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THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

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INFLUENCE OF THE PARIS HERALD ON THE LOST GENERATION OF WRITERS

A DISSERTATION

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

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BY

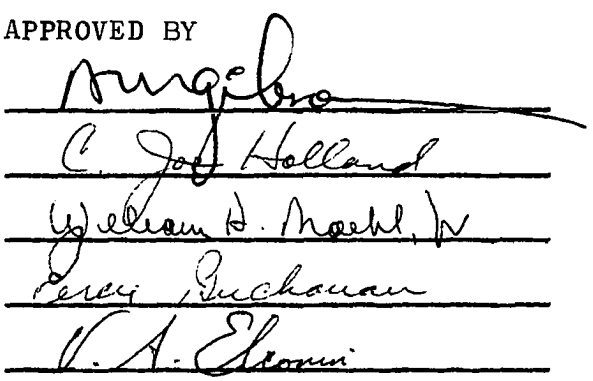
THOMAS WESTWOOD JR.

Norman, Oklahoma

1966

INFLUENCE OF THE PARIS HERALD ON THE LOST GENERATION OF WRITERS

APPROVED BY



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PREFACE

Legend attaching to the Paris Herald presents that publication as a light hearted newspaper which offers a stimulating haven to destitute and dissolute American writers in France. Like most legends, this one contains some truth.

The Herald's alluring image first attracted me in 1949, upon reading Frank Luther Mott's monumental work on the history of American journalism.[1] Exposure to other books increased my curiosity and I resolved to measure, if possible, the truth of the image for the period 1919-to 1939. The press of circumstances, however, thwarted the project until the summer of 1964. Eric Hawkins, editor emeritus of the Herald, then agreed to interviews and the late Dr. Donnell Owings of the University of Oklahoma's history department agreed to direct my research. Actual work became possible when administrators at the University of Tulsa thought highly enough of the undertaking to finance the travel portion of the expenses required for a journey to Europe where I could examine the Paris Herald and interview articulate survivors of the Lost Generation. Dr. Brison Gooch agreed to direct my work after Dr. Owings' untimely death in 1966 and Dr. Arrell Gibson saw

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[1]Frank Luther Mott, American Journalism: A History of Newspapers in the United States Through 260 Years: 1690: 1950 (New York: Macmillan Co., 1950).

the work through to its completion.

An effort has been made to measure every conceivable influence the Herald had or might have had on the Lost - Generation men and women.

In its broadest definition, the Lost Generation would number in the thousands. That definition would embrace all Americans aspiring to creative careers who visited Paris during the period between World Wars I and II. Obviously, it was necessary to reduce the scope of my study.

Primary consideration has been given to persons connected--sometimes remotely--with the Herald. In addition, focus was centered on individuals who lived in Paris during that era and who were engaged in efforts to write novels, poetry and other works normally less transitory in nature than newspaper stories. A further concentration was necessary since unsuccessful careerists might have been Lost Generation, but, in the strictest sense, were not writers. This, of course, assumes that recognition is essential to the classification of writer; hence the people dealt with here either became noted as writers or were successful enough in writing professions to survive and merit attention. Thus I present names, large and small, if they were in Paris between 1919 and 1939, if they made a mark through pre-eminence or endurance, and if they related to the Paris Herald.

Unfortunately, not all of the people who qualified under this classification cared to come forth with their

stories.[2] Where possible, however, an effort was made to bridge the gap from other sources. The classification outlined is departed from in one category. Because some famous writers have erroneously been linked to the Herald as employees, they are mentioned in this work in the hope of setting the record straight.

It should be noted here that rival newspapers, particularly the Paris edition of The Chicago Tribune, in the field from 1917 to 1934 when it was absorbed by the Herald, must also be accorded a place of honor in the matter of influence.[3] The Paris Times, which existed from 1924 to 1929, had a lesser, although measurable, influence. Indeed, the full story of expatriate newspapers or expatriate writers in this period

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[2]Henry Miller, for instance, did not respond to three letters directed to him and avoided an interview on the West Coast. William L. Shirer and Eric Sevareid answered letters but were very brief. Most of the people contacted, however, wrote lengthy, informative letters. Particularly helpful were Jules Frantz, Al Laney, and Eric Hawkins. Frantz wrote 10 letters, allowed copying of about 40 photographs and a telephone interview. Laney wrote six letters and submitted to two telephone interviews and Hawkins wrote at least half a dozen letters and permitted four hours of taped interviews in Paris. Alice Toklas, longtime confidante of Gertrude Stein, still living in Paris, had broken a hip and was indisposed.

[3]In order to avoid confusion when referring to the European editions (Paris) of the New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune, the former will be referred to in this work as the Herald or the Paris Herald and the latter will be mentioned as the Tribune or the Paris Tribune. This departs somewhat from the conventional and casual references made to these papers by staff members. In their quotations they refer to the Herald Tribune sometimes as the Herald Trib and the Chicago Tribune's Paris edition as the Chicatrib, the Trib or the Chicago Tribune, E.E. (European Edition). Herald Tribune people generally refer to the paper as used here, calling it the Herald or the Paris Herald.

cannot be told without reference to the Tribune. In a later work I hope to expand this study to give the Tribune its due and, if possible, reach some decision as to whether the Herald or the Tribune was the prime mover among Lost-Generation writers.

INFLUENCE OF THE PARIS HERALD ON THE LOST GENERATION OF WRITERS

CHAPTER I

A TRIPLE LEGEND FUSES

(Paris, the Herald, and the Lost Generation)

When the Twentieth Century was still in its teens, circumstances combined to blend three legends into one and to give birth to a stunning impression of a golden era for disillusioned American artists who made their way to Paris. Further, this massive impression which captured the imagination of the American people included in a vague but unquestioned way the idea that American newspapers there served as a haven and guiding force for these people who took on newspaper training and then went on to greater distinction through the pages of books. This impression applied particularly to the Paris Herald.

The legend of the Herald has blended so completely with those of Paris and the Lost Generation that it is impossible to look at one without looking at all three.

Being the largest legend, the Lost Generation should be looked at first. "Lost Generation," as a term, dissolves upon close examination. In referring to the era in general,

Janet Flanner, Paris correspondent for the New Yorker since 1925, defined Lost Generation people as "everyone who was here." Weakness of the term shows through when Miss Flanner adds, "I know of no one who was lost,"[1] and when Vincent Sheean, former journalist and now a noted author, agrees in what becomes a majority report, saying, "The only way in which I ever belonged to it was by the calendar."[2]

In the face of a general rejection of the term by the people assumed to constitute the Lost Generation, one must turn to the broader group of Americans living in Paris if the expression is to have meaning. Only one person, Harold Stearns, was referred to as lost. Other specific identification of individuals with the Lost Generation breaks down and wallows in generalities. Samuel Putnam, in Paris Was Our Mistress, refers to persons who were unable to bring themselves to return to the States and "became drifters, touts, pubs, bartenders, pimps, confidence men and sellers of pornographic pictures."[3] Although this allusion is to a small percentage of the thousands who went abroad and visited Paris between 1919 and 1939, the reference seems to be to the "lost" who can be found anywhere.

Americans evidently have had no trouble identifying with the "American in Paris" image because many of them as

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[1]Janet Flanner, taped interview with the author, Paris, December 26, 1964.

[2]Vincent Sheean, letter to the author, July 6, 1965.

[3]Samuel Putnam, Paris Was Our Mistress (Toronto: Viking Press, 1947), 37, hereafter cited as Mistress.

tourists or members of the American Expeditionary Force during World War I had seen the "land of enchantment" which they compared to their native land. Danger and exotic behavior, experienced in an atmosphere of little restraint in war-torn or post-war France, no doubt made the image acceptable at a time when disillusionment after World War I was running high.

People who became "exiles" or "expatriates," often referred to as "expas," presumably were unwilling to sit in America amid the disillusioned and went abroad in quest of a voice, new themes and techniques, and away from culturally stagnant America. Harold Stearns, editor of Civilization in the United States, which contained thirty essays chronicling the cultural desolation of America, and T. S. Eliot, creator of "The Waste Land," typified the disillusionment of the so-called Lost Generation.

Matthew Josephson, author of Life Among the Surrealists and an early "exile" to Europe, credits Stearns with being the "prophet and leader" of the émigrés. Stearns, according to Josephson, departed for Paris after he edited Civilization in the United States, a symposium that gave a dark picture of an America dominated by Puritan moneygetters and their "business morality."[4]

Putnam puts the exodus of intellectuals directly on Stearns' doorstep by saying "no sooner had he written his preface and delivered the manuscript to the publisher than

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[4]Matthew Josephson, Life Among the Surrealists: A Memoir (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, c. 1962), 9, hereafter cited as Surrealists.

Stearns caught a boat for France [1921]. This was the signal."[5]

Eliot, in "The Waste Land" [1922] condemned the "unesthetic present" in a work that, according to Putnam, had "instantaneous effect on thoughtful Americans" and "seemed to sum up all the ugliness of the world left by the war."[6]

Although cultural historians are in dispute about who furnished ignition for the heavy flow of cultural exiles to the Continent, there is general agreement about how the term got started. Gertrude Stein is credited with originating the expression. Hemingway, in his posthumous work, A Moveable Feast, relates how Miss Stein, after having trouble with her Model T Ford, told of a garage owner referring to a young mechanic handicapped by time lost in the war as a part of a "génération perdue." Miss Stein, presumably in chastizement, applied the expression to Hemingway and his group of young people because they "drank themselves to death" and "had no respect for anything."[7]

Hemingway gave the expression currency in his first novel, The Sun Also Rises. For better or worse, the label stuck. Paul Rink claims Hemingway tried to destroy the Lost-Generation label by quoting from Ecclesiastes about endless

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[5]Putnam, Mistress, 27.

[6]Putnam, Mistress, 26-27.

[7]Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast: Sketches of the Author's Life in Paris in the Twenties (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, c. 1964), 29-31, hereafter cited as Moveable Feast.

generations, but Hemingway was misunderstood and was proclaimed the Lost-Generation prophet.[8] Hemingway in A Moveable Feast says this and adds, ". . . the hell with her lost generation talk and all the dirty, easy labels." Others, however, contend Hemingway "in his little self-advertising mind"[9] lived the pattern and added to the image.

Expatriates are presumed to have been personified in Hemingway's novel. Described as a "literary post-mortem" embalming the spirit of those who came over in 1921 or shortly thereafter, The Sun Also Rises had a tremendous impact on the public. Issued in 1926, Hemingway's first novel "summed up the self-sensed hopelessness of a generation,"[10] Putnam said. "Young Americans just over were doing their best to imitate Jake and his 'let's have another one' friends," he added. Malcolm Cowley, the most noted Lost-Generation historian, recalls Hemingway character mimics in New York in 1925-26.[11] Kenneth Stewart, former Heraldman who had a lengthy career as a journalism teacher, tells of similar mimicry in France.[12]

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[8]Paul Rink, Ernest Hemingway: Remaking Modern Fiction (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica Press, c. 1962), 93-94, hereafter cited as Remaking Modern Fiction.

[9]Virgil Thompson, quoted in "Then and Now," The Paris Review, XXIII (Winter-Spring 1965), 164, hereafter cited as "Then and Now," Paris Review.

[10]Putnam, Mistress, 27.

[11]Malcolm Cowley, Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of the 1920's (New York: Viking Press, c. 1963), 5-8, 46, 103-107, hereafter cited as Return.

[12]Kenneth Stewart, News Is What We Make It (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., c. 1943), 33, hereafter cited as News.

Hemingway's work, Putnam adds, "may in fact be said to mark the point of cleavage between the earlier and the later batch of 'exiles'".[13]

Malcolm Cowley and other writers have since solidified the term. According to Cowley, the post-World War I era brought an unfavorable comparison of the U. S. intellectual life with that of Europe. The discontented brooded over the idea that the United States had no tradition except that of the Puritan and the pioneer. Stearns' Civilization in the United States, Cowley said, asked, "why was there in America no satisfying career open to talent?"[14] and contended there was no scope for individualism. The feeling was general that mediocrity had triumphed. Continuing his analysis, Cowley said an extraordinary feminization existed in American social life,[15] creating an Ibsen's "Doll's House" complex on a national scale. Men worked hard for money and position and displayed their women like precious baubles when in reality they were worthless, or at least, being rendered useless. Strangely, however, these women with their newfound time were dominating society.

"College training eradicated local and regional peculiarities," Cowley said, "tending toward making us homeless citizens of the world; regional traditions were dying out,"

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[13]Putnam, Mistress, 17.

[14]Cowley, Return, 75.

[15]Ibid., 71.

flowing into "a unified market for motorcars and Ivory soap and ready-to-wear clothes."[16]

Deracination was extended by the war; young writers regarded their own experience as negligible, Cowley said, charting their bewilderment before he posed a question that nagged his generation: "Where could we find new themes when everything, so it seemed, had been said already?"[17]

Cowley touches on one of the riddles in the Lost Generation subject: Why there was a "generation" feeling accompanying the struggle for individual expression. He explains some of their cohesiveness when he says few of the expatriate writers came from wealthy families and few from the slums; "since their playmates were also middle class, they had the illusion of belonging to a great classless society."[18] Clearly, according to Cowley's account, America's intellectuals were floating. "Almost everywhere after the war, one heard intellectual life of America unfavorably compared with that of Europe . . . ; the game was in the bag for Oxford and the Sorbonne."[19] he said.

Deracination, Cowley continued, was aided by the events encountered and the experiences shared by these Americans on the march in search of a new world. The war, he said, instilled a spectatorial attitude and a thirst for abstract

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[16]Ibid., 4-5.

[17]Ibid., 19.

[18]Ibid., 5.

[19]Ibid., 94-95.

danger; at war's end "all our roots were dead."[20] Their European sojourn contained many common experiences. A feeling of alienation in a commercial world had driven them abroad where they were treated to war spectatorship with little danger as well as travel and excitement.

Finally, these people faced the depression and a loss of support from home that caused Europe to suffer a substantial drain as "expas" and tourists, faced by diminishing dollars, returned to their native land. Cowley indicates that the early "exile"--those who left Europe before the depression hit--had another pattern in common: Their geographical excursions took them to New York, Paris, and Connecticut until the Thirties.[21]

Cowley, in classifying how and why this group should be referred to as the "Lost Generation," gave the only definition that seems to hold up under investigation. "In a strict sense the new writers formed what is known as a literary generation,"[22] he concluded. Cowley types Lost-Generation people as persons who were "in their teens when the Twentieth Century was in its teens." Despite his "strict sense" definition, Cowley clings in spirit to a less-strict acceptance, saying, "in spite of the opportunities and their achievements, the generation deserved for a long time the adjective that

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[20] Ibid., 46.

[21] Ibid., 6.

[22] Ibid., 7.

Gertrude Stein had applied to it. The reasons are not hard to find.

> It was lost, first of all, because it was uprooted, schooled away and almost wrenched away from its attachment to any region or tradition. It was lost because its training had prepared it for another world than existed after the war (and because the war prepared it only for travel and excitement). It was lost because it tried to live in Exile. It was lost because it accepted no older guides to conduct and because it had formed a false picture of society and the writer's place in it.[23]

Cowley explains why France was their Mecca. Poets in France, he said, "had labored for days over a single stanza while bailiffs hammered at the door"; everything admirable in literature had begun in France; and "we were eager to admire them. . . . [It was] almost a pilgrimage to Holy Land."[24]

Frederick J. Hoffman, in The Twenties: American Writing in the Postwar Decade, gives an excellent summary of general feelings of the day, saying, "Many Americans felt uncomfortable in their attainments of the mind. Liberalism had failed; society was no longer progressing in a straight line toward perfection." Reaction against home traditions and the middle class pattern explained to him that "generations are 'lost' because they dissociate themselves from custom and habit and distrust their path."[25]

A diverse group of writers, Glenway Wescott,

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[23]Ibid., 9.

