase North American by issuing new American Aviation stock, in exchange for North American Aviation stock, which would cut his interest in North American Aviation from 30 to 15 per cent. Almost simultaneously the newspapers announced that Herbert Bayard Swope had resigned from North American Aviation as a protest against alleged secrecy in the proposed purchase. Swope said he would not remain a dummy director.

At this point in the battle I was asked to advise American Aviation in winning over a majority of the 28,000 stockholders. In full-page advertisements in the dailies Cord had asked for proxies for a special stockholders’ meeting so that the board of directors on December 21, 1932,

might be increased from 35 to 68. It was Cord's hope that he could increase his membership control to 36 members of the board.

GHQ for the battle was in the Equitable Building at 120 Broadway. General John F. O'Ryan, director of the company, was field marshal, working with strategists Robert Lehman and W. Jett Loucks, attorney for Aviation Corporation. I seldom saw Lehman. He seemed a shadowy character who slipped in and out of rooms. Louck was fat and bluff. The fight was all in his day's work, the kind of law practice he evidently liked—trying to marshal resources to win battles. Such activity had little to do with what I had thought of as legal practice, but much to do with strategy and with people. The general was a well-known character; he was well liked for his down-to-earth joviality. He had an Irish twinkle, a gray, bristly, well-groomed mustache, a military bearing and a good sense of humor. He treated his job of marshaling proxies not as a battle for money and power but as if he were at General Headquarters in France deploying his forces over the terrain in an organized way. His field directors, who were to collect the proxies, received mimeographed instructions worded in the style of orders given on the field of battle:

"The actual drive for securing the proxies as hereafter provided will not be commenced in the field until the telegraphic or telephone order so to do has been given the field director by the undersigned. The probable date for giving of the order will be in the afternoon of November 10 or the morning of November 11 (Armistice Day)." A sign of the Depression was a statement in the manual of instructions issued by the General, which said that field directors should employ "necessary canvassers at an average rate of two to three dollars per day. By directly checking the checking accomplishment of each canvasser and promptly discharging those who do not deliver, a thrifty standard of accomplishment will be maintained."

This instruction came not from sweatshop operators but from a representative of most respected bankers of the period, Messrs. Harriman and Lehman.

Occasionally the general turned a telegram over to me with a smile. I filed and forgot it. But it showed then as now how naive some people are about the news-gathering processes. A field director seeking proxies wired from Atlanta that the Associated Press dispatches from New York friendly to Cord, pouring into this area, should be stopped. Dispatches based on Mr. Cord's full-page ads were making news.

Cord backed his attack by going to the courts in Delaware and obtaining a temporary injunction restraining the directors of Aviation Corporation from acting on the transaction on November 10. The Delaware courts granted it. But Avisco was able to have the injunction lifted in a few days by the Delaware court. At that moment Cord rushed back to New York to fight with full publicity, although American Aviation was willing to hold up the deal temporarily.

Cord, in his request for proxies, charged that the assets of North American Aviation, for which 1,997,776 shares of stock of Aviation Corporation were to be issued, were worth less than half of the value of the stock proposed to be issued for their payment. Mr. Cord, in his full-page advertisement in New York and other cities, said company control was held by a small group of New York bankers who together owned less than 7 per cent of the total stock. He said that these men had given the New York Stock Exchange a consolidated balance sheet which showed assets of approximately $54,000,000, soon after the founding of the company. Assets today, according to the balance sheet, were about $16,000,000. He accused them of losing $38,000,000 of stockholders' money in three years. He ascribed the loss to profligacy, spendthrift practice, gambling, remission of officers' debts and other kinds of mismanagement.

After the injunction was issued, Cord said on November 10 that he was opposed to the company funds being used in stock-market trading and speculation in aviation and other speculative securities. Regardless, he said, the company should do no more speculation with the stockholders' money and moneys should be kept in cash and securities, such as U.S. Treasury Certificates, to be used as a reserve for future development purposes.

He accused the management of secretly issuing nearly 2,000,000 additional shares for less than it was worth, with a secret understanding to vote this stock for a period of ten years, thus depriving a majority of the stockholders from exercising their rights and keeping secret the account of mismanagement for three years and loss to the company of $38,000,000. He boldly attacked a coterie of bankers (a popular group to attack).

The newspapers recognized the potential of this battle for the control of a burgeoning industry and gave widespread publicity to the fight, often in front-page stories. The headlines read: "Proxy Battle Starts to Gain Control of Aviation Corporation"; "Rival Factions Ask for Support of Stockholders.

Hurl Charges”; “Fight Centers on Plan to Acquire North American Aviation.”

Cohu’s answer, in a statement we released, said that the contest was the culmination of the battle begun when Cord entered the Aviation Corporation and insisted that present planes and engines be discarded and be replaced by Stinson planes and Lycoming engines which were manufactured by Cord.

With so much at stake I convinced the powers at 120 Broadway that we should proceed on a strategically sound plan. Name-calling would only obfuscate the stockholders, I said. The issue should be fought along other lines. I laid out these lines and presented them in a manual of strategy, which I gave to Loucks and General O’Ryan.

The choice for the stockholder should be that between a company with a splendid record, headed by men of integrity and ability, and a stock-market manipulator, speculator, a one-man dictator. I urged that the Avisco forces co-ordinate and correlate all their activities—newspaper publicity, mail pieces, advertising and personal solicitation by canvassers—and that every effort avoid creating a mental picture of two groups attempting to gain control of a company. I believed that right was on our side.

My memorandum outlined a two-pronged action: to build American Aviation among the stockholders and to have others, not American Aviation deflate Cord as an individual. I suggested that airplane pilots, labor organizations dissatisfied with Cord’s treatment of them and individual stockholders’ committees and stockholders might do this. If Cord was the man American Aviation’s officials told me he was, the way to deflate him was not by their statements but by facts, presented by disinterested parties.

Next day, November 12, newspapers headlined that Cohu and Cord were fighting for Aviation proxies. Cohu in a letter to stockholders now charged that Cord was attempting by “manipulation, injustice and other devices” to take over the company. Cord, not mentioned by name, was referred to as a “certain maker of airplanes, airplane motors and automobiles” who “in an endeavor to sell your company his products in his own interest is attempting to gain control of your company by manipulation, injunction and other devices.”

Cord categorically denied Cohu’s statement. He defended his Stinson plane against the charge that it was unsatisfactory and unsuited to the Aviation Corporation’s use.

Ralph Hendershot, the knowledgeable financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, remarked that this was "the first real battle the Street has witnessed in years." American Aviation did not want Cord, he said, since "Cord has a subsidiary, one of the leading manufacturers of single and multi-motored cabin cruisers." A deal between Avisco and North American Aviation, on the other hand, might mean much to Curtiss-Wright, in which North American held a major interest, said Hendershot.

Fiorello La Guardia, a publicity-aware Congressman then, injected himself into the battle on our side and gave publicity to a letter he wrote the Postmaster General that pilots were entitled to the full protection of the law and the moral protection of the Government, for subsidies were being paid to the companies with the understanding that the personnel and equipment must be of the best. As a result of Mr. Cord's action in reducing the wages of his aviation personnel to demonstrate his drastic economies in airline operation, many of the best pilots resigned, Mr. La Guardia declared. "To take their places pilots were hired who had been out of work for years."

And now we dramatized our labor support. In March, Edward F. McGrady, the American Federation of Labor legislative agent, had testified before a Congressional committee on airmail subsidies about Cord's poor labor policies; he said Cord was arrogant, unreasoning and dictatorial.

On November 16 William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, issued a powerful statement from Washington, the first time in the history of American labor that the federation had taken a stand in a proxy battle—and this was in favor of American Aviation. The story received front-page play in newspapers, with such headlines as: "Labor Enters Aviation Corporation Control Fight. President Green Announces He Favors President L. T. Cohu. Sharp Attack on E. Cord."

Green threatened to take up with Congress his opposition to Cord. Cohu now issued a statement supporting Green. It all looked as if we were winning. Now at our suggestion, individual stockholders wrote letters to their fellow stockholders—Howard Coonley of the Walworth Company, George C. Hann of Pittsburgh, John Van Allen of Buffalo. And on their own, airline pilots from air-mail and passenger routes all over the country made news by gathering proxies for the Aviation Corporation management in their spare time and off days.

Ex-Governor Trumbull of Connecticut next formed an independent proxy committee. In his next advertisement Cord attacked Trumbull as one

of the principals in the sale of Colonial Airways to American Aviation and said that General O'Ryan had been one of his principal associates. But Trumbull carried on.

Early in the fight I had learned by the grapevine that the Cord interests seriously believed they had a definite basis for their accusations; that debts of officers and employees of the company had been forgiven without cause, that mismanagement and losses of money could be proven, that officers of the company had performed certain acts without authorization. I also learned that Frank A. Vanderlip had come out for Cord, in return for financial advantages to him if Cord was successful. But I had discounted these as false rumors and believed that our righteous side would win. But I was in for a great surprise.

While the battle was at its hottest I learned, again from the grapevine—usually financial editors—that negotiators were meeting uptown to work on a settlement, without my direct knowledge. The case apparently wasn't as clear cut as I had been given to believe—virtue vs. sin. And while we were still firing duly authorized releases aimed at the enemy, I was informed of the settlement—or, as it might possibly better be called, the capitulation.

Cord was to appoint five directors to the board; five more were to come from management, and six impartial directors were to be approved by both factions. They would take the place of thirty directors previously on the board. The hectic activity of the past few weeks was over. The accusations and counteraccusations would be forgotten before American Aviation went before Congress again for its mail subsidies.

I had had an experience in Wall Street warfare, the power play for money, the use of a stance of strength to facilitate bargaining in a back room. I had also learned to discount my own naïveté in accepting statements at face value.

After termination of my association with American Aviation, North American Aviation, in a letter to stockholders, announced suspension of negotiations for a merger. The next day the Aviation Corporation board met and delayed the selection of a new board. Cord left New York and announced that he had no bad feelings about his former enemies, the bankers, and that negotiations were progressing. On November 30 a new board of sixteen directors was elected in accordance with the back-room plan. On December 7 L. T. Cohu resigned as president.

I wrote F. A. Vanderlip, the *deus ex machina* behind all these backstage maneuvers, a few days later:

We believe that the adoption of the recommendations we are making is of paramount importance to the Aviation Corporation. Its prestige has been seriously deflated by the spectacle of the public's being asked to believe diametrically conflicting statements with respect to company management and the like.

We would say that putting into effect recommendations which will create a coordinated picture of the Company in the investing public's mind is essential.

This is true also because there remain in the corporation opposing elements in a controversy, both sides of which have stated that the other has broken faith with the stockholders. This has created an even worse impression in the public mind than if either side had won a conclusive victory.

It will only be through the most careful coordination and planning of its public relations activities with regard to the investing public that the Aviation Corporation can hope to counteract and build up this loss of confidence into a real expression of continued good will. It is only through good will that the Company can prosper and develop to a point where the investing public and the stockholders have that faith in the Company which they should.

An item in the New York *Times* of December 7, 1932, closed the record. It reported that, after the stockholders' meeting, Mr. Cord declared that his entire dispute with the old management had been amicably settled. The article said, "In the belief that aviation was the lowest cost transportation ever devised by man, the Cord Corporation … invested $10,000,000 in various aeronautical enterprises including its commitment in approximately 950,000 shares of Aviation Corporation stock, approximately 34 per cent of outstanding shares."

City Stores Company

In 1934 I helped Saul Cohn, president of the City Stores Company, to rally stockholder support for a 77B reorganization of his company. This

amendment to the Bankruptcy Act enabled a company to forgo bankruptcy, if stockholders acquiesced and certain legal requirements were complied with. City Stores was a holding company for large department stores in New Orleans, Birmingham, Memphis, Philadelphia, Elizabeth, Louisville and New York. These stores maintained their own identity and their own names in their local communities.

I found the problem not as simple as I had thought, for they faced a dilemma. On the one hand, they needed stockholders' proxies to pass the reorganization plan. Letter writing was insufficient; much newspaper publicity was demanded in addition. But when local papers published news about reorganization, it reflected adversely on the local store. Often the store was doing a profitable business and suffered from involvement in the word, "reorganization," which carried negative implications.

But you can meet dilemmas only by grasping their horns. Our first announcement was carried widely in the papers: the City Stores stockholders were to vote on October 16 on a plan, three years in the making. It called for the exchange of one share of Class A stock or one voting trust certificate for one share of new $5 par common stock, and the exchange of 12 old no-par common stock for each share of new common stock. The conversion would make 187,064 new common shares outstanding, and the holders of the new common stock would be entitled to buy at $5 per share five additional shares for each one held, which would result in the receipt of $4,905,625 by the company.

The holders of present notes had agreed to accept $6,500,000 of two new issues of 6 per cent ten-year collateral trust notes in exchange for the balance of the notes. These notes were secured by stock in subsidiaries and other investments owned by City Stores.

To meet the dilemma, a request was sent to presidents of the local City Stores for facts on upward trends in sales or other favorable conditions, or anything truthful or relevant to help counteract negative effects of the reorganization announcement. In ten days a Mr. Washer, who had been elected Chairman of the Stockholders Committee three years before, sent out a second letter to stockholders.

We thought everything was working out well. Suddenly Mr. R. J. Goerke, a former president of the City Stores, jumped into the fray with a letter to stockholders vigorously opposing the reorganization. As a stockholder, that was his privilege. Now Paul Saunders, Cohn's lawyer, who

had in the meantime become president, gave us some facts, unknown to me up to then, which indicated why the company, doing so well in some of its units, had to reorganize. He put his accusations in a letter to stockholders. The letter was the kind of disclosure which brought public indignation to the boiling point, making possible New Deal laws curbing such actions. In his letter Saunders remonstrated with Goerke for mishandling City Stores' money, charging exorbitant rents to City Stores through Goerke Realties (another Goerke holding) and general disregard for the stockholders' investments and trust.

Goerke, on October 5, in the Wilmington Court, petitioned to have the reorganization transferred to the Southern District Court of New York. No objection was made. The present management was continued in control for another month by the Court and the stockholders' meeting was announced for October 26, an adjournment from the October 16 date.

Our relationship with the activity ended when Goerke's action made the proposed reorganization a court matter. The October 26 meeting was recessed until the following Tuesday. On October 30 another inconclusive meeting was held in Wilmington. Although no negative votes were cast for the reorganization, the judge ruled that the 329,412 shares voted in favor of the plan didn't constitute a majority of the more than 1,000,000 shares outstanding, and again adjourned the meeting to November 10. Legal processes moved slowly and that meeting was adjourned until the 15th, and in turn that meeting was again adjourned to the 19th. Finally, at a meeting on the 19th before Federal Judge John P. Neals, Saunders explained that the plan was feasible and equitable, while Mr. Goerke's counsel opposed the proposal. Again the court recessed the hearing. Not until February 1939 was City Stores discharged from the reorganization proceeding "free of debt." The resiliency of the American system is shown by the fact that the company announced a stock issue, sold to the public, in early 1935.

Great Northern Railroad

The Depression had not spent itself by the mid-Thirties. Corporations still found difficulty meeting debts incurred in a booming inflationary past. They worried about bankruptcy and, in order not to go under, often refunded their debt at higher interest rates. Railroads had a particularly difficult problem, because of heavy bonded indebtedness on the one hand

and a lack of freight on the other. This made it impossible to meet obligations of interest and bond retirement. Investment bankers had acted for the railroads when they had borrowed money. When debt came due, railroads called on the investment bankers to marshal the resources necessary to meet these obligations. Bankers often charged what the traffic would bear in these operations.

George F. Baker's First National Bank in New York had been active in financing railroads' needs in the past. By present-day banking practice, First National was unique: one headquarters office with no branches. One man, George F. Baker, dominated the institution—a banker's bank with few officers, relatively few depositors but with deposits aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars from banks, corporations and individuals. Other bankers envied the high ratio of deposit to expenses in Mr. Baker's bank.

The top officers of the bank, located a short flight up at 2 Wall Street, sat in a large room at old roll-top desks inherited from their predecessors. The roll-top desks were so high that it was impossible for the visitor on the bank floor to see if anyone was seated there. Only a derby on top of the desk indicated that the hidden occupant was in and available to visitors. Junior officers had flat desks.

A depositor gained cachet with an account in the First National; his use of a First National check added to his credit standing. Some years before I had asked a handsome young man, Robert G. Fuller, an assistant cashier, whether I might open an account and suggested I had a check for $100,000 with me, if they cared to oblige me. Young Fuller walked over and talked to the vice-president, a man behind a roll-top desk on which there was a derby, and then accepted my check. I had become a member of Wall Street's most exclusive club.

Doris and I liked Fuller, who lived in Scarsdale with his beautiful wife, whom he had met in his undergraduate years at a Midwest university. A graduate of Harvard Business School, he was as dedicated to banking as a man with a call to the ministry. He had but recently passed the acid test Mr. Baker inflicted on young men in the bank who, in his estimation, had the potential to make good. They worked on low salaries for some years—starvation wages. If they survived without cracking under the strain, they became officers of the First National Bank, which meant a job, with high potential, for life. If any of them quit because they could not survive the ordeal, that was good riddance as far as Mr. Baker was concerned, for they

had not withstood adversity, Mr. Baker's test of character for a banker. Fuller survived; he went on to become senior vice-president of the First National City Bank of New York, one of America's top bank executives.

I enjoyed my occasional talks on finance with this bright, promising young financier. He had introduced me to Leon Fraser, the president, and to Henry Sturgis, the vice-president who had okayed my membership in the bank. Sturgis was tall, handsome, well groomed and looked like a matinee idol. Mr. Sturgis' request to visit him in October 1935 did not take me completely by surprise. He wanted me to handle the public relations on a new refunding bond issue of the Great Northern Railway of $100,000,000 convertible into stock; this would replace a $115,000,000 issue of bonds maturing on July 1, 1936. We made the necessary arrangements, and he gave me for criticism and comment a letter the bank planned to send to holders of Great Northern securities, asking them to approve the proposed plan at a meeting of stockholders on December 20.

Only a week before, Mr. Sturgis told me, the directors of the Great Northern had taken this initial step to meet the maturity. No decision had been reached as to the interest rate of the new bond. The financing had also been discussed with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the government agency set up to bail out corporations that had Depression problems. At the time, it was said the new Great Northern bonds would command a premium above par and that the RFC was prepared to invest as much as $50,000,000 to enable the Great Northern to meet its obligation.

The New York *Times* had carried a report of this discussion and had commented that if the management's plans succeeded (that meant Mr. Sturgis of the First National Bank, in co-operation with the railroad), the help of the RFC would not be required.

Mr. Sturgis told me his proposed plan required the approval of holders of 75 per cent of the company's stock. He also said that Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had the day before given out a public statement which foreshadowed startling developments. Mr. Jones had said that while the Great Northern might not ask RFC aid in its forthcoming refunding, the fact that this aid was available from the government should help the railroad. He added that the railroads were showing improvement, although whether this reflected a seasonal influence or a permanent betterment in business remained to be seen.

Mr. Sturgis closed his remarks by adding that Mr. W. P. Kenney, president of the railroad, was coming to New York to confer with him and First National on the final details for the recapitalization.

I looked over Mr. Sturgis' letter carefully and then turned it over to someone in the office who knew little about finance and asked him to tell me whether he understood it and, if not, to point out what he did not understand. And I returned it to Sturgis with recommendations to eliminate the legalistic and obfuscating language of lawyers. The letter and a news release were then sent out, explaining the refunding plan. The release was widely used. We believed it would clinch the support of Great Northern security holders for the plan. We followed this up by working with the railroad's lawyers—Hines, Rearick, Dorr & Hammond—placing advertisements in key papers in key cities, addressed to Great Northern's security holders. Coincidentally we sent out a news story based on the advertisement.

By December 6, 1,573,000 shares of preferred stock were in and proxies for only 290,000 more shares were needed to ratify the plans. On the same day the New York *Times* wrote that the proposed bonds would carry a 5 per cent interest rate.

Several times I had suggested to Sturgis that we send out additional mailings to speed up the return of proxies, but he had been disinclined to expand the "selling activity." On December 19 the *Times* ran an article in its financial section which stated that Jones (who must have read the notice about the 5 per cent interest proposal) had sent a letter to W. P. Kenney offering to take any or all of the $100,000,000 bonds, if they had a 4 per cent interest rate, without any charge for underwriting and with the same conversion privileges required by the railroad's bankers. The story said the road was able to obtain the money from private bankers, but Mr. Jones said frankly that he thought the interest rate to be charged by the bankers was too high. He said that he did not know the name of the banking group to which the road had gone for its underwriting and that the favorable terms offered by the RFC had not been solicited by Mr. Kenney. He made it clear, however, that while the Government had decided to quit lending to corporations, this would not be done at the expense of the Administration's goal of lower interest rates. Possibly Mr. Jones believed the publication of the RFC's offer to the Great Northern would suffice to obtain for it more favorable terms from Sturgis and the private banking sources. Asked to

what extent the RFC might be called upon to make good its offer and take over the bonds, Mr. Jones said, “We probably won’t get as many as you could light a cigarette with.” He denied there was any element of compulsion in his offer and said he would be delighted to give all the business to the bankers, if they would take it at 4 per cent. “We just want to help the railroads,” said Mr. Jones.

In his letter to Mr. Kenney, Chairman Jones said that the government appreciated the efforts of the railroad and its banks to obtain funds without coming to them, but felt that in offering to pay such a high rate Great Northern would hurt all railroad financing and unnecessarily penalize its own security holders.

He said that 4 per cent was a fair yield, a good rate on the current market, and that the RFC did not think the railroads should be required to pay more; they had no desire to supplant the bankers, but wanted to cooperate with them and the railroads to accomplish railroad financing at much less cost to the roads.

He added that the best evidence that the 5 per cent rate was out of line was that, according to press reports, the bonds had been quoted the previous Monday in New York at 108 on a when-issued basis.

Mr. Jones was in the saddle. The Government had made its decision and our job for Great Northern was over.

Next day, December 20, the New York *Times* reported, “RFC Rail Loan Held Blow to Bankers. Four % Offer to Great Northern Seen as End of High Interest in Road’s Securities. Syndicate [referring to the Sturgis syndicate] Decries Action.”

The Great Northern security holders, the article said, would save, in addition to the one per cent, an underwriting fee of one per cent to be paid the syndicate on all bonds which they might be required to buy under the agreement. The *Times* said that the saving would amount to about 40 cents a share annually on Great Northern stock. It was considered a foregone conclusion that W. P. Kenney, president of the Great Northern, would either accept the RFC’s offer or get the syndicate to adjust its terms.

In anticipation of Mr. Sturgis’ syndicate, which was now kaput, security houses had established an over-the-counter market for the proposed bonds on a when-issued basis. Bids of 108 were recorded in these transactions. If Mr. Jones had not intervened, the market thus established would have helped greatly in the sale of the bonds on the terms proposed by the

syndicate. This market ended abruptly after Mr. Jones made his announcement.

Members of the syndicate were frankly disappointed by Mr. Jones's action. They held that the RFC should have confined its purchases to securities of a more speculative kind, difficult to market in the usual way, and leave to Wall Street the issues which formal syndicates could put on sale with profit. It was also contended that the conversion terms of the bonds justified a 5 per cent coupon. The proposed bonds would have been convertible into stock one half at $40 and one half at $75. It was argued that the price of $75 for one half of the bonds was not sufficiently attractive to justify a lower coupon than 5 per cent.

On December 21, 1935, the *Times* reported that the stockholders of the Great Northern Railroad accepted the offer of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to absorb the surplus of a pending $100,000,000 bond issue carrying 4 per cent interest. W. P. Kenney said the saving in interest and underwriting costs would aggregate $30,000,000 for the ten-year maturing period.

The refinancing move, in which the RFC chairman, Jesse Jones, underbid the 5 per cent offer of railroad bankers, was launched when stockholders acceded to Federal stipulations for issuance of the bonds.

On January 12, 1936, Mr. Jones gave out a triumphant statement which read: "Too many of our railroads are dominated by bankers whose principal interest in them is to make money out of their financing. This is within the law, but should not be. If a bond is good enough for a banking house to recommend to its investors at 5%, I fail to understand why it is not a better investment at 4%," Jones said. "Certainly the borrower has a better chance of meeting his payments at the lower rate than the high."

And, on the 15th, he crowed more loudly. The newspapers reported that in his campaign to bring about a reduction in interest rates for corporate financing, as well as a better deal from the banks for the "average man," Jesse Jones "reached an agreement today with W. P. Kenney, president of the Great Northern Railway." If the Interstate Commerce Commission approved the plan, the road would offer $100,000,000 in convertible refunding bonds to its stock and bond holders at 4 per cent, with the RFC agreeing to purchase any that were not taken. Mr. Jones considered the agreement a victory for the New Deal. And certainly it was. He said that the bonds already were being quoted on a when-issued basis of 103½ and that

he did not expect the RFC actually would be called upon to buy any of them.

Bankers had first insisted on a 5 per cent interest rate with underwriting fees and commissions in excess of $1,000,000 if they were to handle the issue. Mr. Jones said that when he had suggested the banks take it at 4½ per cent he had been turned down.

Poor Mr. Sturgis, in the meantime, was concerned about the restoration of the underwriting function to banks. There was much gnashing of teeth about the survival of private enterprise and of government interference. But the year was 1935, Mr. Roosevelt was in power, and, outside of bankers' grumbling, everything worked out fine for the Great Northern.

Mr. Jones had made his point, not only to the Great Northern but to the whole financial community. He had enhanced the reputation of the Administration with investors by judicious and well-timed use of publicity. This was not the first or the last time the Administration used this tool to carry out its program.

Stockholder proxy fights followed each other in rapid succession in this period. Madison Square Garden was roiled by an internecine battle. Chairman of the board Colonel John Hammond and president William Kilpatrick were slugging it out to run the Garden. Both were soliciting stockholders' proxies. Hammond retained us.

It was a lively battle, with mutual recriminations. Letters we wrote for Hammond accused Kilpatrick of mismanagement of the Garden's boxing activities; boxing attendance for the years 1934 and 1935 was the poorest in the Garden history, while hockey under Hammond had its best year. Kilpatrick countered with statements that only two of seventeen directors were for Hammond and that the scrubwomen, elevator men and janitors were against Hammond, who had wanted to fire them during the summer.

Westbrook Pegler wrote that no one gave a damn who the president of Madison Square Garden was, but Kilpatrick was an honest man and had abolished graft at the Garden. Paul Gallico defended Kilpatrick. One columnist wrote, "A pox on both their houses."

There may have been more to the fight than I had been told, for Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the *World-Telegram*, ran a story attributing "other" reasons than the stated accusations and counter accusations; that a group had bought stock to back Hammond. This may have been gossip.

Hammond failed in the proxy count, but the contenders kissed and made up. This was another example of Wall Street battles, in which smoke and gun fire ended in a grand embrace.

chapter 39

CONSTRUCTION IN THE DEPRESSION

Hampshire House lay fallow for seven years and then blossomed again. So did a great construction firm, Merritt-Chapman and Scott, with which I worked. In 1932 this undersea construction and salvage company was dominated by one man—Captain T. A. Scott. His father before him had developed this unique business of salvaging ships at sea, of heavy lifting by derricks for the loading of ships, and underwater building—dams, breakwaters—all difficult and lucrative branches of the construction business.

The construction business moved in cycles, years of plenty followed by years of famine. Years of plenty had always made up for years of famine. But now, in 1932, in the great Depression, no one could be sure whether the upward trend would ever return.

We decided to put 75 per cent emphasis of our activity on construction and 25 per cent divided between derrick and salvage work.

The Depression had drastically reduced current contracts. One Rockaway jetty was being built for the U.S. Government, under the Engineers Corps, a contract of only $1,795,000; another one for East Rockaway was to cost $311,690; and some repairs to water mains in the East River amounted to $10,000. Despite the Depression Merritt's was building a dock for Mrs. Henry P. Davison, wife of a Morgan partner, on Long Island for approximately $9,000. There were a few other repair and building jobs.

Prophetically, Captain Scott pointed out that a large proportion of construction work in the near future would come in open competition from either the federal, state or municipal governments. Remaining construction

work, he thought, would come from power companies, railroad companies, gas companies and private owners of waterfront property.

I concentrated my action on the Rockaway jetty job and Marine Park, Brooklyn. We might in this way develop good will with the U.S. Engineers. Other communities might undertake comparable projects.

To stimulate similar park projects we next tackled Marine Park, a Brooklyn Department of Parks project, and held a ceremony—the driving of the first pile for the bulkhead. A minimum of six hundred men, with contemplated employment of three thousand men daily, were to be engaged in the 1,840-acre Marine Park. So devastating had the unemployment become that the New York *Times* commented favorably on the job in an editorial.

But construction was dead and little new work developed. Captain Scott asked me to abrogate our contract after six months, which I did. For seven years Merritt-Chapman and Scott led a hand-to-mouth existence. But Captain Scott tenaciously held on. Toward the end of the decade war preparations gave the company a terrific boost. Captain Scott was building landing fields in Newfoundland and naval installations in Rhode Island. The company he had nurtured prospered again.

In the meantime I maintained my personal contacts with the captain. And after World War II Captain Scott asked me to join his board of directors.

In November 1930 Katherine Seaman, pioneer woman realtor associated with the firm of Sutton, Blagden and Lynch, developed a vague plan for an apartment hotel, envisaged by her as the most modern, luxurious establishment ever built in a residential section. “Will you make my dream come true?” she asked.

Her assignment appealed to me, for she wanted me to use all my initiative in planning the establishment. “Stretch your imagination to the limit,” she said, “to make this absolutely the last word in apartment-hotel living.” The structure was to be built, she said, on Central Park South between Sixth and Seventh avenues, on the site of the famous old Spanish Flats, New York’s first luxury apartment.

In 1930 a woman or man with a big idea could still find other people’s money. Miss Seaman asked me to a conference of her team to complete the deal. An insurance company representative agreed to finance her purchase

of the property and the construction of the thirty-seven-story building, at a cost of $6,000,000. The huge structure quickly began to rise, the latest addition to a new skyline for Central Park South. One apartment included the largest single room ever built into a private suite, 45 feet long by 22 feet wide and 18 feet high. And two penthouses topped off Hampshire House, each three stories high, the top floor of each a complete living unit.

The new Hampshire House Corporation engaged us for a year for $5,000 in cash and $5,000 in preferred stock of the owner corporation. I was of course speculating in accepting preferred stock. But I welcomed the opportunity of applying public relations at the inception of a project, instead of waiting until it had crystallized.

The name of the new residence, I thought, was an important element in its acceptance by the public. That meant we would have to find a name for the project. Should we call it Malmaison, Trianon, Elysée and suggest French *raffinement*, or name it after an English county or English nobility—Argyll, Surrey, Essex, Wessex, Devon, Hampshire, or what? I had a decided preference for a British name. A French name did not have the ring of solidity, distinction and fashion which were associated with an English name. We chose Hampshire House. I recommended a list of innovations—a children's room, first-aid room, radio room, library, photographic development room, reading room stocked with domestic and foreign newspapers, and an English breakfast room. I suggested a resident governess, a masseur, polite porters and doormen and neatly uniformed page boys. I planned a specially wrapped soap for the guests, a new idea then, centrally controlled electric clocks for each apartment and engraved letter paper.

Encouraged by Katherine, I wrote to Griffin's, the shoe-polish manufacturers, about the installation of an ultramodern ladies' shoe-shine parlor; to De Zemler's Barber Shop about his taking over the men's barbershop concession; to the Hotaling News Agency about a newspaper room; to Faber, Coe and Gregg about a lobby cigar stand; to Johnson and Johnson about installation of a complete first-aid room; to Eastman Kodak Company about equipping a photographic development room; and to the New York Edison Company about an English-style breakfast room equipped with the latest electrical gadgets. And I wrote to Studd and Millington Limited of Bond Street, uniform outfitters in London, for estimates on designing and tailoring uniforms in the authentic English

tradition for the hotel attendants. Also we wrote to a thousand men and women in the Social Register to ask for suggestion for the book titles to be included in our proposed library.

I suggested to Miss Seaman that we stamp the project with the mark of English gentility by associating badminton, a game still new to America, with it. The apartment hotel would become the headquarters for information about the game.

A cornerstone ceremony, I believed, was a necessity—a ceremony to symbolize the establishment and demonstrate its character to prospective tenants. We gave ourselves six months for the job.

I thought an illustrious Englishman would add distinction. The Marquis of Winchester bore the highest title in Hampshire county. We failed to bring him to New York. But we used the Winchester coat of arms on the ornamental metal work, folders and writing paper. In January 1931 I cabled Sidney Walton, the London publicist, to find an English nobleman to lay the cornerstone, and later to act as Hampshire House host. Walton submitted names of impecunious peers, but their fee was too high and we abandoned the idea.

Three themes dominated the ceremony: modernism, the English influence and the historical site. I envisaged headlines that read, “Modern Apartment Hotel on Site of New York’s Oldest Flats.”

The cornerstone should stress modernity. Why not seal into the cornerstone books, pictures and other symbols of modernity, drawn from art and science and chosen by leaders in each field to give authenticity and news value: an American and British novel, musical composition, drama, painting, automobile, poetry, sculpture, airplane. We sent telegrams to outstanding people in these fields and tabulated the 175 replies for selection of the objects.

Our survey elicited two amusing wires. Clayton Hamilton, the well-known dramatist, said a good play should be performed and not placed in a cornerstone of any building but a theater. If anything had to be buried in any other place it should be a bad play. And Childe Hassam, the great artist, said that we really wanted the opinions of great art critics, for American artists’ opinions were worth nothing. He said the greatest art critics were Forbes Tinker Watson, editor of Arts; Henry Pierrepont McBride, editor of another great art magazine; Spittoon Boswell of Hopewell, New Jersey; and the amiable and engaging Sissy Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair* and gentle

adviser of old-lady collectors—one of these to preside as chairman or supercargo of the ship *Modern Art.* This would be the only valuable opinion on painting and sculpture. He invited them to East Hampton, where he would take them swimming, preferably with a small sea running, and that there were two-ounce gloves and a mat in the solarium.

We included in the cornerstone: A *Farewell to Arms* by Ernest Hemingway, *Peter Ibbetson* by George du Maurier, *Skyscrapers* by John Alden Carpenter, *Strange Interlude* by Eugene O'Neill, Thomas Hart Benton's reproductions of murals "America Today" in the New School for Social Research, a photograph of the new Packard automobile, *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét, a reproduction of "Mother and Child" by Zorach, and a reproduction of an Autogiro. For good measure we added *Old English Mansions* by Charles Holmes, *Valentine's Manual, The New Yorker Album* and New York newspapers of March 24, 1931, including a rag-paper copy of the New York *Times,* with photographs and a historical record of the site.

The choices started a newspaper controversy, a beneficial one.

Koussevitzky, the conductor; Zorach, the sculptor; Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, the expert on home efficiency; Childe Hassam; Janet Flanner, now Paris Correspondent for *The New Yorker;* and about forty guests attended the ceremony.

The builders, eager to finish the building, did not stop work for the ceremony. The sound of riveting hammers disturbed the festivities. A Mr. Villaume, builder of the original Spanish Flats, discoursed on the old site and the new building. An official British representative discussed "hands across the sea." Harry Alan Jacobs, architect, acted as chairman. Cables came from Viscount Lymington, member of the British Parliament for Hampshire County, and Sir Thomas Inskip, Recorder of Kingston-upon-Thames, stressing the British-American entente. The Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, England, J. S. Smith, sent a cable of good will. Gerald Campbell, British Consul General, sent greetings.

Photographers caught David Sutton, master of ceremonies, just as he was putting *The New Yorker Album* and *Strange Interlude* into the cornerstone, whose inscription read, "Dedicated to yesterday's charm and tomorrow's convenience." Newspapers played up the story with headlines "For the Ages, Modern Spirit Buried in Cornerstone" and "Modern Art for Posterity.'"

One columnist, Idwal Jones, was sure that only in New York would a private project be launched with such *éclat.*

The New York *Sun,* on March 21, 1931, in an editorial, “When the Box Is Opened,” commented on the headaches in that cornerstone for the historians of the future. “They will ponder and emerge with the announcement,” it said, “that 1931 liked the hardboiled and the sentimental, the precious and the harsh, the sweet and the acid; that it was reactionary and revolutionary, religious and iconoclastic, black and white.” The editorial closed with the thought that the public, disappointed in its faith that everything can be neatly labeled, would protest the unscientific selection.

The New Yorker, in “Talk of the Town,” referred to sending their symbolic Mr. Eustace Tilley to represent them at the ceremonies, for he was their only member owning a ragpaper shirt, the proper attire for an occasion like this. The only objectionable aspect of the affair, commented Mr. Tilley after he sprang to a “hogshead and broke into the Internationale,” was that a copy of *The New Yorker Album* was inserted into the cornerstone with a copy of the New York *Times, Strange Interlude* by Eugene O’Neill, a photograph of Zorach’s marble figure, “Mother and Child,” and other objects. Tilley remarked, “What a dark immortality. Buildings in this town are said to last about twenty years.”

But Hampshire House was stillborn. Due to money stringency, the company financing the construction refused to make further advances. Requisition of funds by the contractors could not be met, and work was stopped on July 15, with the building completed except for the interiors. A meeting of corporation creditors was called within a few days. Everything stopped. The Hampshire House corporation went bankrupt. For seven years this lovely unfinished building, a beautiful monument to modernity, to yesterday’s charm and tomorrow’s convenience, stood battered by wind, snow and rain, a dead symbol of the Depression. Then, in 1938, seven years later, a new organization took over the old corporation. I had no connection with it. Hampshire House was revived in all its glory.

The owners who took over after the debacle, in keeping with the current trend toward capital gains, turned it into a co-operative. Today the co-operative owners travel much of the time or go to resorts. Their apartments are then sublet to transient or more permanent guests. But basically Hampshire House functions as Miss Seaman had originally intended.

The establishment maintains its status, although most of the innovations planned for it never came to be. A foreign gentleman, not an Englishman, an alumnus of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Columbia University, was presiding over Hampshire House destinies the last time we stopped there. I do not believe history repeats itself. But when I met the gentleman and he heard of my past relationship to his hostelry, he had no hesitancy about asking some free advice from me on current problems. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Poor Miss Seaman had died in the interim and never saw her dream live on.

chapter 40

THE *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*

In 1916, as publicity manager of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet, I had visited Edward Bok, the noted editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who had offered to publish photographs of the ballet on the proviso that I give him permission to retouch the photographs so as to lower the skirts of the ballet girls below the knees. I had, of course, consented. I had been impressed by Bok's expenditure of $600 to the artists to gratify what Bok thought was his audience's desire for propriety.

Fifteen years later Bok's successor on this powerful women's magazine, its editor, Loring Schuler, had called on me for a different purpose. He wanted me to develop plans that would lead to social action, which had made the magazine such a potent force. Schuler came to me at the depth of the Depression, in late 1931, when most people concerned themselves with what they should do about problems that confronted them and the country. Doris and I spent several evenings a week discussing with Carl Snyder, our good friend and statistician for the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; Lionel Edie, former economics professor at Purdue and then a consulting economist; James Harvey Rogers of Yale; and Warren Persons, former economics professor at Harvard, how to bring about the return of normal business and employment. This was undoubtedly a topic of discussion in many homes throughout America. The economists insisted that government expansion of credit through the purchase of government bonds would take up the slack of private industry's lack of credit expansion. I kept stressing what public opinion should and could do in bringing about a return to faith and belief in the country's future and, in turn, the reestablishment of purchasing power. They agreed with me. Our discussions started at dinner in our dining room with Carl and Madeline. Others dropped in later and we explored theoretical and practical facets of the Depression. The evening ended with the economists in a state of frustrated despair, because they saw

no way to get intricate economic facts to the public so they would understand them and act in their own best interests.

We often talked of the part women might play in bringing about a return to normal conditions. My economist friends were in agreement that women could play a part if they maintained normal spending and saved instead of hoarding.

When the *Ladies' Home Journal* called on me for advice I was struck by the conjunction of circumstances. I thought some of my ideas might be effectively applied to the problem at hand—enlisting the women of the country to battle the Depression. What an opportunity for the *Journal* and the country both—to have the women of the country carry out what I believed to be the best advice of the ablest and wisest students of the problem.

Many reasons prompted my belief that the outcome of the activity would be successful. Bok, during his reign at the *Ladies' Home Journal*, had played a dominant role in harnessing, for the first time in America, the activities of women to sound social action. I remembered from my boyhood the many effective crusades he had waged. Schuler, a younger man, quiet, outwardly modest, inwardly ambitious, had followed in Bok's footsteps—no easy task, incidentally, for above him was the towering personality of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, vice-president of the Curtis Publishing Company and possibly then the most respected spokesman for American big business. Lorimer wanted the *Ladies' Home Journal* to succeed. But I recognized there was the possibility his ego might not enjoy the challenge of a younger man under him in the corporate structure stepping out in the public eye more boldly than he himself had. Schuler, aware of this hazard, realized the potentialities of his position. If he made good—particularly with the country in the doldrums and with almost everybody ready to give up, thinking life in America would never be the same—his achievement would be great.

Schuler, like other editors I have co-operated with (Henry Luce, Ray Long, Otis Wiese), recognized the intimate relationship between the public and the private interest. Schuler and I liked each other; our relationship was pleasant and easy.

I urged Schuler to write a full-page editorial asking for the support of 29,000,000 American women to speed the return of business and employment. If it helped, the leadership of the *Ladies' Home Journal* would

be confirmed. I sounded out my economist friends before I talked to Schuler and had received their assurance of support for the program.

Schuler's editorial appeared in the January 1932 issue, published the middle of December. He advocated a program of normal spending and saving by women. I now used the editorial to serve as the basis for the American Economists Committee for Women's Activities, which I organized. My economist friend Dr. Warren Persons drew up a platform for the women of America, taking its title from Schuler's editorial, "It's Up to the Women." The Economists Committee and the *Journal*, according to my plan, would jointly promote the program throughout the country to help reverse the economic trend.

Schuler's editorial was stirring. He urged confidence and normal buying. Two years before Franklin Delano Roosevelt made his historic statement in his inaugural address, on March 4, 1933, that "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," Schuler in his editorial said, "There is nothing to fear—except fear."

When the public again expresses confidence in its banks by leaving normal deposits on deposit instead of withdrawing the money and hiding it under a mattress—

Then bank failures will largely cease. Your banks are safer than a hole in the ground for your cash.

When the buying public starts buying again, instead of wearing old clothes, driving old cars, living with old furnishings, getting along with antiquated equipment, cutting down on food supplies, and in general waiting for still lower prices and for so-called "Better times"—

Then retailers will start moving their stocks from their shelves; manufacturers will start making new goods; labor will find full employment and buying power; money will rapidly come into full circulation—

And normalcy will have returned.

Dr. Persons became chairman of our committee of topnotch economists, including Frank A. Fetter, Princeton University; Irving Fisher, Yale University, and others. Headquarters were at the Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia. Here is the "The Seven-Point Platform—It's Up to the Women, prompted by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a program of spending and saving that will contribute directly and indirectly to the welfare of you and your family, the community and the

nation in bringing about the return of normal conditions in business and employment”:

MAINTAIN NORMAL LIVING CONDITIONS

The food you eat, the clothes you wear, the house you live in constitute your standard of living. Don’t lower it. Put your dollars to work. Your purchases will keep retail stocks moving, factories running, your neighbor at work, money in circulation, credit active.

SATISFY YOUR WANTS AT TODAY’S PRICES

Food, clothing and shelter can all be bought right now at prices that are exceedingly advantageous.

BUY A HOME NOW

The house and lot that you buy at today’s prices will surely be a sound and profitable purchase. It is a splendid way to save.

MODERNIZE AND REPAIR YOUR HOME

Present conditions are highly favorable. It will make your surroundings more pleasing and will make jobs for the unemployed.

JOIN THE PARADE TO PROSPERITY

You can participate and profit in the inevitable recovery of general industry by investing in sound American securities.

STOP BEING AFRAID

Americans are not cowards or misers. Don’t spread calamity gossip. Be sane. Spread good news. The courageous will reap the benefits.

KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE—DON’T HOARD IT

Hoarded money may be misplaced or lost or stolen. Hoarded money pays no dividends. Hoarded money dries up credit—and it gives no one a job. The banking system is sound.

Persons’ announcement spread the story nation-wide through the Associated Press. It led off with “The hand that rocks the cradle may be the hand to guide the nation up the highway to better times.” Newspapers across the country took up the cause with headlines: “Economists Give

Women Advice on Using Funds"; "Plan Women's Aid for U.S. Recovery"; "Women Called Upon to Spur Business On." The *Ladies' Home Journal* inserted full-page newspaper advertisements urging women to join the "women's parade to prosperity." "It's Up to the Women" was displayed prominently across the page.

In the January *Journal* Schuler's editorial "It's Up to the Women" was flanked by the economists' platform. Thousands upon thousands of supporting letters poured in. Newspapers editorialized favorably about the program. Radio stations carried on the campaign. At my suggestion the *Journal* now distributed millions of folders about the program. Soap, food and other consumer-goods manufacturers bought folders by the thousands for their packages. We carried our message into millions of homes through these leaflets.

So widespread was the support for the campaign by leaders that we published a 70-page pamphlet in which their names were arranged regionally. Other leaders received them to stimulate the campaign.

The program enlisted the overwhelming support of most economists and women we reached. Negative points of view indicated a minority trend which must be reported. One Harvard economist, J. L. Snider, didn't join Persons, for although he agreed that the program was sound and theoretically could end the Depression, he doubted whether people would listen to the economists. Some more substantial impetus than this was needed to loosen the purse strings, he felt. Benjamin H. Hibbard, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture's economics division, doubted whether the general consumer could start the wheels of industry moving. He advocated letting the deflation run its course—a sadistic philosophy if ever there was one. Mr. Hibbard suspected that the Depression would end when industries were fully liquidated and labor was willing to accept a wage in conformity with the new situation.

Ira B. Cross had a comparable reason. An old-fashioned economist, he did not believe in the New Era propaganda. He was sure a depression could not be cured by resorting to the methods of Dr. Emile Coué of France as embodied in his famous slogan, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." He could not join in efforts to pull back prosperity by grabbing it by the tail.

Jacob Viner refused to join because he had no faith in hortatory methods; he believed it distracted attention from the necessity to use more

powerful weapons.

That sentiment was echoed by Clark Warburton, who wondered whether it was reasonable “to expect the women of America to maintain the standard of living of their families in the face of an average shrinkage of income of 25 per cent below normal, and a decline of only 14 per cent in the cost of living. If we call upon them to do so, would we not be revealing an astoundingly naive faith in their financial and managerial powers? Why should we, after more than a year’s demonstration of its futility, join ignorant salesmen and talkative politicians in spreading the magic formula that if people only will buy, prosperity is at hand?”

A few women registered a No vote. “With so much unemployment, wage cutting and struggling to keep up the time payments, it would seem to be impossible for most of the women to spend any more than they are doing,” said one woman. A member of the New Jersey State Federation of Women’s Clubs said it in different words. “The first and most essential link seems to be lacking—where do you expect these women to get their money?” A lady from Georgia expected the worst for the country: “… revolutionary changes are imminent and inescapable. I cannot therefore conscientiously recommend investments nor encourage belief in the soundness of our financial institutions”—a not completely unfounded belief, because of the failure of thousands of banks.

A Florida woman reflected the prevalent gloom: “… but as for the banks I cannot say anything; personally we have lost heavily in two banks and with so many bank failures, I would not dare encourage anyone to deposit money in a bank”—which a lady from Gilead, Nebraska, echoed: “The platform which you sent me is very fine, for people who have money but being a farmer’s wife at the present time, would like suggestions in that platform also for people who this year are facing the prospect of losing their home on account of people who demand at this time the mortgages being paid at once.

“We who depended on money received from cattle, grain, etc., find it impossible to do this; the answer is foreclosure.

“I want you to know I think we have the best government in the world and a good President even with this prospect at hand for ourselves; for some good may come out of this.”

But these were only small voices, because the country as a whole supported the activity.

It did not take urging to have Schuler feature “It’s Up to the Women” in the February number of the *Journal.* A full page up front, with photographs and appeals from presidents of the most important women’s organizations, supported the program. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt gave her viewpoint on “how to restore confidence.” “The questions of the moment,” she said, “are how to get into circulation as much money as possible and how to restore the confidence of the people in the businesses of the country as investments.” Even Elizabeth Arden was enlisted for our bandwagon in a piece on beauty and optimism. Samuel Crowther, leading writer on business, told “Why hoarded dollars prolong depression,” in which he explained money, credit, prices and some causes of the business decline.

A full-page editorial, “Pocketbook Patriotism,” urged on the public such admonitions as “Live the very best that you can,” “Have courage to spend and spend now,” “Have faith in a prosperous future,” “Hoard anything except currency,” “Spread the good news that you hear” and “Watch how your pocketbook patriotism helps to bring back prosperity.” This was good advice to those who had money to spend. Of course there were unemployed millions for whom this advice was unrealistic, but other millions were in a position to follow these suggestions.

I suggested the Circulation Department act and send folders about the campaign to magazine dealers throughout the country to stimulate action. District agents and territorial managers called on officers of local chapters of organizations which had approved the program. They told them the February *Journal* had published a letter from the president of their organization supporting the *Journal*’s campaign. They requested a list of members, and their most polite boys offered each member a copy. The list opened new avenues to potential subscribers. The movement gathered momentum and needed only nudging from the *Journal* to grow. The letters, radio broadcasts, editorials and news coverage showed the ideas hatched in our drawing room had become a powerful nation-wide movement.

What its effect was on the United States is difficult to gauge. Polls were not yet in use. We certainly contributed to a better morale. This undoubtedly resulted in more purchases by the consumer and less hoarding. Loring Schuler was enthusiastic.

The *Ladies’ Home Journal* ran an article about a Rochester, New York, campaign that stimulated employment. The Mayor of Rochester, with top officials of two Rochester companies and the heads of the Rochester

Community Chest and the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, sent a letter I wrote to all United States mayors, urging them to act on the suggestions of the *Journal* article. On the official letterhead of the City of Rochester, it stated that a copy of the *Journal* article would be sent to those who asked for it. Many requests came to the *Journal* and numerous cities adopted the Rochester plan. The *Journal* continued to build good will.

In public relations, as in other professions, advice that was successful leads the client to accept subsequent advice more readily. Schuler had found I was right about the "It's Up to the Women" activity, which put the *Journal* into a dynamic leadership position, as in the old Bok days. I now presented him with another idea. Instead of applying only to this country, its canvas was the world.

"The *Journal* can do for the world," I said to Schuler, "what it is now doing for the United States. If 'It's Up to the Women' can affect public opinion and public action here, why don't we develop this idea on the international front? There is a disarmament conference at Geneva. Why don't we formulate peace plans for the conference and submit them to leaders here and abroad."

We worked out a five-point program: to approve budgetary limitation of armament; abolish battleships, submarines, airplane carriers and war planes; prohibit preparation for or use of chemical or disease germ warfare; establish a peace and disarmament commission to supervise agreements; and amend the Kellogg-Briand Pact to pledge each signatory to an economic boycott of any nation that breaks the pact.

I then arranged for the *Journal*'s Geneva and Paris representatives, Reginald Wright Kaufman and Richard E. Meyers, respectively, and our own representative, Sybil Vincent, in London, to get endorsements of the *Journal*'s five-point program for world peace from prominent European statesmen.

Kaufman presented Schuler's open editorial letter to Dr. Woolley, U.S. delegate to the Geneva Conference. She cabled: "I deeply appreciate the support you promise from the millions of readers.… You and they may rest assured of my sympathy with the objects of the *Ladies' Home Journal*'s program, and my desire to do all that I can to further it."

Dr. Eduard Beneš, Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister, later President, expressed agreement with the *Journal*'s proposal that the Kellogg plan be guaranteed by economic sanctions, which he declared essential to effective

disarmament. He said that the smaller states, such as Czechoslovakia, had a real desire to disarm; but in addition to the obligation not to make war, he understood that the peaceful state should be protected against disturbers of the peace. In the light of Czechoslovakia's fate only a few years hence, these were ironic thoughts.

Senator Paul-Boncour, French delegate to the disarmament conference, corroborated Beneš' position on economic sanctions, emphasizing the greater efficiency of collective retaliation of nations.

André Tardieu, head of the French delegation, stressed the necessity of a permanent commission on whose findings the nations of the world could in unison make violators adhere to their commitments.

Joseph Caillaux laid particular emphasis on the importance of the economic boycott amendment to the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Edouard Herriot, former French Premier, also advocated the economic boycott as mentioned in the *Ladies' Home Journal* program. He stated, with foresight, that economic boycotts can be effective only when they are truly simultaneous and universal.

Heinrich Bruening, Chancellor of Germany, commended the *Journal*'s "fruitful ideas for disarmament, which will be for the most part shared in Germany." However, even before the disarmament conference, his qualification that Germany "expects from the conference general disarmament established on a basis of complete equality with equal security for all" raised the controversial issue which broke up the conference.

It is interesting that Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister, made a very strongly supported statement for reducing armaments. "The Italian government," he declared, "will support that method which in their opinion will insure the most radical reduction of armaments." But, he added, echoing the German demand, "the method adopted should be equal for all."

Viscount Cecil praised the *Ladies' Home Journal.* "Their platform strikes the right note … of red-hot determination" necessary to make a success of the great peace opportunity afforded by the disarmament conference. Viscountess Astor; Nicholas Politis, head of the Greek delegation and Ambassador to Paris; Sir Josiah Stamp of England; and Nicolas Titulescu, one of the creators of the Little Entente, also sent statements praising the *Ladies' Home Journal* program for world peace.

Even before the March issue appeared I wrote a letter for Schuler's signature that went to thousands of groups and individuals. One hundred

and twenty-eight presidents of colleges and universities joined us in calling on the nations to adopt the five points; governors, religious leaders, economists, labor officials, businessmen, bankers, heads of women's clubs and others supported the program in time for our February 11 release.

The disarmament conference convened on February 2, 1932. Arthur Henderson of the United Kingdom was chairman of the conference. Henderson's opening address urged three goals, which followed our own line. They were: to secure a substantial reduction and limitation of all national armaments; to determine that no armaments be maintained outside the scope of the treaty which would be agreed upon by the conference; to insure continuity of advance toward our ultimate goal by planning and holding similar conferences at short intervals in the future.

Henderson also urged the strict observance of the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Covenant of the League of Nations. Subsequently, the United States initially proposed the abolition of all offensive armaments. When this failed of adoption, President Hoover countered with a proposal for a 30 per cent over-all reduction, which also was not adopted.

After our responses had come in from leaders here and from Europe as well, Loring Schuler gave a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria on February 12, 1932. We released these messages and crystallized public opinion here and abroad in support of the Five-Point World Peace Program advanced by the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The March issue contained a full-page editorial, an open letter signed by Schuler to Dr. Mary Emma Woolley. It stated that the *Journal* was spokesman for millions of American women, that the signatures of a million American women would be presented to the Geneva conference, that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and the Cure of War, representing eleven national organizations and millions of members, had backed the goals of the *Journal.* Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University and of the Carnegie Endowment for Peace, as well as a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, also supported the program.

The Curtis people with whom I was working closely were sufficiently enthusiastic to ask me to discuss the corporate financial public relations problems of Curtis with P. S. Collins, the treasurer. Of course I did. He was most cordial in listening to me, though the smug and narrow-minded attitude he reflected was not a surprising one. Most treasurers of large

corporations then saw only what they saw on the balance sheet. Mr. Collins noted to me on May 20, 1932, that while he believed in publicity for certain matters, he did not believe in it now. If anything bullish were said about earnings now, advertisers would want rates reduced. And certainly it would not be expedient to talk about losses. He said he was restricting news about the company financial matters to statements each quarter. And he didn't think much of publicity on other matters, since the results were more adverse than favorable. Bigness seemed the ogre that brought antagonism, while the small concern received sympathy when it protested. He preferred the role of a shrinking violet.

George Horace Lorimer asked me to lunch with him in his high tower suite, overlooking Independence Hall. I went in enthusiastically to discuss how the *Post*'s influence and circulation might be increased. A short, heavy man, he was dressed in an immaculately pressed double-breasted suit, which I understood was virtually his uniform. He impressed me as a powerful man. I recommended a survey to find out from nonreaders of the magazine why people did not read the *Post.* Mr. Lorimer listened to me quietly. When I had finished he drew himself up in his chair and said with certainty, "Mr. Bernays, we will need no survey. I am not interested in people who do not read the *Post.* I am interested only in people who do."

The *Wall Street Journal* reported on May 2 that the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Country Gentleman* (and also the *Saturday Evening Post*) had increased their circulation to the highest in their history, the result of extensive promotion. For the December issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* it had been 2,671,862.

I never knew until I unearthed the clipping recently that my efforts to stem the Depression and further peace and disarmament were linked up with the Curtis policy described by the *Wall Street Journal* in these words: "Throughout the depression Curtis has increased sales efforts to maintain circulation at high levels in spite of poor business conditions. This policy in previous depressions always resulted in increased profits in years immediately following the upturn in business, and is calculated to be far more profitable than to allow circulation to fall to low figures during poor business from which it would have to be built up again in later years." I do not regard this with cynicism; it simply illustrates the coincidence of the private and the public interest characteristic of our system.

By June the success of “It’s Up to the Women” on two fronts prompted me to recommend to Schuler a broadening of the campaign’s base to include cultural, social and economic problems of America. I suggested we organize in communities throughout the country a small group of women to stimulate local action on socially constructive activities.

I think the suggestion was good, but it was not acted on. Schuler, without notice, left the *Journal* for parts unknown. I never saw him again. I learned he had become an editor of a magazine on the West Coast. I was not told why he had left. Office gossip was that while the *Ladies’ Home Journal* with Schuler was trying to bring disarmament to the world, the *Saturday Evening Post* with Lorimer was promoting a stronger Navy. The day Schuler disappeared, the *Saturday Evening Post* appeared with a color cover of American battleships steaming to an unknown destination. Lorimer was the high command of the company. The war came to the United States in 1941.

Country Gentleman

Magazines, like other enterprises in 1932, faced a scarcity of customers—in their case, advertisers. The *Country Gentleman* had even more problems than most of its competitors.

Among the difficulties its advertising manager spelled out to me was its name, which made advertisers believe its appeal was only to gentleman farmers. Actually, only 100,000 of its 1,300,000 buyers and subscribers were gentleman farmers. Some advertisers thought the *Country Gentleman* was only a little brother of the *Saturday Evening Post* and therefore advertising should go only to Big Brother. Some thought *Country Gentleman*’s circulation duplicated that of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies’ Home Journal.* It did not.

Some advertisers felt that the Curtis Publishing Company was already getting too much of the advertising dollar, with the *Ladies’ Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post* absorbing so large a share. Others avoided the *Country Gentleman* because its title precluded a readership by women. No women—no women’s consumer goods advertising.

I told Fred Healy, the vice-president—advertising manager of all of Curtis, that I thought the *Country Gentleman* could lick these untrue and damaging rumors. Its success depended on the impression advertisers and

advertising agents had of the publication. Why not aim activities at these two groups and try to change their minds? Get credibility for the truth not by meeting accusations head on but by letting members of groups see for themselves evidences of *Country Gentleman*'s leadership.

They let me go ahead and carry out my suggestions. The routine procedure we worked out called for editor Philip Rose to send me proofs of articles two months in advance of publication. I analyzed them for ideas or facts that might affect social action or change. Rose carried out our suggestions, sending the piece to leaders and asking for comment or action. Sometimes we wrote releases based on the article in the *Country Gentleman.* Sometimes we recommended a symposium, with publication of the result in newspapers.

As results accumulated advertisers and agencies received brochures of editorial comment from newspapers on *Country Gentleman* activities, reproductions of news clippings. This tended to change the mental picture of the magazine among our prime targets. For instance, we got widespread publicity for a discussion of the new stampede to the land, a direct result of the Depression, in the August 1932 number. The unemployed were leaving urban areas where there were no jobs and were getting subsistence from the earth.

An article by Paul de Kruif, on the invincible rattler, discussed a new method of treating rheumatism. Rose thought this cure was authentic, for he wrote me enthusiastically that we were on the threshold of a new discovery which would cure most of the rheumatism. He felt there was no greater boon to humanity than curing this sickness. This was the only declaration of faith I ever observed in Rose, who otherwise was quiet and unemotional. He was also unresponsive to new suggestions—for instance, that he discuss the all-important problem of monetary policy. His pieces ran to such topics as growing wildflowers by seed, jobs for electricity, new uniforms for 4-H Girls and the like.

Within a few months we were "hitting the big papers," Philip Rose wrote me. Clippings flooded in from all over the country, even some that referred only to *Country Gentleman* corn. The experience was not exciting or rewarding. We were working with safe, uninspired people who were unaware of the great issues all about us. Life pursued its normal course with the *Country Gentleman* editors.

Curtis was huge and tops in magazine publishing then, and the great building overlooking and dominating Independence Hall gave these men who sat in high places a kind of geographic self-sufficiency that I am sure Thomas Jefferson never had. But times have changed.

chapter 41

INTERNATIONAL MOUNTAINS OUT OF NATIONAL MOLEHILLS

I learned first hand in 1931 that projects for international good will don't always turn out as successfully as their sponsors hope. Four years before when Charles Lindbergh, by his first transatlantic flight, won the $25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig to further international good will and Franco-American relations, it was a great success. But that was not the case with the first nonstop transpacific flight that Hugh Herndon, Jr., and Clyde Pangborn flew from Sabishiro Beach in Japan to Wenatchee, Washington, on October 4 and 5, 1931, a distance of 4,860 miles in 41 hours and 31 minutes.

The *Nichi Nichi*, an important newspaper in Tokyo, had offered $25,000 to the first aviators to accomplish the task, with the objective of furthering Japanese-American good will and international relations. Despite the *Nichi Nichi*'s good intentions, the flight had had the opposite effect. The two young American aviators had flown over Japanese fortifications and had photographed them. They had been arrested and then released. Mrs. Dixon Boardman, mother of Hugh Herndon, Jr., telephoned me eight days after his arrival in Wenatchee, where he was resting with Pangborn. Could I help to emphasize the positive aspects of the flight? She told me she loved her son. She wanted him to be revered like Lindbergh. Pangborn, his flying partner, had undeservedly received more publicity than had her son.

Well connected socially, Mrs. Boardman had set up a Herndon headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria. Good relations between Japan and the United States could be furthered; we had been allies in World War I, only

thirteen years before. International aviation could be promoted and through that world trade, understanding and peace.

We worked at top speed for six days to complete a program by Sunday, October 18, when the fliers arrived at Floyd Bennett Field. A committee of welcome, symbolic of public recognition of the young men's feat, included General George A. Wingate as chairman; Luther K. Bell, president of the airplane company that had made their plane; Giuseppe Bellanca; Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton, Herndon's university; Colonel George Wickersham, the attorney; Owen D. Young; Kensuke Horinouchi, the Consul General of Japan in New York; and several others.

At Floyd Bennett Field Mother Boardman handed the young men the speeches we had prepared for their delivery on arrival. They said they appreciated Japanese hospitality and made no mention of their arrest. They then participated in an air show for unemployment relief by flying over New York's four airfields. Press comment praised their courage, their spirit of good will toward Japan and their aid to the unemployed.

At our office I sized up Pangborn, an early barnstorming aviator, as a tough young man. Hugh Herndon was evidently the spoiled son of wealthy parents—an incongruous pair. To blanket the Japanese incident I arranged for the Japanese Ambassador, Debuchi, to receive us in his chancellory in Washington on Wednesday. Debuchi, a small man, bowed low as he greeted us. Every word sounded like protocol laid down in the books. Almost sternly he said, "On behalf of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, I salute you for bravery and intrepid pioneering in this great flight that has brought our great peoples closer together. I congratulate you on winning the award of *the Nichi Nichi.*"

He then flipped informally to another role, as if he had been a flapjack, and remarked casually, "Now that the formalities are completed, let us converse." We all had a good talk.

The widely reported reception improved public attitude, disturbed by the fliers' Japanese arrest, toward the Japanese. Then the young men visited President Hoover at the White House. The Washington correspondent of the *Nichi Nichi* presented them with a check for $25,000, and the two young men then participated in a broadcast to Japan on the Emperor's birthday. Mr. Horinouchi, the Japanese Consul General, presented them with the White Medal of Merit of the Japanese Imperial Aeronautical Society.

We tried to help Herndon sell his plane by getting airplane-parts manufacturers to contribute to a pool and placing it in the Smithsonian Institution. Nothing came of this. Nor did Edsel Ford want it for the Dearborn Museum. The Depression was affecting even the market of glory and fame. Nor could we find a job for the young men at Firestone, Sperry, Bellanca and others.

I thought this was the end of the story. Mrs. Boardman, who had retained us, was satisfied. And Herndon, jobless though he was, was equally happy. After our activities ended, relations between the fliers cooled. On December 28, 1931, the New York *Sun* published an interview with Clyde Pangborn. He said he had been an aerial chauffeur for Herndon, had been paid less for his work as a pilot than a New York taxi driver traveling the same distance on land. For the total of 16,000 miles of flying and about a year's time in preparations, he had received $3,000. He was quoted as saying, "I have received less for making the flight than a press agent who was hired by Herndon's family upon our return to New York and who was paid out of the prize money we collected for the flight from Japan to the United States. [That I never knew—ELB.] In fact, this press agent, who was supposed to make valuable 'contacts' for us, received $4,000 for six weeks' work, while I got only $3,000 for doing practically all the flying and also navigating the plane." Pangborn said the flight was a solo one from Japan. Herndon had been at the controls for only two hours of the forty-one.

Apparently they had not received the prize money jointly. Pangborn said Herndon had received $25,000, $1,500 from a Seattle department store for exhibiting the plane and $1,000 from Wenatchee, Washington, because they landed there. Pangborn had received less than one tenth of the prize money, he said. Pangborn conceded Herndon had nerve.

Another aftermath introduced me to the strategic intelligence employed by the Japanese in the United States prior to World War II. At a cocktail party a year after the Herndon—Pangborn assignment, I was introduced to Mr. Horinouchi. I had not met Horinouchi when he was a member of the Herndon welcoming committee. When he heard my name he bowed low and said in a monotone, "Mr. Bernays, you are friend and enemy of Japan."

"I don't understand," I said.

He explained. "You brought Herndon and Pangborn to Ambassador Debuchi as a gesture of good will to Japan. You are friend of Japan. You

worked with E. A. Filene to build public disapproval of Japan for her entry into Manchuria. You are enemy of Japan.”

As a matter of fact, I had been working with E. A. Filene to awaken public opinion to the Japanese transgression of the Kellogg-Briand Pact. On September 18–19, 1931, the Japanese had used the pretext of an explosion on the Manchurian railway to invade Manchuria. College girls were spontaneously protesting the invasion by refusing to wear silk stockings woven from Japanese silk. Nylons were not on the market. These boycotts were catching on and if accelerated might have an effect on Japanese policy, for silk was Japan’s greatest export to the United States.

Filene had the co-operation of the World Peace Foundation. I sent Filene my recommendations to dramatize the American people’s disapproval of this invasion of a peaceful land ten years prior to Pearl Harbor. He passed them on to Raymond Rich of the foundation, who carried them out and American indignation mounted.

How the Japanese intelligence in New York pieced together my activities and how Mr. Horinouchi remembered them when he was casually introduced to me, I don’t know. The Japanese must have had a far-flung intelligence network in the United States before World War II and carefully co-ordinated their information.

chapter 42

FIGHTING FOR CREDIT EXPANSION

The stock-market crash in the week of October 24, 1929, culminated in the trading of 16 million shares on October 29, when thirty billion dollars were wiped out. In the spring of 1930 a little bull market raised stock prices, but by May of that year, and for two years afterward until 1932, the American economy declined steadily, with less production and fewer sales, slashing of salaries and new millions of unemployed.

This period, 1930 to 1932, was disheartening also for economists who had continued to be wrong in their judgment of economic events of that period. It was a period of grave disillusionment not only for the experts who had strong beliefs about the economic nature of our capitalist society but also for those who trusted these experts. Against this background Fascism, Communism and Nazism were growing in Europe and attempting to make headway in this country.

Most people interested in retaining our system feared they could do little in the presence of what appeared to be world forces. Others attacked the problem by carrying on activities they felt would help. One attack on the Depression was made by economists who gathered in our home on Washington Square North. They accepted the thesis of our friend, Carl Snyder. They believed it would lead us out of the economic morass.

Snyder’s studies at the Federal Reserve Bank had convinced him that the economic progress of the United States ran parallel to its credit expansion. Over a period of 150 years, credit had expanded at a rate of 4 per cent a year. The economy was in a sound state when that was the case. Without credit expansion, we suffered from depression. Applying his thesis to the 1930 depression, Snyder argued that private enterprise had stopped

credit expansion. If the United States would take up the slack, we would recover.

His specific prescription for recovery was that the Federal Reserve Bank should buy United States bonds. Federal Reserve purchase of government securities on the open market had restored credit in past depressions; people who sold their bonds received new funds and found other uses for their money. If the bond market were strengthened, an upturn in prices would be brought about and the economy restored. Credit had been channeled away from production by speculation into the stock market. The economy was being liquidated; the banks were afraid to expand credit.

Most people thought overproduction of goods and inflation had caused the stock-market crash and Depression, and they believed that deflation and less production would cure the Depression. A host at a dinner party at a large country house in New Jersey explained this viewpoint when he said to me, with total disregard of the hardships this would bring the middle class, "What we need is to deflate prices and get down to rock bottom and start all over again."

But there were others, among them many farmers, who felt that printing greenbacks and inflation would meet their problem. Discussion raged, while our national government made little headway on any program.

Doris and I were close friends of Carl's, one of the most brilliant men we had ever met. He came from a small town in Iowa, and he seemed a Renaissance man who appeared to have mastered all knowledge. His book *The World Machine* covered man's attitudes toward the world through the ages. Formerly editor of the Encyclopaedia *Britannica*, Snyder was now editor, statistician and economist of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. His logic, insight and wisdom regarding the need for a sound monetary policy were recognized over the world. Snyder had impressed many others with his deep knowledge, dedication and enthusiasm. His immediate circle of disciples, economists and statisticians was made up of the men whom I have already referred to as working with me on the "It's Up to the Women" activity of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

We had no formal organization. Relationships developed naturally, prompted by our interest in the national well-being. One of my friends, Frank A. Vanderlip, who had been forced to leave his post as president of the National City Bank because of his support of Maynard Keynes's views, expressed in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* kept insisting to us

that Americans were economic illiterates. I believed him. But this did not affect my enthusiasm for Snyder and our cause. I worked as hard with these men as if they were clients to get America to accept the policies and principles Snyder was so brilliantly setting forth.

There were two major publics we must aim at: in the East, the financial community in New York and the political community in Washington, and in the Middle West the farming community. Samuel Crowther, a highly respected free-lance writer on business, was a favorite of George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and his articles reached the most influential businessmen in America. In an April issue of the *Post*, an article by Crowther carried Snyder's view to millions who had mistaken ideas about the causes and cure of the Depression. Crowther followed the Snyder line closely—that expansion of employment, volume of business and prices depended on our credit structure. A demand for goods was present but not enough credit to satisfy the demand. He deplored the trivial steps taken by the Government, such as loans to provide public works, repeal of the tariff and the 18th Amendment.

Although the situation was growing worse, no actions such as we recommended were being taken. Hoover had proposed, on June 20, 1931, an international moratorium on war reparations and debts. This provided an opportunity to publicize our program. I gave a luncheon for top financial journalists at the Bankers Club on June 27, 1931. Crowther presented some new discoveries about the Depression, based on the findings of Reginald McKenna, Lord D'Abernon and Sir Charles Addis, all British fiscal experts, and some American economists and statisticians. We announced a committee to study and report on the best means of presenting to the public the causes and cures of the Depression. Newspaper comment on the advantages of credit expansion followed this luncheon.

But the panic spread and the Depression deepened. In September 1931, 305 banks closed their doors; in October, 522. Fear that the United States would go off the gold standard led to increased gold hoarding. Again we decided to try to get U.S. action on our proposal. On October 6, at the Bankers Club before a small group which included financial reporters of dailies and press services, Lionel Edie and James Harvey Rogers urged expansion of credit by open-market purchase of acceptance and government securities by the Federal Reserve System. The *Wall Street Journal* headlined its half-column story on October 8, "$5,000,000,000 of Gold out of a Job.

Professor Rogers and Dr. Edie Stress Absurdity of Fears—Ask Reserve Operations.” Dr. Edie emphasized that out of our $5 billion gold stock only about $800 million was being used to cover bank deposits, and the other $4.2 billion were not being used effectively.

My economist friends were embattled soldiers attempting to stem the inevitably increasing deflation. As our attempts to get government action brought no result, I presented to General Motors a plan which we hoped they would adopt. Since bankers had so drastically lost their standing with the public in the spiral of deflation, we thought a large industrial firm might better take leadership. The plan hoped to get Americans to act on five points: to deposit their hoarded money in a sound commercial savings bank or in the United States Postal Savings Bank; to buy a home or buy sound American stocks or bonds; to buy United States dollars with any foreign bank balances; to support plans for credit expansion on a gold basis, including a liberal open-market policy by the Federal Bank; to inform their congressman that re-election would be more likely if he supported a policy of enlightened self-interest in the revision of intergovernmental debts.

Warren Persons inserted a pertinent though hedging paragraph in the plan which warned that favorable results were not absolutely sure. The National Credit Corporation’s impact on bankers and hoarders of currency would affect the situation. It depended on popular support. And profit of the bankers should not be the basic motivation—in fact, it might defeat the reason for the venture; a revolving fund was what was wanted.

General Motors turned down our proposal to form an Economic Council. I think they did not want to become involved in outside issues. Like most corporations, they had enough troubles of their own.

But we kept stirring the pot. Decision makers move slowly on new ideas. Continued agitation might help. The American Statistical Association had asked me to arrange a meeting at the Aldine Club in New York. The topic of discussion was announced as: “The Price Level Slumps of 1920 and 1931—What Caused Them? In Other Words, Why Did Gold Rise in Value So Sharply? Were these drastic changes wrought by overproduction, central bank or governmental monetary policies, gold shortage, credit shortage or something else?”

Snyder and Edie were buttressed by two other highly regarded experts: Irving Fisher, professor of economics at Yale, and E. W. Kemmerer, professor of economics at Princeton. We headlined our release: “Put Gold to

Work to Cure the Slump, Economists Urge." These efforts engendered newspaper visibility for Snyder's credit-expansion ideas in the business and financial community of the East.

On November 7, at a dinner at our home on Washington Square, Edie met leaders in banking and expounded his point of view. We arranged a luncheon on December 8 in Washington at the Mayflower Hotel, where Edie addressed key Washington newspapermen and outlined the program. Edie's strong personality and his lucid delivery got over our point of view. Doris called him Dr. Boom-Boom-Bah because of the force with which he made his pronouncements. The Washington *Post* next day commented at length on our meeting.

In January we issued a statement supported by 35 economists, who offered their services to the country to carry out the proposals. "Economists Advise Credit Expansion," read The New York *Times* headline. They recommended:

"Enactment of the bill establishing the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to deal effectively with emergency situations.

"Proper economy in municipal, state and national budgets and increased taxation.

"A liberal Federal Reserve policy, designed to check credit contraction and encourage some expansion.

"A commercial banking policy cooperating with the Reserve Banks in checking credit decreases and encouraging increases, including: an increase in sound investments, cooperation in aiding necessary Treasury financing, borrowing from Federal Reserve banks when necessary to meet these and other sound needs."

The statement said the Administration could: stop the downward trend of prices; return hoarded money to banks; restore the normal value of securities; and start business recovery.

That month the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was established with $2,000,000,000 to loan. The Depression had now brought with it 13 million unemployed. National wages were 60 per cent less than in 1929, dividends 56.6 per cent less. This gloomy news made us redouble our efforts.

On April 15, 1932, we gave a dinner at home for Carl Snyder at which he showed his charts on the relationship of productivity to credit to economists, financial writers, editors and journalists. It was a strong group:

Henry Luce of *Time;* John Forrest, financial editor of the New York *Times;* George Parker, editor of the Scripps-Howard papers; Claude Jagger, financial editor of the Associated Press; Samuel Crowther; James N. Rosenberg; and others.

