judgment, and his eye for the relevant. Like Freda, he has steady nerves and doesn’t frighten easily. This, of course, is neither the place nor the time to tell how much THE NATION owes to all its friends and supporters, to its contributors and its readers and to its fine staff. But I do want to say here that no editor ever had better or more considerate or helpful working colleagues than I have had in the persons of Victor Bernstein, Robert Hatch and Carl Dreher.

ON BALANCE, I am not at all sorry that I deserted that hilltop home in Los Angeles to come east to edit THE NATION, much as I want some day to write the books I had on my agenda in 1951. Since then, THE NATION has been my “home” in the sense that I have probably spent almost as many hours at the office as I have at home with my family; winter, spring, summer, fall—day and night—THE NATION has been my constant preoccupation. Discovering what THE NATION is—and what it is not—has been an instructive experience, for its survival for a century is one of the major miracles of American journalism. It is more than a publication; it is an incorporeal entity with a life of its own that exists quite independently of personalities, ownership transitions, or editorial successions. It has friends in all sections of the country, in all quarters of the globe, not one in ten of whom is a subscriber or ever has been. But they know about THE NATION and find many ways of demonstrating their friendship. Communications reach it from all points of the compass; clippings descend upon it from Bombay and Boston, Ceylon and Cincinnati, from the executive mansions of state capitals as well as federal, state and county prisons. Many of these communications are simply addressed to “The Nation, New York.” No one has ever “owned” THE NATION; it is impossible to own or possess it or bequeath it or sell it or mortgage it. If it ever ceased to be what it has always been, it would simply not exist—regardless of who “owned” it or how much money stood on deposit in its name. It is an idea, a spirit, a name without an address; it is fragile, without physical assets, but it is free and so it lives. It is of the past as well as the present; it belongs to all those who have read it, quoted it, written for it or helped it; to those who have reviled it no less than to those who have respected it. To have edited it for a day would have been a privilege; to have been responsible for it for more than a decade is an experience to be cherished.

An editorial writer needs stimulation as well as information, and I find both in THE NATION. —Herbert L. Matthews.
Editorial Board, N.Y. Times

FREDA KIRCHWEY
Associated with THE NATION for 37 years; Editor and Publisher, 1945-55

IT ALL BEGAN on a bright August afternoon when my husband and I slid alongside the landing at Bennett’s camp on Raquette Lake, pulled our duffle out of the canoe, and walked up the path to our tent. Two weeks of paddling through the lakes had left us with only three conscious desires—a hot bath, our mail, and supper that we hadn’t cooked ourselves.

The mail came first—even before unpacking. In among the pile of family letters was a typed envelope addressed to me. I opened it in its turn. Could I guess it concealed a suggestion that would fix the course of my life for the next 37 years?

It was from a young woman I had known slightly at college who was now a secretary in the office of THE NATION. She had heard, she said, (how, I had no idea) that I was looking for a job. She thought there might be one with a project just getting under way—a section on international affairs to be issued every other week as a supplement to THE NATION. If I was interested, I’d better act quickly.

The letter had been forwarded from New York and had rested for several days on the table in our tent. I passed it over to Evans. “Read this one next,” I said.

Evans read the letter and for perhaps three minutes we talked over the suggestion it brought. Then I sat down and wrote to Mr. Villard, THE NATION’s editor and owner, and also to Henry R. Mussey, formerly my economics professor at Barnard and now managing editor of THE NATION. A reply came from
Mr. Villard himself, expressing interest but asking some pointed questions about my journalistic background, my knowledge of foreign languages, my European experience, I decided that the best thing to do was to meet these issues—and the editor—head on; so that night we boarded the train for New York.

Next morning I went down to Vesey Street to see the editor. Our meeting was amiable. In spite of admitted gaps in my qualifications, Mr. Villard approved some things about me. One was my father, for whom he had a long-time friendship and admiration; they had labored side by side for many liberal reforms. Happily, I too had taken part in several movements close to his heart. I had campaigned for woman suffrage, in and out of the state; and as an early member of the Woman's Peace Party, I had been active in the foredoomed struggle to keep the United States out of the European conflict. Of both these causes his courageous mother was an early and active partisan—a fact that influenced his judgment in many subtle ways—and he obviously approved when I told him I had been a member of the delegation of women that had demonstrated in front of the Capitol at Washington the previous spring, in one last effort to stave off the fatal commitment to war. We had known, of course, that our pleas would be valuable only for the record; that very night, April 2, President Wilson delivered his war message.