[24]Ibid., 103-107.

[25]Frederick J. Hoffman, The Twenties: American Writing in the Postwar Decade (New York: Collier Books, c. 1949), 100.

Henry Miller, Kenneth Stewart and Bravig Imbs, incorporates much of such feeling in their work.

Wescott, in speaking of works written more than three decades ago, said, "If you find expressions of the need to escape from plutocracy and puritanism in The Grandmothers, I must have felt it."[26] The Grandmothers shows a longing for background, an effort to formalize the hearsay heritage of the family. "Everything that he (Alwyn) knew about his family," Wescott wrote, "had been told by someone else to someone else."[27] Wescott in the novel reflects a feeling of crumbling instability regarding religion: "The Middle Ages of America . . . were coming to an end, leaving behind countless denominations of Protestantism instead of cathedrals."[28] Desire for honor for the artist and for tradition is demonstrated in Wescott's Good-Bye Wisconsin: "If this were Europe I could have told them that I was a writer, which would have been the end of it."[29] He wrote of an American of the Middle West who was remembered as the "young man who didn't know where he was born"; "the Middle West had no fixed boundaries, [was] inhabited by no one race, [had] no history, [and was] an abstract nowhere." A feeling of American inferiority is

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[26]Glenway Wescott, letter to the author, June 17, 1965.

[27]Glenway Wescott, The Grandmothers: A Family Portrait (New York: Harper & Brothers, c. 1927), 368, hereafter cited as Grandmothers.

[28]Wescott, Grandmothers, 374.

[29]Glenway Wescott, Good-Bye Wisconsin (New York: Harper & Brothers, c. 1928), 8., hereafter cited as Wisconsin.

recorded in the words of a Wescott character: "Americans," he said, "were equal to the Greeks in natural gifts, but the flower turns seedless"[30] in about the fourth year of university.

Bravig Imbs, a newsman-novelist, dedicated most of his book, The Professor's Wife, to dealing with such disillusionment. The professor's wife, a small college town critic and social pacesetter, is shown to be out of the swim when she dismisses T. S. Eliot as "a vers de société man, and not a very clever one at that."[31] Imbs, in censorious glee, writes that "town dogs had carte blanche at the college to wander in and out of classrooms" because "the college, constantly copying Oxford, had to have traditions. . . ."[32]

Controversial novelist Henry Miller, in Plexus as in other works, develops two themes, lack of ancestry and the worthlessness of the United States. Referring to one of his peculiar friends, Miller said: "As a Pole he had an illustrious heritage; I was merely an American with an ancestry which was vague and dubious. . . . I had no ancestry whatever. I had to invent one."[33] Speaking of a young Hindu, Miller gave America a "no confidence" vote: "He [the Hindu] has been

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[30]Wescott, Wisconsin, 38.

[31]Bravig Imbs, The Professor's Wife (New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dail Press, c. 1928), 135, hereafter cited as Professor's Wife.

[32]Imbs, Professor's Wife, 196.

[33]Henry Miller, Plexus (Paris: The Olympia Press, 1962), 333.

contaminated by the cheap idealism of the Americans . . . by the ubiquitous bathtub," by efficiency, machines. "America is the very incarnation of doom."[34]

Stewart, in News Is What We Make It, comments that "Freud led the lost generation to consign family influence . . . to limbo."[35]

Other writers revealed diverse "expa" views as they wrote about themselves or others; the observer theme and scorn of the U. S. received heavy emphasis. Frequently touched upon was the observer theme, mentioned by Cowley. Josephson said expatriates were able to "observe without full involvement."[36] Vincent Sheean in telling of the bombing of a bridge over the Ebro during the Spanish Civil War [1936] said:

> We had witnessed (in perfect safety -- which is rare) one of the most decisive of all bombings. One in which aviation alone has accomplished a strategic operation of first importance.[37]

William L. Shirer, in Berlin Diary, tells of Polish calvalry attacking German tanks--courage on horseback against impregnable machines; he too observed in safety, watching the "battle raging around Gdynia" in the distance "through the

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[34]Henry Miller, Tropic of Cancer (New York: Grove Press Inc., c. 1961), 86, hereafter cited as Cancer.

[35]Stewart, News, 134.

[36]Josephson, Surrealists, 56.

[37]Vincent Sheean, Not Peace But a Sword (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., c. 1939), 74, hereafter cited as Not Peace.

glasses."[38]

Scorn of the U. S. was also a dominant theme. Most writers were indirect, but Laney called America "a crass place where materialism and prohibition held sway."[39] Miller, although showing nostalgia for America at points, shreds his native land, describing it as a "big patriotic space with cows and tenderhearted men ready to bugger everything in sight."[40] Many additional examples could be cited, but they merely echo each other. For instance, Miss Flanner's remark that "Americans equate civilization with the bathtub,"[41] is matched by similar comments by Henry Miller and others. Also poet-philosopher C. F. MacIntyre adds his voice to that of Miss Flanner and others to say "France honors her artists."[42]

Unless Cowley's "strict sense" definition of a literary generation is accepted, the Lost Generation as a concrete, carefully measured phenomenon, doesn't exist. Writers in this study, for the most part, refuse to identify with it except

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[38]William Shirer, Berlin Diary: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent, 1934-41 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, c. 1942), 171-73, hereafter cited as Berlin Diary. This was truer for World War I than World War II when correspondents often accompanied soldiers into front line engagements and on invasions. See Eric Sevaried, Not So Wild a Dream (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, c. 1947), 300-45, hereafter cited as Dream.

[39]Al Laney, Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper (New York: Appleton-Century, Co., Inc., c. 1947), 2, hereafter cited as Herald.

[40]Miller, Cancer, 187.

[41]C. F. MacIntyre, interview with the author, Paris, December 26, 1964.

[42]Flanner, interview, December 26, 1964.

as a happenstance of chronology. "Exiles," although denying they were expatriates, spent prolonged periods abroad, chiefly in Paris. The persons dealt with in this study admit being disillusioned--as outlined by Cowley--but deny being lost. Thus, although it is possible to give an acceptable definition of "Lost Generation," the "generation," when put to a "vote," contains virtually no one.

The legend of the Herald is based upon the almost universal belief that practically any person--a newsman at least--could get a job on the newspaper on short notice, and the myth survives, not just by word of mouth but in written form as well. Ex-Heraldmen themselves have done a great deal to perpetuate the idea, but for the most part, it is necessary to step outside their ranks to get excessive statements. With few exceptions, the Heraldmen evidently hewed to the line of truth--which has been astounding enough that it needed no embellishment to be interesting. Essential to an understanding of the legend is the view of an endless progression of inexperienced young men who were hired by the Herald and spent a year or two maturing in a fabulous setting.

Al Laney, long-time night editor of the Herald, creates a Herald Everyman in his factual work, Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper, just as Ned Calmer does in fiction. They both deal with callow youths. "This young man on the Dome terrace has no name," Laney wrote, "for he is any one of the

hundreds of young men and women who went to Paris in the 1920's and worked on the Paris Herald and he is all of them. From newspaper shops all over America they came."[43] Calmer, now a CBS correspondent and a former Herald reporter, in his book, All the Summer Days, fictionalizes the hiring of Glenn Perry in a pattern that must have been typical, inasmuch as he got on the payroll by knowing a friend of a staff member. Fitting both fact and fiction, Perry was young, his benefactor slightly older. Calmer's "old hand" pinpoints the difference:

> [He was] three or four years younger than me--the years that made all the difference, I thought, between the man of the world that I was and the ignorant, inexperienced boy that he was.[44]

Others have recorded the Herald as a friendly haven. Miss Flanner was positive in her assertion: "There were only two places you could get a job over here. One was the Herald-Tribune and the other one was the [American] Graves Commission."[45] Poet-composer Virgil Thomson said, "Writers could go on and off the Chicago Tribune most casually--the Herald less so."[46] Josephson, in Life Among the Surrealists, returns to the theme often. In his book, Josephson said, "In the spring when the tourists arrived, there was always the chance of a job at one of the American or English newspaper

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[43]Laney, Herald, 11.

[44]Ned Calmer, All the Summer Days (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., c. 1961), 17-20, hereafter cited as Summer Days.

[45]Flanner, interview, December 26, 1964.

[46]Virgil Thompson, letter to the author, June 24, 1965.

bureaus or business offices."[47] In a letter dated April 24, 1965, Josephson confirmed such expressions, saying: "This small newspaper [the Herald] seemed a perfectly nice outfit and helpful to would-be writers stranded in Paris. I don't think they worked their people very hard."[48]

Former Herald staff members Whit Burnett and Martha Foley imply a certain amount of ease in obtaining jobs on the Herald when they comment that many young men from all over the States went "to Paris, experienced the sensation of seeing the shoestring break and then returned to the home town after a more or less prolonged career on the Herald. . . ."[49]

Ex-Herald copyreader Stewart is precise on the matter: "Newsmen dropped in unannounced and went to work."[50] In Makers of Modern Journalism, Stewart and John Tebbell say, ". . . in later years the paper served as a hospitable home for numerous great names in journalism, caught abroad without funds or stricken with a hopeless passion for Paris."[51] Stewart and Tebbell also illustrate another way the impression is spread when they say, "Newspapermen returned [to the U. S.]

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[47]Josephson, Surrealists, 83.

[48]Matthew Josephson, letter to the author, April 24, 1965.

[49]Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, "Your Home-Town Paper: Paris," American Mercury, XXII (January 1931), 26, hereafter cited as "Home-Town Paper: Paris," American Mercury.

[50]Stewart, News, 39.

[51]Kenneth N. Stewart and John Tebbell, Makers of Modern Journalism (New York: Prentice-Hall Inc., c. 1952), 43, hereafter cited as Modern Journalism.

and talked of how easy it was to get a job there [Paris]."[52] These same authors recorded that in 1924, when Frank Munsey sold the Herald to the Whitelaw Reids, that "incredible newspaper continued to prove a haven for wandering reporters and copyreaders."[53]

A considerable amount of the Herald's "derelict" reputation evidently is traceable to an article in Time magazine which referred to the Herald as a "newspaperman's alcoholic dream"[54] and commented that other conditions fit well with delirium tremens. Fires, the article said, were set in wastebaskets for amusement and the Herald's illiterate "Sporting Gossip" columnist, Sparrow Robertson, hailed everybody as "my old pal" and continued sending his "copy from Harry's New York Bar even after the paper ceased publication."

Eric Hawkins, managing editor of the Herald from 1924 to 1960, admits there is a certain amount of truth in the image. In his book, Hawkins of the Paris Herald, the longtime editor tells of drinking bouts on the premises during working hours. In the book, Hawkins also tells of casual hirings; however, he adjusts the view away from complete laxity and irresponsibility.

Calmer, who probably presents a composite of the Herald and the Tribune in his novel, All the Summer Days, creates the Paris American and does for fiction what Laney, Hawkins,

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[52] Ibid., 56.

[53] Ibid., 251.

[54] Time, June 17, 1941, 36.

Stewart and others do for fact. Often fact reads like fiction and fiction like fact. A middle-aged Frenchman serves as copyboy in both. Attempts are made to get vulgarities into the paper.

Calmer during a personal interview in Tulsa May 9, 1965, cited a lead Elliot Paul wrote "when Turkey went over to Western ways:

> ISTANBUL--Sept. 30--All things in Turkey will Be measured in meters, or, if they are not long enough, in centimeters beginning tonight at midnight.[55]

In his novel, written in 1961, Calmer quoted a story originating in Barcelona which didn't make it into print. It read: "The Duke of Connaught fished with Spanish fly. 'Screw!" Lady Blanchard said. This seemed to be the opinion of most of those aboard."[56]

All the Summer Days evidently does a remarkably good job of typifying the Paris news corps in those days. At one point, it illustrates that past years were always "the good old days" so far as each staff generation was concerned: The new man thought 1910-20 was the golden era. An old staff member, however, said, "The Eighties and Nineties were the real years to be around."[57]

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[55]Ned Calmer, interview with the author, Tulsa, May 9, 1965.

[56]Calmer, Summer Days, 16.

[57]Ibid., 21.

The factual books of Laney and Hawkins cross or touch at many points with the fiction of Calmer, including the account of a newsman faking a story about the Prince of Wales bashing an insolent orphan boy with his cane.[58] Calmer draws "close to life" portraits of Hawkins (Ben Caldwell), Hills (Henry Potter) and others.[59] Calmer's fiction matches Bravig Imb's presumed factual account in Confessions of Another Young Man in telling of Eugene Jolas' two-page mixup of a piece by Gertrude Stein; she "raised hell" with the editor of Transition, they related, but no one else knew the difference.[60]

Much of the Herald's long-term strength comes from the unusual exposure it has had. Americans--tourists, exiles, and GIs of two wars--know Paris through the pages of the Herald. In the Twenties, "swarms of people with wanderlust made Paris their focal point," Laney wrote in his book, and "they read the Paris Herald with a strange affection, considered it their home-town paper and made it prosperous." They advertised in it and they quarreled with it.[61]

"I put an ad in the Paris Herald Tribune," Miss Beach wrote, "and Miss [Jane] van Meter answered it. I couldn't

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[58]Calmer, Summer Days, 48; and Eric Hawkins, Hawkins of the Paris Herald (New York: Simon and Schuster, c. 1963), 108-111, hereafter cited as Hawkins of the Herald.

[59]Calmer, Summer Days, 48.

[60]Calmer, Summer Days, 157; and Bravig Imbs, Confessions of Another Young Man (New York: Yewdale House Inc., c. 1936), 171, hereafter cited as Confessions.

[61]Laney, Herald, 11.

wish anybody better luck."[62] Hawkins himself, prior to hiring on, got a job with the Manchester Sunday Chronicle through the Herald's want ads.[63] Hawkins tells of a heavy flow of mail to the Mail Bag, "a feature that attracted letters from cranks, genuine letters, and the works of unpublished poets." Poet Ezra Pound sent a letter of cancellation to the editor, but a subscription renewal to the circulation department.[64] "He [Pound] would call us a bunch of bloody fools and God knows what all,"[65] Hawkins said. Pound, living in Venice after being released from St. Elizabeth's where he had been while the government determined to drop treason charges against him, recalled pleasantly: "I wrote a few letters. It [the Herald] represented the views of its owners."[66]

American exiles and tourists supported the Herald by reading it.

"The American Colony just swore by it [the Herald]. I mean it was their Bible, especially from 1927 to 1935,"[67] Hawkins said in explaining Herald readership. Miss Flanner, who saw no other Herald influence--"except supporting a few

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[62]Sylvia Beach, Shakespeare & Company (London: Faber & Faber, c. 1956), 212, hereafter cited as Shakespeare Co.

[63]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 155.

[64]Ibid., 181.

[65]Eric Hawkins, interview with the author, Paris, December 24, 1964.

[66]Ezra Pound, interview with the author, Venice, January 3, 1965.

[67]Eric Hawkins, interview with the author, Paris, December 21, 1964.

people who wanted to write"--described the usual breakfast scene on the terrace of the Deux Magots.