Burton Rascoe, in his column "A Bookman's Daybook" in the New York *Herald Tribune* of April 23, reviewed Snyder's theories and added, "The measure is designed to raise the value of bonds held as assets and thus force idle money into the hands of the banks which, in turn, they will have to put to work. It is hoped and believed that this will start things going again. And once trade revives, the next step will be to prevent any credit expansion beyond the normal rate of the growth of production, lest a worse disaster overtake us again."

In April 1932 the Federal Reserve announced it would purchase bonds in the open market. We were jubilant. A year's effort was bearing fruit.

In July 1932 plans were under way for an international conference in London on the price level, under the leadership of England and the Administration in Washington. It was hoped an agreement could be reached to secure the co-operation of France in building up London's gold supply and to secure the co-operation of England and France to keep up the gold supply of the United States. Other ways of raising the price level were to be discussed: increase of credit, the reduction of unnecessary international gold flows and the redistribution of the world's gold stock.

To my surprise I was called to Washington by Henry M. Robinson, a good friend of President Hoover, to write the release for the conference. After I had written it explaining these points, he came back at me and asked me why I had omitted the mention of silver as a subject for discussion. I told him that my friends, the experts, had omitted silver from the agenda. "Oh, no, put it in," he said. "There are many Senators from the silver-producing states."

Up to now we had been working on Eastern financial interests in an effort to get them to recognize the importance of doing something drastic to relieve the credit crisis. But we did not neglect the other problem of getting the Midwestern farmers to support Snyder's ideas of credit expansion.

The farmers' economic plight had become worse and worse. Farm prices had decreased since 1924. Palliative legislative measures were passed to help farmers maintain their standard of living, but it was plunging. By November 1931 worried farm leaders were holding mass meetings to

discuss improvement of their economic status and purchasing power. Some urged printing-press inflation and other dangerous wildcat plans.

Henry Wallace, the editor and vice-president of *Wallace's Farmer & Iowa Homestead*, was closely in touch with our group and me. James Harvey Rogers had introduced him to me. We were all taken with this earnest, thoughtful Iowan so deeply concerned with the welfare of the country. He was sold on Snyder's thesis and eager that the farmers of the country should follow a sound program for credit expansion. His publication's letterhead carried the caption "Good Farming: Clear Thinking: Right Living."

On November 23, 1931, Wallace gave me factual ammunition to distribute to the Eastern financial and business interests to show how poor the farmer really was. A week earlier, at Des Moines, the Com Belt Committee of Farm Organizations, made up of representatives of Midwestern state units of the Farmers Education and Cooperative Union and allied groups, had recommended that the national government issue legal-tender currency for use in public works and improvements in order to build a volume of currency sufficient to meet the needs of agriculture and industry. The Committee also demanded that the dollar be restored to, and stabilized at, its debt-paying power in 1920, when bankers began deflation. This obviously was a demand that the Government use printing presses to print more money.

On November 16 the National Committee of Farm Organizations, representing state units of the Farm Bureau Federation and a few of the Farmers Union, also met at Des Moines and asked Congress to require the Federal Reserve System to lower the gold reserve requirements and to expand the currency. Here was another demand for inflation through government expansion of currency.

Wallace informed me that two days later the national convention of the Farmers Education and Cooperative Union at Des Moines had passed a drastic resolution demanding that Congress issue non-interest-bearing bonds and make them legal tender for the payment of public improvements, including public buildings, roads, flood control, waterways, reforesting and to refinance agriculture and home owners. This too showed a mounting demand of farmers for action that would endanger monetary soundness. And in another two days the National Grange, meeting at Madison, Wisconsin, passed a resolution which stated that while the average of all

wholesale prices had fallen 30 per cent, the average of prices of farm products had fallen 45 per cent. “This means that the burden of debts, most of which were contracted more than three years ago, and of which there is estimated to be $11,000,000,000 secured by farm mortgages, has increased 80 per cent in terms of the products which farmers sell.” The resolution urged the Federal Reserve System and the Federal Government to restore as nearly as possible—and to stabilize at that point—the wholesale price average as computed by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics to the level prevailing in 1926 or the average of 1923–1928.

Wallace’s letter to me pointed out that the National Grange recommended the following measures: an increased purchase in large volume of securities in the open market by the Federal Reserve Banks (the Snyder idea); reduction of rediscount rates by the Federal Reserve banks; reduction of the legal minimum gold reserve ratios of the Federal Reserve banks to points materially below the present 35 and 40 per cent legal ratios, to the end that the surplus gold in the United States may be exported without endangering the gold standard; and an international monetary conference for the purpose of stabilizing the gold price of silver and stabilizing the purchasing power of gold in terms of the average of wholesale prices of commodities.

In a postscript, Wallace added that the Farm Bureau Federation planned to pass a resolution similar to the Grange resolution on December 9 at its annual meeting at Washington. He said all the farm groups were ready to move to meet their due situation.

I immediately sent out on my own a statement to the press reflecting all the facts Wallace had given me. I headlined the story, “Farmers’ Organizations Urge Money Action as Prosperity Restorer.” I prefaced the resolutions Wallace had sent me with this comment: “These resolutions vary from schemes for fiat money to restoration and stabilization of the commodity price level. These efforts have behind them organizations representing 1,500,000 farmers and, in addition, their families and their representatives in Congress. Unless the sound money interests of the country and particularly the East recognize the implications of such movements, and forestall them by intelligent action for sound credit expansion, we are likely to have all manner of wild money plans unloosed upon the public.”

All of us felt keenly that the country was in danger of ruin if the farmers' pressures resulted in passage of a law that would flood the country with inflationary nostrums.

On December 2 I heard from Wallace again: Congressman Ramseyer had talked with the presidents of the three large farm organizations on the money question; the National Grange and the Farm Bureau were now united in sponsoring a moderate course; and the Farmers Union was pulling for the radical side, but possibly that would help put over the more moderate proposal. The heads of the big three farm organizations were planning to meet in Washington soon to try to restore and stabilize price levels.

In a few days the Farm Bureau convention actually passed a strong monetary resolution calling on the Federal Reserve Board to use all its power to restore the price level to where it was when the deflation began. It urged that if necessary additional powers be conferred on the Federal Reserve Board to raise or lower gold reserve requirements and raise or lower the price of gold. Wallace said the convention represented more than "a million farm folks" and that the Grange, the Farmers Union and the Farm Bureau were now all behind a monetary program.

The East's attitude about the farmers had been greatly distorted. We had thought the farmer was mainly interested in stabilization boards and purchase by the Government of their wheat. Now Wallace was telling us they were really interested in the Snyder kind of credit expansion.

I wrote to Wallace that the farm groups should saturate New York and Washington with information about the ideas of the responsible farm leadership and its support of hard money. Each group should designate someone to keep financial editors in New York City and other metropolitan centers informed of the sound monetary measures they were supporting, so that urban United States might get a true picture of reality. I pointed out that such news might favorably affect Eastern bankers and might even induce them to modify their desire for deflation. I said I would be glad to help, but I felt the able publicists of the farm movement could handle the job themselves.

Mr. Wallace took my letter up with Charles D. Hearst, president of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, vice-president of the American Farm Bureau Federation and chairman of their Legislative Committee. The Farm Bureau Federation, the Farmers Union and the Grange, Wallace wrote, were to hold

a joint meeting in Washington to plan their campaign and wanted me there. I replied that I would be glad to go if that would be helpful and added that I had lunched recently with Senator Arthur Capper, a leader of the farm bloc in the Senate and owner of the *Capper Journals*, and had found him surprisingly lacking in knowledge or understanding of the monetary situation.

Edward O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, sent me a wire on January 2, 1932, asking me to help in "our monetary program," and simultaneously came a letter from Hearst, supplementing President O'Neal's invitation. I went to Washington and attended an exciting gathering of farmers' representatives; they were concerned about their economic status. I wrote the resolution in favor of credit expansion, which they passed.

After the meeting Congressmen C. W. Ramseyer, James C. Strong, T. Alan Goldsborough and O. B. Burtness—all of whom had introduced bills on monetary reform—wrote a circular letter to their fellow Congressmen, asking them to come to the caucus room of the House Office Building on January 9 to hear the presidents of the three leading farm organizations present their views on the important subject of monetary stabilization. Representative Henry B. Steagall, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, presided at this meeting. Here the resolution passed by the farm groups was presented to a large gathering of Congressmen.

On my return to New York I released a news story headed "Sound Monetary Program Demanded by American Agriculture. Joint Resolutions Unanimously Passed by Three National Farm Groups." These resolutions were prepared, the release said, in collaboration with outstanding monetary authorities—which was true, for I had adapted the language and thoughts of Edie, Rogers and Snyder. They demanded of the President, the Federal Reserve System and Congress definite actions. The statement said that those who passed the resolution were authorized to speak for two million farm members in forty-eight states and represented fifteen million farm population. The statement said their demands were based on the fact that deflation of prices and the general contraction of credit had gone to disastrous lengths and that credit contraction must be stopped and credit expansion inaugurated. They demanded an active Federal Reserve liberal open-market policy designed to produce these results; the expansion of credit creating excess reserves for the member banks; the firming of prices

of commodities and securities; the development of markets for secondary bonds; the restoration of hoarded currency to the banks; and the general restoration of confidence that would help bring about the return of normal business and employment.

On January 22 Wallace wrote me again telling me he was now trying to get Chambers of Commerce of Iowa to back our program, with a slogan of "Credit and Industrial Expansion on a Gold Base." Wallace wrote that if the Federal Reserve System started the purchase in the near future of several hundred million dollars of government securities, and if the European situation gave some promise of arriving at a status quo, a large speculative movement would develop which would have a definite effect on prices and on confidence during the spring of 1932. "I may be altogether wrong on this, but that is the way the thing looks to me now. I hope that nothing unfavorable happens in Europe to prevent this upward movement which now seems to me to be so clearly in prospect."

I didn't agree with Mr. Wallace's conclusions. I wrote that we didn't think the Federal Reserve would start purchasing bonds in the near future. I feared that withdrawals of gold by Europe might start further hoarding here, and suggested that Europe would stagger along without any decision for quite some time, making for instability rather than stability in the United States.

Some of the farm leaders asked Wallace if my interest in the crisis was prompted by a desire to put on a propaganda campaign for them for pay. Wallace advised me that he "told Hearst that these people had you wrong, that your interest was a broader one and that your own services would be given free." He added that "It now looks as though there would be so many bank failures throughout the Middle West during the next few months that interest in this whole proposition would reach fever heat by next summer. Sentiment against the Federal Reserve System is increasing by leaps and bounds."

I wrote Wallace on January 30, saying, "It seems that we propagandists cannot be absolved from doing ourselves for a public motive what we try to do for our clients for a profit motive. You cannot emphasize too strongly that I consider this money question the most important account I have, even though it does not pay me a cent."

I kept working on the monetary problem that summer. Henry Wallace journeyed east and visited us at Irvington in August, where we had a

Sunday get-together with Carl Snyder. Wallace, in a conversation with David Heyman, a banker, was prophetic. Heyman had said that after the Depression there would be a decentralization of population in this country. “I am looking for the gradual growth of long, thin, ribbon-like cities scattered here and there along our highways.” Wallace said that he had several friends who believed that “the development of a new style of cheap, efficient, somewhat standardized, insulated home” would help get the country out of the Depression.

Wallace told me, “I wrote Morgenthau today suggesting again that he consider contacting you with respect to the problem of the women’s vote in this fall’s campaign. Probably he will do nothing because the Democrats profess to be exceedingly poor.” He added that he had recently talked with Roosevelt’s economic adviser, Rex Tugwell, who was responsible for Roosevelt’s anti-inflation statements, and suggested that we have another meeting with Carl Snyder on “the monetary proposition.”

That fall the landslide election of FDR had stirred the people. On November 10 I wrote Wallace that he was being prominently mentioned by word of mouth and in print as a likely candidate for Secretary of Agriculture. “… New York is full of turmoil as to just what is going to happen and I should be glad to have your point of view.” I added that “our friends believe credit expansion policy is going to have its effect in the spring, granting always that the budget is balanced in the December session of Congress.”

Wallace was glad to know “our friends still have full confidence in their credit expansion policy taking hold by spring. The member bank reserve balances have been increasing steadily now for several months. But unfortunately the increase in reserve balances has not yet begun to affect the item of ‘other loans.’ In fact, this item is lower now than it has been at any time yet.” He asked me to take this matter up with Carl Snyder.

I was concerned that Wallace might not get the job of Secretary because he was regarded as a wild inflationist and this belief might have an adverse effect on Roosevelt. I decided that a luncheon for top financial editors, with Wallace as guest of honor, might throw the balance in his favor.

The Bankers Club, at 120 Broadway, was the scene of this meeting. Wall Street was jittery about what FDR might do to what his uncle Theodore Roosevelt had called the “malefactors of wealth.” Wall Street feared particularly the farmers’ antagonism. They knew some farmers’

groups were on the rampage, demanding greenback inflation; they too had heard rumors that Henry Wallace was slated to be Secretary of Agriculture and thought he would raise hell with Wall Street.

A formidable group of bankers, financiers, editors and writers accepted my invitation for November 23, 1932. At the lunch I pointed out in my introduction of Wallace that as a voluntary worker the year before I had conferred with the Legislative Committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange and the Farmers Union; all kinds of wild monetary ideas were about—fiat money, printed greenbacks. One man, I said, stabilized the thinking and action of the farmers and that man was Henry A. Wallace. The resolutions that came out of that meeting were the policies of Edie, Rogers and Snyder, adopted by the groups as Wallace's policies. I had urged, I said, that the farm groups come to Wall Street to tell Wall Street about their plight, needs and their recommendations but that most farm leaders had too great a distrust of Wall Street. Wallace was courageous, recognized the need for such a meeting and was willing to come to Wall Street to discuss the situation. I pointed out that Wallace might someday be in a position to cope even more effectively with the situation than he was able to today. I closed by saying that Wallace would bring the facts about Main Street and American agriculture to Wall Street and make recommendations for the joint prosperity of agriculture and business both.

My guests were greatly surprised at my introduction. They had come to view a fire-eating ogre they thought would try to devour them. Now they found an earnest, intelligent, logical man presenting facts and conclusions, validated by economists they respected, some of whom were present.

In his speech Wallace stated that the economic condition of America could be improved if two fundamentals were dealt with. Agricultural production had to be adjusted to the demand for products, through some system of domestic prices. He called it "The Voluntary Domestic Allotment Plan" or "Domestic Price Adjustment Plan." He called for the restoration of credit and values for the entire country through a policy of expanding credit in conformity with the findings of such men as Keynes, Rogers, Snyder, Edie and others. He said American agriculture recognized that the crushing burden of debts and taxes must be lifted and was convinced these two basic methods of relief must be used in the interests of farmers and the whole

country as well. This would lighten the burden of railroads, life-insurance companies, savings banks, labor and other institutions and groups.

The Associated Press carried over eight hundred words about the luncheon. Newspapers headlined the story with “Need for Farm Aid Stressed by Editor—Sees the Necessity for Invoking Special Government Powers; Price Aid Plan for Farmers Wins Support”; “H. A. Wallace, Editor, Tells Luncheon Cooperatives Back Adjustment Scheme, Urges Farm Relief Move”; and “Henry A. Wallace Says the Government Should Help.”

No one can ever tell what may throw the balance in the weighting of the scale. But friends in Washington told me later that Wallace’s speech at the Wall Street lunch and the splendid press he received convinced Roosevelt that Wallace was the man he wanted as Secretary of Agriculture.

chapter 43

GIANT MOTORS PURR

As it was for most business, 1932 was also a bad year for General Motors. The company, although it sold over $1,000,000,000 worth of cars at retail, saw its profits plunge from $115,220,507 in 1931 to $164,979 in 1932. General Motors still had 134,000 employees, 20,000 dealers and 296,000 stockholders. Its net sales had dropped 46.6 per cent, but business went on as usual.

In December, Paul Garrett, newly appointed public relations director of General Motors, asked me to promote General Motors in Connection with the January auto show at Grand Central Palace in New York. He told me General Motors could not afford my regular fee. I agreed to $5,000.

As I entered the directors' room at company headquarters at 1775 Broadway, my first meeting with the high command, the members of the executive committee of the board were seated at a large horseshoe table. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president and chairman of the executive committee, presided—a gentleman with a very high stiff collar and hornrimmed glasses. Next to him sat Donaldson Brown, married to a Du Pont, as arrogant and self-important a man as I have ever met. He spoke at General Motors for the Du Pont interests, I learned. On his right sat John Thomas Smith, the somewhat pompous vice-president and general counsel, florid and stout. John L. Pratt, who looked rugged and simple and who owned much General Motors stock, sat next to him. Sloan's assistant, Edward R. Stettinius, son of a Morgan partner, was handsome and, I thought, not so very wise. The others at the table were Paul Garrett and myself. The atmosphere was heavy, stuffy and institutionalized.

Many people think meetings like this engender a collective wisdom greater than the wisdom of the individuals who make it up. This is a fallacy, part of the folklore of capitalism. These men were to make decisions on the public-relations program I was presenting to them, but none had the

requisite knowledge or experience on which to base such decisions. Garrett himself had only recently come into the company; his previous activities had been running the financial page of the New York *Evening Post* and, before that, of the Philadelphia *Ledger.*

Paul Garrett was personable and affable. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Finance, he knew finance and corporate accounting. He was as green about public relations as I was about motor mechanics. Nevertheless he held the job of head of the public relations department.

I found my experience confirmed that corporations hire executives unqualified for their jobs. That does not hold as regards engineers, physicists and chemists. In such fields corporations insist on competent, trained, experienced men. But in public relations this did not hold true in 1932, as indeed it does not hold true today. Even the largest corporations appoint men with few qualifications to executive and administrative jobs in public relations. Sometimes these men fail; sometimes they succeed through brilliant hard work. Sometimes they make good because of a charming, adaptable personality, and because no one knows what they are supposed to do. Whatever they do or are is accepted as par for the course.

Paul was ambitious and planned to make his future in the company. His pattern of conduct was carefully thought out. He was not going to be a strong no-man; no one could object to his tentative negatives or be offended by his opinions. On the positive side of his ledger he was a quick learner. He quickly built up a department of young people knowledgeable in public relations, and absorbed what they taught him.

Paul, as I foresaw, advanced in the company over the years. He became a well-oriented, respected public relations executive. He developed knowledge and skill in his job and moved quietly to the top. He was made vice-president of General Motors, received a high salary, was a member of the bonus and stock participation plans for executives and after some three decades retired with a pension, with honor and with riches. He subsequently opened a public relations consultant office.

Paul’s career decried still another belief about American business—that the competitive system is necessarily a man-eat-man struggle. Some British industrialists in London told me they hated to think of doing business in America because our competition was so beastly it gave one ulcers, while in

England cartels made the rules and brought more stable profits, but with peace and comfort to all.

Ed Stettinius was charming and prematurely gray; his father's position as a Morgan partner endeared him to the group. He was Sloan's assistant and supervised public relations. Brown was opinionated and did not even know that a public existed that might be important to him. I regarded him as an unreconstructed Bourbon. Pratt was rugged and simple, a professional backwoods man. He kept insisting incongruously that we should avoid ballyhoo, a delicate point of view inconsistent with the sales and advertising policy of the company and country.

The group, wealthy even in the Depression, was so conservative that a new idea was automatically suspect. They had no idea that a broad ideological revolution was taking place under their noses. They still believed we were in an economic depression which would adjust itself because depressions always do. I expected them to reject ideas voiced by a new young man who prescribed new treatments for old and new industrial ills. They followed precedents they did not want to establish. I didn't have much hope for new notions.

But Sloan, in public relations at least, was no troglodyte. I told the meeting it was desirable to attract an attendance of liberal spenders to the show and to use the exhibits to promote the sales appeal of the new line of cars. We worked out a formula on a percentage basis: we would put 40 per cent of our emphasis on the sales appeal of a window innovation that prevented drafts, 35 per cent on "more value for less money" and 25 per cent on the new composite bodies of wood and steel.

I recommended concurrent activities to stress these three new selling ideas of the 1933 line. For no-draft ventilation, we would organize a small committee of experts to push for better ventilation in transportation. We would try to get public opinion behind this idea. For the composite steel and wood bodies, we would enlist support from engineers for this innovation. And to further quality maintenance, we would find an organization willing to espouse the idea that high quality represents a better investment for the customer than buying cars because they are cheap.

I suggested Mr. Sloan give three luncheons: to emphasize the new technology in General Motors cars; to point to motoring as a new force for international understanding; and to stress motorcars in a depressed economy.

Results of our efforts became visible to the public in a few weeks.

Ely Jacques Kahn, the architect, who enjoyed being in the forefront of constructive movements, consented to head a Metropolitan Committee on Better Transportation Ventilation, which gained widespread publicity on its initial announcement that it would agitate for improved transportation ventilation. General Motors followed Kahn's announcement with one that their 1933 cars assured the ventilation the committee was agitating for.

My friend Percival White, an engineer, carried on a correspondence with the press and with engineers on the advantages of the composite automobile body. And on quality maintenance, Harford Powell of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, who was furthering this idea for them, added our appeal to his own.

Sloan's first luncheon to honor auto pioneers early in January dramatized technical advances. Speakers emphasized motoring difficulties of the past, and Charles F. Kettering, vice-president, described the many innovations General Motors had originated. The patter he used reflected the era of the copywriter's paradise: no-draft ventilation, inertia shock absorbers, the octave carburetor adjustment, the starterator. Words sold the product, a throwback to the abracadabra of the medicine man.

To emphasize the impact of technical research on society, I had asked Sloan to send telegrams to 200 American leaders in education, finance and industry, pledging that General Motors would continue its research and develop new inventions and products in spite of the Depression and asking for their comment on the place of research and technology in American industry. Sloan called a press conference on Sunday, January 8, the day before the auto pioneers' luncheon, to ensure front-page stories for the lunch next day.

Our release—"Progress and Momentum of American Trade and Production Go On in Spite of Depression; Over 150 of America's foremost leaders reaffirm belief in this principle in statements to Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors Corporation"—appeared on the front pages next day. Daniel Willard of the B. & O., Walter Teagle of Standard Oil of New Jersey, James Angell of Yale, Winthrop Aldrich, and a host of others gave us their comments. "The inevitable progress and momentum of American trade and production go on in spite of depressions," said releases. Many of the responses added little but affirmation of Sloan's leadership. Some responses were panaceas. Roger Babson was in favor of something he

called salesocracy and defined as imaginative selling, bettered products, more per dollar value and better planned distribution. A few comments were pessimistic.

The survey projected General Motors as a leader in science and invention. Many editorials welcomed Sloan's survey attack on technocracy and his reaffirmation of a principle that had made America great. Science and research were fundamental to the growth of this country and needed to be carried on.

The next Sloan luncheon dealt with international affairs. I did not know how discursive my new clients would be at the luncheon. To assure concentration I sent Messrs. Sloan and Kettering a joint memorandum urging them to avoid the tariff, economic barriers or other questions having to do with economics or international relations. I did not want the luncheon to become a battleground of current controversies.

They followed my suggestions and placed their emphasis on motoring as a force in international understanding. Consuls general and consuls from more than forty countries, from Austria to Venezuela, and foreign correspondents, from the Jewish Telegraphic Agency to the Osaka *Mainichi*, attended. Later, clippings came in from all over the world.

We titled the third luncheon, to make it appeal to leading economists, "Increasing Consumer Purchasing Power."

A Mr. Hauser, a pioneer in public-opinion sampling, had interviewed 24,643 people to find out what they thought about the Depression and the future. According to the study, the people of the United States had confidence in business and the country: 82 per cent felt business would get better; 61 per cent thought that a person planning to invest in bonds and stocks should buy now; 73 per cent believed that present conditions of depression and unemployment would lead to no change in our form of government. Surprisingly only 19 per cent thought the Government should take over business. Confidence was at its lowest point in the East, particularly in the Middle Atlantic states. Confidence was highest west of the Mississippi, particularly in the Southwest. One other interesting statistic: The majority of people felt that the Government could do more than the citizenry to remedy the Depression, but only 2 per cent felt this would result in more power for the Federal Government.

I felt wary about publicizing Hauser's statements about the confidence of the American public, because Hoover had so often repeated that

prosperity was just around the corner, and it never arrived. I told Garrett we should do nothing about publicizing Hauser's conclusions at the luncheon. "The Oh-yeah attitude of the American public is such," I said, "that a man who makes a confident statement is regarded as a confidence man." I felt we should put out the survey with no comment by General Motors. Public opinion polling was so untried that we might well have become the laughingstock of the American people if we had done more. Wesley Mitchell, Leo Wolman, Edwin R. A. Seligman, Frederick C. Mills, Virgil Jordan and other distinguished economists present were astounded at the findings Hauser presented at lunch. So was I, for with the gloom in business, with banks failing right and left, and the bank holiday only a few months off, this was an unheard-of tribute by Americans to their belief in their society.

Mr. Sloan, who had been skeptical before, was pleased at the attention given the luncheon. It was apparently a revelation for him to learn that ideas could be projected quickly and with effectiveness. In a letter to me he mentioned the constructive work we had done during show week. He admitted that he had not been sure of the program when we had discussed it, but now, considering its various aspects, he was pleased both with what had been done and how it had been done; and he commented that it had measured up to the criteria Mr. Pratt had propounded—no ballyhoo. He liked the luncheons because they furthered company goals, each different and yet making a pattern that fitted into the General Motors picture. That was the way he felt and the way people he had talked to at the luncheons felt.

He stated his belief that this was the sort of activity the company needed. He didn't think it was essential to keep up this tempo but thought the company should proceed vigorously, which he thought could be done while still maintaining Mr. Pratt's standards of no ballyhoo.

I interpreted his sticky language to mean that Mr. Sloan wanted to move ahead. Within the hour Paul and I concluded an arrangement for me to become counsel on public relations to the General Motors Corporation. I was invited to Detroit, the first of many such weekly visits, in General Motors' special car on the "Detroiter." Alfred Sloan and other officers who lived in New York spent every day but Wednesday in New York. Wednesdays were spent at the new General Motors Building in Detroit. The weekly trip had all the earmarks of a ritual.

Meetings were scheduled at the great new building in Detroit to discuss Oldsmobile and the Buy-A-Car-Now Campaigns and to plan for the World's Fair at Chicago. General Motors was to show murals by Diego Rivera and sculpture by Karl Milles.

A director of General Motors, C. T. Fisher of Fisher Brothers, talked to me about a long letter from Sloan on public relations and the deep impact the show-week public relations had made on Sloan. He was won over to public relations. Sloan said that prestige should be built for the Fisher bodies and that other matters about the bodies were secondary. Aggressive publicity, he thought, would be more effective than advertising. He emphasized in an involved and roundabout computation that he had spent millions for advertising, but if he had spent less for advertising and had spent a tenth of what he had saved for public relations, the balance and the position of the company would now be better.

Sloan said he had no objection to spending a reasonable amount of money for advertising, but it would be a mistake to spend too much. And he pointed out that as important as advertising was, the company could ill afford it now. Operations had to be tight until the trend changed distinctly.

He believed that public relations was much more effective than advertising, which cost a terrific lot and was so overdone that it was almost impossible for copy to carry conviction.

Public relations, I now felt, was an important factor to the company, and that meant to many companies in the United States that followed General Motors' lead.

Mr. Sloan now acted to integrate public relations more fully with company activities. He accepted my suggestion to educate the executives of 51 subsidiaries on public relations. A barrage of material went to them from several sources—a booklet containing the telegraphic responses that had come in answer to Sloan's inquiry about science and invention; Ely Jacques Kahn wrote them about no-draft ventilation; five hundred attractive desk presentations told the public relations story, as adopted by the General Motors Public Relations committee; and 700 executives received public relations mimeographed newsletters.

A few paragraphs in the G.M. annual report of 1932 were epoch-making for public relations. In them Sloan embodied what I had discussed many times with him. Paul Garrett was elated. He wrote me, "In all my years of reading annual reports, I do not recall a statement of its kind by an

industrial corporation and it makes me feel more than ever that we are laying a sound foundation."

Sloan put public relations forward as a must for other corporations. Said Sloan, "It is recognized that the corporation's most vital relationship is with the public. Its success depends on a current interpretation of the public's needs and viewpoints as well as on the public's understanding of the corporation's motives in everything it does. In order to formulate its policies in harmony with this basic principle, no effort is being spared to analyze and evaluate the public, forming the corporation's actual and potential customers, in its thinking with respect to all things in which the corporation plays a part."

Garrett was right when he wrote me that a solid foundation in public relations was being laid. At a meeting called by Sloan on the advertising campaign for no-draft ventilation and composite body, I told the copywriters that they were still preoccupied with using words instead of ideas. Sloan accepted my view of the two-way street.

With all the to-do about the public, no one at General Motors appeared to be aware that the United States was undergoing a social revolution and that the Depression would bring a lasting change to the country and its people. General Motors advertising did not recognize in its copy that we were in an economic depression. I called Paul's attention to an advertising announcement of a new Chevrolet that made no mention, even by implication, of the Depression. The appeal of this car to the public would have been entirely different if the announcement had stressed that "the 'Standard Six' Chevrolet is priced considerably below its present range in keeping with the times."

In March, when Roosevelt was to take over, people at General Motors began to wonder what the new political climate would be like. General Motors now began to be apprehensive about what Roosevelt might do. The uncertainty of the times is reflected in a letter to me from Ed Stettinius, Roosevelt's future Secretary of State, who in the latter part of March warned me about Roosevelt's monetary policy. "Even though Roosevelt and Woodin hold 'sound money' as one of their major ideals, before 1933 is over circumstances will probably force them to alter their position."

I was asked by Sloan on March 21 to accompany John Thomas Smith, the vice-president and general counsel of General Motors, and other G.M. officials to Washington to confer with Jesse Jones, head of the

Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Charles Michelson, publicity man of the RFC. General Motors had loaned $12,500,000 to two failing banks in Detroit, the First National and the Guardian National Bank of Commerce. The Government was to match this with a check for $12,500,000 to repay depositors. Release of information by Washington and by the company would bring life back to the desolate city, which had suffered so gravely in the bank debacle. We went to Jones's office in the old Department of Commerce Building. Jones, behind a high table, looked the Texan. He was seated on a tall bookkeeper's stool instead of a horse. He held a bottle of milk with a straw in his left hand, a ham sandwich in the other. His stature and personality were overpowering, his manner impersonal and polite. I doubt whether he remembered any of our names. After all, a $12,500,000 check was only a small fraction of the $50,000,000,000 transactions of the RFC.

The joint release for newspapers had been prepared by Charles Michelson, who sat in back of Jones on a low chair, looking rumpled and tired. Jones read the statement and handed it to Michelson. Michelson made some suggestions to Jones and handed it to me. I checked it carefully. Within five minutes the story was cleared for release, okayed by Jones, Michelson, the General Motors V.P.s and myself.

This was to be the first bank chartered under President Roosevelt's Emergency Act; it provided Detroit and its over one million inhabitants and its industries with important banking facilities to meet the needs of the city. This was the first big step in the solution of the perplexing Detroit banking situation, in which the banks had been closed for the past five weeks. According to Mr. Jones, it was a striking example of government and private industry working toward a solution of a common problem.

Mr. Sloan's statement said he was hopeful that as soon as the banking situation was stabilized it would be possible for the General Motors Corporation to withdraw entirely, transferring its investment to others to carry on this particular responsibility and duty to the community. Clearly Sloan regarded this as a public relations action. The General Motors officers received the U.S. check, and that evening two vice-presidents and I were on our way on the "Red Arrow," the crack Pennsylvania Railroad train that arrived in Detroit the next morning. I released the story in Washington so it would hit the Detroit mornings, and I planned a story for the afternoon

newspapers that would keep General Motors' good deed alive in the minds of Detroit.

The two V.P.s retired, elated at their dramatic session in Washington with Jones, and I was sure they had had as good a night's rest as I did. When I walked into the diner for breakfast I saw the two vice-presidents at a table, with long, drawn faces, reading an eight-column headlined story in the Detroit *Free Press.* They handed me the paper. The first paragraph of the story announced that I, a special representative of Sloan, was bringing a $12,500,000 check to Detroit to save the people of the city. Down near the end of the story casual mention was made that the two vice-presidents were accompanying me. Their scowls left no doubt as to how they felt.

Some Washington correspondent had recognized me and had made me the hero of the story. Two vice-presidents had missed their chance of a lifetime. Their laurels shifted to someone who couldn't have cared less. I didn't blame them a bit. I don't suppose a comparable situation ever arose again in their lifetime. I told them I had had absolutely nothing to do with the story. But their vanity would not permit them to accept this as the truth.

Half an hour later, newspaper and camera men were waiting on the station platform, on a particularly dreary, desolate, overcast morning. They were yelling, "Where's Mr. Bernays? Where's Mr. Bernays? Where's Mr. Bernays?" If I had received more publicity it would only have complicated the situation further. I ducked and let the V.P.s recoup as much of their lost glory as they could, if not in the morning newspapers, at least in the evening. I strolled off the platform by myself, realizing again how potent the power of telegraphic dots and dashes is when they they are translated into a name on a front page.

When I heard of the ruckus created by the mention of my name in the Detroit *Free Press* on March 22, I discussed the matter with Paul. Three weeks later I wrote him to relieve the tension that still prevailed. But that did not end the matter.

There was no doubt about it: the New Deal was functioning boldly and effectively. It took several months before I felt the time was ripe for Henry Wallace of the inner circle of the New Deal and the top industrialists of America to meet. Wallace had been falsely painted as an advocate of paper inflation. I urged Wallace to come to New York to discuss the agricultural adjustment bill with tycoons at a luncheon at the Metropolitan Club. Sloan

would invite him, I said. The luncheon Mr. Sloan gave for Wallace was a huge success. Walter Teagle and about fifty other leaders, the cream of American industry, listened to the quiet, intelligent young man discuss what he wanted to do for the farmers. Everybody was delighted and relieved. At five, I arranged for a press conference at the Biltmore for Wallace to meet financial editors.

Toward the middle of 1933, Walter Teagle, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, who had taken a high NRA post, asked Ed Stettinius as a patriotic gesture to go to Washington to act for him as head of the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA. I handled the announcement of that appointment for Ed. After he had finished that assignment he returned to General Motors. Ed then became vice-chairman of the Finance Committee of United States Steel Corporation in 1934. In 1940 he was chairman of the board. One day he telephoned me and asked whether I would come to his office, diagonally across the street from my office at 80 Broadway. (After we had outgrown our offices in the Straus Building on 46th Street and Fifth Avenue, we had taken larger offices in the Graybar Building. As we expanded our downtown activities, we had also taken an office at 80 Broadway, also known as One Wall Street. A short subway ride made these offices accessible to each other.)

Ed poured out his heart to me. “I haven’t got enough to do. I earn a hundred thousand dollars a year,” he complained. “All I am permitted to do is O.K. nominations for promotions of executives in the corporation who get five thousand dollars or more annually.” He showed me a file cabinet next to his desk filled with record cards, names of hundreds of men in the corporation and its subsidiaries earning five thousand dollars a year or more who might come up for raises. These he approved as a matter of form.

I asked, “Ed, is that really all you have to do?”

“Well,” he said, “not absolutely all. I have just finished supervising the making of a movie in color about steel. Let’s go upstairs and I’ll show it to you.”

We watched the color movie on the making of steel, from the mining operation to its use by the consumer. I felt sad at the plight of the United States Steel Corporation executive, who was master only of file cards and a moving picture at $100,000 annually. I wondered again about the difference between reality and illusion: people through the country looked with envy on the man who had reached the summit in American industry, high mogul

of the United States Steel Corporation, but who was frustrated because he did not have enough to do.

Some weeks later Ed called me again. This time he asked whether he could come over to see me. The top man of the United States Steel Corporation applied for a job. Would I consider the possibility of his working for me? I told him I felt flattered by the offer and would discuss it with my associates. I let the matter rest. I felt his charm and attractive personality did not compensate for his lack of training in public relations.

My turndown didn't slow Ed Stettinius' immediate upward march. He turned to Washington and became chairman of the War Resources Board, 1939–1940; Lend-Lease Administrator and Special Assistant to the President, 1941–1943; Under Secretary of State, 1943–1944; and Secretary of State, 1944–1945. He led the U.S. delegation to the conference in San Francisco that established the United Nations and was our first representative on the Security Council.

I saw Ed little during this time, but each year he sent Doris and me a large turkey from his farm in Virginia. The last time I saw him was at the first reception he gave as Secretary of State for United Nations delegates at the Savoy-Plaza, to which he invited me. He was busy bustling around the ballroom before the reception to make sure that the potted palms and the platform were in place. We chatted pleasantly until delegates from all over the world arrived. He asked me how I thought the UN was going, and I said as well as could be expected.

The public relations meetings at General Motors, presided over by Garrett, took up such matters as getting a speech writer for Sloan, the corporation's obligations to educational institutions and consumer research. They discussed the co-ordination of the public relations of the divisions with the company public relations program, the Motors Silver Jubilee, contributions to local and national social-service organizations and how to extend the showing of company talking motion pictures. They covered institutional advertising, stockholder relations, corporation radio policy and to what extent we should publicize a complaint bureau and consumer research. They deliberated on the best public relations program for General Motors exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago, the possibility of publishing a General Motors magazine and an economic bulletin, articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, an electric sign on the roof and a banquet of the

Fisher Body Craftsmen Guild. We had made progress in six months. Some of the activities merit comment. Consumer research, a new management idea, was a forerunner of today's generally accepted activity. A brilliant enthusiast, H. G. Weaver, a loose wheel in the company, worked on the program. Motorists were asked to put check marks in little boxes in illustrated booklets to indicate whether they liked or disliked certain features of automobiles. Company officials, however, thought they knew what the public wanted and considered the survey Weaver's play toy. In April 1933, out of a clear sky, Sloan's acceptance of public relations carried over into consumer research. Weaver was instructed to make a comprehensive proposal on consumer research, and he asked my co-operation. A corollary idea that was also new was the formation of a consumers' complaint bureau.

A letter Weaver wrote me in July indicates how novel his idea was: "I am convinced that the approach of running a business from the customer viewpoint is perhaps bigger than any of us really realize." He now planned to send one million questionnaires to people throughout the country. Weaver said he realized his own limitations in promoting consumer research and suggested that I make it my next big project for General Motors.

By September more sanctions for public relations came about. Sloan wrote to stockholders and said that consumer research aimed to bridge the gap between the producer and the consumer, "not only with reference to details of design but as regards public relations." Consumer research has the implications of an "operating philosophy … which weighs every action from the standpoint of how it affects the good will of the institution." The traditional approach to the consumer based on the omniscience of the entrepreneur had given way to the feedback approach.

This new idea was followed by another. No one until then had thought motorcars could be merchandised to stockholders. We approached the 275,000 stockholders of General Motors. Mr. Sloan signed a printed letter, 8½ × 11 inches that opened to six times its size. The recipient was urged to look over the General Motors automobiles and refrigerators depicted on this huge mailing piece. It had an impact on sales, and the idea was copied by many corporations.

Another problem was getting a speech writer for Mr. Sloan. His acceptance of public relations carried speech writing with it, good speeches that made their impact on society. Paul Garrett wanted a man who

combined the talents of a Walter Lippmann and a Thomas Woodlock, a well-known *Wall Street Journal* writer. A few days before, Warren Persons had asked me if I knew of a job for a young man he admired. The young man had just married a lovely girl and was earning $40 a week at the Russell Sage Foundation, making studies of small-loan companies in the foundation's fight against loan sharks. "I think the man deserves better than that. Can't you do something for him? I'd love to get him a job. The foundation can't pay him enough for him to get along on."

Garrett saw him and then called me. "I don't think he will do. I don't think he knows quite enough." So Leon Henderson, the young man, did not get the job as ghost writer for Sloan. Several months later Henderson bobbed up in Washington and joined the NRA. Shortly after he became one of the most powerful men in the American economy as Hugh Johnson's price administrator, in which capacity he policed General Motors, as he did every other corporation and product in the United States.

Part of my effort was devoted to General Motors' exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. The exhibitor most adept at publicity has an advantage over his competitor, for the publicity reaches many more people than view the exhibit in General Motors' million-dollar building. Inauguration ceremonies were planned as carefully as a battle at my office in New York, Paul's at 1775 Broadway, in Detroit and in Chicago to perfect the details.

We had been in correspondence with leaders of the nations of the world, highway and safety commissioners in America, and with Chicago pioneers of motoring. Short-wave broadcasts invited leaders of the world to visit the Fair. Rufus Dawes, president of the exhibition, Walter Dill Scott, president of Northwestern University, Charles F. Kettering, vice-president, and others spoke at the inaugural ceremonies. The public relations department had done about everything that could be done to let people know about it.

Sloan accepted an idea of mine: a convocation of scientists to discuss science and the future. My purpose was to associate the company in the public mind with advances in technology. I recognized, of course, the coincidence of this idea with the society as a whole. It had been falsely rumored that General Motors cars had quicker obsolescence than competitive cars. Bringing together scientists dramatized General Motors' leadership and dissipated these untruths.

Another major project was the 25th anniversary of General Motors in October. I had suggested Motors' Silver Jubilee, instead of adding the word

“General.” I envisaged world-wide celebration like Light’s Golden Jubilee to demonstrate what the motorcar had done in improving standards of living. But the company carried out only a few projects.

One was a history of General Motors, written by Arthur Pound. My friend Samuel Crowther had wanted the job and wrote me his suggestions, which he thought Paul Garrett and Mr. Sloan would understand. He also suggested he be engaged to write a history of the company. One reason for his choice, he said, was that he knew of no one else who could get into the matter and act as he would with the top echelon of the company. And they would have a high regard for him, because he had more distinction in his field than they did in theirs. Crowther was no shrinking violet. His closing remark was that he would make a charge of such magnitude that no one would call it an honorarium.

Crowther made some penetrating observations about General Motors, which I repeat here because I was in agreement with them. The vision of General Motors had not extended beyond its product, he said. The large corporation was very much on trial because of the prevalent belief during a depression that we have the capacity for overproduction, a phase of “this technocracy stuff.” The big corporation must still prove that it can use its research in the provision of more and better goods, simultaneously distributing more and better wages. He believed that the great corporations had failed notably in this and that probably most of them had made their largest profits out of the rising price level rather than by good management.

He saw the large corporations as a new and almost unknown thing which had existed in the past principally as a rack on which to hang issues of securities. Crowther told me that General Motors had a considerable *esprit de corps*, that the executives at General Motors “will learn what they are told to learn.”

“I have noticed that when a song, so to speak, is given out, they all sing it lustily and without question.”

But Pound’s commemorative history of General Motors, *The Turning Wheel*, was already in the works. We celebrated its publication with a dinner at the Columbia University Faculty Club. I had looked for an idea broader than the bookshelf. I found it in the idea that American history could be written in terms of a great corporation’s life. The New York *Times* news account pointed up this idea in its headline, “Corporation History Stressed at Dinner … Columbia Faculty Club Hails Study of Industrial

Progress.” Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, professor of American History at Columbia, presided, and several distinguished professors spoke, among them Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman, who said, “It is in our largest industrial enterprises that we find social responsibility becoming good business. This social responsibility shows itself in the attitude toward employer, investor and consumer.” The time was 1933; it was more of a hope than a realization.

We participated in a variety of activities. We arranged for the design of an attractive medal by Norman Bel Geddes, for the Motors’ Jubilee, which showed a cross-section of a cylinder with a phallic-looking piston. Sloan held a luncheon to honor the first medal struck; he liked these luncheons because he recognized that they made news. General Motors also followed my recommendation in another 1933 project, news of which swept the country and helped General Motors maintain leadership the following year. On November 19, 1933, Sloan held a press conference at his favorite haunt, the Metropolitan Club in New York, to announce what the *Herald Tribune* headlined next morning as “Cars Discard Front Axle—Get Knee Action.” In this innovation, front-wheel suspension springs took the jar off the front of the car. It was recognized at our public relations meetings that the name “front-wheel suspension springs” was unwieldy. Someone at Bruce Barton’s advertising agency came up with the phrase “knee action,” and I was given the job of popularizing the term. First we drew public attention to the need for such an innovation. Then we hammered away on the theme in a mail campaign and enlisted the support of physicists, mechanical engineers, safety and highway authorities and physicians.

The plan worked out as I had assumed it would. Knee action caught on so well that Saks Fifth Avenue was soon advertising “Celanese knee action beach trunks.” Cartoonists portrayed their favorite characters practicing knee action. S. Albert Key of the School of Medicine of Washington University, St. Louis, suggested that to pursue our point we carry out an experiment: install seismographs in two cars, one equipped with knee-action wheels and the other not, and measure the vibrations of both cars. In that way we could demonstrate the impact on the spine of a motorist who drove a car without knee action. This demonstration illustrated what I have always maintained—that the expert often has answers to problems the layman does not have.

I recognized in December that the United States was undergoing fundamental changes; the Administration and its policies were simply an index of this. I felt General Motors had no recognition of what was happening. I sent a letter to Paul Garrett asking him to examine with me those factors in the corporation which seemed to throttle an active prosecution of a broad public relations program. I urged him to broaden the work, and I suggested that we be concerned less with activities aimed at meeting specific problems and more with broad consultant advice, to develop policies and practices that furthered the social objectives of the corporation in the light of the new society.

Our year's contract was now up for renewal. I felt much constructive work had been accomplished, a revolution in the company's thinking and action had taken place, and I thought our work was now on a solid foundation. But I was mistaken. That line of type in the Detroit *Free Press* about Bernays, the $12,500,000 personal representative of Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., who had saved Detroit from economic collapse, had a greater force in the situation than any other thing I had done or might do. The line had rankled in the minds and hearts of the two vice-presidents, who were deeply frustrated by missing their great opportunity for glory. When the termination date arrived, the contract was not renewed.

chapter 44

SPHINX OF WALL STREET

Orlando F. Weber, president of Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, was a most complex personality. Although he used modern approaches to problems, sometimes he acted like a feudal lord. He fought the New York Stock Exchange's insistence that he disclose the facts and figures in Allied's annual statement and used public relations to fight the Stock Exchange's demands. His private business, he believed, was none of the public's business, and he abhorred personal publicity. Yet he retained us for years as counsel on public relations.

When I saw him for the first time he came to his office door to greet me. Six feet tall and heavy, he moved so smoothly he seemed to be on roller skates; his feet hardly seemed to leave the ground. He was carefully groomed in a gray suit. I noticed particularly his large round head and smooth beige skin. His face showed no emotion; his mysterious imperturbability was almost sphinxlike, giving no inkling of what went on inside him. No clues to his personality were visible in his behavior toward me.

His voice was Midwest America. From his over-all Old World manner I guessed he came of German stock. In the years I knew him he never told me his background, for it was contrary to his nature to talk about himself. But later I learned from an article in *Fortune* that his father was a German-American Socialist workman in Milwaukee.

He discussed with me a public relations problem, which apparently had troubled him for four years, since 1929, when the New York Stock Exchange first asked for information not included in the company's annual report. Mr. Weber refused to furnish this data. The Exchange, after these years, had recently announced that unless the company agreed to give stockholders information before August 23, Allied stock would be stricken

from the trading list. Mr. Weber retained me as counsel on public relations to help fight the battle.

The fight had aroused great interest in Wall Street. A group of Allied stockholders, dominated by the Solvay group from Belgium, owners of a large block of stock, decided the time was propitious to force a change in Weber's policy. On June 2, the date the Exchange issued its ultimatum, the Solvay group sent a letter to stockholders calling for a special meeting on August 10 to elect a slate of directors. This made Weber's stand even hotter Wall Street news than before. Ralph Hendershot, in the New York *World-Telegram,* put the situation in broad context in an editorial on June 23, 1933. It stated that the stockholders' committee liked Weber as an individual and as an executive and had no desire to oust him from his job. But if he lost the fight Weber would likely resign, regarding the election of officers he opposed as a personal affront.

Weber, the *World-Telegram* noted, was a wizard at economics and practical accounting, and it was not surprising that "he should not relish the idea of the New York Stock Exchange telling him that his balance sheets and income accounts are not everything they should be." Although Weber felt that his differences with the Exchange involved a matter of accounting theory, "the Exchange probably would not quarrel with Weber over his theory if stockholders understood it as well as he did." The editorial also commented: "That both sides are taking the fight very seriously may be judged from the fact that both have gone out and hired whom they regard to be the best, at least the highest-priced publicity talent available—Ivy L. Lee for the committee and Edward L. Bernays for Allied. The battle will be doubly interesting as a result. Mr. Lee has been doing his stuff for all the big shots in Wall Street in recent years, but of late Mr. Bernays has been muscling in on his territory."

I sounded out some experts to guide me. Joseph Stagg Lawrence, an economist, gave me a representative conservative opinion: Weber should use every possible method to have the Exchange see his point of view about disclosing certain company information. Weber had a good case, but he had not presented it clearly or sympathetically. Lawrence said Weber should tell the Exchange that Allied had maintained wage and dividend payments throughout the Depression, that the controller of the corporation was appointed by the board of directors; his was an independent office and Weber had no responsibility for him. The company had independent

auditors, one of the best firms in the city, while other large corporations with securities listed on the Stock Exchange did not. He conceded that Weber was bucking the tide of public opinion at that time and had the poor side of the argument in an era which was demanding “open covenants openly arrived at” for business as well as diplomacy. The Stock Exchange side was supported by public opinion.

The grass-roots attitude toward Allied and Wall Street generally was reflected in an editorial in the Wheeling, West Virginia, *News* of June 26, 1933. It foreshadowed with certainty the Securities and Exchange Commission legislation soon to come. But it also indicated why the Stock Exchange was moving with more vigor than usual. The editorial pointed out that this large corporation had never made an accurate statement of its operations and that its secrecy had such a bad smell that the New York Stock Exchange had been forced to crack down. It pointed out that $100,000,000 worth of securities were sold to the people of this country without any definite statement as to what they were worth. And it warned against the continuance of such practice.

I convinced a well-known accountant that he should support our side. He pointed out in a public statement that one would assume, from the diligence with which the Stock Exchange was prosecuting the Allied case, that the Stock Exchange guaranteed the accounting of corporations listed on the Exchange. The acceptance of stock for listing did not, he said, certify that the company’s accounting was uniform with others. Accounting systems varied greatly. In this context, Lawrence’s argument was valid. While it was true that Weber did not give out all the information he might have, it was equally true that the Exchange didn’t insist on any uniform standards of accounting. I believed Weber was wrong in his insistence on secrecy. But I felt he was honestly presenting the viewpoint his conservative background dictated.

On June 14 we wrote a letter, signed by Weber, to Allied stockholders giving the reasons for his position. We issued a statement by Weber attacking the stockholders’ committee. To make sure our statements were not overlooked by financial editors, I usually sent them a telegram telling them that a statement of national and international significance on a vital issue would be released for publication by the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation. Weber accused the committee, controlled by Belgian interests, of trying to impose foreign domination on an American company and on the

American chemical industry. His statement received widespread publicity. It was countered on June 23 by a large committee advertisement stating that the new directors would be “intelligent Americans.”

We were fighting on two fronts, against the Stock Exchange and against the stockholders’ committee. To support us against the Committee’s attacks, Mr. Weber enlisted James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany and a large Allied stockholder. I conferred with him and on June 16, 1933, he sent out a wire asking influential people to join him in a statement apprising the American people of the danger of possible foreign domination of Allied.

August Heckscher, who built the Heckscher Building, Francis P. Garvan, president of the Chemical Foundation, some labor leaders and others joined in the warning issued by Gerard. This statement was widely used by the press. Gerard now released another statement that tried to deflate the committee and render its foreign domination innocuous. He wanted the Belgian Solvay & Cie. to turn over its American holdings in the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation to the Belgian Government for Belgian government bonds. The Belgian Government was then to give these holdings to our Government to help pay the war debt. This proposal was cabled to American Commission members at the London Economic Conference.

But despite the fireworks, on June 30, 1933, as a result of the Exchange’s threat to delist Allied, Weber capitulated. The Stock Exchange and the company settled the controversy. The assurance that the shares would remain on the Exchange was followed by a strong buying movement. The common stock opened at 123 for an overnight gain of 7¾ points and subsequently rose to 131¾.

On July 9 the committee of stockholders called off plans for an August 10 meeting, saying that settlement with the Exchange eliminated “the emergency calling for stockholders’ action in the interval between regular annual meetings.” They intimated that efforts to elect directors independent of management influence would be made at the next annual meeting. On July 10 we sent stockholders a two-page announcement that the New York Stock Exchange and the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation had reached accord on the details to be included in the company’s future report.

My relationship to Mr. Weber grew closer and closer. And yet, in truth, I don’t think anyone in the world was really close to him. Weber’s attitude toward his work was as complex as the man himself. Basically he felt he

was engaged in a power struggle. Money was not his ultimate goal. He talked, thought about and worked at developing and concocting strategy. His manner of work differed from that of other tycoons I had encountered. In his huge office he sat behind a large glass-topped desk that had nothing on it. I believe he spent much time thinking by himself—a rare activity for an industrialist. There was little furniture in the uncluttered room. Its center of interest was a huge air-conditioner, the first I had ever seen, which filled the entire space below the windows that faced south. On hot summer days I enjoyed the novel pleasure of cool comfort that roared in from this strange machine. Occasionally he referred to the air-conditioner with pride.

When I saw him in his office, no time limits were ever put on the visit. We talked mostly about ideas—the reasons for the Depression, how to overcome public inertia, the part the ego plays in preventing objectivity. We seldom discussed business. Often we met for luncheon at the Recess Club on lower Broadway. Mr. Weber checked his coat, aimed enigmatic smiles, but no conversation, at acquaintances, and then we sat down to lunch. Our conversation here too seldom touched on business; rather we discussed abstractions. He offered ideas on how to beat the Depression. He talked about the stupidity of men heading large corporations. We weighed the views and the credit theories of economists. As I look back now, it occurs to me that possibly Mr. Weber had retained my services to use me as a sounding board for his ideas. After lunch we usually moved to the lounge, sat in huge leather chairs, had coffee and carried on our conversation. Promptly at 2:00 P.M. a uniformed attendant handed Mr. Weber a folded slip of paper. Mr. Weber looked at it, put it in his pocket, made no comment and continued his conversation. This happened at a dozen luncheons before Mr. Weber confided to me that the device enabled him to get rid of luncheon companions. If he felt so inclined, he would say to his guest, “I’m very sorry. I’ve just been informed of an important emergency” and excuse himself.

In all the years I worked with Weber he never commented favorably or unfavorably on my work. I could infer his feeling toward me only by his actions. The luncheons with me were signs, I thought, that he liked me. I cannot understand how a man who could translate his attitudes into actions so freely and quickly in business could have been so reticent in his interpersonal relationships. Certainly he wouldn’t have renewed his

$25,000-a-year contract for years if he had not felt it was worth while. But he never said so.

During the summers of 1934 and 1935, when Doris and I rented the Scribner place in Mt. Kisco, near Weber's home, I spent about two hours a day with him, since he often drove me home from New York in his Rolls-Royce limousine, its special body built high so that he could step in and out without stooping. He didn't want to stoop for anyone or anything, and that included his car. His chauffeur drove the car like a railroad train on a smooth track and good roadbed, with the throttle fixed at a specific number of miles per hour, eliminating the tensions, the fitful starts and stops of most motoring commuters to Westchester. Doris and the two children usually met me with our car at Weber's home. Weber always got out, walked to our car, greeted her in a courtly way and suggested that we drive in together next morning. I don't think I ever spoke to his handsome middle-aged chauffeur, and he never talked to me. I took my cue from Mr. Weber, whose only conversation with him covered when and where he wanted to be met.

In seven years of relationship I never received a letter from Weber. He communicated by telephone. I saw him at his office, his home or at the Recess Club. Frank A. Bates, his secretary, was discreet, self-effacing, silent and almost invisible, and he knew everything that went on. Weber trusted him implicitly, and he was the repository for executive and company secrets. Bates wrote notes to me: "Mr. Weber suggests that you give him a ring on the telephone at his city house tonight before 7 o'clock or tomorrow either at the city house or his country house." Sometimes he forwarded to me, at Mr. Weber's request, articles he had read and found interesting, such as one by William Harlan Hale entitled "Ireland Becomes Glorious." Also Hale's *Challenge to Defeat* pleased Mr. Weber, and he sent me a copy. Spencer's *Tract on Political Economy* he reprinted privately. He felt parts of the latter applied to the 1933 situation.

Weber sent me *The National System of Political Economy,* by List, an early American economist, who believed, as Weber did, in the need for self-sufficiency, or, as he called it, a self-contained America. The point Weber wanted to put over, I am sure, was that List and he were thinking right. He also sent me a copy of *Right and Wrong Thinking,* by Dr. Frank Crane, a popular syndicated-columnist philosopher. I suppose he wanted to re-emphasize to me how muddled most people's thinking was. He liked the Washington *Post* column "Along the Potomac," by Carlisle Bergeron. He

confided to me once that he never wrote letters; copies of letters in his files might be incriminating.

When I sent newspaper clippings of possible interest to Weber, he returned them to me with “thank you” and “OFW” on the same attention slip with which I had sent them to him. I saw his full signature only once. For a reason I have forgotten, he wrote his name on a small piece of paper one day and gave it to me. His signature, to my surprise, consisted of a smooth succession of letters without distinguishing characteristics. I kept the paper as a souvenir to remind me that such symbols are revealing even when they reveal very little. His writing was an attempt at the concealment that was habitual with him.

He disliked being photographed. When *Fortune* asked for his photograph to illustrate an article on the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, he did not give them one; the company files had none. *Fortune* commissioned its photographer to snap him, but the man could not find him. *Fortune* finally unearthed a photograph of him in his home town, Milwaukee, showing him as a young six-day professional bicycle rider. They printed this photograph. I heard later that Mr. Weber was displeased.

Weber sent me a letter from William C. White of *The New Yorker* asking for a meeting to do a “long biographical sketch for the profile division of the magazine, due in part to the present-day interest in the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation and to set forth the facts therein.” Weber asked my opinion. I gave Weber a most favorable account of White. But that was the last I heard of the profile. Weber never made a speech, to my knowledge.

As I got to know Mr. Weber, I looked on him as an adviser. I think he enjoyed giving me advice, usually expressed tersely, sometimes aphoristically—a distillation of his lifetime of experience. Once I told him about a high fee a new client was paying me. I expressed surprise at the large amount. “They won’t for long,” he said. “A crisis situation—they need you.” He was right. I asked him whether we should renew our two-year lease on our offices at One Wall Street. “Continuity—flexibility,” he said. “Renew for a year. Make your decision then.” I did, and we renewed on a yearly basis.

One other word of advice Weber gave me was never to own anything tangible that was “more important to you than a button on your overcoat; it might embarrass you.” The fluctuation in dollar value and purchasing

power of the last twenty years had convinced him that you should not own possessions. He himself had torn down some of the outbuildings on his Mt. Kisco estate because taxes on them were so high. After his death it was found that the remaining buildings on his estate were worth a good deal more in relation to his estate than a button on his overcoat. His possessions embarrassed his heirs because taxes demanded large cash payments at a time of depressed prices. I was surprised that he had not practiced what he preached.

His relations with his business associates and employees were remote and aloof, unlike his relationship with me, which, although superficially impersonal, was governed by unexpressed friendship.

Weber ran his huge industrial complex singlehandedly. He masterminded his business and reduced it to an abstraction. He applied the same process to people. No individuals were allowed to stand out in his company. Allied had become a kind of Univac before it had been invented. Toward his immediate co-workers, vice-presidents and other executives he functioned as a dictator. He called them in only when he wanted to tell them what to do—no committees or discussions for him. And they did what he commanded. I cannot imagine the president of a subsidiary company dropping in on him to say "hello." His subjects down the line seldom heard or saw him. He worked by remote control. I never knew just how his edicts reached his deputies and subordinates. Perhaps he telephoned them to someone. Perhaps a man in an inner circle conveyed them to others. No one dared question his decisions. I never saw an organization chart of Allied.

A new executive with the company, even a minor one, immediately lost his first and middle name, keeping only the initial of his given name, plus his surname. When George Washington Dodge, proud of carrying the name of the Father of his Country, joined the sales-promotion department of an Allied subsidiary, he found himself "G. Dodge" on the calling card engraved for him by the company. Scuttlebutt said Mr. Weber believed the company might suffer from connotations of first and middle names; somebody might be called "Alphonse Gaston Dodge" or "Franklin Delano Roosevelt Dodge" and thus distort the company's reputation.

Mr. Weber followed his own method of advancing executives. He once told me, "Allied never gives five-, ten- or fifteen-dollar-a-week raises to men it believes in. If Allied thinks a man has a future with the company, we raise him a hundred dollars a week and put him in a job where he can prove

or disprove our judgment. If he makes good on his new job, he will be important to the company for ten to twenty years longer than by bit-by-bit advancement. If he doesn't make good, we fire him and save the time, effort and money that would have been involved if we had delayed in finding out that he couldn't live up to our expectations."

Another strictly enforced Allied edict prohibited socializing between families of executives, no matter how small the town in which the Allied plant was located. Weber thought wives, competing socially, would also become competitive about their husband's status and salaries with the company. And this would affect the corporation adversely.

Weber appraised Allied salesmen of chemicals and Tarvia, a road covering, and Barrett roofing by statistical rather than personal yardsticks. In the company's sales offices, which I never saw—I always went directly to Mr. Weber's office—sales quotas were worked out on a territorial basis for the company's many products. Statistical yardsticks determined these quotas. I think the critical numbers were a combination of bank deposits, the number of new telephones and automobile registrations in a given area. The exact basis of how these quotas were made up remained a company secret. If the salesman met or exceeded his quota, he was retained. If not, he was shaken out—without personal involvement. Figures made the decision.

Within the Allied organization, Weber insisted that three people—the man who wrote a letter, his immediate superior and his immediate subordinate—check every communication before it was mailed. Each wrote his signature on the copy. With restrained pride Weber once told me his reasons for insistence on this: The man who received the letter would be able to understand it. The writer of the letter would be likely to be more careful, because of the triple check, in writing it. And even more important, three company people knew all about each letter. If two died, the third would maintain corporate continuity.

Weber felt great responsibility to Allied stockholders and through the Depression maintained six-dollar dividends. Wall Street knew that he had been brought into the War Industries Board by Eugene Meyer in World War I; he had done an extraordinary job in transforming peacetime industry to wartime needs. When Meyer organized Allied he had such faith in Weber that he made him president. Wall Street thought of him as a man who ruled his complex of industries much as the Czars and Communists ruled Russia.

Wall Street recognized his proven practicality in maintaining earnings and dividends. His powerful personality compelled their respect.

But Weber hardly reciprocated. He looked disdainfully on most of the big men of industry. He used to say that Alfred Sloan, head of General Motors, was stupid. When United States Steel asked Sloan's assistant, Edward R. Stettinius, to become associated with the company, Weber's attitude was derisive. He was contemptuous of Stettinius' intelligence and ability.

His manner of work permitted him time for activities outside his business. He drove at these with the same kind of cerebral energy with which he did his day-to-day work. These interests also dealt with ideas.

Weber had several hobbies that dealt with ideas he felt the country should adopt. One was his advocacy of self-containment for the United States; another was his espousal of a simplified balance sheet with a new system of nomenclature for the terms of capitalism, then being challenged by the Communists and Fascists. His methods of advocacy were consistent with his personality. He cultivated journalists who might be receptive and treated them as equals!—unusual for him at the time. He lunched with them and indoctrinated them. They were flattered by the attentions of this powerful man, who was generally thought so unapproachable and mysterious. Merryle Rukeyser, Samuel Crowther, Bernard Kilgore and J. A. Livingston were members of Weber's luncheon guest circle at the Recess Club. His name did not appear in what they wrote. But his ideas received diffusion in this way and made their impact on the public.

Weber also wanted a simplified balance sheet for corporations that would eliminate from the vocabulary of finance words associated with Karl Marx's *Capitalism*, words like "profit," "interest," "surplus" and so on. Weber wanted to substitute on balance sheets words without association with Marx. He asked economists and industrialists to join him in this battle against what he believed was a Communist threat.

As an example, he wanted to substitute for "profit" the phrase "what remains after hire of men, tools and money." He hired economists to work with him on this project, made grants to Notre Dame and Fordham, and these universities flooded the country with publications based on his philosophy.

He transferred his library from his home to a Waldorf Towers apartment and assigned several professors, refugees from Germany, to dig deeply into

the question of nomenclature. Much credence was given to these researches, for the fear of Communism pervaded big business and this was a possible process of business education for the people. Scholars also worked on other projects for him. One of these was gathering data to show that government had little to do with economic progress.

Despite our many hours spent together, I knew little about Weber's inner life. He seldom discussed his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. His wife, whom I met once, seemed a placid *Hausfrau* completely dominated by him. She never appeared at public functions or in the newspaper. His daughter, an attractive girl, went to Brearley. His young son was interested in entomology and had a butterfly collection. I was greatly shocked when I read some years later that the young man had committed suicide.

I don't think Mr. Weber liked women. He seldom mentioned them, and I saw none at Allied. He did admire one woman though—Millicent McIntosh, later president of Barnard College—and he talked about her often. He commented on her organized mind and her strength of purpose and character. He had met her before he enrolled his daughter at Brearley, where Mrs. McIntosh was then headmistress. I was so impressed by his praise of her that we decided on Brearley for our two daughters, and Mr. Weber stood sponsor for them.

I discovered one other clue to Weber's attitude toward women one day at lunch in Mt. Kisco. Kathleen Howard, an attractive young woman in her thirties, Paris representative of *Vogue*, was also a guest. To my surprise, Weber showed a new facet of his personality. In an acquaintanceship of two hours he paid her a cavalier's attention; he was bright and sparkling, gracious and charming.

At Mt. Kisco Weber was fascinated by an intelligent stationery and bookstore owner, Herman B. Fox of Osman and Fox. On Saturday mornings Weber spent hours at his shop discussing the latest economic books which Fox stocked and sold to owners of the large neighboring estates. Weber often repeated to me what the bookseller had said and commented wryly that Fox was much wiser than the Wall Street sages. Possibly Fox's agreement with Weber's economic theories had something to do with his attitude toward Fox.

My work with Allied fell into two time periods. During the first period I advised and participated in their Stock Exchange battles. I conferred with

Weber on policy, strategy and tactics, and occasionally with H. F. Atherton, a quiet and restrained man, and the attorney for the firm. I worked with James Gerard, who had taken Weber's viewpoint and talked to Sidney Self of the *Wall Street Journal* and other financial journalists about the Allied case. And of course I spent hours with Weber in interesting discussions about life.

In the second phase of the relationship I found myself working with the Barrett Company, an Allied subsidiary, which made nitrates at a huge plant in Hopewell, Virginia, and roofing material and Tarvia. Here my activities brought me in touch with the varied publics that used these products, and I was busy, too, carrying out the most diversified ideas to increase good will and sales.

But my contact with Weber remained unchanged; we continued to have luncheons and discussions in his office or in the car on the way home to Mt. Kisco. I carried on my work for Barrett through an urbane man, president of this Allied subsidiary, E. W. Clark. In nitrate fertilizer our problem was to dispel a myth before we could increase nitrate sales to cotton and tobacco farmers of the South, their best market. These farmers functioned by tradition, not by science. They believed that natural Chilean nitrate from birds was better than Allied's man-made nitrate. Chilean nitrate interests profited from this belief. Both nitrates served an equally useful purpose. Allied's nitrates possibly were more effective because they were standardized, which could not be said for nature's products.

Allied wisely had marketed its nitrates under the name of "Arcadia, the American Nitrate." The Company emblazened its nitrate sacks with the bars of our national flag. But still the problem of overcoming disbelief in the efficacy of electrically fixed nitrogen remained. Mr. Clark accepted our suggestion that we take a medicine-man show through the South where our crops were grown, that we attract crowds with a show on a truck and with a motion picture demonstrating efficiency of American nitrate. The year was 1938, the year before the New York World's Fair. We had a huge truck constructed with a trylon and perisphere on it and engaged a crew and a Broadway press agent as advance man. The show toured the small towns of the Southern states with good effect, featuring the World's Fair symbols and a movie showing how crops responded to our nitrate.

The letter that was sent out to book performances carried a heading that read: "New York World's Fair 1939. Preview on Wheels and Southern

Motorcade of the Arcadian Grower. Sponsored by the Distributors of Arcadian Nitrate, the American Soda.” A drawing in red took up the lower right-hand corner. It represented a powerful truck, on it the trylon and perisphere of the World’s Fair.

Postcards to farmers invited them to the show. These notices suggested that the recipient get his special ticket for reserved space from his fertilizer salesman. The cards built the audiences for the show through the South. Red, white and blue banners for the display advertised our show, and attractive three-sheets for posting pointed out the free admission. Old-fashioned handbills emphasized the animation, color, light and movement of the motion picture we called *The South—Self Contained.* The company also arranged for plantings of two patches of land, one next to another, near a road, and these were given over to the region’s favorite crop. Signs proclaimed that one plot was fertilized with Arcadia, the American nitrate, and the other with Chilean nitrate. The farmers saw that each plot produced the same growth. This demonstration was more telling than a sales argument and helped, along with the traveling show, to break down prejudice.

For Tarvia we found an ally in the American Road Builders Association. Allied, as a gesture to them, gave them part of my time and effort to set their public relations department in order. It was the hope that as a result of the Allied gesture some buyers of road covering material might think of Tarvia instead of competitive products. We also kept an eye on the letters and salesmen approaches to the purchasers of Tarvia for road building, trying to insure easy colloquial language instead of the deadly stereotyped business English. Over these years we had an intimate insight into a not too exciting experience—the expansion of a market for road and roof covering.

Our real interest was a continuing contact with the fascinating, enigmatic Orlando Weber, a rare, memorable phenomenon.

chapter 45

AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED

Weber strongly advocated economic self-containment for the United States. World War I, a little more than a decade before, showed our dependence on other countries for essential chemicals in wartime. Weber had a profit reason for this undoubtedly, for he was head of a chemical business. But he was convinced his theories were in the national interest. And his policy paid off well. In World War I America had lacked chemicals. When World War II started we were self-contained and had the chemicals we needed.

He commissioned Samuel Crowther to write a book, *America Self-Contained*, published by Doubleday. I read the book at his request and suggested that James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, be made chairman of a "Committee for America Self-Contained" to get country-wide support for this idea. Mr. Gerard went along with our suggestion. For a year we carried on education of the public to accept self-containment.

The committee's first broadside argued that science was destroying international trade. Self-containment was therefore necessary. American prosperity did not depend on foreign trade. Exports rarely exceeded eight per cent of our national production. The nation's prosperity demanded that the farmer's buying power be restored to achieve a balance between agriculture and industry. The farmer should be protected. Foreign trade should be put in balance. We should not sell more than we bought. America's more than three million square miles contained material, skill and machinery adequate for America's needs.

It announced its purpose as aiding the American people to restore prosperity and bring about national recovery. This did not mean "complete isolation," said Gerard. "On the contrary the committee doesn't oppose foreign trade, provided it is in harmony with the best interests of the American people." Gerard invoked Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jackson and Lincoln, assuring us that we would prosper only as

we provided for ourselves. Franklin D. Roosevelt, he said, had stood for this policy in his London Conference statement.

The New York *Times* headlined its important news story "Gerard Proposes World Trade Plan—Forms Group to Campaign for Economic Self-Sufficiency and Trade Reciprocity—Hits at Entanglements—Backs NRA but Warns of Peril in Subsidized Exports—Calls for 'Sound Bookkeeping.'"

The story pointed out that today's dangerous international entanglements threaten the well-being of the United States and that decisive national action must be taken toward self-containment.

The press received a barrage of releases and pamphlets. "It is a dull week that fails to bring to the front some new organization dedicated to the national salvation," said the Akron *Beacon-Journal.*

The press responded; it seemed as if the committee had triggered attitudes already existent and articulated them. A hangover from the disillusionment of World War I was expressed in editorials and letters. One banker, Frank E. Brooks, president of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh, reflected this viewpoint. He urged the American people to be intensely selfish; this selfishness would be a direct contribution to world uplift. Foreign nations must understand this with definite finality; they must be taught to live off the fruits of their own bankruptcy, brought about by the exploitation of too selfish and ambitious leadership. Our moral leadership, he said, was discharged by the blood and money we lost in World War I. William C. Bullitt, our Ambassador to Soviet Russia, echoed similar sentiments when he said that he thought we wanted no more of the financing of foreign sales, so prevalent in the 1920s that we thought we had sold our products but actually had given them away.

The favorable publicity on self-containment, a controversial question, also set off a negative barrage. The point of view opposed to America Self-Contained was expressed in headlines and editorials: "Gerard Sings Siren Song—Political and Economic Madness to Dollar Patriotism in New Futile Gesture." One editorial pointed out that at its inaugural luncheon the committee members had eaten foreign foods.

The committee enlisted the support of thousands of group leaders and opinion molders. Thousands of leaflets of the committee were asked for and distributed. Radio talks bobbed up all over the country, based on material we had sent out, to the effect that America had a large share of the world's

goods and didn't need to depend on others for its well-being. These talks, attributed to Ambassador Gerard, noted that the United States had 85 per cent of the world's agricultural machinery, and the same percentage of sewing machines and motor cars; it also had 75 per cent of the world's maize, 70 per cent of its telephones, rubber and petroleum, 66 per cent of its cotton, 60 per cent of its copper and aluminum, 52 per cent of its coal and 50 per cent of its oats, to name only a few items, and because of that America was self-sufficient. The counter-barrage that had developed now broadened out. While we were battling for America Self-Contained, adherents of the middle of the road and of the internationalist point of view vigorously presented their cases.

Henry Wallace set the keynote for the nation-wide debate, triggered as the result of the activity, in three words—America Must Choose—and three Administration men participated, each with a different viewpoint. Secretary of State Cordell Hull battled for internationalism against self-containment. "I denounce this narrow and selfish spirit of economic nationalism as the greatest danger to world peace today. Furthermore, it more seriously threatens the world with bankruptcy than war itself." Wallace led the middle course, which was that we should not make loans abroad until we first achieved a lowering of tariffs that would permit the repayment of loans. George Peek, a leading Administration figure, supported self-containment.

The battle raged through 1935 and part of 1936. Meanwhile Hitler and Mussolini were advancing their own positions. Major world events dominated the American position. By 1936 America Self-Contained was petering out. Our involvements in Europe were developing. America finally chose the international course, reciprocal trade agreements, lower tariffs and eventually participation in World War II. The widespread debate had helped the U.S. to make this wise decision.

chapter 46

PHILCO: THE RISE OF RADIO

Large corporations, like children, like to wet their feet before taking a plunge. In 1935, before public relations was generally accepted, the Philco Radio and Television Corporation tried me out on a test case before making a yearly arrangement, just as General Motors had tested me out before making a yearly.

Sayre Ramsdell, advertising manager of the corporation, wanted help on a project to launch a new high-fidelity radio. He wanted to focus attention on the qualities of this new instrument—its tune range, extended musical range, selector control, tone diffusion, inclined sounding board, electro-dynamic speaker, variable bass components, tone control, automatic volume control, shadow tone and other innovations.

I suggested we first should show the need for this instrument; we would set up a straw man and then knock him down. My friend Pitts Sanborn, the distinguished music critic, gladly undertook the first step. He inquired of thousands of music lovers what the role of radio in music should be, suggesting that radio receiving sets had yet to achieve faithful tone reproduction. Music leaders enthusiastically supported Sanborn's thesis.

We distributed pamphlets to newspapers containing these responses on radio reception, and they elicited much comment. Newspaper headlines like "Radio Industry Urged to Develop Improved Radio Instrument" evidenced this. Then we engaged Lucrezia Bori, the Metropolitan Opera star, for our launching of Philco's innovation. We rented the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf and invited hundreds of distinguished musical leaders to witness our demonstration. Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer, the "Minnie" of Lewisohn Stadium fame, was chairman; Mrs. Henry Alexander, a distinguished New York music patron, and others were members of the group.

On September 12 the famous and beautiful soprano first sang directly to the audience and then gave the same program from a soundproof booth on

the stage, her voice coming to the audience through high-fidelity radios strategically placed in front of the stage. Her program included “The Rose Has Charmed the Nightingale” by Rimsky-Korsakov, “At the Ball” by Tchaikovsky and “My Native Land” by Grechaninov. We broadcast the demonstration over the Columbia Broadcasting System, with Boake Carter, Philco commentator, one of the best-known radio figures of his time, as master of ceremonies. Newspapers reported an improved high-fidelity radio was now available; radio reception was as good as the human voice.

Philco and Ramsdell now retained me on an annual basis, a relationship that continued during the next several years.