HOW MUCH THIS background influenced Mr. Villard, I don’t know. In any case he told me there was an opening on the staff of the International Relations Section that I might perhaps fill. I would be expected to read, mark, and clip newspapers and reports from all over, file clippings, prepare copy, read proof and help with the make-up, all under the close eye of William MacDonald, editor of the I.R.S. If I proved capable, I might also write paragraphs for the editorial pages, and notes for the new section. To me it sounded like a dream job, but then suddenly Mr. Villard wound up his discourse on a note of doubt. He had heard, he said, that I had hopped from one job to another since I finished college. He would not want to employ a person who couldn’t be counted on to stay put, accept routine, and in general become a part of the permanent establishment.

Alarmed and surprised that I had achieved a reputation of this sort in three brief years, I earnestly set forth the accidents of fate that had punctuated my professional life: one, the arrival of a baby, which had halted my career as reporter on the Morning Telegraph; two, the demise of the magazine, Every Week, on which I had served as an editorial assistant; and three, a wholesale firing at the New York Tribune that had cost me my job there clipping “fillers.”

Perhaps this last item helped allay Mr. Villard’s doubts. He knew the story, or part of it. It seems there had been a denunciation of the Tribune’s distinguished managing editor, Dr. Ernest Gruening, because he had published in the Sunday rotogravure section a picture of a recent lynching in the South side by side with one of a parade of Negro troops, back from front-line duty in France, marching down Fifth Avenue. The furies of patriotic indignation had been loosed by this graphic reminder of one of the more glaring inconsistencies of our country’s “fight for democracy.” Dr. Gruening subsequently was sacked; but before that time, so was every employee who had come on the Tribune staff during his term of office—several of whom, like myself, had been hired by someone else and had never met him!

As far as the Tribune episode was concerned, Mr. Villard was obviously inclined to regard me as a sacrifice in a noble cause. He accepted me into the “Nation family”—as he loved to call his staff—and two years later Ernest Gruening himself became The Nation’s managing editor—one of the best it ever had.

WHEN MR. VILLARD sold the Evening Post and took over The Nation, he made the weekly into something different and new—livelier, more controversial, more political; less erudite than in its long and influential past, but still authoritative and, occasionally, profound. At the same time, and quite inconsistently, he resisted the idea that any real “sea-change” had overtaken the publication. So deep-rooted was his feeling for the tradition and standards set by Godkin and Garrison that when an article or book review displeased him, he was apt to say, reprovingly, “That is really not up to Nation standards,” and would summon up William James or Charles Eliot Norton as evidence and example. Or he would remark, “That’s not The Nation’s position, you know,” about some point he disagreed with in an editorial, forgetting for the moment the new positions his weekly was taking in almost every issue. Thus he always suffered from a division of mind and heart: old versus new, traditional attitudes versus a drive for radical change—political and social.

That the second set of values generally prevailed is proved by the staff Mr. Villard gradually assembled. It included several eminent people of his own generation. Henry Mussey had resigned from Barnard College, after a long and successful career there, in protest against President Nicholas Murray Butler’s dismissal of several Columbia professors who opposed the war. (A particularly obnoxious act, since Butler had been before the war an outspoken pacifist, praised for his views in The Nation itself!) William MacDonald came also from the academic
world, having taught history and political science in several leading universities and published a number of studies and textbooks in his fields. Both men had been associated with The Nation before its final separation from the Post, and both were militant liberals, whose ideas reached further leftward in some areas than those of their editor-in-chief. As for Emily Balch, a newcomer, she had eagerly accepted Mr. Villard's offer of a job on the new International Relations Section when she found that her pacifist views and writings had ended her long teaching career at Wellesley.

These were the elder statesmen of Mr. Villard's "new" Nation. But in selecting additional staff members, I think it fair to say that he favored young people, equipped with a flair for politics and a broadly liberal point of view, over older and more experienced journalists. He saw in them, and encouraged, possibilities of growth. He tried them out in new fields of work, and took chances editorially that would have horrified his colleagues of former days. It is true that when his new recruits upset him by straying too far off the old track he complained bitterly and concocted plans for tighter supervision and control. But as long as he remained with The Nation, Villard never basically betrayed his own "revolution."

When I joined the staff, the International Relations Section was housed in the "barn"—an area covering the entire fourth floor of a small loft building that adjoined the New York Post building in which The Nation's main offices were located. You walked from the one into the other through a fire door, permanently latched open. The "barn" had no divisions except those marked off by desks and rows of filing and book cases. I think there was also a little fence between the I.R.S. area and the business departments at the back. The lighting was poor and the walls grimy.

However, none of us felt deprived or exiled. We shoved our desks to where the light was best and we worked hard. Our salaries were as modest as our surroundings. My own beginning pay was $25 a week. It was soon increased to $35 through the kind intervention of my friend, Alma Wertheim, who served as a volunteer in our department. (I should add that, when I succeeded Mr. MacDonald as editor of the I.R.S. a few months later, my weekly salary, covering my work for both sections of the paper, came to $65.)