> 'Breakfast was accompanied by the Herald Tribune. We would sit out there in that smog, having our coffee and reading the Herald Tribune. Carrying it, you might as well have carried the American flag. We wouldn't think of missing it. In the first place, lots of us didn't read French as easily as we read English.[68]

Thousands of GIs from two wars got the Paris image via the Herald. Presence of the American military man did a great deal to expand Herald readership. Americans, numbering several hundred thousand, became acquainted with one of the world's most unusual newspapers. "Before the end of 1918, or at least early in 1919, we had a mounting circulation that finally reached something like 340,000 or 350,000 [because the soldiers needed something to read]," [69] Hawkins explained. When the doughboys went home, circulation dropped back to normal. Circulation following World War II, however, did not balloon because the Army publication Stars and Stripes was first in the field. Nevertheless, visitors to the French capital soon found the Herald available again.

Uncertainty exists about much of the Herald's history, particularly regarding the staff. Payroll records, documents which would be the definitive word on who worked for the Herald and when they did so, are missing. Editorial personnel, Eric Hawkins and Al Laney, say the records are gone. Archivists and administrators confirm their absence. Paris Herald

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[68] Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

[69] Eric Hawkins, interview with the author, Paris, January 6, 1965.

business manager André Bing indicates pre-war records have disappeared.[70] New York Herald Vice-President Robert T. McDonald wrote: "We have no records in New York that would give you the information you are seeking [payroll and staff data]."[71]

Hawkins, who says there is "no use counting on the records for the 1920s and 30s," denies the Nazis stripped the Herald's files. "Absolutely not. The Nazis didn't touch anything,"[72] he said. Hawkins and Laney agree that Mlle. Brazier "kept the plant intact,"[73] and met the liberators with the keys.

A cold trail, best exemplified by the comments of the people queried, adds to the uncertainty. Malcolm Cowley, who evidently was never close to the Herald or Heraldmen, wrote, the "Paris Herald [is] too dim in my mind for me to be of much use in your venture."[74] Lee B. Wood, now an executive with the Scripps-Howard organization, replied: "My recollection is hazy."[75]

O. W. Riegel, an ex-Paris Tribune man who now heads

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[70]André Bing, letter to the author, July 7, 1965.

[71]Robert T. McDonald, letter to the author, February 26, 1965.

[72]Hawkins, interview, January 6, 1965.

[73]Laney, Herald, 322.

[74]Malcolm Cowley, letter to the author, November 30, 1964.

[75]Lee Blair Wood, letter to the author, July 1, 1965.

the journalism department at Washington and Lee University, fears "distortions and generalizations."[76] Stewart points to another difficulty in trying to recreate the circumstances surrounding the Herald and the other segments of society making up the world of newsmen and writers in those days. "Any broad observation," Stewart said, is "only a surface manifestation."[77] Riegel and others stated a belief that experiences were so individual that generalizations are very likely to be erroneous.

A tone of finality pointing toward "absent ghosts" enters with Hawkins' simple declaration regarding his staff. Many were recalled fondly, but "there were others who have simply gone into oblivion,"[78] he said.

Nevertheless, generalizations have come easily. Time's article called the Herald "a newspaperman's alcoholic dream"; Burnett and Foley, in the American Mercury, said the Herald was "small town." Miss Flanner saw the Herald as a "small town, hick"[79] paper. Nor were she and the Burnetts alone. One of the strongest generalizations was the belief that anyone could have worked on the Herald. Expressions by persons not closely associated with the Herald in the years between World Wars I and II strongly indicated the paper was considered

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[76]O. W. Riegel, letter to the author, June 29, 1965.

[77]Stewart, News, 63.

[78]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964.

[79]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1963.

a job haven. There is a readiness among newspeople in Paris today to believe that practically anyone mentioned probably did at one time work for the Herald; with records gone even Hawkins could not be sure.[80]

Longevity has contributed to the Herald legend. Founded in 1887, the Herald, or "le New York,"[81] as the French call it, has outlasted other competitors and in some cases has acquired the luster which should have accrued to now-defunct papers; evidence indicates this is true of two dailies published in Lost-Generation Paris.

The Paris Times, owned by U. S. millionaire Courtland Bishop, was in the field from 1924 to 1929.[82] During its brief career under the guidance of ex-Heraldman Gaston Archambault, the Times attracted a number of people who later wrote books. Novelist-newsman Vincent Sheean and others indicate the Times may have been the chief cause of the idea that anyone could get a job in Paris.[83] Lawrence Dame, who left the Times after one week and was told by Archambault "now you may never be a newsman," went to the Herald and later became a writer of books. Dame's views and experiences

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[80]This observation is based on questions put to staff members of the Paris Herald between December 18, 1964, and January 7, 1965, by the author.

[81]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 98.

[82]Laney, Herald, 70.

[83]Vincent Sheean, Personal History (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., c. 1937), 308, hereafter cited as Personal History. Sheean indicates he got a job with the Times any time he wanted it. Pay was ranked as "Coolie wages."

support the conclusions voiced by Sheean to the effect that the Times salaries were so low that the beleaguered editor had trouble keeping a staff and was probably always looking for anyone with promise.[84] George Rehm, another newsman turned writer, worked for all three American dailies in Paris during his years there. Rehm considers the Times more important than the Tribune, because it employed Sheean, Martin Sommers, later editor of Saturday Evening Post, and Larry Blochman, author of many books.[85]

The European Edition (Paris) of The Chicago Tribune, most frequently referred to by ex-staff members as the Chicatrib, was founded by Col. Robert R. McCormick. It lasted as the Herald's chief competitor until 1934 when it fell victim to the depression and was absorbed by its older rival.[86] In its short history, the Tribune attracted many talented writers and may have been responsible for much of the feeling that the Herald was a literary seedbed.

Other English-language newspapers existed during the period 1919-39 in Paris, but only these two and the London Daily Mail were considered competitive.[87]

Longevity, success, and the Herald's own luster combined to absorb the reputations of the other newspapers. First in the field, the Herald had established its reputation

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[84]Lawrence Dame, letter to the author, March 22, 1966.

[85]George Rehm, letter to the author, July 21, 1965.

[86]Laney, Herald, 100.

[87]Ibid., 99.

before the others arrived and the stalwart paper remained after its competitors were gone. Little can be said about the others that was not also true of the Herald; the difference is one of degree. Perhaps the Herald was a bit more staid, and yet its spectrum of activities ranges from zany to sophisticated brilliance. Hiring and firing policies approximated those of other papers. The Herald probably had the labor-market advantage because of its stability. For instance, Tribune people "graduated" to higher paying jobs on the Chicago Tribune Foreign News Service staff,[88] a factor that left the Times staff the least stable of all.[89]

Hawkins explains the Herald's longevity by citing a Bennett editorial of June 24, 1908: "It has cost the Herald . . . about thirty-six million francs in twenty years to establish the European Edition."[90] Success shows most in the hard-earned praise from Burnett and Foley who said, "The Herald manages to offer more bulk of paged food for café au lait drinkers than any of its three English language contemporaries."[91] Despite derogatory aspects in the Herald legend, the publication, in the final analysis, had to be a credit to itself in order to survive.

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[88]Sigrid Schultz, letter to the author, August 19, 1965.

[89]Sheean, Personal History, 307-308.

[90]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 100.

[91]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," American Mercury, 27.

Paris, a magic name among the light of heart, seems in this century at least, to have captivated intellectuals from all over the world. There they live in a heady atmosphere which delights them even when it fails to make a meaningful cultural transfer. Disillusioned Americans of the Lost-Generation era migrated to Paris because it lured them. Paris is and was a mystique, a reservoir which quenches the thirst of an artist for soul substance. Paris, judging from the opinions of the people in this study, is even more. It feeds the souls of failures as well.

The title of Putnam's book, Paris Was Our Mistress, gives recognition to an expatriate fact; Paris was indeed their mistress. Other capitals attracted them, but Paris held them, nurtured their soul, and yet Putnam indicates there is little chance of capturing the reason Paris was attractive.

"Gathering place of the outcast and rebel,"[92] he said, men have collected in Paris since the time of Charlemagne. Although her magnetic powers are recognized, many men must agree with Putnam's statement that "there is no such thing as a Paris that everyone knows." According to Putnam, "there are many Parises . . ."; each area, he explains, is "an historic center." Judging from the findings of this study, Putnam doesn't go far enough in fragmenting Paris; she seems to make individual conquests and each man goes away, heart

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[92]Putnam, Mistress, 6.

bursting, and certain of a love he can share with no one.

An examination of the lure of Paris through the eyes of people who were newsmen and writers in the Lost-Generation era for the most part deals with attitudes and atmosphere. Atmosphere, while subjective, ceases being "air" and becomes a "near-solid" in the view of some of the writers who were on the scene. In a strange alchemy, atmosphere became substantial in that it assured and encouraged them to move forward with their desires.

Eric Sevareid, in Not So Wild a Dream, dealt with atmosphere in this manner:

> . . . unlike the English, [the French] just took you for what you were; they did not trouble themselves with the painful preliminaries of deciding whether they were your superiors or your inferiors . . .; you sensed at once . . . that nobody really cared a damn what you did.[93]

Paris atmosphere, naturally, was different things to different people, usually meaning a casual, permissive atmosphere that permitted a freedom previously unknown. "It all went back to the difference between a very old Catholic civilization and a much younger Protestant one,"[94] observed Putnam, who said an example was the "perfect nonchalance with which the patron of a hotel would register a couple as Monsieur and Mademoiselle So-and So." Gertrude Stein quoted by Virgil Thompson, said, "It wasn't so much what France gave

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[93]Eric Sevareid, Dream, 83-84.

[94]Putnam, Mistress, 55.

you, it was what it didn't take away."[95] The power of Parisian attractiveness is shown in E. E. Cummings' The Enormous Room when, although arrested by the French, he pays tribute to Paris--"Paris in whom our soul lives, Paris the beautiful, Paris enfin."[96]

Oddly enough, anti-atmosphere also figured in Parisian attractiveness. Vincent Sheean, who called his generation "probably the most immoral of all times,"[97] recognizes the fleshpots as venal, but attractive. Henry Miller appears to be exalted by the fact that "Paris is filled with poor people--the proudest and filthiest lot of beggars that ever walked the earth . . ."[98] Miller, in fact, seems infatuated with misery. "I experience once again the splendor of those miserable days when I first arrived in Paris, a bewildered, poverty stricken individual who haunted the streets like a ghost at a banquet," Miller said in Tropic of Cancer, his central work relating to Paris. Continuing in a hairshirt vein, Miller referred to "the golden period when I had not a single friend."[99]

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[95]Gertrude Stein, quoted by Virgil Thompson in "Then and Now," Paris Review, 170.

[96]E. E. Cummings, The Enormous Room (New York: The Modern Library, c. 1922), 42-43.

[97]Sheean, Personal History, 306.

[98]Cited by Alfred Perles in My Friend Henry Miller: An Intimate Biography (New York: John Day Co., c. 1956), 71, hereafter cited as My Friend Henry.

[99]Miller, Cancer, 13.

A closer examination of the Paris atmosphere reveals a number of elements that exerted a powerful pull on Lost-Generation people with artistic inclination, particularly writers. The literary attraction was powerful. Josephson explains it in one particular instance:

> In Chicago, Ernest Hemingway, then a young newspaper reporter, after reading Flaubert with close attention, resolved to go to Paris because the tradition of literary craftsmanship had become deeply rooted in that great literary center.[100]

Henry Miller writing in those days said, "Paris is simply an obstetrical instrument that tears the living embryo from the womb and puts it in the incubator . . . , a cradle of artificial births."[101] Miller goes on to say "nobody dies here" and that he feels the presence of Zola, Balzac, Dante and Strindberg.

Part of this pull toward Paris is expressed in the oft-used phrase: "Paris honors her artists." Decades later, the view is still an important distinction between France and the homeland. Poet-composer Thomson, speaking during a "Then and Now" seminar in Paris between the old Lost Generation and the new, brought the topic up. "You get arrested here and you say to the police that you are an artist and they bow. . . . In America it is against you."[102] In Quiet Days in Clichy, Carl, Miller's friend, says, "Even the police are

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[100]Josephson, Surrealists, 65.

[101]Miller, Cancer, 26.

[102]Thomson, "Then and Now," Paris Review, 167.

literary-minded here. . . . The French have a great respect for writers, you know that. A writer is never an ordinary criminal."[103]

Bravig Imbs indicates this feeling particularly applies to France rather than the U. S., Germany, and other countries saying, "I must say for the French, even hotel keepers and concierges are respectful to an artist for they realize that he has an important function in society."[104] Miller, in Paris Review's book, Writers at Work, returns to the theme: "I feel that America is essentially against the artist, that the enemy of America is the artist, because he stands for individuality and creativeness, and that's un-American somehow."[105] Speaking of France in the Thirties, Miller continued, "Above all I felt I was tolerated. [In America] I felt completely isolated." On the other hand, Miller contends an artist is always alone--if he is an artist; in fact, "what the artist needs is loneliness."[106]

Many of the writers contacted or surveyed in this study commented on the freedom of expression in Paris. Imbs, for instance, refers to "the pleasant impression of privacy which was created by our speaking English in the midst of foreign

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[103]Miller, Quiet Days in Clichy (New York: Grove Press, Inc., c. 1956), 70, hereafter cited as Clichy; and Cancer, 61.

[104]Imbs, Confessions, 25.

[105]George Wickes, "Henry Miller," in Writers at Work, Paris Review interviews edited by Malcolm Cowley (New York: Viking Press, c. 1963), 178, hereafter cited as Writers at Work.

[106]Miller, Cancer, 60.

babel."[107] Gertrude Stein found such isolation very advantageous to artistic expression:

> One of the things that I have liked all these years is to be surrounded by people who know no english [sic]. It has left me more intensely alone with my eyes and my english. I do not know if it would have been possible to have english be so all in all to me otherwise. And they, none of them could read a word I wrote, most of them did not even know that I did write. No, I like living with so very many people and being all alone with english and myself.[108]

Miller tells of the joys of rediscovering words of his own language.

> Titillated. I wrote that down, too. I don't remember what she said in French, but whatever it was, it had resuscitated a forgotten friend. Titillated. It was a word I hadn't used for ages. Immediately I thought of another word I only rarely used: misling, I was no longer sure what it meant. What matter? I'd drag it in anyway. There were lots of words which had fallen out of my vocabulary, living abroad so long.[109]

Ramifications of this isolation in another culture deserve further study, particularly those points dealing with the feeling of freedom to express oneself in a society tolerant enough to permit companionship with one's own kind--a group within a group--and, substantially speaking, take the best of what is available in two cultures. Miller, speaking in Writers at Work, explains further:

> Hearing another language daily sharpens your own language for you, makes you aware of shades and

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[107]Imbs, Confessions, 43.

[108]Gertrude Stein, The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., c. 1933), 86, hereafter cited as Toklas.

[109]Miller, Clichy, 90.

> nuances you never suspected. Also, there comes a slight forgetting which makes you hunger to be able to recapture certain phrases and expressions. You become more conscious of your own language.[110]

Sevareid, in Not So Wild a Dream, expresses the belief that expatriate acuity increases in a foreign clime: "Living abroad, one not only sees his countrymen differently . . . he hears them with a far more sensitive ear. . . ."[111]

Some of the writers grapple with a description of the "feel" of Paris and its freedom. Riegel embraces a great deal in his discussion of the matter.