Philco shared top position with RCA in the new radio industry, which was rapidly expanding in the Depression when other industries were in a slump. Philco, owned by James M. Skinner of Philadelphia and his associates, had an advantage over RCA. With authority centralized at the top, Philco could move faster competitively. Skinner had built a tight, dynamic organization. His executives were highly rewarded and were devoted to him. RCA was a more complex organization, publicly owned, with subsidiaries like the NBC networks.

Philco, like others in the radio manufacturing industry, had its problems, the basic one being that the quality of broadcasting had not kept pace with the potential market for home radios. Broadcasters were putting on programs aimed at the largest possible public, consequently appealing to the lowest common denominator in taste. The more educated public and the higher socio-economic groups were not listening to radio. Intellectuals boasted that they would not have a radio in their homes, as some boast even today that they would not own a TV set. The lower socio-economic groups bought most of the radios. In a depression that meant low-price units. The problem from Philco’s standpoint was how to create a market for costlier radios. From the public standpoint, it was how to improve the radio fare so that radio might reach its highest potential.

Philco had market disadvantages, because it had to pay royalties to its competitor, RCA, which controlled a patent pool and insisted on its royalties. Every time a Philco set was bought, RCA reaped a profit. Also, RCA was better known than Philco. David Sarnoff was a newsworthy, nationally known figure; Skinner was practically unknown outside of the industry. And RCA ownership of NBC provided built-in publicity for them.

Philco also had trouble in getting a selling organization to push products. The industry, following the pattern set by the motor industry, sold its products through distributors and dealers. But in the radio retailing business there were many marginal people; department stores, important outlets for radio, controlled the national brands they sold the public. National advertising in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier*'s was used by Philco to counteract this condition.

I urged Ramsdell to try to assume leadership of the radio industry in everything directly or indirectly associated with both radio manufacture and broadcasting. I worked out a program containing many approaches to this goal. Ramsdell fortunately needed no higher authority than himself to proceed. I recommended that Philco sponsor a national drive to raise the level of American radio broadcasting by forming as an adjunct of its own organization, the Radio Institute of the Audible Arts. If this could, by its activities, raise the level of broadcasting, the level of radio audiences would be raised. Radio would achieve its purpose as a cultural educational force. Philco would profit by manufacturing and selling better and costlier radios.

Pitts Sanborn became director of the RIAA, which was always described in its literature as "founded by the Philco Radio and Television Corporation." He was paid a retainer. The institute carried on a national campaign to stress radio's importance and to create a demand for good music, news broadcasts, opinion and educational programs so the public might reap the fullest benefits from radio. Our activities included distribution of music syllabi to increase the value of musical broadcasts; study courses; and forming listening groups of women's clubs and public libraries.

On November 9, 1935, P. W. Dykema, Professor of Music Education of Columbia University; G. S. Dickinson of Vassar College; Boake Carter; and Sanborn and Sayre spoke at the inaugural luncheon at the Waldorf. Sixty-five guests sanctified the occasion in the public eye—from Artur Bodanzky, a conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to leaders in education, women's clubs, radio, music, child study and the press.

Philco announced the RIAA in a full-page advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Usually corporations don't indulge in quite so lavish a way in announcing public interest activities. But with the American people's enthusiasm for radio, Philco could afford to be lavish. I have seldom seen an activity move ahead with the rapidity, momentum and

penetration of our Radio Institute of the Audible Arts. School superintendents began using radio and sound picture equipment as part of their educational effort. Radio rooms were initiated in public libraries, home demonstration agents of the Department of Agriculture acquainted farmers' wives with the better radio programs and music clubs had special radio-listening gatherings centered on good music. We issued booklets written by Lyman Bryson, Merrill Dennison and other experts covering such topics as current events, music, leisure time, listening groups and children's needs. We were flooded with offers of support and co-operation, and a new public demand arose for better radio broadcasts. The trade and advertising press commented on this development, bringing it to the attention of advertisers and station owners.

The RIAA proved effective in tying in dealers' co-operation. Dealers promoted the RIAA through their own channels. Even the broadcasting systems, which were riding high, took notice of RIAA. William S. Paley, president of CBS, congratulated Sanborn on the good work of the institute in calling the attention of listeners to the better programs on the networks. M. N. Aylesworth, president of NBC, was equally enthusiastic. H. A. Fellows, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, said that in providing folders on selected, good programs to groups "your organization has made the first real intelligent start toward the solution of this problem." Listeners, he thought, were badly handicapped by not knowing enough about programs to select them discerningly. The American Association of Advertising Agencies, through its president, John Benson, congratulated Sanborn.

RIAA was recognized throughout the country as a constructive force for radio. Philco was rightly credited with raising the level of broadcasting, and this made possible an increase in the unit price of Philco radios. In fact, RIAA did so well that after several years of intensive promotion we found it was no longer necessary.

We used another approach to break down the antagonism of those who didn't want radios in their homes. I suggested to Sayre an exhibition of Philco radio music rooms, decorated by the most distinguished decorators, built around radios in period cabinets. We opened the exhibition on the mezzanine gallery of the new 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Outstanding houses such as L. Alavoine & Co. Inc., Contempora Inc., French & Co. Inc., Stair

& Andrew Inc. and the famous Elsie de Wolfe Inc. designed the rooms. The National Alliance of Art and Industry sponsored the show for us.

A gala event, with black tie and long dresses, opened the exhibition. Radio, a toy of the unwashed, became the musical instrument of the affluent. Art and decoration magazines for the first time gave visibility to the new radio.

Sayre asked me to suggest an advertising campaign for Philco. I thought we could emphasize the new importance of radio by depicting in picture and text important historical events of significance that would not have taken place if radio had existed at the time: for example, the final destruction by storm of the Spanish Armada, which might have been prevented had there been radio transmission to bring them the warning weather reports, and the Battle of New Orleans, which took place after the peace treaty had been signed. The ads inspired widespread discussion and emphasized the importance of radio and Philco, encouraging sales.

Apropos of these advertisements, I pointed out in a letter to Sayre that "the more catastrophic the lack of radio is the more dynamic the advertising; the catastrophe should be so handled as to make the average reader subconsciously desire to overcome the comparable catastrophe in his life by buying a radio." We distributed these advertisements extensively, sent letters about them to fifty thousand civic leaders, put out a mat series about them to weekly newspapers, sent reprints to dealers and based a lecture on the series.

Next we tackled automobile radios, which were beginning to become popular, with Philco having the edge on the market. In these early days car radios were being attacked because some people thought they distracted drivers. I made a thorough survey of insurance companies, safety councils and taxicab companies to determine their safety factor; the extent of the eye's reaction to the ear; whether sound dulls the threshold of visual perception; and also whether the steady hum of the motor or the average radio program was the more soporific. We did not find answers to all the questions, but meanwhile the sale of automobile radios mounted.

In public relations the road may lead almost anywhere. The Philco campaign led to my chartering the SS *Monarch of Bermuda* at $8,000 a day and conferring with Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce, Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State, Leo

Rowe of the Pan-American Union and other officials to enlist their co-operation.

Sayre had hit on a novel sales-promotion idea several years before, as simple as Columbus' egg. He made a captive audience of Philco's dealer public by bringing them together all at one time to buy the annual new line, instead of sending salesmen to their places of business. This is how Sayre's idea worked out: The distributors and retailers of Philco radios were each given a yearly quota of radios to sell. If they met their quota they were invited to a nine-day Caribbean cruise. Cruises were then considered rare pleasures for the rich. Sayre had chartered the *Monarch of Bermuda* and the *Caronia* in the preceding few years; now he turned over to me the handling of the cruise. I suggested some ideas to make this broader than a sales promotion. I wanted to see it a "hands across the sea" event implying Philco's leadership.

Secretary Hull wrote a letter which expressed his support of the cruise. He said, "I believe that these cruises represent an interesting experiment in international relations, since they will afford large numbers of representative Americans a pleasurable opportunity to visit our southern neighbors." The company's Thomas A. Canale went to Cuba and mailed letters to dealers; the letterhead was decorated with palm trees and a map of the world. The Cuban government turned triple somersaults for the Philco cruise. Letters on official letterheads went to prospective dealers from the President of Cuba, the Mayor of Havana, the head of the tourist commission of Cuba and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. The recipient was welcomed to Cuba. We kept up a weekly barrage of mail from January to April. The Cuban Chamber of Commerce in the United States pointed out that travelers could bring back Cuban rum and other mementos, one hundred dollars duty free, in addition to 50 cigars and 300 cigarettes. Cuban tradespeople wrote letters too.

When the *Monarch of Bermuda* arrived in Havana late in May, a Cuban gunboat met us in the harbor and the American Ambassador, Jefferson McCaffrey, came aboard. Tom Beck of *Collier's*, who had come along on the trip to stress the importance of the magazine, demonstrated his salesmanship. At the pier a huge *Collier*'s sign welcomed us. It was a Tuesday, the day when the *Saturday Evening Post* normally hit the newsstands. The Philco retailers, after debarking, went to Havana newsstands to buy a copy of the *Post* so they might read the latest

installment of their favorite serial, but Tom Beck had planned otherwise. A *Collier*'s representative had taken a fast train to Florida and then gone by boat to Cuba to buy up all copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* on the newsstands and fill the stands with copies of *Collier's*. The men looking for their *Post* were astounded by the impact *Collier*'s was making in Cuba.

In early 1936 freedom of speech in broadcasting was unresolved. I recognized the need to work out sound public policy and public support of radio freedom. People were objecting to what was being broadcast. Some doubted that the President's State of the Union message to Congress should have been broadcast. Controversy centered on NBC's accepting, and CBS's refusing, programs of a political nature. Commentators were being threatened with reprisals against their sponsors by people who disagreed with what they said. The issues of withdrawing and granting of licenses by Government-appointed members of the Federal Communications Commission and the recent raising of broadcast rates were being discussed.

On January 22 we asked leaders eight questions to crystallize public opinion on freedom of the air; whether stations, licensed as profit institutions and given a monopoly wave band, should have the sole right to determine who was to broadcast and what was to be said; the criteria to govern radio's attitude on controversial issues and who was to make decisions; what government relations to radio should be; what principles should govern the granting or withholding of licenses to broadcasting stations by government; what government policy should be in granting licenses to labor, educational, veteran and other nonprofit groups; whether broadcasting companies should be permitted to establish their own criteria for charging for time on the air, when broadcasting is a monopoly, granted by government for which nothing is paid; and who shall determine what the American people shall hear. Our letters stirred up discussion.

As to freedom of speech in radio, I wrote a policy statement for Philco on this subject and arranged for a series of broadcasts in which Boake Carter interviewed William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Norman Thomas; George Henry Payne; and Dr. Orestes Caldwell, commissioners of the Federal Communications Commission. CBS didn't want Philco to get the credit for this series, so they took over the talks and Carter broadcast them for the network.

I was amused by the conservatism of the comment in *Broadcasting* in its issue of March 1, 1936, under the title "Stirring Up the Cats."

Broadcasting said, “CBS very wisely prevented the series from becoming a mere blurb for Philco by assigning Carter to a sustaining period rather than permitting him to utilize his Philco-sponsored time.… Frankly we saw no reason for ‘stirring up the cats’ in these heated political days and we felt that Mr. Edward Bernays, as Philco’s public relations counsel, should have at least consulted with the NAB and the Radio Manufacturers Association before undertaking this series, since the NAB knows the pulse of the broadcasting industry better than he possibly can.”

Our success with this issue led to another declaration of policy, on television, which I worked out with James M. Skinner and which he presented before the FCC on behalf of the Radio Manufacturers Association. Philco was then experimenting with television; no sets were being marketed, although experimental sets were being produced. I recognized that TV, so closely related to radio, must be surrounded with proper safeguards at its beginnings so that it might develop along lines that preserved the public interest.

The policy statement called for establishment of a single set of television standards for the United States so that all receivers would be capable of receiving the signals of all transmitters; development of pictures free from distortion and blur; provision for services giving as near nation-wide coverage as possible, so that the benefits of television would be available to all sections of the country; provision for a choice of programs—that is, simultaneous broadcasting—of more than one television program in as many localities as possible, to avoid monopoly and to provide variety of educational and entertainment features; lowest possible receiver cost and easiest possible tuning, to stimulate domestic installations of television receivers, both of which are best achieved by allocating for television as nearly a continuous band in the air waves as possible. Skinner in his report had said, “Television will never supplant radio. It is wholly unlikely that television will be used anything like the number of hours that sound radio is used. Television in too large doses would be tiring. Television and the movies should not be serious competitors.” Skinner was wrong, but the policy statement holds.

To confirm Philco leadership we suggested a television demonstration for newspaper and magazine staff members at the Philco factory in North Philadelphia. William Grimditch, a Philco engineer, demonstrated television at the factory. What I remember most distinctly is my surprise, sitting in the

Philco office with the newspapermen and watching funny little images of two men who looked like prize fighters (they were on the Philco roof) appearing on a tiny screen. The demonstration also carried a movie short on the Florida Everglades and a singing quartet. One newspaper columnist wrote after the demonstration: “Ten years ago you could laugh if anyone mentioned television; five years ago you could pass it off with a smirky smile; today … it might be wise to put your pennies aside for a television set.” All of us were tremendously impressed. Next day the New York *Herald Tribune* ran an account of the demonstration on its front page: “Television Sees Scenes Staged in Black Light—the system is so sensitive it picks up subjects the eye of man cannot perceive.” After the broadcast we announced that Philco did not believe television was “just around the corner,” though we predicted it would become a tremendous industry eventually. Charles M. Silvert in the *World-Telegram* went far out on a limb and predicted that television, greatly improved, soon might change the nation’s entertainment habits. The greatest surprise for Mr. Silvert was a television conversation with Boake Carter, who sat in the CBS studio in Philadelphia, seven miles away. We watched as Boake Carter picked up a phone on his desk and chatted with us. We watched his movements, heard every word he said, and were astounded. The demonstration staked out a claim for Philco’s leadership in television.

In our work with Philco we were in close contact with their broadcasting voice, Boake Carter, who became CBS voice number one. His voice was properly masculine, resonant and distinctly British. Carter was unschooled and knew practically nothing in depth. He was strongly opinionated about many subjects, from labor unions to international relations. He expressed himself with such surety that he was believed and his opinions were sought by many people. I worked out a system of handling his mail. Engraved stationery and nine different letters needed only fill-ins to answer his fans.

The broadcasts Boake Carter made when King George V died and when Edward VII, the present Duke of Windsor, ascended the throne were reprinted and widely distributed. This was a new manifestation of hero-building. Caruso had done it with his singing voice, Nijinsky with his limbs. Now Boake Carter was doing it by the timbre and impact of his vibrant voice. But with him the hero worship had even greater social significance, for it was potentially dangerous.

It was through Carter and his compelling voice that I became involved in one aspect of the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. In an evening news commentary for Philco, Carter had attacked Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey for his alleged stupidity in handling the Lindbergh case. Hoffman brought a libel suit in the New Jersey courts against Carter for $100,000.

We put out a statement that Philco never had exercised censorship over Carter and never would; that the company did not always agree with what he said, but believed in his right to say it. The attack on Carter was now interpreted as an attack on freedom of speech. Hoffman now invited Carter to a radio debate, and Carter rejoined, “If this is a legal case, it should be tried before a judge and jury and not before the court of public opinion.” The controversy faded out and never came to trial. But freedom of speech and Carter and Philco benefited.

Like a thunderbolt a strike now hit Philco for higher wages. But even more damaging to their *amour propre,* the strike was headed by a former student of the University of Pennsylvania, James N. Carey. Skinner was a devoted alumnus of that school. When workers’ wives, wheeling baby carriages, picketed the factory buildings in North Philadelphia and the Philadelphia newspapers printed photographs of them, management became worried.… Skinner asked me how to deal with this situation. I said I would talk to Mr. Carey and the president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. He said he had talked to Carey and couldn’t get anywhere. I then said, “Why not take up the matter at the top level?”

The top level was John L. Lewis, president of the CIO. Skinner asked me to talk with Lewis. In Washington, Lewis looked at me penetratingly from under his shaggy eyebrows. I told Lewis that when two people—Skinner and Carey—would not negotiate with each other, areas of disagreement could be narrowed by a third person, respected by both groups and not immediately involved. That was Lewis, I said. I gave him the facts and the figures about Philco’s competitive situation. I told him the truth—Philco could not pay more than it was paying its workers because Philco’s competitors had no unions and no union wage scale. He said, “Why don’t you get the competitors to organize their plants and then you will all be on a parity?” I told him he really could not expect Philco to do this. Quickly he rejoindered, “Why don’t you go out and organize the lumber people who

supply wood to all of you for radios? That is all I can advise you to do.” His advice was logical though impractical for us to follow.

But John L. Lewis did telephone Carey, who asked to see me in New York. We met in his small office in the old St. James Building at 1133 Broadway. He told me that Philco and the International United Electrical Workers Locals 101 and 102 considered the struggle a lockout. I told him that I felt no one ever won a long strike and that the thing to do was to work out the best possible agreement. I asked him to my home and we talked long into the night.

My discussions with Carey laid the groundwork for settlement of the dispute, which lasted eighteen weeks. I found him a highly intelligent man. (Some thirty years later his electrical union retained me as an expert witness before a National Labor Relations Board hearing, in a pioneer case in which the union had accused General Electric of carrying on propaganda to break up the union. My testimony confirmed that they had indeed been carrying on “impropaganda.” The NLRB’s trial examiner declared for the union. and this conclusion was confirmed by the National Board.)

chapter 47

NASH-KELVINATOR

The runner-up in large-scale American industry has special competitive problems. He profits from the leader because the leader's activities spill over to his benefit. He is at a disadvantage because he usually lacks the resources to challenge the leader's number-one position. The company in second place often is compelled to substitute ingenuity and ideas for money.

In 1936 a runner-up, the Kelvinator Corporation of Detroit, makers of electric refrigerators and other electrical household appliances engaged us. General Motors was the leader, and its electric refrigerator, Frigidaire, had become the generic name for all such iceboxes.

Frigidaire spent more money in advertising than Kelvinator. It offered better credit terms. It sold on consignment to a greater extent. It used the leverage power of General Motors to enforce its prime position; for example, it did not hold business meetings at hotels which used a competitive refrigerator.

The time was propitious for using the public relations counsel for electrical household appliances. Just as the automobile had revolutionized the relation of the American to his environment, the new use of electrical energy was revolutionizing his environment at home, creating more leisure for the housewife and greater comfort and efficiency for the family.

Kelvinator was aware of the advantages of being number two; it was getting a free ride from the standing, the advertising and publicity of the Frigidaire. But the problem of identification worried Kelvinator, too. Owners of a Kelvinator spoke of it as their Frigidaire—a dangerous situation.

Two million one hundred thousand refrigerators were sold in 1936. The great markets for refrigerators and air conditioners, washing machines, irons, dryers and the whole series of appliances without which no house is considered modern were still to come. New markets were also waiting for

refrigerators in businesses, in offices, for beverage cooling and ice-cream cabinets.

I found the appliance business highly complicated. Service and sales added to the problems of manufacturers. All kinds of wrinkles developed in new mechanical contraptions after they were sold and they needed to be attended to. Setting up dealer and service organizations on a nation-wide basis was a headache. Fortunately these problems were not my concern. I would have hated to deal with them. But they were major worries of three men: George Mason, a go-getting young business executive who made business his whole life work; his trigger man, troubleshooter and dour right-hand aid, H. W. Perkins; and his general sales manager, a friendly extrovert kind of youngish Santa Claus character, H. G. Burritt.

From them I learned that Kelvinator had done much in the early scientific pioneering on temperature-control apparatus. We agreed on a two-pronged approach to their problem. First we would attempt to associate Kelvinator with the prestige and epoch-making discoveries of Lord Kelvin, British pioneer researcher of temperature control. Even those who worked with Kelvinator, let alone the public, didn't associate the name of the English scientist with the company name. If we could capitalize on the past and make the association stick, we could create a new identification for Kelvinator products. We set up the Temperature Research Foundation of Kelvinator Corporation. This body would make temperature research studies and supply authentic information to all interested people.

I assigned Margaret Bean in London to the job of scouring antiquarian shops and autograph dealers to find material about Lord Kelvin. She arranged for the British English-speaking Union to hold a luncheon for scientists on September 17 in London to honor the completion of a copy of a bust of Lord Kelvin by Herbert Hampton; the original was in the Kensington Museum. On October 8, at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., a presentation ceremony took place, and the bust, donated by George Mason, president of the Kelvinator Corporation, was handed over to Dr. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, by V. A. L. Mallet, Counselor of the British Embassy. Alanson Houghton, former Ambassador to Great Britain, presided. Scientists throughout the world commented on Kelvin's contribution.

An editorial in the Washington *Star* the next day said, "Few incidents in the modern history of Washington have been more stirring or significant

than that of the presentation of Lord Kelvin's portrait in bronze." Other editorials and news stories across the country followed the Washington coverage. A brochure about the event, with a picture of the bearded Lord Kelvin, was sent to every important person in the country who might conceivably write or talk about it.

The Temperature Research Foundation needed an authority on temperature control. Edward Heitman, chief engineer, became head, and I organized a group of experts in various fields: Francis Keally, architect; Warren Persons, economist; Dr. Shirley Wynne, former health comissioner of New York; Lulu Graves, a well-known home economist; and Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, designer. An office with a staff of seven people was set up to answer questions that came in on temperature research and control and to communicate with leaders on the subject. The foundation issued booklets with titles like "Temperature Is Health Insurance," "Economists' Appraisal of Domestic Electrical Refrigeration," "Scientific Refrigeration in Nutrition and Health," "Lord Kelvin and Kitchen Temperature." Kelvinator became equated with leadership.

Next the company built a number of model Kelvin homes in different cities. George Mason signed the statement I wrote for inclusion in the brochures: "The Kelvin Home was developed in keeping with a fundamental policy—that of serving the public interest as well as the private interest.… Kelvin Home is but another step in the development of those principles of thermodynamics first laid down by Lord Kelvin, the father of modern refrigeration and air conditioning." The seven-room Kelvin homes were equipped with automatic heating, summer cooling, constant hot water, refrigerator, an electric or gas range, washing machine, dryer and ironer—all made by Kelvinator. On October 14, 1936, we held a luncheon at the Detroit Athletic Club to call attention to the first of these houses. The publicity revolved around what Lord Kelvin had done for the American housewife. We repeated this performance in other cities, including New York.

To my surprise, one day in November of that year I was called in to announce what appeared to be a strange, incongruous merger. This was in the era when most mergers were made of companies in the same field. Nash, an old, well-established auto company, was to merge with Kelvinator; the new company was to be named Nash-Kelvinator. Wall Street wags quipped about the self-propelled refrigerators that would result, but actually

the merger was logical enough. Nash's large dealer organization could be more profitably employed selling, in addition to cars, the diversified line of Kelvinator products. General Motors dealers sold a diversified line, such as Cadillac and Olds, and reached both the upper- and low-income market. But dealers of Nash had to go it alone. The merger would strengthen management and bring savings in the purchase of raw material for both products, for steel and similar materials were used in refrigerators and motorcars.

I met C. W. Nash, the elderly head of Nash, who had enjoyed a good reputation in the automobile business. He was getting tired and enjoyed dumping his troubles on the merged company, but he insisted his name should not be submerged in the new corporation.

One Kelvinator experience stands out—the launching of the new Kelvinator line in early 1937, an event reminiscent of the launching of a new automobile line in the Twenties. Maybe even more so, because refrigerator companies had the experience of motorcar openings to build on. Dealers from all over the country were invited to the event, which was a combination political convention, carnival, pitchman's show and county fair. It seemed as if the selling of refrigerators that whole year depended on the drama with which the new refrigerator was unveiled. The advertising agency for months stretched its verbal muscles to find new names for the slightest changes in the mechanical structure. One year a new armor-surfaced unit in the refrigerator was called a "Scotch kettle" that saved money. There was a "fin flex" agitator and a "spin rinse."

Usually openings were held in a large theater, rented for the purpose. Every device known to the stage was used to enhance the dramatic interest of the new refrigerator, which, obviously, was only slightly different from the year before. Lowering and raising of curtains, lighting and speakers enhanced the occasion for the dealers and salesmen. For the February 1937 showing I had been asked to get the best possible speaker to launch the new line. I chose Senator Royal S. Copeland, M.D., former health commissioner of New York City. Here was the ideal man—at once a health expert, a Senator from the Empire State and a man with a reputation for lifetime concern for the public welfare. I prepared a carefully documented speech for him on the advantages of electrical refrigeration and went over it with him in his hotel. When he came to deliver it before a full audience he

started with “And now I will read you the speech the public relations counsel has prepared for me.” I never lived that down with Kelvinator.

Kelvinator executives were dominated by a continuing concern to show a larger profit at the end of the year than in the previous year. They had had no formal training for this formidable and intricate task, as so many businessmen do today. They grappled with their problems on the basis of experience, hunches, or the advice of experts who often had as little training as they for the job at hand. Advertising men, for instance, thought in terms of new catch words for new gadgets instead of analysis of the consumer’s needs. Wrestling with these problems, which they understood only peripherally, left them no time for anything but what they were grappling with. They became the tired businessmen of that generation. That America’s great complicated economic machine, with its problems of sales, services, engineering, pricing, standards, personnel, competition and advertising, advanced as it did is a kind of tribute to something. Maybe it was the absorptive power of millions of people after a depression. Today possibly we have grown more mature and don’t need the frenetic approach. Or maybe the move toward oligopoly, with a few large firms dominating most of the businesses that were then concerned with hectic competition, have reduced the need for manic dynamism.

We carried on for Nash-Kelvinator. Then one day Burritt and Perkins telephoned that they wanted to see me on a matter of urgency. They had bought more inventory of materials than could be used in a recession that had come on suddenly. Would I please cancel my contract immediately? I explained that a contract carried two-way obligations. I had obligated myself in signing it and was prepared to fill it with personnel and an office equipped to handle their work. Nevertheless, I would be glad to negotiate a contract termination. And that is what we did—with no hard feelings on either side.

chapter 48

ORIENTAL PEARLS

In the Thirties Oriental pearls were suffering from two bad blows—the Depression and Japanese cultured pearls. In Europe and America purchases of luxuries had been greatly reduced. Even the rich considered it bad taste to wear jewels, because it aroused resentment. But at least the jewelers believed the Depression would pass. A more permanent threat came to Oriental pearls when the Japanese discovered that a piece of sand inserted between the shells of a living oyster caused an irritation and produced a cultured pearl, indistinguishable to the naked eye from the natural Oriental pearl. The introduction of the cultured pearl caused consternation in the Isle of Pearls, Bahrein, among the pearl dealers and among the owners of Oriental pearls. It broke the price of Oriental pearls.

A New York pearl wholesaler, Albert Krolik, came to us on behalf of the pearl merchants for help. They were an elite in the jewelry trades. They dealt with retailers like Cartier, who accepted pearls on consignment from them or bought pearls from them outright, pearls that came into the market from Bahrein, Indian rajahs or from forced sale due to the Depression.

We were to start a countervailing movement to meet both challenges, the cultured pearl and the Depression. First, I gathered facts about pearls: the history, myths, economics and fashion. Then a Bureau for Natural Pearl Information distributed news, feature articles and talks about pearls. Then we engaged the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh to make a scientific research to identify the differences between natural Oriental and cultured pearls. They found out that the cultured pearl, under an X ray, showed a grain of sand; the true Oriental did not. *Scientific American,* in April and May 1935, ran articles about them, by Dr. A. E. Alexander, the researcher, which we distributed widely. At least the X-ray test gave Oriental-pearl owners a psychic satisfaction in knowing they possessed the true Oriental pearl.

I thought that stressing the origin of the Oriental pearl—the Isle of Pearls in the Persian Gulf—might help us. The sheikdom of Bahrein, an archipelago of fourteen small islands, was about fifty miles across. Pearl beds were found around the shoals and in the deep water between islands. I had run across the Bahrein Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of the California Texas Oil Company, in my reading. It had negotiated a concession for newly discovered oil in that part of the world with the Sheik of Bahrein through its representative, M. W. Thornburg. I thought this new development linked with pearls might focus attention on our jewel.

I visited Mr. Thornburg, who was just thinking of his yearly gift to the Sheik, "a present of some sort, from time to time, simply as a mark of friendship and appreciation for his helpfulness." He had decided a 55-foot cruiser with a 14-foot beam, a 3-foot draft, powered with a 150 H.P. Sterling Diesel engine, was ideal for the Sheik. I mentioned its publicity value to Oriental pearls, and Mr. Thornburg let me handle the story of the gift. I now broached to Mr. Thornburg my idea of bringing the Sheik of the Isle of Pearls to the United States and asked him to defray some of the expenses. Mr. Thornburg was agreeable and introduced me by letter to C. Dalrymple Belgrave, Esq., C.B.E., British adviser to the Bahrein government. If Oriental pearls were known and understood, I wrote, the island's economy would be helped. We could link the Sheik and pearls and the American people would know the difference.

I suggested that a high dignitary or member of the ruling family come to the United States. Americans liked to make a fuss over royalty. Some recent arrivals, I said, had created great interest—the Queen of Rumania, the King of Siam, the Swedish Crown Prince, the Rajah of Indore, the Rani of Sarawak. If we dramatized the romance of the islands through such a dignitary, appreciation for Oriental pearls might be developed. Mr. Belgrave wrote me that the Japanese pearl and the Depression had reduced diving boats in Bahrein from 515 in 1926 to 261 in 1937; divers had decreased from 19,250 in 1926 to 10,000 in 1937. The value of the catch had been cut from 21,250,000 rupees in 1930 to 13,220,000 in 1937. He eagerly offered co-operation.

In June 1939 Mr. Belgrave notified me that His Highness Sheik Sir Hamad had given permission to his eldest brother, Sheik Mohammed bin Isa Al Kalifah, to visit America, and specifically the World's Fair in New York, accompanied by his interpreter. Sheik Mohammed, he told me, was

sixty, had traveled extensively in the East, in Europe, in England. He was a man of “some education,” had a reputation as a poet, was interested in history and was an expert on the Kalifah family. A big landowner, he was keen about agriculture, which in Bahrein meant date cultivation.

The Sheik arrived at the Waldorf with his interpreter and servants. He had a stringy beard and looked like Ibn Saud without glasses. He wore Arab robes, a magnificent turban and a bejeweled dagger attached to a belt around his middle. Young Yateem, the interpreter, told me his family was at odds with the Sheik’s family; he was an emergency substitute for a regular retainer, who was halted at a quarantine station in Egypt because of trachoma and therefore could not accompany the Sheik’s brother to the United States.

Young Yateem told me of the great influence American periodicals had in Arabia, and in impeccable English he asked me whether he could visit the library of *Time* and see the map room. *Time*, he said, had better maps of Bahrein and its harbors than any in Bahrein. Together we pored over maps at 9 Rockefeller Plaza, thousands of miles away from his home. He was thrilled to find places, streets and other data he could not find in maps in Bahrein, and he gained great respect for America. During his tour of the World’s Fair the Sheik reviewed troops at the Federal building, visted the Lebanon Pavilion and met Pierre Cartier at the House of Jewels. The Bahrein Petroleum Company gave a dinner in his honor. The press and press photographers attended a conference with him. He took a boat trip around Manhattan, and on Sunday I took him and Yateem to the Century Country Club in White Plains. After a walk around the swimming pool to admire the flowers, I suggested that the Sheik take his customary siesta, while Yateem and I sat at the edge of the pool. After an hour’s sleep the Sheik left the clubhouse and walked toward us. I rose to greet him. The interpreter remained reclining on the grass, a demonstration of his family’s enmity toward the Sheik. The Sheik quickened his step and I saw a storm of anger on his face. As he moved closer, his right hand grasped his jeweled dirk. I ran to the Sheik and made a motion as if to catch his right hand, poised near the dirk in his belt. The lightning and thunder on his face disappeared instantly. The Sheik instead muttered horrifying imprecations in Arabic. After a few moments he cooled off, as pleasant as usual! He would have thought little about executing his interpreter for not showing respect. I did not court publicity about this episode.

He enjoyed the World's Fair, admired our bridges and tunnels, reacted appropriately to high buildings and museums. Night life lured him to the International night club at 49th Street and Broadway. When I called for him that evening, he was dressed in a tuxedo purchased for the occasion. New York drew a nasty color line in 1939, and there was a possibility of an uncomfortable international incident if he had appeared looking like a casual visitor from Harlem. I persuaded him to wear his turban, which distinguished him as an Arab. At the night club an eager press agent attempted to get him to pose with twelve chorus girls. But he promptly declined. His interpreter explained that this would be an impossible picture. What would his wives in Bahrein think? We hustled him out of the night club before any chorus girl succeeded in sidling up to him. The evening I took him to a musical comedy he confided to me that it was too much for him. The French proverb says, "A man is not made of wood." He bolted and never saw it through. But motorcycle escorts and press conferences pleased him.

The Pearl Associates gave a luncheon in honor of Sheik Mohammed bin Isa Al Kalifah. John Powers sent three of his loveliest girls to model pearls, and they wore afternoon, dinner and formal evening attire with their necklaces. We took fashion pictures of the Sheik (acceptable to his wives) with the beautiful models and their pearl necklaces. Walter F. Wiener, my nephew, then took him to Hyde Park to visit President Roosevelt and reported a friendly, sympathetic meeting, duly chronicled in the press.

Before he left, His Highness gave me a supply of his photographs to send to those who had given him hospitality. Mr. Cartier characteristically responded, "The photograph will be hung in a prominent place together with other documents commemorating important events." On August 9, 1939, laden with gifts, he left. He bade farewell to the country at a final press interview on the boat and gave me his photograph with an Arabic inscription, a quotation from the Koran, which he said expressed his philosophy—"Love, truth, love."

The Sheik and I liked each other. Often we communicated without talking, for I did not know Arabic nor he English. Even when the interpreter wasn't in the room, I understood him from his manner, smile, facial expression. Despite his accustomed tent life and feasting on the ground, he took to the comforts of the Waldorf Tower as if he had enjoyed them all his life and was to continue to.

Once more I was struck with the fact that, despite their lack of experience with mass communications and publicity, foreign visitors immediately understood them, as if the winning of public attention was instinctive and not an acquired characteristic. Maybe this desire to satisfy the ego through other people's knowledge and appreciation is so tied up with basic drives that it jumps national barriers and boundaries. Everybody responds to "my public." At home I'm sure the Sheik didn't give a damn about the mob, the *hoi polloi.* But here he acted like an accomplished movie star.

I received a cable on his departure which thanked me for my assistance during his pleasant visit to America in the interests of Bahrein pearls and which ended with salaams.

The widespread publicity Bahrein and pearls received satisfied our clients. But the Depression was too deep to revive the luxury of Oriental pearls, and cultured pearls continued to make their inroads in the market.

Today, according to the New York *Times,* cultured pearls, primarily from Japan, are expected to increase in sales by 20 percent, at the retail level over 1963. In that year $42 million worth of cultured pearls were exported from Japan, of which 40 percent was taken by the United States. Necklaces range from $25 to $200,000 each.

chapter 49

BEER: THE BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

The troubles of the brewing industry really started when Prohibition ended on December 5, 1933, the day the 21st Amendment to the Constitution was ratified. The Amendment legalized beer and distilled liquor, providing for state and local option. President Hoover's "great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose," had lasted nearly fourteen years.

Prohibitionists now intensified their onslaught on alcoholic beverages. Hundreds of bills in states and in the national legislature threatened the brewing industry. In Maine a bill increased the beer tax to $4.96 a barrel; it was law twenty-four hours after its introduction. In Georgia, legislation threatened survival of beer. Three fourths of the states had local option. By 1937, 200 counties and 1,200 towns were dry; beer was illegal for 7.3 per cent of the country's population.

Organized prohibition groups financed thirty-five dry publications, with radio broadcasts, motion pictures, lectures, letters and pamphlets, and flooded the country with anti-wet propaganda. In 1936 the budget of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, one million dollars, was spent mostly for this purpose.

Retailers since 1933 had been lax in preventing abuses in the retail sale of beer, and this negligence had caused public resentment. As an instance, the Civic Council of the Chicago Church Federation called for public discussion and action on the shameful way the saloons of Chicago conducted themselves. Abuses included the presence of "unescorted women of the lowest order, drinking by minors, violations of closing hours, screened windows, booths dimly lighted, gambling in connection with the sale of beer and liquor and lewd exhibitions put on by the management."

The brewing industry was highly decentralized. Seven hundred brewers in the United States made beer for local or regional markets. A few large national companies, among them Pabst, Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch, sold their products nationally. National and local brewers were antagonistic toward each other. Local brewers brought about the erection of state barriers to keep national brands out. During Prohibition brewers had closed or made only beer of low alcoholic content. Now they were raring to go, to make up lost profits.

Three brewers associations competed for membership: the United States Brewers Association, oldest and largest; the American Brewers Association; and the Brewing Industry, Inc. They represented factional interests, dominated by national or local brewers. Jacob Ruppert was president of the United States Brewers Association. He was a rough-hewn, down-to-earth German-American, a powerful personality, with uncanny understanding of the wrongs of the industry and a dedicated conviction that the public relations problems of the industry must be tackled on a unified basis. He was convinced he was right, and "by God" he would put through unity if it meant he would get it by brute force. He was inarticulate, and he and I used only to grunt at each other pleasantly. Ruppert and his followers among the brewers were concerned that the pre-Prohibition era, with its old-type saloon and its association with vice, sex and politics, might be re-established. He was worried, too, about a possible increase of taxes on beer in the ongoing Depression.

In this atmosphere of threat to its survival, the United States Brewers Association asked me in 1935 to counsel the association on their public relations and to tell them what to do. We made a study of the problem and tried to find out public attitudes toward repeal, what problems it had brought with it, what public attitudes were toward beer and hard liquor, toward increasing consumption of light beers and wines as a substitute for hard liquor, toward advertising beer and hard liquor, and toward state liquor laws.

We pursued another fruitful task, the historic background of Prohibition, so that we might appraise the situation from a long view—past, present and future. Somewhere in the United States there must be a man who had studied U.S. sumptuary legislation and its impact on the people. On a winter Sunday afternoon I telephoned around the country to find our man. I first called Professor Harwood Childs at Princeton University. He referred me to

Professor Peter Odegard of Ohio State University, who in turn referred me to E. D. Heckman at Omaha City University in Omaha, Nebraska. Heckman walked through a blizzard from one building to another on the campus to take the call. Within a few days he was in New York with his Ph. D. thesis on U.S. sumptuary legislation and helped us prepare our data on its historical and sociological aspects, which made it possible to base our recommendations for the future on the past. We also brought to New York a bright young man from Pittsburgh, Morris Rosenbloom, who had done some studies on the statistics of brewing, which we used effectively.

On March 2 I handed in a 500-page report. Educational, church and civic leaders were against brewers and beer and were furthering local option, while the public was indifferent to legislation, regulation or restriction of beer. In fact, Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church was predicting the return of Prohibition by 1945, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, with its building adjoining the Capitol in Washington, was consolidating its forces to this end.

The drys clearly centered their attack not on the drinker but on the traffic in alcoholic beverages and the saloon; they made no distinction between hard liquor and beer. They invoked the names of national heroes, living and dead, to further their cause: Lincoln, Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, John D. Rockefeller and S. S. Kresge and others who took a strong position against alcoholic drinks.

German names of brewers provided a target for the drys. A pamphlet we uncovered entitled “The Headquarters for Murderers” pointed to the saloon as a rendezvous of thieves and crooks and the center of graft and corruption. It was “the partner of vice, the cause for divorce, the enemy of the child and of the home, a threat to economic well-being.” The liquor industry, they said, caused insanity, disease and murder.

We found “pepped up” or “winner” beer in the Midwest, with greater alcoholic content than ordinary beer, advertised as giving a “glow” after drinking. Brewers subsidized “tied” houses with free electric signs and free advertising. Women were employed as dispensers in beer taverns and frequently as dime-a-drink girls who solicited free drinks and patrons to further beer consumption. Minors worked as entertainers in taverns; radio advertising of beer was loud and brash. Brewers and beer were indeed in a precarious position.

Beer had a good record, historically, dating back to the beginning of recorded history. In colonial days in the United States, Dr. Benjamin Rush had praised it. Small beer brought serenity of mind, reputation, long life and happiness, and strong beer cheerfulness, strength and nourishment, when taken in small quantities at meals. So had Thomas Jefferson. Patrick Henry regarded it as an aid to temperance. George Washington left his handwritten recipe for brewing his home-made variety of beer. James Madison hoped to encourage brewing in every state. The most valuable finding our research revealed was in the Fosdick report, done at the request of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Intellectual concepts are usually deprecated by the American businessman. Yet again and again I have found hidden away in a book or report a concept which, applied in action, proved valuable in solving or resolving a difficult problem. The Fosdick report said that the main purpose of state regulation of alcoholic beverages should be social control and not taxes or punishment. The report said: "Taxes should be levied not with the idea of filling the public treasury at whatever cost to public morality and efficiency, but as a method of reducing the consumption of alcohol.… The difference [in alcoholic content] should be made the basis of a radical difference in treatment under the law. It is true that even the heaviest spirits may be consumed in such moderation as to avoid injurious consequences and that it is possible to overindulge in wine or beer. But the experience and common sense of mankind have always recognized the difference between the two—if legislators have not."

The Puritan tradition of punishing those who drank with punitive taxes was wrong. Discriminating against the alcoholic-beverage industry to provide taxes was outmoded. If beer became easier to obtain than heavier alcoholic beverages of higher content, and was sold in different places under different conditions, the public interest would be served. The government should make a distinction between alcoholic beverages. Beer, as compared to distilled liquor, was the beverage of moderation and it could further sobriety in the society.

The Fosdick report indicated that the sale of alcoholic beverages in a northern temperate climate had always presented social problems. No country existed without some form of alcoholic beverage. Government had attempted to regulate alcoholic beverages to eliminate abuse in their use. Precedents for handling heavy alcoholic beverages as opposed to light ones

had developed. The Fosdick report had pointed out that the history of the regulation of alcoholic beverages in the United States had been almost completely irrational and vacillating.

My report recommended that the USBA form a new independent organization, the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, with directors from the USBA, to direct the public relations of the brewing industry. The organization through constructive acts would serve the public interest. Individual brewers, regardless of their affiliation, should make up the new organization's membership and function as a united front.

My recommended program covered five steps. The first, an educational campaign aimed at the group leaders and opinion molders and the public, that brewers wanted to merit public support by their acts. The second, a pledge by brewers to adhere to a code of practice in manufacture and distribution of beer. A symbol in their advertising and on their product would signify their adherence to this code. The third was co-operation with law-enforcement officers to eliminate antisocial retail outlets. The fourth was local and national advertising that brewers backed law enforcement and wanted the public's backing too; and the fifth aimed to establish beer as opposed to hard liquor, as the beverage of moderation.

Members of the USBA industry and trade press had many discussions about the adoption of the so-called Bernays plan, as well as one suggested by a George B. McCabe, which called for an Industry Advisory Board, based on representation from the three existing associations. I thought the McCabe plan would lead to jealousies and division of opinion instead of unified action. Much intrigue and back-stairs gossip went on in the industry.

Now I was retained to help carry forward my proposal.

A dour, dogged German-American, William Piel of the Piel Brothers Brewery, strongly supported my plan. (His son, incidentally, is Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American* and a brilliant young man.) Piel, like Jacob Ruppert, was dedicated and would keep everlastingly at it until unity in brewing had been achieved. He concerned himself with financing the foundation, suggesting an allocation of two cents per barrel for every brewer member, with a large quota allotted to the allied trades, those who sold the brewers everything from hops to vats. Although Jacob Ruppert was Piel's competitor in the New York market, Piel backed him completely.

Piel, a crusader in his drive and forcefulness, was a lesser edition of Ruppert, with the advantages of youth and a good education. He went at his

task like a devout churchman. There were reasons for this devotion. In the memory of most Americans, enactment of the prohibition law was the first time a thriving, highly profitable business had been abolished overnight and declared illegal. It wasn't going to happen again if Piel could prevent it.

Carl Badenhausen of Ballantine's and Rudolph J. Schaefer of Schaefer's were new recruits to the brewing business, smoother than the old-timers, soft-spoken, a new generation of college men. They pushed the Ruppert line. The beer business had been ruthless and tough, and neither the brewer nor the tavern keeper nor the retailer had been silk-stocking characters. C. D. Williams, the secretary, was a focal point around whom most of the organizing activities revolved. He kept things moving, to try to bring the foundation to fruition. Some among the USBA members felt they might become bigger by opposing the big people. One, Arthur Deute, headed a growing brewing company in Baltimore. He wrote letters to trade papers opposing the proposed activity and prophesying the brewers would be pouring money down a rat hole.

My research into brewing had convinced me that the only way brewers could remain in business was by behaving themselves. All methods must be applied to meet this goal.

Piel, by April first, as a result of an intensive campaign, had received pledges of $300,000 annually for three years from brewers and the allied industries.

I was certain the first public impression of the United Brewers Industrial Foundation would affect its future. I recommended a Waldorf luncheon to bring together brewers, liberal clergymen, educators, doctors, dietitians, health and police commissioners, state alcohol authorities, labor and farm leaders and representatives of other industry associations, such as Will Hays of the motion pictures. These people would symbolize beer in terms of moderation, health, temperance, legality—socially constructive values.

At our luncheon on April 14, 1937, C. C. Pettijohn of the Hays organization talked of self-government in industry; Ambassador James W. Gerard, legal relations; Herbert Bayard Swope, the public interest; Warren M. Persons, former Harvard professor, the economic aspects; Herbert L. Bodman, the brewing industry as an outlet for farm products; Eloise Davison, a well-known home economist, discussed uses of beer in the home; Joseph V. Connelly of the International News Service described how the press viewed the industry; Victor F. Ridder, social-welfare leader, talked

of the social-welfare aspects; and Mark Graves, New York State Tax Commissioner, the contribution of the industry to government.

The gathering of so many outstanding people in fields usually not associated with brewing surprised many. The press hailed the foundation. A booklet, “Brewing and the Public Interest,” was sent to thousands of civic leaders. We corresponded with 200,000 leaders, stressing the ethical standards of the industry and beer the beverage of moderation. We published and distributed pamphlets—“The Economics of the Beer Industry,” “Primer on Beer,” a beer recipe book to demonstrate the home aspects of beer and a bibliography. The newspapers in news stories and editorials emphasized that brewers were eager to behave.

We organized a staff for UBIF’s independent functioning near the USBA’s headquarters and supervised it from our offices. The organization was on its way to continuity. Despite opposition from the American Brewers Association and such national brewers as Pabst, Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch, the foundation increased its membership.

Now unsuspected attacks on beer came from other quarters. Drunken drivers, when arraigned in court, blamed their troubles on a bottle of beer and seldom on distilled liquor. This was reported in the newspapers and equated beer in the public mind with auto accidents. I had read a book by Dr. Sewell Haggard of Yale, called *Devils, Drugs and Doctors.* Haggard was experimenting with alcohol detection in human beings. We engaged him for a two-month study to develop simple tests for the detection of alcoholic content in the blood. When perfected, these tests enabled the police to tell the extent of a man’s drinking, after he was arrested for speeding. The tests, still in use today, made the matter of the cause of drunken driving one of scientific recording and not of acceptance of whatever reason the driver gave.

The emphasis on beverages of high alcoholic content and their antisocial results created an awareness among distillers that taxes might be levied on the basis of alcoholic content. The liquor people became worried. One of the largest distillers made overtures to me to call off the fight. I refused. At the same time I was pleased, because his overture indicated we were succeeding.

The second United Brewers Industrial Foundation convention was scheduled for October 28, 1937. Eight resolutions I proposed for this

convention were adopted; they were a restatement, and an extension, of the points covered in my original proposals.

We now printed the foundation code for widespread distribution by our brewer members. It stated that beer is the bulwark of moderation and sobriety, that the industry wanted to conduct its business in accord with the conscience of America, that the foundation represented more than half the production of American beer and ale. By signing the code the brewer pledged himself to conduct his business in conformity with law, to maintain exacting high standards in production, to promote practical moderation and sobriety and to eliminate antisocial retail outlet conditions.

New York's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia was among those who commended the brewers for the rules of conduct set forth in the code and forwarded it to Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine for his information.

Waldo Frank, the writer, expressed himself this way: "I am a great believer in beer; I think it is probably the best all-around beverage known to man. It has just the right quality of relaxation which men and women in our high tension world require."

We hired Perry Arnold, a former executive editor of the United Press, to visit daily newspaper publishers to get them to work with local and state law-enforcement officers against antisocial retail outlets. We launched advertisements that emphasized moderation and opposition to hard liquor. One stressed the theme "When you drink beer in a tavern—choose your tavern." The public was urged to demand strict law enforcement. The advertisement invited correspondence from those interested in the social responsibilities of the brewing industry. Another urged closing of bars and taverns that operated illegally, selling beer to minors, or after legal hours, or to intoxicated persons.

An encouraging sign of headway was an editorial in the Emporia, Kansas, *Daily Gazette,* William Allen White's famous paper in the onetime heart of the dry country. White had been one of our UBIF correspondents. He supported the foundation and worked with us in cleaning up Kansas's antisocial bars. His editorial on April 15, 1938, was headlined "BEER STATESMANSHIP." He wrote:

It was obvious that since the repeal of prohibition the American brewers were determined not to repeat the mistakes of the brewers in pre-prohibition days. Then, they tied up tightly with distillers. Now they pledge themselves

to the public interest by the code which they paraphrased. The code aimed high.

The brewers are now trying to get away from the distillers. A year ago they adopted an independent code.…

It was obvious that Kansas is the one place in the United States where the United States Brewers Foundation, which was back of the code, with offices in New York, could come and find a fertile field to try out the code. They sent a representative of the Foundation to Kansas. He went to work in a practical manner. He surveyed the beer business in the large counties of Kansas where, if anywhere, the code would crack. He went to the sheriffs and the county attorneys in these counties. He went to the Attorney General of Kansas and told the law enforcing officers everywhere that he wanted their help and he wanted to help them clean up questionable beer parlors, places where they sold beer to minors, to drunks, where they kept open after the hours set down by the local authorities, where the beer dealers permitted hard drinks to be sold them, and in general, this agent of the brewers backing the code made a genuine and certainly an effective campaign in Kansas to weed out the bad practices which tend to grow up where hard illegal liquor mixes itself with the sale of beer.

The *Gazette* knows definitely two cases where evidence was furnished by the Brewers Foundation to close up certain whiskey joints. With the full cooperation of the local officers and the representatives of the Brewers Foundation, public enforcement of the Kansas law controlling the sale of beer can be had. That cooperation should be given.

There is no reason why the beer business should not be conducted as any other commercial business—breakfast food, toothpaste, tenderized ham, packaged coffee or shoes. But it must get away and evidently is trying to get away from the stigma that always will rest upon hard liquor.

The advertisements of the Foundation backed the enforcement of existing law. It put the brewers right behind enforcement. “Restriction of your patronage to legal respectable outlets will raise retailing standards.”

Meetings of representatives of the three trade associations in September 1938, together with directors of the UBIF, recommended that all their members join the foundation and give full support to the foundation program of law enforcement, moderation and recognition of public welfare. I wrote Badenhausen a letter telling him how glad I was that real unity was

now accomplished. A month after this unity announcement, representatives of two holdouts—national brewers—were elected to the board, Anheuser-Busch and Pabst. We felt the position of the foundation was being consolidated.

Since our first relationship our contract had been renewed annually and was scheduled to continue until February 1939. Four months before the termination of our contract we heard rumors of intrigue, that the basis for the holdouts joining was a payoff. The underground that functions in business as in politics told us that the price of their entry into the foundation was that they nominate their own man for the public relations counsel office.

I was asked for an appointment on October 13 with two committee members I had been working with, Schaefer and Badenhausen. I had heard that the purpose of the visit was an attempt to negotiate a cancellation of our contract with the UBIF. I wrote both of them that I would insist on the strict adherence to our contract in the interests of mutual good faith and the commitments both of us had made. The two gentlemen, slightly abashed, told me the board had asked them to make an effort to renegotiate my contract because they were able to get some holdouts to join by letting the newcomers choose their own public relations man for the UBIF. They thanked me for all I had done for the brewing industry. After some discussion they agreed to pay the contract in full, $8,333.32.

I did not feel such action should go unnoticed, despite adherence to the contract. After spending almost three years trying to teach brewers first lessons in public relations I thought they deserved another. I wrote Herbert Charles, the new chairman, telling him we accepted the proposal of his two emissaries. They had had only good words for our services of the last years in planning and furthering the movement for unity in the brewing industry. We had taken both a professional and a personal interest in the industry's problems; we had made a dispassionate, objective evaluation of the situation. I said that in the industry's interest it should be cautioned against action such as that now directed against me, as inconsistent with good public relations. "The severance of a relationship with an organization that has diligently applied itself to your objectives and against which no criticism exists—the surrender of principle to expediency—is a type of action upon which no firm foundation for the future can be effectively built," I wrote. "Actions of this type, possibly directed toward others in the

future, must in the long run adversely affect your every effort toward building up for your industry the good name and the good will it desires and needs for its maintenance.

"Those broad principles of conduct upon which sound public relations rest must, it seems to me, also govern an industry's actions. We thought we should let you have this viewpoint, if for no other reason than to aid you in meeting those objectives for which we have so diligently worked the last few years, and which it would appear are not coming to fruition."

I sent the letter and a copy of it to Mr. Ruppert. I never heard from either gentleman.

What surprises me today is that our program was carried out as I had proposed. For public relations involves more than giving advice to a client; the client must be willing to accept the advice and act on it. When the client is an association, a hydra-headed one, that is difficult. The committee chairman and members often have preconceived notions, without the requisite knowledge to make possible an evaluation of the advice. In the case of brewing, members had their own point of view about public relations. There was bitter sniping.

Years earlier, I had thought that the Russian Ballet was a nest of Machiavellian intrigue. But that was minuscule compared to what we encountered for three years, from 1935 to 1938, with the brewers. Yet, despite jealousies and aggressions, I think the activity provided an outstanding case study of engineering of consent in our society. It demonstrated how effectively an activity predicated on a coincidence of private and public interest can work out.

I had no qualms about accepting beer as a client. It gave me an opportunity to deal with a significant social issue that had plagued America for years. Prohibition was a mess in every way, with flagrant lawbreaking going on and tearing down respect for law observance. We occasionally went to Barney Gallant's speak-easy and saw judges and district attorneys imbibing. I recall Police Commissioner Grover Whalen serving me a shot of whiskey at police headquarters during Prohibition. During that era Doris, at a luncheon at Sing Sing, observed that a trustee served Warden Lawes and some prison commissioners hard whiskey. It was all wrong.

chapter 50

SPEAK UP FOR DEMOCRACY

President Harding keynoted the post-World War I isolationism of the United States with his plea for a return to normalcy. But in 1931, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria, and in 1935, when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, this country started to realize that we were part of the world. Even so, isolationism was by no means a dead issue. When Hitler invaded the Rhineland in 1936 there were no vigorous moves in this country to try to stop him. The belief prevailed that the desire of business to sell munitions was to blame for World War I. George Gallup found, as late as 1937, that 70 per cent of the American people thought it a mistake to have entered World War I. The neutrality acts of 1935, 1936 and 1937 were passed as a result of this mood and prohibited trade in munitions with countries at war. When President Roosevelt, in October 1937, said aggressors must be quarantined, the resulting uproar reflected this isolationist state of mind. But as events marched on there was increased recognition in the United States that the European situation menaced this country. Hitler's and Mussolini's aid to Franco in the Spanish Civil War presaged the march to war, as did the Japanese attack on China the same year, 1937. Hitler's occupation and take-over of Austria early the following year was even more foreboding, and his occupation of Czechoslovakia heightened our anxiety. Thoughtful Americans wondered whether democracy could hold its own against the isms that challenged it from the right and left in Fascist, Nazi and Communist countries.

America was in an ideological turmoil. The questioning of democracy worried many people. Americans felt that our own morale must be strengthened. Patriotic associations tried to develop a unified national morale, but they often proceeded as super patriots instead of on a psychologically sound basis.

I met an unsung hero who exerted leadership and anonymously affected the course of events in important areas and affected the whole situation. You will never find Barney Yanofsky's name in history books. A former newspaperman in Kansas City, he was editor of *Foreign Service*, the Veterans of Foreign Wars monthly, and public relations man to the permanent head of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the reigning president elected yearly, who did what he was told. He was modest and a progressive liberal. Barney was international in spirit and hated Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. He was permanently with the VFW.

There were two powerful veterans' organizations in the country then: the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The war had ended only two decades before, and millions of veterans in the prime of life threw their weight around in politics.

Every year the ladies' auxiliaries of the veterans' organizations of America held a three-day women's patriotic conference in Washington. It had national significance and brought together women from the grass roots, representing, in addition to the VFW, groups of the American Legion, the American War Mothers, National Women's Relief Corps, American Gold Star Mothers and several dozen others.

Barney suggested to Mrs. Gladys Mooney, past national president of the VFW Ladies' Auxiliary and chairman of the 1938 conference, that she retain us to help her plan the conference. I was delighted because it provided a springboard to further democratic thinking. Mrs. Mooney, a buxom housewife from the Midwest, went along with our program dramatizing the progressive ideas at the foundation of our society with few sops to the super patriots.

To make an impact on the country I called the conference "Safeguards for Democracy," and a number of friends participated. "Our Basic National Defenses," our first theme, covered the Constitution and freedom of expression and religion. Professor Charles L. Durham of Cornell University talked about "The Constitution and Our Tripartite Form of Government as a Basic Defense for an Enduring America." Kimball Young, Professor of Social Psychology at the University of Wisconsin, took up "Freedom of Expression as a Safeguard for an Enduring America" and Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, then of the Religious News Service, talked about "Freedom of Religion as a Safeguard for an Enduring America."

On the second day we took up “Safeguards at Home”: Government’s service to youth, our national health and mental well-being, obedience to law, education for citizenship and our economic system were discussed by Senator Brian McMahon; John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education; and James Harvey Rogers, Professor of Political Economy at Yale University. At another session we discussed safeguards of democracy abroad, and we stressed trade treaties, neutrality and arbitration.

At the final session representatives of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Army Air Corps, Navy Air Corps, C.M.T.C., R.O.T.C. and National Guard talked about their activities. The conference received nation-wide publicity and emphasized that for America to endure in the face of threats was not only to have strong military defenses but vital strength in its other institutions. Some super-nationalist women of the American Legion Auxiliary grumbled about the liberal talks. But the country had been exposed to sound ideas, and Mrs. Mooney, Barney and I were delighted.

In March 1939 a majority of the country felt that if war broke out in Europe we should sell airplanes to Britain and France. That autumn, when hostilities began, the Neutrality Act was amended. Even then, Americans did not want to commit themselves. Then France collapsed in June 1940, and we stepped up our defenses and recognized we might have to go to war. Roosevelt offered guns and destroyers to Great Britain. In early autumn 1040 the draft law was passed. Roosevelt ran against Wendell Willkie; both said they were against the United States entering the war.

As the ideological battle intensified, part of the country was supporting the Allies under the leadership of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies; another group, led by the America Firsters, was equally positive that the way to retain democracy was to stay out of war. Disturbed by what was happening, I decided to write a pamphlet that would embody everything I had learned in the preceding two decades about persuasion and adult education, and present a plan of action for the individual to “Speak Up for Democracy.” Harold Guinzburg of the Viking Press published it as a large paperback and priced it at one dollar, with my royalties going to the Red Cross.

A Congressional investigation found totalitarian propaganda by the ton was pouring into the United States. The printing presses of Germany, Soviet Russia, Italy and Japan were making a steady assault on public opinion. Tension was high. American citizens accused each other of being

interventionists, pacifists, America Firsters, Fascists, Nazis and Communists. The Post Office Department ruled that my book could not be sent through the mails at low book rates but at higher fourth-class rates, limiting circulation because it added from 7 to 15 per cent to the one-dollar retail price. The explanation given by the Post Office annoyed me. Quoting the prices of movies and publications helpful in the fight to maintain democracy made the book advertising, and therefore subject to a higher mailing rate than books, it said.

I could file a suit in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York. This would set a precedent if we won the case. If we lost, the case would develop a powerful public opinion in favor of our viewpoint—and publicize the book. Frank Waldrop of the Washington *Herald* suggested a second approach. He said I should publicize the stupidity in the Post Office responsible for the ruling and wait for him to reverse his action. Attacking the Post Office was impersonal, said Waldrop. If the responsible individual in the bureaucratic structure is attacked, he will act in the public interest because he doesn't want to be the butt of public criticism.

I sent out a release, containing the text of a telegram of protest which pinned the blame on the fourth assistant postmaster by name. Within twenty-four hours of its publication in a Washington newspaper Viking received a telephone call. The book could go through at the regular book rate until the edition was exhausted.

V. Henry Rothschild II, an able young attorney, on behalf of the Viking Press prepared a lawsuit brief, which we printed and distributed widely.

The case did not go to trial, because the book continued to go through the mails at book rates. Bureaucracy can be stupid in its interpretation of a regulation, and it is important to oppose such action.

In the book I outlined twenty common charges against democracy and answered them. I mapped out a public relations program, from holiday celebrations to press conferences, direct mail, forums, radio, movies. I listed appeals that might be used; an extensive bibliography on democratic practices, dictators, U.S. customs and on public opinion. The book was well received.

Time, under the caption "Speaker-Upper," in its December 9, 1940, issue ran a piece about it, and *The New Yorker* gave it a tongue-in-cheek recommendation in its December 7, 1940, issue. It said:

For the first time in our life we have read all the way an advertisement containing 2,018 words. It's a publisher's ad, in the *Times*, for Edward L. Bernays' "Speak Up for Democracy"—one of the longest ads we ever saw. "Now you can speak up for democracy," it says. "No longer need anyone feel frustrated about how to help democracy's cause. Now you can become a leader in a great vital movement.… Edward L. Bernays … shows you … how to unleash the power of your written and spoken word … This plan … will equip you to become vocal for democracy, a leader of opinion in your community.… You can become a spokesman.… Do you think of the answer you should have made after the moment for making it has passed? … Do you have the perfect answer on the tip of your tongue?… Act now … The Coupon below.…" The familiar lineaments of an old friend are apparent here, of course, or at any rate, an old acquaintance. Write it NOW, and learn how you, too, can dominate others. We don't mind thinking of the day when almost everybody in the land will have the perfect answer on the tip of his tongue, so long as he understands it; we do mind, however, thinking of the day when large sections of the population will have come to believe that notions of democracy are things that people send away for, like parlor tricks and electric belts. We'd rather not be around when people start laughing with a touch of embarrassment about the time they took up the Democracy Movement.

Barney Yanofsky arranged for the Veterans of Foreign Wars to do "Speak Up for Democracy" broadcasts in the monthly VFW broadcasts, with an audience of approximately fifty million people each month. By May 1941 350 stations from Alabama to Wyoming were using fifteen-minute programs featuring local VFW speakers spreading ideas I had presented in the book.

The Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, held a conference each year at which subjects vital to the country were discussed; I was asked to give a talk on "Fighting the Fifth Column in America." My talk aroused some interest. The difficulty, as so many pro-democratic fighters learned then, was using democratic means to fight a situation democratic processes had not provided for. The Institute of Public Affairs published the speech in a pamphlet and distributed it. I proposed a two-pronged program to carry on campaigns of education to

stress the democratic way of life and to expand present governmental agencies and methods to enforce existing and new laws and establish new public and private agencies, to cope with the menace. And I advocated eight steps for the second line of attack, directly fighting the Fifth Column: widespread publicity about propaganda agents of foreign interests inimical to democracy, now registered with the State Department; rigid enforcement of Federal statutes against persons who commit offenses against the United States—enforced so as not to interfere with the Bill of Rights; passage of laws to curb organizations receiving money from foreign governments for subversive propaganda in this country; expansion of the Department of Justice to effect stringent execution of existing and new laws against saboteurs, spies and betrayers.

We also called for the establishment of a new division of the Department of Justice, the equivalent of a "propaganda" ministry, to make the American people aware of dangers threatening their civil rights and to counteract vigilante tactics; establishment of a new division of the Department of Justice to be called "Public Defender," to defend in court those who are charged with crime not because of what they do but because of what they say; enlistment of the American Bar Association, through its present Civil Rights Committee for public education on the need for the preservation of civil rights; and appointment by the President of a permanent investigating committee concerned with the activities of Fifth Columns.

When the Nazis overran Denmark, Hans Isbrandtsen, American ship owner of Danish origin, felt that unless Denmark was kept alive in the minds of America and our Allies, no Denmark would exist when the peace treaties were signed.

I offered to help organize the Friends of Danish Freedom and Democracy, made up for the most part of Americans of Danish background. During the occupation period, we kept hammering away at developing in the United States understanding of Denmark's democratic institutions. And through the underground we let the Danish people know that American public opinion was supporting them in their aspirations for liberation. We set up a Danish Information Bureau, still in existence, for that purpose.

After the war, when Denmark was again free, King Christian X presented me with a medal and a citation bearing his name.

chapter 51

FORE FOR DEMOCRACY

The nearest I have ever come to participation in sport was caddying in 1901, as a boy at the Lake George Golf Club, for ten cents a round of 18 holes. In 1938 I found myself counseling A. G. Spalding and Company on what to do to get more people to play athletic games and advising the great Bobby Jones on how to increase the popularity of golf.

A casual suggestion at lunch with William Vermilye, vice-president and a loan officer of the National City Bank, and Charles H. Robbins, president of A. G. Spalding, brought me into the area of athletics, an activity that lasted until the beginning of World War II. Vermilye, whose bank had recently loaned Spalding several million dollars, suggested to Robbins, “Why don’t you engage Bernays as your counsel on public relations? I think you will find this a profitable venture.” When I returned to the office Robbins had already telephoned me. When I returned his call we arranged a $40,000-a-year contract for advice on public relations to A. G. Spalding and Company.

Golf equipment was an important element of Spalding’s business. Professional golfers at golf clubs throughout the country dominated the merchandising of equipment. Spalding and other makers of equipment retained well-known professionals, who boosted their employer’s wares at the golf club. Bobby Jones, the greatest golfer of them all, was Spalding’s man. He was charming and pleasant to work with. We organized the American Golf Institute under his aegis and with his co-operation published booklets and instruction sheets to stimulate interest in golf, covering such fields as how to obtain publicity and good will for university and college golf clubs and country clubs, how to give group class instruction. One of these ideas was particularly fruitful, a booklet on how to get a municipality to provide a golf club.

Spalding representatives visited golf professionals at clubs with a series of letters signed by Bobby Jones; the company arranged for these to be sent to members of golf clubs. The letters contained tips for players. The golf professional's name of the particular club was slipped into the first paragraph. The letter suggested the recipient consult his professional about the game.

We organized a department of public information to carry out promotional activities for tennis, baseball and other activities.

An exhibition of four centuries of art depicting sports in prints was shown at Spalding's Fifth Avenue store and brought attention in national media. With Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, we publicized a new photographic technique, a stroboscopic camera view of Bobby Jones taking a swing at a golf ball. The picture was like a slow-motion picture, a dissection of a golf stroke into a series of single pictures, and *Life* used it as a cover.

We found an able, understanding sports expert, John R. Tunis, who helped us organize the catalogue of the company and enthusiastically cooperated in projecting sports as one way of emphasizing the democratic way of life.

chapter 52

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

In 1939 the companies most responsive to public relations usually faced a crisis. They wanted a medicine man to cure their ills. The respected First National Bank told me a client needed help. The United States Government wanted to split the Pullman Company into two separate companies—a manufacturing company that made the cars and a service company that leased parlor and sleeping cars to the railroads and serviced them with Pullman porters. The company was a monopoly because it made its cars and serviced them, and monopolies were contrary to law.

One folklore of capitalism is that in such an action the company is always right and the Government always wrong. An antitrust suit is usually treated as a sign of the Government's drift toward the left rather than the breaking of the law by a private enterprise.

In Chicago I made my final business arrangements with the president of the Pullman Company, a Mr. Crawford, a former schoolteacher, in a huge office overlooking Michigan Boulevard and Lake Michigan—the embodiment of the American dream. This gentle soul, who looked as if he had just stepped out of a high-school mathematics classroom, was running a tight, lucrative monopoly. (Of course this was before airplane travel completely deflated Pullman travel.) He asked me to make a study of Pullman Inc., the holding company, the Pullman Company, the service corporation, and Pullman Standard Inc., the company that manufactured parlor and sleeping cars, so we might recommend a program to get the public to understand the social values of the company so that it would support the company in the critical situation it faced.

I don't think I ever plunged into as deep an ocean of facts and figures. The railroad industry was government-controlled on a national and a state level, and there were facts on every facet of it. The study turned out to be so voluminous that I had it bound in a huge volume in red suede hard covers.

We analyzed the relationship of each of the companies with their multiple publics, and we tried to identify the problems associated with each of these relationships.

We made recommendations for each of the problems in each of the categories identified. We covered promotion for the Pullman Company, to increase its Pullman business, and compared its promotion with that of its competitors. We outlined efforts to encourage pleasure travel in the United States and recommended changes in Pullman-car construction. We stressed the need for better heating and ventilation. We urged that industrial designers beautify car interiors. People talked of “early Pullman” in a derogatory way.

Since the first Pullman parlor car had been built decades before, no one had bothered with specific statistics about the physical structure of the average American. Parlor car seats were made as they had been made. When I presented my idea that seats be made to fit the American body, it was not looked on with much favor.

The Pullman Company paid my fee but never, as far as I know, adopted even one of my recommendations. It stuck to its traditional methods. The Government won its suit and the company was cut in two, each going its separate way.

I did not feel too bad. I had long since learned that even in a crisis an individual who heads a company wants to preserve his own identity and usually takes advice only if it coincides with his preconceived ideas.

chapter 53

A. P. GIANNINI: AMERICA'S NUMBER-ONE BANKER

Late one night in December 1938 I picked up my ringing telephone and heard a voice yelling, "This is A. P. I want to talk to Mr. Bernays."

"Who is A. P.?" I asked.

The voice repeated noisily, "A. P., A. P., A. P."

I asked, "Are you the Associated Press or the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company?"

"No," the voice answered curtly, "I am A. P. Giannini. I'm in San Francisco. Please take the next plane and see me at the bank."

This was my introduction to the chairman of the board of the Bank of America. I continued, "Is this a professional call?"

His voice answered, "Yes, it is. Please take the next plane to San Francisco. We want to retain you."

"I don't fly."

"Very well," he said, "take the next train."

I named a fee and added, "I'll let you know in a few days whether I can come and when."

The next day I asked several bankers about Giannini. I wanted to be sure of the character of the man before I tied up with him. Several financial writers said he did business in an unconventional way, that he was a vigorous, rugged individualist. Some added a few unprintable adjectives and epithets. One man told me that Giannini was a member of the board of the highly respected National City Bank of New York. The mixed reports intrigued me. If the bankers of the National City Bank accepted him as a board member, I figured I could accept him too.

At the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco a huge basket of fruit with A. P.'s card welcomed me. At the Bank of America headquarters Amadeo

Peter Giannini was seated at a huge desk in a large room, facing the desks of his key officers. My first impression was of overpowering bigness. He greeted me cordially, his small eyes squinting in a smile as he shook my hand vigorously.

He introduced me to the president, Lawrence Mario, his son, who, like his father, was usually referred to by his initials; his advertising manager, Lou Townsend; and innumerable vice-presidents, whom he summoned in a loud voice to come and shake hands. Even after we had settled down to talk I had no doubt about his outspokenness or individuality. Occasionally he interrupted himself to bellow for men to come to him for instructions which had nothing to do with our discussion. While he was talking to me he kept track of other matters and did his chores.

Bank of America had grown with California's expansion in the Twenties, mainly by absorption of other banks. It had 492 branch banks in California alone. Banks in neighboring states were controlled by Transamerica Corporation, its subsidiary.

Bank of America was the largest American bank outside New York City, the fourth largest in the United States and the ninth largest in the world. Its loans and discounts were greater than those of any other bank in the United States. No other bank had as much money in outstanding loans in F.H.A. or as great an amount in savings accounts or operated so many branches. No other bank had so many depositors (2,200,000, or one out of every three persons in California) or had so many stockholders.

A. P. started telling me his personal story, one closely intertwined with that of his business adventures, from vegetable dealer to great banker. An Italian immigrant, he had started selling vegetables from a truck in San Francisco and soon achieved such standing among his townspeople that he was able to become a small neighborhood banker for other immigrants from Italy. When the 1906 earthquake devastated San Francisco and brought most business activity to a halt, including bank payments, he assembled all the cash he could lay his hands on, hitched a horse to his vegetable truck and drove around the hills of San Francisco where his depositors were camping out, offering to return their deposits in full, something no other bank was doing. Many depositors didn't ask for their money when they saw this dramatic display of his confidence in the future of the devastated city.

San Francisco's rapid recovery justified his confidence. One after another, old banks were added to his growing empire and new branches

opened. Giannini was ruthless when someone stood in his way. If a bank in a town he wanted to enter refused to sell on his terms, there were ways in which it could be brought to submission. A chain store with its loss leaders can eliminate an independent; a chain bank can destroy an independent competitor.

A. P., I am sure, felt no personal qualms about conducting his bank in this way. He felt that whatever he did was right. Neither his superego nor tradition hampered Giannini. Soon his unconventional banking methods introduced many new collateral services, from installment buying of household equipment and automobiles to issuing traveler's checks. His economic power gave him influence in California's political, industrial and agricultural structure. As loans increased during the Depression, more power flowed into his hands. He became the dominant figure in California.

After preliminaries A. P. got down to business with me. He wanted me to handle the bank's public relations. The Securities and Exchange Commission, a relatively new regulatory body of the Government, had brought charges against Transamerica Corporation because it owned stock in banks in more than one state. The SEC stated this was contrary to law. Hearings were to be held in Washington. If there was an unfavorable verdict, the SEC would delist the stock from exchanges under SEC supervision.

A. P. made no bones about challenging the Government. He had successfully challenged the State and won out in California. He told me it was essential that the Bank of America increase, not diminish, ownership of banks in other states, to keep pace with the phenomenal growth of the West. There was no uncertainty in his declaration. No one could stand in his way. He pointed to the financial record of the bank to prove his point. The bank's net profit for 1937 had been $12,798,324.41, equal to $1.14 each on the 11,200,000 shares outstanding.

The SEC complaint, in twenty-one bristling pages, charged violation of the law against interstate bank holdings and alleged there were eighteen faulty items in the bank's financial reports. The Commission wanted to delve into transactions between the bank and its subsidiaries, which controlled vast enterprises stretching from California to Portland, Oregon, including fire-insurance, life-insurance, mortgage and real-estate companies.

A. P. had made enemies because of his nonconformist banking practices, which were more like those of the robber barons than of the independent banking fraternity of the United States. The banking system of the United States was composed predominantly of independent banks, especially in California, and they feared—rightly—that the phenomenal growth of the Bank of America threatened their own position. People not associated with banking feared the social control a branch banking empire might exercise in politics and general business. The Government was engaged in social reform, and Giannini, as a symbol of the big private enterpriser of the pre-New Deal days, was a natural target.

He acted in banking like the aggressive pioneers who had built the West. He evaluated his actions by expedience, not by moral standards. He was an old-time individualist or believer in free enterprise in the late-nineteenth-century sense. George W. Hill, another such character, seemed pale by comparison. As Giannini continued to talk I realized he considered himself successful and overpowering.

A Democrat, he had worked for Roosevelt's election. Now he felt betrayed by the New Deal. He thought the Government was being pressured by his competitors and detractors to snatch his empire away from him. By God, he was going to fight to the last ditch! They were persecuting him—A. P. Giannini, who felt he had handed the state of California over to Roosevelt. Those s.o.b.'s, what were they trying to get away with? By God, they weren't going to get him, not that blankety-blank Morgenthau, Roosevelt or, for that matter, any one of them.

He saw his bank's growth as a rational development; he told me that depositors and borrowers profited through his branch banking system in California and the ownership of banks in other states. In California, a thousand miles long from north to south, his branch banks could finance olives in the south and lumber in the north, thus eliminating the hazards of an independent bank, which concentrates its investments in its own region.

I believed the temper of the times was responsible in part for the Government attack on Giannini. The pendulum had swung from the laissez-faire policy of the Seventies and Eighties. F.D.R.'s New Deal was calling for a vigorous fight against what Justice Brandeis had called "the curse of bigness."

But Giannini did not and could not understand the legal or ideological basis for the attack. Neither his education nor his experience had prepared

him to treat realities in abstract terms. He had reached his present position by dominating others—his family, son, employees, depositors and cities and counties where his banks were located, and in many ways the state of California. He had such overwhelming faith in himself that he was quite willing to try to dominate the policies of the United States and direct the will of its people.