Mr. MacDonald was in firm control of our small operation, and he kept things moving. As his general assistant, I read reports and documents in English from uncounted countries. I read newspapers in equal numbers. I also clipped and filed in high filing cases everything of possible editorial value from the whole English-language press, and woe to me if a cutting (we called them "cuttings" for some Anglophilic reason) needed by my boss or by any other editor could not be quickly exhumed.

Mr. MacDonald's desk was next to mine. Behind us and to one side sat Emily Balch, her spare figure and aquiline profile dark against the window. In spite of her deep commitment to the peace movement, which claimed her chief efforts to the end of her days, she gave long hours to The Nation. I never saw a more concentrated worker: she read, she wrote, she absently nibbled raisins in the late afternoon and seemed unaware of her surroundings. Yet if one spoke to her she responded with a quick smile and friendly attention. I think she was the least self-conscious woman I have ever known.

I had immense respect for her, not only because she had lost her professorship for a cause I believed in, but because the light of genuine thought and knowledge illumined everything she wrote or said. And I nourished a suspicion that Mr. MacDonald regarded her with complete indifference. No doubt he recognized her scholarship, especially in areas such as Balkan politics where most of us were ill informed, but rarely did he speak to her or ask her opinion. And when, some months after I came, Mr. Villard put him in charge of the editorial pages of The Nation and I became editor of the International Relations Section, I found in his desk, now mine, a thick pile of unpublished material written and turned in by Emily Balch! I was furious at MacDonald and filled with partisan sympathy for Miss Balch. But, fortunately, I discovered soon after that she had also been writing unsigned editorial articles and paragraphs which had duly appeared in the main section. So I felt better. And only recently in Mercedes M. Randall's excellent biography of Miss Balch, Improper Bostonian, I learned that my colleague had greatly enjoyed her stay on The Nation. Of such stuff, I suppose, the saints were made.

In any case, I need not have worried about Miss Balch's lack of recognition. Shortly before she died, she won the Nobel Peace Prize.

In that first year the best part of my work was producing, out of endless cuttings and a consuming interest in the awful world around us, many of the notes and longer reports that made up the latter part of our sixteen-page fortnightly supplement (Later the I.R.S. was published as a weekly eight-page section of The Nation itself.) I have recently looked over those early issues and found myself astonished by the volume and range of their contents and by the excellence of the signed articles by outside experts or by Mr. MacDonald himself. The list of our contributors was almost a Who's Who of contemporary experience and scholarship in the wide area of inter-
national relations. Our first issue carried articles by John Bassett Moore and by Thomas G. Masaryk—later president of the newly born Czecho-Slovak Republic.

The Nation published, first in the United States, the draft of a proposed League of Nations written by General J. C. Smuts, South Africa’s liberal statesman who was then a member of the British War Cabinet. The General gave the document to Mr. Villard with full distribution rights, having turned down a number of requests for it from the Associated Press. Appearing as a special supplement in the I.R.S., and later as a pamphlet, the document was widely circulated and much of it—though not enough!—was incorporated in the actual League Covenant. For The Nation it was a major scoop and did a lot to boost circulation. The I.R.S. was also the first to publish the Constitution of the new Socialist Soviet Republic, followed by a compilation of twenty-one basic Soviet decrees.

The table of contents during this period shows how assiduously The Nation followed the course of revolution, in Russia but also in the rest of Europe, and tried to correlate that process with the war’s dying convulsions. In Germany, especially, strikes were multiplying and the workers were swinging leftward. The coming collapse and the rise of the revolutionary Spartacus movement were already in sight. In March, 1919, the I.R.S. printed the text of the Spartacus Manifesto. The signers included Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin. It was followed by a brief editorial note: “The first two have been murdered. Mehring has died.”

Although Villard had denounced the war, on principle, and had strongly opposed American participation, The Nation editorially backed the Allied cause and, toward the end, even acknowledged the critical need of powerful military help from the United States. In fact, several editorials emphasizing this need appeared during the crisis summer of 1918—before Villard’s sale of the Post but after he had assumed full editorial control of The Nation. The last one contained a few lines worth repeating here:

This is not a time for closing our eyes to disagreeable facts. . . . Our people should realize that the military burden of winning the war rests squarely upon the United States, and that if we cannot bear it the war is lost. . . . We have become the stroke oar in a boat in which the rest of the crew are almost exhausted.

The editorial then pointed out the amount of help the United States had already provided, but said, “On the other hand, there is no adequate visualizing of the extent of the crisis, no understanding that we are suddenly become the Atlas bearing on our shoulders the whole Allied world and its hopes for defeating the worst aggregation of conscienceless militarists the world has produced. . . .”