> Paris was the logical place to go. It had cultural impact. It was full of curiosities. It was permissive. The advantage of such a milieu for an American is that (at least for a few years, unless he goes native) it is a foreign environment in which he feels none of the usual pressures and restraints of community, family, the Establishment, responsibilities, public opinion, etc. This may be an illusion, but it feels quite real . . . I knew the world of Paris was false.[112]

Miller, who noted that he was "one hundred per cent American" and knew it more every day, said "still I had better contact with Europeans. I was able to talk to them, express my thoughts more easily, be more quickly understood. I had a greater rapport with them than with Americans."[113]

Calmer, in All the Summer Days, demonstrates part of this freedom when he has a group of Paris American staffers at a terrace table sing:

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[110]Wickes, Writers at Work, 179-80.

[111]Sevareid, Dream, 91.

[112]Riegel, letter to the author, June 29, 1965.

[113]Wickes, Writers at Work, 179.

Oh, me father's a bit of a bawstard
And me mother's a bit of an 'ore
And I'm a bit of a pimp myself
So why should I be poor?[114]

Hedonism--unabashed longing for the fleshpots of life--finds its place among the Lost-Generation people as one of the strongest Parisian lures. Leo Mishkin, columnist for the New York Morning Telegraph, upon reading Hemingway's A Moveable Feast, told of a "girl who . . . had spent the night at the hotel near the Odeon where most of the fellows lived" and of how she "took about three hours to describe the physiological characteristics of each of her hosts."[115] Presumably she was a primary witness, because, as Mishkin said, she had "made her way from room to room." Stearns, Mishkin and a host of others told of sitting and stacking price saucers on the table as they drank and fraternized at the Select and other bistros. Drinking, as a matter of fact, was one of the principal attractions. Food probably ran a poor third to drink and women.

Lawrence Dame, a recognized bon vivant on the staff who was a frequent companion of the hedonist-in-chief, Elliot Paul, comments on the attractions of all three, food, drink, and women. Dame, usually referred to as Larry, evidently led an enviable life. Just prior to the crash of 1929 he was receiving "a top salary of 1,000 francs a week or $40" and he, like most of the others, did not take the job seriously.

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[114]Calmer, Summer Days, 117-18.

[115]Leo Mishkin, letter to the author, May 15, 1965.

Dame, who said "the principal duties of those who sat at the city desk were to prop up any one who came in drunk until he sobered off," adjusted from this no doubt occasionally true statement, by saying: it was essential to have "enough space on the desk beside the typewriter for a glass. Except in dire cases, however, most of these men were fine craftsmen, able to sober off quickly, nicely, aware of their duty in helping get a newspaper together." Dame and others make it clear that drink was an important part of their lives, but "most of the hard play came before and after hours."[116]

Joie de vivre exudes from his letter as he tells of their life as newsmen. After work, about 1:30 a.m., he said, staff members would go to restaurants in the market district for "snails, oysters and wine," where they would look "down our noses slightly at posh customers flocking in from the fashionable boites de Paris in evening dress. After all, we were working Parisians!

Dame probably was luckier than other staff members. He was a free spirit, making more money than he needed to meet expenses. His personal circumstances were so good that he kept "hundred-franc notes that were unneeded for the usual purposes in my top-hat in a mothproof closet. When the topper filled, I began to get restless and plan long excursions"--to the Riviera, Heidelberg, Corsica. An office boy gave Dame a junked bicycle. Named "Rozy" for reasons not explained, the bike was repaired and Dame used it to get around Paris and

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[116]Dame, letter to the author, March 22, 1966.

other spots on the Continent when he chose to load it on a train for a lengthy excursion, exploring romantic roads, observing great cathedrals and magnificent scenery, or seeking out superb meals. Rozy and his own energy made him "familiar with every quarter [in Paris], every museum, every theatre, all major concert halls, and hosts of cafes."

One feels recreation of the old days taking place when Dame writes of his companion and their habitat of the Twenties and Thirties:

> Almost all of us carried sticks, my own alder coming from Briggs in London. Black sombreros were more popular than berets. Beards were sprouted and went. I never heard of a Herald journalist being taken for a tourist. All developed a certain savoir-faire in a city that has traditionally tolerated foreigners, to [an] amazing degree, over the centuries.

Dame dressed in a tailor-made corduroy suit rather than in current factory-made pants and jacket with shoulders "padded to give the silhouette of a caribou's horns." This seemingly happiest of all Heraldmen had a favorite route as he headed toward home from the office.

> Except when it was raining - and it usually rained at least a heavy mist every winter night- I'd go slowly round the corner of the forbidding pile of the Louvre, attain the footbridge called Pont Des Arts, stop to savor the sheen and sparkle of the river, salute the statues and emerge on the other side among ancient, towering buildings that often seemed ready to tumble down at the sound of one's boots. Half-way home, I always passed a little house out of which faint music tinkled. Cracks of light could be seen at the windows and door. It was the neighborhood brothel. There I never penetrated, not through squeamish morals but because delectable morsels could often be found for free, round the Dome.[117]

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[117] Ibid.

Whoring was an accepted pattern. Josephson tells of married couples visiting such a house as observers during a night on the town.[118] C. F. MacIntyre, poet-philosopher and long-time Left Bank habitué, even today tells how and where to get the most talented female companions.[119] Jules Frantz, former managing editor of the rival Tribune, and others speak more casually of the activity than would be true even in the much more sexually tolerant U. S. society of today.

> We [he and Henry Miller] did some drinking and whoring together but with me he was just a fellow American who liked to drink and wench and not a great literary figure-to-be.[120]

Mishkin, like Dame in his junket above, echoed many other views when he wrote of an early morning jaunt through Les Halles after the paper had been put to bed. "We . . . bought bags of French fried potatoes and then went down to the river to wait for the dawn,"[121] he said in his personal variation of the "waiting for the dawn" theme.

Elliot Paul's The Last Time I Saw Paris, while serious about life's tragedies--particularly political ones in Spain and Germany--was still a hedonistic dream, exuding a pattern of food, drink, women, the good life.

Lost-Generation author-publisher Robert McAlmon,

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[118]Josephson, Surrealists, 136.

[119]C. F. MacIntyre, letter to the author, March 25, 1965.

[120]Jules Frantz, letter to the author, June 29, 1965.

[121]Mishkin, letter to the author, May 15, 1965.

distressed by drunks in other societies, reflected the view that a "Paris drunk is not nearly so sad to watch as the small town down-and-outer [presumably U. S.]. He isn't alone or lonely."[122]

Miller is the most profuse and graphic of the writers dealing with hedonistic pleasures. Although despondent regarding a visit to Luxembourg, Miller wrote that "it is better to die like a louse in Paris than live here on the fat of the land."[123] One of Miller's pickups, Nys, brought forth this soliloquy:

> A good meal, a good talk, a good fuck . . . what better way to pass the day? There were no worms devouring her conscience, no cares which she couldn't throw off. Floating with the tide, nothing more. She would produce no children, contribute nothing to the welfare of the community, leave no mark upon the world in going. . . . I wished that I too could take life in that same easy, natural way.[124]

Throughout Quiet Days in Clichy Miller shows a strange compassion for "the whore with the wooden leg," giving her station, or place of business contact, and repeatedly emphasizing the fact that she had her own "faithful little clientele which kept her busy."[125]

Miller said he understood why Paris attracted the hallucinated: "Here all boundaries fade away and the world

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[122]Robert E. Knoll, McAlmon and the Lost Generation (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1962), 49.

[123]Miller, Clichy, 60.

[124]Ibid., 61.

[125]Ibid., 65.

reveals itself for the mad slaughterhouse that it is."[126]

Sheean gave Paris top billing as a hedonistic heaven, saying: "Paris nourished every eccentricity, gave free play to every vice, permitted every exaggeration of individualism. It was international in its own careless way; naturally and effortlessly universal."[127]

Calmer, through Roger, a character in All the Summer Days, summarizes a great deal of the feeling expressed by Lost-Generation writers then and now. Roger, a socio-cultural leader on the fictional paper, says a man "can live here with some gracefulness at the least possible expense," that "he can walk the most beautiful streets on earth," and that "here the drinking goes with the eating, not separate, and sex is the way it should be--easy and relaxed." Roger concludes: "Where else will you find such conditions for the greatest adventure in life?--finding out what it means, if anything."[128]

Low cost living, although not referred to very often, was a major factor in getting the expatriates abroad and keeping them there. Throughout most of the period under study the French franc was worth between 4 and 5 cents. Jules Frantz said the usual ratio between 1925 and 1933 was 25 francs to the American dollar. A great "slide," or devaluation, occurred in the first six months of 1926 when the franc went

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[126]Ibid., 64.

[127]Sheean, Personal History, 308.

[128]Calmer, Summer Days, 118-19.

to 52 to 1 before settling down again. "Generally it was 25 francs to the dollar till after FDR came in in 1933, then the franc increased to about 15 to 1 because of U. S. devaluation, [but] Poincaré stabilized [the franc] at roughly 25 to 1 when he came to power,"[129] Frantz said.

"American tourists," Frantz added, "became unpopular with the French because they would come over and get everything for nothing, then, having some francs left over, they'd paste them up on boat train compartments as they were going back to take the ship home. It wasn't very nice of our tourists and you can imagine the French didn't like it."

Effects of this favorable rate of exchange on the exiles is not difficult to trace. Cowley, Josephson and Burnett tell of low printing costs in various places in Europe, an advantage to editors and publishers. Cowley, in Exile's Return, said 500 copies of Secession could be printed in Vienna for $25.[130] Josephson, in Life Among the Surrealists, said a New Review could be published in Vienna for "30,000 kronen ($20) per issue," and Burnett, in recording the history of Story magazine, said it was cheaper to print Story than to mimeograph it; he published in Vienna and Majorca before moving on to New York.

Impact of low-cost living was undoubtedly greatest for

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[129]Jules Frantz, telephone interview, October 10, 1965.

[130]See Cowley, Return, 132; Josephson, Surrealists, 154-55; and Whit Burnett, The Literary Life and the Hell With It (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1939), 117, hereafter cited as Literary Life.

individuals who were able to maintain themselves in a favorable atmosphere on checks from home or by a minimum amount of work substantially confined to the arts or literary expression. MacIntyre, who has put out fifteen books, including translations of Goethe, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Vallery, said he could get a room for $15 a month and "live on a dollar a day, including food and drink."[131] France, compared to other European countries, had a relatively stable money,[132] a factor of importance to "shoestring expas" who tried to augment their small funds by working. Although the franc, compared to monetary units of surrounding countries, was relatively stable between 1925 and 1935, there were some vacillations that caused the working American short periods of concern. A fall of the franc, say from 5 to 4 cents, worked a hardship on these people; a paycheck could be diminished by 20 per cent overnight.

Stearns, in The Street I Know, tells why Tribune newsmen, who were paid only slightly less than Foreign Service men, preferred jobs with the Tribune's broader newsgathering organization:

> The foreign service boys were paid in dollars from Chicago. The boys on the local edition were paid in francs--francs that might be worth a nickel today and less than four cents tomorrow.[133]

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[131]MacIntyre, interview, December 26, 1964.

[132]Warren I. Susman, Second Country: The Expatriate Image (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1958), 357-58, hereafter cited as Expatriate Image.

[133]Harold Stearns, The Street I Know (New York: Lee Furman Inc., c. 1935), 260-61, hereafter cited as Street I Know.

Although it is possible to document the "low cost" attractiveness of Paris from many sources, the opinions of writers relate most specifically to the problem under discussion. Their comments indicate a great acceptance, regardless of their circumstance. "For me Paris was simply a place to live cheaply, do a job that didn't take all my time, a base, etc.,"[134] Jay Allen, a Tribune Foreign Service man in those days, relates. Hemingway, in A Moveable Feast, echoes the already stated views of MacIntyre, saying, "In Paris, then you could live very well on almost nothing and by skipping meals occasionally and never buying new clothes, you could save and have luxuries."[135] "Hunger," Hemingway added, "sharpens all your perceptions." He gave an example of how he handled discomfort. In cold weather, he wrote, "I could always go to a cafe to write and could work all morning over a café creme while the waiters cleaned and swept out the cafe and it gradually grew warmer." At any rate, finding oneself in low estate did not seem to cast some of them down as would have been true back home. Alfred Perles, in My Friend Henry Miller, says Miller "enjoyed a sort of inner freedom he had not known in America, where freedom of any kind is dependent on the possession of dollars."[136]

Financial statistics, comparing purchasing power in

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[134]Jay Allen, letter to the author, May 24, 1965.

[135]Hemingway, Moveable Feast, 101.

[136]Perles, My Friend Henry, 26.

various world capitals during the period, indicates the purchasing power gain one enjoyed in moving from the United States to France was about 30 per cent.[137] Josephson, however, said it appeared that living costs in France were about 50 per cent lower than in postwar America.[138] Josephson regarding "expa" life, might be closer than at first would be imagined. The statistics were worked out on the basis of "family" circumstances, basic food, clothing and coal patterns. Young active people with small or no families to speak of very well might have lived more cheaply.

Even though Paris had an advantageous rate of exchange for the American, other areas were even better, specifically Germany, when it was ravaged with runaway inflation, and Spain. Hemingway wrote movingly of inflation in Germany. Shirer, in Berlin Diary, says that early in 1934 he and his wife stayed in a furnished house (10 rooms, 2 baths, central heating, and a wide beach) near Barcelona at a rent of $15 a month. "Our expenses, including rent," he said, "have averaged sixty a month."[139]

Stability of the French economy and the availability of news jobs undoubtedly contributed to the attractiveness of Paris. When other jobs or opportunities presented themselves, these people moved on. If an opportunity vanished, they were likely to return, as did Vincent Sheean and William Shirer

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[137]Susman, Expatriate Image, Appendix I.

[138]Josephson, Surrealists, 82.

[139]Shirer, Berlin Diary, 4.

and countless others. Paris was a starting place in the practical aspects of career building. Fortune favored them. No other place offered greater advantages: a friendly, brilliant culture and a place which offered them the opportunity to express themselves in social concourse and in the pages of books, magazines, and newspapers.

Some points were stronger than others in the equation that made up the lure of Paris, but evaluation is and was on such a personal basis that placing them in order of importance for an entire movement would be presumptuous and probably invalid. Each person obviously was attracted by a combination of the things mentioned, but in a ratio understandable only to him, thus: Cowley placed emphasis, but not all of it, on the fact that 500 copies of Secession magazine could be printed in Vienna for $25; Miller stresses food, drink, copulation, and an intellectual diet, although not always in that order; Sheean, while not unmindful of joyous vice, stressed the intellectual aspects; Miss Flanner expressed the view that though Americans came by the thousands they were making "individual odysseys."

All in all, these people unquestionably overlooked many inconviences and minus factors in order to draw what they could from a society that fascinated them and paid them in full for the drafts drawn on their time and talent. It was Paris, for them the crossroads of the cultural universe. Imbs, therefore was in character when he referred to the inferior apartment of a friend with acceptance. Among other

things, the apartment was "half-heartedly scrubbed" and had a "wiggly railing." Nevertheless, he wrote: "This is living in Paris, I said to myself, a city where one can be proud of his poverty."[140]

Clearly, the lure of Paris, although understandable at the individual level, takes on its greatest significance because one and all--regardless of the direction they looked and no matter from what level--beheld a magnificent, intoxicating syndrome.

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[140]Imbs, Confessions, 71.