I recognized the dangers of this emotional approach, particularly if Giannini used his money to try to control political power. A democratic society has to protect itself against these dangers. I thought these matters over as he talked, deciding the part I should justifiably take in his battles. First I defined my function to him. I was no attorney, I said. I could not interpret statutes or judge the legal aspects of his case. I could advise on the strategies and tactics necessary to insure that the public heard his side of the story; I could tell the public about the social advantages inherent in his mass credit methods. I might even draw public attention to certain broad issues his case might arouse. Are there only disadvantages in bigness? What should the size of a private enterprise be in order to serve the public? What were the implications for the democratic process and justice of an administrative agency, the SEC, that was judge, jury and prosecuting attorney rolled into one?

I was inquisitive as to just how A. P. had found me 3,000 miles across the continent. In 1936 I had talked before the Massachusetts Bankers' Association on "Banking and the Public Interest." I had learned before that no talk I gave should be planned lightly, that it should be painstakingly developed and executed. Ideas carry farther than the sound of a voice, and an audience is larger than the group the speaker talks to. The association sent copies of my talk to bankers throughout the country. One copy lit on the desk of Lou Townsend, the Bank of America's advertising manager. When A. P. asked him, a few years later, for the best public relations man in the country to work with the Bank of America, Townsend recalled the pamphlet he had filed away and recommended me. The printed word, like a time bomb, caused an explosion long after the fuse had been lit. And here I was.

I spent several days in cram sessions with high bank officials to familiarize myself with the Washington case. Then I returned to New York, prepared to go to the hearings. In Washington, at the Mayflower Hotel, A. P. prepared to throw the gauntlet down to the United States. He introduced me

to the members of a large delegation that had accompanied him from the West Coast and occupied almost an entire wing on one floor of the huge hotel. There were San Francisco attorneys, most of them Italian-Americans who had grown up with A. P. and, like himself, now had status and wealth; vice-presidents, assistant vice-presidents, their assistants, secretaries and clerks. Several New York attorneys added cachet to the party. Giannini had also retained for the duration some Washington attorneys, among them Donald Richberg. They were supposed to know the cogs and wheels that moved official Washington. I have always deplored the use of so-called political lawyers who see law mainly in terms of personalities. If we must have lawyers, give us men who treat their profession as experts in interpretation of the statutes and not as a traffic in personal relations. The latter is a derogation of our system of jurisprudence.

Living and working at the Mayflower with this group was like a place at GHQ while a great battle was being fought. Occasionally there were lighter interludes. Doris and our daughter Doris came to visit me at the Mayflower. One morning as I sat talking with A. P. in his sitting room I saw little Doris in A. P.'s bedroom, helping his chambermaid make up his bed.

Giannini's historic battle against the SEC took place in the old Department of Commerce Building. Here the Commission carried on its quasilegal proceedings with lawyers for the bank, sworn witnesses, attorneys for the U.S. and a trial examiner. Precedents in judicial procedure were disregarded, and the trial examiner, the judge in the case and the prosecuting attorney, O. John Rogge, were all members of the same agency. But the real case was being fought in the arena of the entire United States, through the newspapers. The hearing room was only a platform for the participants to talk to the larger audience outside.

The hearing room often became a shambles. The participants interrupted one another, subjects were not pursued to their close and personal vituperation was commonplace. Rogge often had difficulty in making his points in the noisy hearing room. But when his arguments did not seem to carry, his emotions did. I could not help wonder, as I watched Government attorneys presenting their case, whether professional zeal dominated their actions or whether they were functioning to gain good will with a sympathetic public or possibly to show how forceful they were and thus get themselves more secure and better-paid jobs outside the Government.

A. P. led the battle, egging on his attorneys. Occasionally he jumped into the fray himself. I remember an impromptu emotional speech he made without interruption. It was filled with pragmatic, down-to-earth reasoning and projected the business philosophy of a pioneer.

"I would make branch banking nation-wide and world-wide," he declared. "It is coming, gentlemen, and you can't stop it, and you are bucking up against a stone wall if you try. You cannot buck natural economic forces. You cannot keep village blacksmiths, stage drivers and wagon makers alive in the present day.

"I see no reason why you folks should not start right in and permit banks to do what other businesses are doing. The automobile business is on a nation-wide scale. Today a farmer goes to town to buy goods from Sears, Roebuck and Company or Montgomery Ward and Company, both of which are on a nation-wide scale. And why in the world shouldn't banking be?

"I do not see how in the world you can make a decent living out of a small bank and pay salaries large enough to keep good men in those small banks, to meet the competition they have to face. How can you expect a farmer to run a bank successfully against the trend of the times?

"You would come nearer a solution of your farm troubles if you had fifteen or twenty large banks that co-operated with the Government. You might be able to go to these banks and say, 'Co-operate with us; don't lend on land that is not fit to grow prunes, that is not fit to grow peaches, and so forth,' or 'Don't lend over so much on this, or that,' and things of that kind, and you might be able in that way to kill overproduction.…

"In all businesses they have learned the value of the individual of limited means, the clerk and so on, just as today they have learned to treat labor differently than they used to. Big business has changed. Things are not what they used to be, for the poor man of today becomes the rich man of tomorrow. The 'little fellow' is the best customer that a bank can have, because he is with you; he starts in with you and stays to the end, whereas the big fellow is only with you as long as he can get something out of you; and when he cannot, he is not for you any more.

"There are a lot of people in our bank today who would have still been small salaried bankers if it had not been for our taking their bank into the system. The moment that was done they had the opportunity to grow up from a managership or assistant cashier-ship or teller in that branch to a teller or official in a bigger branch, and finally in the head office.

“We built up our organization mostly through employees who came in with banks we have taken over. We have promoted many of our executives from the branches, and they have developed.…

“In every town we have ever entered the other bankers have become better bankers.

“I say that the little bank who opposes us is a darn chump.”

We held a nightly war council at the hotel after dinner and planned strategy for the next day. A. P. led the discussions, which were punctuated by excited shouts, expostulations, waving of arms and hands, heated discussions and name calling. Giannini especially enjoyed these verbal battles and acted as if this were one of the pleasures of the banking business. I never had heard such agitated, personal but friendly discussion in business. It was exciting wondering what would happen next. Would they come to blows? Was their apparent anger real? Of course there was no physical violence. This was their way of letting off steam, to rid themselves of the tensions of the day. Giannini himself was acting as he did when he was fighting his way up in the Italian section of San Francisco and in the outer reaches of the Western states.

It was surprising to me that the U.S. Government should be using publicity as a weapon instead of relying on the law alone to win this case. For that is what was done. When headlines favorable to us appeared in the late-afternoon Washington editions of the newspapers, the SEC attorneys rushed statements about the case to the morning newspapers to kill any favorable impression. This happened more than once—a part of the zealous spirit of the New Deal.

The SEC hearings on the application to delist Transamerica stock were adjourned on March 28 after the Transamerica Corporation had offered the SEC full access to its books and records and those of its subsidiaries. Then unexpectedly, the news tickers carried a story that the Federal Court in California had filed a suit against the Bank of America and its subsidiary, Timetrust, Inc., enjoining it from selling Timetrust securities to the public. This surprise publicity attack was undoubtedly timed to deflate the Bank of America in the public mind.

Naturally, L. Mario, the bank’s president, was sore. He issued a statement in New York through me that he would not allow himself to be intimidated by “pressure politics” and “government by headlines.” He said

he had offered the SEC the books and records of Transamerica and regarded Timetrust certificates as sound, desirable investments. He welcomed the opportunity of appearing in court to prove the validity of his actions and the strength of his securities. He deplored these rear-guard surprise actions of publicity as “uncalled for, unnecessary and inconsistent” with any reasonable activity to safeguard the public interest. He protested the willful, deliberate sabotage of financial institutions and said it was contrary to our basic judicial system for a government body to level false accusations and seek widespread publicity by surprise methods without simultaneously offering an opportunity to the accused to present his side to the public.

Usually statements of the counter-offensive did not make the same newspaper editions that carried the original Government accusation, which I think the SEC was fully aware of and which was part of the strategy. In this case, forewarned by a ticker service, the morning papers carried our side of the story too. Still I felt this was an injustice and suggested to A. P. that he take the offensive against publicity tactics of the Government. He needed no urging. He was ready to take on the SEC. I wrote a statement for him which received widespread comment and publicity.

Giannini vigorously attacked “Government by Headlines” in this statement. He said in it that he had come to Washington expecting to find justice dominating the hearing rooms. Instead, the New Dealers used impropaganda to make up for their lack of experience. He deplored the fact that in a government in which the judiciary, legislative and executive branches were separate and distinct, the prosecuting attorney, judge and witnesses should all be employees of the same unit of government, and he expressed hope that an awakened public opinion would bring back the basics of America.

The SEC hearings brought to light what was to me an interesting phenomenon. Blue-collar workers backed the New Deal to the limit in its attack on business. Often white-collar employees and businessmen opposed these administrative policies. At the Bank of America, the employees went all out on a crusade in support of A. P.

When the expansive loan policy of the Bank of America was questioned by some bankers and by Washington, the attacks stimulated the Gianninis to carry on their loan policy more vigorously. In great part this policy had made possible their growth. They issued a memorandum, “575 Years of Banking Experience,” which gave a profile of their General Finance

Committee. The committee's twenty-two members aggregated 575 years of banking experience. Three had more than 40 years' experience; nine, more than 30 years; thirteen, more than 25; and eighteen, more than 20.

The case was getting nationwide attention. It would set a precedent and define the relations of a private business organization to its Government. It also upheld the democratic principle that a man could challenge his Government's actions and depend on due process of law for justice. A. P. was affirming a principle, but I do not believe he was fighting for principles. Anger, egoism and possessiveness motivated him, along with a pioneer spirit that suggested anyone could get what he went after.

The same principle was demonstrated in a letter of protest which Ralph Wood, president of Timetrust, Inc. sent to the Securities and Exchange Commission on March 4, 1939. It protested that the conduct of SEC agents in their investigation of Timetrust, Inc. had been unethical, unprofessional and illegal; it charged that the investigators had made an undisguised attempt to discredit and cast doubt upon Timetrust Certificates, both by direct statement and by innuendo. Furthermore, it denied the right of the Commission to jurisdiction in the matter.

This sounds exaggerated in the light of today's passive attitude toward the Government. No doubt the U.S. was making a scapegoat of business, an aftermath of depression psychology. But it was a far swing of the pendulum, against the excesses of the pre-New Deal days. On the whole, the New Deal was constructive. I believed in the philosophy of the New Deal but felt that judicial procedure should adhere more closely to the rules of legal procedure in its administrative agencies. Our Government should not be run as if it were a pressure group. Freedom to air all aspects of a dispute is essential in the democratic process.

From the Government's view, this was a test case to establish its right to examine the intimate details of private business. At the same time the resistance of private business to this assumption was tough. Seven years after the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, A. O. Stewart, president of the Pacific Coast Mortgage Company, one of the Giannini holdings, still refused to answer questions regarding the private affairs of the company. Stewart stated that the mortgage company was advised that to allow interrogations into the private affairs of the company would set a dangerous precedent for other private investment corporations.

The climate of opinion was totally different among bankers then than it is today. Private enterprisers clung to the belief of the medieval guilds that secrecy was an essential part of the economic system. Government, the New Deal, was equally strong on the policy of pitiless publicity. However, Mr. Stewart was willing to have the SEC examine his pertinent records to disprove the charge that his company was a subsidiary or in any way related to Transamerica. The Government continued to fight the Bank of America vigorously.

From May to October 1939, fifteen accountants from the SEC examined the Bank of America books, but they uncovered nothing of importance. In the final adjudication the bank was allowed to keep Transamerica, though the two later became independent of each other. The case helped establish the Government's right to examine private business and to publicize its findings. Private business was public business. The findings did not affect the methods of the Bank of America or its continuing growth.

I studied the issues and planned the production and distribution of press material, presenting the Bank of America side. I worked with the Gianninis on the strategy and tactics of their presentation at the hearings. In Washington and New York I conferred with newspapers and press services that covered the case. Our work for the bank was not only devoted to this case.

After the SEC concluded its hearings in Washington, we concentrated on building good will for the bank and branch banking in the U.S. Since the first meeting with A. P. I had felt that good will for the bank depended to a great extent on the attitudes toward branch banking. But by this time the issue of branch banking had become so controversial that I urged the Bank of America to proceed on a campaign to validate this kind of banking. Branch banking was successful in New Zealand, Australia, Canada, England and other countries, where it was an accepted method of banking. I felt that if we reflected its advantages to the people of this country, the standing of the Bank of America would be strengthened.

I learned that J. W. Chapman, professor of banking at Columbia, favored branch banking and suggested the bank engage him as a consultant. He gathered a group of like-minded academic experts and formed a committee to further branch banking. It published a branch-banking bibliography, pamphlets in many aspects of branch banking, releases and other data. Harper's published a book on branch banking, written by

committee members, which was widely distributed and received much favorable attention. This campaign, which always linked Dr. Chapman, committee chairman, with the Bank of America, cleared the atmosphere of ignorance and doubts and improved the position of branch banking in the United States and with it that of the Bank of America.

A. P.'s first agreement with me over the telephone in late December 1938 called for a fee of $6,250 monthly for two months beginning December 26, 1938; one month later we made a new arrangement for a fee of $60,000 for the ensuing year.

In addition to the activities already begun I recommended that a survey be made to learn what Californians thought of the bank. Braun & Company of California made the survey and found that the Bank of America had poor relations with its depositors, its communities and other publics on which it depended. The survey confirmed what I had thought—that the bank badly needed an over-all job of public relations covering basic management policies and practices; the reputation of the bank was no better than that of most California banks and in most cases worse. The bank's reputation was particularly poor in the area of its landlord relationships.

Important publics were antagonistic to the bank. Basic changes in policies and practices were needed at the top, and afterward there was still the problem of getting them accepted by personnel and by the public. I suggested that the antipathy to bigness might be minimized by encouraging initiative and a human, personal relationship between the bank's employees and the public. In addition, to validate bigness, good reasons should be given to the public explaining why a large bank served their interests better than a small one. If people understood that bigness could be beneficial as well as malevolent, the bank's cause would be served. In another approach I urged bank managers to participate in community activities to develop favorable opinion for their local branches. When World War II came, America recognized the importance and value of bigness in its industrial machinery, and after the war public opinion favored big corporations.

David Lilienthal's book on the value of bigness exemplified this trend.

The pleasantest memory of my Bank of America experience was my relationship to A. P.'s son Mario, then heir to the Giannini empire. At the age of 40 he looked like a young Mussolini, dark in complexion, short and quick in his motions. But his looks belied his nature. I thought him brilliant, gentle and wise. Some said he was ruthless, like his father, but if that was

true I never saw that side of him. Mario had hemophilia; a bruise might cause uncontrollable bleeding. A slight scratch meant hospitalization. Fear that an accident might end the family line of descent was A. P.'s constant concern. A. P. resented his son's disease but loved him and admired his mind and ability.

Mario had two little girls whom he and A. P. and their grandmother adored and who occasionally appeared at the bank in spic-and-span, starched white dresses. During my second visit to California Mario was in the hospital. Before I left I called on him and we talked until two in the morning. He recognized certain failings in the institution; he knew he would head a great banking empire at his father's death; he prophesied that the Far West would continue to grow faster than the rest of the country. He knew millions of people would depend on the bank and on him. He was aware that public opinion and public pressure would lessen private economic power and that a greater recognition of coincidence between the public and private interest was necessary if private enterprise was to be maintained in the United States. He agreed that one-man dominance of the bank, such as that exerted by A. P., was unwise—it represented a cultural time lag. Mario with his penetrating mind was keenly aware of the lack of intellectual approach in top bank personnel.

He had enjoyed working with me. The bank needed new viewpoints, particularly in public relations. "I'd like you to be vice-president of the Bank of America," he said almost casually. "I can't give you a larger salary than my own. I'm president and my salary is fifty thousand dollars. Will you accept this amount to start with? We'd be delighted to have you, and you can live in California and enjoy it."

I thanked him deeply and was sincerely flattered by the offer but explained I did not want to give up my independence. I appreciated the confidence indicated by the offer, but my life was centered in the East. I did not want to pull up roots for my family's sake and my own, and I declined. I am not sure he understood the reason for my decision. He never had my independence. I do not think he knew what it meant. But he naturally accepted my decision, and I returned to New York.

I also enjoyed my work with A. P., but in quite another way. What pleased me was his willingness, his eagerness to reject the conventional and traditional. He had killed the idea that a banker had to wear a morning coat and top hat to be a banker, that stuffiness and banking were synonymous.

He built his banking business by lending money to householders for the purchase of automobiles, vacuum cleaners, washing machines and other household appliances, previously an unheard-of activity. He had fought his way up by using his imagination and identifying himself with the needs of the people.

He was a powerful leader who had outlived his time. Through his personality he had dominated his satellites. Whenever I talked with his men they seemed to be unable to function without his supportive authority. But when he decided to take on the United States of America he met his match.

I deplored Giannini's robber-baron attitude toward his competitors and his unregenerate nineteenth-century free-enterprise tactics. They were contrary to my own philosophy and to the philosophy of the contemporary society in which he still tried to exert an outworn idea. But, on balance, he set a new pattern for the banking function in the United States—a function in which credit expanded the standard of living of his customers and in which the whole relationship with the banker was humanized for millions.

When A. P. died his son Mario took over. And when Mario died some years later the group that had worked with A. P. took over. Today the bank is the overpoweringly dominating economic influence in California, the largest bank in the United States. It has kept pace with the expansion of international trade and has become more conservative in its methods. But the aura of A. P.'s dynamic vigor, without which it could not possibly have become what it is, still pervades it.

In 1964, Doris and I had lunch with Lou Townsend, now retired, in Berkeley. I was pleased to hear that the bank was still carrying out the recommendations we had made years before.

chapter 54

WORLD'S FAIR, 1939

GROVER WHALEN, THE LITTLE FLOWER AND HARVEY GIBSON

Frederick Lewis Allen saw in the 1939 New York World's Fair a conglomerate of all America expressing itself, from the Futurama of General Motors to the fan dancers. That was one viewpoint of the Fair and a just evaluation. But I had another view of the Fair—a closer inside view. To me the Fair was the personal projection of three men: Grover Whalen, Fiorello La Guardia and Harvey Gibson. Mr. Whalen was known as Grover the Magnificent; as director of the Fair he was paid $75,000 a year. The second was the fiery, emotional Mayor of New York, the "Little Flower," who combined in himself a Napoleonic complex and a desire to give the people of New York good government and who charmingly read the comics over the radio to the children of New York during a newspaper strike. The third was Harvey Gibson, chairman of the Manufacturers Trust Company, an up-and-coming banker who saw that by assuming chairmanship of the Fair he might help his reputation and that of his bank and had floated the bond issue to make the Fair possible.

My formal relations with the Fair lasted only ten days. My first encounter with it was at a luncheon given by the Merchants Association of New York at the Hotel Statler in May 1938. I had been asked to talk on a theme for the Fair. The Fair already had a grandiose theme, "Building the World of Tomorrow." The early literature described it as "the first Fair ever to attempt building itself on a constructive world concept. And in every building, every zone, every plan we establish for it, the visitor will find evidence of that concept, that theme—the advancement of civilization, the building of the world of tomorrow." All this took place in the grim atmosphere of the impending world war.

Mr. Whalen was no man to put this theme into effect. It seemed to me that his outlook and education were limited. His greatest assets were his handsome face and his charming, personable manner, always valuable to men as well as to women. The Fair's publicity overemphasized its materialistic and grandiose aspects, stressing the amount of money spent on exhibits, the cubic contents of the buildings, the square footage of space and ignoring any constructive idea that might fire the imagination and give a real theme to a World's Fair.

At the luncheon Whalen sat to the left of the toastmaster; I sat at his right. Whalen squirmed when I urged that "democracy" should be the Fair's dominating motif. I quoted Professor Kirtley F. Mather of Harvard, who had said, "To strengthen and invigorate the dynamic for democracy is an inescapable part of the task of education in this second third of the twentieth century. If we are to make any progress in that direction, we must mobilize all the resources that we can find or that we can create. We must have the courage of our convictions and the fearlessness which arises from a supreme faith in the essential worth of human nature. There must be a clear definition of the democratic procedure sketched in outlines so bold that all may see and understand."

I explained that the theme of democracy could be dramatically infused in the exhibits of automobiles, telephones, radios, refrigerators, banks, shoes, books, the arts, machinery, houses, dresses—all could be related to the ideals we were striving for in this country. The Ford or General Motors exhibits should make clear how the automobile affected our school system, our voting habits, our economy and so on. Not to identify the Fair with the hopes and aspirations of the people was to lose its greatest potential effect.

My idea received widespread publicity. Mr. Whalen was most congratulatory. The Fair was still almost a year away. United States involvement in the war was three years away. Had Mr. Whalen been a different kind of personality, I feel the Fair might have been a much more potent factor in strengthening democracy. But Mr. Whalen's personality had conditioned the Fair and the picture of it in the public mind.

Before the Fair opened, Doris was asked by Henry Dreyfuss, the industrial designer, to name the city he had designed for the interior of the great perisphere. She suggested Democracity, and that was its official designation. The World's Fair opened in the spring of 1939 when Europe was approaching war. Hitler was consolidating his power; Fascism was

growing in Italy; and Communism was getting stronger in Russia. On opening day exaggerated estimates made people unwilling to brave traffic jams. Doris and I and a few friends were sure this would happen. It was strange to watch the official count of attendance send the tally way up into the area of Whalen's wishful thoughts. The Fair stumbled through its first season without great success in attendance or publicity—the projection of a man, who, as it turned out, had been mistakenly chosen. How reminiscent of the 1964–65 New York Fair!

My second involvement with the Fair was through Harvey Gibson, the banker. When I had worked on the merger of Nash-Kelvinator I had been introduced to him by Horace Flanigan, vice-president of the bank, and Ernest Stauffen, Jr. Gibson, a go-getter, had impressed me, but it had been so casual a meeting that I was really surprised when Howard Cutler of my office telephoned me at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, where I was discussing public relations on a lecture tour. Gibson wanted to see me immediately to talk about taking over the World's Fair public relations for the next season.

On my return a few weeks later Gibson described the incompetence and wastefulness of the Whalen regime. He prevailed upon me to head the Fair's public relations for its second season. I told him I would not accept the appointment on a professional basis, because that would associate me with the first year's failure, but that I would accept the title, the authority and the obligation as a public service. I was provided with automobile transportation between my office and the Fair at Flushing. I told Mr. Gibson I believed I could get the Fair back on its track if I was permitted a free hand. Mr. Gibson was a man of action and agreed, for he was in charge and had completely superseded Whalen.

Gibson and the backers who had held the Fair's millions of dollars of worthless bonds had wanted to let Whalen go after the summer. But his national and world-wide build-up had been so great and the general assumption by the public that he had done a good job so overwhelming that as a face-saving device they sent him to Europe to travel in state and round up crowned heads and other VIPs to visit the Fair in 1940. To have cut the cord by simply firing a $75,000-a-year man, hired with other people's money, would have been a reflection on them as well as on Whalen.

As chairman of the Board of Directors, Gibson announced my appointment in a story played up by the newspapers on September 19,

1939: “Bernays Heads Fair Publicity Plans for 1940; Promotion Expert Is Chosen as Public Relations Representative. Will Serve Without Pay.” The announcement continued that I would have a council of newspaper publishers, radio executives and industrial public-relations experts to aid me. “Appointment of Mr. Bernays is part of a program for launching a vitalized Fair in 1940 that Mr. Gibson has been whipping into shape since he took over the board chairmanship several weeks ago.

“Mr. Bernays, it was announced, is to ‘develop a program of public relations for the Fair for 1940.’ His name will be presented to the Fair’s board of directors at its next meeting, September 26, for election to the board and membership on the executive committee. In the meantime he will begin work at once on his 1940 plans and will attend all meetings of the executive committee.

“The Fair Corporation tendered the post to Mr. Bernays and he accepted, stipulating that he considered the work a public service and accordingly would contribute his services without compensation.…”

Now I came in contact with the third member of the triumvirate running the Fair—by indirection, but nonetheless in a forceful way. A week of planning and working had elapsed when Mr. Gibson asked me to lunch on the Fair grounds at the Terrace Club, the gathering place of the VIPs. Gibson was actually humble, which I was sure he rarely was, and embarrassed. He told me of the trigger reactions my appointment had set off in the emotional Mayor La Guardia. First he telephoned Gibson and hit the ceiling. Mr. La Guardia played no favorites in the choice of the victims of his billingsgate. La Guardia accused Gibson of putting in his man to direct the Fair’s public relations so that the bankers could get credit for salvaging the Fair. La Guardia said he would not tolerate that. He threatened Mr. Gibson with withdrawal of the fire-fighting equipment the city had assigned the Fair. He threatened also to withdraw the city’s police protection and the rubbish and garbage collections unless what he called “the Bernays deal” would be called off.

The Fair’s executive committee had affirmed the agreement with me through Gibson, but the formal board meeting to pass on the executive committee’s action had not yet taken place. Mr. Gibson was up against it. He could not defy La Guardia because the contract between the World’s Fair Corporation and the City had been so written that Mr. La Guardia could legally carry out his threats.

I told Gibson I would resign, that I would not want to injure the Fair. Mr. Gibson asked me to prepare an announcement for the newspapers. The New York *Times* headlined its story, “Bernays Quits Fair, Charging Politics”; “Extremely Confused Situation Forced Him Out, Publicity Counselor Declares.” The New York *Sun* on October 2 quoted my statement:

“Because of the extremely confused political situation in the World’s Fair, I have withdrawn from participation in it.

“Politics has no logical place in the conduct of the Fair, which should be carried on with the greatest efficiency for the benefit of the people of New York and the country, of the exhibitors and of the thousands of investors in the Fair. I could not conscientiously devote my efforts to fighting against political alignments. Instead of concentrating on the needs of the Fair itself, therefore, I am reluctantly forced to withdraw.

“I appreciate the support of Harvey D. Gibson, chairman of the board, and other members of the executive committee. I know they understand my action. I am grateful for the cooperation given me by Commander H. A. Flanigan, executive vice president, key executives of the Fair and by all the department heads of the public relations division.”

I was through with the Fair, but my presence, like a catalyst, had brought about a new relationship between La Guardia and Whalen. As the Fair preparations originally had progressed, tension had developed between them. During the first months Whalen was grabbing all the publicity for himself, having his photograph taken with every visiting VIP. La Guardia knew the value of a continuing flow of publicity as few officials did. He hit on a countervailing measure. He moved the summer city hall to Flushing, just outside the Fair grounds. When he heard or read that anything newsworthy was to happen at the Fair, he rushed over to get into range of the photographers’ cameras. But when I resigned La Guardia and Whalen combined forces against the bankers—Whalen prompted by pique at having been deposed, La Guardia by political motivations.

La Guardia was a complex human being. I had not personally met him. I had met him by proxy through several of his commissioners whom I knew well. Each had told me of bitter experiences with him and asked my advice on how to deal with him.

Commissioner of Hospitals Dr. S. S. Goldwater had once told me of his dilemma. We were in a depression. The city finances were in poor condition and the Mayor had cut down on building and repair budgets for hospitals. The cuts were so drastic and the facilities so dangerous that Goldwater was afraid that a hospital fire might break out and helpless patients burned to death. The Mayor had already turned him down once on his request for funds, and he knew a second request would be refused too.

La Guardia would regard a new request as a reflection on his administration and would raise such hell with Goldwater that his life would not be worth living. I advised him to take the public into his confidence and marshal public support for a public need. Robert Moses, I said, had demonstrated the effectiveness of going directly to the public. The public and the public alone was the deciding factor in such matters. But Dr. Goldwater did not act. He was a sensitive physician, too gentle to draw attention to the need in that way, and he liked his work too much to resign.

Austin McCormick, Commissioner of Correction, had also asked my advice. Widely known throughout the country as a proponent of prison reform, he was in demand at conventions of prison officials and prison reform groups. He had accepted a speaking engagement in Baltimore and notice of it had appeared in a Baltimore newspaper. A few days later La Guardia bawled him out over the telephone and forbade him to give the talk. What should he do—he wanted to give his talk. I told McCormick that he could take it or leave it—he was dealing with a dictator. He didn't give his talk.

A third commissioner, Alfred Rheinstein, Commissioner of Housing, a builder of the highest integrity and character, had had some difference of opinion with Nathan Straus, Jr., Federal Building Administrator, on the best method of allocating U.S. funds for the construction of housing in New York City. In collaboration with Henry Pringle, a Pulitzer Prize winner, Rheinstein had written an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* presenting his viewpoint and criticizing Straus. The day after the article appeared the Mayor had cursed him up and down by telephone for writing it. Rheinstein asked me what he should do. I told him that it seemed to me he would have to knuckle under or resign. He quit, and La Guardia lost one of his best men.

Another incident may throw light on the Mayor's personality. The Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit had-retained us to prevent a threatened strike.

Mitten, general manager of the BMT, gave me a straightforward account of the facts in the strike situation. I urged that Arthur S. Meyer, state arbitrator, be called in; I had worked with him before and respected him. Within a few days he brought about an agreement between strikers and the BMT, averting a strike that might have tied up transportation for millions of New Yorkers.

I was not surprised to learn the agreement was to be signed at City Hall. The Mayor could now reap glory for having averted a serious strike. I decided to watch the ceremony. When I entered the crowded anteroom I heard loud yelling and a ruckus in the Mayor's office. A newspaperman told me the ruckus was directed against me. The Mayor was vociferously denouncing the full-page advertisements the BMT had run in the New York newspapers presenting their side of the dispute. I gathered that he was sure that he had not received full credit for settling the strike.

Several years later, I met La Guardia for the first time. I was co-chairman of the drive to collect books for the armed forces, conducted jointly by the American Red Cross, the United Service Organization and the American Library Association. When I arrived at the top steps of the main New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, on July 5, for the ceremony inaugurating the drive, Mayor La Guardia was already there, wearing his cowboy hat, vibrant, bubbling over with energy. He was pacing up and down, waiting for the photographers to shoot both of us. He looked brightly and eagerly around at the crowd that had gathered. When he saw me coming, his face broke into a sunburst of a smile, and in an easy, pleasant manner he extended his hand and shook my whole arm vigorously. He greeted me as if this were the happy culmination of his life. He kept hold of my hand, smiling at me as we had our photograph taken.

With all his defects, there is no denying he was one of New York's best mayors.

chapter 55

PERSONALITIES OF THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES

In the 1920s and 1930s I met many people who made a lasting impression on me, sometimes because of what they said or did, sometimes because of what I did with them or said to them. I have described some of these relationships, because they are revealing of the individual or of the times.

HARRY BRIDGES

In 1939 Harry Bridges, head of the Longshoremen's Union, was considered the embodiment of evil. A general strike and the waterfront strikes that followed had made him, in the minds of financial and economic interests, the arch enemy on the West Coast.

When I visited San Francisco with Doris, I wanted to meet Bridges to see what he was like. San Franciscans told me, "You don't want to meet that s.o.b." But I did. People were prejudiced and afraid. Finally Mildred Edie Brady, a former editor of *Tide*, and her husband, Professor Robert Brady of the University of California, arranged a meeting for us. The meeting had to be late at night, for feeling was running too high for me to see him in the daytime, and, besides, during the day Bridges was occupied with his trial at Alcatraz, where hearings on his possible deportation were being held.

At 2:00 A.M. Harry Bridges' attorney took us to Bridges' apartment near the Presidio. Bridges looked like his photograph—a tall, thinnish Australian. I asked him questions about labor, his philosophy and his approach to life. He answered frankly, I thought. He compared himself to a leader of the British Labor Party. I asked him whether he was a Communist and he answered "No." He said the shipowners were trying to exploit the longshoremen and maritime workers. I had no doubt about that. The temper

of the times in San Francisco seemed highly reactionary to me. As head of the union he said he was trying to get for the workers the square deal they deserved. If I had not read about him before I saw him, he would have seemed just like any conservative Eastern labor leader.

Twenty-five years later I visited San Francisco again for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Regrettably I did not meet him. But Bridges was now a respected labor leader.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Heywood Broun, writer, columnist and drama critic of the New York *World*, came to our Washington Mews home one evening in the late Twenties to discuss a matter of great urgency. We had known each other for years; his wife, Ruth Hale, was a good friend of ours. Doris and my membership in the Lucy Stone League had brought us together.

Heywood sat down on one of our large sofas, relaxed, and unburdened himself. He told us of his claustrophobia—how painful he found it to ride the crowded West Side subway from his home on West 87th Street; that he found sitting in a crowded theater to review the opening of a play highly uncomfortable. He told us too of his suffering from agoraphobia that had reached a point where he could not cross a street at an open crossing. For several hours he told us of his fears. Then he disclosed his reason for the visit: “You are a nephew of Sigmund Freud, and maybe you can help me. Do you know the name of a psychoanalyst to whom I can go to cure my phobias?”

Several years before I had asked my uncle to name a psychoanalyst in the United States I could recommend to friends who might ask me for one. He had hesitated a moment, and this had surprised me. It showed that he lacked complete confidence in any psychoanalyst in this country. After a moment he replied, “Jelliffe—Smith Ely Jelliffe.” I mentioned Jelliffe to the grateful Broun.

I never did learn whether Broun went to Jelliffe, but he did undergo psychoanalysis and effectively carried on his varied activities.

FRANK BUCHMAN

Evangelical movements today use the same promotional methods as do soap and underwear. I suppose they would fail if they didn't.

Lewis Delafield, member of the New York Stock Exchange firm of Delafield and Delafield, asked me to lunch at the Downtown Club to discuss an important matter. I did not know him but I accepted, thinking he might want public-relations advice on the flotation of some security issue.

Mr. Delafield was tall and gray-haired, with a pink-and-white complexion. He introduced me to his two companions, handsome, well-dressed and well-mannered young men. As soon as we were seated Mr. Delafield tried to enlist me as a volunteer to build public enthusiasm for the forthcoming visit to the United States of Dr. Frank Buchman, founder of the Oxford Group, Moral Rearmament. The two young men with him were English university graduates, their lives dedicated to acting as advance men for Buchman on his trips through the world. Buchman had had successes in Europe with kings, queens and other notables, including members of the Cliveden set. Delafield told me the movement was spreading and gaining enthusiastic adherents wherever it went.

At the tables around us big financial deals were being discussed; at my table, in a low, calm, soothing voice, a New York Stock Exchange broker was trying to sell me Frank Buchman. To his surprise and disappointment I regretfully declined. The two young men were amazed that anyone could refuse to become a disciple of their leader. I wondered about the personality of this man who had Wall Street brokers carrying on his proselytizing at luncheon.

I met Buchman a few months later. John O'Hara Cosgrave invited me to lunch with him at the Dutch Treat Club. "I have a great treat for you. Dr. Buchman will speak." Cosgrave, a man of eclectic philosophic interests, was looking into Moral Rearmament as he had into other movements that professed to satisfy the human spirit.

Cosgrave sat me next to Buchman, a short, slight, pleasant man with the appearance of a mild bank clerk; his conversation was halting. When he went to the platform to speak he orated in mystical terms of Moral Rearmament and of saving the world from destruction through the strengthening of morals.

I studied the editors, writers and authors who made up his audience; they looked uninterested and disappointed. No one applauded when he finished. Buchman had misjudged his audience and fallen flat on his face.

But in general Moral Rearmament had great vitality in the prewar period in England, the so-called appeasement era. After the war the movement grew and attracted men of power, wealth and prominence.

Several years later Hadley Cantril, in his book *The Psychology of Social Movements,* gave me a clue to Buchman. He pointed out that Buchmanism had gathered momentum "because it shows certain bewildered people a way to interpret their personal troubles and the larger social problems of their world without endangering their status. It provides a psychological mechanism whereby they can escape the responsibility of dealing directly with conditions which they realize are not right and just. It attracts to itself people who want to improve these conditions without injuring their own positions and who want to avoid any alignment with existing institutions or ideologies which assume that individual problems cannot be solved without collective action. Its lack of any well-formulated program makes it highly opportunistic; its resignation to 'God's' plan forces it to abandon reason as an instrument to be used in the solution of all problems; its individualism and refusal to consider the social context that gives rise to social problems makes it inevitably anti-democratic."

NEWCOMB CARLTON

At a dinner honoring Senator Royal S. Copeland at the Astor Hotel, I sat next to a distinguished man with whom I exchanged small talk. In the course of conversation I asked him with whom he was associated. His answer was "Western Union." I asked what his specialized activity was. "I am the president, Newcomb Carlton," he answered.

We stopped our conversation, for at that moment the toastmaster began reading telegrams from VIPs congratulating Copeland on his activities in the U.S. Senate. I turned to Mr. Carlton and said, "What a shame the toastmaster doesn't change his pitch from 'Now I shall read a telegram from Mr._____' to 'Now I shall read you a Western Union message from Mr._____.'"

A week later Mr. Carlton sent me a letter of thanks, telling me the suggestion was being used with great effectiveness. He was on the job—even at dinners honoring Royal S. Copeland.

Ely Culbertson

A new book by Ely Culbertson, internationally known bridge player, was arousing some attention. At a cocktail party I was introduced to him. When he heard my name his right hand shot forward and, with a strong grip, he shook my hand. "Mr. Bernays, I am glad to meet you and am grateful to you." I had not known Mr. Culbertson, although I had heard of him. I did not know why he should be grateful.

He said again, "Grateful to you. You gave me the best chapter in my book." I had not read the book. I said, "What was that?" He said, "That chapter on group leaders and opinion molders. I took it from *Crystallizing Public Opinion.*"

It reminded me of the time Nicolas Samstag of Time Inc. used one of our ideas in a *Time* advertisement without credit. I asked him why he had done so and he acknowledged that it was my idea. He considered it my contribution to society and therefore it was now in the public domain. It had to do with group leaders and opinion molders who read *Time.*

Bob Davis

Famous men enjoy being together. Bob Davis, as editor-in-chief of Munsey's magazines, knew the leading literary people of his generation. He had discovered O. Henry, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Fannie Hurst and had influenced Joseph Conrad and many other writers. When he retired he became an amateur photographer and newspaper columnist. He specialized in "psychographs" of well-known people and was enormously popular among his subjects because he was genial, frank and openminded. Doris liked a photograph he took of me so much that I sent him an exuberant note of thanks: "My natural sense of exploitation has run away with me, so I am jotting down some of the ideas your publishers might employ in connection with *The Caliph of Baghdad—The Life of O. Henry,*" a book of his scheduled to appear that summer.

I suggested that his famous sitters should give him a party on publication date, using his photographs in lieu of place cards.

Davis thought this quite "thrilling" but doubted that his publishers would lay out the "necessary dough to achieve the kind of commotion that is now hatched by your fine imagination." So I organized a Dutch Treat

command-performance committee by telephone-Montague Glass, Joseph Gollomb, Achmed Abdullah, Casey Jones and myself.

On June 9 Davis wrote me that he marveled at my speed and he wondered how many would come aboard with their own faces. He supposed he would be indebted to me the rest of his life. Sixty-two VIPs accepted; Irvin S. Cobb was toastmaster.

The event proved a happy occasion for all of us. Fame means more to famous men than it does to the obscure, because they know from experience how much fame has done for them and how hard it is to achieve. One newspaper, to Bob Davis' enjoyment, captioned its story "Bob Davis' Victims." It might better have been "Bob Davis' Beneficiaries."

THOMAS E. DEWEY

In October 1932 I became public relations counsel to George Z. Medalie, U.S. Attorney in New York, in his campaign as Republican opponent to Senator Robert F. Wagner. Mr. Medalie's reputation, record and character as a prosecutor and as a man were unassailable, and I thought he would put up a good fight.

I asked him for a bright young man to act as liaison between his office and mine. Medalie told me he had some young assistant U.S. attorneys, graduates of Columbia University Law School, and would let me choose one. I picked Thomas E. Dewey, bright and personable, his manner cheery and eager. He came from Owosso, Michigan. A University of Michigan graduate, B.A. in 1923, he had received his LL.B. degree at Columbia seven years before, in 1925.

Tom and I discussed the speeches we wrote for Medalie, our releases and our mailings. It was Tom's first introduction to public relations, and he liked it. When he questioned our office boy, Sydney Solomon, about his mailing of Medalie letters, Dewey assumed the role of a conscientious prosecuting attorney. He always tried to pin down to the dot just when Sydney had deposited his letters in a mailbox. Sydney once told him he had taken the 5:15 train home and had reached the gate just before the train left. "Thank you," said Dewey. "That makes it 5:13." I was impressed.

Doris and I worked hard to elect Medalie, but he was buried under the Roosevelt landslide.

Medalie, after the election, told me of his great confidence in Dewey; he was sure he would become a leading figure in American political life. He recognized in Dewey capabilities which other people did not immediately perceive. Medalie resigned and Dewey became U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York in 1933. Later, Dewey resigned to go into private practice for a short period, but he maintained an interest in public affairs.

To everyone's surprise he was appointed prosecutor in the rackets investigation, 1935 to 1937. Medalie later told me how this happened. Governor Herbert H. Lehman had asked several top name lawyers to take the job, but none was willing. The Governor thereupon asked Medalie, a Republican, to take the assignment. He too turned it down. No one wanted to get mixed up with the mob. But Medalie suggested that the invitation be extended to his former assistant, Dewey, who accepted. Tom did a painstaking, courageous job in fighting the racketeers and became internationally known as a gang-buster. Then he moved on to become District Attorney of New York County in 1937, Republican candidate for Governor in 1938, Governor in 1942, and Presidential candidate in 1944 and 1948.

While Dewey was in the midst of his racketeering investigations I sat next to him once at a City Hall Reporters' Association dinner at the Waldorf. I asked him if the investigation had changed his mode of living. "Yes, I have listed my home phone as a private number to eliminate threatening calls." He smiled at me. Behind him stood a silent bodyguard.

After Dewey became Governor I once visited him in Albany. We sat in a huge temporary office at the State House; they were renovating his office. Portraits of former New York Governors hung on the wall: Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt among them. By then I knew what his aspirations were, and commented, "You must enjoy sitting with them as your background." He smiled approval.

I saw him later in an effort to have him appoint a Committee on Discrimination for New York State. He looked at me in astonishment. "What discrimination?" I explained, "Discrimination against Jews, Catholics, Negroes." He asked, "What about discrimination against Protestants?" My face showed I didn't understand the reference. "Against Protestant judges in New York City; there are none." However, he did appoint a committee on discrimination.

"Wild Bill" Donovan

Even highly respected leaders don't adhere to an organized approach in meeting their aims; they are oblivious to things that come first and those that come second. Some spend time on unimportant matters and lose out. Colonel William J. Donovan of the Fighting Sixty-ninth Regiment, who ran for Governor of New York in 1932, struck me as such a man.

My good friend Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of *This Week* Magazine, asked me to do her a huge favor.

"My friend Bill Donovan will receive the Republican nomination for Governor of New York at Buffalo day after tomorrow," she said. "Will you ride to Buffalo and give him the advice he needs? He will be opposed by Herbert Lehman, who has already been nominated. That will be tough going."

"Wild Bill" had had a spectacular career. After service in World War I he had become Assistant Attorney General in the Hoover Administration, had carried on the Administration's antitrust drive and had, in fact, liquidated the contemplated food amalgamation of my client, William B. Ward.

I took the "Empire State" train with Doris to Buffalo. Two secretaries of Colonel Donovan's were already in the parlor-car drawing room. Doris and I noted some skepticism on the young women's faces as I dictated my detailed blueprint for the Colonel in Buffalo.

I went first to the Colonel's suite at the Statler, where I fought my way through a mass of people: county chairmen were shaking both his hands and pledging their constituents' vote to him. The receptionist finally smuggled me into an adjoining room, where the crowd was smaller. Donovan, a well-set-up figure, had a broad smile and exuded sincere charm. He was enjoying this spontaneous adulation. "I am delighted you came up," he said. "Missy has told me so much about you. I have been looking forward to talking to you. But you see how utterly impossible it is to do anything like that here and now. These are committee and county chairmen. I have to shake their hands and talk to them. I have an idea. Won't you and your wife come to lunch with me at my mother-in-law's home, Mrs. Rumsey, at twelve-thirty tomorrow? I want to see you, I want to talk to you. I need you."

The next day was more of the same. After lunch Donovan busied himself with his major activity—shaking hands. He slipped over and

whispered in my ear, “I do want you to come to see me this afternoon at the Statler at three. Please see me.” When I appeared the Colonel was still shaking hands. He told me he saw no way of breaking up the reception. I bid the Colonel goodbye until the next day.

Nomination day at the convention hall provided loud-playing bands, waving flags and all the usual hoopla as enthusiastic Republicans nominated Donovan. I was sure we could get down to business. But the Colonel’s time was even more taken up than before with handshaking. He put his arm around my shoulder and confidentially whispered, “Mr. Bernays, this is really no time or place to confer on serious matters. Why don’t we postpone our meeting to my home, One Beekman Place in New York?”

After a few days he telephoned me at the office to say how eager he was to talk to me at his apartment. Five conferees were surrounding the Colonel. He greeted me as warmly as he had in Buffalo. The conversation continued animatedly on a variety of topics and to no apparent purpose. Each guest had presumably been invited to discuss a matter of consuming vital interest; we were each waiting for a turn that never came, to confer privately with him. I left before I had discussed the purpose of my visit. That was the last I saw of Donovan in my mission of carrying out my favor to Mrs. Meloney.

Donovan’s campaign appeared completely unplanned and disorganized. Herbert Lehman defeated him overwhelmingly.

The Colonel became head of the OSS in World War II and then Ambassador to Thailand. When I met him casually at dinners or other functions, he was always as charming and sincere as he had been in Buffalo and at Beekman Place. He gave me an unforgettable lesson in the use of time.

THOMAS BRADY

Thomas Brady, the proprietor of a lecture bureau, built a unique business in the go-getting 1920s. His four-page circular started with: “I am the personal representative and arrange the speaking engagements of a number of prominent men in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, some of whom are cited within. *I also have a list of men prominent politically, commercially and socially,* that are not contained herein, so that if you have any desire to secure the services of a specified

person, in any walk of life whatsoever, kindly communicate with me, and I will inform you whether his services can be offered by me for speaking purposes. Upon receipt of your inquiry, I shall be pleased to quote you terms and open dates."

The circular listed some of America's most prominent politicians, statesmen, doctors, educators and judges. To mention a few Senators: William E. Borah of Idaho; Irving L. Lenroot of Wisconsin; Frank B. Willis of Ohio; Pat Harrison of Mississippi; Royal S. Copeland, Senator-elect of New York; George H. Moses of New Hampshire; T. H. Caraway of Arkansas; R. M. La Follette of Wisconsin. And others: Rev. Samuel Parkes Cadman, clergyman, traveler, author, lecturer; Dr. Frank Crane, editorial writer, Associated Newspapers, special writer for magazines and author of a number of books; Stephen S. Wise; Hamlin Garland; Professor Irving Fisher, political economist, author and lecturer; Fiorello H. La Guardia; John Spargo, author, journalist, lecturer; Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant; and Brigadier General Hugh Johnson, U.S. Army Reserve. Most people were willing to talk for a fee. It is still accepted practice for members of Congress to receive lecture fees to increase their income.

Brady called me one day and said, "I have a good buy for you." Lightly apologetic, he continued, "A very good buy. The Vice President of the United States, and you can buy him cheap." I was shocked as he went on. "You know," said Brady, "I booked him several times at county fairs in Minnesota and he was booed. A New Englander with a twang among the Scandinavians. But I can guarantee he's okay now. He's learning; you'll like him; nothing the matter with Coolidge, and you can buy him cheap. Five hundred dollars." We didn't avail ourselves of Calvin Coolidge for the next banquet at which we needed a speaker. Shortly afterward he became the President of the United States.

In another case I heard one of Brady's "buys," David Walsh, Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, speaker at a banquet of a trade association, taking the line expected of him.

Brady telephoned me one day to tell me that if we wanted a member of Congress to talk on a particular topic, let him know and he would try to arrange it.

I think a conflict-of-interest code should be formulated to prevent temptation to members of Congress when they make talks for fees.

I do not know what happened to Thomas Brady. He had an inside track with the members of the Congress of his period. His vocation might have made him a bit cynical. But he wasn't. He was supplying speakers to those who needed or wanted them.

JAMES ALOYSIUS FARLEY

I had just swallowed the perennial *pièce de résistance*—ten luscious oysters at the oyster bar of the Second Panel of New York Sheriff's Jury dinner in the anteroom of the Biltmore Roof ballroom, battling 750 men equally intent on getting their fill. The time was late fall of 1932. I looked at the place list for my table number and sat down next to a man whose face I recognized, having seen his picture repeatedly in newspapers. Before I could introduce myself he put out a huge hand to shake mine warmly and gave me his name—James A. Farley. He had just successfully managed the Presidential election campaign of Franklin D. Roosevelt and was credited with an important part in the overwhelming victory.

His attitude toward me corresponded with his advance billing—open, hearty and engaging. I told him that I was a professional public relations counsel and that piloting of a comparatively unknown governor to such a landslide victory had made me recognize he had extraordinary understanding of human beings.

"Tell me, Mr. Farley," I asked, "from whom did you learn the techniques and strategies of dealing with millions? Give me the names of the books that taught you. I want to read them." He was surprised by my question. "I didn't know there were any books on the subject. Gee, now that's interesting." I then reeled off a number of titles, which he didn't bother to take down.

When I asked him his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt, he pondered a minute, then his face lit up and in one breath he replied, "I'll tell you what I think of Mr. Roosevelt—he's the best goddam son of a bitch in the world!" That was, I gathered, the apotheosis of tribute one man could offer another.

Farley talked to me through the meal and held my attention more than did the exquisite turtle soup, the delicate guinea hen, the roast, the sherbet, the Scotch-and-sodas. I reiterated my professional interest in campaigns and how they were won and particularly in the Roosevelt campaign. "Mr. Bernays," he said, "let me tell you how I elected Roosevelt. When I first

thought of Governor Roosevelt as Presidential timber I was an official of the Democratic party machinery. I engaged offices on Madison Avenue in the Prudence Building in New York, across from the Biltmore Hotel, and set up a staff of correspondents and intelligent stenographers. The former were people who could both write letters and answer them. I wrote to all Democratic leaders of the country by name: national, state, county, city, down to captains of election districts and precincts, thousands of them. My first letter to them read: 'Dear Mr. Jones: I want to tell you about a great fellow. His name is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He is Governor of New York State. I think he is fine Presidential timber. He is a great man. In these times he is deserving of even higher office. I will tell you more about him later because he will run for President and he will win. Let me hear from you that you are for him.'

"And then," added Mr. Farley, "I signed each letter in green ink, 'James A. Farley.' Boy, I was busy signing letters! I used a check-signing machine, like those the national banks use to sign banknotes."

"Well, what happened?" I asked.

"This is what," said Mr. Farley. "Letters flooded in from all over the country telling me I was right. Mr. Roosevelt was a great fellow. They would support him. Within a week of their answer all received my follow-up letter. This letter did not have the same salutation as the first—no 'Dear Mr. Jones,' but 'Dear William,' if the letter I answered was signed 'William Jones.' And the next time I wrote that man I addressed him as 'Dear Bill' and signed my letter 'Jim.' In a short period I was writing to thousands of Democratic leaders throughout the country, calling them by their first name, working hard to nominate Roosevelt for President. Let me tell you how effective my procedure was," continued Mr. Farley.

Before the election, Mr. Farley said, he made a whistle-stop railroad trip to the West with Mr. Roosevelt. "We stopped at a small station in North Dakota; Mr. Roosevelt stood up on the platform of the last car to make his pitch to a crowd of people from that little community, watching and listening, bunched around the end of the train. Just as the train was ready to pull out, a man ran toward the outer edge of the crowd, waved at me and let out a loud yell everybody could hear. 'How are ya, Jim?' he cried. I yelled back at him as loud as I could, 'I'm fine, Fred, how are you?' And the train chugged out.

“When we got to Seattle I found a letter waiting from Fred. ‘Dear Jim: You certainly made good,’ it said. ‘I had expected to shake Mr. Roosevelt’s hand and yours. But I was delayed at the post office. When I got to the depot late, I saw the train pull out, but by God, you made good. When I yelled Jim to you, everybody in town knew you and I were buddies. I’m for you and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. You can count on the town to vote solid for him.’”

I was flabbergasted. I said to Mr. Farley, “But, tell me, how did you know the man’s name was Fred?”

“Well,” said Mr. Farley, “I corresponded with only one man in that town and that was Fred Higgins, the postmaster. I heard from Fred again,” continued Mr. Farley. “Fred was some letter writer. When I returned to Washington there was a letter from Fred awaiting me. This one was shorter than the other. ‘Dear Jim: I’m in trouble. One of my political enemies has me up on charges of carrying on politics while a government employee—you know, the Hatch Act. What shall I do?’”

“What did you tell him?” I asked. Answered Mr. Farley, “I wrote to Fred, ‘Wait until after election is over.’ I might add, Mr. Bernays, that Fred’s town in North Dakota went big for Roosevelt.”

I said to Mr. Farley, “Your techniques of persuasion were superb. With millions of voters in the country, you treated the voter as an individual, in terms of his personal wants. It must have given you a great sense of satisfaction to see Mr. Roosevelt win by that astounding majority.”

Years later Mr. Farley was a guest lecturer in my public relations course at New York University. He told my class of fifty some facts of his political life which indicated insight into the motives of voters.

I asked him why he thought Roosevelt was Presidential timber, and he answered with rapidity, “His name, Roosevelt, was a good name in New York and the country, goes back to Teddy Roosevelt; his smile, infectious; his voice, good; gets them.”

No student of politics at any formal school, Mr. Farley had mastered the art and science of politics.

FRED F. FRENCH

Fred F. French, the realtor-promoter, had as sanctimonious a manner as a fundamentalist prelate. He had deluded himself into thinking he was as saintly as he appeared to others. Actually, in spirit, he was a free-enterpriser of the late ’90s who charged what the traffic would bear and then as much more as he thought he could get away with. No progressive or liberal thought ever clouded his mind.

To make a fast buck he had bought up inexpensive land, cheapened by the slaughterhouses, on East 42nd Street near the East River. In the boom pre-1929 period he had built Tudor City as a middle-class housing development, from which people could walk to and from their work in the burgeoning midtown district. They paid through the nose. But the stock-market crash had hit him like others. Then the New Deal had rescued him. As one phase of its credit expansion and recovery movement, the Administration had passed laws enabling an individual or group to borrow government money for the building of housing, on the proviso that the owners restrict themselves to six per cent profit on their investment. And he had participated.

Mr. French asked us to inaugurate one of the first developments in this category, Knickerbocker Village, a housing development built on a slum site on the lower East Side. If Knickerbocker Village was recognized as a success, French could expand with additional government funds, on OPM (other people’s money, as it was popularly called). In near churchlike surroundings in his huge office on Fifth Avenue, wainscoted in wood with somber copies of Old Masters hung on the walls, we discussed his project.

In sacerdotal tones, he asked nation-wide attention for inauguration ceremonies of the Village. I learned that Al Smith had played on the site as a boy, and he consented to participate because he favored good housing, so long neglected in this area. This offered a dramatic newsworthy way for him to align himself with an important New Deal measure and incidentally to secure publicity for himself and French. Governor Smith participated in the ceremonies.

Press and public hailed the new venture as a forward step in providing for the housing needs of the people. French enjoyed his reputation as a practical social philosopher and innovator.

But inwardly he was burned up. He was fundamentally completely opposed in his basic philosophy—rugged individualism and free enterprise and no government interference.

WILLIAM GRAY

The bright young man who greeted Doris and me at the Portland, Oregon, railroad station in August 1939 for an interview introduced himself as William S. Gray of the Portland *Evening News.* In a few hours I read his colorful front-page story, headlined "Nation's Number One Propaganda Artist Says You Won't Mind the Next War." "By that time, the propaganda machines will have inured you to the idea of danger from air raids and your morale will never waver," it stated.

We were in Portland, where I was to talk on public relations at Reed College. We liked Gray and his attractive wife, Frieda, and spent several evenings with them and their friends, Melvin Arnold, an advertising man, and his wife, Valerie, an artist. These young people were victims of the magnetic pull of New York, over three thousand miles away. Their hopes and their goals were centered on the metropolis and how they could get there. When we left Portland the two couples saw us off at the station. Bill's little four-year-old ceremoniously presented Doris with a bouquet of flowers. We wondered whether we would ever see these nice young couples again.

When I returned to New York I told Eric Hodgins, managing editor of *Fortune,* of the fine impression Gray had made on us, intelligent, quick, manly, straightforward; he wrote well and accurately and seemed to be a man of substance. I suggested that Hodgins have Gray come east; Gray had done some stringer work for *Fortune.* Shortly afterward, Hodgins had Gray come to New York as an editor of *Fortune.* When World War II started *Life* assigned Gray to cover Shanghai, where he made good on an exceptional tour of duty. On his return he had a meteoric rise at Time-Life, became editor of *Life International* and was elected president of the Overseas Press Club. He died, still a young man, in 1962—a great tragedy.

After the Grays went eastward the Arnolds followed. Arnold got a job in the Standard Oil public-relations department, writing and editing pamphlets. His wife and daughter stayed with us while looking for an apartment. Arnold made a success of his job, but after a while he talked to me, questioning whether he had come east to spend the remainder of his life as an apologist for an oil company. He could not adjust his idealism to his job and wondered whether he should look for one where his satisfactions would be greater. I urged him to act on his feelings. Eventually he became

editor of the Beacon Press in Boston, the publishing arm of the Unitarian Church. He wanted very much to go to Boston because in Portland, Oregon, he had corresponded with Professor Pitirim Alexandrovich Sorokin of Harvard and was eager to meet him personally.

The Arnolds lived in Boston for years. He built up the Beacon Press and then took another job in Harper's department of religious books and paperbacks, which he now heads.

Pioneering can be done from the West to the East as well as from the East to the West.

WILLIAM AVERELL HARRIMAN

Felix Frankfurter in his reminiscences calls William Averell Harriman "the very gentle Averell Harriman." We did not meet him when we rented his house at 8 Washington Square North in the late Twenties.

I met him later when he was president of the Southern Pacific Railroad and I was advising the Pullman Company. We sat together at the Sherry-Netherland and he gave me the facts about Southern Pacific's relation to Pullman. I had seldom met an American tycoon as soft-spoken and possessed of such graciousness of manner. Frankfurter's characterization of him seemed to me correct—in the Twenties.

Years later he became Ambassador to Russia and stood up against the Russians. He assumed an important position in World War II, and then, after a vigorous campaign, was elected Governor of New York. I was surprised at this metamorphosis. Later I heard him at the Overseas Press Club. He was summing up the political situation about Africa brilliantly. A Republican asked him a question from the floor, to put him and the Democratic party on the spot. He demolished his heckler with a simple answer: "That question is silly. I don't expect to answer it."

A few years elapsed. I was asked to be Harriman's host during his visit to Boston for a talk. He had grown even more sure of himself. He was to give a policy talk before a large audience. I felt he might dissipate the impact of his talk in the press next day if he answered questions from the floor. In no uncertain terms he told me he would do so anyway—that was his procedure. Harriman was no longer "the very gentle Averell Harriman."

HERBERT HOOVER

President Herbert Hoover called me to the White House in October 1932 and asked me to help him get re-elected. It was an honor I could not refuse.

Mark Sullivan, the Washington columnist and social historian, sat with us in the Executive Office. Mr. Hoover was pleasant but glum. The President offered me a Hoyo de Monterey Havana cigar, which I refused because I did not smoke. Later I wished I had accepted it as a souvenir. Before election the atmosphere was heavy with pessimism. I suggested formation of a committee I would advise. Leaders of groups would be asked to support him. Mr. Hoover said little. Sullivan watched him closely. As we left the White House, I told Sullivan I was disappointed the President had not approved my plans. Sullivan said, "You made a great hit. He's very enthusiastic about your proposal. That's the way he is. He was very keen about it." I was dumfounded.

A Non-partisan Fact-Finding Committee for Hoover sent telegrams to leaders in various occupations, asking them to support Hoover. The answers of economists were curiously incorrect appraisals of the American economy in that gloomy October. Highly regarded experts, including Lionel D. Edie and Irving Fisher of Yale, made extravagant statements—the Hoover economy was on "solid foundation," "the run of the dollar had been stopped at home and abroad." Roger Babson wired that without doubt business had seen its worst and that if politics did not upset it, it should continue to improve. Mr. Babson felt the essential remedies had been applied and all that was needed now was not to rock the boat. Only two economists were correct—Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin and Professor E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton. Commons said there was no sound foundation for recovery and that the slight changes did not justify optimism. Kemmerer said that in his belief the worst part of the Depression was yet to come.

A few auto tycoons expressed embarrassment at the request. The president of the Studebaker Company, A. R. Erskine, wired frankly that he could not give out a public statement such as we had suggested because Studebaker had too many Democratic customers. Others, despite Democratic customers, came out for Hoover. Among them were John R. Willys, chairman of the board of Willys Overland, and Alvin Macauley,

president of Packard, who believed Hoover was bringing the country out of the Depression.

Not surprisingly, labor-union leaders were against a second term for Hoover. A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, wired that the Hoover, Grundy and Smoot tariff was an important cause for the nation's plight, and called attention to the abandoned farms, the farmers without activity, the millions who were hungry and unemployed, the mortgages that had been foreclosed, the banks that had failed, the small businesses that had been destroyed, the industries transplanted to foreign countries. He felt that the great engineer had failed and that the people would confirm his failure on Election Day.

As a last-minute effort before election the committee released a poll which showed Hoover getting most of the electoral votes. The final vote was Hoover 59 and Roosevelt 472 in the Electoral College.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

In 1936 Sinclair Lewis called me shortly before the Presidential conventions and asked me to breakfast at the Gotham Hotel. I did not know him, but it was not unusual for me to receive and accept invitations from people I did not know. At breakfast he plunged enthusiastically into his reason for calling me. He knew me, he said, by reputation; the year before, in *It Can't Happen Here*, he had made a complimentary reference to me. He wanted my aid to get Robert Hutchins, then president of the University of Chicago, nominated President of the United States. Roosevelt was getting us into war, said Lewis, and Hutchins would keep us out of war and preserve our democracy; in addition, Hutchins had the qualities demanded of a President.

I listened without much comment. I had worked with Hutchins when I was advising a commission to study and formulate national policy in internation relations; I had felt he was an *enfant terrible.* I was not for Hutchins, because he was an America Firster.

Then Lewis talked about Dorothy Thompson, from whom he had recently been divorced. He said she would make a very good President, and he praised her logical mind and strength of character—and he added that she was the only woman who had lived her menopause in public.

I enjoyed my animated breakfast conversation with Lewis. His enthusiasm, directness, his pointed dramatic method of expression charmed me, although I could not go along with him on Hutchins and was not in a position to make justifiable comment on his evaluation of his former wife, our two topics of conversation.

Sometime afterward he made another appointment and asked whether he could bring his protegée, a young actress. She turned out to be a young, brash girl of eighteen or nineteen years. Lewis told me he had met her at a Midwest college where he had been in residence. She wanted a career on the stage. How should she go about it? Lewis tried to present her case. But whenever he made a point she disagreed with, she would correct him briskly and tell both of us what the facts were. In complete command, she told the future Nobel Prize winner and me just what I should do to get her the part she wanted.

I learned later that Lewis had fallen hard for this young woman and that now she was running him. I do not know whatever came of the advice I gave her. All I know is that at this meeting she dominated Lewis with an iron hand more powerful than any of the women characters in his novels possessed. Possibly he had a fatal attraction for strong women.

Burton Kline

Burton Kline, a brilliant journalist, was a frustrated man because his name meant nothing to the public. He was a ghost writer, always behind the scenes. A former editor of the Boston *Transcript*, he preserved the high traditions of that newspaper in his job as ghost writer and braintruster of James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Hoover Administration.

Davis, an inarticulate steel puddler, had become a fraternal society leader and then a Cabinet officer. Kline had written pieces for Davis' name that won the Secretary of Labor a place as contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post.* I had retained Kline from time to time to write speeches or a book for a client.

Kline was a welcome visitor at our home. His stories of Washington life were diverting. Once, he told us, eight different Senators had asked him to write short orations they could deliver at the funeral of a recently deceased senator. Kline wrote eight different eulogies and listened to them at the funeral read by eight Senators.

He stayed with the Secretary of Labor so long that when he resigned he found it difficult to make a living at writing. Editors felt his style was too much like Davis'.

HUEY LONG

Huey Long, United States Senator from Louisiana, did not act as I expected him to. The only time I met him was in his cellar office in the Senate Office Building. I was visiting him out of curiosity, with Boake Carter, who accused Long, nightly in his Philco broadcast, of undermining our government and our society.

The anteroom was filled with visitors. Backed up against the walls were stacks of mail, four feet high, each batch bound up with rope. At the top of each stack a letter was placed face up so it could be read easily by his visitors. These letters were enthusiastic endorsements of his "share the wealth" movement.

After a few moments Long ambled into the room. He was short, rotund, with a smile on his pudgy face. He greeted Carter vigorously.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Carter. You've given me a lot of publicity, and there is no such thing as bad publicity for me." I asked the Senator to explain the stacks of letters. He told me, as if it were the first time he had ever mentioned the fact, "I keep it here so anyone can see the mail I get. I get lots of it." This open file allowed all his callers, especially newspapermen, to appraise his power with the people and proved to them how popular he was. An able newspaperman had told me Long was the best-informed Senator. He made thorough research of any matter he was interested in, including people. With people he used his research to deflate them, if possible.

A few days after my visit I received from Long a form letter and three-column reprint from the *Congressional Record*, sent under frank and marked "not printed at Government expense." It was headed "People of America:—In Every Community Get Together at Once and Organize a Share Our Wealth Society. Motto—Every Man a King." He listed principles "according to the laws of God, which have never failed," told how to organize a Society locally and gave a seven-point platform: 1) limit poverty; 2) limit fortunes; 3) old-age pensions; 4) limit hours of work; 5) balance agricultural production with consumption; 6) care for veterans of our wars;

7) taxation "levied first at the top for the Government's support and expenses. Swollen fortunes should be reduced principally through taxation." The reprint included a coupon for filling in, to be sent to the Senator informing him that a Share Our Wealth Society had been organized.

I did not return the coupon.

Mary Margaret McBride

At the peak of her popularity Mary Margaret McBride, the oracular radio broadcaster whom millions of women listened to daily and for whom she was a symbol of authority, had little awareness of her power. Mary Margaret was large, warm and friendly. She described herself to me as a socially minded woman interested in ameliorating the condition of fellow Americans with low standards of living, but she said she was helpless to do anything concrete about it.

I told her of the power she possessed, derived from people's respect for her knowledge, integrity and judgment. Her critique of a book or play, I said, made it a success or failure, and she had equal influence in other areas. She expressed surprise. She had thought of herself as an entertainer.

Those who are in communications are usually so intent on expressing well what they want to say that they do not evaluate their importance or influence. Most communications people I have worked with—Henry R. Luce, among others—had little idea of the deep influence their words and pictures had in affecting the behavior of those who read them.

Marie Brown Meloney

A most brilliant, dynamic editor, Marie Brown Meloney wanted me to become her business associate in 1938. But I rejected the offer, preferring to continue in public relations, in partnership with Doris.

An imaginative writer could hardly have conjured up Marie Brown Meloney; it was almost incredible that a frail, tiny woman could be so dynamic. She had fallen from a horse as a girl and was lame. She also suffered from tuberculosis and was confined intermittently to her bed, conducting her activities from there. She affected in personal contact

today's and tomorrow's affairs, as adviser to statesmen and others who looked to her for guidance. She was famous as editor of *This Week.*

I had met her several decades before, when she was editor of the women's magazine *The Delineator.* In 1920 she brought Madame Curie to this country and had raised the not inconsiderable funds that bought a gram of radium for Madame Curie's cancer experiments. I worked with the United States Radium Corporation, and Mrs. Meloney had invited me to her home to meet Madame Curie. She had been a close friend and adviser of President Hoover. It was through her that I served on the President's Emergency Committee for Employment.

When *The Delineator* folded, Mrs. Ogden M. Reid of the New York *Tribune* hired her and she became the first editor of *This Week,* which pioneered a new kind of syndicated Sunday magazine to newspapers.

In 1938, recuperating from a serious illness, she asked me to visit her at the Hotel Biltmore. Baskets of fruit lay unopened on the chiffonier. Gift-wrapped packages were piled on the tables. Two typewriter desks, heaped high with copy paper, stood next to the bed, and two secretaries attended her. As I entered, Mrs. William Sporborg, prominent women's-club leader, was just walking out of a drawing room where Mrs. Meloney, propped on a cushion, held court and carried on her professional and extracurricular activities.

In a far corner of the room was a sofa, where she rested between visits. She wore a coffee-colored chiffon negligee, which made her eyes seem deeper set than usual. But her manner and her voice had the same reassuring, personal tone they had through the years I knew her. She told me ebulliently that she felt fine again, although one of her lungs had been collapsed. "Why should anyone need any more than one lung?" she said.

Mrs. Meloney told me she had ambitions. She wanted to save $500,000 in the next years so she could retire and write five books. She said that her physical health demanded the services of servants and nurses.

Many years later, in the 1950s, Doris and I became friends of her son, Bill Meloney, who had become a writer, producer and teacher and was married to our good friend Rose Franken, the author of the Claudia stories. It was uncanny to find Bill, strong, muscular, strapping, a hunter and outdoor man, lending continuity to the relationship I had had with his mother.

WILLIAM O'DWYER

The European war had its backlash in the streets of New York. Feeling was running high on the same issues that were causing death and destruction in Europe. Anti-Semitism was vocal at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, where *Social Justice,* Father Coughlin's publication, was sold by loudmouthed vendors. Newspapers reflected the jittery mood the city was in.

William O'Dwyer, an aspirant for the New York mayoralty that year, came to our office with his lawyer, a Mr. Bernstein. I liked O'Dwyer at first meeting; he seemed friendly and listened quietly and intently to what I said. He had been District Attorney of Brooklyn, and his attack on Murder, Inc. had given him a good reputation. O'Dwyer asked me to help elect him. I urged a survey.

"I can only give advice if I first know what people's attitudes are," I said. "What do people expect of the mayor? What do they think of La Guardia? And what are the issues they associate you two men with?"

New York was at the time so emotionally involved in the European situation—Nazi, Fascist, Communist, with all kinds of alignments based on ethnic and religious backgrounds—that we engaged young men and women of different ethnic backgrounds to make the study. O'Dwyer recognized that New Yorkers' political alignments were dominated by fears, tensions and insecurities, intensified by overt attack and counterattack of Jewish and German-American groups in the Yorkville section.

The survey disclosed that New Yorkers had two underlying fears: Catholics were concerned lest La Guardia, whose mother was a Jewess, might be re-elected mayor of the city; we found, too, that Jews were concerned lest a Christian Fronter (for all they knew—O'Dwyer) might be elected mayor. Eighty per cent of the voters felt this way. Protestant voters did not feel they had much of a choice between a La Guardia and an O'Dwyer. Fear dominated the voter, along with a desire to vote against a man and the group they thought he represented.

I told O'Dwyer my obvious conclusions from these findings: His platform should be a vigorous espousal of civil rights, or strict adherence to the Roosevelt line, with complete disassociation from the Christian Front. With this platform he would win the Jews, Protestants and Catholics opposed to the Christian Front.

O'Dwyer adopted my recommendations, and his first speech after his nomination was a powerful declaration for civil rights and Rooseveltian democracy. Groups and individuals who had expressed no interest in his candidacy now supported his cause. And then, for reasons never disclosed to me, he switched and took a bland position on civil rights. Undoubtedly someone had told him to go easy, that he might antagonize the Christian Front vote. Politicians respond to pressure and not always intelligently. Courage to maintain a fundamentally correct position is a rare quality. O'Dwyer was defeated in this election, though later he did become mayor.

Ellery Sedgwick

The *Atlantic Monthly* in 1932 ran a profile of me by John T. Flynn, described on its cover as "Edward L. Bernays: Mass Psychologist." This was the first time the profession of public relations had been treated seriously and sympathetically in an important magazine. The *Atlantic Monthly* reached a very significant number of opinion molders and group leaders and occupied a top position among intellectual periodicals. Shortly after the appearance of the article I lunched with Ellery Sedgwick, the *Atlantic*'s famed editor, at the Bankers Club in New York. His bushy eyebrows accentuated his penetrating eyes as he asked cogent questions about the strange activity, public relations. He listened with concentration. A few days later he wrote me a letter which showed his brilliant insight into one aspect of public relations: "My picture is this: you see life like a billiard table. Direct strokes are barred, and your nimble ball caroms continually off the cushion of circumstance, affecting the situation, not at first, but at second hand."

Karl von Wiegand

During the summer of 1933 Doris always fed Sunday dinner to twenty or thirty people at our rented summer home in Irvington as if it were no chore at all. The summer outdoor festivities were set under a huge elm tree on the front lawn of our Westchester palazzo, and we sat and discussed life. Hitler had recently come to power in Germany; opinions were divided

about him. Some of the guests wrote him off as a crank who wouldn't amount to much.

Karl von Wiegand, foreign correspondent of the Hearst newspapers, an old hand at interpreting Europe and just returned from Germany, was telling us about Goebbels and his propaganda plans to consolidate Nazi power. Goebbels had shown Wiegand his propaganda library, the best Wiegand had ever seen. Goebbels, said Wiegand, was using my book *Crystallizing Public Opinion* as a basis for his destructive campaign against the Jews of Germany.

This shocked me, but I knew any human activity can be used for social purposes or misused for antisocial ones. Obviously the attack on the Jews of Germany was no emotional outburst of the Nazis, but a deliberate, planned campaign.

Al Smith

I had always been impressed with the sincerity, straightforwardness and frankness of Al Smith. Some matter brought me to his office—a huge directors' room, all leather and wood paneling—to confer with him alone in the great new Empire State Building, of which he was president. His personality made for free and easy interchange without the usual preparatory amenities.

"Governor," I said, "it must give you great satisfaction to be president of the Empire State Building Corporation. You have been Governor of the greatest state in the union—the Empire State. Now you are president of the corporation owning the largest structure in the world."

He answered me disdainfully, "Mr. Bernays, I am janitor of the Empire State."

Then he gave me another insight into the deep frustration at his present status. "A man who received the second largest number of votes for President should be Senator-at-large from his native state," he told me. "After all, I represent a constituency second only in number to that of the President of the United States. Being a Senator-at-large would give that constituency a springboard in the Senate without regard to state lines." He had recently given a talk on that subject at Harvard University, and the thought was still weighing heavily on his mind. He told me he had found encouragement for his suggestion but that nothing concrete had happened.

He enjoyed the title “Night Superintendent of the Central Park Zoo,” which the newspapers had bestowed on him, more than he did “president of the Empire State Corporation.” We lived near his home, 820 Fifth Avenue—at 817 Fifth Avenue—opposite the zoo. Occasionally in our front parlor we could hear the lions roar.

I was sad that our society did not find a proper place for men who have served their country well. And I was impressed by what I had found to be a characteristic of natural-born leaders—that they understand intuitively what other people have learned the hard way through books.

Albert H. Wiggin

Albert H. Wiggin, Chase National Bank president, was the number-one United States banker in 1929. I immediately thought of him when the stock market crashed on Black Tuesday, October 29. Wild and damaging financial rumors of all kinds further depressed financial credit of individuals and corporations. Moved by fear, people disseminated destructive ideas in personal contact, by telephone and letter, until public opinion was an inferno of misinformation.

Mr. Wiggin, in his office, was so unperturbed by the market’s plunge that even as he talked with me he was preoccupied with small immediacies of the market and gave orders to buy and sell stocks.

I urged him to have a committee organized to give the public authoritative financial information. Information from this committee, I said, would be welcomed by the public; it would alleviate the panic and dissipate false rumors about investment and industrial firms. To let matters drift would leave the public at the mercy of wild and distressing conjectures.

Mr. Wiggin was older than I and he looked at me as indulgently as a father would look at an impetuous son. He put his free arm around my shoulders; his other hand held the telephone receiver. “Young man, by the time you get started, this stock-market flurry will be over.”

The great crash that ushered in the Great Depression came a few days later.

chapter 56

DEPRESSION MISCELLANY

I enjoyed my connection with Hartol, an independent oil company, because it gave me an opportunity to participate in a David and Goliath situation. David was Frank Hart, the president of the company, and Goliath was the aggregation of big oil companies he fought.