I quote these lines not to charge The Nation’s editor with inconsistency, though I think he was deeply divided, like many of his colleagues, on the issue of America’s total commitment. I quote them, rather, to indicate how little Villard deserved the pro-German label that was attached to him as a person, and also to The Nation, not only during the war but even more persistently after the adoption of the Versailles Treaty.

What Villard hoped for was an Allied victory followed by a peace without reprisals—in fact, a peace based on Wilson’s Fourteen Points. What he—and the world—got was a peace of vengeance that brought starvation, economic collapse, run-away inflation and the spread of revolution; a peace that led inexorably to Hitler, and thence to World War II.

The Nation’s pages reflected faithfully the whole tedious process following the German defeat and surrender. Villard covered the Peace Conference in Paris with the able assistance of Lewis S. Gannett, who joined the staff soon after it was over. When the Conference reached its predetermined end with the adoption of the Treaty, The Nation’s bitter, powerful editorial, “The Madness at Versailles”—though written by MacDonald rather than Villard—summed up exactly the editor’s over-all attitude. On this issue, at least, the staff was unreservedly behind him. The editorial was widely reprinted, warmly praised, furiously attacked. But events at home as well as overseas were verifying The Nation’s position. Already the United States was sliding into a deep slough of reaction. Nothing perpetrated in recent years by McCarthy or McCarran or HUAC or the CIA has had uglier private and public consequences than the hysterical denunciations, the arrests, and the mass deportations that followed the war.

The Nation and its editor were, naturally enough, the main targets of professional anti-Bolsheviks and super-patriots. Mr. Villard himself got the brunt of it, partly because of his German ancestry and partly for his outspoken pacifism. On one occasion he had to be rescued by the police when a meeting in Cincinnati, under the sober auspices of the City Club and the Women’s City Club, was invaded by a mob of Legionnaires and other organized ruffians, prepared to tar and feather the speaker. There were many proper clubs and libraries where The Nation itself was banned.

Once in a while an amusing episode would highlight the prevailing insanity—as when Ernest Grunenw, who had recently joined the magazine, telephoned me at home to warn me that the Department of Justice was sending an agent over to look through my files. I hope it was a sign of the times and not of
my gullibility that I believed him—and began a
hasty search. What was in those files? Perhaps some
documents on Soviet affairs that I'd saved for use in
the I.R.S.?—perhaps a letter from our Moscow cor-
respondent?—perhaps something, anything, that
might conceivably be used against The Nation? But
presently my outrageous colleague called up
to confess that the "agent" was his invention and I
could quit my search. The point is that I had believed
him and that—so fogged with suspicion was the air
around us—I had some excuse to believe, and to
worry, and look.

As the war fever subsided and prosperity in-
creased, the atmosphere of hate and repression gradu-
ally cleared. But it was not wholly dissipated for it
had seeped into the very marrow of America. When
new difficulties arose—a wave of strikes, a rise in
unemployment, or, later on, the economic slump that
ended in collapse and brought Franklin D. Roosevelt
to power—the immediate response of the Right was
to try to silence discontent and clamp down on "agi-
tation." Nor has the country ever recovered its for-
er social or political balance.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS assailed by a strong "here-
is-where-I-came-in" sensation. It happened at a
mass meeting in a high school auditorium on New
York's West Side where I went to hear Ernest
Gruening debate the Vietnam issue with William
Bundy of the State Department. Sitting in the wings
behind the platform and listening to the arguments
for and against U.S. intervention, occupation and the
rest, I was suddenly jerked back to those early twen-
ties when Gruening was denouncing in the pages of
The Nation the same—exactly the same—acts; only
then it was Haiti and Santo Domingo, with Viet-

nam still snugly under the rule of France. But, of
course, I said to myself, it is Haiti and Santo Do-
ingo now, too, as well as Vietnam, and the issues
are the same, and the Marines are there today as
they were in 1920.

It was an experience of sharp, retrospective anguish
to realize that this was where Ernest Gruening also
had "come in," and had done as much as one editor
with one liberal weekly could to end the state of
big-power domination in the island. And here Vil-
lard deserves another word of retrospective praise.
His handling of The Nation's finances had varied
from extravagant to hard-fisted, depending on many
changeable factors apart from the balance sheet. But
one constant factor was his determination to send the
best reporter he could find to get the story he wanted
—and never mind the cost. In Haiti and Santo Do-
ingo several specially qualified writers covered the
U.S. intervention at different periods, including Her-
bert J. Seligmann, Lewis Gannett, James Weldon

Johnson, Helena Hill Weed, and, of course, Ernest
Gruening himself.