CHAPTER II

THE HERALD'S FACTUAL IMAGE

The Herald's factual image--based on an examination of the newspaper and the recorded biographical data of its founder--in many ways is more fabulous than the legend. As already indicated, the facts must indeed be fantastic to support such a statement. Whatever error exists herein is believed to be toward the conservative side because of a tendency to hold back unless supported by more than one source or by a person clearly in the position to know.

James Gordon Bennett, Jr., son of the famed founder of the New York Herald, is the fountainhead of the legend as well as the creator of the early factual image. Born in New York, but reared mostly in France, Bennett comes down to us as a brilliant hellion most famous for spectacular stunts, erratic spendthrift behavior, and the truth of his claim: "I make the news."[1] Taking over the Herald in the late 1860's prior to his father's death in 1872, Bennett sent Stanley to find Livingston, financed a polar expedition, sponsored ship regattas and auto races, and sent reporters on exotic adventures. Drawing an estimated $30,000,000 from the New York Herald

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[1]Mott, American Journalism, 415-21.

during his lifetime, Bennett spent it and sent his father's paper into decline.

In 1877, eleven years after taking over the helm of the Herald, Bennett's engagement to a young New York debutante was broken spectacularly--if somewhat uncouthly--when he urinated into a fireplace at her home while drunk.[2] Bennett's behavior led to a horsewhipping by the young lady's brother and a bloodless duel. It also led to Bennett's ostracism from New York society and his self-imposed exile to France where he remained for the next 42 years, visiting New York only briefly from time to time. Undaunted, Bennett, "immensely wealthy, self-willed, authoritarian, suspicious, capricious, socially charming and vain in almost everything, . . . created the American-in-Paris image. For forty years he enchanted Europe as publisher and playboy,"[3] according to Eric Hawkins, a Bennett employee who spent 36 years of his life as managing editor of the Paris Herald.

Ten years after exiling himself, October 4, 1887, Bennett started the Paris Herald. Hawkins explains the founding as a whim. Al Laney now a sports writer for the parent paper but for many years night city editor for the

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[2]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 13, and Richard O'Connor, The Scandalous Mr. Bennett (New York: Doubleday & Co. Inc., c. 1962), 137, hereafter cited as Scandalous Bennett. These sources have an amusing disagreement. Hawkins said Bennett relieved his condition by mistaking a grand piano "for a toilet." O'Connor, presenting what seems to be infallable logic, said it is more likely that Bennett wet down the fireplace, since he liked music and was not eight feet tall.

[3]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 13.

Paris paper, says simply:

> Bennett decided he wanted a paper in Paris at a certain time and the paper came into existence. He never needed logical reasons for anything he did throughout his life, why search for them sixty years later?[4]

Located first in a house on the Rue Coq-Heron, the Herald later moved across the street to 38 Rue du Louvre, and still later, to a new building of its own at 21 Rue de Berri. In the early years, the Herald was a diversified holding. Editorial staff and presses were at Rue du Louvre. Advertising and business offices were on the Avenue de l'Opera. Bennett complicated things by operating from several places. He had two apartments, 104 and 120 Avenue Champs Elysees, and a lavish hotel particulier on Avenue d'Iena. A corps of grooms in olive-green livery bearing a small golden owl ran errands in the manner expected by a man who was lavish and owned a villa at Beaulieu, a $625,000 yacht Lysistrata, and a hunting lodge in Scotland, as well as several houses in New York.[5]

Bennett's personality and activities influenced the Herald inasmuch as his reputation affected employee outlook nearly as much as direct contact with him did. The playboy-publisher's behavior pattern was erratic, to say the least. Laney reports that Bennett wore a coat of mail when his former fiance's brother was in Paris and that, when in his cups, Bennett often surprised restaurant patrons when he "pulled

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[4]Laney, Herald, 19.

[5]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 14-15.

dishes of all diners onto the floor--danced on the debris then paid the damage."[6] Evidently the mere odor of alcohol was enough to put him in a mood of self-indulgence. At least once Bennett drove a coach through Paris streets while "stark naked."[7]

Bennett's relationship with the Herald was just as erratic. Once, again while inbibing, Bennett wrote an editorial entitled "To Hell With the Pope" and drove to the cable office to send it to New York himself. A clever secretary, however, halted the message without Bennett's knowledge.[8] His autocratic nature is revealed by his admonition to the Herald staff: "I am the only reader of this paper . . . If I want the columns turned upside down, they must be turned upside down."[9]

Willing to pay for the prestige and fun of publishing the Herald, Bennett made himself absolute master even to rejecting advertising and creating what could be construed as his own "foreign policy." "What's this ad doing in the paper?" he would say. "I will not have it. Throw it out!"[10] Once when taking sides in French politics, the government informed Bennett that he was in Paris at the forebearance of the people

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[6]Laney, Herald, 16-17.

[7]O'Connor, Scandalous Bennett, 73; Laney, Herald, 16-17.

[8]Mott, American Journalism, 419-20.

[9]Laney, Herald, 19.

[10]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 16.

he sought to advise and that he could be ousted; this resulted in Bennett's policy of keeping out of French politics.[11] Except for Franco-American relations and internal French politics, Bennett was free to take sides as he interpreted the American view. "If a nation is friendly to America, I wish the Herald to be friendly to that nation, but if a nation shows an unfriendly policy, I wish the paper to adopt an unfriendly one,"[12] was Bennett's dictum.

Bennett's internal policies for the Paris Herald ranged from erratic to brilliant. On one hand, it is apparent that he had a number of well-balanced policies. People, he said, are "more interested in seeing their name in print than in reading large amounts of news."[13] Precision of expression was to his credit; "no steamship ever sails, it steams, departs, or leaves . . . ; nobody can stay at a place, he must stop or remain,"[14] he decreed. Much of his erratic behavior regarding policy was to keep men from getting stale on the job.[15] An early riser, Bennett read the paper, often getting offending copyreaders, editors, or reporters out of bed to explain why they had done poorly. He could pinpoint the offender because he demanded a marked copy of the paper indicating who handled

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[11]Laney, Herald, 90; Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 171-72.

[12]Laney, Herald, 19.

[13]Ibid., 20.

[14]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 83.

[15]Ibid., 78.

each item.[16]

On the other hand, Bennett had some unbalanced--even ridiculous--policies. The Herald legend resides more in the questionable Bennett practices than in the conventional patterns just cited. When erratic rules were operating, it is obvious that the Mad Hatter in Alice and Wonderland would be perfectly at home in the Herald menage. For one thing, prospective employees were screened by Bennett's black Pekingese dog and rejected if the animal did not like them.[17] Hawkins refers to the "Commodore's purported 483 taboos, including certain names which could not be mentioned."[18] Among the tabooed names was that of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Bennett, as already indicated, often wrote unwise editorials. His total irresponsibility becomes apparent when it is learned that Bennett would have all the Herald's mail sent to him on his yacht and that on mornings when he had a hangover he kicked the mail sacks into the Mediterranean.[19] An employee had little chance of knowing how he stood with the Commodore, a situation Bennett obviously preferred. Bennett often paid his executives nothing for months at a time, then suddenly he would dump pay plus a bonus on them--often equal to two or three year's salary.[20]

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[16]Ibid., 84.

[17]Ibid., 17.

[18]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 83; Laney, Herald, 25.

[19]Laney, Herald, 39.

[20]Ibid., 43-44.

Hiring and firing was personal and indescribably unpredictable. A shop superintendent named Cohick once was placed in charge of the editorial room: "I've just fired all these men,"[21] Bennett told the startled man. Everyone went back to his regular job, however, after Bennett stomped out. Bennett displayed unusual and senseless scorn for his entire staff, once causing his chief New York aide, William C. Reick, to follow him all over Europe only to be told to go home. "I just wanted to show you the Herald could get along without you."[22] Once Bennett was told a person in New York was indispensable and could not come to Paris. Bennett ordered a list of "indispensables" on the New York paper, then ordered all of them fired, saying, "I will have no indispensable men in my employ."[23]

One oddity was probably an eccentric stroke of genius. A letter signed "Old Philadelphia Lady" first appeared in the columns of the Herald on December 27, 1899, asking how to convert centigrade thermometer readings to fahrenheit. An order was received to run the letter every day in the same place; the edict stood for "the next 18 years, 5 months--6,718 issues in all--ending only the day after Bennett's death in 1918."[24] Hawkins indicates there was some belief

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[21]Ibid., 36.

[22]Laney, Herald, 39.

[23]Mott, American Journalism, 419; Laney, Herald, 36-37.

[24]Laney, Herald, 31.

that Bennett, who surrounded himself with centigrade thermometers, was dedicated to the effort "to convert the Anglo-Saxon world to the centigrade thermometer via the Old Philadelphia Lady letter."[25]

Bennett's decisions gave the Herald an intellectual pulse from the beginning. Bennett hired popular French playwright Pierre Veber as theater critic for his Paris paper and later made him a political reporter.[26] The Commodore's literary leaning were pronounced. Hiring of British journalists, whose approach is less structured than that of Americans, is only one case in point. Convenience was not the full answer, although Bennett himself said "the channel is not as wide as the Atlantic,"[27] in explaining why he hired Britons. "For years [the Herald] published stories and articles by such French writers as Paul Bourget, Paul Hervieu, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, and Gabriel d'Annunzio."[28] Neither money nor convenience meant anything to Bennett when he desired anything; therefore, it must be assumed that expedience was only one of the things that caused Bennett's literary bent. Copyreader Tommy Thompson, who described the Herald's "literary aspect" as "occasional or accidental," said he believed Bennett was credited with having discovered Anatole France. It was Thompson who also recalled Veber's

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[25]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 21.

[26]Ibid., 85-86.

[27]Ibid., 73.

[28]Ibid., 172.

association with the Herald.[29]

An autocrat by nature, Bennett might have been expected to emphasize the "Four Hundred" and the peerage, which he did; but he still reflected a robust interest in the activities of the commoners and the rising middle class. Commoner-middle class interest came to the Herald in interminable lists of names--a record of visitors to Paris stopping at the better hotels--and by coverage of human-interest events, chiefly sports. Haute Bourgeois and peerage coverage got preferred treatment. "Fashionable people all over Europe," according to Hawkins, "looked to the Herald for its society pages. This gave Bennett entrée into the most aristocratic circles, and at one time two hundred copies of the Herald were dispatched daily to the court of the Czar of Russia."[30]

Bennett's "America First" attitude was reflected in the Herald: Although Theodore Roosevelt, like Kaiser Wilhelm II, was banned from the columns of the Herald, the ex-President was forgiven when the Lusitania was sunk off the Irish coast by a German U-boat. There was "no nonsense about American neutrality in the Herald," Hawkins said, adding, The Herald agitated for war." Editorial comment was tacked to the bottom of the Lusitania story, reading:

> What is President Wilson going to do?
> What a pity Mr. Roosevelt is not President![31]

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[29]Thompson, interview with the author, Paris, December 22, 1964.

[30]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 18.

[31]Ibid., 11-12.

The flamboyant publisher displayed a heroic disposition through the Herald, chiefly by keeping the Herald going during World War I, even after the other papers quit Paris and the government moved to Bordeaux. Hawkins, in telling about it, registered the Commodore's resolution not to budge. "Damn the Germans!" Bennett said, swearing the Stars and Stripes would fly over his plant. "[He] dared the Huns to stop his press," the stubby editor emeritus said. "We did not fail to appear one single day," he said proudly, adding that when the government moved and "Paris was practically empty, there was no paper appearing except for the Herald."[32]

It should be stressed that hiring and firing in the Bennett era were tied to the publisher. As Laney said in his book: "Every employee lived in fear of Bennett, who never praised." Furthermore, "if someone outside the paper praised one of his men, that man was doomed."[33] Peremptory firings were famous. Whimsical promotions, raises, and hirings occurred.

A summary of all these things constitutes the heritage of the Herald as it went into the period between World Wars I and II, associated with the antics and efforts of this wealthy, erratic, flamboyant, often brilliant American in Paris. Owing to his leanings toward literary men, an intellectual germ was there. Owing to hirings and firings, often on a grand scale, the "easy come, easy go" reputation now attached to the Herald

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[32]Hawkins, interview, January 6, 1965.

[33]Laney, Herald, 17.

had a start by the time Bennett died in 1918.

Between 1919 and 1939, the Herald became more stabilized than it had been prior to World War I. Although Bennett was gone, the colorful atmosphere remained in fact as well as reputation. No longer did the reputation of the Herald rest with one man. A parade of personalities began to arrive, many of them with enough quirks in their nature to match those of Bennett. Few, if any, of them could afford to indulge themselves in a manner grand enough to rival the man who cast the classical mold of the American in Paris. The paper began to make money--almost as soon as the Commodore's lavish hand was removed. Some former staff members even say professionalism arrived.

Creativity took both a good and bad form. Hawkins, Stewart, and Laney tell of aprocryphal news stories which were born of whole cloth or were brilliant reconstructions based on sketchy cable stories which had to be expanded.[34]

Good examples of this creative approach include Jack Pickering's story on the death of 124 patients by fire, explosion and fumes from X-ray films in a Cleveland hospital which was "confirmed in every detail," according to Stewart; and the alert creative thinking done by Laney and two deskmen,

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[34]See Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 104-19; Stewart, News, 61; and Laney, Herald, 110-20, and 246 ff; also Laney, letter to the author, February 24, 1965.

Ed Skinner and Hamilton Russell, which led to the solution of the "Lowenstein affair." When the men were through in the latter case, the Herald presented the story of an international banker plunging to his death from a plane during a flight over the English Channel. Laney and his cohorts had started with a skimpy article in Matin about the plane landing on the French coast with a passenger missing.

Bad examples of creativity include the creation of the island of Yap and a fantastic character known as Itchy Guk. Yap, according to the Herald story, was an island in the Pacific which had been raked by a typhoon. Details, according to Laney, were pure invention. Nevertheless, the story made the 79-square-mile blob of land virtually disappear with its 7,000 inhabitants. The Chicago Tribune did a "pretty good job on this fake, causing Yap to reappear" and reducing the storm to a zephr. "The Herald just left Yap at the bottom of the Pacific," Laney said.

The fake story by Spencer Bull about the then Prince of Wales bashing an orphan boy on the head with his cane, was perpetrated in the pages of the Chicago Tribune E.E. although their transgressions are not as well chronicled as those of the Herald. Laney tells of the time the Herald, having "yawning spaces below the fold" on page one, contrived to fill the holes by the editor in charge telling seven men to each write "a story of no less than two fat paragraphs. Anything. Just make up something and put an American dateline on it . . . ," he said.

> No one outside the shop was the wiser and the curious thing is that, on the terrace of the Select toward dawn, not one of the seven could be certain that any story but his own was a fake.[35]

As might be expected, there were repercussions on fabricated stories. Lawrence Davies, now a New York Times man with 40 years service, said:

> We had . . . calls for restraint, from the Herald Tribune management in New York after a rewrite man who had just arrived from New York wrote about brokers tearing the shirts off one another's backs during a hectic day on the Stock Exchange (several years before the big crash).[36]

Burnett and Foley recorded that the "inevitable holes on Page One were happily filled by Washington bus accidents" until "frenzied Washingtonians began calling up to check possible casualties in their families."[37]

Some of the news "swindles" were so entertaining and harmless that they must come under the heading of entertainment. Chief of these was the creation of Ichy Guk, an Eskimo who was supposed to have lived in an icebox waiting until the English Channel cooled off enough for him to be comfortable in trying to swim it. A wire service man "planted" the story on Sparrow Robertson as a joke.[38]

Editorial policy and contents of the Herald, while strong enough to keep the paper in business, earned little respect among the employees or those near the paper; the

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[35]Laney, Herald, 119.