He proved boldly and dramatically that the pioneer spirit in America was as alive as when it carved out new frontiers. Frank Hart headed a company that supplied gas and oil to independent service stations. The great oil companies often owned their own retail service stations and offered Hart strong competition. He fought them effectively by outwitting, outflanking and outmaneuvering them, by his methods of buying raw materials where he found them—Rumania, Texas or Arkansas—and by his effective use of public relations. Naturally he was a thorn in the giant's flesh. I enjoyed adding the armament of public relations to his demonstration that creative imagination can beat bigness.

Once one of the large oil companies got sore at him for daring to sell in what they called their territory, and they undersold him to get him out of the market. I suggested that he send a wire to the U.S. Attorney General calling his attention to this restraint of trade and that a copy of his wire should go to the newspapers. The enemy beat a retreat in the face of the publicity. Another time I suggested that we organize independent service-station owners to fight the trust through pitiless publicity—the little fellow against the big one. A bright gas-station owner—Tint by name—and I brought together an independent service-station-owners association in Jersey. It harassed the trust with widespread publication of its activities and kept gasoline cheap, to the satisfaction of auto owners.

In his spare hours Frank Hart attended to his romantic interests. He was trying to divorce his wife and marry the beautiful Constance Woodworth, a most attractive young woman. There were all kinds of legal complications,

but after a difficult courtship he was divorced in Reno and remarried the same day. Hart flew an airplane of guests to Reno for the wedding, which was duly noted in the tabloids. I was delighted to handle the marriage announcement.

My relationship with Hart, which might have lasted for years, was brought to a tragic close. He called me one day and made an engagement to see me a week later, but I never saw him again. On a trip to Arkansas, where he had gone to buy some new-found oil, his airplane crashed and he was killed. I have hated to ride in airplanes since.

Working with Eric Hodgins, editor of *Fortune*, 1937 to 1940, was an enriching experience. For the first time in American journalism, a publication probed corporations objectively to find out what made them tick.

Hodgins, one of the brightest men ever graduated from MIT, had been editor of the old *Youth's Home Companion*, had worked with Ellery Sedgwick on the old *Atlantic Monthly* and was now setting precedents in business journalism. He rode herd over an able group of editors, including Archibald MacLeish and Russell Davenport. Occasionally he went into the field to write an article himself.

My function was to relate the magazine more closely to the general public, to subscribers and nonsubscribers. It seemed to me that an editor could have close contact with his readers, aside from the pages of his magazine, by keeping up an active correspondence. Hodgins was willing to try it and wrote to thousands of his readers, establishing a personal relationship that was most helpful in giving him a true picture of their minds and interests. Three young women assisted in his work of answering each letter on an individual basis, as in a social correspondence.

When an article appeared in *Fortune* of interest to a special group, Hodgins wrote to members of the group and asked for and received comment. All this, of course, strengthened the impact of the magazine.

We modified this approach in a technique which sometimes had world-wide effect. We sent advance proofs of articles to people potentially interested in them, as a basis for their action. Proofs of one article—"Arms and the Man," by Hodgins, which discussed the arms traffic of the big munitions makers and their influence in promoting war—went to Senator Borah of Idaho. He read and acknowledged the proofs and then followed up

with a Congressional munitions investigation. The investigation aroused the ire of the American people against the munitions makers, and almost curtailed the private-arms industry. Fortunately, it did not adversely affect our arms-producing abilities in World War II.

In January 1937 I worked to focus attention on an article on the outlook for peace. The headline of our release was not prophetic. "*Fortune* Concludes Aggressive Countries Will Not Risk a Long War and Cannot Count on Winning a Short One. Democratic People of the World Have the Advantage in a Long War."

I felt so elated about the conclusions the *Fortune* editors had drawn that I induced Hodgins to arrange with the United Press to learn the reactions of experts in Europe on *Fortune*'s article. We decided that if the experts concurred, it would make *Fortune*'s conclusions authoritative.

Liddell Hart, England's greatest military expert, read the story in proof and agreed with *Fortune.* This, too, was given widespread publicity. Both *Fortune* and the experts were wrong. War broke out two years later.

Charles G. Edwards, of the New York Real Estate Board, with whom I had worked in the development of the Real Estate Exchange, came to me in 1933 to discuss his savings bank, the Central Savings Bank, which occupied almost a block front on Broadway between 73rd and 74th streets. He was concerned about the drop in savings deposits. The bank was worried, he said, that possibly the behavior of its personnel toward depositors had played a part in the decline, although he granted that the Depression also played a part. He wanted to know the influence of each factor in the decline.

People always seem surprised when I do not give them an answer instantly. I told him it would take a study to find the answers, and he authorized me to go ahead. I found that, contrary to the folklore of capitalism, savings-bank depositors didn't care how they were treated by the bank. They deposited money in the bank when they thought they had enough, or more than enough, to get along on.

I learned that the location of a savings bank is the most important factor in the number of accounts. The more convenient the bank is to the potential depositor, the more it receives in deposits. The savings bank on the street with the most pedestrian traffic gets the most deposits. The Bowery Savings Bank in New York City, situated opposite Grand Central Terminal, had the largest deposits.

My contact with greeting cards had been restricted to my childhood, sending and receiving grotesque valentines printed on butcher paper. Now, in 1940, the greeting-card industry, an $80 million business, made hundreds of millions of cards each year and wanted advice.

We were on the road to war. The greeting-card manufacturers were aware that war would make for a paper scarcity. The increased use of paper by the Government on the home and the war front might cut off their paper supply. The greeting-card business had grown enormously without much effort; and as in many other industries, the manufacturers had little idea as to why this had happened and what the social justification for their existence was.

The association had a small membership consisting of a few large manufacturers like Hallmark and Gibson, both national advertisers, and a spate of smaller companies. There was little correlation between the size of the company and the brains and insight of the men who headed it. Often the head of a small company had the better mind and asserted leadership in the association, with the big fellows following.

I recommended that before we tried to rationalize cards to the public we should get to the basic purposes they fulfilled. What inner need did they gratify, if any? Possibly we could find justification for the industry if we could answer that question scientifically.

We engaged Columbia University's social-science research department to make a study for us. The findings revealed what I had surmised but did not know. Paul Lazarsfeld, who made the study, informed me that the inexpensive greeting card provided an outlet for the individual's gregariousness, a gregariousness difficult for most people to express under the conditions of the time. Gregariousness was limited for most people. Entertainment and liquor were expensive means of expressing it. Homes were too small for the entertainment people wanted to give and receive in urban areas, distances often too great for even good friends to get together. Greeting cards offered a replacement, available at little cost throughout the country.

We also found that most people are too restrained or too inarticulate to voice their sentiments on important occasions: Christmas Day, Valentine's Day, Easter, birthdays, weddings and other ceremonial occasions. With greeting cards they find a ready-made expression that makes it unnecessary for them to form and express their sentiments themselves. The Columbia

study also indicated one other interesting fact—that when a greeting card is received, the recipient is pleased and dispatches a card to the sender at the earliest logical opportunity.

With the war coming on and displacement of people occurring in the society (prewar duties were already keeping loved ones at great distances from one another), the use of the greeting card would fill a social need and be a factor in building the morale of the people. Our findings, of course, provided the basis for a country-wide activity of disseminating this information to the mass media, which in turn made the public recognize the place of greeting cards in the society. When war came the Government recognized the part greeting cards played in maintaining morale, and paper for greeting cards was never restricted during the war.

We found one other conclusion in our study which affected the industry—that the higher the socio-economic scale of the individual, the fewer greeting cards he bought. The more articulate and wealthy a person was, the less he used greeting cards to express his gregariousness. We found out also that the low quality of artistic and literary expression of the cards themselves militated against their sale to these groups. I urged the industry to make cards with art and prose that satisfied cultured tastes.

In business, as in other human activities, successful pioneers are imitated. After one greeting-card manufacturer broke the ice and produced cards with taste in words and illustrations, soon the industry was on the search for art and prose to appeal to a cultured audience. One manufacturer, Hallmark, later induced the Wildenstein Galleries in New York to display the originals of the cards he manufactured.

Our research inspired one manufacturer, Robert Bender, a brilliant young man who headed a small greeting-card company, to pursue further research. He engaged a social-research group in Chicago, and they discovered, much to their surprise, through projective techniques that symbolic representations which appealed to the unconscious had a greater appeal to people than natural pictorial representation. A scene of the sands on the seashore had greater appeal on a Mother’s Day card than a picture of Whistler’s mother. An obelisk had greater pull on a Father’s Day card than a representation of Michelangelo’s Moses.

But buyers of variety stores were slow to accept the new cards and preferred to rest their profits on the old type of card that presented Christmas in terms of sleds and Santa Claus. The greeting-card

manufacturers were pleased with the outcome of our activities. Long after we had finished with them they took advantage of the principles we had discovered and promoted.

I have no illusions about greeting cards, nor do I use them. Many are banal, ugly and tasteless, and I would rather struggle with the effort to word my own sentiments. But after our experience I have no doubt about the useful purpose they serve in a society in which there are now millions less lonely because of them.

In 1925 the popularity of the untrimmed felt hat had almost destroyed the millinery industry. And in 1940 the millinery industry was up against it again. A powerful move toward hatlessness was threatening the industry. Fashion had dictated no hats for women. Milliners thought they were finished for good. The Millinery Stabilization Committee once again engaged us to advise them on how to counter the potential destroyer.

I decided to base our activities on the assumption that youthfulness is the ideal for women in the United States; if young women could be induced to wear hats, hats would become fashionable again.

If the college woman, for example, could set the fashion, how would we get the college girl to wear hats? That led to another assumption—that college girls's fashions were affected by college boys. We searched for an editor of a men's college newspaper who felt as we did about hats. We found such an editor at Dartmouth. He was Richard E. Glen-dinning, editorial chairman of their newspaper. He was strongly against hatlessness. Doris prepared a draft for him which represented his point of view and which he was delighted to get, and he wrote a strong editorial against the hatless fashion.

We suggested to Mr. Glendinning methods of securing attention for his editorial. It found its way to a box on page one of the New York *Herald Tribune* and to the front pages of newspapers and to women's magazines and fashion trade papers. We assisted in the distribution of this material, and soon visibility for the idea came in nation-wide floods. The New York *Times,* on May 15, 1940, carried Mr. Glendinning's statement:

We are tired of women's crowning folly. We are tired of frowsy queens of the streets. We are tired of the affectations of would-be glamour girls who toss their tangled locks and expect men to swoon at the sight. We

believe that silken snares that sway in the breeze are sickening snarls of hair—just hair.

Men don't like women minus hats on the streets. We think women look well-dressed with hats and silly without them. Nice hats are pretty, cute, dignified, poised, elegant, terrific, neat, engaging, proper, flirtatious, swell and whatever adjectives you like.

We want to start a girlcott against girls who boycott hats.

Women's Wear Daily, the potent fashion daily, on July 24, 1940, reported that hatlessness had been curbed but not eliminated, that a survey showed progress in combating the evil and that the general consensus indicated the trend had been checked.

A brilliant young writer, Elizabeth Hawes, author of *Fashion Is Spinach*, wrote a piece in *PM* captioned "Or, for That Matter, Why Do Women Wear Hats at All?" about my fight on hatlessness. She noted *Women's Wear* had reported that I had used a method to combat hatlessness which in the field of international politics has come to be known as boring from within. "He never mentions hatlessness but constantly stresses the advisability of wearing hats through stories published in newspapers and magazines throughout the country. One of his 'stunts' was to have the Dartmouth daily newspaper, in an editorial, condemn girls who did not wear hats."

She quoted me as saying that you can never make people do what they don't want to do. This is of course true. But I had also pointed out to her that a hat is a symbol for a crown and that I thought women would not give up their crowns. Her comment was that crowns were falling thick and fast (1940) and maybe that was a trend, too.

My explanation of the trend toward hatlessness was that the hair-shampoo industry focused public attention on hair and pushed hats off the heads of women. Miss Hawes answered that in many countries and civilizations hair as a focus of interest had replaced hats. "The whole trend of life and clothes is toward ease and comfort. Instead of hiring public relations counsels to put over what the manufacturers want sold, why not go back to an old American custom? Let the People speak."

chapter 57

THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF CHANGE

Despite the Depression, the American public responded to new ideas. For the Woods School (1934–36) we worked for acceptance of a more scientific approach in the care of mentally retarded children; for Dorothy Draper, a decorator, I furthered the spread of modern decoration; for Dixie Cups (1932–34) I helped advance sanitation in the serving of drink and food by popularizing the paper cup; and for Henry Clay Bock and Company we drew attention (1932–33) to a new mechanical means of simulating the atmospheric conditions of Havana, Cuba, in Trenton, New Jersey.

One of the most satisfying clients to me was the Woods School. Ivy Lee referred them to us in 1934 when they came to him. He was not interested in a school for backward children as a client. I was delighted to accept them, and for years they remained our client. I am told that what they did at our suggestion had a profound effect on the rehabilitation and treatment of backward children in the United States and pointed the way to today's approach to the problem.

Woods School, on large acreage at Langhorne, Pennsylvania, was owned by a former public schoolteacher of Philadelphia, Edith Hare, a warm, sympathetic person. In three establishments she boarded and took care of what she called exceptional children—really backward—and treated them with love and good care. I noted a lack of scientific method in her handling of the children and recommended a more scientific handling, with a retention of tender loving care. I set up an advisory board of distinguished pediatricians and psychiatrists whose counsel she followed in her school policies and practices. We instituted a Child Research Clinic of the Woods School and held one-day conferences at the school and in cities through the

country at which outstanding authorities in mental health presented their findings and discussed among themselves the problems of the backward child. We published these proceedings and distributed them to pediatricians and other interested people. They became contributions of importance in this area before any national mental health associations existed. The school became crowded with children sent by doctors who had heard of the clinic. Institutes covered such subjects as “What Science Offers the Emotionally Unstable Child” or “Wartime Adjustment of the Exceptional Child.” Public and private bodies alike were made aware of the importance of rehabilitation and care of exceptional children.

After years of activity, Mrs. Hare was so impressed with the public-service aspects of the school that she turned it into a nonprofit institution, which is still functioning at Langhome.

In the Depression modern decorative design gained impetus from Dorothy Tuckerman Draper, who became our client in 1931.

At Hampshire House she introduced new coloring to walls and furniture. She was among the first to decorate lobbies of apartment houses and hotels with a contemporary flavor. She knew exactly what she wanted of her career. She wanted to build up a reputation in the next five years, rather than immediately, for doing the smartest and most original work. She wanted to work on hotels, theaters and ocean liners as well as private houses, to work with interesting housing and art movements, to meet interesting people from Europe in her field. She wanted a richer life. And it was more important than money to have an international reputation for taste and distinction. And she wanted to earn $25,000 a year and have three months off in summer and one each winter.

We helped her with advice and counsel on ways and means to meet her goals. Over a long period she accomplished her objectives, and her income greatly exceeded her hopes and expectations.

As a boy I drank from tin drinking cups attached to public fountains by metal chains. The cup became a spreader of colds, sore throats, bronchitis and often more serious diseases of epidemic proportions. The cup was outlawed in many communities. But there was no substitute for it. Soda fountains and restaurants were sources of contamination, because often they had no facilities for adequate cleansing of the utensils they used.

The Individual Drinking Cup Company, which made Individual Dixie Cups, asked me to promote their products. I told Hugh Moore, president of the company, that the desire for health was basic with most people. Most people were Milquetoasts, I said, and would not complain individually about the unsanitary handling of their food. And even if they did it would make little difference to the soda-water jerkers or waitresses or waiters to whom they complained. But if a pressure group attacked the problem, restaurateurs and soda-fountain operators would respond to public demand.

I organized a Committee for the Study and Promotion of the Sanitary Dispensing of Foods and Drinks. The name was long, but it took a long name to describe what I had in mind. Its membership consisted of public-health authorities. Shirley Wynne, M.D., Health Commissioner of New York City, consented to be honorary consultant. Alex N. Tom-son, M.D., Secretary of the Public Health Committee of the Kings County Medical Society, became our permanent chairman. Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, who was past president of the New York State Medical Society, became a member.

Our letterhead read "Organized to promote sanitation and prevent transmission of infectious disease at soda fountains, in restaurants and other places providing food and drink to the public." We published a bibliography to establish authenticity for our effort. We distributed postcards to consumers to send to eating places that practiced unsanitary dispensing. Other cards urged individuals to report to the Health Commissioner names and addresses of places in flagrant violation of the health code; and others, addressed to our headquarters, asked individuals to report unsanitary dispensing practices.

The hotel and restaurant people supported our effort; so did women's groups. An amoebic-dysentery epidemic in Chicago focused attention on the need for sanitation, and the New York Health Commissioner urged greater cleanliness in eating places.

The American Weekly, a Sunday magazine section, which boasted "the greatest circulation in the world," ran a full-page story headlined "Disease Germs Often Swallowed with Our Meals." The pictures showed "a dumb waitress blowing her steaming nose onto a germ-soaked handkerchief and then planting a colony of germs on a bread roll; how the germ-laden fingers of the careless waitress lifts the glass from the inside instead of handling each glass on the outside away from the rim, and similar portentous tales."

Walter Winchell joined the crusade and said: “I would tighten up on those restaurants and soda fountain eateries which are getting plenty careless about cleansing their dishes and glasses. No man minds getting rouge on his lips when he kisses the other fellow’s girl—but he doesn’t like getting it from an unwashed cup.”

A week before the United States banking system came to a halt, the American Cigar Company, a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company, opened a plant in Trenton, New Jersey, to make Corona cigars. It seemed anomalous at the time. The new air-conditioning industry had learned how to control the humidity and temperature and simulated the Havana conditions, and it was cheaper to make Coronas in Trenton than in Havana.

I was surprised at the latter, until I learned that the cigars were rolled by girls. In Cuba the men who rolled them received eight to twelve cigars daily from the company. Multiply 1,500 men by 300 days and it adds up to four and a half million cigars a year given away by the company. The company estimated a saving of a quarter million dollars by the substitution of nonsmoking American girls for cigar-smoking Cuban men.

All America was to know about the Coronas made in Trenton. And so it was logical for me to ask Alfred H. Smith, former Governor of New York, to attend the opening of the Trenton plant as guest of honor. He enjoyed posing for photographs, with a cigar jauntily tilted between his lips and Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey at his side.

We sent the first two boxes of Corona cigars rolled in Trenton to President Hoover and to President-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt. All this was reported to the press.

The contrast between the luxurious cigar and the growing poverty, hunger and unemployment all around haunted me. But the plant provided new jobs for 2,000 people, and the success of the new Corona was so phenomenal that a new wing to employ 700 more was planned soon afterward—a strange stepladder industry in the Depression.

chapter 58

UNDERWRITING FIRE INSURANCE WITH THE PUBLIC

Two hundred stock fire-insurance companies asked me to make a nation-wide celebration of their Diamond Jubilee. By involving a whole nation in a celebration of their birthday, stock companies might focus attention on themselves and reap the benefit.

In 1866 the stock companies had organized the National Board of Fire Underwriters, their nonprofit public-service arm, that worked for fire prevention, set up modern building codes, tried to suppress arson and conducted a modern laboratory to inspect materials and safety devices. Of course it aided the fire-insurance companies to reduce fire hazards and fire losses.

The European war had made Americans conscious of the menace of spies, saboteurs and fifth columnists in this country. Daily the newspapers reported the fires caused by bombing in Europe. Fire was a menace in the United States, too, with its daily toll of 1,500 fires and 28 killed. A third of a billion dollars went up in flames annually in the United States, $806,400 daily, $560 per minute. Our national annual bill for fire losses could have bought 336 long-range bombers in 1941.

I made final arrangements with Frank D. Layton, president of the N.B.F.U., and several other presidents of fire-insurance companies to carry forward our theme—National Defense through Fire Defense.

Our nation-wide celebration was to start on May 22. Louis Bromfield, Will Hays, Harry Woodburn Chase, Chancellor of New York University, and others joined our national sponsors. We first aroused interest among the press, then the other media.

Over a hundred thousand letters went to governors, mayors, chambers of commerce, fire chiefs, educators and others, enlisting local participation. Communities committed themselves to the celebration. In Alabama, for instance, Birmingham, Bridgeport, Tuscaloosa and Union Springs committed themselves to between one and twenty different activities—a clean-up week, proclamations, citations, resolutions, meetings, school programs, talks, fire-fighting equipment demonstrations, speeches, forums, women's clubs programs, distributions of publications, special issues of newspapers, radio and film projections, art exhibits of fire prints, memorabilia exhibitions and newspaper publicity. This demonstrated strikingly how a democratic society functions on a voluntary basis at a community level.

Those who participated gained a sense of satisfaction from participating in a useful activity—fire prevention and protection.

A New York *Times* editorial on May 25 was representative of nation-wide editorial comment. It said: "By undertaking this beneficial and necessary work, the National Board of Fire Underwriters relieves the Federal and State government of an immense expense, places fire prevention on a sound basis, and what is more gives a demonstration of the manner in which a great private enterprise can meet social responsibility in a democratic way."

Mr. Layton, on May 27, expressed in a talk his amazement "at the great response that came from all parts of the country—North, South, East and West. Response not only in words but in active participation in our program. It was as if the latent public good will engendered by our efforts all these years had found appreciative voice and was released in all these activities of these anniversary months."

From the national standpoint and that of the stock fire-insurance industry, I thought we should link our efforts with the British, with whom American companies had close ties, since British companies were reinsurers of their risks. I wanted to further British morale and get in my lick at the Nazis.

To do this I suggested a scroll from the board be given to Lord Halifax, British Ambassador, commemorating the bravery of the London fire fighters. Dedicated to the London Fire Fighting Service, it was addressed to the officer commanding it. Lord Halifax accepted it at the British Embassy in Washington. He sent me a copy of the letter he had sent to Herbert

Morrison, M.P., then Minister for Home Security, typical of British understatement: “I am afraid our people,” Halifax wrote to Morrison, “have been and are having a bad time. The admiration here for the way Great Britain is standing up to it is profound.”

Two luncheons and a banquet at the Waldorf climaxed the week’s events. That was a good way to top off an activity.

PART FIVE

world war ii and the postwar world

(1942 to the present)

chapter 59

IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

During World War II many clients indicated deep concern about their adjustment to the peacetime that would follow the war. They felt they might be left behind in the rapid changes that would result. Among those I advised on postwar adjustments were the American Nurses Association, the U.S. Beet Sugar Association, the National Association of Glue Manufacturers, the pharmaceutical profession and industry, the American Optometric Association and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

Strangely enough, although their services or goods were different, their problems were the same. Therefore, our approach to them followed a pattern: first, finding the facts, then interpreting them and making recommendations for action to lead to better adjustment with the public.

A brilliant, statesmanlike editor, Mary Roberts, R.N., of the *American Journal of Nursing,* called me in to tell me of the unsatisfactory status of the nursing profession and its need to prepare for the postwar world. To gather the facts so we might make recommendations to the client, she commissioned me to write a series of articles for her journal, the official publication of the American Nurses Association. Her readers, she felt, would better understand the situation after they had read the articles. I went at the matter with great thoroughness and wrote articles on the relation of nurses to the armed forces, health groups, consumers and private nursing services, communities and hospitals. I learned that nurses were treated by society as a marginal group. After long, arduous preparation in education and internship, every branch of society treated them in a niggardly way: the doctor as handmaidens, patients as a cross between maids and governesses and society on the whole as Florence Nightingales. Self-abnegation was expected of them. They were to be treated as saints with thin pocketbooks.

The articles I wrote made a stir in the profession, whereupon the American Nurses Association, as Miss Roberts had anticipated, engaged us to advise them on public relations to improve their position at war's end.

We immediately planned several campaigns. The first was aimed at the economic status of nurses—more money and fewer hours. Nurses in national, state and local associations had not used their organizational power to improve their economic position. California nurses, to be sure, had made agreements for better wages and hours with employer bodies, hospitals and municipalities. We used California as an example other nurses' groups should follow. A shorter work week and better wages for nurses resulted.

Another activity was aimed to improve nurses' status with the public. To do this we kept up a constant barrage of defining to the public the time and effort it took to become a trained nurse. To help nurses become self-sufficient in gaining public support I wrote a textbook on public relations for nurses, which was sent to member groups of the American Nurses Association. It outlined the methods to engineer consent of the public for the nurses' goals. It told them what to do and how to do it to gain support from the public for their objectives. I think it was used to good effect.

One of my enjoyments was talking to thousands of nurses packed into the huge auditorium in Atlantic City at their annual meetings, attempting to teach them techniques and strategies of public relations so that they might gain their goals. I recognized that my audience was made up of women who had entered their calling because of a streak of martyrdom and a desire to serve. They did not want to be aggressive and had gone into their profession in part because of this lack. It was a challenging problem to find means to make them recognize the implications of working together vigorously.

Leadership among the nurses was effective and of as high a caliber in executive ability as I have encountered anywhere in American life. America, with its millions of inhabitants, has enough leadership to go around.

The nurses made progress in the period in which I advised them, and their profession was advanced. When the war ended in 1945 they had better standing with the public and better earning power.

The drug industry—manufacturing, wholesaling and retailing—and the pharmaceutical profession asked us what steps they should take to keep

ahead of change after the war. They had reason for concern. Change, in manufacture and retailing, was proceeding rapidly and they had done little to meet it. The variety drugstore with pharmacy as a sideline was replacing the apothecary shop. Medicine formerly compounded in a back room by the pharmacist was put up in liquid or pill form by the manufacturer. And where would the pharmacist fit into the picture of the future? What should his education be? Would he require skills of merchandising and store management in addition to pharmaceutical knowledge? What trends affected the manufacturer of pharmaceutical goods, and where would his manufactured drugs be sold and in what form?

We researched the facts. A 2,400-page report based on published material, thousands of letters and personal interviews with knowledgeable people in and out of the field, was the result. It was a blueprint, with recommendations, for the manufacturing and retailing side of the industry and the profession. We urged our clients to prepare for an era in which there would be less and less compounding of prescriptions in the drugstore; the finished product would be packaged by the manufacturer and asked for by the physician by a trade name. With Blue Cross and other health-insurance groups leading to more extensive hospitalization, hospitals would serve as more important centers for dispensing drugs than retail shops. The individual apothecary would give way to a chain, in which each unit was a variety store. Pharmaceutical education would need to be changed to meet the needs of the future. The report was received with interest by the industry and profession and by its trade and professional press. Judged by the favorable publicity it received, it played a role in adjusting the industry and the profession to postwar needs.

In 1942 the American Optometric Association, with a membership of thousands of optometrists, was caught between the upper and lower grindstone of the oculist and the optician. The leadership of the organization was high in integrity and ability. They wanted to know how to advance their profession. Ward Ewalt of Pittsburgh and others in the group had ethics and professional skills of exemplary standards. But with different criteria for performance and licensing existing in the forty-eight states, it was difficult to maintain such standards nationally. The leaders supported our efforts, but the rank-and-file optometrists were engaged in a struggle for existence with snipers of all sorts—for instance, department and chain stores that set up

optometry departments and who hired optometrists to serve customers like shoe salesmen. The most we accomplished was to convey to leaders our methods and techniques.

That venerable Philadelphia institution, the Franklin Institute, a combination of museum, research body and learned society, was suffering from a lack of vitality. The head of the Institute was a prissy gentleman with good manners who could not make up his mind. Members of the board of directors were for the most part Main Liners, with here and there a go-getter, such as the president of the Pennsylvania Telephone Company and Samuel Fels of the soap company that bore his name. They retained me to give Benjamin Franklin greater fame and prestige in the hierarchy of American godhead symbols. At luncheons at the Rittenhouse Club, in a dank, cavernlike and almost empty room, we discussed our plans.

The Philadelphia board members identified in a highly personal way with Benjamin Franklin. I plunged into the assignment as if my life depended on it. I studied Carl Van Doren's book on Franklin, segmentalized the gentleman into every phase of his varied activity and tried to find a relationship between what he did with some group interest in the present-day United States. I knew, of course, that Franklin had been a printer, publisher, diplomat and essayist and that his key and kite had caught the lightning from the heavens. But I had no idea of his protean activity in many other vocations.

We made contact with the voluntary associations interested in specific activities of Franklin and suggested courses of action they could take to associate themselves dramatically with him. On his birthday or another suitable commemorative date they swung into action with some overt celebration or newsworthy action.

The committee let us proceed without interference. We now decided to spread the Franklin name in local communities. New schools, streets, avenues, boulevards and alleys were continually being named in a growing America. I suggested to local officials around the country the advantages of having their structures, streets and even firehouses named after the great American. The Philadelphia gentlemen gathered weekly to receive reports on these baptisms. Our society craves heroes and responded quickly to identification with Franklin.

When we started the order of priority, number one in the firmament of our national heroes was George Washington, father of his country. Abraham

Lincoln stood next; even the South granted this. Then came Thomas Jefferson. After that there was no clear-cut fourth. James Madison, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt were runners-up. I believe our activities helped to fit Benjamin Franklin in at this level.

chapter 60

PUBLICATIONS WOO THEIR PUBLICS

In 1946 two publications retained us. *McCall's* and the *New Republic* had problems as different as their respective publics. The New *Republic,* founded by liberals during Wilson's New Freedom in 1914, with Mrs. Willard Straight, George Soule and Alvin Johnson, provided a thoughtful weekly of opinion which, along with *The Nation,* set the pace for progressive thought and action. But now the *New Republic* had to some extent lost its influence. Michael Straight, the son of the founding father and mother, was publisher. Henry Wallace, former Vice President of the United States, had but lately become editor.

I had admired Wallace ever since he was an overnight guest at our summer house at Irvington, in March 1933. I had helped him when he was Secretary of Agriculture and he had sent his information chief, Milton Eisenhower, to New York to get indoctrination from me on handling the efforts to gain acceptance for the Agricultural Adjustment Act. When Straight asked me to advise the *New Republic* I was glad he did, for I thought I could help crystallize the forces of liberalism and progressivism around Wallace, a most likely figure to gain their adherence and support.

I tried to secure the most widespread publicity for Wallace's announcement of his acceptance of the editorship. To build news value we arranged for a crisscross pattern of releases from three locations—Des Moines, Washington and New York. The announcement made the splurge I had expected.

But Michael Straight was no ball of fire; he was only a wealthy and honorable young man, with good intentions. Compared to the go-getters I had met among the publishers, he moved slowly. When I suggested he follow up a valuable contact outside the office, such as meeting some

important person in another building, he was either too bashful or too lazy to leave his comfortable little cubbyhole of an office at 49th Street and Madison Avenue.

Bruce Bliven, who had occupied an important executive post on the *New Republic*, was always pleasant to get along with. I think he worried about what would happen to the publication with Henry Wallace at the helm. Daniel Mebane, business manager, was pleasant, too, but lacked the vitals to compete with manic types of Madison Avenue. After my experience with Luce, Curtis and Hearst, the *New Republic* group struck me as behaving like awfully nice people at a house party in the country, when they should have been sticks of dynamite. I learned they had followed this pattern of behavior since their founding. I tried to inject a lively approach into the operation.

Using proven methods I had employed at other magazines, I helped to push the circulation from 40,000 to the 100,000 mark. I used mailings to groups, newspaper publicity and other activities. Henry Wallace, who proved himself a good editor, presented his viewpoint vigorously and articulately. It was easy to publicize what he said because, while he was a man of the past in the eyes of some, what he said indicated the trend of the future to many.

One day he came over to our office to discuss a forceful editorial with me. I suggested he insert the names of two countries which he had inadvertently left out. He had not noticed his omission, but the countries involved would certainly have noted it. He graciously accepted my suggestions. His thoughts centered on the broad idea.

The *New Republic* was making progress. But at this point Wallace's political ambitions got the better of him. He resigned and ran unsuccessfully for President of the United States. If he had remained editor he might have welded the progressives of this country together into a strong political grouping. After he left, the *New Republic* dropped to its previous figures. Our tour of duty was over, too.

McCall's magazine, a few blocks away, was a different world. Everyone was geared to the contemporary whirl of bigtime publishing. Editors had their eyes on the articles submitted and their ears attuned to the cash register. Stories were judged by their appeal to the reader, but advertiser and potential advertiser were never out of sight or mind. One editor went over

the fiction monthly, before it was used, to expunge or modify anything that might possibly be distasteful to an advertiser. No small boy in a fiction story would be permitted to say “I hate spinach” if spinach growers were advertising the food value of spinach in the same issue or, for that matter, were potential advertisers.

The man who presided over the then runner-up to the *Ladies’ Home Journal* was Otis Wiese, known as the “boy editor.” He had come to his post at a youthful age and still occupied it. He had surrounded himself with women editors who undoubtedly admired him for his masculine good looks.

One of *McCall’s* problems was to assure the advertiser that *McCall’s* brought responses from its readers. *McCall’s* wanted to get credit for bringing about public action. The assumption in advertising circles was that if a publication could bring about new safety rules in schools or an improvement in country roads, it could sell breakfast foods and washing machines.

The roving editor of *McCall’s* had persuaded the residents of a square block in Philadelphia to give up their messy little back yards and to substitute one landscaped yard for the whole square block. She called it Yardville, a common yard out of a square block.

Wiese recognized the potentialities of Yardville for the country and for the magazine. He engaged our services to make his hope for social action from a *McCall’s* article come true. We asked for and received the highest fee we had thus far been paid.

Before the publication of the Yardville article, we invited representatives of the Philadelphia voluntary groups to sponsor Yardville—Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, PTAs, YMCAs and other organizations—at a lunch. Each group then wrote on their letterhead to opposite-number groups in cities with populations over 5,000. The letter described the Philadelphia Yardville and urged the recipient to associate himself with other leaders in his community who had received letters from their Philadelphia counterparts.

Members of our staff went to neighboring cities to help start local Yardvilles. We formalized the national Yardville movement with a letterhead committee.

Fifteen large cities held “Achievement” luncheons when their Yardvilles were completed. News stories, favorable editorial comment and, more important, Yardvilles followed in other cities. The response to the Yardville

idea was enthusiastic. Any grass-roots movement looking to the improvement of the environment of the home finds quick response.

Within thirty days of our start, *McCall's* magazine was running full-page advertisements in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco papers reporting progress. "The Snowball called Yardville U.S.A." was the headline; 264 cities had shown keen interest in creating Yardvilles of their own. Yardville was described as an idea sparked by a couple of editors carrying out the editorial philosophy of *McCall's.*

I was hopeful *McCall's* would continue to further it. The speed with which large and small communities initiated Yardvilles proved how receptive Americans were to change. *McCall's* had the leverage with individuals and groups to keep Yardvilles growing. An action manual we wrote that gave specific instructions on how to start a Yardville was in demand.

McCall's followed up Yardville in subsequent numbers, reporting on the growing movement. The publicity inspired additional cities to build Yardvilles of their own. But as happens so often, new ideas that came up sidetracked Yardville at *McCall's.*

There was a great to-do in the publishing world when *McCall's* snatched Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography, *This I Remember,* away from the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Mrs. Roosevelt had been contributing a monthly page of answers to questions to the *Journal.* The *Journal* thought everything was set for her autobiography, too. The *Journal* editors informed Mrs. Roosevelt they wanted it slicked up; she was outraged and refused. Her son Elliott, at a literary cocktail party, casually told this story. An editor of *McCall's* present heard the story and rushed back to his office to tell Otis Wiese about it. Wiese, recognizing the coup it would be to get Mrs. Roosevelt for *McCall's,* called Mrs. Roosevelt's agent and paid $150,000 for the autobiography and, in addition, secured her monthly column.

Marvin Pierce, president of *McCall's,* a Roosevelt-hater, was bitterly opposed when he heard the contract had been signed. But his personal antagonism did not stand in the way of letting Wiese go ahead and engage us to promote the acquisition.

Both Doris and I admired Mrs. Roosevelt and delighted in the assignment. I had first met Mrs. Roosevelt during the Presidential campaign in 1944, and her action then as a woman and a politician had made a deep impression on me. At a dinner party a week before the election Frank E.

Karelsen, Jr., a friend, heard me air ideas to further Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. He made an appointment for me to see Mrs. Roosevelt at her home on Washington Square West the next morning at a quarter of nine. A Negro maid let me into the tastefully and modestly furnished drawing room, where walls were hung with memorabilia of her family and of our early China trading days-Chinese pictures and embroideries.

Mrs. Roosevelt, wearing a dark daytime dress and red bedroom slippers, greeted me warmly and sat with me on a stiff sofa, listening intently. I outlined my idea, a letter campaign from heads of voluntary groups to their members urging them to re-elect the President. She thought it a good plan. The doorbell rang, and the maid announced her second morning caller, a U.S. sailor whom she had met on the Pacific front and had invited to visit her on his furlough to the U.S. She took me to the door of the apartment and thanked me. I wondered about a follow-up.

Within the hour Edward I. Flynn, Democratic State Chairman of New York, telephoned me to say that Mrs. Roosevelt had just left him. She had evidently visited Democratic headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, discussed my suggestion with Mr. Flynn and asked him to call me. Mr. Flynn asked me to see him.

Wiese asked me how many copies he should add to his print order for the first installment of Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography. I said I would try to determine the number.

Our researchers read all of Mrs. Roosevelt's columns in the New York *World-Telegram* for the previous two years and listed the individuals and groups she had praised. These included labor, social service, education, minorities, foreign-born, liberal, women's organizations and others. The additional figure we arrived at was 300,000, and that number was ordered. (We almost sold out.)

To meet our goal I located leaders of the groups Mrs. Roosevelt had mentioned and showed them proofs of the first installment and suggested to them that they might care to send bulletins to their members about the forthcoming autobiography and urge their members to read it.

Friends of Mrs. Roosevelt—Jonathan Daniels, Margaret Culkin Banning, Lawrence E. Spivak, Frances Perkins and Albert Q. Maisel—acted on what was an easy, pleasant task for them to carry out. On their letterheads they wrote to an aggregate of 25,000 key people. Groups Mrs. Roosevelt had mentioned sent thousands of additional letters. The Foster

Parent Plan, for example, notified 250,000 of their contributors about the autobiography.

In the voluminous correspondence we conducted, only an occasional Roosevelt-hater reminded us of the bumper crop of such people in the Thirties. Miss Perkins sent me one of these letters with a pencil notation, “This is a jolly nice letter, F.P.” Here is the excerpt: “If Eleanor Roosevelt had persuaded Franklin Roosevelt not to run for a third term, we might listen. If she had prevented his running for a fourth term, thus saving this country from disaster and the Yalta Conference and had written about it, we should buy her book, but to omit this dark page in our American history leaves us cold as to what else she says.”

To dramatize the publication of the first installment we held two parties. In Washington more than 600 Senators, Representatives, generals, admirals and newspaper correspondents paid tribute to Mrs. Roosevelt at the Carlton. The reception followed a dinner at which President Truman presented her with the Women’s National Press Club’s Woman of the Year Award.

To lift our next reception out of the routine I suggested that Wiese present Mrs. Roosevelt with a collection of world-wide tributes from important men and women. Wiese wrote letters to government heads: emperors, prime ministers, shahs, kings, queens, presidents. To many respondents Mrs. Roosevelt was not the woman of the decade or the century; she was the woman of all time.

I was, of course, interested in the contents of the memoirs. Any memoir reflects a selective process; omission is a better index of the character of the writer than content. That is why memoirs are checked and rechecked with other sources before they are regarded as presenting a true picture of the writer.

Miss Frances Perkins, a close friend of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, made some revealing comments on this point. I met her at the Cosmopolitan Club shortly after the publication of the first installment and asked her whether she had read it. “Oh, no,” she said. “I adore Mrs. Roosevelt too much to do that.”

“I don’t quite understand what you mean,” I said.

“Well,” she said, “I might not feel the same way toward her after I had read the installment.” And she asked me eagerly, “Does it mention Mrs. Rutherford?” I said it did not and she seemed much relieved.

Miss Perkins told me that when Mrs. Roosevelt got the first news from Warm Springs of the President's stroke, she kept a speaking engagement at the Sulgrave Club in Washington because, she said, she couldn't disappoint her public. She was called from the Sulgrave Club when the bad news came of the President's second stroke. Her children treated her very badly, said Miss Perkins, and her so-called friends exploited her. I asked Miss Perkins why Mrs. Roosevelt had shown antagonism to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who had visited the Roosevelts in the White House. Mrs. Chiang, said Miss Perkins, kept clapping her hands, an old Chinese custom, for the household employees at the White House whenever she wanted them.

chapter 61

POSTWAR COMPETITION SPURS CORPORATE PUBLIC RELATIONS

MACK BUILDS TRUCKS—AND A U.S. HIGHWAY SYSTEM

When I started my four years of publicizing Mack Trucks, I was sure I would be busily engaged in promoting motor vehicles. I was—but by the most indirect kind of indirection. Actually, I was propagandizing for a huge road-building program for the United States. I saw my ideas gain strength by chain reaction and translate themselves into a gargantuan reality, a dramatic demonstration of how private interest and public interest coincide in our society. To my surprise, the effort resulted in a $23 billion United States road building program, authorized by the Congress.

Mack Trucks had manufactured trucks for fifty years. The bulldog trademark symbolized size, sturdiness, durability. Truckmen, owners and drivers preferred Mack Trucks. In 1949 new management had taken over. E. L. Bransome, the new president, and H. W. Dodge, the executive vice-president, dominated the corporation.

Bransome had the personality of a bulldog; Bransome was built like a bulldog too, held on tenaciously like a bulldog and barked even more viciously than a bulldog. He had drive and strength and cared about nothing and nobody except himself and his own ideas for the company's advancement. His employees feared him and hated him; his aggression and his energies were unrestrained. I was not surprised when he told me he lived at a fashionable club in New York because he could not get along with his family in New Jersey. His extracurricular activity, also in character, was

hating the New Deal and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, although Truman was already in office.

He had undoubtedly chosen H. W. Dodge, his right-hand man, as compensation for his own inadequacies. I had often observed this practice in business. Dodge had the gentlest of personalities; he was charming, courteous, thoughtful and, besides, was a splendid executive. Between the super-aggressiveness of Bransome and the gentle drive of Dodge, the company made headway.

But Mack trucks faced grave problems. The United States transportation system was the second largest industry in the country, grown to its huge size without planning. The United States had one third of the world's railroad mileage, one third of its surfaced roads, 70 per cent of its motor vehicles. Trucks had recently advanced rapidly in number and were already carrying 69 per cent of the livestock transported, 50 per cent of the fruits and vegetables and 97 per cent of the live poultry. The railroad's share of freight had dropped from 78 per cent in 1929 to 60 per cent in 1949, due to the inroad of trucks.

In desperation, the railroads had decided to eliminate this most frightening competitor, the large truck. With the assistance of professional propagandists they had started a vigorous antitruck propaganda and were making an impact on the public. They carried their line to the public in many ways, notably by publication in magazines of horrendous tales about large trucks. The *Saturday Evening Post*, in September 1950, ran an article saying trucks destroyed our highways; the *Reader's Digest* published an article, "All the Railroads Want Is a Fair Deal." The principal accusations against large trucks were that they were a menace on the roads and to the roads; that they did not pay their share of taxes for road building and maintenance and that their loads were over the legal weight. An additional indictment that appealed to the emotions of the public maintained that transportation of explosives made trucks a menace to thousands. To curb the evil, railroads advocated state taxation of large trucks, at so high a rate that trucks would be legislated out of existence. Individual railroads aggressively carried forward similar propaganda and advertising, supplementing the effort of the Association of American Railways and regional associations of railroads.

I made an analysis of this propaganda and found that it aimed to isolate heavy trucks from other trucking in the public mind before attempting to

legislate them out of existence. It made heavy trucks scapegoats for the private automobilists' frustration at having to cope with traffic on the highways. It tried to align private motorists with the railroads' efforts to penalize heavy trucks. As a result, Mack suffered both from state laws that penalized its trucks and from public revulsion, stimulated by the propaganda.

Bransome, Dodge and I realized in our discussions that Mack's markets would become more and more limited unless a countervailing force was brought into action. If heavy trucking and Mack were to serve the economic purposes of a nation and survive, a solution would have to be found.

But obviously no immediate solution was possible. Our population was growing; so was the number of passenger and truck automobiles. The static element was the highway system of the country. An idea hit me. Since no present solution was possible, maybe a future solution would assuage the frustrations of the public. If we could promise American motorists future satisfaction on their roads and work to bring that about, the gripe against heavy trucks would be dissipated and tomorrow the problem would be solved.

McAdam, the great English road builder in the nineteenth century, had said, "We must build roads for the traffic and not traffic for the roads." The attacks on heavy trucks could be minimized if our campaign for more highways for the future was successful.

Bransome, quick on the trigger when an idea pleased him, wanted full-scale action immediately. For him the plan was one of avoiding a "shoehorn" road policy. "Let us not squeeze the traffic to fit the roads, but build the roads to carry the traffic."

I started by hiring a hall, the most newsworthy one in New York outside of Madison Square Garden—the Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom. The New York Board of Trade sponsored a lunch at which Bransome, the only speaker, made his proposal for an extended road-building program: "Transportation in a Time of Crisis." Tycoons and the press, Mack's guests, filled the ballroom. The Korean war was on, which helped the idea spread its wings. "We must learn to build our way out of traffic jams, we must learn to build roads—forgive this plug—that are built like a Mack." The New York *Herald Tribune* the next day reported "the answer to trucks on the road and to the fact that overloading trucks breaks up highways is not found in legislation that will curtail the use of trucks, but in a road-building

program that will give this nation better roads than now exist" and noted that Bransome "lashed out at the attacks on the trucking industry as unwarranted and distorted." "No industry has the right to tear down another industry through vicious and unbridled propaganda and lobbying," he said.

I was soon running a lecture bureau with Bransome, Dodge and other company officials as stars, barnstorming the country with carefully prepared orations on the necessity for a highway system for the future to meet the country's needs. The idea snowballed as groups and organizations with a public or private interest in furthering the idea carried it forward enthusiastically. It developed speedy nation-wide momentum. The large tire companies promoted the idea in huge advertisements, plugging for more and better roads. The American Road Builders' Association, with a membership of manufacturing companies that made road-building materials, got on the bandwagon and pushed the program. Communities suffering from road thrombosis took up the cry. The Hearst newspapers throughout the country demanded of Congress an expanded and integrated road-building program to serve the needs of our country. Congress responded to the hue and cry and the call of public opinion and passed the largest road-building program in the history of the nation.

Public recognition of roads and highways was heightened by the Korean crisis. National security rested on trucks, and large truckers filled a national need.

Bransome's aggressiveness, much as I disliked it, along with Dodge's charm and a good idea—building highways for the future—had helped America get the road system it needed then.

Today I have second thoughts about road construction and the forces that are trying to accelerate it, and am trying, as best I can, to reverse the trend and save open spaces from encroachment by unneeded highways.

Columbian Rope Company

Along with combat casualties, World War II had equally devastating effects on individual businesses, thousands of miles from the front. Business needs continuity and stability to survive. The war caused disruptions—in the raw-material supply, the price structure at home and abroad, labor relations, distribution, technology and a host of other situations. A huge company with unlimited resources could try to cope with

these contingencies by hiring top-flight experts in diversified fields, but a smaller company was up against it. When such a company was family-owned, with uncles, sons, fathers and cousins running it, the problems were compounded. The family-controlled Columbian Rope Company faced dislocations and problems that would have challenged a team of geniuses, let alone a group of relatives born to their jobs.

I would never have had this revealing experience had I not myself been concerned about the havoc in industrial relations the war had brought with it. Doris and I bought a full-page ad in the New York *Times* and *Tribune* to tell the story of how public relations might solve some of the problems of human maladjustments brought about by the war. Our headlines across the page read: HUMAN PROBLEMS AHEAD—BEWARE. Under this a picture of an iceberg showed a slight peak visible above the water line; three quarters of the berg was outlined beneath it. The text admonished the reader to give heed to unseen trouble—problems of industrial relations that cried for solution in the postwar period.

Within several days after the announcement appeared, Columbian Rope Company retained me at $40,000 a year to advise on a multiplicity of problems, most of which I found insoluble. Most of them were war-induced. I had never encountered so many problems in one company.

No one knew which of the swiftly changing national and international events would affect the business tomorrow. Planning ahead was out of the question. And yet one of the most important elements in business is planning ahead, for time elapses between the purchase of rope fiber in Pakistan or the Philippines and the laying down of a manufactured rope in a jobber or retailer warehouse in the United States. And in this period currency fluctuations and other conditions may have changed.

Auburn had 36,000 inhabitants. Here the company had 1,200 workers and paid them prevailing wages in the cordage industry, arrived at by collective bargaining. But Columbian workers resented that their wages were not as high as those of the two other large employers in the town—International Harvester and American Locomotive. They did not take into account the higher wage scale due to higher skills prevailing at American Locomotive and International Harvester.

We undertook to educate the workers on wages in their industry. Because I knew that the climate of opinion affected people, we also aimed

our instruction at butchers, grocers, service-station men, who helped make the community's climate of opinion.

We helped the company with community activities. Most high-school graduates wanted a college education, even though they did not all have the necessary qualifications. And there was frustration among parents and students when they could not make it. I helped set up a guidance clinic to show the high-school students that there were vocations that gave satisfaction, monetary and otherwise, without a college education.

The company was saddled with the United Farm Equipment Workers' Union, one of the few unions taken over by left-wing leaders at that time. The union leaders were more eager to initiate a class struggle than to carry out collective bargaining. Rope happened to fall under the jurisdiction of both the textile workers and the farm-equipment union. The farm-equipment union had won Columbian Rope. Rope was made of fibers with textile machinery, but one of its principal uses was for agricultural machinery to bind grains when harvesting. I sought out James Carey, a top-ranking official of the AFL-CIO and of the United Electrical Workers Union in Washington and Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers Union in New York. They were both sympathetic and gave me good advice. But they could do nothing. I was struck by Rieve's wisdom in dealing with his companies. He had better figures of the cost accounting of competitive textile companies than they had themselves, and these served him well in union agreements.

We tried in every way to demonstrate the good faith of the company to members of the union. For instance, we staged a public ceremony when a union contract was signed, dramatizing our good faith. Every union agreement carried a preamble stating that its purpose was to ensure sound industrial relations under our economic system.

We made a study of worker attitudes and opinions to find new methods of cementing relations. We found social distance as far apart in Auburn as in a large city. We revealed to management workers' antagonisms they never dreamed about, the roots of which went back thirty years to a strike about which many versions existed; all those who mentioned it agreed on the injustice of Columbian. One man said the fire department had hosed the Columbian workers; another, that a casket was put on the president's porch; a third, that a cop had shot at a worker; a fourth, that the militia had been called out. These impressions had festered for thirty years.

Our study showed that unions satisfied a deep need in the minds of workers. Unions had regained self-esteem for workers; they said they weren't kicked around and were treated like human beings. I had always been in favor of unions and this intensified my belief in them.

A fine character, R. T. Starr, vice-president and head of personnel, earned the good will of the rank-and-file workers by keeping promises and by a policy of open covenants openly arrived at.

To deal with the workers was often difficult. Once the company offered them a contract that embraced higher pensions rather than a wage increase. The pension plan cost the company more than the wage rise. There were advantages to the workers in the pension plan. But the workers turned it down. Young workers were more interested in the wage in the hand, and finally the company increased the wages.

The company's product was made in so many different ways and for so many different uses that its manufacturing and distribution problems were complicated. It still is a mystery to me how Columbian ever knew how much to make of any one kind of rope. In addition to agricultural ropes there were household ropes, twine and other categories. Rope had many uses in construction, for elevators, in sports, public safety, oil drilling, fishing and navigation. A 46-page memorandum gave me the specific names of ropes, names I had never heard of—antenna rope, becket rope, frapping lines, lizard, shrouds, snorters, loom lines, all in marine use. Selling had to be done through many and different outlets. Jobbers dealt in multiple types, but some outlets carried only certain kinds of ropes.

Here we rendered some aid. We helped write letters to retailers and jobbers: we explained nomenclature and uses of rope to public and salesmen alike. We supplied information about ropes to markets that needed them. The company's raw materials were badly dislocated. We explained the war dislocations to jobbers and retailers. Before the war jute cost $20 a bale; now it was $100. Jute formerly from India, was now grown in independent Pakistan, and it was uncertain what trade relations with Pakistan would be. Abaca from the Philippines had been shut off when the Japanese took over the islands. Central America had come in as a new source of abaca. What the new republic of the Philippines would do about re-establishing its rope trade with the United States was a moot question. The production of Mexican sisal had been affected by the war. The company was similarly in the dark about fibers from other parts of the

world. And the introduction during the war of synthetic fibers was a disturbing factor. This uncertainty about raw materials and violent price fluctuations, with inflationary trends in some countries, made planning impossible.

To a limited extent we were able to improve the company's relations with the Philippines by planning and giving the Philippines a lot of publicity on the occasion of the visit of the vice-president of the company from the Philippines to the United States. And we brought twenty Philippine midshipmen to Auburn to be wined, dined and entertained: news and picture repercussions went back to the Philippines for the sake of good will. We worked on good-will activities with the Indian leaders in the United States. And we aimed material at the trade and general press to further American trade in foreign fibers.

Two disturbing factors were the reciprocal trade treaties under consideration by our Government which might affect the price structure of the finished product and the fact that the United States was competing with Columbian by manufacturing rope at some of its Navy yards. And, of course, the competition within the industry had to be watched.

From 1946 to 1951 we worked at these problems and made some headway—how much I do not know. It was a Sisyphus kind of a job. The family ownership didn't help matters. There was little decision making or authority exerted by anyone but the paid employees. Forced by family pride and economics, the people at the top continued to live and work together and tried to blend their varied temperaments into a unit. In a tribal culture there might have been a patriarch who took over. There had been one, the man who had founded the company in 1876, old Colonel Edward Dickinson Metcalf, who had died in 1915. But in this generation there was none. The old Colonel hovered over the company like a Chinese tribal ancestor. His three sons had been, at different times, presidents of the company and now there were grandsons and cousins running it. Metcalf's celestial presence was inadequate to cope with the problems of today. It was he who said, just before he died, pointing to the factory building, that this was his monument. That is why the history of the company that we wrote was called *The Monument.*

I might draw from my experience many deductions—that family corporations have difficulty in maintaining themselves and that war is a

devastating dislocation of the stability business needs. I think more businessmen understand these two truths today.

chapter 62

PERSONALITIES OF THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

In the 1940s and ’50s, the prewar, war and postwar periods in the United States, America was beset with problems. The short pieces that follow deal with a few of my relationships with personalities associated with some of them.

SENATOR BILBO

In 1946 the Ku Klux Klan was again abroad in the United States. Occasionally Ku Kluxers appeared before the country on radio and television, frothing at the mouth, as Doris said. I believed in free speech, but I objected to such appearances. I believed that such broadcasts were needlessly giving a hearing to those who wanted to destroy our democratic system.

This question was not resolved in 1946, nor is it resolved today, nor even discussed, although its importance is self-evident. Rules should be set up to govern the matter, just as rules govern the appearances of candidates for election. At present people who make themselves newsworthy by going over Niagara Falls in a barrel or riding to the moon in an automated space ship may emerge as dangerous rabble-rousers over broadcast media reaching millions. How should social control be exercised in the early stages of such exposure by broadcasting?

I was on a train to Washington and met my old friend, Lawrence E. Spivak, producer of “Meet the Press,” with his then co-producer, Martha Rountree, and they asked me to join them in their compartment. With elation Larry told me that Senator Bilbo, suspected of membership in the Klu Klux Klan, had accepted an invitation to appear on “Meet the Press.” I

told them both that I thought this proposed interview was unsound. I maintained that Bilbo was being provided with a national platform he would use for hate propaganda against the Negro, that it would intensify already existing anti-Negro antagonism and would not meet a socially constructive purpose. I saw no reason to push Bilbo into nation-wide exposure.

Larry agreed with me that it was a mistake for a radio or television program to give a racist a platform for spreading his venom, that it was irresponsible to do so; there was no disagreement between us on that issue. But he felt that the Bilbo case was completely different. Bilbo was a U. S. Senator. His racist views had been widely circulated for some time in the press of the nation. He had the Senate floor as a platform whenever he wished to use it, and he used it often. When Larry decided to interview him, his purpose was, he said, to confront him with challenging questions dealing with things he had said and done. This was not giving him a platform to spread his poison.

He thought the matter of timing was most important. He would not have interviewed Hitler when he was unknown, but he thought it would have been in the public interest had he been able to interview him when his views were widely known but had not been effectively challenged. Larry thought exposure would hang Bilbo; the public would be antagonized by the answers Bilbo made to his interviewers' questions.

Larry used Bilbo on "Meet the Press" on August 9, 1946. Bilbo tried to use the program as a platform for hate propaganda. He angrily stated that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. As a direct result of his admission on the program that he was a member of the Klan, the Senate started an investigation and blocked him from taking his Senate seat in 1947. Most Senators agreed, Larry has told me since, that only his death prevented him from being ousted. Larry felt that while on occasion the interviewers may fail to do the job they set out to do by direct confrontation with challenging questions, they certainly succeeded in the case of Bilbo.

After the broadcast, I got so worked up that I sent Larry a strong letter of protest. I wrote that psychology and social psychology both believed that susceptibility to race prejudice is a mental disease. I added, "Spreading germs of hate, as these broadcasts have done, exposes individuals who might otherwise not have been exposed to the disease and in that way inoculates them and broadens the field of the disease and its incidence.

Social psychologists concur with me that not seeking out haters for public platform is not suppression of free speech but good judgment and sense in the interests of preserving our democracy." In my remark about social psychologists I was referring to the Harvard University Social Relations Department.

I made another point I believed as valid as my first. In a court of law, to judge a suspected criminal involves a formal legal procedure. Examination and cross-examination of defendants and witnesses by lawyers bring out sworn testimony. Then the matter is left to twelve men to decide what the truth is. In the case of a half-hour broadcast, even the most sincere efforts at arriving at the truth are handicapped. There are no sworn statements, no expert cross-examiners. Newspapermen are not trial lawyers. The public may not arrive at a true judgment.

Larry replied that if I was right, the totalitarians were right in treating freedom of speech and the press as they did. That disposed of theory, he said. I answered by referring to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's dictum that crying fire in a crowded theater had nothing to do with freedom of speech—totalitarianism under the bed notwithstanding. I decided to try to change Larry's viewpoint, although I find it easier to change the viewpoint of millions than one man's.

I decided to explore the question further. I wrote leading social scientists, students of the problem and asked their opinion. My letter read:

I have been much concerned about the interview broadcasts that have recently been put on the air with Talmadge and Bilbo.

It seems to me that these broadcasts are unsound from a social standpoint because they give opportunity to demagogues to spread germs of hate and to intensify existing attitudes of race prejudice, as well as to win over new adherents who may have been on the fence before they talked.

I have tried to bring this point of view forward to the sponsors of these programs and have met with the answer that these programs are consistent with freedom of speech and press, and that they serve a useful purpose.

I am writing to you in order that I may add your authoritative opinion to that of other leaders and bring these opinions to the sponsors. I have no interest other than this public interest, and I would like to know your ideas.

Larry wrote me that he thought my letter was loaded and that I ought to be ashamed of myself. "Just what kind of reaction did you expect to get to

such a letter written to the kind of people to whom you sent it?" And he argued they would have agreed with him if he had written them as follows:

I am much concerned with the growing power of men like Talmadge and Bilbo. It seems to me necessary to expose them in every way possible —in print and on the air. There are those who believe that such exposures are dangerous because every time you expose a bigot, you have to indicate what you expose, and thus make new adherents for him. I am writing to you in order that I may add your authoritative opinion on this important matter to that of other leaders. Will you let me know what you think?

Roger Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, wrote me that Bilbo and Talmadge "are as entitled as anyone else to express their views, bad as they are for all of us, and they should be effectively answered."

Professor Gordon W. Allport of the Department of Social Relations of Harvard University, one of the great living experts on prejudice, sent me a letter in response to my query. Dr. Allport made the point that he did not know what Bilbo had said over the air and that "free speech probably justifies their appearance as *persons*, for they are for some inscrutable reason members of our august Congress."

He went on, "Under no circumstances, however, do I see that freedom of speech requires that bigots have their say on matters of race and religion where their own neurosis is unedifying and unimportant (excepting for the incurable harm that may result when they blow their top). Broadcasters are not required to invite congressmen to talk about the evil smelling disorders of their private spleen. Why ask them to expand on their hates?" He realized that there were always borderlines when freedom of speech is an issue and that perhaps broadcasters "ought to consider this as a possible criterion: politicians may attack individuals and their policies, or platforms written and subscribed to by groups of people; but no one, politicians or others, shall be allowed to attack whole groups of people." He closed with the statement that "It is certain that misstatements will be made if anyone attacks groups directly or by innuendo, excepting insofar as the group has subscribed to a concrete and specifiable policy."

This did not satisfy Larry. He said Allport's letter discussed speeches and not the kind of broadcast of questions and answers on the "Meet the Press" program. He wrote that the evidence proved overwhelmingly that

“No single thing Bilbo had done was half as damaging to him as his ‘Meet the Press’ broadcast.”

Eleanor Fish, of the Bureau for Intercultural Education, in the meantime answered my inquiry and said that broadcasting systems or sponsors would not justify programs advocating quack cures for physical illnesses by the excuse that freedom of speech should be permitted. Why should they assume the responsibility of sponsoring unsound remedies for social illnesses? Miss Fish contended that the American credo is not to suppress but to expose false doctrines. She urged equal time at the same time to other Southern leaders who believed in and would argue forcefully for the extension of democracy.

Larry answered that he agreed with much of what Miss Fish had said and noted that two professedly liberal Southerners, Governor Arnall and Senator Pepper of Florida, had already appeared on his program.

Theodore Brameld, professor of educational philosophy at the University of Minnesota, held that the trouble was not so much that these men are able to speak but that the liberal and radical forces in the country do not speak with still greater vigor and conviction.

G. James Fleming, secretary of the Race Relations Committee of the American Friends Service Committee, was afraid that any effort to limit speaking by anybody might be interpreted as a denial of freedom of speech. He was afraid that the Bilbos would use an effort of this kind to make themselves martyrs. What he hoped for was that the radio audience would “indulge in freedom of expression and let the radio stations know that the Bilbos are objectionable and not good theater or entertainment, but that they are annoying to the listening public. If enough radio listeners should do this, then the Bilbos will be refused the air on the accepted proposition that if any program is not acceptable to a substantial portion of the listening audience, then such a program should be dropped.”

Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University, who apparently had thought deeply about the problem, asserted his strong conviction that in a democracy freedom of speech must have certain imposed boundaries of discretion if the principle itself is to be preserved; furthermore, he stated, our American democracy has them. In support of this assertion, he pointed out that there is a good deal of human folly and opinion, ranging from the purely senseless and the vulgar to the subversive and the dangerous, to which the radio does not lend the prestige of its facilities. In principle, he

maintained, every man has the right to his own ideas but if, for example, one man believes in murder, it would not be in the interests of society to accord him the benefit of our vast system of communications to spread this notion.

Johnson then questioned whether the opinions expressed were merely political opinions within the framework of our broad democratic philosophy and structure, or whether they were, ultimately, subversive of the institution itself. That, he thought, was the serious aspect of the question in point. He went on to point out that although there is freedom of religion under our Constitution, one might question whether a religion would be accorded the freedom to teach practices in direct conflict with the Constitution, such as murder and polygamy; in the latter instance, he noted, Mormons could supply some interesting testimony. He said in closing that he could not bring himself to believe that, in an ultimate sense, freedom of speech and press is served best by opening wide the channels of communication to the propagation of racial bigotry and hate.

Ronald Lippitt, then of the Research Center for Group Dynamics at MIT, said he held the broadcasts entirely consistent with democratic conceptions of freedom and responsibility of speech and press.

Walter G. Muelder, Dean of Boston University's School of Theology, while agreeing that Bilbo and Talmadge "are intrinsically a public menace," said that he thought "they had a right to be heard" and that "there is an issue of freedom of speech involved which must be respected."

Louis Wirth of the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago, expressed concern about the broadcasts. "If these programs were discussion programs in which competent adversaries of these men would have a chance to challenge the propaganda of hate, I think the programs might be justified in the people's interest. Surely freedom of speech and the right of American people to know all sides of the question do not go as far as to induce the radio stations to put Al Capone on the air to tell the American people how to commit bigger and better murders."

The responses I received show the question is moot—it has not been settled yet. And certainly it needs to be. The American public takes for granted what the mass media provide it with. Little attention is given by the people or their leaders to the question. I think this problem deserves much more thought than it is getting. It is too serious and vital to be left for

decision to those who have special interests, such as broadcasters and sponsors.

THOMAS G. CORCORAN

Thomas G. Corcoran, Tommy the Cork, was an ardent New Dealer in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Administration, close to the President. Teamed up with Benjamin Cohen, another brilliant young lawyer, they had together drafted much of the New Deal legislation.

Corcoran was a bright, lighthearted young Irishman with a keen wit who strummed his guitar for the President when he needed distraction from his heavy burdens. Corcoran was known as a man whose judgment and foresight had been important in implementing the New Deal. Big business hated Corcoran and Cohen, seeing in them archetypes of wreckers of the American free-enterprise business structure.

I met Corcoran for the first time after he left the Administration in the small seaport town of Tela, in Honduras, a stone's throw from the jungle. He was the guest of Samuel Zemurray, the wise president of the United Fruit Company. The Company had built a town in the wilderness that looked like a small Midwest community with its frame houses. Zemurray lived in a slightly larger house than the others. Orchids were growing in profusion in hanging baskets. Corcoran was now a Washington lawyer for the United Fruit Company, doing the opposite of what he had done during the New Deal (the United Fruit Company at the time was having trouble with antitrust suits). Doris and I were both charmed with him, found him pleasant, unassuming and casual, not at all like the ogre business had made him out to be.

Back in the United States, Corcoran came up to New York on his return from the tropics, and we discussed our philosophies at lunch. I asked Corcoran why he had so markedly changed his orientation, and he answered unreservedly, "I married late. I have a young wife and young children. I feel my obligations to them are the most important of all my obligations. I'll be an old man when my children are still young. I decided to open a law office and make money after my bit in the Government. I have no regrets about my future and no economic fears about it either. I hope I will live long to continue to enjoy my family."

In our society, carrying on public service when one has a large family to provide for is a personal indulgence. Some people, like Bill Benton and Chester Bowles, wait until they are mature and wealthy before they indulge themselves and carry on important constructive work. Others, like Sam Rosenman and Tom Corcoran, devoted their younger years to public service and provided for their families later on.

The unfortunate thing is that public service does not provide rewards that make it possible for many men to want to remain in public service all their lives.

The Ptolemy Egyptian Princess

The raising of my right hand at the right moment at the A. W. Rosenbach art galleries on East 51st Street brought an eight-year-old Egyptian princess, a mummy in a glass case, to rest in our conference room.

I always liked to go to auctions because they had elements of surprise and speculation and gave satisfaction to aggressions. Getting what you may not want is often like winning in a game you did not expect to play.

I passed the galleries one day at lunchtime, dropped in and noted in the catalogue that an Egyptian princess, a mummy, of the Ptolemy dynasty was shortly to come up for bidding. I never craved a mummy, let alone a princess. Certainly I never thought I would own one. When I used to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art the mummies held for me only a remote esoteric interest, which I suppose they hold for many people.

When the princess in the glass case was lifted onto the podium I raised my hand. I countered other bids from the floor until I owned a princess of the Ptolemy dynasty. I put her and the glass case in a place of honor in our conference room on a chest of drawers. An X-ray photograph that came with her showed a metal trinket inside her, probably gold. Budge's *Book of the Dead*, on ancient Egyptian burial customs, identified the story of the princess' life from the hieroglyphics on the wrappings and translated the story of her voyage to her place among the stars.

I invited the Egyptian curator of the Metropolitan Museum to look at the mummy and further authenticate it, to make sure she was indeed the woman represented.

People had different reactions to our princess. Emilie Hatfield of our staff, when she was told that "Mr. Bernays' mummy" was in the conference

room upstairs, said, “Oh, I do want to meet her. I hear she’s ninety years old,” whereupon Mr. Cutler said, “No, she’s not ninety, she’s nineteen hundred years old.” Emilie could hardly believe that my mother was 1,900. The mummy was almost as unbelievable to her and others. For she became a mirror of people’s inner feelings toward life and death. Some would not enter the room without a bodyguard. Some had a macabre desire to tear off the bandages and see what lay inside. Others dismissed the princess with a nervous laugh. If I were to examine my own motivation as to why I bought her, I would probably find that it was to see how people would react.

After she had been at the office for some years I chose the Cincinnati Art Museum as her final repository, where the mummy may now be seen and experienced.

FRANK GANNETT

I have refused to advise several men who asked me to aid them to become President of the United States because I believed they were unfit for the office. Grover Whalen wanted the office and thought he could get it on a platform of one plank—a nation-wide revolver permit law. Frank Gannett didn’t even have one plank; he simply wanted the office. He was the owner of a string of successful daily newspapers in New York, among them the Ithaca *Journal.* George Harrison Phelps, a former client, admired Gannett’s go-getter career. Gannett had risen from farm boy to newspaper tycoon, a fulfillment of the American dream, a career not unlike Phelps’s. George may have believed that if he helped Gannett to the Presidency he might have achieved his own ambition, appointment as Ambassador to France. George asked me to see Gannett and told me that he had the “Presidential bee.”

Of course I saw him. I wanted to meet and know all kinds of people, even Gannett. I had heard that some of his newspapers were Democratic and others Republican, and I was curious about the personality of a journalist who could treat journalism in that strange way.

In his suite at the Plaza Hotel this tall, well-built, gray-haired man gave no clue to his drives. From his looks he might have been a small-store proprietor from upstate, interested only in making a small profit.

He wasted no time in polite palaver, saying, “Now, I want to run for President. George told me nice things about you—now, what can you do for

me?" From his response to my queries he appeared to have had only a sparse education, little imagination and no definable philosophy except to get what he wanted. New York is a crucial state in a Presidential election. Because Gannett owned newspapers in that state their power was his to do with what he wanted. That was enough reason for him to use them to gratify his ambition. I never saw him again, nor did I ever communicate with him directly or indirectly on the subject. But I later ran across his tracks in connection with a lecture series I had provided for my alma mater, Cornell University—a course of talks on civil liberties. I hoped the series would have a salutary effect on the Ithaca community and possibly on the country, so I also provided for their publication in a book published by the Cornell University Press.

Professor Robert Cushman of the Department of Political Science, a man dedicated to civil liberties, arranged this lecture series. Francis Biddle, then Attorney General of the United States, talked on "Civil Rights and the Federal Law"; Professor Carl L. Becker of Cornell on "Political Freedom, American Style"; Max Lerner, then an editor of *PM*, on "Freedom, Image and Reality"; James Lawrence Fly, then Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, on "Freedom of Speech and the Press"; and Professor Cushman himself on "Civil Liberty and Public Opinion." Rarely had a lecture series aroused as much enthusiasm in the university community or been so well attended.

Gannett then was chairman of the board of trustees of the university. His Ithaca *Journal* editorially attacked the series as un-American. Biddle, Fly and Lerner were anathema to the *Journal* and Gannett. Dr. Cushman courageously answered the attack in the *Journal*. In his letter printed in the *Journal* he said I had given the university "a wholly free hand in planning the series" and that I had "expressed the wish that the lectures might be given by men of distinction who could speak with authority on the problems of civil liberty."

With respect to the choice of lecturers, Professor Cushman continued, "the first point is that we undertook to secure men who, by reason of their close study of, or official dealing with, the problems of civil liberty, would be able to discuss them as experts … the second point is that the political views and affiliations of these men seemed to us entirely irrelevant, both at the time they were invited and now."

His closing paragraph stated that “No public lectures on the Cornell campus in many years, if ever, have stimulated and maintained the degree of interest throughout the community, both town and gown, that these have. … The attendance at our final lecture was about 1,500.”

The man who wanted to be President ended his attack on lectures, at this point.

JAMES W. GERARD

After World War II ended and production of civilian motorcars was renewed, many people wanted to purchase a new car. Naturally, cars were in short supply, and prospective purchasers had to wait months for them.

James W. Gerard, whom I had not seen for years, telephoned me the day after the war’s end and asked if I could help him get a new Mercury. My voice must have revealed some surprise, for he recalled to me his helpfulness with Light’s Golden Jubilee in 1929, seventeen years before. I told him my association with Ford had ended in 1929, but I would try. I telephoned the Ford Public Information Department in Detroit and relayed Mr. Gerard’s request. They promised to get a car for him forthwith and did.

The power of a symbol, the tyranny of a name had been made evident to me many times before. Gerard’s name had carried over with Ford twenty-nine years later, since 1917, when he was Ambassador to Kaiser Wilhelm’s Germany. He had been in the news since then, but it was the carryover from 1917 that made my telephone call valid and it got him what thousands of Americans could not get quickly.

SIDNEY HILLMAN

In September 1941, two months before Pearl Harbor, America was tuning up her industrial machinery for war. On January 7, 1941, President Roosevelt had appointed William Signius Knudsen, the head of General Motors Corporation, as director of the Office of Production Management and Sidney Hillman, labor leader and head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, as associate director, to balance business with labor. Hillman was to act as liaison between his office and the unions, in the prevention and settlement of strikes.

Hillman asked me to come to Washington and have dinner with him. I was sure he wanted to talk to me about improving the morale of American workers, for morale had slumped badly and absenteeism and work stoppages were of serious concern to those charged with building America's industrial war machine.

Hillman lived and worked at the Wardman Park Hotel. I met him there with his attorney, Maxwell Brandwen, David K. Niles, one of Roosevelt's passionately anonymous secretaries at the White House, and another gentleman I don't recall.

Mr. Hillman, a logical thinker, dominated the meeting and he spoke straight to the point. Under the threat of war, he said, the United States had to make sure that workers in war industries had high morale, but actually it was poor. The nation demanded improvement. "I know you concern yourself with this kind of problem. What should we do? How can you improve the morale of the millions of workers in the war industries?" said Hillman.

The three men listened intently while he talked. After he was through I made an extended presentation. "People's morale," I said, "is usually based on a common belief in a common past, a common present and a common future, and cannot be brought about by medicine-men techniques, magic or sleight-of-hand." The workers concerned had to be studied before any methods could be recommended. "We would need to do some research to establish the state of their morale by coefficients of age, sex, education, ethnic background and education. We would study the data and come up with recommendations."

After I had finished, I looked around at my table companions. They looked disappointed, let down. I had had the experience before. They were looking for magic and were disappointed that the "magic" consisted of research and work. We spent several hours more discussing the situation.

Several days later I received a note from Mr. Hillman: "The problem which we discussed the other evening is agitating me greatly. We have not yet come to a clear determination as to the precise steps called for. As soon as we shall have made further progress in our thinking, I shall communicate further with you. Meanwhile please know that I sincerely appreciate your coming to Washington and talking to us the other evening. You helped us all."

Mr. Hillman, like others who had crisis situations, wanted medicine men. He and his associates may well have felt that if work was required they were more competent to prescribe it than any outsiders. Also, if the job were done by someone else, it might seem a reflection on their own competency. They did not realize that the nature of morale varies and that diagnosis is a prerequisite to dealing with it.

FANNY HOLTZMAN

Fanny Holtzman, a theatrical lawyer, dropped names, but the difference between her name-dropping and others' name-dropping was that she could produce the people in the flesh as casually as she dropped their names—titles, glamorous stars and kings.

She invited Doris and me to her home on East 64th Street one evening to meet King George of Greece. I misplaced the date and telephoned to confirm the appointment for what I called the "King's party." I asked the question of Fanny's mother, who replied, "Which king?"

At the gathering, Danny Kaye tried to talk Greek to the Greek king. Kaye had learned his Greek as a Brooklyn boy in a Greek neighborhood where he lived. But the King was a German prince and did not understand Greek, neither the Brooklyn nor the Athenian dialect. I talked to the King about public-opinion polls and how effective they were in evaluating public opinion. He was somewhat baffled. He had never heard of this method of measuring public opinion. "Are there no leaders in your country?" he said.

Fanny Holtzman's company of mixed names that evening included William Rhinelander Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Danny Kaye, Captain Alistair McIntosh, Johnny Green, Spyros Skouras, Peggy Wood, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bolger, Lieutenant Richard Aldrich, U.S.N., Louis Bromfield, Constance Collier, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, Clifton Webb, Edmund Goulding and Constance Moore Hoysradt.