In addition, a committee was set up under the
auspices of The Nation, and hearings were held at
which both experts and refugees from the occupied
island gave testimony on the brutalities committed
under the tough dictatorship of Col. Smedley D. But-
er and his Marines. The Nation's exposure of these
facts shocked the country, led to protests in Congress,
and eventually helped bring about some modification
of the methods used. More important, perhaps, the
very publication of facts generally suppressed or dis-
torted had a healthy effect on the rest of the press.
U.S. policy in the Caribbean could no longer be
treated as "classified." And when the intervention
ended and independence was restored, the leaders of
both countries gave public credit to The Nation,
and its service was recognized throughout Latin
America. Haiti, the special object of our concern,
was so grateful after its freedom was assured that the
government decided to place a statue of Ernest
Gruening in the main square of Port-au-Prince. Only
the modest protests of the hero himself prevented it
from happening.

Less impressive, but clearly relevant, is the fact
that the first time my husband and I visited the is-
land, in 1940, we received special attentions, though
we came only as tourists and unannounced. In Haiti,
President Vincent entertained us at his official resi-
dence in the hills above the capital. He recalled with
many expressions of gratitude The Nation's share in
the fight for Haitian freedom and presented us with
five volumes of his writings.

Today, as I read the ugly, repetitious details of the
current intervention, repression, and Marine rule, I
hope that the voice of Ernest Gruening, in and out of
the Senate chamber, will continue to sound with all
its earlier effect—and still with the solid backing of
The Nation!

The Campaign in behalf of the two island repub-
lies was logically followed, late in the twenties, by a
brief Nation foray into Nicaragua. There another
typical Marine Corps occupation in support of U.S.
financial interests had been expensively maintained
since 1912. According to Mr. Villard's later reck-
oning, "by the time we began to evacuate, in 1932, our
protection of the bankers' $15,648,700 had cost us
$6,076,000." But, also, thousands of lives had been
lost and hate of the northern "imperialists" had been
spread throughout the Latin countries by the time a
genuine native leader, Sandino, rose up to lead the
resistance.

At this point, Mr. Villard dispatched an outstand-
ing Latin American expert, Carleton Beals, to Nica-
ragua to get the story. Beals's reports of his trek
through Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras and half of Nicaragua, and finally straight into Sandino’s army camp, made a series that read like a best-selling adventure novel [See page 83]. But they told facts that had not been published anywhere, and Beals brought home with him Sandino’s peace terms—moderate and sensible but, of course, ignored by Washington.

Another tragic injustice, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, dragged through the twenties, poisoning the decade. Many noted people covered the trial in its various stages, but among the most impressive articles printed in The Nation were those by a remarkable Boston woman—neither journalist nor lawyer, and no longer young—Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Her calm and deadly analysis of the flaws in the prosecution evidence helped to make their execution in 1927 appear the murder it undoubtedly was.

Other Nation correspondents, such as Paul Y. Anderson and Heywood Broun, contributed exposés of the trial at various points. As the execution date drew near, Mr. Villard and several other public persons formed the Citizens’ National Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti. The eminence of the group helped force a review of the case by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts—all, it turned out, in vain.

In the summer of 1927, just after the executions, I went to Europe with my father and husband. Because my father was widely known as a criminologist and the former dean of Columbia Law School, he was besieged by reporters and public men, all asking how the horror could have occurred. He could only state his unqualified opposition to the verdict, and point out that his views were supported by many of the more liberal members of the American bar. Mr. Villard’s moving editorial in The Nation, “Massachusetts the Murderer,” put in plainest terms the sense of shame that pervaded the country when Sacco and Vanzetti, bravely and calmly, went to the gallows.

Another question, this time a non-political one, that concerned The Nation in the mid-twenties was the much discussed collapse of moral standards, especially among the young. Those who believe that the general loosening of sexual restraints today, at all social levels, is a new phenomenon either have forgotten or are too young to remember the “sex explosion” that horrified the older generation and engrossed almost everyone during the decade following World War I.

In the winter of 1924 I took on the task of assembling a number of articles on this broad theme. They were collectively headed “Our Changing Morality” and later appeared as a book under that title.* The series included contributions from such writers as Bertrand Russell, Alexander Goldenweiser, Beatrice K. Hinkle, M. Vaering, Ludwig Lewisohn, Floyd Dell and Elsie Clews Parsons. One of them, on “Modern Love and Modern Fiction,” was by Joseph Wood Krutch, who had recently joined the editorial board as drama critic.