[36]Lawrence Davies, letter to the author, January 31, 1966.

[37]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 25.

[38]Laney, Herald, 95-102.

preponderance of people who worked for the Herald in the 1920's and 1930's--who have spoken out--have made many cutting remarks about the newspaper, but fewer about their fellow staff members. Critics of the Herald have been bitter. Jay Allen called the Herald and the Chicago Tribune "lousey [sic] newspapers," and added that "the Herald did its whoring down the Quai d'Orsay and Down [ing] Street" while "we on the Chicatrib did ours down the back Alleys of the Balkans."[39] Laney, who was less critical than many others, said the Herald did not serve "Montparnasse [Left Bank] well, or serve it at all in the way that it served the larger community on the Right Bank." However, it did give "plenty of attention and space to the Montparnasse spectacle."[40] Laney also commented that there was always space for "dancers and singers who hired halls for triumphs." Laney was most critical of the Herald's unbalanced coverage, saying, "It was a poor paper badly produced and unconcerned with giving even a reasonably complete picture of the day's news." It was a point of concern to Laney that "the Paris Herald probably devoted more space to the American Club than to any other single subject."[41]

Sevareid caustically remarks that officials of the American Embassy regarded the paper as "a mere house organ, and the lightest suggestion from Ambassador Bullitt for an editorial along this line or that entailed unquestioning

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[39]Allen, letter, May 24, 1965.

[40]Laney, Herald, 91, 150.

[41]Ibid., 85, 144-45.

compliance." Sevareid, now a CBS commentator, also called the old Paris Herald "that rather absurd little house organ for the diminishing American colony," during pre-World War II years and said it "squeezed in news as an afterthought after resort and fashion-house ads had been given ample space."[42]

Burnett and Foley, consistent critics of the Herald, said "no amount of sipping has ever had any lasting effect upon the overwhelming impersonality of the paper." Calling the Tribune "brilliant one day and a gross mistake the next," they said the fence-straddling Herald was spiritless. Their grievance list was extensive: "The Herald itself frowns on star men. Prima Donaism and by-lines are discouraged." Coverage was lop-sided, they said, referring to the "three regular news beats in Paris: The boat trains, the hotels, and the diplomatic runs." Page one, they added, is "Paris-rewritten cablese [and] the interior is mainly resort copy. . . or clipped out news." The Burnetts coated the Herald's literary effort with scorn, chiding: "Its Book Page, in comparison with the supplement of its New York Herald-Tribune stepmother, is what a railroad station book cart on the Continent is to Brentano's."[43]

Evidently no one disputes the contention that the Herald was non-controversial--even spineless. In fact, no one presented the Herald as a "fighting" or "crusading" newspaper at any point in its rather lengthy life. Now nearing

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[42]Sevareid, Dream, 89.

[43]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 24-31.

its 80th year, the Herald seems to have lost even the spunk that its social-minded founder had. Bennett in the old days at least did not hesitate to criticize or praise eating establishments and make occasional caustic, opinionated--if inane--utterances.

The Herald's most famed editorial policy, the running of names, was looked upon as both good business and "hicky." Hawkins explains the policy.

> The personal, social columns (not gossip) were a feature of the Paris Herald from its foundation by James Gordon Bennett jr. [sic] who published columns of society news from all over Europe. The "policy of names" was continued, but on a lesser scale, up to the time of the 1939 war. On the paper's revival in 1944 raison d'etre of such a feature had largely disappeared.[44]

Laney indicated daily personal columns were drawn from hotel registers and ship passenger lists; names by the thousand, he said, were an "office headache but they were good business."[45] Correspondents, he added, were maintained at famous spas.

Sevareid, however, was incensed by requests that "were commands for publicity for the chateaux set."[46] Miss Flanner was voluble and precise in her scorn for the policy. Supplementing her views that the Herald was a "village, hick paper," she recited a "typical hotel entry: 'Miss Margaret Trib and her mother, Mrs. P. D. LeHew, are stopping at the

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[44]Hawkins, letter to the author, March 16, 1965.

[45]Laney, Herald, 148.

[46]Sevareid, Dream, 88-89.

Hotel Pense. They will be here for three days. . . .' Usually they came from Gallapassee, Tennessee, or something. You'd be surprised how people clung to the notion that this was a distinguished appearance in print,"[47] she said with more than a tinge of disdain.

Several sharp attacks were aimed at the Herald, Hawkins, or Laurence Hills, the Paris paper's manager-editor. Arthur Moss to this day remains angry over a change in his copy which switched it from "so's your old man" to "your father is also."[48] Burnett and Foley implied that Ambassador Herrick reported "two moons in the sky" and that the management took the report seriously.[49] Criticisms for lack of moral fortitude prior to the eve of World War II, changed to sharp denunciation when Hills editorially leaned toward dictators Hitler and Mussolini.

A miscellaneous grouping of complaints includes some serious deficiencies and others that are not. Low pay, handled elsewhere in this study, was a chronic complaint. The frequent reference to drinking or alcoholism, seems to be a part of the "mystique" of Paris and youth rather than a serious criticism of the Herald, although there is no doubt that permissiveness in this regard worked a hardship on the more serious-minded newsmen from time to time. One of the

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[47]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

[48]Arthur Moss, letter to the author received August 13, 1965.

[49]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 28-29.

more delightful criticisms of the Herald centers on its "pandering" itself for resort advertising to the extent that it had a "resort attitude." Complainants accuse the paper of maintaining an "It never rains on the Riviera" policy.

Hawkins responded to most of the complaints in his book, saying:

> . . . I admit to some annoyance over the years at the ease with which book and magazine writers, some of whom gratefully accepted jobs on the Herald as stepping-stones to higher literary pursuits, have tended to make cheap capital out of their experiences.[50]

"Sheer buncombe," he said, regarding those who contended there was a rule against publishing anything about rain on the Riviera. Continuing a rather impassioned defense, Hawkins said: "What's shocking about using names? It was an event in their lives." Starvation wages? "They were always freely accepted." On the matter of alcoholism, Hawkins was not apologetic. "We had some talented alcoholics and some sober duds. But mostly our staff men controlled their drinking until the presses rolled." To those who had been irked by American ambassadors, Hawkins said: "Can anybody argue that the embassy was not a legitimate source of news?"

Despite a rather steady flow of criticism, detractors often grudgingly admit some admiration for the Herald or the situation that made the Herald and the life around it possible. Even though Shirer called his 1934 job on the Herald the worst newspaper position he had ever had, his journal,

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[50]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 102-103.

Berlin Diary, really starts with it. Elliot Paul, who wrote a total of twenty nine books, slapped the Herald for being politically dishonest, and yet there is a tone of acceptance about the Paris papers in his works. Only Burnett and Foley took the trouble to enumerate grievances in detail, but they admit the Herald was the best newspaper on the Paris scene.

Mingled in the writings of these people are fond recollections of former colleagues, experiences and even work; there is, however, little respect for the paper in the sense of calling it outstanding. Laney and Hawkins in their books, however, display a love, or admiration, for the paper and an honesty which relates both good and bad. These two authors recount a series of news beats that should make the men proud of the paper as well as themselves. Both men, however, tell of embarrassing incidents, heavy drinking, and permissiveness regarding incompetence.

Laney even thanks the late artist Gilbert White for saving the "Herald staff a row by seemingly casual, but carefully calculated, mention of the fine paper of that day"[51] to the boss before he got to work. This headed off much trouble when things had not gone well with an edition. Laney, if he did not praise the paper, at least lauded the talent of his men. To some degree this means praise of both. With tongue in cheek, Laney said that in 1928:

> The Herald went passionately to bat to save the Flea Market, that superb accumulation of rubbish which dated from the 13th century and was now

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[51]Laney, Herald, 204.

> threatened with extinction. It was the first time the paper had been for or against anything since the Bennett days.[52]

Circulation strength and continued financial success seem to prove adequately that the Herald has been influential enough among average subscribers to serve them and maintain itself since the days of Bennett, who had poured a fantastic amount of money into the newspaper to establish it. Due to a lack of records, the circulation picture cannot be given. Hawkins reported that the high mark was approximately 350,000 during the post-World War I period. Pre-World War I circulation, he added, is "very uncertain, probably 12,000--oh, I don't know." Post-World War II circulation is slightly in excess of 50,000; the Herald did not skyrocket in circulation then because the Stars and Stripes was the first English-language paper in the field after the German defeat.[53]

Advertising during the Lost-Generation era was stronger in the Herald than in the other papers. Bennett kept the paper in the field although it lost an estimated $100,000 a year for the first 20 years. The Herald's advertising manager, Albert Jaurett, had the advantage of "knowing everyone in Paris," a point that paid off in the golden Twenties.[54]

Working conditions on the Herald, for the most part, must have been relaxed and amiable. Drinking on the job was

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[52]Ibid., 252-53.

[53]Hawkins, interviews, December 21 and 23, 1964, and January 6, 1965. Also, see Laney, Herald, 72. Laney put the Herald's circulation at 12,000 in 1924, at 15,000 in 1925, and at 35,000 in 1929.

[54]Laney, Herald, 38-39; Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 93-94.

a problem that was tolerated until Hawkins finally had to set a rule to the effect that a staff member couldn't get drunk after coming to work; a staffer "dragging anchor" before work time was advised to stay away.

Staff expansion and its division into day and night staffs occurred in 1927, "the flyingest year in history," Laney said. A regular staff of reporters assigned daily by a city editor began to function. A larger group of copy-readers and rewrite men worked at night. Laney recalled that the paper was "on the lookout for men of solid experience and could pay them, not perhaps adequately, but considerably better [than before]. It was on the lookout especially for copyreaders, a commodity of which there never was an adequate supply."[55]

The pace was relaxed, according to two former staff members. Stewart gave this account:

> On a normal evening at the Herald the night-side would straggle in about eight o'clock, well wined and dined, to take over from the day staff, which had leisurely collected the tourist registrations at the Right Bank hotels, recorded the comings and goings from the Riviera, interviewed arrivals on boat trains, listened to the talks on international amity at the Anglo-American and Franco-American luncheons. Richard, the French copyboy with the old man's face, would grin at us as we came in and mutter something about "les americains fous."
>
> After a few preliminaries, we would drift out again to the corner bistro for coffee or liquor, come back to deskeletonize the cables which Roland Kilbon filed from New York, translate a few odds and ends of politics and crime from the Paris papers.[56]

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[55]Laney, Herald, 205-206.

[56]Stewart, News, 62.

Harold Stearns worked longer hours as "Peter Pickem" for the Tribune than he had as a copyreader for the Herald. He gives a rather jaunty account of the closing part of his day as a "horse touter."

> As a racing man, of course, I did not come into the office until I got back from the track--anywhere from quarter past five . . . to half past six or even seven. . . .
>
> With Paris Sport to study, I would alight as near the office as possible, and over an apertif make up my mind. . . .
>
> As soon as I had made my selections for the next day, I would go to the office across the street and type them out. . . . Then I would write the story beginning around quarter past seven and having an eye on the clock, for I wanted to get through at eight--the hour when the night staff came on duty and typewriters were at a premium. . . .[57]

Vincent Sheean, who worked for both the Tribune and the Paris Times, referred to the long hours, as an "unhuman corvée made tolerable by the fact that for some of these hours [noon to 2 or 3 a.m.] there was little or nothing to do." Because he refers to his "absorption in work" which "was especially uncompromising with me . . . a fascination without precedent," it must be assumed that Sheean overstates the "heavy labor" case when he says:

> A good many newspaper men of the time and place could have been said to be without private lives, or to treat their private lives with indifference--to marry and beget absentmindedly, see their wives sometimes once a week, and live, in all the keener hours of their existence, in the "office," a place taken to comprise most of the other offices, bars, cafes, and meeting places of the press. . . .[58]

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[57]Stearns, Street, 283-84.

[58]Sheean, History, 39.

Hiring and firing policies seem to contain much of the verve and vitality of the Herald image and a partial key to whether it influenced the men in their desires for a literary life. General policies were vague, but understandable. Like other newspapers, the Herald had to hire and fire in relation to supply and demand of the labor pool, one that was often unstable in Paris due to unusual fluidity brought on by homesickness, boredom, caprice, and instability.

Hawkins, who "saw all job prospects whenever possible," maintains that "down and out people" didn't have much of a chance to hire on. "I looked for the best men," he explained. "I did not seek literary men," he added, implying that literary men may not be the best men at all.

> I don't recall any case where a fellow came into my office all bedraggled and hungry and that sort of thing, saying he must have a job and I took him out of pity. I don't remember anything like that," he said, "because it never presented itself. He [an applicant] may have been in need of a job and he may have been in need of a meal, but he was taken on the basis of career and background.[59]

Thompson and Laney agreed with Hawkins, Laney saying, "Being down on the luck might have been a reason for not hiring--if you mean bums or beachcombers."[60]

"Pre-war, there was no set policy for hiring and firing, any more, I should imagine, than on most other papers," Hawkins said, prior to explaining that circumstances, or necessity, governed hiring, and firing was done only in

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[59]Hawkins, letter to the author, March 16, 1965.

[60]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964; Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

extreme cases. "Laurence Hills, as editor and general manager, did some of the hiring; I did the rest, and also most of the firing. But in the course of 36 years as managing editor I did remarkably little of it [firing]." In Hawkins' words: "A man--or a girl--had to damn well deserve it to get thrown out." The evidence in this paper bears him out. "Drinking on the job (after a couple of warnings) was usually the case or some other serious offense" was the cause of ejection.

"It was all done on a human basis and I am glad to be unable to recall any case of losing the friendship of any person I had to dismiss,"[61] Hawkins said.

Burnett and Foley indicated there was a brilliant haphazardness about the process and that "on the Herald there [was] a sort of genius for hiring good reporters who [had] never read copy then making headline writers of them. . . ."[62]

Although actual hirings excluded beachcombers, several known cases may be described as quite casual--even fantastic. Laney relates the casual hiring of a young man who had run out of money.[63] Presumably the young man was Laney; however, he might have been the prototype of many young men who lived the Herald cycle. Hills' personality, and the availability of men, sometimes in short supply, appear to be the basis for much of the "easy hiring" reputation of the Herald. However,

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[61]Hawkins, letter to the author, March 16, 1965.

[62]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 27.

[63]Laney, Herald, 5.

there were other ways to "slide" into a Herald job.

Seth Clarkson was hired out of need, despite an earlier affront to Hawkins, who, in this case, seems not to have harbored a grudge. According to Laney, this tableau took place during an April rainstorm in 1927. Clarkson drew up to the paper in an ancient Renault cab. After the taxi honked, a voice roared for a copyboy. "Tell your managing editor that I wish to see him. Get him down here immediately. It is of the greatest importance,"[64] the voice said. Hawkins went and "stood in the rain by the taxi" while Clarkson applied for a job as a copyreader. Rejected, Clarkson took his drunken departure with calm. "No hard feelings, old man. No harm asking. Francs about gone. You have jobs. I have talent." With that he sent the cabbie back to "Sank Roo Dough Noo," Harry's New York Bar, the most famous address for Americans in Paris. Hawkins wondered if "that so-and-so really was a copyreader." He was. Laney hired him later on his own word during the scramble to cover the Lindbergh flight. Clarkson just dropped in at a moment when needed.[65]

Hills evidently was very erratic and personally involved in some of his hiring decisions. Howard Whitman, now an NBC commentator and noted sociology writer, was "hired" by Hills when he "offered to work for nothing to learn the trade."[66] Frank Kelley applied for a job. Hills wanted an

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[64] Ibid., 206 ff.