One evening Fanny telephoned and asked whether our young children, Doris and Anne, wanted to meet Deanna Durbin, a reigning movie queen. They rushed over excitedly and later reported that they had enjoyed themselves.

Some people's currency is money; others', ideas. Fanny's was people. She derived inner and outer satisfaction from bringing people together. She

broke down rigid barriers between people who might never have met each other.

Clare Boothe Luce

Clare Boothe Luce's actions demonstrated a principle Thomas Jefferson had first enunciated: No one in our society is as powerful as the individual American. Few people believe this, but it is as true today as it was then.

I had heard numerous stories about Henry Luce's beautiful, brilliant wife, for whom he had divorced his previous one, but I had never met her. I had known her husband before he started *Time*. I admired his independence of spirit and the conviction that went with it—that the readers of the magazine should follow his beliefs rather than he theirs.

When Harry asked me to advise Mrs. Luce, a member of Congress, the three of us met in the Luce apartment, high up in the Waldorf Towers, to discuss ways and means to speed her on her new career. I was, as other men must have been, before and afterward, fascinated by her provocative presence. I understood why Harry had fallen in love with her. Her lively ebullience, her beauty, sparkling eyes, blond hair and warm personality were combined with a mind as sharp as the new stainless-steel razor blades—a rare combination.

Harry nervously paced up and down the heavily carpeted salon in the Towers as I explored areas of interest with her (they covered almost every field of activity). One event in my relationship which demonstrates the validity of the Jeffersonian aphorism stands out. Marian Anderson, the great Negro contralto, had planned to give a concert at Constitution Hall in Washington. The Daughters of the American Revolution, owners of the Hall, had turned down the request because she was a Negro. Clare was indignant that a group dedicated to preserving the American tradition should so wantonly try to destroy it by this behavior. I suggested that Clare, as a member of the DAR, should find a few other DARs of like mind willing to be counted publicly against the DAR action barring Marian Anderson. We formed an informal DAR committee for freedom and equality, independent of the governing board of the DAR, to propagandize for repeal of the action of the Regents. The committee dared face the reactionary policy makers. A letterhead was printed, giving names and purpose, and we sent out news releases and letters. Public opinion

supported our point of view. When Marian Anderson requested the hall again she got it and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" to nation-wide plaudits. It demonstrated the power of one woman and public opinion to modify DAR action, and set a fine example for the country.

During the period I worked with her Clare was converted to Catholicism. She told me about it beforehand, said she knew I was a nephew of Freud and would understand. She preferred confession to a priest to confession to a psychoanalyst, recognizing that both were methods of ridding oneself of a sense of guilt.

I was moved by her story of conversion. The tragic death of her daughter by her first husband had occurred in an automobile accident in San Francisco. A priest, unknown to her, had read about the tragedy and sent her letters of solace and corresponded with her over a period. When he then asked her whether she wanted to meet Monsignor Fulton Sheen in Washington, she answered "yes" and visited him. Not long afterward she had become a convert to Catholicism. This came as no great surprise to me, for she was a sensitive, loving mother and she had suffered great grief from the loss of her only child. She found her grief assuaged by her conversion, as the grief of others had been assuaged through faith before. I would not resolve a tragic situation in this way, but it satisfied her, and I understood.

PAUL V. MCNUTT

A telegram from Paul V. McNutt invited me to Washington to confer with him and a few other leaders on an important matter involving our war effort (1942), and it requested a prompt reply. At that time McNutt was an upcoming figure in Washington; his expressive eyes were focused on the Presidency. The tone of urgency might have prompted any patriotic American citizen to wire acceptance immediately. With unaccustomed wariness, I practiced a little strategic intelligence and telephoned the banquet manager of the Hotel Washington to ask what room had been reserved for the McNutt meeting. The banquet manager responded, "Grand Ballroom." I knew the ballroom seated hundreds. I surmised that Mr. McNutt's telegram had gone to a large number of people to provide a newsworthy audience to listen to a statement he would make for nation-wide publicity.

The morning papers the day after the meeting reported that McNutt had urged support of the war effort. The VIPs there, as I had anticipated, served as window dressing.

Invitations are not always extended for the reasons announced. Meetings are called to provide a springboard for the announcement of publicity-hungry politicians. Many an American has taken a long journey to Washington only to find himself part of a backdrop to make a pronouncement more newsworthy.

GOLDA MEIR

Fira Benenson, the well-known dress designer, asked us to have dinner with her sister, Flora Solomon, who was in the United States on a short visit in 1957 from London. Thirty years earlier we had known their spectacular father well, a refugee in New York from the Bolsheviks. He owned gold mines in the Urals, and on his first walk up Broadway he had bought the huge City Investing Company building, because of his faith in the United States, and renamed it the Benenson Building.

In those years Doris and I had often entertained Chaim Weizmann, then a Prime Minister without a country, who was touring the United States to raise money to further the Zionist cause. I had turned down a provisional offer—to be Foreign Minister of a country, Israel, not yet in existence. I greatly respected Weizmann, but I was not in sympathy with his goals.

After the dinner Mrs. Solomon took me aside and asked whether I would be willing to leave the dinner party for an hour to accompany her to the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, a few blocks away, to meet the then Foreign Minister of Israel, Mrs. Golda Meir.

When we entered her suite Mrs. Meir was conferring with her minister, Ruben Shiloah. She was plain and heavy-set, with broad, undistinguished features, her black hair parted in the middle; she was dressed so unnoticeably that I have no memory of what she wore. Her manner was calm and settled, and she looked more like a pioneer from our Western plains than a Foreign Minister of Israel. Her English conversation was logical and precise in a quiet way. She told me she had been a teacher in Milwaukee. Everything she said appeared to me to be the result of planned deliberation and thought. She told me of the difficult situation Israel was facing in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Gaza Strip. Secretary of State Dulles was always cordial to her, she said, when she visited him to talk about the

dangers to Israel, but he always acted like a lawyer and was a dead wall when she tried to get support for Israel from him. He referred her to the United Nations.

As to support from the United Nations, her repeated effort to get the world organization to send a commission to evaluate the present dangers to Israel had been thwarted. At the drop of a hat, she said, the UN sent commissions to Kashmir and wanted to send one to Hungary, but for some reason she never got anywhere.

She told me a horrendous story. Despite the presence of UN troops in the Gaza Strip, ten Israelis had recently been killed in raids from Arab territory. The UN troops had no authority to shoot or even to search for guns and could do nothing. They were like policemen who permit crimes on their beats, she said. She told me she had talked to Lester Pearson, Canadian delegate at the UN, about all this. Pearson had listened attentively and had said nothing. She appreciated how difficult it was to expect foreign troops in Israel to do more than to remain stationary.

Israel had made a great mistake, she felt, in not letting the American people know about the recent crisis the Arab raids presented to the country. The security of her country against Nasser was vital, she asserted, and Israel would maintain its position of military defense unless Egypt guaranteed she would not attack.

She told me that rumors damaging to Israel were afloat, that the Russians might aid Egypt in a war against Israel and that this might start a world war. Other nations were alarmed that Israel might become the cause of such a conflagration. She added she could not be optimistic about Israel over the next years and believed the situation would continue to be disturbed—Russia was always lurking in the background as a potential danger.

She commented further: Krishna Menon, the Indian delegate to the UN, was a menace. A newspaperman had quoted Menon as saying that the trouble with Hugh Gaitskell of England was that he had a Polish-Jewish wife, and then Mrs. Meir added as an afterthought, as if to give weight to her story, “The newspaperman was not Jewish and had a Jewish wife.”

Mrs. Meir was upset that the United States should attempt to pass Israeli matters on to the United Nations. The United States had done the same thing to France when the Algerian crisis came up. Then when the UN voted

on the matter, the UN voted the way the United States wanted them to and the Arab-Russian opposition folded up.

When Mrs. Solomon mentioned that Weizmann had offered me the portfolio of Foreign Minister for Israel, Mrs. Meir said quickly, “Why not take it now, Mr. Bernays, and I will go back to my old cabinet post, which was Labor.” But I had no desire for the post.

After these preliminaries were out of the way Mrs. Meir discussed the purpose of the call—to help her with the talk she was shortly to make before the United Nations General Assembly and to help her marshal the arguments against Arab aggression. I made an engagement to meet her on Saturday afternoon to discuss the situation. This I did out of friendship to Flora Solomon, whom Doris and I both admired.

I felt it would be proper if I talked to a responsible official in the State Department, since I wanted to be sure I was acting in the national interest. I have always followed that procedure in dealing with foreign countries. I called up Compton Berry, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East, at the suggestion of a Mr. Hulick in Fred Wisner’s office at the CIA. Were there any objections from the viewpoint of the national interest to my working with Israel? He said, talking officially, no, there were not. The United States was friendly with Israel—there was no reason whatsoever why I should not work for them from the viewpoint of the national interest. This was his official statement, he said. Then I asked him what he personally felt or thought about the matter. “Personally,” he said, “on a human basis, I want to draw to your attention that certain commercial clients might take exception to your working with Israel.”

“You mean the oil companies,” I said, “with interests in the Middle East?” And I added, “I determine my actions by conscience and loyalty to the U.S. and not by economic consideration.”

He said that in the circumstances that was okay, but he did want to point out to me that personally he felt that he should tell me what he knew.

I thanked him for his frankness. Next day, Saturday, I conferred again with Mrs. Meir. She excused herself for a half hour to write a statement about the Arab-Israeli situation for the Sunday *Herald Tribune.* I was surprised at her ignorance as to how a statement intended for public consumption should be written so as to gain her objective when mass communication played such a vital role in national and international affairs. Intellectually I am sure she recognized that her country’s destiny was

dependent on the understanding of the people of the United States and other peoples, but she had no capacity to deal with the mass mind. Nor did she have any knowledge of the techniques of distribution; she was preparing a statement for one newspaper, when she might have been writing one for the press services which covered the United States and the world.

Nor was she a working psychologist. Her statement was didactic and difficult to understand. The sentences were long and her English poor. A people's life might depend on the public reaction to what she wrote. I came to a definite conclusion: there is no room for amateurs among diplomats in our mass-communications world.

We now got to the subject of our meeting—presentation of Israel's case before the UN the next day. I urged her to abjure any wailing-wall techniques or emotional appeals to sympathy and to present her case by stressing a common denominator of interest between herself and her audience, emphasizing common goals that would be served by UN action rather than Israeli goals.

She listened intently and thanked me. When a nonpaying client asks for advice I have found that since it has not been paid for it is usually not acted on, because it is not considered valuable. But to my surprise, from the papers the day after her speech, I found that Golda Meir had acted on my advice; she had presented her case just as I outlined it. Her statement received a good reception from audience and press and advanced her cause.

SERGE OBOLENSKY

The name of a hotel man, if it is the right name, has as potent pulling power as that of a motion-picture star. I learned this in 1949 after Prince Serge Obolensky retained me as adviser. He had just become president of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue.

This New York landmark, overlooking Central Park, had maintained its reputation as a premier hotel. But new, huge East Side caravanseries like the Waldorf had proved themselves too much competition, and the Sherry-Netherland's profits had lagged. When the hotel was offered to two financiers, Floyd Odlum and Boyd Hatch, in 1949 at an attractive price, they bought it and arranged for their friend Obolensky to run it and, incidentally, turn it into a profitable venture.

I had known Obolensky before World War II, when he had helped run the St. Regis Hotel for his brother-in-law, Vincent Astor. Prince Obolensky, the Czar's cousin, had left Russia in the Bolshevik Revolution, and was now an American citizen. In World War II he had served as a paratrooper in France with the French Liberation Forces.

Obolensky had received much favorable publicity since coming to this country. His striking appearance, princely manner and active social life enhanced his reputation. A graduate of Oxford, handsome, tall, erect, he moved among the socially elect, café society and glamour names of the stage and screen, but never did so as if he cared about it. It was almost as if he were play-acting in a role to which he had no real relations but which he enjoyed.

When he returned to the United States after the war he looked up Arthur Krock in Washington. Krock sent him to see me. Obolensky told me then he wanted to go into public relations. When I asked him what he had done before he told me he had managed real estate for his father, a large landholder in Czarist Russia. After he had fled the Russian Revolution he was a broker, an agricultural machinery salesman and a hotel man for his brother-in-law. I told him modern-day business public relations demanded experience and a training that he didn't have, that his age of 55 placed him at a disadvantage, that he should go back to the hotel business in which he had made a success. After our conversation he stopped to see his friend Byron Foy, who talked to Boyd Hatch, a director of the Plaza Hotel, owned by Conrad Hilton. From 1945 to 1949 Obolensky was vice-president in charge of advertising, promotion and public relations.

Obolensky wanted to know what I could do for the new venture, and we arranged to work together.

I remember how much Doris and I enjoyed the 24th tower floor of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in the early Thirties. I told Obolensky I thought we could make his hotel the glamour hotel of New York.

I told Obolensky that his name was a prime asset in promoting the Sherry-Netherland. The curse of smallness was another consideration. The small hotel has a large overhead if it wants to maintain good service and a good kitchen. Small hotels need a higher percentage of occupancy than large hotels to make a profit. They miss out on convention business. If they concentrate on transients, an economic recession may hurt their business. If

they have only permanent guests they miss out on the higher rates transients pay.

Obolensky recognized that the salvation of the Sherry-Netherland was to run a luxury hotel. A night club attracted his following and helped keep the hotel's name in the society and Broadway columns with almost daily news.

The Sherry-Netherland was designed for people to whom money was a secondary consideration. Each person on our list of some thousands received an invitation from Obolensky on impressive stationery embossed with a neat gold medallion outline of the hotel. The letter invited the recipient to be a paying guest at the hotel. I described the Sherry-Netherland as the American counterpart of Claridge's in London and Shepheard's in Cairo.

The hotel soon had a waiting list of paying guests who wanted to share Obolensky's roof.

I decided on an additional approach to supplement Obolensky's personal invitations. I decided to build patronage from large cities. The name Serge Obolensky had proved effective on a letterhead; I now arranged personal appearances for the Colonel, the first in Boston. His background and behavior would endear him to Proper Bostonians, and the rest would follow in due course.

At a party at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston Serge Obolensky met a cross-section of social leaders, industrialists and Massachusetts officials. A star list appeared at the dinner, among them Mrs. W. Allen Forbes, Countess Pallfy, the Governor and some fifty others. The party broke up at twelve o'clock; I was told this was a late hour for Boston. Society columns in Boston and New York newspapers reported the guest list, noting that Serge Obolensky, president of the Sherry-Netherland, was guest of honor. The story played its part in building Boston clientele for the New York hotel.

The hotel was now doing so well that I urged Obolensky to be certain its luxury service would match its growing reputation. We could not permit guests to find anything to criticize at the Sherry-Netherland. I recommended a study of other luxury hotels in New York and prepared a check list of services the hotel guest received with a rating scale. Our office personnel loved the assignment; a man and his wife, or a woman or a man alone, spent a weekend at a competing luxury hotel and studied the hotel against the check list. They rated such things as first contact at the hotel, how the

doorman greeted them (casually, impolitely, rudely, not at all); what attitude the porter displayed; how the bellboy who took the baggage acted; how the breakfast was served (politely, impolitely, hot, cold, warm). We had a listing for the behavior of the cashier when the guest paid his bill (credit cards were still in the future) and for the folding money the guests received in change—crisp, passable or dirty.

At one first-class hotel a bellboy tried to make a pass at our pretty young researcher. At another, the room clerk was snooty and the chambermaid rude. The survey gave us a true picture of our good points and our deficiencies. The Sherry-Netherland stacked up well compared with its competitors. Where we found deficiencies we recommended improvements.

The Colonel blossomed under his work. He conferred with chefs, fraternized with paying guests and, like a youthful grenadier, danced at his night club with beautiful socialites. He redecorated his restaurants and maintained the rare faculty of bringing together people and making them feel at ease. He also did what other able executives do: he shifted much of his work to an able secretary.

The hotel did so well after our initial engagement that I was able to sell, very profitably, an option on some Sherry-Netherland stock that had been given me as part of my fee. The hotel maintained its excellent reputation until in 1953 it was sold to the Kimelman interests for one of the highest prices per room in hotel history. My friendship with Obolensky continues.

General R. C. Richardson, Jr.

Martial spirit was in the air and tension marked the audience of the White House Correspondents dinner at the Hotel Washington in the spring of 1941. President Roosevelt was to speak off the record and popular stars were to enliven the evening. Long picnic tables had been temporarily set up in the back of the hall to take care of the overflow attendance. On my left sat my host, Oswald Schuette, and at my right sat Richard Stokes, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* formerly of the New York *World.* Next to him was a slight middle-aged man with bright eyes and a face of evident culture. Stokes introduced him to me as General R. C. Richardson, Jr., of the United States Army, but he had forgotten to mention my name, common in introductions.

I asked the general where he was stationed. In a halting, half-apologetic manner he told me he had just been appointed head of the Public Relations Department of the United States Army, headquartered in Washington. He added firmly, “I know nothing whatsoever about public relations.” But the general told me he was boning up on the subject, reading a book, *Speak Up for Democracy.*

When Stokes heard him say that he turned to the general and said, “Do you know you are sitting one seat away from its author?”

The general was genuinely surprised. At this point Stokes continued talking, making sure that the general heard our conversation. “Are you interested, Mr. Bernays, in knowing how the general came to head the Public Relations Department of the Army? A short time ago the Army invited a number of us Washington correspondents to accompany some top brass on a tour of the Army camps in the United States. The purpose was for us to report to the public on the progress of preparedness. In that way, interest in recruitment in the Army might be stimulated. I went along, and the stories I wrote were published simultaneously in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Washington *Star.* One story—” and Stokes pointed in the general’s direction—“was about him. It told of our visit to Fort Bliss in Kansas, a cavalry post then commanded by the general. He put on a magnificent cavalry show for the visiting VIPs. From a tactical standpoint the general’s cavalry beat the mechanized warfare, the tanks.”

The general was now grinning broadly as Stokes finished his story. “He said that when his article on the defeat of the tanks by the cavalry was published, the Army high command in Washington was triumphant—the cavalry had outpointed the new mechanized warfare.”

Now the general took up the conversation. “A short time after Mr. Stokes’s story had appeared in the Washington *Star,* I was leading my cavalry troops on maneuvers at Fort Bliss. An orderly galloped up to me from my headquarters and handed me a telegram from General Staff headquarters in Washington. It stated that taking effect immediately I was assigned to duties as head of the Public Relations Department of the United States Army in Washington. That was my reward for defeating the tanks.”

“But what do you know about public relations?” I asked the general.

“Nothing,” said he, smiling, “but I’m looking forward to finishing your book so that I can do my duty.”

“Well, you beat the tanks with cavalry,” said Stokes. “That’s enough reason for your being here.”

We were on the road to war, and soon after our Washington dinner General Richardson invited me to address the ranking officers of the Public Relations Department of the Army and the Navy in Washington, to tell them what I could to make them better public-relations men. He had heard that I was addressing the Army Industrial College, also in Washington, on the same general subject and wanted to take advantage of my visit.

I accepted. A few days before the date of the talk I received a telegram from the general. He asked me to outline how Americans could be made to change their present low opinion of the Army to a recognition that the Army promised a great career. (At the time privates in uniform were sold tickets only to the second gallery.) I was impressed, as I had been so many times before, by the overpowering faith shown in the magic of public relations. Obviously it was impossible to change the American attitude overnight.

In Washington the general introduced me with great charm. I learned later that he was considered one of the most cultivated men in the service. He had served a term brilliantly as military attaché of our Embassy in Rome, where he became most popular with Roman high society.

I urged my top-brass audience to carry on a two-way practice of public relations. I urged them not to rest the case of the Army and Navy on dissemination of information that the public was not interested in, such as the amount of spinach consumed by a battalion or a description of the number of yards in and the cost of a private’s uniform. To be effective, I said, public relations of the armed forces must be based on the best possible mutual adjustment of the American public with the armed forces. This task was difficult because of the attitudes of a democratic people, particularly our own toward war and the Army and Navy. But it could be carried out if treated objectively and scientifically. General Richardson, after my talk, sent me a letter that I treasure:

First, please let me thank you for the brilliant and informative lecture which you gave to the officers of the department of public relations. On all sides I heard nothing but praise and commendation, not only for the delivery but for the content, as you opened up vistas to many of us.

Your observation on the organization of the bureau is exactly correct. I think we are geared more for counter-offensive than we are for offensive work, and it is that aspect of the bureau on which I am now working. This defect has been apparent to me for some time and is due to the fact that we are in the throes of organizing and meeting the current situation. We have not had the time nor the personnel to prepare an offensive program of ideas. In other words, although we have very seriously been trying to outthink the situation and have achieved some measure of success, I know that we can accomplish a great deal more than has been done.

But the general did not remain on his job for long and was assigned to head an important Army post in the South. He later became head of the Pacific Command in Hawaii and made a great name for himself.

I learned later what had induced the general to leave his public relations post. In June 1941 the Germans repudiated their pact with Russia and attacked. The Hitler-Stalin combine was through. Newspapermen rushed to the Army's Public Relations Department to find out, off the record, what might be expected of our new allies, the Russians. The man at the bureau did not have the friendliest feelings for the Russians. He told the reporters the Russians would last only several weeks. This nonattributed background information was given widespread publication. Russia protested directly to President Roosevelt.

The officer who had given the off-the-record interview was sent to an Army camp somewhere in Montana to watch over sheep. General Richardson, as the responsible head of the bureau, assumed the blame. But he was delighted to leave. He did not want to remain an armchair general. Chief of the Pacific Command, he controlled the armies fighting there. When I heard of this I wrote to him about my young nephew, Peter Bernays, a chemistry Ph. D. from the University of Illinois. Richardson made him a member of his staff, and Peter saw duty under fire at Okinawa as an observer for the general and was decorated. Today Peter is a respected editor of *Chemical Abstracts,* and he looks back fondly to his relations with the general.

MAURICE STERNE

To make a living in contemporary America most artists must spend time and effort to secure acceptance for themselves. If they don't, they find it difficult to find buyers for their work. Paul Manship, the sculptor, once told me he solved the problem by living a dichotomous life. When he sculpted, he retained his integrity as an artist; but he dutifully spent part of his time securing recognition for his artistic output.

Most artists, I found, were unwilling to bridge the gap. They felt that by adjusting to society and their own economic needs and by courting the public they were in some way compromising themselves and their art.

Our friend, Maurice Sterne, was a great artist. His paintings brought us the flavor and spirit of the South Sea Islands. He was happily married to the sister of Vivienne Segal, the Broadway soubrette. Sterne was kind, quiet and diffident. Doris and my daughter Anne had been ill with pneumonia at Provincetown, and the couple had been very kind to them. In 1947 the Wildenstein galleries in New York, one of America's top galleries, gave him an exhibit, his first there. After his exhibition Sterne received a few critics' reviews in the art columns. The problem of the artist, I said to Sterne, was getting acclaim from other publics than those who followed the tastes of their favorite art critic. Broader acclaim, I had found, affects the buying public, leads them to a more favorable viewpoint and gives it greater faith in the status of the artist. Also, it affected the attitudes of dealers and museums.

Maurice Sterne listened intently as I told my story. He knew he had not reached this wider public, as had Grant Wood, Reginald Marsh and Thomas Hart Benton. I said I would be happy to help him in gratitude for the kindness he had shown my family.

I then outlined the activity I thought would help him most. Because of his extraordinary paintings of Provincetown, I said he should write to secretaries of chambers of commerce of seaboard cities and request a photograph of their most beautiful seascape. After he had chosen the one he considered the most beautiful, he should visit and paint the location. The painting would get local and national attention and would have appeal in terms of the competitive regionalism of the United States. The paintings of the seascape would bring widespread national acclaim to its creator, Maurice Sterne.

I thought the Governor of Massachusetts might be induced to appoint him artist laureate of the Commonwealth, or his contemporaries might give

him overt recognition for the part he had played in the development of Provincetown as an art center. I discussed other ideas that could get him what he wanted without impinging in any way on the character of his creative effort.

Sterne listened intently in a baffled way as I outlined my plan. He understood the words, but I knew from his expression that executing any of this was beyond him. He told me we were living in different worlds. I did not think we were. I felt I had adjusted to the world he and I were both living in. He thanked me and he meant it. We remained good friends, but neither of us brought up the matter again.

HARRISON TWEED

Harrison Tweed, distinguished attorney, partner of Milbank, Tweed, Hope and Hadley and president of the Bar Association of the City of New York, asked me to luncheon at the Stock Exchange Club in 1946 to discuss steps to improve the relations of New York's lawyers with the public. Distortions about lawyers in movies, radio, periodicals and books were getting on their nerves, he said. Shysters were being played up. Lawyers as a group did not deserve the notoriety they were receiving. I agreed, but I felt people thought even less of lawyers than Tweed thought they did.

I decided the *ad hominem* approach might be the quickest way to win my debate with Tweed. I turned to him and asked, "Have you any objection to my asking the waiter about his opinion of lawyers?" Mr. Tweed had no objection. I called over our waiter. "I want to ask you a question," I said. "What was your most recent experience with a lawyer?"

The waiter's face lighted up. I could tell he was getting ready to spring a gripe. "Lawyers," said the waiter. "I had very, very bad experience. Lawyers no good." A lawyer in Long Island had recently overcharged him outrageously for drawing up papers for the purchase of a small house on Long Island. "I am through with lawyers for good," he added. "All lawyers are crooks."

Now Mr. Tweed agreed with me. Our conversation moved along more easily and we were on the same wave length. Mr. Tweed wanted to work out a system of panels of lawyers, specialists in different fields, who would be available at small expense to people who needed them and could not

afford the price specialists charged. Some cities had successfully tried out this idea, but New York had lagged.

Nothing came of Mr. Tweed's effort to have the Association carry on public relations, but I had learned that lawyers of impeccable logic are open to persuasion by the *ad hominem* approach.

ROBERT F. WAGNER, JR.

Cause and effect in an individual's action is difficult to define. I found this out in 1950 when the office of Robert F. Wagner, Jr., president of the Borough of Manhattan, sent notices to residents of 63rd Street between Lexington and Third avenues that our street was to be widened. The city would strip the street of its beautiful old trees, one of the few remaining stands of trees in Manhattan.

I believed the trees' preservation far outweighed the advantages of a widened road to the public. I organized our neighbors into a group to call upon the Borough president. Mr. Wagner invited us to sit at a long directors' table in his office in the Municipal Building and presided affably and smoothly. But his attention centered on Gypsy Rose Lee, who owned a house on the block. I had invited her, not without forethought, to join us. I called on Miss Lee to speak and lay her protest before the Borough president. She presented a logical case with grace and charm.

The street was never widened. The trees were spared. They are still there.

The *World-Telegram* headline reported, "Strip-tease artist urges Wagner not to strip trees." Possibly it was an example of cause and effect.

chapter 63

GAINING GOOD WILL FOR INDIA

The United Nations headquarters in New York made New York the capital of the world. Like many New Yorkers, we entertained Asians and Africans, diplomats and nondiplomats, in our home.

Doris and I liked Chinni Sunderam at our first meeting. He represented the Tata Corporation, a great industrial combine, in the United States. A mature, polished, cultured Indian, he was a graduate of Oxford, self-possessed, interested and interesting. His eyes sparkled animatedly when he spoke. Women adored him, and he was a sought-after dinner guest. He enjoyed his social life; his hosts enjoyed him. A bachelor, he lived in a suite at a Lexington Avenue hotel in the 30s.

I told Chinni he would have made an admirable Indian Ambassador, but he maintained modestly that he was a businessman and not a diplomat. Chinni was intrigued when Doris and I told him about public relations. He was determined to have me meet Mme. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Indian Ambassador to the United States and sister of Prime Minister Nehru. Like most Americans, I was fascinated by the glamour of India and sympathized with the country's revolt and newly won independence from Great Britain. Chinni and I talked often about the need for a true interpretation of India in this country.

India recognized that we had helped her to freedom in World War II and had welcomed her emergence as a free nation. She was grateful for our economic aid and technical co-operation and our educational exchange program, but she felt an imperialistic and military outlook dominated Washington and she feared that our stand on Kashmir favored Pakistan. The Government was concerned about our misunderstanding her nation and people. Indians were aware that most Americans thought of their country in

stereotypes of man-eating tigers, child brides, cows roaming a city, untouchables, wolf children, cobras hypnotized by a wind instrument and esoteric religious sects.

Indians wanted Americans to think of them as citizens of a young, wise democratic state. As for Communism, Chinni said that Nehru opposed it in India but respected China so much that even China's error of embracing Communism did not adversely affect the friendship between the two countries.

India was neutral in the UN action in Korea in 1951. Many Americans thought she was against us, since she was not with us.

Chinni invited Doris and me to dinner with Mme. Pandit at the Sherry-Netherland. She was bright, feminine, petite and very handsome in her rich sari. Her English was impeccable, and her mind functioned logically. Our meeting confirmed the impression the newspapers had given me of her: "the capital's most beautiful and exotic diplomatic hostess," "a woman of intelligence, experience and ability." She was an attentive listener. When I explained public relations to her she immediately grasped its implications for her country. Chinni had forewarned me about the possibility of this conversation, and Mme. Pandit had also been primed by Chinni to ask me what could be done for India.

Public relations could undoubtedly improve the deteriorating relationships. India had become the scapegoat for the frustrations of millions of Americans for the Korean mess.

As I talked to her I wondered whether her country wanted policy advice or whether she thought magic words would solve their problem. But in this and subsequent conversations Mme. Pandit assured me India wanted advice on her attitudes and actions toward America and not words alone. She recognized that the situation was urgent. She asked me to assume responsibility for advice to India, and I said I would. She was confident the House of the People, the Indian Parliament, would sanction a fee of $35,000 annually and $175,000 for out-of-pocket expenses for comprehensive information activity.

Prior to leaving for a vacation, Mme. Pandit introduced me to Bahadar Singh, First Secretary of the Embassy. Like Chinni, he was an Oxonian; I took an immediate liking to him. During Mme. Pandit's stay in India we cabled suggestions on what she should do and say in India to win favorable press comment in the United States.

In Washington I met P. L. Bhandari, press officer, Dr. Moni Moulik, his associate, and B. K. Nehru of the Embassy and went over my proposed plans with them. On August 30 I cabled Mme. Pandit that favorable attitudes of Americans toward India were deteriorating. A day later, Mme. Pandit cabled me from New Delhi that the government wanted to make use of my professional services and welcomed my suggestion to visit India. I was pleased to be participating in the effort to cement the good will of the people of the United States and India. But Indian action did not move as quickly as cabled words.

Indian-American relations appeared so ticklish then that I was concerned lest my working with India be misinterpreted in this country. India might commit some act that could emphasize the divergence of our respective national points of view. I had just read Merle Curti's book *Roots of American Loyalty* and had been made keenly aware of the nuances of the concept. I decided to go to Washington and interview knowledgeable people in the State Department and the CIA on our attitude toward India. I talked to Senator William Benton and Representative Jacob Javits. It was the general consensus that India was drawn to the West ideologically but that unless India improved its standard of living it might be drawn into the Communist orbit, particularly if the Chinese Communists were successful. If the West could maintain friendship with India and build India's economy, India might prove a powerful bulwark of democracy in Asia. They agreed it would be in the national interest for me to work with India, and so my doubts were resolved.

Before Doris and I could get our inoculations to fly to India, Mme. Pandit cabled that she was returning on September 9 and I should await her arrival. Earlier, I had sent her a list of questions for Nehru to answer when he was interviewed or issued statements for U.S. consumption:

"What is Nehru's real attitude toward the United States?"

"What are the reasons behind the reasons given for not attending the San Francisco Conference?"

"What are areas of agreement in the policies of the United States and India?"

"What is India's real policy toward Russia?"

"What would India do if Russia became an aggressor against her?"

"What is India's role in preserving democracy in Asia?"

"What is India's attitude toward American investments?"

Before Mme. Pandit returned I talked with several experts. I was not too optimistic about India after I talked with Louis Fischer, author of *The Life of Mahatma Gandhi.* Nehru, Fischer said, was a proud, vacillating man who felt that he was king, or at least that he had taken the place of the British Viceroy.

Despite Nehru's personal attitude, his over-all view was that India needed the United States, and Fischer believed that this point of view would govern Nehru's actions.

As for Mme. Pandit, Fischer said categorically that she was stupid, knew nothing about economics and politics and had made many errors because of her ignorance and arrogance, but he acknowledged that she was a good orator.

Fischer's differing viewpoint about Mme. Pandit's capabilities and Nehru's strength made me realize how difficult it was going to be for me to get an orientation on which to base my recommendations. Unless I could make sound assumptions, they would be of little worth. Judgment had to be used in appraising different versions of the truth, isolating lies and clearing up distortions before making up one's mind.

Bahadar Singh of the Indian Embassy gave me a simplified version of Indian foreign policy: 1) it was against racial discrimination toward Orientals, and 2) it was against colonial expansion that exploited Orientals, their territory or their raw materials. India's attitude toward the U.S., he explained, was friendly, but she took exception to our nonrecognition of China, our playing with Chiang Kai-shek and our support of French puppets in Indo-China. But Singh said India wanted to woo the United States.

Indian foreign policy opposed Russian aggression in India. China could be saved from the Soviet if we recognized her present government, wooed her away from Russia and brought her into the camp of the free nations. Because of internal poverty and starvation in India, farm-land ownership needed to be modified to raise the standard of living. Americans ought not object to land reforms if they made for amelioration. The United States had to accept the principle that some form of socialism adapted to Indian needs was necessary. On Communists in India, he felt as Fischer did.

To be prepared when our work began, I also steeped myself in other sources of Indian information: books and pamphlets, as well as propaganda against India, and talked to many knowledgeable people.

Mme. Pandit arrived at the New York International Airport in mid-September. Although our arrangement was not yet officially confirmed, I prepared a statement for her to make at the airport:

The key factor in India's foreign policy, I can assure the people of the United States, is our relationship with the United States.

India needs the understanding and moral support of the people of the United States in the same way that the United States needs Indian understanding at this time in its efforts to preserve free nations and world peace. India, with its one million square miles and one-fifth of the world's population, is a stronghold for the preservation of free nations in Asia.

We have a great deal in common spiritually, too. The United States and India both emphasize the sanctity of the individual and freedom of conscience.

There are, of course, some areas of disagreement. What is important is that these are between two friendly countries seeking to work out effective modes of cooperation. By understanding our disagreements we can resolve them.

There are two kinds—genuine ones and those based on misunderstanding. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish between the two.

In any case, I am convinced we can resolve any differences of opinion if we keep in mind always that the areas of agreement between the United States and India are far greater, far more important, and far more basic.

One misunderstanding involves our attitude toward China. This attitude, however, exists in the United States too. There are many Americans who believe it is unsound policy to back Chiang Kai-shek against the present government of China.

We in India feel that by our policy in regard to China we are working for world peace and for better relations among all the countries of the world.

There seems to be some misunderstanding, too, as to whether India is a theocratic state. India is a secular state and extends full freedom and equality of civil rights to all races, creeds and colors. That is the fundamental plan on which your government is based, too.

As for our attitude toward Russia, three things should help to clear up that misunderstanding. The Russian press, particularly *Pravda,* attacks India consistently and in the strongest terms. There are today many Communists

in India's jails. And Prime Minister Nehru has stated more than once that India will resist all aggression to the limit.

These points we would emphasize and re-emphasize in our activity when it started.

On a Sunday morning I visited Mme. Pandit at her Hampshire House apartment. At the meeting were the Indian Ambassador to Canada, who said little; First Secretary of the Embassy Bahadar Singh; B. K. Nehru, nephew of the Prime Minister; and P. L. Bhandari, an eager, pleasant young man.

Mme. Pandit dominated her audience of men as she brought us up to date on India and specifically on Nehru's resignation as Prime Minister that had just been rejected. Nehru had never cared about party alignments, she said. He had fought his crusade for Indian freedom with men whom he had nurtured in an uphill struggle to meet the goal of an independent state. When independence came, others joined Nehru in the Congress party—hungry politicians, people who wanted to feather their own nests, individuals who wanted power. Nehru, who had remained an idealist, interested only in India's freedom and independence, found himself surrounded by power-thirsty individuals, "no more democratic than mud." Some were Fascists; others were emotional Hindus who sought to establish a religious state in which they could exert their power.

For the first time in his life Nehru made a decision without counselors and decided to resign for a showdown. There were advance rumors of his resignation. People were worried and jittery about what would happen to India if some other party gained control. The showdown brought victory for Nehru, unity for India and a feeling of great relief.

Mme. Pandit emphasized that the parties in India thought as one on foreign policy and took their cue from Nehru. She confirmed what Singh had told me, that India wanted to be listened to among the nations and that she would fight aggression, colonialism and imperialism wherever it occurred. Indians wanted liberty in a peace-loving state in which they could improve their national well-being.

She turned to me and said, "The Indian Parliament is retaining you to develop a true understanding of India in the United States. They are paying you the fee you asked for, even though Indian finances are tight. There is no question about the worth of the expenditure if it accomplishes what it sets out to do. I hope the American people and the United States Government

understand the ramifications of Indian foreign and domestic policy. My brother has indicated his desire for you to go ahead."

"The problem is two-pronged," I answered. "One concerns the information India distributes. It is important this be accurate, well written and diversified. But more important are India's actions. My activity covers advice on what India should do to retain America's good will and I shall criticize actions I feel are inimical to good will. Madam Ambassador, are you agreeable to working with me on this basis? Any other basis is unsound."

She agreed. I suggested she put out a statement defining Indian policy toward the United States which would set the keynote for our activity. I wrote the statement, emphasizing the mutuality of interest of India and the United States. The statement was cabled to New Delhi, where it appeared in the newspapers. Several days later Robert Trumbull cabled it to the New York *Times*, which played it up under a New Delhi dateline. The State Department and the public regarded the statement as a significant indication of the new Indian policy, which was drawing the nations closer together, and commented on it in an official statement.

Krishna Balaraman, a brilliant newspaperman covering the United Nations and the United States for the daily newspaper *Hindi of India*, was our ally in this preliminary activity. He sent diplomatic dispatches and correspondence to his paper from the United States. A frank, honest man, he gave his newspaper accurate reports of what public relations was and what it might do for his country. I think his action helped when the House of the People voted my authorization. He has since returned to India, where he is now an editor of the important *Hindi*.

Whatever I had done up to that time I had done because of my deep interest in the cause. Now that the contract was coming through I asked the State Department for an unofficial blessing for our activity. On October 1 I received it from T. Eliot Weil, deputy director of the Office of South Asian Affairs. I would not call his letter an out-and-out endorsement, but I was given to understand it was the State Department equivalent of one. His letter read in part:

As you know, the United States Government enjoys friendly relations with India, and we in the Office of South Asian Affairs welcome any activity which may serve to increase genuine understanding between the

two countries. If you undertake to carry out the arrangement proposed by the Indian Embassy I am sure you will have in mind this broad interest.

The next day Chester Bowles, newly appointed Ambassador to India, telephoned me. He said that he would be glad to have suggestions from me on anything he could do to help us work for India.

He added, “The State Department told me I could pick any place I wanted when I decided to go into our Foreign Service. They thought I would take Paris or London. I didn’t want either; you are only a cookie-pusher there. The real policies are made by the Secretary of State and there isn’t much to do there anyway. In India this isn’t the case.

“Our policies toward India are flexible and open. I have certain ideas about the situation there. The boys in the State Department were not particularly keen about Nehru. I said to them, ‘What if Nehru should die? There would be chaos and communism in India in three to five years.’ We must keep Nehru healthy and alive. After all, wasn’t the United States isolationist until 1939? India is in the same position we were in then.

“When I was Governor of Connecticut, Indian students used to come to Hartford, Connecticut, to see me. I always wondered what they would say after they left America. Were they really impressed by our country? Did they like us more or less for having been here? Possibly somebody threw them out of a hotel on account of the color of their skin. I would see to it that they were given the works at the Hartford Club and the Chamber of Commerce and that they saw schools where Negroes and whites were integrated. We showed them the Negro district housing developments. I am sure they had a different idea about America after seeing these things. I felt strongly that if we lost India we lost the world.”

Before he hung up he said he was seeing Mme. Pandit at lunch the next day and Mr. P. L. Bhandari, her press officer, at dinner. He said he would tell Mme. Pandit how happy he was that I was working with India.

On October 25 Mme. Pandit telephoned me and in the sweetest and gentlest voice said, “Oh, Mr. Bernays, I am so surprised. I assume you will be surprised too. I am resigning my ambassadorship. You know, when I went to India recently I wanted to resign but the foreign office wouldn’t think of it. They said they would not accept my resignation.

“Monday at the Embassy a cable in code from India told me I was standing for Parliament. I have to be back by November 19; it is difficult to

wind up three years in two weeks.

"I cannot imagine how the gossip columns got wind of the rumors they have been reporting, that I was going to resign. I did not know it myself but they printed it last Friday. May I see you on Saturday? I can come up to New York, but I have to be back at the British Embassy on Sunday."

I was baffled and I asked her whether this would change our arrangement, the contracts for which had not yet come through. Was it on or was it off? I asked.

"Oh," she said, "very much on.* If the man rumored to become the new Ambassador actually gets the office, he is the man who fought in Parliament for your appointment, since my brother was so busy at the time." She added thoughtfully, "I will be useful to the American cause in India and in Parliament."

We arranged a farewell luncheon for Mme. Pandit given by Dorothy Norman, a woman who enjoyed hobnobbing with important people. Everybody from Edward R. Murrow to David Sarnoff turned up at the Waldorf, and pleasant farewells were said.

I wondered what the new Ambassador would be like. The Indian diplomats I had dealt with were a mixed bag. There were distinguished men like Bahadar Singh, and I had been impressed by Judge Rau of the International Tribunal at The Hague, but Nehru had his difficulties. He recruited his diplomatic representatives mainly from the British Indian Civil Service and that was unsatisfactory, for his countrymen despised these officials, feeling they had sold out to the British, their enemy. Nehru had no other choice. One evening at my home on East 63rd Street bitter recriminations flew across the dinner table between Gobind Lal, science editor of the New York *American*, in exile from his native country for years, and Moni Moulik, whom Lal accused of being a slacker and appeaser.

I met Beney Rayan Sen, the new Ambassador, who arrived from Rome on November 26, in his suite in the Waldorf Towers. He struck me as a stuffy, dull man, always aware he was Ambassador; his manner seemed remote and suspicious. He had been educated at Calcutta and Oxford, had joined the Indian Civil Service at the age of 26 and had held administrative and secretarial positions in the Bengal government. He had been director general of food in the government of India in 1943–45 and had served as Indian minister in Washington in 1947. He was not a perceptive man; he understood little about America and Americans even though his daughter

was studying at Hood College in Maryland. Soon after his arrival here he wanted to take an auto trip through the Southern states, proceeding to Mexico by way of Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Houston and San Antonio. This would not take him to the most important sections of our country, nor would it give him a diversified, accurate picture of the American scene. He was also laying himself and his country open to an international incident, because of his dark color. I prevailed on him to postpone his trip.

I arranged for private dinners at our home with several India-minded men: Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review,* lately returned from India; Herbert Matthews, Indian expert of the New York *Times;* and Henry Sell of Town *and Country.* Sen was a dull and unresponsive guest.

On December 22 we met foreign editors of the New York papers and press services at the Harmonie Club. Again, Sen was unimpressive, but I felt we had to expose him to newspapermen in direct touch with Indian policy. I asked the English-Speaking Union to give a luncheon for the Ambassador so he could make his first speaking appearance in this country. The British auspices would disassociate India from Communism in the public mind, an unjust suspicion she was suffering under. The Ambassador gave a talk which I had outlined and which Moulik had written. It emphasized that India welcomed American capital, which brought favorable comment from the press the next day.

Immediately after this successful event the Ambassador involved himself in trivial details. Poor Bhandari asked me to elucidate two authorizations for out-of-pocket expenditures: for mailing and for press representatives' lunches of $250, respectively, which he had approved. The Ambassador, Bhandari wrote, thought the English-Speaking Union, not India, should pay for these expenses. Sen also had asked that a specific method of operation be adopted when we suggested events or speaking engagements; that the Ambassador would consult me on the character, reputation and influence of the party extending the invitation; that he would consult me on the subject of discussion; that he would take my advice about the general line of approach, specific points stressed and arguments to be employed; and that I would advise the Embassy about any particular steps to be taken by the Embassy publicity organization to get the maximum publicity for India.

Mechanics and expenses of events should obviously, he believed, be the function of the host. His pride was hurt that India should be expected to contribute any money to a dinner in his honor, even for mailing expenses and additional press lunches. I was disturbed by his petty preoccupations when important matters like the whole, broad problem of international relations were awaiting his attention.

I was eager to get informational activities under way, to tell the American people about India. Mme. Pandit had agreed to transfer the Information Bureau to New York, because New York was the nerve center of communications in the United States. Besides, Washington was too competitive, with many such bureaus, for any one of them to have a scarcity value. I wanted this news office to be a model of its kind. With the appropriation approved for personnel, we set up the office at 3 East 64th Street, the Indian UN headquarters and Consulate, with Indian public relations officers, research people, secretaries, clerical help and writers. In a ten-page document I outlined our program—a continuing correspondence with thousands of group leaders and opinion molders throughout the country, supplying them with fact and point of view about India. These facts and points of view would be used by all the media of publicity in the United States, I hoped—press and other publications, radio, forums and other disseminators of ideas.

India's former information officer, in his annual report, had castigated most of the American press and radio, making them scapegoats for his own ineptitude. I recognized how dangerous to the relations of two countries an unscrupulous or inept public relations officer could be. I hoped for the sake of good Indian-American relations that this report was not accepted at face value by the foreign-affairs department of India. The document was full of distortions and misstatements, aimed apparently at absolving the public relations officer for the negative state of American public opinion of India. The report said that no principles governed the policies of the Scripps-Howard and Hearst newspapers, that nothing was sacrosanct and that the only considerations were sales and advertising revenue. It suggested that the Scripps-Howard group employed a large number of old China hands, and what was called the "loss of China" had made them bitter. It referred to the barbs in the Indian coverage by *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* but said that Mr. and Mrs. Luce "by and large spare us."

The writer of the report then analyzed India's special problems: that French and Portuguese citizens of the United States were angry because of India's policy toward French and Portuguese possessions. People of Dutch extraction resented their stand on Indonesia; Spaniards, their vote in the UN against Spain. Diehard British Tories and their descendants and some persons of British extraction were inimical because they resented India's independence; Italians because of India's claims to the former Italian colonies in Africa which she did not concede; Jews because India had not recognized Israel; and some Americans because they feared Asiatic strength, a complex born out of Pearl Harbor; and so on *ad nauseam.* Who knows the damage this report did India and the United States.

In December Moni Moulik was installed as director of the bureau. I felt Moulik was unfitted by temperament and experience for his new job. He came to New York from Washington, after a tour of duty in Rome as press attaché of the Indian Embassy. Originally from Bombay, which had been described to me as the Texas of India, he was brash, cocky and almost truculent, an unusual personality for an Indian, according to the Western cliché. The cliché was wrong, as it so often is. He was sure, although he had been in this country only a short time, that he knew all about American public opinion and media. Like E. M. Forster's Indian in A *Passage to India*, his attitude betrayed compensatory inferiority. When I made a suggestion with which he disagreed, he thought I had been suborned by the Pakistanis.

But I did not let my professional view of Moulik affect my personal attitude. I went to great pains to find a Park Avenue apartment for him and his family. I got it finally after threatening the landlord with public exposure if he didn't rent it to an accredited Indian diplomat who happened to be dark-skinned.

We organized the new bureau for a frontal attack on groups of men and women who influenced the thinking and action of America: the communications leaders who were editorial heads of newspapers, columnists, writers known for their interests in women's affairs, education, business and finance, labor and social welfare, agriculture and farming, science and technology, arts and letters, special features, house organs, writers and lecturers, government officials, foundations, fraternal orders and so on.

A carefully prepared letter offered material geared to the particular interest of each group. By January 35,000 letters had gone out, and we received thousands of requests for material about India, which we prepared in stories for publication, fact sheets, forum outlines and similar data, facts and points of view we felt were important for the American people to have.

Ambassador Bowles, after four weeks in India, wrote me that I was "right in taking on this responsibility and that you will have a very real success with it. The best answer, it seems to me, lies in building the Indian sense of accomplishment and in this way give greater confidence in themselves. Unless there are some very real achievements, this of course will be impossible. However, remarkable things are being done out here that are not understood in America. There are many able people in the Indian government and only a few are not determined that India must be built through democratic methods."

He pointed out "another very real factor in building India's confidence in herself lies in getting her a better press in America. Although they don't like to admit it, the average Indian would deeply like to be respected in the United States." Bowles pointed out to me that he felt Americans were with Pakistan and against India in the Kashmir questions. We thought Kashmir was inhabited mainly by Muslims and would vote for Pakistan. Actually the best-informed experts believed that if there were a plebiscite Kashmir would go overwhelmingly for India.

Several months later I heard from Bowles again and he said he was "delighted that I was making progress. It is desperately important for the Indians to understand the American people and the way we look at this critically disturbing world of ours. But it may have been more important for the Americans to understand India, since India, as I see it, represents practically our only hope for maintaining a stable democratic southeast Asia.…

"The hope of the whole situation here in India, as I see it, is Mr. Nehru himself. With him, I believe great things can be accomplished; without him the outlook would be something less than encouraging. He is a magnificent person and is thoroughly opposed to communism. As you and I know the problems he faces are very great, and I believe it is vitally important that he should take a strong lead with his party throughout India after the elections have been won.

“Again let me tell you how very glad I am that you have accepted this assignment.”

Although Ambassador Sen had given up his Southern trip at my urging, he flew to New Orleans, then to Mexico City (he had been assigned to Mexico as Ambassador, too) and thence to Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. We made arrangements for him to speak before important groups. In Los Angeles he talked before the Ebell Club, a women’s group, on “Cultural Exchange for Mutual Strength”; in Los Angeles before the Chamber of Commerce on a “Challenge to Pioneering”; in San Francisco before the Chamber of Commerce on “India Moves Forward”; and in San Francisco before the Commonwealth Club on “India and United States Independence.” The policy pronouncements in these talks followed the pattern I had laid down. For each talk we prepared a careful outline; Moulik filled it in and the Ambassador delivered it.

P. L. Bhandari accompanied the Ambassador. For each city I outlined his press relations, describing in detail the background and character of the media in each town. The trip turned out to be successful, judged by the amount of newspaper attention his talks received and the favorable editorials. On his return to Washington he had only one comment, and that was a complaint. In Los Angeles, at the Ebell Club, he appeared after a violinist. That hurt his pride, although this was the set pattern of the club. I suppose he got over it. I still had firm convictions about the importance and the necessity of working to improve India’s situation here but was finding it increasingly difficult to adjust my ideas to the personal idiosyncrasies of the Indians I had to deal with.

I wrote Mme. Pandit, who had won her seat in Parliament, that U.S. press reaction to India’s first democratic election was good but that Chester Bowles’s proposal of a billion dollars’ aid to India had not made a favorable impression, although the magnitude of India’s needs had been established in the public’s mind. I reported that the bureau was corresponding with 8,000 American leaders and in certain categories was receiving a 30 per cent response. We were busy, I told her, with policy speeches for Sen, stressing areas of agreement and working toward common goals. As a matter of fact, the Indian Bureau of Information was working hard and Moulik was calling me “Guru,” which I found flattering.

In mid-February, apparently in accordance with our suggestion, Nehru made a speech on the United States and Communism which received editorial praise. On March 1, I cabled Mme. Pandit that Nehru's statement had made a good impression, as had the enthusiastic reception given Mrs. Roosevelt in India. The climate of opinion was greatly improved, as indicated by a continuing demand for information and by the number and quality of clippings we were receiving. I ended the cable with "Keep up the good work."

Elections and the Prime Minister's interviews were contributing to a new climate of opinion about India in the United States. I asked Mme. Pandit about news which said she was planning a trip to Communist China; I did not think this a good idea, because it would damage the growing favorable relationship in the United States. At my suggestion the Embassy cabled her that publicity about her heading the mission to China should be carefully handled in New Delhi because of its possible misinterpretation in this country, thus damaging the pleasant relations now improving with the United States. I suggested that New Delhi state that her trip was part of her study of all countries important to India, so that as a member of Parliament she might be of greater usefulness to her country.

On March 13 an opportunity presented itself for a truthful and colorful story about India on a half-hour "See It Now" TV program. Sidney Hertzberg called up asking co-operation. I suggested that Hertzberg include Mme. Pandit with Ambassador Bowles.

On March 28 Mme. Pandit cabled Yes. The picture shown here later had a good effect.

In April Ambassador Sen went on a tour of Midwest cities, and we arranged receptions, luncheons and dinners at which he presented the basic policies we had worked out. The work in the bureau was progressing more speedily and successfully than I had had reason to anticipate. Newspapers were giving our releases and stories widespread publicity. The attitude of the people and the editorials were friendlier to India. And then came a telephone call from Moulik on May 6—first at the office and then after office hours to my home, which began a chain of events. Ambassador Sen wanted to find out why the New York *Times* editorially condemned India's stand on Kashmir. I told Moulik I would inquire.

The next day I was talking to Herbert Matthews of the *Times,* who wrote the editorials on India, on another matter. He informed me, to my surprise,

that Arthur Lall, then Indian Consul General, had discussed this matter with him the day before—the day Moulik had called me. Matthews was outraged, he told me, at the visit, which he characterized as an attempt at "undue moral pressure and intimidation" because Lall, talking as a representative of the Ambassador, had threatened war if the *Times* did not change its stand. I assured Matthews that I knew nothing about this and would investigate.

I informed Bhandari in Washington and Moulik in New York about what Matthews had told me. Bhandari didn't know of Lall's visit to the New York *Times*. He was perturbed and asked me to write him a letter that he could show the Ambassador. I wrote the letter and read it to Bhandari on the telephone before I sent it. "Keep it strong," Bhandari kept suggesting. I did. My letter to Bhandari said Matthews considered Lall's visit completely out of place, a consular official acting on instructions from his Ambassador, exerting pressure to influence a newspaper's opinion. I said Mr. Lall indicated that the outcome of negotiations now going on regarding Kashmir might be affected by the viewpoint in the editorial; that Matthews said if Lall had visited the publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, instead of him, he would have been shown the door. Matthews felt all this most unfortunate. I wrote Bhandari that Matthews was calm and objective-minded, and I was sure Lall's action would not affect Matthews' future judgment, although it might well have had dire results. I recommended to Bhandari that no government official outside of the public relations officer communicate with American media; that pressure might be considered as a threat or blackmail.

The next day, Thursday, Bhandari telephoned me. He said he had shown my letter to the Ambassador, who was outraged that anyone should question his authority. Bhandari urged me to do nothing further—it would all blow over. A few minutes later he telephoned to ask whether I would go to Washington to see the Ambassador next day. I couldn't because I had an out-of-town engagement. The next day, Friday, Bhandari telephoned me again, saying the matter would blow over. On Sunday I thought that since I had been dealing with the Ambassador at second hand I should deal with him directly. I felt that while I had devotion to India, personal relations could become so annoying and enervating as to prevent the broad objective from being fulfilled. I wrote then to the Ambassador directly and said the important consideration to me in this entire affair was that maintenance and

improvement of Indian-American relations "will continue to be my prime consideration as I know it is yours." Several days later Moulik showed me a copy of a letter from Lall to the Ambassador accusing me of compromising the Indian situation. I wrote the Ambassador that the publisher of the New York *Times* backed Matthews' statement to me about Lall's attempt to use unfair pressure on the New York *Times*. "I am telling you this," I wrote the Ambassador, "so that you may appraise Mr. Matthews' attitude both toward him [Lall] and toward me, and also his [Lall's] lack of usefulness for India" in press relations. I wanted to protect India's position with an important newspaper and to prevent comparable incidents in the future.

On Wednesday, May 21, Moulik received a message that the Ambassador wanted me to meet Lall and Moulik once a week at the Consul General's office to advise them. On the same day Sen wrote me not to pursue the matter further with Mr. Matthews and that I should not make any further contacts with newspapers. I responded saying that I would, of course, make no other contacts with newspapers on behalf of India but that I felt free to discuss anything else I wanted to with Mr. Matthews, because my relationship with him was personal as well as professional. I added that Mr. Matthews had informed me that he would be glad to tell the Ambassador of the pressure Lall had tried to exert on him.

I was getting tired of this crisscrossing of threats, accusations and denials by the Ambassador and by Lall and recognized that, despite my emotional involvement with the situation, I could accomplish little while I had to deal with these people. I might better deal with the issue at arm's length than try to change these men. Luckily I had inserted a sentence in our contract that permitted me to withdraw if I felt there was a conflict of interest. I wrote the Ambassador a letter on May 26 in which I said:

We welcomed this engagement in the hope that we could be of real usefulness in helping to cement Indian-American relations. India's future as a democratic nation is bound up with the United States. It is important to world peace that India and the United States should understand one another more fully. I am still in complete accord with Ambassador Chester Bowles' statement that India deserves the aid of Americans and that with our friendly support Prime Minister Nehru and the Congress party may successfully withstand Communist penetration and preserve India for democracy.…

I am driven to the conclusion that the present philosophy and attitude of Indian officials in this country, concerned with the program, seriously hamper progress in achieving the goal set. Official unwillingness to accept our counsel on vital questions having to do with American public opinion is in opposition to your own repeated written and verbal assurances of the value of our advice, between October 1951 and May 1952.

I must conclude, therefore, in justice to professional standards and in view of verbal commitments originally made to me and on which our agreement was based, that we cannot continue as counsel on public relations to the Indian Embassy. I have arrived at this decision because of the following specific considerations:

(1) A regrettable tendency on the part of Embassy and Consular officials to underestimate American intelligence and integrity. There is little understanding of American psychology at high or low levels and an arrogant disposition to do things their own way, without regard to the realities involved. There is little serious attempt to learn to understand American mores and thought patterns. There is an insular conviction on the part of Indian officials here that their judgment is by nature superior on matters relating to American public opinion and customs.

(2) Failure on the part of Indian officials to understand the concept of freedom and independence of the American press and to understand that our press is not subject to intimidation and "unfair moral pressure." This is a great pity and a potential danger to Indian-American relations.

(3) Internal intrigue and internal mutual distrust undermine the usefulness of officialdom of India here, as evidenced by repudiation by higher officials of instructions given by minor officials, by destruction of authority to carry out orders and by breakdown of planned procedures.

I still believe, as I did in October, that closer understanding between the United States and India is fundamental to world security. I hope it may be achieved. It can be accomplished if those charged with the task in this country proceed in an atmosphere of trust and open-mindedness. However, until reorientation of thinking takes place, there is no further contribution that I can make.

Therefore, I shall ask to be released from our arrangement with you and will ask you to accept our resignation, to take effect immediately.

On June 3 the Ambassador accepted my resignation.

I sent Mme. Pandit and Prime Minister Nehru copies of my resignation. Several months later I received a letter signed by B. N. Kaul, principal private secretary to the Prime Minister. Mr. Kaul wrote me that the Prime Minister had seen a copy of the letter I had addressed to the Indian Ambassador in Washington. He had read that letter with considerable surprise, for it was not the kind of a letter which he expected anyone in the employ of the government of India to write to the Ambassador. Mr. Kaul went on to say that the Prime Minister attached the greatest importance to the development of friendly relations between the United States and India, relations which could be based only on a full understanding of each other's viewpoint and psychology. He observed that American psychology is not always fully understood by Indian officials and, likewise, that Indian psychology is not always fully understood by some people in America.

I naturally told my friend Matthews of the incidents surrounding my resignation, Matthews told me that Indians believe loyalty to their country is an important element in achieving advancement of the soul, more so than adherence to Western morals. Lall and the Ambassador were living up to this belief. He said that because I was in no way responsible for their behavior there was no reason for me to resign. On the other hand, I thought it was their responsibility to behave in accord with the folkways of this country, that I didn't want to be judged in this country by their behavior, even though it was correct by their standards. And there was another factor that disturbed me: an adviser depends not on himself but on his client for the effective carrying out of his advice. An adviser can continue to receive fees and not care as to what his advice is asked on. An adviser can compromise and say that, while his service is not acted on, he has done the best he can and continue to accept fees. This I did not want to do.

Soon after this incident Ambassador Sen was recalled and became head of the Agricultural unit of the United Nations in Rome. I don't know whether this was a result of the incident or not.

On September 4 I received a letter from Moulik who was leaving for Rome. He thanked me for the "courtesies" and "priceless education, friendship, esteem, etc."

I was in England in 1959 with Doris. Mme. Pandit was High Commissioner in England from her country, the equivalent of ambassador. She invited us to her residence for tea, in a lovely garden in London. Moulik, whom she had disliked heartily in the United States, was now her

press officèr. We chatted over tea and never mentioned the episode that had prompted my resignation.

One other footnote to my Indian experience: a short time ago a telephone message came to me at my home in Cambridge from the United Nations in New York: Moulik had written from Rome suggesting that I might help Sen who was coming to America to run a conference on world food conditions for the underdeveloped people of the world. I was flattered.

* The contract came through on November 6, after four months of preparation and discussion. To my surprise, the Indian foreign-affairs people had inserted a clause that they could void the contract after two months. We had suggested four months in our discussions.

chapter 64

THE THEATER

LEAGUE OF NEW YORK THEATERS

In 1913, when I was with the *Medical Review of Reviews,* Brock Pemberton, theatrical reporter of the New York *Times,* was in my office on lower Broadway discussing the troubles of the Broadway theater with me. He was interviewing me about our private production of *Damaged Goods,* too daring for commercial Broadway, which we were putting on at the Fulton Theater. Thirty-six years later, in 1949, Pemberton, now a theatrical producer and president of the League of New York Theaters, discussed the troubles of the Broadway theater with me again, with a different purpose in mind. On behalf of the League he retained me to help lift the legitimate theater out of the doldrums.

Brock was a highly literate man, respected by his confrères. He loved the theater, had spent his life in it, had good taste, and his monetary and critical successes proved he knew the art and the business. His years as number-one theatrical reporter on the New York *Times* had given him a thorough understanding of the relations of the public to the theater. As president of the League he was concerned with the common problems of its members, who included leading New York theatrical producers. The Shuberts were the most powerful of them, because they owned many theaters in New York in which they produced their plays or rented them to other producers on a percentage basis.

I told Pemberton we had better first pinpoint problems by making a thorough study. Then we could make our recommendations. I knew that theater owners and producers would be more likely to act on recommendations arising from a study. I saw no overnight solutions for what beset Broadway. Only hard work would change matters. Pemberton

authorized a study. “Go after the truth wherever you find it and then let us have your recommendations,” he said.

It was a nostalgic assignment. I had started in the theater in 1913 and was grateful for the experience and the know-how it had given me. I hoped to express myself in belated thanks and come up with something worth while.

I tried out new techniques in my study, getting facts from five sources and checking areas of agreement and disagreement for truth’s sake. First I researched old and current literature on the drama. The comments of the writers, critics and commentators were helpful in providing background. Second, I interviewed thirty of the most knowledgeable leaders of the contemporary theater whose names the League supplied: producers, directors, box-office treasurers and stage managers. They talked freely off the record and told us of the adjustments and maladjustments within the theater and in the relations of the theater to the outside world.

Next, we conducted depth interviews with four hundred theater-going men and women in cities throughout the country; they revealed their satisfactions and dissatisfactions with the theater. In twenty-seven cities theatergoers received questionnaires. For good measure I had London surveyed to get facts about its theater-ticket sales system, which had impressed Doris and me on our visit there.

An 850-page report was ready in six weeks. I did not expect the League members to read it through, even though the report concerned itself with their business. But I knew the comprehensive data would be valuable in carrying out our recommendations.

I presented a 19-page abstract of the report at a League meeting attended by Kermit Bloomgarden, Herman Shumlin and other producers. I always abstracted long reports, ever since the time Orlando Weber had told me, “Spend fifteen thousand dollars to get the facts, then give me your conclusions in one page.”

Our survey disclosed that in a few decades talking movies, radio and television had completely changed the entertainment patterns of the public. In 1912 Broadway had produced 38 shows; in 1928 and 1929, a total of 224; but in the year of the survey, 1948–49, there were only 70 shows, a drop of 70 per cent. The decline in the number of Broadway theaters had been drastic—38 in 1912, 75 in 1929 and only 32 in 1948. No new theater had been built in New York since the Ziegfeld Theater was constructed in

the late Twenties. (Today, in 1965, there are 34 legitimate theaters in New York, not counting the off-Broadway houses and those included in the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.)

The money put into theatrical production also showed a decline. Investment in movies, radio and television was seven billion dollars. For movie production in 1949, 400 million was spent; radio billings totaled two billion. The theater spent only five to six million dollars annually. Every week 100 million Americans paid to see the movies. At the peak of the season, only 500,000 people a week attended the legitimate theater.

All five surveys showed maladjustments within the theater and between the theater and its publics. Theatrical leaders were most vocal about these maladjustments. They deplored the necessity for the high cost of tickets, actors and stage workers and labor, the insecurity of their investments. Among many other gripes, they placed major blame on exploitation by owners of theater buildings. They bewailed inefficient business methods in the theater, the luring of theatrical talent to other fields, poor ticket distribution and the irresponsibility of critics.

Our depth interviews and questionnaires to theatergoers showed negative reactions about everything from lack of physical comfort in theaters to the high cost of tickets, from the difficulty of securing tickets to the poverty of the plays themselves. People agreed the theater was a cultural force, but high ticket prices and other difficulties induced them to spend more time and money going to the movies.

Our study showed that in London, distribution of tickets was more efficiently handled than here, with a large number of ticket-sales outlets, higher standards of politeness and service and widely distributed pamphlets with listed plays.

I recommended that the League expand activities over a broad front, within the theater and with the public. The theater crisis was not due to a single cause; therefore the problem could not be met by a single attack. It arose because of a complex of intricate economic and human relations, due to attitudes and actions of many different groups. It must therefore be attacked segmentally, one by one on a broad front, by enlisting public opinion to work out solutions of problems that could not be handled within the theater.

The League, I recommended, should set up committees in government, education, theater financing, theater buildings, press relations, fair business

practices, employment problems and practices, travel and transportation. The League should retain its own secretariat, public relations committee and public relations counsel. Other organizations, I pointed out, had handled their problems in this manner: the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the National Association of Broadcasters, the American Bar Association. In a democratic society there are no quick remedies, no dictatorial ukases. Only improvement in practices, education, persuasion and suggestion can bring about adjustment. The League members could, of course, affect the attitude of their employees directly. Most other problems depended on voluntary co-operative action. If these forces could be set in motion, conditions would improve.

My plan outlined step-by-step procedures to strengthen the theater-ticket Code of Fair Practice and the preparation of manuals to improve theatrical practices.

The members' reactions appeared favorable; the producers crowded around me to get more data after I had finished talking. I was sure there would be smooth sailing for the proposed program.

But one member of my audience remained silent; the attorney for the Shubert theaters. My report had pointed out the damaging effect on the prevailing system of theater ownership; the Shuberts were interested in the theater basically to get the highest possible income from their houses, either on a percentage basis or on outright rental. If a play was not an immediate success, they cared little about its potential and forced it out of their theater.

In my early Klaw & Erlanger days I had often heard the remark, "There is nothing a hit won't cure." The prevailing theater monopoly affected playwrights, who wanted to eat and therefore aimed at writing for the box office. Broadway was no sounding board for the young, pioneering or unknown dramatists. Producers would not take a chance on anybody or anything new; the criterion for picking a play was whether the producer thought it would have the largest possible audience. This attitude had brought about a deterioration of the theater, trading down the quality of plays and tightening the grip of the star system. If the dramatist and his play didn't draw the crowds, the star might help to pay the high rent. In book publishing, publishers were willing to bring out a book by an author whose first and second books might be failures, but whose third book might be a success. But the high price of renting theaters precluded this approach in the

theater. I urged the League to look into the matter of finding ways to build more theaters in New York.

The report was widely discussed in the lay and theatrical press. *Theatre Arts* printed a digest of "The Bernays Report." But the quiet attorney at the meeting had the last word. The Shuberts didn't want to jeopardize their interests by developing competition for their theaters. Since they owned theaters and also produced plays, they preferred a scarcity of houses. Brock Pemberton could not stand up to them. He gave me this decision with great regret.

The theater is still dominated by realty interests, but the off-Broadway theater has changed the situation somewhat. The power of theater owners is no longer absolute, and there is now experimental theater available for those who want it. The Theater Guild, too, has played an important role by showing that a pioneering and experimental approach can sometimes get good audiences and make a profit. Yet, fundamentally, the situation remains much the same. On re-reading my report recently I felt that much of what applied in 1949 would still apply today, and only recently a Code of Fair Practice has been put into effect.

Brock Pemberton had done his best, but the economic forces he was dealing with were too big for him to buck. I never had the opportunity to express my thanks to the theater in the way I had hoped.

Actors' Equity

Dr. Hamilton Southworth, in his Park Avenue offices, was looking down my throat when his secretary announced an urgent telephone call for me. Peggy Wood of Actors' Equity wanted to see me at my office immediately. The time was May 1960; Actors' Equity was on strike and wanted me to help the actors win their demand from theater producers for pensions.

At my office, Peggy, whom I had not seen for three decades (nevertheless we called each other Eddie and Peggy), greeted me warmly. Her slight figure, jaunty and athletic, her fresh, quick step and bright, eager eyes gave her a youthful appearance, although she must have been over sixty. Her handshake was strong.

"Will you help the Equity Council?" she bubbled. "It's an emergency. Please take us. We have no public relations advisers. We heard how you

advised George Heller and made AFTRA possible. I am authorized to make arrangements with you."

AFTRA was the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. I had helped the effective labor leader and former actor George Heller, to organize it some fourteen years before. Heller had welded actors in these two areas into a powerful union.

I accepted the Equity offer of a $10,000 fee. The Council Committee was to meet at my home at 480 Park Avenue that evening to discuss and act on my recommendations.

We wondered what the official representatives of a union of 12,000 actors, joined in an economic struggle against tough and rapacious real-estate owners of theaters and speculative producers, would be like. The actresses who came to the meeting behaved like reserved PTA mothers at a New England town. Blanche Yurka swept in at eight o'clock wearing a flowing gray cloak. A droopy, dreamy expression on her long face was occasionally deepened as she dozed through part of the meeting.

While we waited for a full meeting, Lois Wilson told us of the "dangers" of fluoridation; Staats Cotsworth told us he had just played Lord Burleigh in *Mary Stuart.* A handsome man in his fifties, he cut a fine figure in well-tailored clothing—a matinee idol. Richard Moore, whom they called Dickey, looked 23 although he said he was 37; he told us he had been a child actor but was now an Equity office assistant. He slouched in a large chair, and every few minutes he wiggled his torso down into new comfort.

When at last the meeting started I explained that Equity's objective should be to win public support so that the invisible public would be working with them at the bargaining table. Numerous tactics could be developed to strengthen their lawyer's presentation. I suggested a few dramatic events that would indicate that groups and leaders in labor, art and politics supported their cause. Facts, I suggested, should be assembled and presented to the public to make Equity's position clear. Actors and actresses should appeal to the public over radio and television. They could push their cause by analogy. Other workers in the amusement field, the Screen Actors Guild and AFTRA, had already received pensions; therefore Equity members should also receive them.

Leading actresses should call on newspaper editors and appeal to them on a basis of justice, the Square Deal, the New Deal, the Fair Deal for Equity.

I suggested an appeal to Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who was interested in the arts; and art groups, from the Authors Guild to the National Academy of Arts and Sciences, should be asked for moral support. I urged that the battle be presented to the public not as an industrial fight between management and union for dollars and cents but along broader lines. And I rattled off other ways of dramatizing the struggle:

A telegram should be sent to the antitrust division of the Department of Justice asking them to investigate the stranglehold real-estate operators had on American theater.

Telegrams to New York Senators Kenneth Keating and Jacob Javits should ask them to follow up the Justice Department.

Senator Estes Kefauver should be asked to make a Congressional investigation.

The AFL—CIO Legislative Department should be enlisted to make contacts with Senators and Representatives urging them to take up the cudgels for Actors' Equity on a variety of issues—pensions, old age, monopoly, the continuation of the American theater.

Members of the New York Board of Estimate who had recently received pensions should be congratulated and asked for their support.

Pensions of men in American business, particularly in the amusement field, such as those big ones of young Robert Sarnoff and of William Paley, might be publicized. We might send a telegram to the New York Real Estate Board urging them to protect their good name and ask them to join Equity in the fight against greedy landlord owners of theaters. The Broadway and Fifth Avenue Associations and the Hotel Association might be appealed to in terms of their own economic interests.

Peggy Wood tried by phone to get Equity's lawyer, Herman Cooper, to come to the meeting, but Actors' Equity negotiations at the Hotel Manhattan prevented him from attending. She asked me to talk to him on the telephone.

"You are being called in," he said, "because the ladies are getting jittery at not getting enough publicity for themselves on television. We have no complaint about the newspaper publicity we are receiving. You know how strikes are reported. I know because I am attorney for the Newspaper Guild. There is always something that doesn't get reported in strike reports. As for this strike, it is simply a matter of bargaining across a table, bluffing or

being bluffed. That's the way this battle will be resolved; not by public relations or publicity."

I was surprised. "I have always found," I said, "that the invisible participant at the table, the public, decides the battle and is usually the most potent element in the bargaining process."

"No, no," he said. "That might hold for steel or rubber, but not here. It's the bargainers who decide this battle. I have known Mr. Zorn, my adversary, for years. As a matter of fact, I think we are in a good bargaining position. You know, the ladies get jittery and have to be indulged."

I told him I hoped to meet him, he echoed my sentiment, and we both rang off. We adjourned with a slight feeling of encouragement, although I could not imagine these gentle and charming people fighting in the front-line trenches of labor. The lawyers and the "ladies" were not thinking in the same language. This combination of innocence and cynicism did not seem to presage victory.

On Friday morning Peggy telephoned that Walter Abel, another member of the Council, wanted to see me. Abel, an actor, had some good ideas. I told him the only way to carry on effectively was through integration and co-ordination of all those working on the matter, with each individual playing an allotted role. I could not function, I said, without lawyers and Equity executives integrating their activities with my own. He agreed to do his best.

By Saturday there still was no word from the attorneys and the Equity secretary. Staats Cotsworth had been phoning me, anxious that they should communicate with me so we could start. Duncan, the secretary, finally phoned and said he and the attorney would see me, after negotiations, Saturday afternoon. At five o'clock Messrs. Cooper, a labor lawyer, Duncan, Hiram Sherman, comedian and Equity vice-president, and Dickey Moore appeared. Cooper was a small, intense man with quick movements. As soon as he started talking his strong personality was evident; he was powerful and cocksure, obviously accustomed to infighting, close combat, and table banging at a bargaining table. He fought and undoubtedly yelled and drove home arguments. He was, I believe, honest and interested in his clients' welfare. Industrial battles of this kind were old hat to him. He bluffed and won or lost, depending on the economic resources on both sides. It was like a poker game with words instead of cards and chips. I am afraid he discounted outside forces that might affect the outcome; he had

little perception of intangibles, elements that I had found to be an integral part of every industrial battle. He outlined to me the assumptions on which he was proceeding. Economic forces were working toward a settlement. Ticket brokers didn't want to lose profits; neither did producers. Restaurants and hotels that depended on Broadway didn't either. These pressures would build up and make the opposition capitulate after the first of a planned succession of harassment stoppages of theaters.

This method was to pull out actors and strike one theater at a time. He said that the Equity treasury was in good condition and that actors had been promised strike benefits. The strike would fold up after a few days, he thought, and the results he was after would be achieved.

I pointed out the importance of finding new issues, embodying these in the old issues to highlight human interest so that public opinion would support Equity and the actors. Cooper resisted all this. I think he felt he was doing O.K. He was getting publicity for himself and his cause. Why share credit for victories with anybody? These were the only motives I could think of for his resisting the action of the board.

The conversation flowed to and fro in the pleasantest way. For every suggestion of mine, Cooper had a reason why it would not work. There was then a silence without embarrassment.

I said that I had been engaged by the Council, that I was proceeding on certain assumptions; they were proceeding on theirs. I turned to Sherman and Duncan, who had not entered into the conversation, and asked them whether they agreed with Cooper's assumptions. They said they did. We shook hands and they left.

I telephoned Cotsworth the results of the meeting. He was baffled. "But we are their employers," he said, "and we passed the motion to retain you. I don't understand how this came about." There ensued a long conversation which, regretfully, I had to interrupt to go to a dinner party.