Since the subject was challenging and the writers frank and sophisticated, these articles drew a flood of letters, both friendly and hostile. Because of the interest aroused, we held a public dinner discussion on the question, “Is Monogamy Feasible?” I presided, and the speakers, selected from the authors of the series, were Mrs. Parsons and Dr. Goldenweiser, both anthropologists and authors, and Floyd Dell, the novelist. All three gave talks that were serious and, at the same time, sharply provocative. The room was crowded, and the discussion following the speeches roamed over a wide field. It was so contentious that my powers as chairman were heavily taxed. I recall one question and answer among the dozens exchanged. Said a dignified woman to Dr. Goldenweiser: “You have advocated legalizing birth control. Now I would like to ask you, Doctor, whether you meant to suggest that information about birth-control methods should be made available to young, unmarried women.” Said Dr. Goldenweiser, partly rising, “Oh, yes.” “Pardon me,” said the questioner, “I’m not sure I heard the answer.” “The answer,” I told her after a glance at the speaker, “was ‘yes.’” There was a pause, and then the audience broke into somewhat embarrassed laughter.

No story about The Nation’s twenties could end without at least a glance at the key people who wrote and helped edit the paper, in addition to those whose role has already been touched upon. Automatically my mind turns first to the Van Doren dynasty—Carl, Irita, Mark, Dorothy. Under Carl, who joined the editorial board in 1920, the book section grew in authority and interest to a height it had never reached before—at least, not since Godkin’s day. As a colleague and a friend, Carl was irreplaceable.

When he left, two years later, to become co-editor of Century, Irita took over the section and carried on in her husband’s tradition. However, from the start, she was completely editor in her own right, and a most capable one, as was further demonstrated by her long and successful career as literary editor of the New York Herald Tribune, a post she accepted a couple of years after resigning from The Nation.

Irita was succeeded by Mark. His scholarship was as substantial as Carl’s, but since he was first and always a poet, and only second a critic, the tone and matter of the book section achieved a somewhat different quality. Mark also chose poetry for The

* Published by Albert and Charles Boni, 1924.
NATION and occasionally contributed a poem of his own. If his taste was in vivid contrast to that of his editor-in-chief, one could not be surprised. A generation of changing styles and attitudes separated them; also Mr. Villard, as he often remarked a little wistfully, "had never been thoroughly grounded in the poets."

Dorothy joined THE NATION earlier than the rest—in 1919. Later she became a successful novelist, but her many years as associate editor were devoted to the miscellanies of editorial work. She had a flair for rather hard-boiled whimsy and wrote many columns for a weekly feature devised and introduced by Mr. Villard. It was hopefully intended to inject a light touch into the magazine's sober pages, and was called "In the Driftway." I must say that I never liked the feature as such, but there were two editors who could write sharp and amusing columns, and Dorothy Van Doren was one of them. Of course, she also wrote sober editorials and paragraphs and edited copy, and indeed could turn her hand to any chore around the office.

The other editor whose Drifter columns I liked was Arthur Warner. He had a quirky humor and a leisurely style, and nobody could do a better piece on the degeneration of apple pie in America or how to prepare a cheese soufflé. I suppose I needn't add that Arthur was a man with a poor digestion, who could seldom enjoy—except in his mind—the delights he wrote about so well.

Arthur was, besides, an experienced reporter who had spent much of the war period working for the Paris edition of the New York Herald and the London Daily Mail, as well as for the New York Post.

Arthur Warner's views were radical, lucid, and calmly expressed. When he died, in 1934, of a heart ailment, he was missed, and still is, by every one of his colleagues. I was asked to speak for the staff at Arthur's funeral service, and I have been sorry ever since that I could not get through my short tribute without weeping. Arthur would not have approved of those tears.

Joseph Wood Krutch might almost qualify as a member of the Van Doren dynasty were it not that he was too much a natural individualist to be assimilated to any group. He and Mark had been students together at Columbia, had enjoyed a year's traveling fellowship together in Europe, and had joined THE NATION staff in the same year, 1924, Joe as drama critic, succeeding the mercurial and brilliant Ludwig Lewisohn.

Joe's protean nature is well indicated by his many published works. Their themes range from Restoration comedy to the vast world of non-human nature. As THE NATION's drama critic he made a name for himself and the paper; his reviewing was shrewd, amusing, often profound. He also wrote "off" editorials (i.e. those not dealing with THE NATION's main interests); book reviews, of course; essays in a variety of areas. Once in a while he would take on a job of special reporting, as when Villard sent him to Europe to write about the theatre in Hungary.

Outstanding among Joe's non-literary articles was one on the famous Scopes trial at Dayton, in his native state of Tennessee. He covered the trial along with a star cast of reporters from every leading paper, and his article, "Where Cowards Rule," published in THE NATION on July 15, 1925, was in my view the sharpest and most discerning that appeared anywhere.