[65] Ibid., 222-23.

[66] Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 164-65.

escort for his daughter. "Kelley had only the vaguest notions of editorial functions, although a graduate of Columbia school of journalism," but he developed "in almost no time into a highly competent newsman,"[67] Hawkins wrote. Laney was not so sympathetic, recalling it as a "sudden and arbitrary hiring" which turned out well. Under Laney's questions, Kelley told him: "I'm not anything. I never worked on a newspaper."[68]

"This was not the first time a man with no experience had come to work on the Paris Herald, but was absolutely the first time one had confessed it," said Laney, a frequent practitioner of the "haphazard brilliance" referred to by Burnett and Foley.

Hills also hired Spencer Bull during a drinking encounter at a bar when he was unhappy with the Herald's output and Bull had spun out a batch of ideas to improve the sheet. Bull was the man who had written the false story about the Prince of Wales bashing the orphan boy with a cane, and the staff did not take kindly to it when in the early Thirties Hills brought Bull into the newsroom and put him in charge as city editor, unceremoniously demoting Allan Finn.[69]

Hawkins himself added depth and authority to the "drinkers' haven" view of the Herald when he wrote: "Not all the itinerant winebibbers who attached themselves to the

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[67] Ibid., 166.

[68] Laney, Herald, 297-99.

[69] Ibid., 295-97.

Herald or Tribune lasted as long as Bull."[70]

Firings, unlike the pattern under Bennett, were individual, non-capricious, and probably reluctant during the 1920's and 30's. Hawkins pinpoints "two occupational ailments" which afflicted his staff over the years: "sleeping at the desk" and "taking a walk."[71] The bottle was generally behind both transgressions. Walkers were numerous, going out for drinks or disappearing permanently. Elliot Paul, "who worked for us a long time, would just get up, be gone for maybe two years, then come back to work at his desk like nothing had happened," Hawkins said. The late Charles Wertenbaker, Hawkins continued, was plagued by the need for a walk two or three times a night. He made it permanent one night after receiving a check from Saturday Evening Post.[72] According to Laney, Wertenbaker didn't even take off his hat. "So long, slaves,"[73] he said and departed. Hawkins, however, said Wertenbaker left after he had been admonished that "enough was enough." Hawkins, in referring to the "longest walk," tells of an unnamed rewrite man who left a note in his typewriter saying: "If I don't come back, you can look for me in the Seine,: but "he showed up in New York weeks later."

Sparrow Robertson, the Herald's most famed drinker who

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[70]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 111.

[71]Ibid., 112-13.

[72]Ibid., 113.

[73]Laney, Herald, 257.

is probably worth an entire book to show how eccentricity waxes well in the proper atmosphere, lost face once when he went to sleep in the hallway leading to the office where he was supposed to write his column.[74] Robertson spent the latter part of his lengthy life with "old pals" in the bars and sports palaces of Paris and was an institution. Among his pals was the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, who renounced the throne for the woman he loved, Wallis Warfield Simpson. Robertson's physical endurance in "pub crawling" is only exceeded by the legend that has grown up around his capacity to consume countless drinks without falling into a comatose condition. Miss Flanner recounted a Robertson exploit that might have had quite a bit to do with the overall impression that all Heraldmen were hard drinkers. "They called it sitting up with the corpse," Miss Flanner said, preparing to give the details.

> Sparrow would take a group of these men in tow and they would drink all night. Then at dawn, or whenever it was, he would take his 'old pals' down to the boat train to see them off. There must have been hundreds he did this with. The purpose, of course, was to make sure they didn't miss their boat.[75]

Over the years, Robertson, who died after the Nazis took over Paris and who must have been in his eighties, probably did the most to confirm the view that drink was a way of life with Heraldmen. Indeed, by publishing the column of a fascinating "lush," the Herald itself gave the view its

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[74] Ibid., 199-200.

[75] Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

greatest impetus through the Sparrow's column, "Sporting Gossip," which concentrated on activities in the drink emporiums of Paris.

Hawkins himself relates enough to indicate that the Herald at times must have been a "free-swinging" place for devotees of the vine, the vat, or the still. For instance, Hawkins tells of sending R. P. (Robin) Harriss to cover a tour sponsored by the French government for 25 U. S. mayors who were to taste the "gastronomic wine-drinking pleasures" of almost every province in France. At Reims, Harriss and the Tribune's Lee Dickson, an ex-Heraldman,"foundered on the shoals of 15 champagnes: which they had taken on, ostensibly, for the honor of the U. S. A." when the mayors faltered in their sampling. Harriss missed filing his story, but in reporting back to Hawkins "he looked so woebegone, I hadn't the heart to let him go."[76] Hawkins also tells of how Lee McCardell and Elliot Paul on a hot July day in the late 20's took up a collection and sent out for a keg of German beer. It was set up in the center of the copy desk. Hawkins said he came in later and an American flag was draped over the keg. It was a case of enough being too much. "I laid down some rules governing future beer drinking and they were observed until some years later when the Herald moved from the Rue du Louvre to its new building in the Rue de Berri."[77] At least the rules were followed with some notable exceptions. Hawkins

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[76]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 113-14.

[77]Ibid., 148-49.

tells of one such infraction. The last night in the old plant, he said, was a "five-keg affair" with empties being "tossed over the stair rail." Hawkins reports that he was busy at the new plant and "missed this one;" however, Lawrence Dame, who, if he entered the party with gusto, could be mistaken, reported that "Glynn, the sedate English financial editor, did a jig" and "Eric Hawkins adopted an air of unavoidable jollity."[78]

Dame, who developed an "interest in gastronomical societies of the French persuasion," recounts an event that demonstrates the "elasticity" of the Herald's work demands and his own ability to carry on although listing heavily from port or other products of the vine. Reluctant to leave a wine-tasting party, Dame called Elliot Paul one evening to find out how badly he was needed. "Elliot . . . drawled . . . nothing much [doing], just Mrs. Whitelaw Reid passed away and you can do the obit when you get back"; Dame wrote, adding that he chuckled over "Elliot's waggishness."

> But when I did return in a phosphorescent glow two hours later, she had died, and a great pile of clippings seemed to repose on my wobbling desk. How I got through them, I don't know. But Larry Hills the next day complimented me on a very serious and fulsome death notice. I didn't recall writing a word of this salute to the family that owned the paper.[79]

Laney also describes an occasional bacchanal. A drink-fest the night Tunney defeated Dempsey, he said, produced the

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[78]Lawrence Dame, letter to the author, March 22, 1966.

[79]Dame, letter, March 22, 1966.

Herald's first banner. The party started with a brandy gift from Harry McElhone, owner of Harry's New York Bar. Somewhat later City Editor Burnett apportioned the cost and a keg stood on the copydesk when the director came in. Some "nameless genius," according to Laney, turned Hills' wrath by saying the beer had been "sent to us" because of the "wonderful paper this morning."[80]

Elliot Paul fired himself in recognition of Hawkins' rule against getting drunk after coming to work. Larry Dame had received a windfall from his aunt who lived on the Riviera and wanted him to take "dear Elliot out for an evening."[81] Paul, upon learning of the invitation after coming to work, was equal to the occasion. He quit. The party, Dame said, only ended with Paul's "disappearance from the new Herald office." Dame next heard from Paul after his party companion landed in Ibiza "where he gathered material for one of his most penetrating studies of human nature, Life and Death of a Spanish Town!"[82]

No one, it seems, hides the fact about drinking and most of the book-writing Heraldmen have written about it. Burnett and Foley in referring to furnace malfunctionings at Rue du Louvre, said "the office boy is rushed to the bistrots [sic], and the office is warmed from the inside out--rums chauds and grogs americains." Drinks, Burnett and Foley

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[80]Laney, Herald, 141.

[81]Ibid., 291.

[82]Dame, letter, March 22, 1966.

added, were also used as coolants:

> In the summer it was impossible to open a cooling window for fear of giving the old Bennett men colds in the head, so the reporters kept beer on their desks. Ordered to keep beer off their desks, they kept it decorously under them.[83]

According to Laney, "excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages for forty years had been one of the Paris Herald's chief problems." He outlines the Hawkins rule on drinking more fully than his former chief did.

> Some months after the move, the staff was informed that an absolute and inflexible rule was being put into effect. Any man who came to work sober and later went out and got drunk before his tour of duty was completed, would be discharged summarily.[84]

Getting drunk on the way to work, he explained, was all right--if the drinker stayed away. Despite toughness of the order, "a man had really to go to extremes before he could get himself fired," Laney added.

Other causes for firing included fighting and misquoting. Wilfred Courtney Barber, for instance, "refused an assignment from the city editor and the dispute led to blows. I had to rule against Barber and dismiss him,"[85] Hawkins said, referring to a situation that pleased Jules Frantz, managing editor of the Tribune, who hired Barber.[86] "Misquoting" cases included Jack Glenn's quotation of H. G. Wells' sardonic

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[83]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 26.

[84]Laney, Herald, 289-91.

[85]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 114.

[86]Frantz, phone interview, October 10, 1965.

remark that the YMCA was behind the world Communist conspiracy. Since misquoting was not alleged the matter was dropped.[87] Hawkins said. An error by Gerald (Jed) Kiley, caused him to be fired for attributing a quote to the American ambassador when he should have quoted the president of the American Club of Paris. The error occurred in 1918, according to Hawkins, when Kiley was in a "beaujolais-induced euphoria."

Hawkins was reluctant to speak of dismissals in other than very general terms. Unquestionably there were some, even those dealing with inexperience or incompetence. It is probably unfair to report just one such case. However, Albert W. Wilson, now manager and editor of Pulp and Paper and Pulp and Paper International magazines, gives an account that is hard to ignore, particularly when indications are that there were others who "got the ax" for cause. Inexperience rather than incompetence in Wilson's case seems apparent.

Wilson said he took a job with the Herald as a copy editor and head-writer after touring twenty countries on a bicycle.

> [It was] a job I was too young and inexperienced for. After a few weeks I still had the job though it was evident they didn't like my work, so I was out one evening and met up with a guy named McDonald (I think that's it) who had just come over on a boat, had worked on the Herald in NYC and said he was going to work the next day on the Herald. Yes--you guessed it. I went to work the next day and found he had my job--they were just using me till he arrived.[88]

Wilson, an obvious success, went to Europe with his

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[87]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 115.

[88]Albert Wilson, letter to the author, March 16, 1966.

wife a year or two ago and saw Hawkins. "We joked about how he fired me and decided it was a good thing, though he gallantly told my wife it was a mistake," Wilson recalled.

Prevailing opinion supports the view that although failures also "signed on" there were many talented staff members, even if they were erratic and had a tendency to move on. Burnett and Foley, in the American Mercury of January, 1931, told of the Herald spirit:

> Young men come, sniff the Parisian spirit, do their stint and so pass on. A few key men remain, along with the racing expert of the days of cheap caviar and ascot ties, the editorial writer, and the harrassed executives.[89]

The Burnetts also commented on talent: "The Herald gets many good men--the best, at times, the States can offer."

Pay, while low in many instances, was evidently sufficiently high to hold Herald employees. In the absence of specific records, it is impossible to give more than a hint of pay scales for the late Twenties and Thirties, particularly since the sources disagree to the extent of precluding anything other than an approximation. Experienced copyreaders evidently fared better than reporters, on the average. Ken Stewart, an experienced reporter-copyreader when he went to work for the Herald in 1928, said he was paid 900 francs a week, presumably $36.[90] Dame, experienced and in his third tour of France in 1926, said he was paid 1,000 francs, about

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[89]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 29.

[90]Stewart, News, 61.

$40 a week.[91] However, Dean Jennings, later a high-priced writer for Saturday Evening Post and in the Twenties an experienced hand, wrote: "I started . . . at the magnificent salary of $25 a week, which in 1926 was something."[92]

Although most of the people contacted believed the Herald paid better than the Tribune, David Darrah, who worked for both newspapers, disagreed, for the early Twenties, at least.

> The Tribune and the Herald in my day [the early 20's] paid approximately the same salaries despite what anyone has told you. We both paid 350 French francs a week. . . . Both papers operated in the red and had to be subsidized and could not pay more than they made. The salary of 350 weekly was adequate to live on but not for booze and fleshpots which [a] few of the disgruntled wanted.[93]

Two Tribune newsmen, who never worked for the Herald, bitterly criticized the Paris papers regarding salaries. Jay Allen was incensed by all three papers.

> Bluntly let me say that, in my opinion, the three Paris dailies, Chicatrib, Herald, Times, served only to provide a pittance to men who were otherwise engaged. And a pittance it [was] in those days! When I went to work for the Paris Chicatrib [it] was [for] $48.00 a month. Of course it was a stepping-stone to the Foreign Service.[94]

It is apparent that George Seldes, now a noted author, never forgave the newspapers for their parsimonious payroll:

Both the Paris editions of the Herald Tribune and

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[91]Dame, letter, March 22, 1966.

[92]Dean Jennings, letter to the author, September 15, 1965.

[93]Darrah, letter to the author, June 27, 1965.

[94]Allen, letter to the author, May 24, 1965.

> Chicago Tribune were mean and cruel; they exploited the desire of scores of persons, including some of the best literary people, to stay on in Paris, and paid them French wages, i.e., not enough for Americans to live on decently.[95]

However, newspapering in general didn't pay well. Sigrid Schultz, a talented correspondent who speaks several languages, said Paris Tribune reporters "couldn't command a big salary--and let us be frank, nor did most of us Foreign Service correspondents, but we got a little more and we had expense accounts."[96] Stearns indicated much of the difference when he said Foreign Service staff members were paid in dollars from Chicago while Paris Tribune staffers were paid in francs which were escalating with the stability of French money in the international market, meaning although the franc was a nickel one day it might be four cents the next.[97]

In all probability, the scales in the argument tilt toward those complaining of minuscule pay. Burnett and Foley it should be noted, carried out a "strike" at the Herald. Laney denies the Burnett-Foley salary-hike effort in the late Twenties was a strike, saying, they presented the Herald management "a statement of increased living costs with a petition that adjustments be considered."[98] Pay hikes, accomplished without negotiation, continued. Judging from the evidence,

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[95]George Seldes, letter to the author, June 21, 1965.

[96]Sigrid Schultz, letter to the author, September 1, 1965.

[97]Stearns, Street, 260-61.

[98]Laney, Herald, 253.

it would seem that each employee was an individual contractor. Thompson's views and the case of Howard Whitman probably explain the pay "norm" and part of the "extreme." Thompson recalled that the average pay in the Twenties was about 30 to 35 dollars a week" and that salaries "went up a little in the late Twenties and early Thirties, until the depression began to make itself felt in France."[99] Hawkins tells of hiring Whitman in the Thirties. Whitman, he said, became a brilliant writer in a short time; Hawkins was willing to pay a "premium" to keep him. "From 200 francs a week, Whitman's pay went up to 400 [a week] in a month or so. If the rate of exchange was four or five cents a franc [$10 to $20 a week], it is a small wonder that Whitman, a reporter, quickly moved on to the London Daily Express.[100]

Literary leadership on the Herald during these years is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty, leading to the belief that the staff was in a sufficient state of flux during the two decades that no staff member gained clear and unanimous recognition as the leader. As Laney points out, "it is not possible to say anything specific about leadership because one was more likely to look down on one's fellows. No one was concerned with that sort of thing." However, he adds: "The person to whom I looked up was a fellow named Willis Steell. He was on the staff--quite a successful

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[99]Thompson, interview, December 21, 1964.