By now Doris and I felt it was really quite outrageous that lawyers should repudiate the Council, which was retaining them. It was not unusual for the paid personnel and counsel of professional, voluntary organizations to grab authority. Elected officers and trustees often become the stooges of continuing bureaucrats. Here Equity was being overruled by the professional men whose services they had hired, men whose objectives and goals might not coincide with theirs. I felt decisions should rest in the hands of the Council.

I called up Cotsworth and Peggy Wood and read them my letter of resignation, with a nominal bill of $1,000 for services to date. Peggy protested that she would reassert the Council's authority, but no such action was ever taken.

Actors' Equity and the League of New York Theaters finally accepted the settlement recommended by Harold A. Felix, the Labor Commissioner of New York City. It established a six-year pension program, minimum salaries, improved safety and sanitary conditions, an increase in per-diem payments, continuation of welfare benefits, as well as a provision for arbitration of disputes.

chapter 65

GEORGES WILDENSTEIN'S GALLERY

We advised Georges Wildenstein, head of the internationally known art gallery, in 1947–1948, and in that period he resisted most new ideas and approaches because traditionalism and conservatism governed his attitudes and his handling of his objects of art. The industrial revolution during the past 100 years created a need for men who combined aesthetics and business competence—a rare combination. Wildenstein had a love for strategic selling, and his knowledge of classical art probably surpassed that of his competitors. He had written twelve erudite books on the lives of artists and made thorough researches on specific works of art. Harvard University appointed him a member of a Defense Group to protect and salvage European art treasures during and after World War II.

He was equally successful as a huckster to wealthy collectors. His gallery on East 64th near Fifth Avenue, opposite our own offices, a beautiful structure, displayed the art treasures he gathered in England, France and Italy. He felt he was conferring status on his customers, whenever he sold them a Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Renoir or Utrillo.

He was aware of another aspect of his trade. He educated his customers to realize that every work of art was an investment and a speculation—an investment because classic art was scarce and because money was subject to inflation; a speculation because no one could foresee changes in public taste in schools of art.

Wildenstein did his best not to allow art fashions to be fortuitous. He used several methods to direct public response to trends in art. He was the owner of a number of publications that dealt with aesthetics: *L'Art* was a French weekly that recorded the world's activities in all the arts; *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, the oldest art review, founded in 1859 by Charles Blanc,

member of the Institute of France, was Wildenstein's indirect selling instrument. The editors, who were his employees, were critics of the important or unimportant, decided what had artistic value or was aesthetically worthless. He also owned *Beaux Arts*, a weekly newspaper that surveyed contemporary art and furthered editorially what he was interested in. He was also director of *La Française* and other media.

One might have thought that these operations were done covertly, but he did not make a secret of his ownership. In fact, in preparing a Who's Who questionnaire, he referred in his biographical data to his multiple interest in art publications.

He had a working arrangement with the famous art critic Bernard Berenson of Florence, whose word could change a trend or influence the value of specific art objects. I recall that when Wildenstein acquired Italian paintings of the eighteenth century, which were not fashionable, he commissioned Berenson to write a monograph on them. After publication, their value responded satisfactorily.

Journalism in France did not have the standards of American publication, in which editorial content is distinct and separate from advertising. Subventions to journals were the rule rather than the exception. I remembered that when American artists sang or performed in France it was *pro forma* for them to contribute money to a newspaper to ensure favorable criticism. Wildenstein applied French custom to his owning of the publications that evaluated art.

His third approach to his market was through two extroverted and personable liaison men. One was Vladimir Visson, who arranged exhibitions of pictures loaned by museums and private owners which were shown at the gallery. They received much publicity and discussion in art columns and drew people to the gallery. Visson was a warm, cultured human being who had fled from Russia and the Bolsheviks. He had a fine reputation in his field in this country, was sensitive and perceptive and had impeccable taste and sense of timing in selecting and arranging these shows.

Art owners were happy to have their paintings exhibited by him because it enhanced their value. Visson and I struck up a sympathetic relationship. I could not quite understand how a man of his sweetness, gentleness and extroversion could continue such a close relationship with Wildenstein, but I suppose he saw admirable traits in his employer. Visson was a man of

independence and vigor who could have enjoyed comparable recognition and recompense with other art firms. Wildenstein undoubtedly recognized the real treasure he had in Visson and did not subject him to much interference.

Felix Wildenstein, a cousin of Georges, was highly personable, with a distinguished and formal presence. He was socially popular with his customers, who generally thought that he owned the galleries, its Rubenses, Rembrandts and Van Dycks.

I entered into my relationship with Wildenstein hoping it would be a challenging opportunity to use public relations techniques with works of art, whose value depends on variable and intangible factors. I recommended that Wildenstein change his gallery's policy. I told him even fewer people would be able to buy Old Masters for $300,000 or $400,000 in the future. Income and death taxes would cut more heavily into millionaires' budgets for art works. I suggested he encourage large public institutions and groups to purchase more art and so spread the cost. Buffalo, for instance, had appropriated moneys for art purchases. Wildenstein should aim at the development of municipal or state art galleries. I also urged him to handle art that could sell for five figures and not confine himself to the $100,000 and over.

Although Wildenstein's prime urge was to make money, he had a traditional and conservative outlook which prevented him from deviating from what he had done in the past. The accusation is often made that Americans are materialists and that the dollar is the dominating element in their orientation. I have found that the French businessman has a concentrated type of acquisitiveness. Wildenstein was no exception. His gallery, with its huge taxes, its personnel and expenses, was paid for by a few dozen customers a year. It was only rarely that Wildenstein deviated from his pattern of furthering clearly recognized art. Once was when he held an exhibition of the works of the wife of Dean Acheson, Secretary of State.

I kept hammering away at recommendations. Once or twice in a great while he accepted a few ideas. We sent letters to architects and decorators suggesting that works of art might enhance the building they were designing or the rooms they were decorating. We publicized an exhibit of fine lace the Belgian Government had held in the Wildenstein London

gallery. But by and large we found our activities gravely restricted by the crystallized personality of the head of the house.

I have a letter suggesting twenty projects that never were acted upon. Here are some of them: a survey of foundations that presented gifts of art to find out their evaluation of trends; a survey of directors of art museums, heads of universities and colleges to find out their present tastes: a survey of architects and art critics to learn trends in home architecture to help us provide suitable art works.

While he craved visibility for his activities and knew how important such visibility was, his habit of secrecy, like that of the medieval guilds, made him reticent and afraid of the public. His natural introversion encouraged this tendency.

I had never met a man as self-contained as Georges Wildenstein. He lived like a tribal chieftain, apparently completely satisfied, surrounded by his family, whom he completely dominated. His wife, a Frenchwoman, was quiet and self-effacing. His married daughter and her husband lived with them in their mansion; the son-in-law was associated with the firm. A son, who has now inherited his father's business, never spoke in his father's presence although he was in his early thirties. He too lived in the family mansion, whose massive doors opened on marble floors and a great stairway to the formal drawing room.

Mr. Wildenstein looked like an undertaker in his neatly pressed suit. His dark face, with glasses that covered expressionless eyes, and his straight-haired black mustache, helped create this impression.

From my office on the opposite side of the street I could see him when he entered or left the gallery. Whichever direction he went, he always put both his hands flat on the building surface, at slightly above shoulder height, and remained motionless for thirty seconds or so. From my window it looked like a praying gesture. After the baffling ritual, he would walk slowly into the building or away from it. I never asked anybody associated with him what this gesture meant. I wish I had, for I am still curious about it.

Wildenstein remained in the background, researching or possibly plotting sales strategies. This complex individual functioned for the most part behind closed doors in his office, cut off from interruption or intrusion. I thought that his physical isolation was a reflection of inner isolation.

I learned long afterward that while Georges Wildenstein was carrying on his art business in New York, he was also participating in horse racing in France through ownership of racing stables. Nor did I know that he often left his home on 64th Street late at night to walk a few steps east to his gallery, where he entered the darkened building with his passkey, went to his art library and pored over historical art tomes and reproductions of pictures to ferret out information that might develop new findings or clarify old ones about art and artists.

chapter 66

THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Communist penetration, Mayan excavations, world-wide revolutionary movements, celiac disease and bananas engaged my interest for almost twenty years, beginning in the early 1940s, when I first became counsel on public relations to the United Fruit Company, working closely with its president, Samuel Zemurray, who later became chairman of the board. Zemurray headed an industrial empire. The United Fruit Company, the world's largest grower and distributor of bananas, headquartered in Boston, carried on diversified operations in great land areas in Central and South America and the West Indies. The company imported between 55 and 60 per cent of the bananas brought to this country—some sixty million stems.

Honduras produced 25 per cent of its bananas, Costa Rica a slightly smaller percentage, and Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic and Jamaica the rest. The company owned and operated 1,500 miles of railroad to carry its products to market; it owned the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company and a Great White Fleet of 52 ships, which it operated.

Eighty-five per cent of the United Fruit bananas were consigned to the United States and Canada; Great Britain and Europe got the other 15 per cent through a subsidiary, Elder and Fyffe. The company produced sugar in Cuba and refined it near Boston; it grew cocoa-oil palm and hardwoods, and had a contract with the U.S. to grow abaca, a Manila hemp used for cordage.

The company had its own agricultural research department, which investigated insecticides and fungicides to insure the continuity of its banana plantations. A home-economics department carried on research on how best to use bananas in the home. The company owned and published a newspaper in Honduras. Eighty-two thousand employees worked for it in the American tropics. It operated fifteen hospitals and 237 schools and

supplied subsistence plots, housing accommodations, clubhouses and theaters. Through company commissaries it sold practically everything its employees needed, at a mark-up that was just enough to cover operating expenses. At the time the company earned some 50 million dollars net profit.

Zemurray's New York headquarters were located—quite properly, I thought—on Pier 3, a rambling, ramshackle structure over the Hudson River. I felt as if I were on the first lap of a ship's voyage to the American tropics as I stepped out of the taxi and wound my way between new auto trucks parked at the pier's entrance, destined for shipment to Guatemala. The same ship would return to the U.S. with its load of bananas.

A steward ushered me into the slow-moving elevator. I felt I was on shipboard as I was lifted to the top deck of the pier. As I stepped into the hall, I noticed a ship's chronometer hung on the wall.

Mr. Zemurray sat at a flat-top desk in a large room overlooking the Hudson River. A tall, well-built man, six feet two or three, he towered over me as he stood to greet me. His accent was slightly guttural, a hangover from immigrant days, I learned later. He had great surety about himself, and after a few minutes of conversation I recognized I was in the presence of a wise, strong, mature man.

As Mr. Zemurray discussed company public relations with me a clerk entered the office three times, each time handing Zemurray a telegram. Zemurray glanced at each without interrupting his conversation, crumpled it and dropped it into the wastebasket. Later he said to me, "Every telegram brought news of the sinking of a United Fruit ship by German submarines in the Gulf of Mexico—three in a row."

A man who could concentrate on his conversation while reports were brought to him of three disasters at sea involving loss of lives, cargoes and money, was fitted by temperament to direct an American industrial and agricultural complex in the Middle American jungles. A man needed iron nerves and a powerful personality to deal with such affairs. Zemurray was an extraordinary man, experienced in the rough-and-tumble action of the banana business, and with a broad liberal, philosophic bent. In years of meeting tycoons, I had met few who combined as he did the ability to think abstractly and to translate ideas into actions. He was an industrial statesman and he had better have been one, for the growing and selling of bananas, at

which he had gained his experience, turned out to be only a minor part of his business.

A. A. Pollan sat in the room with us, listening quietly while we talked. He was the hard-bitten executive vice-president of the United Fruit Company. Like most of the company's executives, he had spent his business life with the company. A company man usually started as a timekeeper in the tropics. The company offered expanding opportunities, and a career man eventually became a division head. Sometimes a man returned to the home office in Boston as a vice-president or an officer at headquarters in charge of some tropical activities of the company. The company used up a man's whole business life and then gave him a retirement pension. Marriages of sons and daughters of Fruiters sometimes took place in the company's plantation towns in Guatemala, Honduras, Panama and other countries. These couples knew their future was assured with the company, for United Fruit was a way of life; the company was conducted like a private government. It had its own behavior patterns and loyalties. Individual lives were merged with the company's life, for the company decided who was to live where, and how long. United Fruit employees in the tropics were thrown among other members of the company in all their activities. The company plantation in the jungle town was a settlement of American people, houses and folkways.

Later I was to meet the third member of the United Fruit group which came to New York weekly from Boston—Frank Hatch. I never knew exactly what Hatch did. He seemed an alter ego to A. A. Pollan, an understudy who finished what Pollan started. Hatch, the only college graduate of the three, was proud of his days at Dartmouth.

Zemurray conducted our discussion as if we were sitting together leisurely in the smoking room of an ocean liner. No protocol, pressure or time sense that usually characterize a formal conference marred the friendly get-together. I think that seventy years of company background had helped produce this kind of fraternization, which was more like the feeling in an officer's mess than in an office. No one asked direct questions that demanded immediate direct answers. The conversation drifted casually. I might say, "Well, shall we go ahead with that?" Someone else would remark, "What do you think?" Somebody else, "Why not go ahead?" That was it. Actions involving thousands of people and an expenditure of

thousands of dollars might hinge on the interpretation of a sentence. But in two decades no one misunderstood.

After the first meeting, when Zemurray wanted to see me and his New York secretary called to make the engagement with me, it was not for a specific time but rather for sometime in the afternoon. Our talks usually lasted until it was time for Zemurray to leave Pier 3 to catch the Merchants Limited at 5 P.M. for Boston.

Zemurray talked to me often of the company's present and future, but never of the past. His attitude toward the future was exemplified by his answer to my question about the crop diversification that was the company's policy. He said he was planting mahogany trees. "How long will it take for them to mature?" I asked. His answer: "Sixty years."

Samuel Zemurray was forward-looking, and I felt that his first years in this country had made him progressive in thought and action. He practiced his philosophy in socially advanced policies in the tropics. He paid higher than prevailing wages to tropical workers and improved working conditions. He gave Tulane University one million dollars for a Middle American Institute, and endowed a $250,000 chair at Harvard for a woman professor. He was adviser to Henry Wallace on the Board of Economic Welfare, helped with the AAA project and was a member of the Fair Employment Practice Commission; during the war he helped bring Bahama agricultural workers to the U. S. to relieve the labor shortage here.

Fortune had published a lurid story about him some years before, depicting him as a young free-wheeler. He had come to the United States from Bessarabia in 1892, his name anglicized from Zmuri. Called Sam the Banana Man, he bought bananas from nonrefrigerated ships at Mobile, Alabama, that were too ripe for distant sales, then telegraphed ahead to railroad stations out of Mobile and arranged for the sale of his bananas at train stops.

He started his tropical banana business in Honduras, where he struck a bargain with President Davila to bring in equipment duty free. The Morgan banking house was negotiating a loan with Davila at the time, with a proviso that Morgan agents watch over Honduras customhouses and that no other business deals be made by Honduras without their consent. That was the pattern in the Caribbean then. Zemurray, blocked by the Morgan move, plotted with an ex-president of Honduras, Manuel Bonilla, in the United States to overthrow the Honduran government. Bonilla slipped from the

United States to Honduras and six hundred of his men took the capital, Tegucigalpa, without incident. In the next Honduras election the Morgan proposal was repudiated. Bonilla was voted in as President. At that time, United Fruit was Zemurray's competitor in Honduras. In the 1920s, Zemurray instituted irrigation in Honduras. As a result, he produced more and better bananas, and his company became the number one U. S. banana company.

In 1930, Zemurray sold his Cuyamel Company to the United Fruit Company and received 300,000 of their shares, worth about $31.5 million. In the Depression years, as American purchasing power evaporated and Mexico dumped 14,500,000 banana stems a year on the American market, United Fruit stock went down and sold at 10¼.

In 1933 Zemurray appeared at a United Fruit board meeting and announced, "You people have been botching up this business long enough." He became managing director in charge of operations and then president. Two weeks after his appointment, United Fruit stock rose to 26.

Before Zemurray's association with the United Fruit Company, the company had had a spectacular history. Lorenzo Dow Baker, skipper of the Boston schooner *Telegraph,* in 1870 bought 160 bunches of bananas at a shilling a bunch in Jamaica. He sold them at $2 to $3.25 a bunch in New York. The next summer Baker made two trips to Jamaica for bananas, selling them through a Boston commission house. In the 1870s bananas were imported to the U. S. by the thousands, and by 1885 imports had increased to 10,000,000 bunches annually. That year Baker and his associates founded the Boston Fruit Company, capitalized at $15,000. In five years, Boston Fruit capital increased to $531,000 and it had bought control of three rival companies.

By 1898 Boston Fruit had acquired 40,000 acres of banana land in the Dominican Republic. The next year Boston Fruit, in need of additional land in Central America, merged with the properties of an American empire builder, Minor Cooper Keith, who owned nearly 250,000 acres of banana land in Costa Rica and needed money badly. The United Fruit Company resulted. It was difficult to finance its original capitalization of $20,000,000; the public subscribed to only 16,000 shares when stock was first offered. But within twenty years its stock sold at 205 and paid out a 100 per cent dividend. In 1926 the stock split 2½ for each $100 certificate. The new shares earned $7.80 each and moved to well over 100. Between 1942 and

1952 United Fruit boosted its assets 133.8 per cent and paid out 61.7 per cent to stockholders. It was a highly profitable venture.

I came away from my first conversation with Zemurray with admiration for the man, and throughout our relationship of two decades this remained my feeling. At our first meeting he had told me about the problems the company was facing. And it had suffered, I told him, because the company had not told the public about itself, because it believed in the privacy of a privately owned business. The public thought of the company in its old role of colonial exploiter, and those days were over in the early Forties. The good-neighbor policy then dominated our relations with Latin America. Self-determination and nationalism were in the atmosphere. Zemurray had said to me in our first talk, referring to the people of the Middle American countries, “We can’t get them to love us. Maybe they will learn to tolerate us.” I said the people of the United States knew these Caribbean countries as banana republics, components of revolutions, dictatorships and marines, and not much else.

I told Zemurray the U. S. should learn more about the countries in which the company functioned and what social, economic, or other purposes it fulfilled. As a first step I organized the “Middle America Information Bureau, conducted by the United Fruit Company,” set up in our office. We corresponded actively with 25,000 Americans—group leaders and opinion molders. We tried to interest them in Middle America; we supplied them with facts and point of view. The name “Middle America” was used by the institute Zemurray had endowed at Tulane. The Bureau caught on, with its correspondents and with the public. Within a year authoritative atlases used the name Middle America to describe the territory in which the company was active. We were succeeding in equating the company with the area in which it functioned; they became interchangeable concepts. This gave the public a better understanding of the company and its problems and of any political or other newsworthy events in Middle America.

I enjoyed carrying on the work of the Middle America Information Bureau. The project mushroomed so fast that I suggested that the company let a free-lance journalist, Charles Morrow Wilson, then doing some writing for the company, became nominal director of the Middle America Information Bureau.

The Middle America Information Bureau continued its work for a number of years and successfully filled its mission. Zemurray stepped up as chairman of the Board, and Thomas D. Cabot, a member of the Board, was installed as president, but he kept the office only a short while. I had known this type of man, narrow in outlook and secure in his feelings of correctitude.

Before he had had a chance to discuss the Bureau or its functions, he ordered the work discontinued immediately; he could see no relationship between the United Fruit Company and a four-eyed fish, a rare species found in a Colombian lake. We had used the strange fish in our story because those four eyes would lead the reader into a description of how citizen farmers of Colombia cultivated bananas. This fish ended a painstakingly developed and effective program. But fortunately for the company, the Bureau's work had made a deep impression on the country.

Many business decisions are snap judgments. In government, publicity often helps insure sound decisions or correction of poor ones. The notion that business decisions are the result of more and better deliberations than those in government has no basis in fact.

In these war years other activities engaged our time. United Fruit's ships, operated by company personnel, had been taken over by the U. S. Navy to carry war material and other cargo needed for our defenses in the Panama Canal Zone. We were able to emphasize to the public the wartime importance of the banana trade. At the same time the ships picked up banana cargoes on their way back to this country and thus aided the economy of Central American countries. The political stability of these countries was also aided, a factor that was important to the United States at war.

The company agreed to grow Manila hemp for our government in the American tropics, since the Philippines, under Japanese domination, no longer provided for our needs. Manila hemp was used in rope, necessary for shipping, agriculture and other vital activities, and the publicizing of this wartime activity promoted good will for the company. There was much publicizing, too, of such diversified tropical crops as lemons and palm oil, which the company was trying out in the American tropics.

I felt Middle America was so important to the country, and the country so ignorant of it due to lack of communications between us, that I suggested a One-Day Institute at the Waldorf-Astoria to dramatize the close

relationship that actually existed. I think Zemurray was skeptical about my accomplishing much through such an effort, but he let me go ahead. At morning, lunch and afternoon sessions, outstanding Latin American and United States experts presented different aspects of this interrelationship: agriculture, credit, strategic materials, air transport and so on. The event was heavily attended by VIPs. We accomplished our objective in stimulating interest and publicity. Zemurray, baffled, called me in and asked me to explain the success of the conference. I told him that most of the speakers had some idea of what they wanted to promote, something they wanted acceptance and publicity for. He looked at me quizzically, but a truth dawned on him. Now he understood, and he said, "I know, I know—they take in each other's washing."

I thought the company would accept my suggestion that it celebrate its Diamond Jubilee in July 1946, the 75th anniversary of Lorenzo Baker's shipment of bananas from Jamaica on his boat, the *Telegraph*. But Boston had not yet been sufficiently indoctrinated to accept my recommendation and vetoed the idea.

The next year I did get an opportunity to try my approaches by promoting an archaeological monument of the ancient Mayans in Guatemala—a restoration of ball courts. Zemurray had the sound idea that belief of a people in their past would give them a better morale today. He restored Mayan ruins and presented them to the state. I worked out a program of publicity, even suggesting a Guatemalan postage stamp depicting the Mayan playing court, to commemorate the event. The stamp was duly issued and the ruins were brought to the attention of the people of Guatemala. Any people who could look back to the grandeur represented by the huge stone amphitheater must have had a feeling of satisfaction that their ancestors had such a great and thriving civilization, and the feeling that some of this greatness survived in them. But other influences were also making their impact on the Guatemalans.

In these first years with the company, I worked with Zemurray, Pollan and Hatch. Then I was introduced to Edmund S. Whitman, director of United Fruit's advertising and publicity department, and to Russell G. Partridge, advertising manager of the Fruit Dispatch Company, the distribution subsidiary of the company. The high command had had me function without contact with these departments for years—why, I never learned. I now worked with Partridge and Whitman and also continued with

the top echelon. As I look back, I wonder why I wasn't more inquisitive about it. Maybe a framed picture that hung in the offices of some executives of the company had affected me. It showed a businessman at a desk, pounding the table. Opposite him sat another man, quivering. The caption read, "Damn it, there's no reason for it. It's our policy."

Partridge and Whitman had been with the United Fruit Company their entire working lives. Partridge, who came from a Boston suburb, had joined the company law department after his graduation from Harvard Law School in 1908. Although he had had no advertising experience, he was appointed advertising and promotion manager of Fruit Dispatch. A tall and vigorous man, sixty, always spirited, it was difficult to believe he suffered constantly from a back pain. He headed a tiny empire of a few people and brooked no interference from anybody. Nobody knew or cared much about advertising or promotion at Fruit Dispatch. He devoted his waking hours to thinking of ways to sell more bananas. He studied the banana's promotional problems from many angles, such as bananas' significance as a dessert, their place in the diet, their therapeutic effect. To his visitors he presented Chiquita Banana neckties. His personal Christmas cards were decorated with bananas. To him Chiquita, the Spanish dancing-girl symbol of the banana, was like a close relative, "a priceless asset, our golden bonanza girl," and he felt she belonged in the advertising hall of fame.

Edmund S. Whitman was also a New Englander, the son of an Army officer, educated at schools at numerous Army posts. He too had spent his working life with the company, starting as a timekeeper on a banana plantation. Now located at New York headquarters, he headed advertising and publicity. The job had not been a heavy duty for him until I became associated with the company; then he was activated by a new public relations awareness. At the age of fifty, his life suddenly grew hectic and his activities broadened.

Zemurray must have felt I was learning the ropes for he suggested that Doris and I take a trip to Honduras and Guatemala to see for ourselves how things operated in the tropics. In 1947 we set out with our daughter Doris, aged eighteen, and with Ed Whitman and his wife, Ann, who later became President Eisenhower's secretary. We spent a memorable month in the tropics as company guests. I learned at first hand what I had only known about by word of mouth, book or pictures. We went by boat to Tela, the U.F.C. port in Honduras, then by air to Tegucigalpa, the capital city of

Honduras, and Guatemala City, capital of Guatemala. The trip was a series of astonishments and surprises at the contrasts in civilization between the United States and Middle America, and great admiration for the accomplishment of an American company in a wilderness.

And it was a wilderness. Within stone's throw of the modern little town of Tela was a primitive settlement of descendants of Carib Negroes on the seacoast, who had escaped when they were first brought to this country centuries ago as slaves and had continued to live as they had in the African jungle. The children were naked. Thatched huts made up the village. In front of each a woman was using a sewing machine. Hand-carved fishing canoes were used to provide their main source of sustenance. Some Caribs worked for the Fruit Company loading heavy banana bunches onto conveyors to the ship's hold. They tramped from the freight cars that had brought the bananas to the pier.

I came back greatly impressed both by the efficiencies and inefficiencies of the company. I was amazed at the company's accomplishment in transplanting men and materials to a jungle area, and at how effectively it used them in its yellow-gold plantations.

Varied activities, on a huge scale, were so synchronized that bananas picked on an inland plantation were loaded onto a ship at the right moment for refrigeration; research on fungicides and pesticides had received painstaking attention; but human and social problems had not been given comparable study.

One glaring omission was the lack of attention given by the company to passing on its know-how to its employees on shipboard, and in Honduras and Guatemala. The only memory the company had was the collective memory of individuals. The fifty years' experience in growing bananas was learned by trial and error by every new employee. There were no manuals to speed the learning process and transmit knowledge and experience. Often this kind of unmethod is dictated by an executive who has learned his skills and know-how the hard way and makes the young man learn them the same way.

Ship captains and officers, splendid seamen, knew little about the company, its history, policies or its economic status, or, for that matter, the countries the ships touched at. When they discussed matters of company interest with passengers, they did so as wise or ignorant individuals, as it happened, instead of as representatives of the corporation. Pursers were

given their own discretion. In the jungle company towns we found executives' electric refrigerators laden with Black Label Scotch and Coca-Cola, but the bookshelves were empty. These executives were unaware of the new literature available in their particular field of interest—agriculture, industrial relations, or tropical agriculture. As for promising young employees, they were given no clear-cut information about the company, its operations or their future chances of growth.

Rumors based on distortion or ignorance were often prevalent. Morale was acquired individually if at all, rather than as the result of conscious planning of the company, consistent with sound practices.

The native agricultural workers were treated as human machines rather than as human beings and without regard to their folkways or culture patterns. Anthropologists and sociologists were making studies of behavior of people in Middle America, but, for the company, social sciences might as well have not existed.

My memorandum suggested methods for transmitting and raising morale and understanding among employees, such as supplying orientation handbooks and manuals to overseers, clerical workers, housekeepers and other employees. I urged a new personnel recruitment policy to replace the haphazard practice that prevailed. The company had brought in many Southerners because of the similarity of their home climate to the tropics. They were prejudiced against colored people and brought unhealthy attitudes to the company towns.

I urged that a library be set up to insure a flow of bibliographical material on tropical agriculture, engineering and other pertinent topics to inform executives of advances in their own fields. Continuing communication between company and employees was lacking. I urged bulletin boards, on-the-job booklets, letters and memoranda, meetings and conferences. I suggested that pictures of the company offices and of the Mayan ruins be hung in United Fruit establishments in the tropics. I urged talks by company executives to employees to identity them with company policy, company town news bulletins to build morale among employees in the jungle towns, and awards for merit.

One man who had worked with the company for twenty-five years told me he received a gift of fifty silver dollars from his office colleagues. He was so touched he didn't know whether to spend them or keep them as a souvenir. The company, on the other hand, had shown no sign of

recognizing his quarter-century service. Another executive, celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary with the company alone, told me of it with wistful sadness and wondered if anybody but himself knew he had been around that long.

Assembly quarters in company towns were unattractive and showed little individuality or relationship to the United Fruit Company. Paintings or photo montages, books and current magazines could have improved their drawing powers. Americans far from home needed to have their spirits bucked up. Wives were criticizing the commissary not for what it carried but for what it did not. A simple consumer survey once a year, asking customers for preferences as to products and brands, might have corrected an ever-present gripe.

But a company does not break with tradition easily. The people in the tropics were remote from Boston; they produced their banana quotas, and that was what counted. Fruit Company executives in the tropics were tough characters who had come up through the ranks; they were action-related men. What I proposed must have seemed like mollycoddling.

I got no reaction to my voluminous report. I was not surprised; it had happened before. Clients often adopted my recommendations without telling me they had. To have told me might be a reflection on their past accomplishments. Not to tell me was not acknowledging their past inadequacies.

I had learned much about the tropics, and the reading I did before we went down gave me additional insights that helped me immeasurably. I was to have much opportunity in the next decade to act on what I had seen and heard there.

In 1949, Partridge and I began work together on what we called the “celiac project.” Celiac disease is a debilitating digestive disease of children. Dr. Sydney Haas, a respected New York pediatrician, had reported some years before that a banana diet cured children with celiac disease, and a medical magazine had reported his clinical findings. In my childhood my mother thought bananas too indigestible for children; we were forbidden to eat them. But our children received them as almost their first solid food. After Dr. Haas’s fortuitous discovery, bananas became a must in the diet of infants, and baby-food manufacturers began to market mashed bananas in jars.

Eleanor Sanger, a friend who was the program director of the New York *Times* station, WQXR, told me she and some friends wanted to honor Dr. Sydney Haas for his fifty years as a physician, for his contribution in discovering the use of bananas for celiac disease and for his treatment of the hypertonic infant. She knew we were working with United Fruit; would I help her? We commemorated Dr. Haas's seventy-ninth birthday with a Golden Jubilee Tribute at a lunch at the New York Academy of Medicine. Robert Moses and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger served on the sponsoring committee. Dr. Evan Evans, the distinguished diagnostician, headed the physicians' group. We saw to it that Haas's paper "The Value of the Banana in the Treatment of Celiac Disease" published two decades before, received national recognition. Haas himself became the beneficiary of a flood of publicity in newspapers and magazines.

One hundred thousand copies of a small hard-cover book, which we edited describing the Haas luncheon, went to editors, publishers, librarians, dieticians, home economists, pediatricians and physicians specializing in digestive disorders. Haas loved the fuss made over him. After a life of comparative anonymity he became famous, with the beneficent relationship between bananas and celiac disease and his part in it emphasized to public and profession alike.

Our explorations into celiac disease took us to other medical areas. A medical researcher, Dr. Dorothy Anderson, independently of Dr. Haas, was investigating celiac disease at the Children's Hospital of the Presbyterian Medical Center, working with Dr. Paul di St. Agnese, a brilliant medical researcher from Rome. They had completed a study of celiac and sprue, a related disease, and they confirmed the value of bananas in its treatment, although the explanations for their digestibility differed from those of Dr. Haas. The United Fruit Company, at my suggestion, gave research funds, with no strings attached, to the Presbyterian Hospital and Dr. di St. Agnese for further study. In 1953, additional grants were made to Drs. Haas, Anderson and di St. Agnese to help them try to find out what was in bananas that made them so digestible. From this research came a scientific serendipity finding, for Dr. di St. Agnese discovered a now recognized diagnosis for cystic fibrosis, by measuring the salt content of sweat.

Physicians are a captive audience in this country. Their names are readily available. Because they receive so much mail, I felt that additional steps were still necessary to make them realize the values of the banana diet

for celiac disease. We recommended that Dr. Haas, with Milton Zisowitz, write a carefully prepared and documented medical book on the disease. Lippincott published it, and a card from a committee of Haas sponsors went with the copy to all American M.D.'s. Favorable reviews appeared in the medical press, which further accelerated support for the banana diet.

Other banana problems led us further into the medical field. In the polio epidemic of 1949 damaging rumors circulated that bananas had caused the outbreak of the disease. Naturally, the company wanted to deny the untrue rumor immediately. I said no one would believe a direct refutation by the company. Basil O'Connor of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and Dr. Van Riper, its medical director, willingly co-operated with us to kill the rumor.

Newspaper advertisements were placed in cities where the story was alive. This recommendation blanketed the rumor "Keep food clean. Scientific investigation shows that meat, fruit, vegetables and other foods do not cause paralysis. Food should be kept covered and free from flies." The advertisement stated that funds had been provided by friends of the National Foundation as a contribution to the educational activities of that organization. The friends were the Fruit Company.

The rumor was traced to a research project at Yale in which a chimpanzee that ate bananas happened to become infected with the polio virus.

The Foundation wrote explanatory letters to doctors in areas where the rumor was prevalent, and it died.

In 1950 I became involved for a decade in the political and social upheavals that to this day plague the Caribbean. It is difficult to know—and even the experts disagree—whether these trends and events were directed by Russian Communists or whether they took advantage and accelerated what would have taken place anyway. I thought then such events were Communist-furthered, but whether or not they were, they had a deep, upsetting effect and posed a threat.

In my talks with Zemurray, after Doris and I visited the tropics, I often pointed out the great gulf I had observed there between the rich and the poor. There was no middle class and little or no sense of social responsibility among the rich. I felt keenly that this disparity must be a source of serious dissatisfaction to those who lived in such disheartening

misery and poverty. The United Fruit Company, to be sure, paid higher wages to its workers than prevailing wages in the area, but living standards were generally very low.

I kept insisting to Zemurray that revolutionary movements would spread in Middle America, as they had in other parts of the world. Despite his wisdom and mature judgment, Zemurray kept pooh-poohing this warning. The Indians, he said, were too ignorant; they had no channels of communication, no press or radio, which drew dissidents together in other parts of the world. How could ideas of Communism be spread from one person to another—and ignorant persons at that—without primary channels of communication? Zemurray's analysis was logically correct, but it did not apply. I once talked to Lombardo Toledano, the left-wing Mexican labor leader, who told me that on one of his trips to Peru hundreds of Indians had walked miles to meet him, although no mechanical means of communication had carried news of his arrival to them. The post-World War II period brought with it revolutionary ferment in Asia and Africa. And ideas of revolution were bound to spread to the Southern Hemisphere, flashed by means of the grapevine to the most illiterate Indians.

In my talks with Zemurray I had said that if the people of the United States and our government understood the dangers of political and social instability in Latin America, they might take steps to improve the situation. This is what the Alliance for Progress is now attempting to do. But Zemurray disbelieved that any eventuality of this kind might arise, despite the company's knowledge that Communists had established the first national labor organization in Guatemala in 1945 and that in September 1947 Guatemala's first Communist Party had been established secretly. It had political and labor leaders, representing themselves as non-Communists. In 1947, 1948 and 1949, propaganda agencies affiliated with international Communist movements had established a youth organization, a national peace committee, and a front of American and Spanish Democratic exiles in Guatemala.

In 1949–50 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the *Times* went to Guatemala on a visit to their good friend Ambassador Richard Patterson. While they were there, the Communists staged an anti-American demonstration, which induced Mr. Sulzberger to investigate the situation thoroughly.

In January, 1950, the New York *Herald Tribune* sent Fitzhugh Turner to the tropics to write a series of articles about conditions. He raised doubts about what might happen to foreign companies doing business in Guatemala, where the United Fruit Company cultivated thousands of acres of bananas.

Turner found that Communist sympathizers, with the acquiescence of President Arévolo, held important press, radio and government posts and that other Communists had power in political parties and labor unions, from which groups Arévolo drew his strength. Guatemala had some links to the Soviet Union, but Turner said Guatemalan leftism was not Russian but Latin, that Marxist ideology and Communist propaganda were mixed up with antigringoism, local nationalism and personal politicking, traditional in the Latin world.

Arévolo carried on anti-American propaganda against the three big companies in Guatemala. Defense Minister Jacobo Arbenz told an American, "You people are doing things for your workers that we won't be able to do for fifty years. That's why I hate you." Turner wrote, "Guatemala harbors one of the two principal bases of the Caribbean Legion, an organization with military designs against neighboring governments. The Legion plots rebellion within the country under attack and moves in with the outbreak of revolt, distributing arms and leading rebels against the government. The Legion, according to the OAS, does much to keep the Caribbean in a state of uproar."

Turner pointed out that for years Guatemala had been under the strict dictatorship of a ruthless leader, Jorge Ibico. Juan José Arévolo, a schoolteacher, returned from years of exile in Argentina and liberated the people, and the pendulum of ideology naturally had swung in the other direction.

At about this time New York *Times* reporter Will Lissner was sent down, as he told me recently, with instructions, "to go anywhere and do anything I thought necessary to get an accurate estimate of the situation."

On March 18, 1950, *The Nation* carried an article along the lines of the *Herald Tribune.* At a conference with Zemurray, Montgomery (a director of the company from New Orleans), and Whitman, I proposed sending the *Nation* article to 100,000 liberals. I believed the Caribbean ferment was bound to become increasingly important. Liberals must play a decisive role. Zemurray agreed.

That summer little change occurred in Guatemala. In the fall I said we could increase visibility by gradualism—by placing an article in one magazine and letting other publications pick it up. This slow method would eventually bring general recognition of what was happening. Or we could try to get simultaneous exposure in a number of media and count on public opinion in this country to express itself.

I favored the quick method. If we waited for the interminable time it would take to have one newspaper quote another, no one could predict what might take place in Middle America meanwhile.

It was three weeks before Whitman wrote me that the company was going to mark time. This was not unusual in corporate life, where do-nothing is safer than taking a chance. In March 1951, a year after the Turner and Lissner articles, I discussed the matter again with Zemurray. Colonel Jacobo Arbenz had by now become President, succeeding Juan José Arévolo, who had survived twenty-eight revolutionary plots. Arbenz, thirty-seven years old, the son of a Swiss pharmacist, was a onetime Defense Minister under Arévolo, an original member of the triumvirate which had taken over the government in the coup that overthrew Jorge Ibico in 1945.

At breakfast one morning, I read that the Iranian government had expropriated the British-owned properties of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. I telephoned Whitman to tell him of the implications of this to the United Fruit Company: if Iran could expropriate properties in the Middle East, Guatemala and other Latin American countries might follow suit in the Western Hemisphere.

News today makes its influence felt over national boundaries. Revolutionary action in one place affects another. I told the company that a head-in-the-sand policy was unrealistic. I suggested methods to call attention to the dangers: that a high official of a democratic Latin American nation make a public pronouncement against expropriation, that a distinguished lawyer retained by United Fruit write a brief against expropriation to be turned over to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate for possible public airing, and that a conference of legal experts on expropriation be called. Such steps, I wrote, would build public support in this country against expropriation and might affect Guatemala.

The President of the United States might even issue a credo comparable to the Monroe Doctrine on the dangers to international amity and trade in expropriation.

Unexpectedly, the Perón government expropriated *La Prensa*, the great Argentine newspaper. Worldwide nationalism and expropriation were spreading. Awareness, understanding and an articulate public opinion of our people and government against expropriation might stop the trend.

With Zemurray's blessing, I saw Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times*, in late April 1951. I told him about Guatemala's unrest, Communist attempts at infiltration of the Guatemalan government, and our own fears of expropriation. Will Lissner recommended that Crede H. Calhoun, the *Times* man in Middle America, go to Guatemala.

On May 15 Sulzberger wrote me that coverage of the situation was proceeding. In Guatemala conditions had worsened; 6,000 rail workers had gone on strike for eleven days against the U.F.C.-owned international railroads. A settlement met the strikers' terms.

The Miami *Herald* reported that "Communists currently are flying high in Guatemala." Calhoun's articles, masterpieces of objective reporting, were giving the new Guatemala events high U. S. visibility. By mid-July, undoubtedly stimulated by Calhoun's coverage, *Time, Newsweek, U. S. News and World Report*, *Atlantic Monthly, Vision* and other publications covered the turmoil.

I kept emphasizing to the company the need for continued exposure about events in Guatemala. I had the feeling that Guatemala might respond to pitiless publicity in this country. I suggested that we invite important newspaper editors and publishers to go to Guatemala and report to the American people what they saw.

My proposal was accepted, after two years' delay. In January 1952 well-known journalists I had brought together left for the tropics, guests of the company, for a two-week tour, with Whitman as their traveling host. They were to go where they wanted, talk to whomever they wanted, and report their findings freely. The group included William Bowen, contributing editor of *Time;* Ludwell Denny, Scripps-Howard foreign editor; Roger Ferger, Cincinnati *Enquirer* publisher; Gene Gillette, United Press day manager; Theodore F. Mueller, *Newsweek* publisher, and his Latin American associate editor, Harry B. Murkland; Scott Newhall, San Francisco *Chronicle* Sunday editor; John D. Pennekamp, Miami *Herald* associate editor; James G. Stahlman, *Nashville Banner* publisher; J. David Stern III, New Orleans *Item* publisher; and William Stringer, *Christian Science Monitor.* They talked with Presidents of Middle American

republics, U. S. Ambassadors, businessmen and journalists, and independently saw what they wanted to investigate.

After their return, as I had anticipated, public interest in the Caribbean skyrocketed in this country. Ludwell Denny's stories in Scripps-Howard newspapers told of efforts in Guatemala to "engender hatred of Yankee monopoly capital and imperialism." The Americans, Denny said, had replaced the British as the butt of Guatemalan aggressiveness.

John McCormack, then the Representative from Massachusetts, talked in Congress about the dangers Guatemala presented to the country and to the company. On February 28 the Boston Chamber of Commerce telegraphed the Secretary of State registering its alarm. The message referred to speeches by Representative McCormack and Representative Joe Martin.

Despite Zemurray's usual wisdom, the company had drifted into the Guatemala situation without awareness. The emphasis had always been on things rather than ideas. I suggested to Zemurray that United Fruit organize a strategic intelligence department to appraise political trends so that corporate life would not so often be surprised. Able timekeepers, overseers, managers, and division heads were not trained to evaluate ideological political and social trends. The company should know as much about the communication of ideas as it did of banana disease. It could then make plans in advance of an emergency, stay in an area or leave it or take any other action indicated.

In February 1952, the Revolutionary Workers Party disbanded and its members joined the Communist Party following a visit to Moscow by Victor Manuel Gutierrez, an avowed Marxist, member of Congress and chief of the 50,000-member Labor Federation.

One hundred thousand people signed a petition to Arbenz asking for dissolution of the Communist Party.

The Arbenz government considered the anti-Communist movement subversive and openly accepted the Reds as allies. Communists were wielding power out of proportion to their numbers.

In March, in a surprise move, Guatemala offered United Fruit, which had been kept dangling, the labor contract it wanted. United Fruit thought it had won a great victory and accepted it, but Will Lissner, Cassandra-like, told me he thought the move was only a tactical retreat of the Communists.

He ascribed Guatemala's acquiescence to the company's strength in the negotiations and to U. S. publicity about Guatemalan affairs, and was convinced that the Communists planned a continuing, strong offensive against the company and would attack again at the propitious time.

I urged Redmond and the company to support the anti-Communist democratic forces in Guatemala and to launch an attack on the Communist elements seeking power.

The people and the Government of the United States, as a result of all the coverage, knew what was happening in Guatemala. But from outward evidences, Americans appeared more concerned about Communist penetration in China, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Poland and other satellite countries. The growth of Communist parties in France and Italy worried Americans more than the Communists in nearby Guatemala, a manifestation of our tradition of unconcern with Latin America.

Press reports from Middle America specialized in dictatorships and revolutions and helped bring about this attitude. Those realities with which the public was unconcerned were often disregarded by our Government. Subordinate bureaucrats found it safer not to do anything than possibly to rock the ship of the State Department.

I decided I would find out more about the Communist approach to international relations. Two recently published books on Communist propaganda, *The Operational Code of the Politbureau* by Nathan Leites and *The Organizational Weapon* by Philip Klutznick, both published by the Rand Corporation, gave intricate and analytical data on how the Communists went about their foreign business, covering such topics as the predictability and unpredictability of events as a basis for action, the relation of ends and means, the role of objective facts, class forces, and the factors that determine short- and long-range policy and action. These data seemed to me to provide a key to events in Guatemala.

Yet I found disagreement among experts about what was happening. Some correspondents saw everything as a Communist conspiracy; others, like the well-informed Sidney Gruson of the New York *Times*, thought that while the Communists and their avowed supporters had a strong foothold in Guatemala, the country was not going Communist. Herbert Matthews, of the same newspaper, concurred that the Communists did not control Arbenz and the labor unions, and that the leading men in government were not Communists.

I thought the company's actions should be based on accurate information. At a conference with Zemurray, we again discussed Guatemala, and I re-emphasized one approach not yet acted on. I said the company "required the highest type of organized approach to problems involved in activities to develop a better climate of public opinion in Middle America, and in the United States."

Zemurray saw the need for the proposed activity. He felt my plan would not prevent difficulties but might modify them. He would look for an individual to head up what he called the company's "state department," and he enthusiastically approved an impartial journalistic study to find the truth about Guatemala. But, regrettably, we found no one to do the latter.

That summer a sweeping land-reform bill was passed by the Guatemalan Congress to break up the large estates. Owners were to be paid off with 25-year government bonds. The new law called for expropriation of large landowners' untilled fields—possibly one-third of the arable land in Guatemala. Plantations of the United Fruit Company were exempted because they were under cultivation. Agitation and some violence took place.

What surprises me, as I look back on these events, is how relatively unimportant facts were in company decisions. No one knew what was really happening. One rumor involved three former presidents of Latin American countries and a plan by Moscow to make South and Central America as troublesome to the United States as Korea.

When the Guatemalan delegate to the United Nations attacked the United Fruit Company, it was then thought that Guatemala was still antagonistic to the company, despite the labor contract.

I kept thinking about the impact of world events in Guatemala, and I sent another memorandum to Redmond on January 6, 1953, on how public support might safeguard U. S. overseas trade and investments.

Finally, in March 1953, the Guatemalan government expropriated 225,000 of U.F.C.'s 300,000 acres. The company's appeal to the President of Guatemala was rejected. The seizure included 125,000 acres of wood and brush, 87,000 acres leased to others for cattle and crops, and 12,000 acres lent by the company to its workers to grow their own corn and beans. Guatemala did not take the land planted in bananas, African oil palms and other crops, or the dairy pastures, mahogany forests and building sites. This

take-over did not immediately end the company's operation but deprived it of reserves, which were needed when Panama disease killed banana trees.

In mid-March the government paid $590,000, around $2.50 an acre, for 233,973 acres of land, valued by the company at $11.5 million. The payment was made in 25-year, 3 per cent government bonds deposited to the company's account in the national treasury. The company, calling the action "practically confiscation," planned an appeal to the Guatemalan Supreme Court and challenged the provision of the Agrarian Law which barred court appeals for land-reform decisions. The bonds deposited in the company's account were of doubtful worth, and the company appeal to the Court was doomed in advance. The company clung to its hope for a possible return of the land on the theory that the United States would make a pronouncement as it had after Mexico had appropriated U. S. companies' property in 1938. At that time Secretary of State Cordell Hull had conceded that government had the right to expropriate property but that the compensation had to be adequate, effective and prompt. Guatemala's action was only prompt.

The buildings of the United Fruit Company were not expropriated. Squatters moved into camps on abandoned farms. Most had receipts signed by the local agrarian committee, and government officials were afraid to oust them.

Additional signs of Guatemala's drift toward the left followed in April. The pressure of its Communist-dominated labor group forced its resignation from ODECA, a voluntary association of Central American states that Guatemala had helped form.

On April 9 the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Guatemala, in a letter to the U.N. Secretary, accused the press of the United States of carrying on a systematic propaganda campaign against Guatemala. The Minister charged that Spruille Braden, former U. S. Ambassador to Argentina, was head of the public relations department of the United Fruit Company. I knew Braden had been engaged by the company as a front lawyer after his retirement from the State Department. I had no relations with him and knew nothing of his so-called public relations activities. I had met him casually, but I was not overly impressed by his perspicacity. Judging by his subsequent conduct and pronouncements, I felt he had an anti-Communist phobia that he channeled into his professional activity.

Guatemala's drift to the left continued. Arbenz proclaimed his intention to move against native reactionaries and privileged foreign countries. Communists were elected to Congress on official tickets, and anti-Communists held only five of the 64 Congress seats. Salvadoran and Honduran banana and office workers were being exposed to Communist propaganda and stirred up.

Despite the property expropriation, the United Fruit Company, in May 1953, thought the good will of the Guatemalans might still be won. A little item in the New York *Times* seemed to offer the opportunity. Guatemalan Indians had asked UNICEF for food. It would be a fine gesture for United Fruit to pay the freight for milk for these children. UNICEF accepted our offer, and 68,000 pounds of milk were sent to Guatemala without charge on a United Fruit Company ship. But Guatemala appeared to show no disposition to change.

Tension continued to mount when, in August, Guatemala expropriated an additional 175,000 acres of the company's coast plantation for distribution among the peasants, proposing to pay $557,000 in 25-year bonds for property valued at $3.5 million. These were two-thirds of the company's holdings, with 250,000 acres already expropriated.

In relations between nations matters often move more slowly than in interpersonal relations. The relations between Guatemala and the U. S. were coming to a boil, although I had no idea of what kind of stew it would be.

At a Federation of Women's Clubs meeting in Washington, John Cabot, Assistant Secretary of State, said that Guatemala could expect no aid from the United States.

A Communist deputy replaced the president of the unionized workers of the United Fruit-owned international railways, and a strike was voted against the company.

I kept reading newspapers, magazines and other current publications looking for light on these events. In fluid situations, in wars, political and social movements, facts are the raw material on which sound decisions are based. Small news items may have large implications. In the New York *Times*, The North American Newspaper Alliance, under a Prague headline, said an Institute for the Study of Latin American Relations was being conducted by the Communist Party in Prague. I decided to follow up the story and the NANA told me the Vienna representative of an English newspaper had supplied the item. I made an arrangement with the NANA to

engage the man to give a personal report on the Institute; the report filled me in on the mushrooming Soviet propaganda school which indoctrinated Spanish-speaking students—recruited by Communists in Latin America.

A Czech who attended its Latin American Institute would, on graduation, be assigned to a mission in Latin America. He contacted other local Communists trained at the Prague Institute. The relationship between the Soviet Union and the Czech faculty was like its relationship with the Czech Intelligence Service, which operated a large spy organization in Western Germany for Russia.

I gave this story to Emanuel Freedman, then the New York *Times* foreign editor and now assistant managing editor, and on October 7, 1953, Harry Schwartz wrote a byline story in the New York *Times* which described the apparatus at Prague as a "school for Red agents." I was struck by the thought that although I was advising a banana company, I was actually fighting in the cold war.

This and other disturbing news from Latin America started Washington correspondents writing think pieces about the Guatemalan situation, pointing out in one instance that our State Department was baffled by what was happening and suggesting, without specific advice on what to do about them, that dire events might occur.

The State Department installed John Peurifoy as U. S. Ambassador. At last they recognized that a strong personality was needed in Guatemala.

At luncheon I discussed Peurifoy with Roy Howard, head of the United Press and Scripps-Howard newspapers, and with his foreign editor, Ludwell Denny, who knew Peurifoy well. Denny thought we needed a new policy in Guatemala. But we agreed that table-pounding would have little effect on the Guatemalans.

Denny was worried lest the U. S. employ sanctions on a unilateral basis. Nationalists in Guatemala and other Latin American countries would use this against us. Denny felt the forces ranged against Communism in Guatemala—economic, political and religious—were apathetic, weak and cowardly, and he felt Peurifoy would not accomplish much.

We invited another group of American journalists to visit Middle America to see conditions for themselves. This produced a flood of news of worsening conditions in Guatemala.

Guatemala had now become a major concern to the U. S. The State Department was not keen about doing anything drastic, concerned lest

action just before the meeting of Latin American states in Caracas might adversely affect joint action on anti-Communism by the Latin American states.

As early as January, although the conference was not to be held until March, newspaper reports said the U. S. would press for full debate to restrict Communism's growing influence in Latin America and would try to win approval for measures to control Communism by stricter limits on propaganda and visas. A joint measure was to be sought under the 1947 Rio Pact provision, providing for action against "an aggression which is not an armed attack." The press reported that the U. S. was having difficulty in lining up a country to present the case against Guatemala. The Latin American countries did not share U. S. alarm over the strength of world Communism, and they sympathized with Guatemala's harassment of the United Fruit Company—to them a symbol of U. S. imperialism.

Two warnings received much publicity, creating apprehension as to future events. Ambassador Peurifoy in Guatemala City stated that public opinion might force our country to take measures to prevent Guatemala from falling into the lap of international Communism and that the U. S. could not permit a Soviet republic to be established between Texas and the Panama Canal.

On January 14 Senator Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, gave a talk. The Communists were endeavoring to take over Guatemala as a beachhead. Wiley used names of Communists in the Guatemalan government to prove the interlocking relationship between Guatemala Communists and Moscow Communists. The American Legion sent out 300,000 reprints of Senator Wiley's speech.

Today, a decade later, I believe the facts Wiley reported were correct. Nor have I doubts that the Communists wanted to take over Guatemala as a beachhead on this continent. Yet, in the mid-twentieth century, in a country only hours away by plane, the barriers of communications, of language and of social distance were so great that complete difference of opinion existed as to the interpretation of the facts.

When events got sticky, the New York *Times* and a few other papers sent well-informed and knowledgeable correspondents into the country. Otherwise, stringers sent in the news. They depended for their existence on the local community, had to maintain good standing in the community, and could not give their complete loyalty to the newspaper or press service they

worked for on a part-time basis. The lack of hard information in crisis situations is dangerous.

How to interpret facts was the great difficulty. On January 19, three knowledgeable newspapermen came to three different conclusions and emphasized my dilemma. Bannell of Reuters, the British news agency, and of the *Herald Tribune*, believed the Communists were the only ones in the saddle. He felt the situation was an emergency. Another correspondent, Blanco, regarded the Army as the most powerful element in Guatemala and thought the Communists held power only by its grace; the future of Communism was dependent on the next presidential election, which he believed would be controlled by the Army. The knowledgeable representative of *Time* magazine, Harvey Rosenhouse, as strongly anti-Communist as the other two, had a middle viewpoint. He was not frightened as Bannell was, but he did not feel the Army had complete control.

I was not privy to all the activities of the company in Boston. They had many advisers and, I suppose, as in the case of George Washington Hill, they kept them in watertight compartments. Their retention of Braden had surprised me. I was equally surprised when I learned that lawyers Robert La Follette and Thomas Corcoran were on the company payroll.

In February a rumor linked the U.S. with four right-wing countries. The talk in this instance was that Nicaragua's president was scheming with Guatemala's anti-Communists to invade Guatemala, and that this "operation el diablo" had the support of the U.F.C., the United States, Salvador, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic. The Guatemalan government published facsimiles of letters. The U. S. State Department called the charges ridiculous and accused the Communists of a ruse to disrupt the forthcoming Tenth Inter-American Conference.

At the Caracas Conference of Latin American nations, the United States and Guatemala clashed head-on, but finally took action against Communist infiltration. It made little impact on Guatemala. The Communists continued to enjoy the favor of Arbenz. The country's opposition press was in a state of shock. Ed Whitman told me that a Mexican-Spaniard, Louis Carc, was conducting a leftist radio program over the Voice of Guatemala, the national network.

On April 20, 1954, the Department of State made a formal claim for almost $16 million as compensation for the 254,000 expropriated acres, which had been filed with the Department by the United Fruit Company in

March 1953. According to newspaper stories, a wave of uneasiness was sweeping Guatemala in reaction to the claim.

Another incident that month created a stir in our country—in April, the motor vessel *Alfhem* loaded 2,000 tons of arms at a Communist Polish port; the cargo was falsely manifested as machinery, hardware, chemicals and optical glass. The vessel's orders were changed successively to Curaçao, Puerto Cortes, Honduras and, finally, Guatemala. The cargo was unloaded at Puerto Barrios under the supervision of the Defense Minister and shipped to the capital by rail. Anti-Communist exiles exploded dynamite under one train. Guatemala justified its arms purchase on grounds that the United States refused to sell arms to it.

The United States protested the shipment of arms. President Eisenhower called it disturbing and hinted that the resolution of Caracas on Communist infiltration might be enforced. Michael Lever of the OAS in Washington told me the lawyers he had talked to saw nothing illegal in this shipment; the very openness of it indicated that there was nothing to hide.

Arbenz used May Day to discuss the United States claim and other controversial matters between the two countries. He denounced as blackmail the U. S. claim for indemnity to the United Fruit Company. He called for a halt of H-bomb tests and banning of atomic weapons, aligning himself with the current Communist line.

In May, Guatemalan Communists crossed the border to Honduras to stir up wildcat strikes against the United Fruit Company.

Secretary of State Dulles and Walter Bedell Smith of the State Department were said to be at loggerheads on Latin American policy. Smith leaned toward the Acheson policy of "wait and see," but Dulles appeared determined to stop revolutionary movements.

I tried desperately to get at the facts.

Guatemala, in a statement to the United Nations and its Security Council, denounced the "vast campaign" of the U. S. to make Guatemala appear as an "instrument of Moscow" and as "a spearhead of the Soviet Union against the United States" and looked on those developments with gravity. It said Guatemala, a peace-loving nation, was no menace to anyone, its people were neither aggressive nor interventionists, and that it would safeguard its sovereignty and integrity against any aggressors.

In June the situation was so explosive that New York-headquartered press services and major newspaper maintained constant touch with me to

see what news I could furnish them with from Guatemala. Leaflets were showered on Guatemala City calling for support of Castillo Armas, the exiled anti-Communist leader who was planning to return. Emergency shipments of arms were being airlifted to Nicaragua and Honduras from the United States. Arbenz now made conciliatory gestures. His foreign minister discussed matters with Peurifoy; he stated that troubles with the United Fruit Company were keeping the two countries apart, and these could be eased by settling problems with the company. Washington spokesmen denied the United Fruit Company was the issue—the real issue was the infiltration of Communists in the Guatemalan government. The foreign minister of Guatemala offered reassurances—no more munitions shipments and Guatemalan troops would be pulled back from the Honduras border. Dulles forecast collective action against Guatemala. Senator Lyndon Johnson, Senate minority leader, told Texas audiences that economic sanctions against Guatemala might be invoked. In Guatemala business was nearly at a standstill. Non-Communist politicians were jittery.

The company now made a deal with Costa Rica giving the government 42 per cent of the company's profits. Similar deals, it was rumored, would be offered to Honduras and Guatemala. Undoubtedly a strategic move, it made no impact in Guatemala. A week later Arbenz announced the capture of documents and secret codes showing a conspiracy against him and threatened a crackdown on his opponents. The Communist Peasants Union leader called on rural militia to fight anti-Communists, and a Communist congressman said that opposition would cause bloodshed.

On June 21 twenty American nations agreed to a meeting of the OAS to discuss Guatemala and United States relations and to offer a plan to control arms from all sources. The U. S. challenged ships off Guatemala that might be carrying arms. Rumors predicted revolution or civil war in Guatemala. Arbenz, with the approval of Congress, declared a 30-day emergency which suspended constitutional guarantees. An army under Castillo Armas was said to be forming in Honduras to liberate Guatemala, and the press opposing Arbenz was being censored.

On June 27 Colonel Castillo Armas and his army of liberation invaded Guatemala. Insurgent aircraft strafed fuel tanks and airfields and gunfighting took place between 3,000 government men and 2,000 rebels. Arbenz claimed the invasion had been launched by his neighbors and the U.S. Guatemala asked for an emergency session of the United Nations

Security Council. The Soviet Union supported Guatemala, while UN Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge warned the Soviets to stay out of this hemisphere.

Arbenz resigned; Castillo Armas was now in control as president, and on July 5 he appointed a cabinet. Our friend Evelyn Irons, the American correspondent of the London Sunday *Times*, who had gone to Guatemala to cover the invasion, told us on her return of the strange scenes she had witnessed. She had hired a donkey and gone to Armas' camp. She observed members of the Army of Liberation receiving wads of dollar bills passed out by men who were unmistakably American. The word was that the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States had taken over and arranged for Castillo Armas to "set the country free."

Castillo Armas was now facing a difficult situation, economically and politically. Communism had gone underground, and there was continued plotting. Armas steered a middle course, trying to reconstruct the country. Revolutionary Guatemalan exiles in Mexico tried to regroup for a return to Guatemala. Dissension prevailed among his supporters.

The U. S. guaranteed $6.5 million aid to Guatemala. The liberal press in the United States and Europe criticized the U. S. for its unwarranted interference in Guatemala. In October, the State Department issued and distributed widely a booklet called "Intervention of International Communism in Guatemala." In the next months matters simmered down, but no one could say with truth that Guatemala was a stabilized democracy.

I felt more than ever that we should have a greater flow of news from Latin America to the United States. I talked to the executives of the Inter-American Press Association and discussed the possibilities of their undertaking a survey to be financed by United Fruit to see what might be done to accomplish this. Nothing came of the plan.

We were so concerned at the state of affairs six months after Arbenz had fallen that in January 1955 I talked to Emanuel Freedman again. He sent Paul Kennedy, who was covering Middle America for the *Times*, to report on conditions now that so-called "stability" and "democracy" had been established.

The United Fruit Company seldom had long periods of dullness. The United States Department of Justice filed a civil antitrust suit against the company. Those unfriendly to the Justice Department said the suit was filed to appease those who opposed company actions in Latin America and to

show how just the U. S. was. Whatever the reasons, the suit called for the dissolution, divorcement and divestiture of properties of the company; the Justice Department accused the company of monopoly practices, of attempting to control banana supply and banana prices both here and in Central America.

It was now as difficult to find out what actually was happening under Armas as it had been under Arbenz. In April Michael Lever reported to me that Armas was well intentioned and honest and that he wanted to eradicate Communism and build Guatemala but he was surrounded by the wrong people. The army wanted to oust him and Armas would blow up in six months unless something happened.

Herbert Matthews told me on his return from a trip to Guatemala that he was not as pessimistic as Lever; he thought Armas was doing a good job. He believed the real culprits were wealthy Guatemalans who had sent their capital to other countries and had left Guatemala to stew in economic depression.

Armas decided that a visit to the United States might help his cause. He was concerned about the blame given him for deteriorating conditions in his country. The United Fruit Company man in Guatemala tipped us off as to the questions he wanted asked at press conferences; he wanted to blame the economic plight of Guatemala on the Communists and to suggest that an economic expert from the United States go to Guatemala and make an independent investigation which would show the devil was Communism.

Armas' prestige had dropped in Guatemala. Widespread publicity about an old friend who had cornered the market in beans and corn had hurt him. Police security methods were too much like those in the previous dictatorship. An old law had been reinstituted that made speaking ill of the President punishable by a prison term.

Armas arrived in the United States in November. Foreign heads of government are normally assured a formal welcome, and Armas was no exception. With President Eisenhower sick in Denver, Vice President Nixon and Mrs. Nixon greeted him at the airport and gave him a state dinner. In St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, Cardinal Spellman held a special mass. Columbia University gave him an honorary degree (we had been in touch with the University about it in September) and so did Fordham.

Armas visited Miami, New Orleans and Detroit and returned home with kudos. He was granted $15 million by the United States International

Cooperation Administration, principally for road building, which was one of his goals in coming.

In January 1956, Armas put through a new constitution and gave back to the Catholic Church the rights it had been denied since the anticlerical laws of the 1870s. Communists were barred; the National University was guaranteed 2 per cent of the national budget, and the exiling of Guatemalans was forbidden.

In March, Armas moved to the right and signed a law giving the President power to suspend the new constitutional guarantees in the face of the slightest political bad weather. With the new constitution in effect in March, Armas announced a five-year economic development program, apparently to take the curse off his reactionary activities.

By August the country was again disillusioned. Land that had been given to the peasants was returned to the original landlords and the peasants were dispossessed; trade unions were allowed only slight independence and the police practiced the third degree. Corruption was widespread; force was used against protesting students, and some were killed. The hope for a democratic regime was crumbling.

In 1957 the situation in Guatemala was still deteriorating. The New York *Times* sent Paul Kennedy to cover the forthcoming election. We felt Kennedy's articles were so accurate that we redistributed them to influential people.

Miguel Ydigoras became the new President.

Guatemala figured little in our work during the next few years, but I had learned much from the experience.

For years we had publicized the company's Escuela Agrícola Pan Americana, an institution in Honduras which taught young Latin American men scientific agriculture. Even though they received free tuition, board, etc., there was an obligation on their part not to work for the company after graduation. This completely altruistic idea was Zemurray's. When we first visited this institution, Doris and I were surprised, after traveling through a wilderness for several hours from Tegucigalpa, to come upon a civilized settlement, an agricultural college campus build in colonial Spanish style.

A school man met us, Dr. Wilson Popenoe, and we spent the night in his one-story Spanish dwelling furnished with sixteenth-century Spanish furniture and hangings brought over by the Conquistadors.

In 1955, Doris and I spent some weeks with the Whitmans as the company's guests at Veradero beach in Cuba. Batista, the dictator, was in power, but as tourists we noted little evidence of his presence and were charmed by the quiet of our out-of-season visit.

Three years later, in 1958, political conditions had drastically changed. In Oriente Province, where the company's extensive sugar plantations and sugar mill were located, Fidel Castro was plotting to overthrow the Batista government.

Herbert Matthews had courageously traveled to the Castro stronghold in the Sierra Madre and had interviewed Castro and in the *Times* brought a firsthand account of the burgeoning revolution to the world.

As Castro's power grew, we received reports in New York from company men in Havana that both the Batista government and the Castro forces were levying export taxes on local officials of the company.

I discussed these happenings with Matthews, and he suggested I talk to Emanuel Freedman and give him the detailed reports we had just received. Consistent with the *Times*'s practice Freedman had his Havana reporter, Mrs. Hart Phillips, get the same information directly from Mr. Raines, the Havana man of the company. I believed publication next morning would bring the news into the open, and that as a result the State Department, which had been dragging its feet, would act. I thought they would call Ambassador Smith back for consultation and then possibly change Ambassadors. Next morning, Thursday, the New York *Times* published a front-page story which told the public for the first time the news of double taxation and of the threat and intimidation of the United Fruit Company by both parties. Ambassador Smith was brought back for conversations in Washington, and a new Ambassador was sent to Havana.

On December 9 the New York *Times* published an editorial recommending that the OAS act in the Cuban situation—but nothing happened. Our office again became active as a center for giving out news to the press, furnished us by our Havana people. In turn we oriented the company on developments as they came to us from the press.

Then Castro marched into Havana and took over. He expropriated the lands and properties of the United Fruit Company, among others.

Kenneth Redmond retired, and a new man, Thomas Sunderland, vice-president and general counsel of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, became president of the company.

I, too, became a casualty of this revolution. Whitman, the company public relations director, sent me a note telling me I was so well off economically that I didn't need the United Fruit Company as a client. Our engagement of some two decades ended. The new president had issued an across-the-board order declaring that all advisers of the company were to go. Castro's expropriation of the company acreage and a resulting decline in profits and dividends were presumably the reasons for this drastic pulling in.

I did not hear from the company officially again. Zemurray, in retirement in Louisiana, has died since. Pollan has too. Partridge retired. Someone with little knowledge of public relations was placed above Whitman, and he resigned after life-long loyalty to the company, today beset by many domestic and international problems.

chapter 67

PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

The extent of public understanding and acceptance of public relations advice, 1930 to the present, was reflected in what media and writers said about it—a good index. Sometimes comments were favorable, sometimes unfavorable. The task of recording them is difficult for someone who is both a beneficiary and a victim of the comment. I have tried to be objective in selecting the comments from a mass of printed material, to give a true picture of the changing attitudes toward the new profession.

Undoubtedly the favorable and unfavorable comments were biased. The genesis and variety of bias are as complex as society itself.

From 1920 to 1929, it will be recalled, our public relations activity, accepted in some quarters, was misjudged or misunderstood in others as a euphemism for press-agentry, space grabbing, or Machiavellian shenanigans.

Public relations had of course been practiced from time immemorial. But it had emerged as a vocation only recently. Dorman B. Eaton wrote *The Public Relations and Duties of the Legal Profession* in 1882, and Hugh Smith wrote *The Theory and Regulation of Public Sentiment* in 1842. But the term "public relations" was not widely used. At the turn of the century, public utilities, railways and like industries, assailed by public disapproval, used the term in their defensive activities.

Eric Goldman, distinguished professor of history at Princeton University and onetime editor of the *Public Opinion Quarterly,* in his monograph *Two Way Street, the Emergence of the Public Relations Counsel*, writes of the new era in public relations, introduced by the publication of *Crystallizing Public Opinion* in 1923. Goldman said:

The Bernays team, seizing upon the analogy between law and public relations, developed their thinking around the conception of public relations as a profession, and invented the succinct phrase, "public relations counsel," to express that conception. *Crystallizing Public Opinion* opens with the sentence: "In writing this book I have tried to set down the broad principles that govern the new profession of public relations counsel."

The public relations counsel as described in *Crystallizing Public Opinion* marks the third stage in the evolution of public relations thought in the United States. The public was not to be fooled, in the immemorial manner of the press agent. It was not merely to be informed, according to the formula of Ivy Lee's 1906 "Declaration." The public was to be understood—understood as an intricate system of group relationships and by an expert with the technical equipment, the ethics, and the social view associated with the lawyer, doctor, or teacher. Public relations was to be a two-way street—and a street in a good neighborhood.

The newness of the phrase, "public relations counsel," and of the ideas attached to it, were reflected in the comments on *Crystallizing Public Opinion.* Some in pain, many with approval, most with an air of wondering how it would all turn out, critics rubbed their eyes at this resplendent descendant of the press agent. As part of the promotion plans for the book, the publisher, Horace Liveright, asked a number of editors and publicists whether they thought a book on the "new profession of public relations counsel" would serve a real need. The answer of the editor of the *Survey* was untypical only in its pithiness. "I guess," he wrote, "there is a big need in my part of the world for a book on the new profession of public relations counsel—for—hell, I didn't know there was any such animal." Reviews spoke the same sense of novelty, whatever they thought of the newcomer. "The P.R.C.," Nunnally Johnson cracked in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "has now been added to the H.C.L." Business journals generally welcomed the new "name of proper dignity" for the "new profession of public relations." "Public Relations Counsel," *The Nation* snarled, was a fresh label for the "Higher Hokum." And the New York *Times,* with its customary air, recognized the public relations counsel as a significant newcomer but suspended judgment as to whether he was really fit for its print. "If, with the change of name," the *Times* reviewer said, "there is to come a change in the ethics and manners of the press agent, people will be delighted to call him a public relations counsel or sweet little buttercup or anything he wishes."

“Bernays had more to do with developing acceptance for PR and public relations counsel than any half dozen other persons,” William H. Baldwin, of Baldwin and Mermey, summarized in 1948.

This public acceptance has been accompanied by long strides of public relations work toward the conception implied by “public relations counsel.” There are plenty who continue to insist that all public relations, no matter what it is called, is essentially press agentry. Far from being interested in really informing the public, such writers as Neil MacNeil have maintained, Ivy Lee “followed the practice of giving the press only the facts he wanted it to have and only when he was good and ready.” Bernays, the onetime City Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Stanley Walker, wrote, “has taken the sideshow barker and given him a philosophy and a new and awesome language.… He is devoid of swank and does not visit newspaper offices; and yet, the more thoughtful newspaper editors, who have their own moments of worry about the mass mind and commercialism, regard Bernays as a possible menace, and warn their colleagues of his machinations.” Despite this continuing skepticism, as public relations developed in the Twenties and Thirties it became increasingly difficult to deny that many higher-level public relations counsels were coming to their positions through just as arduous an apprenticeship, were using just as intricate techniques, and were operating on just as high a plane of social and ethical values as doctors, lawyers or professors.

From 1930 to 1940, recognition of what we did expanded. Acceptance of public relations as a profession developed. The literature of public relations grew, university courses multiplied, and discussion in the lay trade and professional press contributed to public understanding. Business increased its use of public relations, and the number of practitioners expanded. From 1941 to 1945, the war period emphasized the importance of public relations. Between 1946 and 1964 public relations gained its position as a profession and social discipline.

The 1930–1940 Depression and economic debacle put business in the doghouse and focused the attention of leaders of all kinds on the need to consider public opinion. Various publications initiated discussions on public relations. H. L. Mencken assigned Henry F. Pringle to write a profile of my work which appeared in the *American Mercury* in 1930. The *Atlantic Monthly* followed with a profile by John T. Flynn in 1932.

The publication of these two articles gave the profession and my definition of it great impetus, because both the magazines and the writers of the two articles were highly regarded and reached an influential audience.

Pringle's "Mass Psychologist" asserted in the first paragraph that I had reduced the once jovial occupation of press agent to a science.

And Flynn also made the distinction between the new and the old public relations clear, when he asserted: "For after all, Bernays is not a mere businessman.… He deals with the science of unconscious mental processes." He pointed out that the publicity man makes a noise to attract attention to client or product. But the public relations counsel deals with his problem psychologically.

Flynn noted that the Standard Oil Company, which "is supposed to have been introduced to the subject [publicity] by Ivy Lee, was in reality making use of publicity way back in 1888; long before that Jay Cooke manipulated it to sell lots in the West, and earlier still the United States Bank employed it to render the public mind benevolent to its schemes. This sort of thing is probably as old as the human race, but public relations—at least it is new as a conscious and understood science.…

"And Bernays is quite the newest type of public relations specialist … and his chief role is the examinations of the relations between his clients and the public."

An editorial in Charles Dana Gibson's *Life*, on September 3, 1933, "Press Agents," reflected another contemporary view. This illustrates the time lag in the acceptance of new ideas.

Damned as a grafter, or blessed as a Big Brother, the press agent is as necessary to the papers as is the Merganthaler linotype or the Transatlantic cable. The press agent is half newspaperman, half a salesman. Some company (theatrical, meat-packing, hotel, bank); some person (president, bridge star, actor); some interest (Abyssinia, Fascism, Communism); or some crank (Yogi, Wet, Dry, War, Peace) pays his salary. His business is to show his paying clients newspaper clippings that present their point of view or their names.

In a country as large and complex as this one, the papers would be lost without the press agent. He gives out staid reports about the leading corporations, as well as wild yarns about actresses and tigers, writers and

temperaments, hotels and fashions, movies and divorces, and so on … indefinitely.

Perhaps the most dignified of the lot is Ivy L. Lee, press agent for John D. Rockefeller, the American Tobacco Co., the Pennsylvania RR, and others. His office, facing the Stock Exchange in New York, is decorated with autographed photos of newspaper publishers, presidents, kings, bankers and who not. Then, at 1 Wall Street there is Edward L. Bernays, nephew of Sigmund Freud, who has probably made more money out of applied psycho-analysis than all Vienna ever saw.

Percival White made a survey of attitudes of businessmen on industrial relations, public relations, economic research and market research. He wrote that public relations was a far cry from publicity and quoted "Edward L. Bernays … mentioned most frequently by respondents as the leading specialist in this field," as having stated that a public relations program must be an integral part of the entire functioning of an industry.

The *Literary Digest* on June 2, 1934, also said I had helped to make press-agentry a science. The article talked embarrassingly, for me, of invisible government, mass mind control, supersalesmanship and my Machiavellian approach. To some extent I was to blame because I had long before written about mass mind control and invisible government.

Advertising and Selling, February 14, 1935, in a sketch by Harford Powell, complimented me by saying I was "widely regarded as the greatest press agent alive … a very brilliant man." Still, after 15 years as a public relations counsel I did not like to be called a press agent.

A Reference Guide to Public Opinion by Professor Harwood Childs, published by the Princeton University Press in 1934, reached academic areas, and covered the field as a profession, with notes of his course on Opinion Management.

Newspapers began to take note of our work. The New York *World-Telegram* in April 1935, in a five-column article, treated public relations as if it were "a magic and a mystery" instead of a profession. The photo caption read: "Ex-Farmer Fertilizes America's Mass Mind." Douglas Gilbert, the feature writer, wrote:

From his ivory tower, a slipper jump to the top of 1 Wall Street, this Montaigne of Mammon directs trends, causes discussions, initiates movements, inspires reactions.

He has been called the Baron of Ballyhoo, a Barnum with a psychologist's degree. Both are unjust. Mr. Bernays is a public relations counselor—in short, a propagandist; in full, a prophet to the people for the profit for his clients. As such, his career and exploits warrant recording not alone for their contemporary interest but as memoranda for prosperity.