The editor who was probably most important to the paper as a whole was Lewis S. Gannett. He had come to THE NATION after acting as correspondent and assistant to Villard during the Peace Conference at Paris, and was a first-rate reporter as well as an effective editorial writer. In the office he was the editor's right hand. He could fill in anywhere. In fact, if you wanted to be lazy, Lewis could easily do your work and his own as well! It was a grievous loss to the paper when he quit in 1928 to become daily book columnist of the Herald Tribune. Mr. Villard said many times that he had always hoped to make Lewis Gannett his successor as editor.

Many of my other colleagues of that decade played less prominent roles simply because they remained with THE NATION a shorter time. Among them were Raymond Gram Swing who, after a brief term as member of the editorial board, left to become one of the most famous of radio news commentators; Lincoln Colcord, almost universal in his interests and writings, whose solid fame came from his sea stories, based on many years before many masts—real ones; Arthur Gleason, primarily an expert on labor and related subjects; Stuart Chase, who wrote on economic affairs in a vein too "modern" to please the editor. After he left THE NATION—to its great loss, in my view—his star rose fast.

There were Albert J. Nock, essentially a Single-taxer, and a sharp, sardonic writer, who resigned after a rather short stay and founded his own journal, The Freeman, and Suzanne LaFollette, who left THE NATION to work with Mr. Nock in that distinguished venture. Briefly, Norman Thomas was a valued member of our board. So was George Soule, another excellent writer in the field of economics, who later, in partnership with Stuart Chase and Evans Clark, established the Labor Bureau, an agency providing economic services for labor organizations. For a short time William Hard acted as Washington correspondent, a post later inherited by Paul Y. Anderson, to whose vivid and provocative reports THE NATION recently devoted an article.
Before ending this roster I want to mention two people from the business side of The Nation who stand out in my mind for special reasons. One is Miriam Walters, circulation manager during the first period of the Villard era. She was inventive and dynamic and certainly deserves a big share of credit for the paper’s swift growth in those early years. The other is Adeline Henkel Fantozzi. Adeline served in the accounting department during the same remote era—and is The Nation’s accountant today. If she had not devoted a number of years to other duties, her term of service on The Nation would outstrip that of any member of the staff—from the start of Villard’s Nation until now! Strangely enough her age, to all appearances, has remained the same these forty-odd years.

A good deal of semi-official and social life was intermingled with editorial duties in the early Villardian era: for instance, the staff luncheons at the Railroad Club, to which Mr. Villard invited outside guests as well as the editors. These affairs had a little of the aspect of a “royal command”; we attended unless some real obstacle got in the way. And since the guests were usually persons involved in public affairs with which The Nation was directly concerned, the luncheons were professional as well as social.

Editors joked about them. Joe Krutch maintained that the Boss’s guests were usually, if not always, members of the British Labor Party. But like the rest of us, he came. Actually I can recall some extreme variations from Joe’s norm. For instance, the Bishop of Oxford, a good liberal as well as a most distinguished churchman, who happened to be guest at a Nation luncheon on the day of the “false armistice,” when all of downtown New York poured into the streets pushing and shouting with hysterical joy, and to venture out was to risk injury at least. After lunch, the Bishop was escorted to safety, but I spent one of the most exciting hours of my life helplessly swept back and forth in the Broadway maelstrom.

Another variation was the great Nehru, for whose lunch we had to induce the club to provide the special dishes that our guest’s vegetarian principles and frail digestion required. And, as a third, two young Negro girls from the deep South, brought to New York to tell their story, following a farm workers’ strike which had recently been crushed with extreme brutality. In those days special arrangements had to be made with the Club to permit their attendance; but Mr. Villard made them, and seldom did we entertain brighter or more articulate guests.

But Nation luncheons could be regarded as part of the job. Entirely different were the mid-winter house parties at the Villard farm “Rockledge,” in Thomaston, Connecticut. These were purely social get-togethers. Our host invited staff members of various ranks, along with husbands or wives, and presided over the festivities with the air of a genial pater familias who enjoyed joining the children in their sports—even if some of them were close to his age. We coasted if there was snow, walked in the woods, danced and sang songs in the evening; and I, for one, remember those weekend parties with pleasure.

I also recall an elaborately planned birthday party in honor of The Nation’s copy editor, George Schumm, who was known to young and old as “Papa Schumm.” The affair was elaborately arranged by Mr. Villard himself and can best be described in his words, taken from a letter he wrote to Lewis Gannett, who was then in Europe. I should introduce it by explaining that Papa Schumm was the most modest man alive—besides being a philosophical anarchist and a passionate anti-militarist.