For Mr. Bernays is a symbol of what the capitalist system has achieved. Communism produces a Stalin; capitalism a Bernays. The man is a human holding company and it is unlikely that our present economic set-up with its debit-credit-debit can go—humanly—further. Reason totters at a super-Bernays.

Editor & Publisher treated me as a "menace" in the meantime. Marlen Pew, the editor, told me consolingly that he did not really mean it-said he had respect for our work. He made me the monster space-grabber, filching free space from the newspapers. His constant mention made me known to the journalistic field.

In 1931, this was Pew's line: The "business press agents and public relations counsel attract public attention to some profitable enterprise without being put to the painful necessity of buying advertising."

In the depths of the Depression, on November 11, 1933, Pew was daydreaming with comments like "No depression for the Ivy Lees, the Tom Shipps, the Eddie Bernays, now fishing in troubled waters. I would not doubt that the maximum earnings of these three propaganda factories during the past three years exceed those of some large metropolitan dailies.

"Of all press agents, Edward L. Bernays is my pick as the young Machiavelli of our time. Not ponderous and stuffy like Lee, nor slippery like Shipp, he has not forgotten any of the showman tricks he learned in the business on Broadway and in the most jovial and businesslike manner imaginable holds industrial tycoons spellbound when he tells them how to operate. Eddie got off a wow speech recently before the big oil producers out in Chicago. It was a masterpiece, and I cannot hope to do it justice in this brief space. Such careful weighing of words, such magnificent pauses, such ordered logic and such nifty salesmanship are rarely seen. Without any ugly word, and with apt generalities and grand mystic flourishes here and there, always with lovely rear-guard action to avoid specific responsibility, Eddie led the oil boys right up to the brink of the public ownership

precipice, and let them look over into the yawning abyss. Oh, my, hold on tight!…”

The Depression had given public relations a boost. Profit-making and non-profit-making organizations had suffered. A new profession was at hand to help them gain the good will they had lost. People in insurance, petroleum, milk, advertising, Rotary Clubs and mechanical engineering wanted me to tell them about public relations, and the word was spread through press, professional and trade-paper publicity.

To reach the liberals, powerful in the New Deal, Doris and I bought back pages of *The Nation* and the *New Republic* to present our point of view on questions of the day and on the social responsibility of public relations. These advertisements helped raise the status of public relations.

In 1935 the American Academy of Political and Social Science *Annals*, devoted an issue to “Pressure Groups and Progapanda,” published my piece, “The Engineering of Consent.” The idea was enlarged to book length in 1947, when the University of Oklahoma Press published the book by that name, which I edited and Doris and I contributed to.

At a meeting of the American Political Science Association I proposed a Secretary of Public Relations in the President’s Cabinet. *Time* was astonished at the idea and commented, “No academician, rotund press agent Edward L. Bernays appeared before the American Political Science Association meeting to present the most bizarre idea of the week.” I also talked at the American Statistical Association. Doris and I made a study of public relations courses in universities in the Thirties and published and distributed a pamphlet called *Universities—Pathfinders in Public Opinion.* The idea I had propounded in *Crystallizing Public Opinion* was making headway in institutions of higher learning.

I now proposed to Harwood L. Childs of Princeton University that a serious periodical about public opinion and public relations should be published. He enthusiastically embraced the idea and invited me to be one of the editors of the *Public Opinion Quarterly.* His chief, De Witt Clinton Poole, director of the Princeton School of Public Affairs, was looking for money from David Sarnoff at RCA to subsidize the magazine. Sarnoff was displeased because Philco, my client, was attacking his radio patent pool. He said he would not play if I became an editor. Poole succumbed to the pressure.

Childs asked me to write an article for the first issue. I wrote that public relations as I had defined it enlarged its activities throughout the Depression because business realized it must not only sell its products or services but must explain its contribution to society. The Depression had made the public sensitive to everything a corporation did. America wanted business managements that kept pace with the changed times and anticipated the future, men who recognized that private business is a public trust.

When Carl Ackerman, Dean of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, asked for 65 copies of our pamphlet *Public Relations as a Career,* it was significant recognition of public relations.

Business Week, on June 28, 1937, published the first of a series of reports on significant business opinions, problems and trends. The report leaned heavily on my definition of public relations. Professor Childs of Princeton was quoted as saying that all business should learn about public relations. The article brought to businessmen the point I had stressed—to understand the "mass mind, to reduce its workings to a scientific formula, to motivate its reactions. He [Edward L. Bernays] finds a direct way to mass minds through group leaders. Basically he deals with the stimulation of unconscious processes by conscious acts. Supposing an organization of manufacturers engaged him to make Americans wear green wool mufflers. The man most likely to be followed in matters of dress is the Duke of Windsor. The Duke may be induced to wear green mufflers by the argument that in so doing he is still being royally useful in helping British sheep, textiles, dye industries. Whereupon the press and other news media tell the world that the royal exile has settled on green wool mufflers, sub-leaders take up the mode and pretty soon the unsuspecting group of American males is doing exactly as the manufacturers' organization wants it to."

In mid-December 1939 the Harvard *Guardian* asked me to participate in a discussion of propaganda at Winthrop House in Cambridge. Gordon W. Allport, Dr. Heinrich Bruening, Robert S. Lynd, Hans Kohn, I. A. Richards and William S. Paley were among the participants. This was recognition that public relations had a distinct contribution to make to the national well-being.

In the war period, public relations and propaganda came closer together. Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* made me guest editor of an issue devoted to propaganda and censorship (March 7, 1942). The theme I set was that we are not using modern weapons of total

psychological warfare as we should to fight a modern total war. At the Institute for Education by Radio, sponsored by Ohio State University, the American Forum of the Air discussed on a national program the question "Is Radio Being Effectively Used in the War Effort?"

Elliot Sanger ran a five-week series on the New York *Times* radio station WQXR called "Psychological Blitz," "Censorship and Propaganda," "Fighting with Idea Bullets," "How to Deal with Rumors" and "You Can't Beat Ideas," in which I participated.

In *Public Policy*, the yearbook of the Graduate School of Public Administration at Harvard University, I called for a three-fold program on behalf of America's morale: First, defining and explaining democracy; second, strengthening democracy itself; and third, a morale committee to give advice to men in government so that they might function more democratically.

The New York State Publishers Association invited me to speak at their annual convention in New York in 1944. To my knowledge, a newspaper publishers' association had never before asked a public-relations man to address them, a significant change in their attitude toward public relations.

By 1945 public relations as a profession was well established. The Sixth Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion asked me to discuss how bridges for cultural understanding could be built. The Methodist Church, at a Chicago meeting of bishops, heard my talk on how to build public opinion for social change, and at the Jewish Theological Seminary I talked on how business could combat race prejudice. I wrote a piece, "Public Relations," for the Encyclopaedia Britannica's *Ten Eventful Years.*

Even advertising changed its tone. *Advertising Age*, on February 21, 1944, ran "This Business of Ours," which said: "In recent years public relations has largely dropped its circus atmosphere, has come out of the small-time chiseler class and has carved an important niche for itself in business and public life. In this metamorphosis the leading role has probably been played by Edward L. Bernays, often called 'U.S. Publicist No. 1' who not only developed a far more profound concept of public relations, but who in contradistinction to most of his early contemporaries has labored long and vigorously to increase public knowledge of his calling and to raise the level of the entire industry."

Tide, in a 1946 issue, came around to our side with "A busy practitioner, Edward L. Bernays cannot be brushed off by opponents with the label

‘intellectual.’ At the same time, Bernays ranks as an acknowledged original thinker in his field as well as a successful counselor.”

From 1946 to the present there was growing acceptance of the field. *Fortune* in 1949, in connection with an article, “Business Is Still in Trouble,” ran half-page advertisements of a full-length story in newspapers, carrying pictures of six contemporary public-relations men. The story was “Its first full-dress report on the progress and performance of public relations … It finds that business has yet to get through its public relations primer, and public relations has hardly mastered its own. Where’s the line between public relations and press agentry? How strong is the public relations voice to contemporary management?”

I reached many diverse publics in these years with talks. A few of them were: the Executive Program of New York City, the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, the Yale School of Architecture, New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging, National Multiple Sclerosis Society, National Conference on Social Welfare, Cornell University Graduate School of Business and Public Administration, Teachers College of Columbia University, National Conference on Social Welfare, National Commission on Literacy, Library Public Relations Council, Investment Counsel Association of America, Industrial Medical Association, Dayton Council on World Affairs, Sub-Committee on Overseas Information Program of the Committee on Foreign Relations, U.S. Senate, U.S. Chamber of Commerce Seminar. I talked to the Poor Richard Club in Philadelphia, the American Marketing Association and the National School Public Relations Association.

In 1947 I made speeches before groups on hospital public relations at Princeton, to the Greater New York Hospital Association, to the Art Directors Club and to the American College Public Relations Association.

In 1948 I had my first experience as the speaker at a graduation exercise. Our old friend Tobé asked me to the Tobé-Coburn School graduation. I discussed the human aspects of public relations at State Teachers College graduation in New Platz, New York. I talked on public relations at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in Washington.

On December 13, 1947, we bought full pages in the New York *Times* and several other New York newspapers. Public-relations advice, we said, was sought by industry, but they had little knowledge of what was good, bad or indifferent public-relations service. We offered to evaluate public-

relations activities of business much as industrial management consultants evaluate management practices. A year earlier "The March of Time" made a film, *Public Relations: This Means You.* The producers came to the office and photographed Doris and me at work. We never saw the film, which was widely shown in movie houses; it helped make the term better known.

We bought a back-page announcement in the New York *Times* calling attention to the human problems facing the country and indicating that public relations might be helpful. In 1951 we placed full-page advertisements in the New York *Times, Herald-Tribune* and *World-Telegram* with the headline, "Your Public Relations in the National Emergency." We were in the Korean war, and national morale was low. Our ad stressed the importance of united action to conserve national strength and urged the individual to make sacrifices for the common good even though it might affect his private interests.

Industrial relations was now giving attention to public relations. I talked at an industrial relations conference at Pennsylvania State University about how to build industrial peace and prevent strikes and at the annual educational conference of the United Automobile Workers in Cleveland, where I shared the platform with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

In 1952, in *Public Relations,* I defined public relations as embracing three concepts: "1) information given to the public, 2) persuasion directed at the public to modify attitudes and actions, and 3) efforts to integrate attitudes and actions of an institution with its publics and of publics with that institution." In 1947 Doris and I had tried to condense the meaning to embrace three words-information, persuasion, adjustment—in *Engineering of Consent,* and in a full-length book, *Your Career in Public Relations,* I wrote an extended discussion of the career.

In 1960 *Business Week,* more than two decades after its first treatment, devoted 15 pages to public relations in one issue. It treated the field comprehensively and as seriously as it treated law, engineering or any other profession.

On my 70th birthday, in 1961, a new edition of *Crystallizing Public Opinion* was brought out, 38 years after the first.

Few books referred to public relations in the 1920s. The skepticism toward public relations was typified by Everett Dean Martin in *The Meaning of a Liberal Education.* Referring to *Crystallizing Public Opinion,*

he wrote, “A recent well-written book on the psychology of advertising by a gentleman who styles himself a public relations counsel, explains the techniques of making propaganda.” In *Social Psychology,* Kimball Young wrote, “Bernays illustrates from a case of Lithuania what can be done to arouse and to influence public opinion on a situation through the clever use of publicity and propaganda.” Kenneth Goode, in his book *How to Turn People into Gold*, comments on our work as “This new salesmanship which utilizes societal formations.” The authors found in the new activity what they were accustomed to.

Between 1930 and 1940 our activity attracted the interest of authors among the journalists, social critics, psychologists, sociologists and other commentators. Light’s Golden Jubilee had catapulted the field into national visibility. Leonard Doob of Yale University, in his book *Public Opinion and Propaganda*, called the Jubilee “one of the most astonishing pieces of propaganda ever engineered in this country in peacetime.” Authors felt that what we did was different from pressagentry but were not clear as to why. Stanley Walker in *City Editor* represented this new appraisal: “Bernays has taken the sideshow barker and given him a philosophy and a new and awesome language.… He is no primitive drumbeater. He has written books and lectured at New York University on the methods and on the high psychology of his art. He is devoid of swank and does not visit newspaper offices.”

Harold Lasswell, in the *Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences,* recognized my definition that the function of the counsel of public relations was to advise his client on actions. Most writers reflected the view Harry Elmer Barnes took in *Society in Transition*—that “the use of public relations counsel represents the most sophisticated and subtle development of business propaganda.”

From 1940 on our activity was commented on more objectively in books. A typical expression of the new attitude toward public relations was that of Herbert Brucker in *Freedom of Information,* who referred to the “great discovery of the more capable men like Bernays” that effective policy makes effective propaganda.

Over the last twenty years understanding of the activity has grown. Several bibliographies on public opinion and propaganda and public relations are evidence of this. And 300 books in my home library attest to the increasing interest in the various phases of the subject.

chapter 68

TURNING POINT

In the last two decades many clients came to us from business and finance, labor unions, trade and professional organizations, and as individuals. We gave them the best professional advice we could—and at the same time we advised gratis many causes concerned with advancing the society.

The use of professional public relations counsel was penetrating more deeply into the fabric of American society. A listing of a few of our clients of this period demonstrates this.

A huge complex of companies, made up of many subsidiaries, retained us to advise them on problems of their relations with their multiple publics.

A symphony orchestra had alienated thousands of its supporters when program notes had maligned their ethnic background. We were asked for advice on how to counteract this error. Years ago, the management would have swallowed hard and hoped for time to cure it.

A large bank, which would have felt self-sufficient a decade before, asked us to counsel them on how to meet their competition.

A textile manufacturer in a New England state, aware of the low morale of his community due to the moving away of a large business, retained us to make recommendations on how to improve the city's morale.

A financial institution asked for aid in warding off a rapacious stockholder group that aimed at a takeover. Years before, the defensive and counteroffensive would have been left in the hands of the lawyers.

An investment-counsel firm retained us.

A public-health authority, in favor of group medicine, decided that public relations was the only way to make headway with unions and other groups.

Professional groups like the Joint Council of New York State Psychologists and American Optometric Associations asked us to protect their professional status.

Labor unions, which had been the victim of public relations activities of employers, now used counsel on public relations. The International Union of Electrical Workers retained me as an expert on propaganda analysis, in a case before the National Labor Relations Board. This involved the limits to which an employer could go in communicating with his own employees. The decision set a precedent. The General Electric Company was held guilty by the Trial Examiner and the Board of what my study of the company publications revealed; that is, that the company aimed to break down the trust of union members in their president, James Carey.

And the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, with its membership of 180,000, retained us to advise on a counteroffensive against a smear of the Association of American Railroads that they and members of the other railroad operating unions were "featherbedders."

There were always new clients and new problems, as there are today.

1946 was a turning point in my life and Doris' because we decided that year to spend half our professional effort and time on public interest activities. World War II had changed the nature of public relations practice in the United States. Established public relations firms were now following the pattern set by law offices and advertising agencies. They turned themselves into public relations factories. But neither of us had the desire to run a mass-production factory in which money and mechanics were the primary considerations. Others of our friends had made comparable decisions, but had done it differently. William Benton, present ambassador to UNESCO, spent his early life in the advertising business and retired as a relatively young man to devote himself to public service. Sam Rosenman and Thomas Corcoran spent their early lives in public service and then turned to the practice of law. I chose a way that went to neither extreme, by dividing my work between paying and nonpaying clients.

My experience had shown me that immediate results should not be expected, that the impact of ideas is invisible, at first, to the most penetrating eye, and that a time lag often exists before an idea makes its fullest impression. Georg Schicht, the soap and vegetable-fat man in Czechoslovakia, asked for aid because he had read my book published months before. Several years elapsed between a talk I gave in New England and A. P. Giannini's action in San Francisco. Ideas have long time fuses.

As major areas for work we chose communications between nations and the United States, civil liberties, New York City, education—with an

emphasis on public relations education—and health.

The pre-World War II era had given me some limited experience in public-service activities which helped prepare me for these new ones.

In World War I, I had learned something about drives for savings and war bonds. I had learned from working with M. Cartier on his Franco-American hands-across-the-sea activities how different it is to deal with people on a voluntary basis from being retained to work for them. I learned how to get along with other volunteers when I raised funds for the unemployed in 1932 and when I helped Minnie Guggenheimer launch the Stadium concerts. I also went through preparation for what I was contemplating as a participant in numerous activities during World War II. I had been a member of the publicity committee of the American Civil Liberties Union; of the Committee on Public Information of the American Red Cross; of the New York State Committee on Discrimination in Employment appointed by Governor Lehman; a director of the Council for Democracy; a member of the Citizens' Morale Committee of the New York State Defense Council; co-chairman of the Victory Book Campaign with Norman Cousins and Franklin P. Adams to collect millions of books for the members of the armed forces; chairman of the Third War Loan Bond drive; a member of the Sixth War Loan Finance committee; and a member of the Artists for Victory Committee.

I learned in this period that working as a volunteer for public causes has all kinds of unforeseeable pitfalls. I recalled the time Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, called me to Washington to chair a publicity committee to expedite the sale of the Third War Loan Bond drive. I went there full of enthusiasm, with a pocketful of ideas I thought helpful. Morgenthau had been a fellow student at Cornell. He had many limitations intellectually. I was unprepared for his very apparent identification of himself with Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, under whose large portrait he was sitting when we met. He asked me for a plan to insure immediate success for the sale of the bond issue and then added casually that all preparations had been made. But he knew I would come up with some magic.

Actually, the group on the job had planned so well that there was nothing for us to do and we went home, our time wasted.

Nor did my experience with Artists for Victory during World War II discourage me. They asked me to get artists to participate in the war effort

and to get the American public excited about art's contribution to building morale. They wanted government to recognize the direct contribution art could make by camouflage and other military projects. I found the pull of patriotism was not powerful enough to bridge the gap between the representational and abstract artists or between the pro-Soviet and anti-Soviet factions. And I finally gave up that project.

Even before 1946 I had hit on a method that I thought would accelerate sound social change. This was to give awards to individuals and groups who had advanced causes of interest to us. The social approbation involved furthered the cause with the public.

We tried out awards to stimulate institutions of higher learning to take a greater interest in public relations. The Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism accepted an award which went to Elizabeth Poe for research on a public relations topic; at New York University Madeline Magnell received an award for a thesis, "The Influence of Public Opinion," that explored the new field; E. B. Whittlesey won an award at Western Reserve University on a comparable topic. This stimulated interest in public relations at other colleges and universities.

In 1944 an award furthered understanding of the classroom teacher. The Progressive Education Association sponsored it and Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt presented it to Adele Franklin, director of the All Day Neighborhood Schools of New York. What intrigued me most was that the following year another group set up a national award for grade-school teachers. We tried to increase salaries of teachers in the social sciences by starting such a salary endowment fund at Barnard College, Doris' alma mater.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ sponsored an award for outstanding achievement in white-Negro relations in the United States, which went to Howard Washington Odum, Professor of Sociology, and that same year, judges H. V. Kaltenborn, Raymond Swing and Norman Corwin made an award for the greatest contribution to democracy on radio to Nathan Straus, who owned station WMCA in New York, for "New World's A Comin'" by Roi Ottley. Following this some stations modified their policies and began to treat Negroes as fellow men rather than as Aunt Jemimas and Uncle Bens. It was a demonstration of the effect of leverage action on the folkways.

I hardly recall all the causes we tried to advance by this device. I felt the effort worth-while, although we never could tell exactly how much we contributed to the advancement of the idea. An award sponsored by the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues went to Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University in 1947 for the best action-related research on the social implications of atomic energy, a problem of vital and timely interest.

Another, in 1949, sponsored by the same group, for the improvement of intergroup relations, went to the Commission on Intergroup Relations of the American Jewish Congress, headed by its research director, Stuart W. Cook. Another, the next year, for the reduction of international tensions, was won by Dr. G. N. Gilbert.

We sponsored lectures on the social responsibility of management at New York University, later published in a volume by the New York University Press.

I thought it would be exciting to experiment with possibilities of sustained education over the air. Seymour Siegel of New York City's municipal radio station, WNYC, was willing to cooperate in an Education Institute of the Air for an entire week. In 1957 we tried to cope with the problems of juvenile delinquency by inviting leading psychologists and psychiatrists to the Princeton Inn at Princeton, New Jersey, to research on this important question.

There were other projects besides awards in these post-World War II years. Awards were usually turned over to someone else to administer, with our assistance in public relations aspects.

Here is an instance from the area of international communications. Doris and I visited London in 1949 and we noted how deeply Anglo-American relations had deteriorated. I prepared a plan for their improvement, which Larry Solon, editor of the important British weekly, the *Leader,* published. I said that Anglo-American relations should rest on a firmer basis than chance or mischance; that planned efforts should be made on both sides of the Atlantic. My plan included methods to strengthen relations. In a subsequent number of the magazine, British leaders, among them R. J. Cruikshank, editor of the *New Chronicle,* and Sir Will Lawther, president of the National Union of Mine Workers, supported my plan. Lord Halifax, former Ambassador of Great Britain to Washington, wrote that the ideas were "wise and constructive and I hope they will be widely read.

“Understanding can only grow from the seedbed of knowledge: knowledge, first of all, of the extent to which our people share together all the things that matter most to their daily lives; and then, knowledge of each other’s difficulties and differences of approach. If everybody on both sides of the Atlantic could really appreciate what it means to us all that Americans and British are at one in their love of individual freedom, in their readiness to give the same respect to the opinions of other people that they expect others to give to them, in their recognition of the place of law in ordered society—if all this was well understood, we should quickly see how small are any passing differences compared to these unbreakable links of common life.

“Mr. Bernays has rightly recalled Jefferson’s conviction of the broad capacity for judgment that resides in the common man; but, as he says, it is essential that he should know the facts.”

A seed had been sown.

In 1955, the United States Information Agency was receiving only meager support from the people of the United States and Congress. It worked almost in a vacuum, with little understanding of its vital need. Joseph McCarthy, Roy Cohn and others had kicked it around, to the detriment, I thought, of the United States itself. I organized the National Committee for an Adequate U. S. Overseas Information Program, of public relations men and public opinion experts, including among twenty-eight members Louis Lyons, their curator of the Nieman Fellows, Harold Lasswell, Paul Smith, Hodding Carter, George Gallup, James A. Linen, Ralph McGill and Theodore Repplier.

There was no doubt that this group of men could both inform the public on the USIA’s potent function and bring about greater understanding by the Congress of the important mission the USIA served.

Theodore Streibert, who headed the agency, cooperated with us fully. At the White House, with members of the committee, I explained the purpose of the USIA to President Eisenhower. We also met with members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at lunch and I testified before the House Committee on Appropriations. We held conferences at New York University, at Cambridge, with the co-operation of M.I.T. and Harvard, and at other places. We kept up a barrage of information to newspapers and other media. I think we made some contribution to the public and to

Congress. But much more remains to be said and done to make the potentially useful agency as potent as it should be. That can only come from a realization by Congress and the public alike that the most effective propaganda for the U.S. is propaganda of the deed. An understanding of the USIA and its function must come about before it can play its legitimate role.

In 1957 Doris and I visited England again, just after the Suez Canal crisis. The first impression Britishers made on me was their smoldering resentment toward the United States. I had had some inkling about this before Doris and I left New York and had written to British papers, asking their readers to send me letters, addressed to the Dorchester Hotel, about their feelings toward this country. Hundreds of letters waited at the hotel on our arrival. They were so full of aggression that I decided to make a firsthand study of attitudes by interviewing hundreds of Britishers, as a check.

The newspapers of London and the broadcasters had followed up on the stories they ran and covered our visit, which meant more letters to study. One paper ran a headline which read: “Mr. ? Sets a Poser.”

It seemed logical that the British should resent the place in the world they now occupied and rationalize this by blaming the decline in morals of their youth on our jazz and movies and the decline of their international trade on the competition of the Yankees. The Suez crisis had intensified this ill feeling to such an extent that only lower officials in the Foreign Office and the American Embassy were talking to each other.

America was not blameless. The distorted picture of Americans that the British had formed was not entirely unjustified—American movies and television, and unfortunate encounters with “bumptious, brash and big-headed tourists” had also affected the situation. The British were actually frightened that America would do something so rash in its international relations that it might hurt the British.

When we returned to the United States, we issued a comprehensive report, “What the British Think of Us,” with specific recommendations. We released this simultaneously in the United States and overseas. British and American newspapers commented on the importance of a dynamic, consciously planned policy of bringing about better relations between the two democracies. Our government changed some personnel and policies in

our American Embassy in London and improvement became noticeable. But, of course, this may have been coincidence.

In London, Carl Hayden, then vice president of the National City Bank in London, discussed with me his idea of a center in England, like Arden House here, where English-American relations might be discussed on a variety of subjects in an atmosphere conducive to arriving at sound conclusions. I helped him with suggestions, and today the Ditchley Foundation has been realized, functioning effectively for lively interchange of such ideas. I am happy to be a member of the American advisory committee.

When I returned to this country, I believed the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee should hold hearings on our overseas information program so that the people and Congress might be made more aware of its importance. I talked to Hubert Humphrey, whom I conferred with when he served with the U.N. He told me that Senator Lyndon B. Johnson would be the decisive individual and he made an appointment for me to meet the Senator in Washington. We met on a red banquette in the lobby of the Chamber. Before I could say Senator Johnson, his right arm went around my shoulder and we were in animated discussion. He grasped all the implications of what I said to him. But, unfortunately, his activities with the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee took up his time, and no hearing was held. President Johnson understands this problem fully, which is more than can be said for some of our recent presidents.

My participation in the Woodrow Wilson Foundation as a director in 1946 was disappointing. The Foundation, I thought, could extend his philosophy of world peace and cooperation. But participation consisted of attendance at directors' meetings. The meetings were bumbling affairs, like a Benchley satire. This is what sometimes happens when part-time directors depend on inefficient personnel to accomplish something important.

In 1946, after Hiroshima, our government did not take the public into its confidence. Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Commerce, was trying to further understanding by the American public of atomic energy. In July, I spoke before the Institute of World Control of Atomic Energy in Washington. The Atomic Energy Commission's policy at that time was

complete secrecy. Plans for an American program of public information about the bomb petered out. We were lulled into a belief of our invincibility. When the Russians had acquired the secret of the bomb, we looked for scapegoats. The ground had been prepared for McCarthy's witchhunt. A policy of adequate public relations—without giving away any secrets—might have spared us this shameful episode.

Problems of international understanding are continuous. Every new crisis brings about new efforts at adjustment, which public relations can play a part in. In 1963 and 1964 relations between Europe and the United States were deteriorating. Walter Lippmann believed this was due to Europe's feeling that she no longer needed the United States. Rapprochement was indicated. I thought a series of lectures by ambassadors and other high diplomats of the European countries in the United States on "Europe's Contribution to American Civilization" might help. Suffolk University in Boston accepted my offer, and the program was carried out. European and American diplomats and officials, including the late President Kennedy and Secretary of State Rusk, sponsored the series. The Voice of America broadcast the lectures to the country of origin of each speaker. The talks had a double effect: publicity in this country reached millions and the reception of the talks in Europe was enthusiastic.

U.S. Communications

The communications field is less conscious of its dealings with the public than other enterprises. *Editor & Publisher*, *Printers' Ink* and other publications had created an unfavorable climate of opinion in the Twenties and Thirties about public relations; public relations men were regarded as press agents, space grabbers who avoided payment for advertising. I could do little about applying public relations to the communications field. The breakthrough came in 1944. The New York State Publishers Association asked me to speak at their annual convention in New York. Few used or were aware of the principles and practice of public relations. I provided them with a program which helped gain acceptance for public relations among newspapers. Soon after, I appeared at three of the annual conventions of the National Newspaper Promotion Association.

We attempted to focus public attention on attitude polls, house organs, censorship of foreign news and the expansion of educational TV.

In 1945, attitude polls were causing concern. Their more extended use brought problems. People were led by polls; inaccurate polls had as strong an influence as accurate ones; polls were being misused for antisocial purposes; accurate polls were often misinterpreted. I wrote an article for Eric F. Goldman, then editor of the *Public Opinion Quarterly,* entitled "Attitude Polls—Servants or Masters" (Vol. X, 1946).

The discussion that followed developed better knowledge and understanding of the uses and abuses of polls.

I then tackled house organs. Their circulation was in the millions and they served as a link between management and workers, and their content was mainly pap. At a meeting of the House Magazine Institute in 1948 at the National Arts Club, I told the editor-audience that the two most important areas of reader interest had been ignored: the economics of the particular organization—although these facts were available to readers from other sources—and discussion of employee relations with the company. The editors agreed, but their bosses were stupidly unsympathetic. I became a controversial figure.

I tackled censorship of foreign news in American newspapers at the University of Florida in Gainesville in 1954. American public opinion toward overseas was largely based on news. But Americans were unaware that often the news was censored. The Florida press speakers were much more concerned about the breakdown of civil liberties thousands of miles away than in their own state.

Another communications problem brought greater results. Seymour Siegel, a big wheel in the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, asked me to head their Public Interest Committee to secure allocation of additional educational TV stations. The FCC allocated numerous channels for the purpose.

My one-man campaign to improve TV commercials became a hot controversy. Some commercials still are crude, loud, irritating, exasperating, misleading and banal. Entertainment programs were at that time loaded with them. The public was being exploited by broadcasters and advertisers.

Group leaders and opinion molders, in response to my letter, expressed their disgust. My correspondents added adjectives like “irritating,” “boring,” “repetitious,” “obtuse” and “phony” to my own characterizations of the commercials.

Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University, thought they were far too obtrusive. Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin, professor of sociology at Harvard, called them “vulgar, stupid and demoralizing,” and suggested “a complete reconstruction in the direction of lifting their intellectual, moral and aesthetic standards.”

The responses were widely quoted in the press. Industry trade papers and advertising agencies set off counterblasts against me. Robert Foreman of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn accused me and others who objected to the commercials of being commissars of taste. I now wrote my letter to butchers, bakers, beauticians and bartenders. They were as angry at TV commercials as the professors, but expressed themselves more colorfully. *Variety* and other publications played up the attitudes of the “Bernays B’s” in headlines. The *New Leader* ran an article in which I called on the public to protest. Newspapers supported the campaign. The controversy raged for six months. The effect, I thought, was good, although I cannot prove the point quantitatively or qualitatively.

In 3 surveys I asked publishers of daily newspapers in this country to tell me which ten newspapers most closely followed the standards set by Joseph Pulitzer, Adolph Ochs and Thomas Morgan.

The 1952, 1959 and 1960 surveys received attention and built cumulative interest, despite lapses in time. Comment cropped up in books on journalism and in newspaper promotion. Other organizations initiated similar surveys, among them the *Saturday Review*, and some educational publications. *Time*, more than a decade after our first survey, followed suit with a long feature discussing the ten best newspapers. It chose seven of the ten papers selected by the publishers in our study.

Civil Liberties

The raids by U.S. Attorney General Palmer after World War I, followed by deportation of those caught, outraged me. When I was in Atlanta in 1920 for the NAACP, the flagrant breakdown of civil liberties made me realize

this was a cause worth fighting for. Albert de Silva, a founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, engaged us in 1920 to help with their convention.

Roger Baldwin was an ideal crusader, honest and courageous. I became a member of his publicity committee in 1941 and worked on the Negro problem and in fighting Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic propaganda.

My contact with NAACP leaders continued and I often conferred with Walter White, a devoted leader.

For Lester Granger, head of the National Urban League, I worked out a new approach to equal opportunity in employment. The League had appealed to the employer's patriotism and adherence to American ideals. This had not been effective. I suggested he emphasize that equal employment would result in increased purchasing power. It worked, as Granger graciously informed me years later in a letter.

The fight for civil liberties is never finished. Each new situation demands new attempts at advancing the cause a little; then the front consolidates itself and a permanent advance is made—and at the next crisis there is again an advance.

As a member of Governor Lehman's Committee on Discrimination in 1942 I learned that public relations methods can effectively advance equal employment. Bias in employment was adversely affecting industries in New York during World War II, which meant that the country suffered. Our committee was then the sole state committee on discrimination in the United States and the effectiveness of its activities was being watched all over the country.

Frieda S. Miller headed the committee. It included also the Negro leader Channing S. Tobias, David Sarnoff, Lester Granger, and George Backer among others.

To first gain acceptance for the civil liberties concept before inequities in employment were tackled, I proposed ten thousand industrialists be asked, by letter, to express their support of the Bill of Rights in this time of national emergency. Their agreement was publicized. Another letter now asked these same people to commit themselves to adhere to non-discriminatory practices.

This helped create a favorable climate for our work.

But advances in civil liberties, as in other areas, do not proceed in a straight upward trend. There are retreats and advances. Cornell University sponsored lectures by five civil-rights authorities under the heading of "Safeguarding Civil Liberties Today," at our suggestion. Carl Becker, professor emeritus of history; Max Lerner, then an editorial writer for *PM;* James Lawrence Fly, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission; Attorney General Francis Biddle; and Robert E. Cushman, professor of government gave them. But chairman of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University, Frank Garnett, took exception to the liberal tone of the speakers and attacked them through his Ithaca *Journal.* Both Professor Cushman, who had helped arrange the series, and President Day of the University stood their ground. President Day, at my suggestion, released a statement asking for the re-education of the 70 per cent of adult Americans who did not know what the Bill of Rights was. The University press published the lectures with a preface by President Day.

In an article for *Printers' Ink,* "Is Free Speech Good for Business," in 1955, I hit the practice of businesses which censored employees in their private lives.

The National Industrial Conference Board announced conferences at some inns and country clubs which were anti-Semitic in policy most of the year, but which out of season rented their facilities for conferences. One such meeting was to discuss improvements in human relations in industries. What a sham! Protests of a member of the NICB went to Board directors and to executives of the Board, but met with noncommittal answers or none at all. And this was a few years ago.

And even here in Massachusetts, birthplace of American tradition and liberties, new civil issues and problems constantly come up.

EDUCATION

In the years since 1946, public relations has become a preoccupation of the armed forces. The adjustment of armed forces to a democratic society presents problems.

The dichotomy of a society which stresses the importance of not taking life, and yet prepares for taking it under certain conditions, presents difficulties. During these years I talked at innumerable installations—to the top brass of the Air Force at the Pentagon, at the Adjutant General's School

at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, and at the Naval War College at Newport.

President Day of Cornell University asked me to gain public support for a report of the Educational Policies Committee of the National Education Association, “The Education of Free Men for American Democracy,” prepared by George S. Counts, liberal educator at Teachers College. The report urged that public schools reorient themselves for the new demands on public education.

The bureaucratic structure of education seemed impervious to new ideas and programs. Not until I suggested to my old friend Barney Yanofsky and his Veterans of Foreign Wars to take up the cause, were the findings accepted in certain localities.

Getting a pressure group behind a report had dangers in it. The other side could use comparable tactics and often does. But our safeguard, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said, is the competition of ideas in the market place.

Twenty-six years after I gave the first course in public relations at New York University, I became adjunct professor of public relations for the term 1949–1950. I pointed out to my students what I had proposed years before, that public relations was a profession, that its first responsibility was to the public.

But they told me they were interested in a “fast buck” and wanted only techniques. They wanted no theories or general principles. This was disheartening, and I resigned.

In the summer of 1950 I had quite the contrary experience at the University of Hawaii, to which the Hawaiian Board of Regents had invited me to be visiting professor. There was genuine enthusiasm for the appeal of democracy for boys and girls whose parents had come to Hawaii from Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines and Europe, who recognized how important public relations would be to them.

Hawaii was not perfect. The white descendants over a hundred years ago missed the great movements toward equalitarianism on the mainland. Their actions toward fellow men smacked more of the 1830s than the post 1930s.

I urged in a talk before the Rotary Club and in a newspaper piece that the whites on the island accept fellow Americans. Friends told me it stirred

things up.

I suggested to Professor Norton Beach of Teachers College, Columbia University, a conference on strategies and tactics of school community relations. Sixty cities sent school superintendents, education association heads, presidents of Boards of Education or other educational leaders to the conference. The program followed the engineering-of-consent outline I prepared. This was progress from the days when newspaper releases solved the problems of relations with the public.

But there were times when public relations missed out because those using it neglected their planning. A campaign for a $5,000,000 special bond issue for New York schools did not start early enough. Despite the organization of an Independent Citizens Committee for Amendment and the appointment of a real estate man to head the committee (William Zeckendorf, Jr.) to divide the opposition, we failed to get sufficient votes on election day.

HEALTH

Ever since the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care had been torpedoed by Dr. Morris Fishbein, I realized the problems of health care of the American people were vitally tied up with the survival of democratic society.

Sound public interest indicated an integrated approach to the prevention and cure of disease. But there is no soundness in a dramatic health cause receiving more money from the public than a less dramatic one.

I would like to pass the burden of health care, preventive and otherwise, to government. But that, I found, was heresy to the rugged individualists who wanted to preserve the voluntary health organization system and their part in it.

I became associated with some voluntary health organizations. This venture did not encourage me. As a director of the Multiple Sclerosis Society I once proposed at a board meeting that the society get the government to undertake more research on the disease. The research director of the society acted as if I were trying to impinge on his private territory.

I cooperated with Mary Lasker, who made heroic efforts to coordinate the activities of competitive voluntary health groups, but the trustees

wanted to retain their philanthropic identities and we failed.

I was a member of the board of the Hospital for Joint Diseases and of Montefiore Hospital in New York, both good in their respective fields. But government officials responsible to the people would, it seems to me, do a more efficient job than part-time lay trustees, some of whom are interested only in glory, and whose power to do something good, bad or indifferent is often determined not by what they know but by their money contribution.

I once found a man who transferred his business organizing drive and skills to his voluntary health organization. E. L. Bransome of Mack Trucks suffered severely from arthritis and after retirement devoted himself to alleviating the pain of fellow sufferers. He headed the New York Rheumatism and Arthritis Foundation, and I became a director.

Senator Estes Kefauver was holding his now famous hearings in the Senate on drugs and drug prices. Our researchers found the American public was being mulcted to the extent of $250,000,000 a year for radium belts, quack remedies, and aspirin sold under other names at exorbitant prices. Reverberations are still coming in from the first hearing. Dramatizing such facts often accomplishes what might otherwise be lost in the competitive shuffle for the attention of the public.

BOOKS

Public Relations, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1952, followed *Crystallizing Public Opinion* (1923) and *Propaganda* (1928). I tried to bring up to date my own thinking about public relations over a quarter of a century.

A few years later the University of Oklahoma Press published *The Engineering of Consent*, which I edited.

NEW YORK

At twenty-two I tried to help John Purroy Mitchel to become Mayor of New York. But his campaign manager said he needed no help. Since then I have worked with numerous mayors.

After World War II public schools suffered from overcrowding and a consequent lowering of educational standards. Frank E. Karelsen, Jr., and I

organized the Citizens Emergency Council for Better Schools, so small that we held meetings by telephone. We fought the chaotic conditions in the New York schools and brought about the resignation of the head of the Board of Education and also the appointment of a good school superintendent, lest an incompetent man be appointed. Initiation of some dramatic acts brought visibility of the situation with them and focused public attention on the matter. A worthy superintendent was appointed.

It wasn't until 1956, when Mayor Wagner appointed me chairman of the Senior Citizens Committee of New York, that I learned at first hand about the plight of the older men and women in our society. In my work in carrying out Senior Citizen's Month activities, I learned that many old people in the greater city were so frustrated at lack of activity that they spent their days riding the subways on one fare. The American culture threw them away, regardless of their skills and knowledge. I found a great truth in a book by Walter Havighurst, a professor at Chicago University. Everyone has five ages, says Professor Havighurst, and they do not necessarily match up, even though society acts as if they do. Although people are usually thought of and classified by their chronological age, they also have physiological, mental, societal and emotional ages.

To protest society's treatment of the aged, we arranged a session at City Hall. I invited Frank Lloyd Wright to participate. He let out a blast that reverberated through the country. It was an outrage, he said, that men's fruitful activities were cut off arbitrarily at sixty or sixty-five. We know Senior Citizen's Month stimulated other communities to pay more attention to a problem still neglected.

With James Felt, chairman of the City Planning Commission of New York, we fought for a zoning law that guaranteed planned development of the city, to prevent haphazard construction and exploitation by speculative and overacquisitive real-estate interests.

I prepared a careful program of public relations for Felt, to blanket the active, articulate opposition, more powerful than passive support.

The New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*, as well as some other newspapers, had already taken a strong editorial position in support of zoning. We developed many activities, but one action clinched the passage of the proposed law. Jack Straus, R. H. Macy's president, at my suggestion, invited publishers of the daily newspapers to lunch. Felt and I

spoke in support of zoning. Straus did not speak, but his presence as host was proof of the support of the largest retail establishment in the world, which depended for its future on the growth of the city, and of sound zoning.

The City Council passed the measure.

Doris and I were indignant at what Robert Moses was trying to do to Joseph Papp's Shakespeare in Central Park. We helped establish the present summer festival of Shakespeare.

We felt it was dictatorial for him to refuse to let Papp play his second year unless he provided $20,000 for fencing, sanitary facilities, and general repairs. Moses also insisted on an admission charge. The court decided against Moses on that count. Moses still wanted that $20,000. Papp didn't have it.

I went to William A. Shea and Richard C. Patterson, both good friends of Mayor Wagner, and offered funds so that Shakespeare might go on. But the Mayor, between his usual peck of municipal troubles and disinclination to feud with Moses and his sharp tongue, did not react. I dropped the matter.

Doris and I were staying at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston, using it as a base to explore the lovely New England countryside that summer. Felt telephoned from New York one day to say that the Mayor was ready to accept our proffered gift. The New York *Times* carried a front-page story about the revival of Shakespeare. On June 24, 1959, the New York *Daily News* headline read: "TWO DONATE $2OG FOR BARD IN PARK—All having ended well, thanks to two $10,000 angels, free Shakespeare will hit the boards in Central Park for a three-week run in August …" Richard Patterson had scoured the town and found that Mrs. Louis Anspacher, widow of the writer, would match our gift.

Moses now embraced Joseph Papp, to the applause of the press, offered Papp a place in the park for a theater, for which A. J. Delacorte contributed the money. Moses got on the bandwagon and became a friend of Shakespeare in the Park.

Two other pleasant New York memories remain. I was counsel on public relations to the commissioner of the Department of Commerce and Public Events of New York, and attended the lunches almost weekly at the Waldorf that were tendered to visiting heads of state. Emperor Haile Selassie, Juscelino Kubitschek, President of Brazil, Queen Elizabeth,

Premier Khrushchev and others were honored. The actual routine was almost always the same, but the personality of the guest of honor created variety in the occasions.

In the other instance I played a limited role in the unseating of Carmine de Sapio. At Gracie Mansion I urged Mayor Wagner to take a public-opinion poll on the forthcoming election. I was sure the majority of voters supported the view that de Sapio should be opposed. The survey showed New York voters were against the boss and for Wagner. And the Mayor won a splendid victory.

chapter 69

LEISURE AND PLEASURE

I know that in this book I have discussed my inner goings-on only in my youth. I have purposely omitted introspection in my maturity. I believe memoirs are often overloaded with trivia that seem fascinating to the author but are usually boring to the reader. I have written instead frankly and intimately of the origin and development of public relations, and our part in it. I tried to bring out the change from the limits of “the public be informed” to “the public should be understood and its needs considered.” I tried to emphasize the two-way street and the feedback aspects of the new public relations.

I have not written about intimate relations with wife, children, relatives and friends, ordinarily embraced in an autobiography. These are irrelevant facts as far as this book is concerned.

It may, however, be in order to provide a small canvas of the sticks-and-stones aspects of my life, particularly as they relate to those parts of my private life which were, in a sense, public. I suppose you might call them the outward evidences of how we lived and what we did in our leisure time.

I think we would have remained in Greenwich Village, where we first started married life, if Sailors Snug Harbor had installed an elevator in our Washington Square home. In 1932, therefore, we moved uptown to the Hotel Sherry-Netherland at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue. For thirty years we lived in that neighborhood, a kind of record in regionalism and stability in New York City.

At the Sherry-Netherland Doris enjoyed respite from running a large menage and acting as wholesale caterer. We liked to entertain, and now it was no trouble to have friends join us for dinner or after a concert or theater. Food and drink were always ready. Today I occasionally set out the rolling wagon, put out a few glasses and bottles, take ice cubes out of the refrigerator, and I am ready for a rest. I don’t know how she was able to

maintain the pace at Washington Square. Women must be born with a catering gift.

Doris liked six people at one time; I liked forty-six. We compromised on thirty or forty. The drive for interchange of ideas seemed a natural outlet for our inquisitiveness about life and people.

Our gatherings never seemed to be the same. The chemistry was varied. Authors, musicians, politicians, newspapermen and women, poets, with a sprinkling of businessmen, were the best mixture. Parties never served any purpose except that of enjoying our guests. We found people emerged most when they were in contrast with one another and had divergent backgrounds and points of view. Conformity is a sin, even at parties.

We had deep concern about the world in the early and late Thirties. The Depression and the New Deal were remaking society here. Hitler and Mussolini and the Communists were threatening.

We began to think that hotel life was too confining for the children, who were growing up. We decided on an apartment again and moved to 817 Fifth Avenue, across from the Central Park Zoo. The children enjoyed their new surroundings, and listened to the roar of the lions in New York's manicured jungle.

When we were surfeited with parties, we gave a party to end all our parties—for three hundred of our friends, at the Waldorf-Astoria. We wrote all the invitations personally, so that the party would have the flavor of an intimate gathering, and it did. The party was peripatetic, in three rooms—cocktails in one, dinner in another, and coffee in still another, with three sets of place cards to give guests six rather than the usual two partners. In the background was gloom, for it was March 11, 1938, the day Hitler invaded Austria, and we feared for the civilized world.

To our surprise, even a Fifth Avenue apartment was not free from the annoyance of having an overacquisitive landlord. In winter the heat went down to the legal low limit of 68 in the early afternoon. We decided to return to the Sherry-Netherland, to the tower that faced four points of the compass and gave us a sense of freedom. This housekeeping interlude appealed to Doris, and life carried on pleasantly.

But we felt our girls should have a more personal home; we bought 163 East 63rd Street. Built by architect Frederick Sterner, it had a forty-foot frontage and the privacy of a country home, one of the first houses in New York with a kitchen in front and a dining room facing a back yard full of

flowering bushes and trees. And it had much space to indulge our gregariousness, which now had returned. The wainscoting in ancient black oak came from an English Tudor house. One mantelpiece was of fossil-encrusted stone. The living room was ideally architectured for parties—eighteen feet high and forty feet wide, with a balcony at one end.

In New York, most people live in and identify with a homogeneous circle, but the men and women who spent evenings discussing, debating and prognosticating often met for the first time at our home. One evening such a variegated group debated the whole range of problems that bent our society: Frank Vanderlip and Mrs. Vanderlip (he had been president of the National City Bank, and she was president of the New York Infirmary for Women) were there with David Muzzey, professor of history at Columbia University; Harlan Eugene Read, a thoughtful radio commentator; H. V. Kaltenborn, radio commentator, and his wife; Mary Losey, imbued with the spirit of the New Deal; John O'Hara Cosgrave, editor of the Sunday *World*, and Mrs. Cosgrave, president of Finch Junior College; Professor Harwood Childs and Mrs. Childs of Princeton.

Mildred Edie, the editor of *Tide*, one evening discussed Broadway with Robert Landry, managing editor of *Variety.* Paul Burlin, the iconoclastic painter, explored areas of agreement on art with the dignified William Vermilye, vice president of the National City Bank. Bernard Sobel, chronicler of burlesque, and Alma Klaw both knew the theater, and they enjoyed each other. Frank Scully and Eugene Lyons, the biographer of Hoover, naturally got into an argument about "isms," which ended in a friendly way. And when Valentine Williams, the foreign correspondent for an English daily, met Fanny Holtzman, the theatrical lawyer, it became an exploration of England.

Houston Peterson, the jovial philosopher, and his wife, Mitzi, were entertaining. He could be counted on to pick up any thread—philosophical, literary, historical—and lead it to its source or its conclusion. Joe Freeman and Charmion von Wiegand always enlivened a party. Charmion once brought in Mondrian, the painter, and we delighted in this simple, quiet man.

One evening the guests included David Page, who later distinguished himself as an aide to General Omar Bradley in World War II; and his wife, Betty Page, head of the lower school of Brearley; Samuel Strauss, the philosopher, who incessantly looked for the deepest meaning of life and the

solution to the enigmatic spiritual and practical questions that plagued the society. A former editor of the New York *Globe* and the New York *Times*, he was immersed in thought, even at a party. Also there were Beatrice (Doris's sister) and Martin Untermeyer, who have been a constant source of pleasure, warmth and wisdom throughout our lives.

Another evening Walter Teague, the industrial designer, and his quiet wife, and Paul Garrett of General Motors exchanged psychoanalytic talk with Dr. A. A. Brill, who had called his daughter Joy in honor of my uncle. Nell Dorr, the fragile, sensitive photographer, came with her husband, John V. R. Dorr, the inventor, and discussed the fate of England with Walter Bullock, brilliant American correspondent for the London *Daily Mail.* That night Walt Kuhn, known then as a young painter of circus clowns, got into a discussion with Sam Lewisohn, art connoisseur and banker. His wife, Margaret, was discussing his futurama at the General Motors exhibit at the World's Fair with Norman Bel Geddes. Arnold Genthe was there too, talking to Dr. Clarence Oberndorf, who had psychoanalyzed the writing of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and Arthur Richman, the playwright, was sparring with J. P. McEvoy, the humorist.

Another night Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, and Karl Menninger, the psychiatrist, disagreed somewhat acidly on the social values and customs of Esquimaux. Carl Friedrich, professor at Harvard, held forth on political life in America and Europe, questioning what the future would provide.

Doris held meetings for the United Negro College Fund, the Lucy Stone League, and other projects she was interested in. John Collier, René d' Harnoncourt and Luis Muñoz-Marín discussed with us here the beginnings of the Institute for Ethnic Relations. And we had long debates on Germany with Dr. David Levy, the psychiatrist, and others; Lionel Trilling talked about how deeply he felt about Freud; and we enjoyed Jacob Javits, George Creel, Norman Cousins, Herbert and Nancy Matthews and a host of others.

Our gregariousness kept up through 1941, 1942 and 1943. There was always a quality of vibrancy and tension and interest about the people who gathered in our drawing room. And the presence of friends continued exciting and stimulating.

But then the sobering effect of war no longer made for a spirit of enjoyment. We lived a quieter life. We had time to read new books, Doris the fiction, and I nonfiction, and then we exchanged what we felt was

worthwhile. We went to concerts at Carnegie Hall and to the opera. We dined with the children, or with close friends at their homes or ours.

Our year-round commitments to clients usually made long trips away from New York incompatible with this obligation. A fire bell might ring at any time. We made two trips to Central America and to England; in 1950 we went to Hawaii, and in 1957 again to England and the Continent.

In the Thirties and Forties we found summer homes in Westchester, in Irvington, Mt. Kisco, Port Chester, Purchase, and then, tired of renting homes, we bought a farm outside of Litchfield in the Berkshire Hills, with a pastoral view of green rolling landscape that Doris painted and that I could admire from my bed when I woke up. The threat of war was in the air and gasoline rationing made the stay only a temporary one. The idyllic dream of a farm in Litchfield was shattered.

At our summer homes, many new and old faces usually appeared on Sundays at the side of a swimming pool for picnic lunches. A guest-book lists Harold Riegelman, now a stuffy old lawyer, then an amusing stuffy young lawyer; Louis Sherwin, sardonic critic of the New York *Globe,* who wrote such devastating critiques of actors that one of them suffered a nervous breakdown; Clay Morgan, publicity man for the French Line who made the SS *Normandie's* first voyage to New York a national event; Barbara Wertheim, now Barbara Tuchman, author of *The Guns of August,* then an engaging girl; L. Arnold Weisberger, theatrical lawyer; and Richard Korn, who now heads a symphony orchestra. We enjoyed the talk, the sun, and the food.

My friend Serge Obolensky arranged for rooms at Claridge's in London for our 1949 European trip. London had not yet recovered from the Blitz, but the Claridge had. The clerk at the vault counter complained to me he was tired from checking crowns of visiting royalty.

We drove out to the Freuds' home in Maresfield Gardens in St. John's Wood. The streets still showed the desolation of the Blitz. I recalled the London firemen who came to New York to help us dramatize British resistance to the Nazi bombing.

My aunt, Martha Freud, greeted us warmly. I had last seen her when I was less than a year old. The pleasant house was set in a lovely English garden. Freud's study was full of Greek and Roman artifacts, statuettes, ancient boat models from Egyptian tombs in cabinets behind glass doors, all

just as he had cherished them when he first moved in after his flight from Vienna. The old Viennese couch was under a small wall tapestry, shredded here and there by the searching fingers of his patients. His dog, a handsome chow, looked up at us from his warm spot on the terrace. This was a shrine to his memory.

My cousin Anna then took us to her school and children's clinic down the street, and told us that the Field Foundation had contributed to this pioneering work.

Aunt Martha impressed us with her great dignity and reserve. Her calm strength must have been of help to Uncle Siggy in the difficult period of propounding his new theories in an atmosphere of bitter professional attack.

Anna told us of the flight from Vienna to London. The Nazis had tried to prevent her father from leaving, but the American Consulate and American Embassy in Vienna had kept a protective eye on him during this period. William Bullitt, Ambassador to France, was deeply interested in psychoanalysis and helped to facilitate their leaving. Princess Marie Bonaparte, a disciple of his, was especially helpful. Anna told us how philosophic Freud—then an old man, suffering from cancer of the jaw—was on that journey, making wry remarks about the Nazis. Freud was delighted with free England, where preparations for his home had been made by his son Ernst, an architect, who had moved to London before the Nazis took over Austria.

In 1957 we visited Italy. Doris had visited Italy the first summer after our marriage; I had wanted her to experience the excitement of Europe and test the cultures she had never experienced at first hand. She had wanted to return to Florence. Henry Sell, editor of *Town and Country,* so knowledgeable, helped us with arrangements for hotels in Lake Maggiore, Florence, Venice and Rome. We were received like VIPs. Planned traveling is more pleasurable, I discovered, than tourist wanderings.

Italy was a glorious adventure for us. In Rome I gained insights into propaganda. I had asked Cardinal Spellman in New York to arrange for me to see how the Vatican conducted its propaganda. The word itself stemmed from the Church's College of Propaganda some 400 years ago. On the day of our arrival, Father Tuczek, representative to the Vatican of the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States, telephoned us at the Grand

Hotel. He had received instructions to help me. That of itself was evidence of efficient organization.

Father Tuczek then arranged a lunch for us with a counselor of the Vatican. We drove with him through Roman suburbs plastered with signs urging Italians to vote Communist. Communists then had about 30 per cent of the vote and were the strongest single party in Italy. At lunch, our host, an Anglican Englishman, told us he had been for years a member of the British Intelligence in foreign service.

I was shown propaganda installations at the Vatican.

At a huge demonstration before the Pope in the courtyard at St. Peter's, workers from Catholic unions from many countries participated in symbolic ceremonies on a central stage. They carried out well-disciplined and coordinated dances with dynamic fervor.

With a hundred others we had an audience with the Pope at Castel Gandolfo.

Since no one can prove causal relationship in children's growing up, I think we can both take credit for the good judgment we practiced in their upbringing. For they turned out well and are good mothers and wives and contribute to society in other ways.

Doris and Anne were both beneficiaries of the new psychology of permissiveness. They were spanked only once in their lifetime, for running out into the street from the sidewalk. They were also beneficiaries of a wise mother, who showered them with love equally distributed between them.

A feminist, she worked in the office with me, but rushed home daily for luncheon with them when they were infants, with my strong blessing, I might add. She left the office early so she could play with them, have supper with them and put them to bed. They were victims of a father who had the current attitude of the male parent in the Thirties. He loved his children, but wasn't around much to show his love except in early mornings, when they crawled around in the parental bed, and in the evenings, when they were kissed good night.

Bringing up small children in a big city was always difficult. Safety demanded continual guardianship by nurses or governesses. Distances demanded transportation to friends by car. And until they were of an age to move about freely alone, life was restrictive for them.

As infants, their baby carriages were rolled on the concrete pavements of crowded Washington Square Park. Later they played there with occasional playmates from City and Country School, a progressive school in the Village run by Caroline Pratt, who loved children and hated parents.

The Depression made Anne and Doris socially aware at an early age. When they were driven to school, they asked to be dropped at the corner. The Lincoln was “too noble,” they said.

After a few years of laissez-faire education, we decided that a more formal approach to learning would be advantageous. Orlando Weber had often talked to me about the Brearley School and its brilliant headmistress Millicent McIntosh, and he stood sponsor for them. We never regretted the choice, for the school was first-rate and they received a thorough education.

At the Sherry-Netherland, 817 Fifth Avenue, and 63rd Street, life was easier for the children. Central Park was across the street. In lieu of a barnyard a chicken was allowed to range in a spare bathroom at the hotel to give them identification with pets. Anne and Doris both loved to walk down the twenty-three flights to the street floor and enjoyed talking to the men and women who helped run the hotel.

As the girls grew older, I took them on trips with me. Doris, aged eight, at an American Home Economics Association convention in Pittsburgh, was intrigued by the women members without male companions. To each she put the question “Are you married?” And when they answered “No,” she asked, “Why not?”

At a Kelvinator convention, she was told about the model Kelvinator to be unveiled next year and warned to keep it a secret. She kept the secret as if it were the atomic bomb.

Anne accompanied me on a trip to Washington, when the Japanese were attacking the Chinese. This was a matter of deep concern to her. In Washington she wanted most to meet Ambassador Hu Shih of China and J. Edgar Hoover. The Chinese philosopher treated her with warmth and respect and served us tea. He showed us a framed engraving of Napoleon on the deck of a battleship going to his exile, with arms folded and a dour expression, and he told us the picture was a reminder of what would happen to the aggressor Hitler. At FBI headquarters Anne was most impressed by pistol practice with a cardboard man as target.

At home, a constant stream of their intelligent and attractive Brearley contemporaries came to the house; They all seemed to be much wiser and

more grown-up than we had been at their age.

The children were graduated from Brearley. Doris was graduated from Radcliffe *cum laude* and Anne from Barnard.

We celebrated the weddings of our daughters at home, in a friendly and warm atmosphere in the midst of our friends. Doris married Richard Held, whom she had met at Harvard, where he was getting his Ph.D. in psychology. Now he is a full professor of experimental psychology at MIT. He was chairman of the psychology department at Brandeis, but wanted to continue his research in space perception, not be bound up in administrative work. He has made an international reputation for his original findings in space perception.

Anne married Justin Kaplan, an editor and anthologist. His biography of Mark Twain will be published by Simon and Schuster. Justin is a brilliant writer, and he and Anne moved to Cambridge four years ago so that they might pursue their vocations as writers more tranquilly than in New York.

Doris' years at Radcliffe continued the fine education Brearley had given her. Even before parietal rules were lively topics of controversy at Cambridge, social relations between Radcliffe and Harvard students did not pass unnoticed. Doris called her mother one day and asked, "Mother, is it all right for me to study in Fred's room?" Her mother was agreeable as long as there was no scandal. Doris said there would be none.

I forced her into a debut, run by one of New York's many professional entrepreneurs. She did not enjoy it, and I conceded to her it was a silly affair. After her marriage, soon after graduation, she became a working social psychologist with the Russian Research Center at Harvard and later with the Center for International Studies at MIT and then with Professor Jerome Bruner at the Bureau of Cognitive Research at Harvard. But a household of three infants stopped her outside professional activity. She participates in local civic work in Cambridge.

We were intrigued by the cooperative household Doris and her husband lived in, with friends, in the late President Charles W. Eliot's house in Cambridge. The members of the group had their own apartments, with kitchen and dining accommodations in common. The utopian plan worked out extraordinarily well, as we noted on our occasional visits to Cambridge, until children came to some of the couples and they needed more space. This broke up the cooperative, and Harvard University bought the house.

Doris combines the wisdom and maturity of her great-uncle Sigmund. She analyzes the situations she is confronted with, with clear perception. She gives her Cambridge friends new insights on their problems, and puts her finger on hitherto hidden causes of maladjustment. She has untiring patience with her children, in the midst of never-ending chores and manages their interruptions with poise.

She is an intellectual—a meaningful word in Cambridge—I have found, and has decided opinions on a number of subjects, including the advantages of liberalism, on which she expresses herself articulately and acts courageously when the occasion arises.

Her husband is a thoughtful and creative scientist and a loving father and husband.

Anne found the provincial, country-club atmosphere boring at Wellesley, gave it up in her sophomore year and was graduated from Barnard College, her mother's alma mater, headed then by Millicent McIntosh, former headmistress of the Brearley School. Anne had an exciting college career as the New York *Times* campus correspondent and spent evenings at the *Times* office. A number of protective *Times* reporters treated her as a bright girl they should befriend.

On her wedding day, three minutes before the ceremony, the city desk of the New York *Times* called up to say that Henry Commager, the famous historian, had repudiated a story she had written, and how come? In her wedding gown, she calmly read the city editor the notes she had taken of her coverage of the distinguished historian. Commager stood corrected. Possibly he had done what others have when what they say is questioned by the opposition: he had passed the buck to the reporter—this time without success.

Before Anne's marriage, my wife and I had many alarums and excitements about the young men who wanted to marry her. Some were desirable characters and some were not. She had ventured out into life with great expectations and curiosity; she had been thrown with the Greenwich Village literary set of that postwar period—long on imagination and sex and short on the amenities she had been brought up with.

Then she was offered what she called the greatest job an English major ever prayed for. After an apprenticeship she became managing editor of an avant-garde monthly magazine, *Discovery,* which soon had a large circulation in college towns throughout the country. The magazine

discovered new writers, and she discovered her husband. I suppose she would still be with *Discovery* had not Pocket Books folded it because they themselves were in such an upsurge of activity that *Discovery* was a drain on the manpower they needed elsewhere. Anne's first book, *Short Pleasures,* was published by Doubleday in this country, and somewhat later in England by Secker and Warburg. Many reviews hailed her as a new talent. Pocket Books brought it out in paperback.

She has extraordinary facility in imagining and writing about situations she never experienced—which is the mark of a novelist. Her second book, *The New York Ride,* has recently been published by Trident Press, who have also scheduled her third, unwritten, book.

Both of us enjoy grandparenthood, which is a continuing novelty. Six grandchildren are highly receptive to our love, as Freud indicates they should be, and in turn they give us their love. They project to two people they know are not their parents but to whom they feel a close relationship. As infants they were all cuddly; growing up they are pleasurable to have around for the short time spans grandparents-grandchildren relations provide. Susanna Kaplan, aged seven, is a delicate, sensitive little girl, who sent her grandma and me Christmas cards and other endearing missives as soon as she could write her letters, and she illustrates the works with drawings of hearts, painstakingly colored with red and indigo.

Hester, her sister (five), is so adult that when she draws me aside to whisper in my ear, I think she will share with me some heavily restricted secret, but it is really a private request to give her a candy next time we are together. Her wisdom about things she can know nothing about is devastatingly surprising. I would not be astonished if in one of her confidential moments she told me about automation and its economic significance. But then I keep remembering she is only five and does not read. When she grows up I am sure she will be a self-possessed, brilliant woman.

Her little sister, Polly Anne, almost two, is an attractive little rolypoly extrovert who climbs up knees, puts arms around necks, hugs and kisses.

The three children of our daughter Doris are different—as if there were no genes to make them like the others. The boy, Lucas (seven), has a scientific mind like his father; one might almost believe such an outlook is genetically transmitted. At four he wanted to know why pressing a button produced light, why water flowed downhill and not uphill. I took Lucas to

see a United Fruit liner unload tons of unrefined brown sugar. Tom McCann had kindly arranged for the visit. The little boy was full of wonderment at the huge pile of edible sugar that reached almost to the rafters of the pier. “It’s a mountain, it’s a mountain,” he kept repeating to himself. And then he found himself surrounded by eddies of sugar wafted in the wind. Here was a fairy tale come to life. Illusion was reality. His mouth just opened and his tongue lapped up the wind-driven edible particles.

His younger sister, Julia (five), has jet-black hair, large black eyes and a baby face that would make any illustrator proud to have her as a model. She treats her father as if he were a tree to climb and her mother as something to snuggle with. She says the unsayable because she has not as yet learned to censor herself.

Her little brother, Andrew (two), is an alert but virile counterpart of his cousin of the same age.

With the children married, the house on 63rd Street was too large for us; Doris and her family were in Cambridge and Anne and her family were in New York. Doris and I decided we would try apartment house living again. It would be easier for her, I thought. We placed our home on the market. A Douglas Elliman vice-president told us of a prospective buyer, John Hay Whitney. I kept turning down his offers until I was afraid he would drop the matter. We sold the house to him at almost double the amount the experts had stated would be its top price—another validation of expert prophecy.

The new owner, then Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s, tore down the home and built another structure, which he did not occupy for several years. The realtor said to me, “We don’t find Jock Whitneys every day.”

I told a Whitney associate that John Whitney had bought our home. He said quietly, “What? Another town house?” Whitney apparently collected town houses the way other people collect charms for bracelets.

Frank E. Karelsen, Jr., found an attractive seven-room cooperative at 480 Park Avenue for us. A committee of tenants passed on us for entry to the cooperative. Toots Shor, the well-known restaurateur, had lived in the house for years, which made us wonder how we had managed to pass the test, because we never went to night clubs. We wondered what criterion had been used.

For five years we lived in these pleasant surroundings. Our sootblown terrace gave us an illusion of rusticity. We did not need to worry about snow

in front of the house or oil in the furnace. Despite our fears about apartment-house living, the ease and comfort were a nice change. The office was a few blocks away. We walked to and from work as we had when we lived on 63rd Street. We enjoyed our circle of friends and New York's rich cultural life.

During our last years at 480 Park Avenue I was urged by my friends to write my memoirs. In the early morning, before going to the office, and in the evening I worked on this book. Occasionally I stayed at home to write. But writing a book in New York was impossible. Interruptions were pleasant but distracting. Charity balls, social-service organizations, political parties and musicians kept up a barrage that made it impossible to concentrate. With Doris' assent, I decided to finish the book, and the sooner we left town, the better. I did not want to wait to finish the book until I could no longer remember what I wanted to write about.

A happy circumstance speeded the decision. I was told Mayor Robert F. Wagner would give me New York's medallion of honor, awarded for civic contributions. A man is usually superannuated before he receives it. I was given the award on my seventieth birthday, November 22, 1961. The inscription read:

> PRESENTED TO EDWARD L. BERNAYS, U.S. PUBLICIST NO. 1, FOUNDER OF COUNSEL ON PUBLIC RELATIONS, CIVIC WORKER, AND BATTLER FOR DEMOCRATIC CAUSES, BY ROBERT F. WAGNER, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1961

I made a thorough research to find the best place that met my criteria of a cultural center, a financial and business center, good doctors—not unimportant to age. Above all, I wanted a community in which writing a book was an accustomed action, where people would leave me alone if I told them I was at work.

Cambridge met these criteria. It had another great advantage—our six grandchildren and two daughters and their spouses lived there. This was a rare fulfillment.

We were fortunate enough to be able to buy a house—very difficult in Cambridge—after renting for a year. It is a century-old house, surrounded by a half acre, which Cantabridgians call a yard but which we think of as a garden. It is a delightful house with high ceilings and large rooms.

In the interim, we started gradually to divest ourselves of our responsibility toward things, places and people in New York—not of course our old friends and some new and old clients, whom we could serve from Cambridge and who found the shuttle by air no problem.

I finished my book and continue to carry on my counseling and extracurricular activities. We enjoy Cambridge and its triple attraction of children, grandchildren and the community itself. We hope to continue to live there happily ever after. Doris feels that she lives in the center of Central Park, which she had wanted to do all her life, and that makes me happy.

Image Gallery

Bernays and his wife stand before famous Lalique glass fountain at the Paris Exposition des Arts Decoratifs, to which he was sent as Associate Commissioner in 1927 by the Secretary of Commerce.

The freshman-sophomore rush at Cornell campus in 1908. Bernays is seen beside the Bill Taft banner.

An unpublished photograph of Sigmund Freud in his office, which he gave to his nephew Bernays.

Bernay holds his wife's U.S. passport issued in her maiden name, Doris E. Fleischman—the first time the Governor had ever allowed a married woman to use her maiden name on a passport.

Anne and Doris with their mother at a birthday party in their home at the Sherry-Netherland.

Leonide Massine, premier dancer in Diaghileff's Russian Ballet.

Flores Revalles undulating as Cleopatra.

Drawings from Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, the original program.

TO INTERPRET AMERICAN IDEALS

"Official Press Mission" Leaves New York to Be Present at Peace Conference.

Sixteen employees of the Committee on Public Information sailed from New York Tuesday, constituting "The United States Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference." These in the party were:

Edgar Sisson, Carl Byoir, Carl Walberg, Edward L. Bernays, Edward H. Shauter, Charles M. Willoughby, William L. Chenery, Charles S. Hart, E. H. Suter, Gustave W. Axelson, Kenneth Durant, W. Heinecke, Josephine Giglio, Edith Clare Strauss, Alice Lillian Seixas and Marion Taylor.

The announced object of the expedition is "to interpret the work of the Peace Conference by keeping up a world-wide propaganda to disseminate American accomplishments and ideals."

THE WORLD: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1918.

The story in the New York *World* that Bernays released precipitated an attack on George Creel, director of the U.S. Committee on Public Information, in Congress and changed the Peace Conference press relations at Paris, 1918-1919.

This group sailed on the S.S. *Baltic* eight days after the Armistice, on November 19, 1918. Bernays, with mustache, is next to last at the right.

Enrico Caruso welcomed by army brass band in Toledo in 1917, and his double, a doughboy who is opening the door of his car. Bernays, who helped arrange this tour, is at the extreme right with his press kit.

Socialites smoking in public.

Socialites lighting “torches of freedom” at the Easter Parade to protest against man’s inhumanity to woman.

Two Formosans enjoying their cigars.

Bernays arranged to have a young girl working at Cartier's wearing as many jewels as possible, including diamonds on her shoes.

George Washington Hill of the American Tobacco Company (right) with Governor Al Smith.

Light’s Golden Jubilee re-created the invention of the electric light. From left to right: Francis Jehl, Edison’s assistant in 1879, President Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford and Thomas Edison (seated). Celebration was worldwide. The United States issued a stamp with an electric bulb on it.

Bernays telling his client what to do. Al Smith (center), Fred F. French, builder of Knickerbocker Village, on the site where the Governor had played as a boy.

Bernays as co-chairman of the 1943 Victory Book Campaign inaugurates a collection drive on the steps of the New York Public Library with Mayor Fiorella La Guardia.

The National Committee for an Adequate U.S. Overseas Information Program, with President Eisenhower at the White House, 1956. Elmer Davis, despite illness, would not sit in the empty chair while the President was standing.

Amy Loveman, Norman Cousins and Henry Seidel Canby, editors at the *Saturday Review of Literature*, with Bernays, partly hidden host of party at home in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Bernays at a reception at the Hotel Carlton in Washington on publication in *McCall's* of the first installment of her memoirs.

Benjamin de Casseres, the essayist, and his wife at a Bernays party.

David Mannes discussing his music school with Mrs. Bernays.

House warming at 163 East 63rd Street. Left to right, standing: Edward A. Norman, Elliott M. Sanger, Mrs. Bernays, M. Lincoln Schuster, Major Alexander de Seversky, Mrs. M. Lincoln Schuster, William Ziff. Sitting: Edward L. Bernays, Misses Doris and Anne Bernays.

Doris and Richard Held at their wedding reception, greeting the guests.
Anne is left of Doris.

Anna and Justin Kaplan at their wedding at 163 East 63rd Street, after the ceremony.

Walter Cronkite and Anna Freud Bernays, the author's mother, discussing his forthcoming broadcast about his brother, Sigmund Freud. Mrs. Bernays was over ninety at the time.

The author and his wife in their offices at 26 East 64th Street.

E.L.B

AMONG OUR CLIENTS

As an indication of the range of interest of clients who engaged our services in public relations, here is a list that includes many of them.

THE ARTS MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, ART

Actors' Equity Association
Ballet Theatre, Inc.
Diaghileff Ballet Russe
Paul T. Frankl Galleries
Habima Theatre
Jascha Heifetz
Klaw & Erlanger
Joseph and Alonzo Klaw
Marc Klaw
Erich Leinsdorf
Metropolitan Musical Bureau
Gilbert Miller
Henry Miller
New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Jacques Seligmann & Company
Wildenstein & Company, Inc.

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Aeolian Company
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American Cigar Company
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American Radiator Company
American Safety Razor Corporation
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Country Gentleman Magazine
Curtis Publishing Company
Fortune Magazine

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International Psychoanalytic Press
Judge
Ladies' Home Journal Magazine
McCall's Magazine
Macfadden Publications Inc.
The Magazine of Wall Street
Motor Magazine
National Broadcasting Company
New Fiction Publishing Company
New Jersey Telephone Company
New Orleans *Item*
New Republic
Printers' Ink
Time, Inc.

EDUCATION

Columbia University School of General Studies
Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association
Woods Schools

EXPOSITIONS, ETC.

Apple Blossom Festival
French Exposition (New York)
French Exposition of Decorative Arts (Paris)
International Photographic Arts and Crafts Exhibition
Light's Golden Jubilee (General Electric and Westinghouse Corporations)
New York World's Fair, 1939 ($1 a year)
Perfume Exposition

FINANCIAL

Bank of America
Central Savings Bank
Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland
Greater New York Real Estate Bondholders' Committee

Mayflower Associates
Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company
National Surety Company
State Bank of Long Beach
Title Guarantee & Trust Company
Union American Investing Corporation
Whitney National Bank

GOVERNMENT

East Orange, New Jersey
India
United States Government President's Committee on Government Contracts
  President's Emergency Committee for Employment
  U. S. Committee on Government Contracts
  U. S. Committee on Public Information
  U. S. Air Force
  U. S. Navy
  U. S. Treasury Department
  U. S. War Department
Vienna, Austria

HOTELS

Book-Cadillac Hotel (Detroit)
McAlpin Hotel (New York)
St. George Hotel (Brooklyn)
Sherry-Netherland Hotel (New York)
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (New York)

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E. A. Filene
Samuel Goldwyn
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American Library Association
American Nurses Association Inc.
American Optometric Association
Association of Actors and Artists of America (A.A.A.A.)
Cardiac Committee of Public Education Association
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Committee on Costs of Medical Care
Commission on Inquiry on National Policy in International Relations
Commission on Inquiry on Public Service Personnel
Franklin Institute (Philadelphia)
Joint Council of New York State Psychologists on Legislation
Lithuanian National Council
Mary Imogene Basset Hospital
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP)
New Jersey Optometric Association
New York State Optometric Association
Pennsylvania Optometric Association

Social Science Research Council
Twentieth Century Fund
Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Auxiliary

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Park & Tilford, Inc.
Schulte Stores, Inc.
Schulte United Inc.
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Atlantic Coast Fisheries, Inc.
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Eastern Millinery Association
Edible Gelatin Manufacturers Association
Hotel Association of New York
Independent Oil Companies
International Artificial Flowers Trades
League of New York Theaters, Inc.
National Association of Exporters and Importers
National Association of Glue Manufacturers
National Board of Fire Underwriters, Inc.
New York Real Estate Securities Exchange
Pearl Associates
Pharmaceutical Industries
Sole Leather Bureau of Tanners Council
Trunk Luggage and Leather Goods Manufacturers
United Brewers Industrial Foundation
U.S. Beet Sugar Association

Velvet Group

Transportation

BMT (Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit)
Great Northern Railway
Isbrandtsen Steamship Lines
Pullman Company
United Parcel Service, Inc.

Unions

Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, AFL-CIO
International Union of Electrical
Workers and Radio and Machine Workers, AFL-CIO

INDEX

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—E. L. B.

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About the Author

Edward L. Bernays (1891–1995) is commonly referred to as the father of public relations. Born in Vienna, Austria, and a nephew of Sigmund Freud, Bernays moved to the United States as a young child. His belief that popular opinion could (and should) be manipulated led him to create psychological and sociological techniques that allowed businesses, industries, and even governments to influence the public. Lucky Strike, the Waldorf Astoria, General Motors, General Electric, and Ivory soapnumbered among his illustrious clients. Woodrow Wilson even hired Bernays to promote the American efforts in World War I. Famous for popularizing the use of the press release and developing memorable campaigns, Bernays is responsible for creating the field of public relations as we know it.

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