“We shall miss you,” wrote the Boss, “at Schumm’s 70th birthday celebration. Freda is lending her house, and The Nation is blowing itself to a $100 silver coffee service and a collation for about twenty-five at which I shall confer upon him the decoration, Fourth Class of the Red Eagle, in the name of the Kaiser, and also pin an Iron Cross on him if we can find one in some pawn shop. . . .” And then, after the event: “Delightful party at Freda’s. . . . Great surprise to Schumm. We all met in front of the house and marched in in lock-step. . . . William MacDonald and Van Loon were there, Van Loon bringing two violins on which he and Marian Tyler played while Carmen Reuben [Papa Schumm’s daughter-in-law] sang. Wonderful birthday cake!”

Last winter I read these fragments to Papa Schumm’s son Paul, for many years an engineer in the service of the Puerto Rican government. He remembered every detail of the party and said his father had been totally overcome with surprise, pleasure, and embarrassment. While such gala events were not frequent, I think this one well illustrated Villard’s characteristic mixture of benevolence and rather juvenile, even “corny,” humor.

Mention of Hendrik Willem Van Loon recalls another story that seems worth preserving. He was loosely attached to the staff in the early twenties and for a time regularly contributed cartoons and other drawings. His tall, lumbering figure, his wit and good nature, his odd neurotic quirks, and his wide acquaintance with persons and events, all created a pleasant ambience whenever he came to the office.

One day he stopped me and asked suddenly: “Who is this Alma Werthem that’s working here in the office?” “But you know her,” I answered. “I’ve seen you talking to her.” “I know I know her,” said
Hendrik. “but I don’t know who she is. Now, I’ll tell you what happened last evening. Then you’ll tell me what I asked.

“You know how she looks, rather hollow-cheeked, rather poorly. I thought, well, why not ask her to dinner; she might like a real square meal.”

So, Hendrik invited Alma and she agreed. Then, the day before, around the time to stop work, Alma said to him: “I wonder whether you’d mind having dinner with me at home? I have children, and it would be a little more convenient.”

“Well,” said Hendrik to me, “Of course I agreed, though I thought it a little odd, and I really did want to take her out. But we started uptown and got to her place, and it was a big apartment house on Central Park.

“Then I begin to wonder. We go up to her floor and in the door, and we are in a huge, very grand room which is two stories high, with a balcony around. Against one wall is a great organ, its pipes reaching to the ceiling. And in a moment, out come three little girls, and they are introduced and curtsied politely one by one.

“So I am lost! We enjoy an excellent dinner, most properly served. We chat of art and the war and The Nation and much else. And now perhaps you know why I ask you, ‘Who is Alma Wertheim?’ ”

I needn’t describe my wonderful enjoyment of this story. “Alma,” I told him, “to begin from the beginning, is the granddaughter of Henry Morgenthau Sr., our Ambassador to Turkey during the war, where he also handled the interests of the Allied powers; he is a great philanthropist and a man of large affairs. Alma’s husband, Maurice Wertheim, is himself now on a government mission in the Middle East. He’s a good friend of Mr. Villard, and I think he helped finance The Nation.

“Don’t look so horrified, Hendrik, even if Alma is almost certainly not hungry! She’s working on The Nation out of interest and good will and because her husband is away, and I’m sure she’ll be happy to dine with you any night when she has no home duties to attend to.”

What I could not add to the story, for want of power to foresee future events, was that one of the little daughters Hendrik met, Barbara, would later join the Nation staff and, at a still more distant day, would write a book called The Guns of August; that a second daughter, Anne, would serve for a time as the Nation’s film critic; that a third, Josephine, would contribute generously to The Nation and become my friend and colleague in other activities.

Nor could I explain that Maurice himself would later buy The Nation from Mr. Villard, publish it for several strenuous New Deal years, and ultimately—in 1937—sell it to me for a price so modest that I could not resist taking on a responsibility which, in the sober light of experience, was far beyond my financial capacity.

But that is another and a longer story!

MARK VAN DOREN
Literary Editor: 1924-1928

MY FOUR YEARS as literary editor of The Nation (1924-1928) were years of excitement and anxiety: excitement because of all that went on around me, in and out of my office whose shelves were crowded with new books, and anxiety because I doubted that I could ever altogether please the editor-in-chief, Oswald Garrison Villard. In his mind, I continued to believe, there were at least three strikes against me: I was my predecessor’s younger brother, I took my time getting books reviewed and often ignored certain ones supposed by everybody else to be important, and I had a queer taste in poetry. He and I got along well in most ways, but still think he never forgave me these defects. I was not Carl Van Doren, whom he adored (as I did too); I refused to be timely; and the poets I printed bore no resemblance to those in whose works he once lamented he had been so poorly “drilled” at Harvard.

I shall never forget the morning when Laura Riding, then Laura Riding Gottschalk, dropped in on her way to England where she was to meet Robert Graves. I had printed several of her poems, sent to me from Kentucky, and now a new one was about to appear. Who then should come by, waving a proof of that poem, his face hot with fury because he