[100]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 164-65.

playwright."[101]

Nevertheless, a form of leadership or recognition was clearly gained by Elliot Paul and Eugene Jolas. As a literary force Laney, obviously a modest man, probably was their equal through steady, consistent tilling of this unusual vineyard. Dame, in particular, points to Laney's concern with serious consideration of style and his imparting of such lessons to staff members. Almost all of the Herald persons contacted added points supporting such contention and relating that Laney was literary. Leadership to a lesser degree seems to have been established by Ned Calmer, Charles Wertenbaker, Robert Sage, and Steell; all evidently gaining pre-eminence by performances and interests outside the newspaper or by their recognized ability.

Elliot Paul was probably the leader, if such a thing existed. According to Laney, Paul "was not held in much reverence.

> Everybody loved him and loved to go out with him. He certainly was considered a literary figure, but on our staff everybody's attitude was one of enlightened skepticism and you tended to make fun, but many people had serious ambitions to write. They didn't do it, but they thought of it a lot.[102]

"Elliot," according to Calmer, "was the chief intellectual of the Paris Herald, but they [the leaders] were mostly former Tribune [sic] like myself."[103] Paul had several books to his

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[101]Laney, phone interview, November 7, 1965.

[102]Ibid.

[103]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

credit by the time he joined the Herald staff. This fact, tied to his editorial link with transition and its association with Gertrude Stein and James Joyce, could not diminish his image. Laney adjusts the equation a bit, saying:

> Paul enjoyed considerable prestige among his fellow workers on the two American newspapers because he was supposed to "understand" the writing of Gertrude Stein and Joyce. . . ."[104]

He amended the appraisal a little more, saying, "If you wanted to know what the hell Gertrude Stein was writing, you'd likely ask Elliot. He couldn't tell you, of course." Paul, a convivial fellow, is somewhat enigmatic until all the pieces are pressed together and even then certainty eludes the appraiser. One thing seems undeniable. He was well liked. Dame seems closest to the key to Paul as a human and as a talent. Dame writes,

> To all of us he personifies la Vie de Boheme in 1929. He worked hard at that vision, worked at writing although his style was easy and [he] had devised a fine disguise as a simple soul concealing all the wiles of Beelzebub.[105]

Dame, in fact, paints such a fascinating portrait of Paul in his letter, that it would seem a shame not to try to record it for posterity.

> Rotund as a billiken, the glint of mischief always in his eyes, a look of innocence on his bearded face even when perpetrating the most heinous crimes and literary hoaxes, Elliot Paul seemed to have the most fun of any one. He wrote like a fallen angel, which means beautifully at times, with great perception and scholarly pleasure; his thirst seemed gargantuan, his

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[104]Laney, phone interview, November 7, 1965.

[105]Dame, letter, March 22, 1966.

> humour matched this well; his ample belly had contained some of the best meals in Paris and nobody could wear a black hat or swing a walking stick with quite his verve. I'd often find him in a mean boite de nuit back of the Sorbonne, early in the morning pounding the traps in a jazz band just for the fun of it, with real musicians applauding his skill and whores standing round entranced, even in tears.
>
> In some cafes, when he entered, the head waiter's cry went out, "Le vin Elliot Paul, vite." Legend had it that he had cached excellent bottles in many strategic parts of Paris.

Eugene Jolas, evidently plagued by literary enemies most of his life, was near-equal to Paul among newsmen and perhaps among the literati. Jolas' reputation rests mainly on transition magazine which he founded with his wife, Maria, in 1927. A tri-lingual writer, Jolas loomed quite large outside the newspaper field as the head of his magazine and the author of several books.

Laney's standing as a literary force among newsmen resides in his skill as a stylist in journalism, particularly in his sports writing, in his interests which put him in close contact with Steell, novelist Allan Updegraff, and James Joyce, and finally, in his production of several books.

Ned Calmer's reputation as a literary figure of that day evidently was tied to his interest in the literati and in his own writings, particularly for transition; later he wrote four novels. Charles Wertenbaker made an impact on the staff when Saturday Evening Post bought one of his stories; his influence, if any, must have been post facto, because, as already told, he left forthwith and soon became a successful novelist.

Robert Sage, always noted for his ability on the

Tribune and the Herald, was a force chiefly due to his skill and interests; later he translated Stendahl's letters and earned a great deal of acclaim. Steell, even more than Paul, had made his reputation before joining the Paris Herald. Steell was a Broadway playwright.

Nothing more regarding literary leadership on the Herald should be attempted from the evidence drawn together here. Incompleteness of records and the diffidence of staff members makes a careful measurement impossible. Names have been mentioned here only when one or more former staff members singled a person out as a leader.

Emphasis, at any rate, changed from the "one-man-newspaper," Bennett, to a multiplicity of characters influencing the course of the Herald. The switch seems to have started almost immediately after the old Commodore's death. Hawkins records that the editorial outlook began to change in the 1920's. Frank Munsey, known as the "Lord High Executioner" of newspaperdom, purchased the Herald in 1920 and many people feared the worst. The worst did not happen however, presumedly because Munsey discovered a million dollars sequestered in the Herald's bank account.[106] Under Munsey, though, the "character of the staff began to change," according to Hawkins. Soldiers, some still in uniform, he said, were taken on and "gradually the British element, nurtured so many years by

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[106]Laney, Herald, 60-61; Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 94.

Bennett, disappeared."[107]

Reduced turnover in the Thirties probably brought a more determined, if not more talented, group to the Herald. Laney looks upon the men of the Twenties as more creative than those who followed. In Hawkins' judgment, however, the men of the Thirties were stronger than those of the Twenties.

> The men we hired during the thirties almost all made good, either as journalists, writers or in other endeavors. There were few who came to the Herald who failed in the jobs they took, despite the romantic legends that have grown up about the staff's bohemianism.[108]

It will probably come as no surprise to him that the men of the Thirites, as he called them, bear him out. Much of the magic was gone by then and the new, young staff members gathered at the cafes and heard the stories of bygone days and did not, as a rule, feel a part of it. It was a new--still fascinating--Paris. Bohemia was gone.

Personnel changes have been impossible to chart. Staff turnover, even without firings, was accelerated in the 20's, less so in the 30's. Hawkins alluded to the Herald manpower by referring to various ones as men of the Twenties or Thirties. The "effective man power," he said, "ran in cycles, roughly ten years for each generation of Heraldmen.[109] The veteran managing editor, who still reports to his desk each work day, said, "The late twenties was a period when our staff

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[107]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 97.

[108]Hawkins, interview, December 23, 1964.

[109]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 166-67.

turnover was rather brisk; it was a time when life seemed to be exactly as F. Scott Fitzgerald depicted it."[110]

In an effort to "fix" Herald staff at a reasonable figure a comparison to the editorial strength of the Paris Tribune was attempted. Jules Frantz, who said the editorial staff on the Tribune averaged around 18 people from 1917 to 1934, indicated:

> There's no accurate record of turnover [at the Chicatrib] though it was probably heavier on [our paper] than on the Herald; occasionally a man would switch from one paper to the other, partly due to the fact that the Herald's salaries and discipline was somewhat higher.[111]

David Darrah, Tribune managing editor before Frantz, said, "My staff ran from 12 to 15 people; the Herald about the same."[112] Laney and Frantz, unable to produce records, gave staff estimates and "educated guesses" regarding turnover. "It is awfully hard," Frantz said, "to make an average [of turnover].

> As my memory goes for the almost 10 years I was there, I would say five [a year] would be about right although there were some years with more and some with less.[113]

Frantz indicated a belief that the Herald's turnover would be about the same as for the Tribune although he was not certain. Laney, as an insider at the Herald, made a more specific estimate. The Herald, he reckoned, had "15 editorial employees

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[110] Ibid., 166-67.

[111] Frantz, letter, March 16, 1965.

[112] Darrah, letter, June 27, 1965.

[113] Frantz, phone interview, October 10, 1965.

in 1919." The period antedated his arrival, so he had to rely on his exposure to other sources when he joined the Herald in 1926. "I think you could probably add an average of six or seven additional people coming on each year for the whole 20 years [1919-39]," Laney said. He speculated that there was "not much turnover between 1919 and 1923" and that the "real influx of wandering newspaper men began about 1923." The turnover from 1924 through the Thirties "went [up] at a terrific rate," he said.

> But, the average through '39, I would say, would average about six or seven added a year; so six--if you disallow temporary employees--for 20 years. That would be 120 new people, or 130 to 150 different people [who] worked on or in the editorial department in those 20 years.[114]

An effort to draw a reasonably factual image of the Herald during the two decades between the wars must at least try to deal with some apparently strange criticisms by former staff members. Just or unjust criticism of the Herald has been almost continuous. Criticism from outsiders may be written off somewhat. Criticism from insiders, while tinged with the suspicion of personal prejudice, cannot easily be washed away. Such points at least represent an inside view.

Paul, who appears to have used the Herald as a haven, was perhaps the most stinging of critics when, in The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, he commented how wrong it was for a Loyalist publication to build false hope, then added:

> All my friends were jubilant, and I did nothing to discourage them, but having worked in print

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[114]Laney, phone interview, November 7, 1965.

> factories where similar bilge had been manufactured (with special reference to the New York Herald in Paris), I was discouraged and depressed.
>
> I had foolishly thought its [the government's] publicists might have seen the folly of undermining the people's faith by continually misleading them.[115]

One should not suppress a counter view. Paul's reliability was often questioned. Why did he consider his own distortions unrelated to such venality?

Paul's outburst is a serious indictment. Another criticism, however, only points up the old adage that there is no accounting for taste. It is somewhat surprising to learn that even the Herald's location drew some unfavorable comment. Although Laney, Hawkins, and most of the other Heraldmen show nostalgia for Les Halles and the market setting of 38 Rue du Louvre, their point of view was not unanimous. Burnett and Foley said the Herald "thrived for years at an intersection of a stenchy squad of streets," and added, "the stink is traditional" and "every street is a dumping place for campignons, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, potatoes, eggs and sides and quarters of beef, mutton, swine and horse."[116] The writing is colorful and adds to the factual presentation. Undoubtedly, there was a stink.

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[115]Elliot Paul, The Life and Death of a Spanish Town (New York: Random House, c. 1937), 288.

[116]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 30.

CHAPTER III

THE MAJOR LITERARY WORKS OF HERALD STAFF MEMBERS

A roster of known 1919-39 Herald staff members, containing 144 names, has been subjected to a searching examination to determine points pertinent to this investigation: when the employees were there, why they were there, the types of jobs they held, their associations, their effect on the Herald, and the works (books) they produced. Only Americans were included.

Names of staff members were drawn from several sources. An index synthesis of the Hawkins and Laney books produced a list of 126 editorial employees who are presumed to have worked for the Herald on a permanent basis. The composite list thus drawn up was submitted to Hawkins and Laney for their corrections. Hawkins returned the roster with comments and submitted a supplementary list of 10 names.[1] Laney also returned his copy of the list; he added five names.[2] Both men warned that the likelihood of incompleteness was great. "Someone is always coming up to me and I don't remember them until they have talked quite a long time," Laney said.

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[1]Hawkins, letter, March 31, 1966.

[2]Laney, letter, March 10, 1966.

Additional names were obtained from other books and from correspondence with ex-staffers on the Hawkins-Laney list or from interviews with them. The attempted recreation of a roster of Americans who worked for the Herald between 1919 and 1939, therefore, was entirely in the hands of Herald people, ex-Herald personnel, and Tribune people deemed to be authoritative. Each person contacted was asked to supply names of former Herald colleagues and additional names thereby were added. Supplementation also was sought through reference to books other than those written by Laney and Hawkins. Jim Brackett's name was added after a reading of Stewart's News Is What We Make It.[3] A letter from Leland D. Case, now director of the California History Foundation at the University of the Pacific, contributed the name of Lawrence Davies.[4] Ex-Tribune managing editor Frantz, an invaluable source for much of the material in this study, told of Lansing Warren, night editor of the Paris New York Herald Tribune, often referred to simply as PNYHT.[5] Frantz said Warren only recently retired from the New York Times, the publication Davies still works for on the West Coast.

The following roster is necessarily incomplete, a point of regret to the author as well as to Laney and Hawkins, who understandably fear leaving someone out. Precision regarding dates an employee was with the Herald defied

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[3]Stewart, News, 69-70.

[4]Leland D. Case, letter to the author, January 31, 1966.

[5]Frantz, letter, October 6, 1965.

reconstruction and Laney and Hawkins often thought it better not to attempt specific listings. They hope, as does the author, that persons not included will not only forgive the omission, but will supply the writer of this work with the proper details. Errors, which are certain to occur, must be charged to the compiler of this information for without insistence on his part it is doubtful that Laney and Hawkins would have been imprudent enough to attempt the reconstruction. Time, as it does for all men, dims recollection. Justification for the effort, however, rests in the belief that the information drawn up would have been lost with the demise of the people written about here and the hope that the errors will be few and the belief that such mistakes will be more than offset by the information contained herein.

Herald Editorial Staff Roster *Women

Americans Employed, 1919-39

Allen, Jerry*, reporter

Altimus, Henry, copyreader, 30's

Ames, Audry*, reporter, 30's

Andrews, Bert, reporter

Armstrong, Dick, copyreader

Ashenhurst, G., reporter

Ashworth, Roscoe, copyreader

Atlas, Louis B., reporter

Awtrey, Hugh, copyreader

Barber, Will, reporter

Barnes, Joe

Barnes, Ralph, reporter

Bienstock, Victor, copyreader

Birkhead, May*, society editor

Blaylock, Jack, copyreader

Brace, Alfred, reporter

Brackett, Jim

Brewer, Sam, copyreader

Brown, Eve*, society editor

Buchanan, George, copyreader

Bull, Spencer, city editor

Burnett, Whit, city editor, '29

Burnett, William, reporter

Butler, Jerome, copyreader

Calmer, Ned, reporter

Cameron, John, reporter, 30's

Campbell, Steve, copyreader

Carnev, Bill

Carroll, Loren, city editor 30's

Case, Leland D., reporter

Cavendish, Henry, copyreader

Christie, Trevor, copyreader

Clark, Herbert, 30's

Clarkson, Seth, copyreader

Coggeshall, Reggie, sports editor

Cope, Tom, copyreader

Craddock, John, copyreader

Dame, Larry, reporter-copyreader

Darrah, David, copyreader

Davenport, Briggs, editorial writer

Davies, Lawrence, sports editor, copyreader

Davis, Robert, editorial writer

Dennowitz, Carl, slotman, 20's

Desmond, Robert, copyreader

Dickson, Robert, copyreader

Dickson, Lee, reporter, 30's

(editorial staff roster, continued)

Donaldson, Don, asst. managing editor, slotman

Elliott, John, sports editor, correspondent 30's

Evarts, Hal

Ferlin, Charlie, rewriter

Fernsworth, Lawrence, copy-reader, 20's

Field, Barbara*, society editor 30's

Finn, Allan, copyreader, reporter, city editor

Foley, Martha*, copyreader

Gercke, George, copyreader

Gilbert, Morris, news and Sunday editor

Glenn, Jack, reporter, 20's

Gwynne, Erskine, columnist

Haffel, Ed

Hanscom, Jack, reporter

Harl, Louis, copyreader

Harriss, Robin, reporter

Hartrich, Ed, reporter

Haynes, Camille*, society editor (Elliot Paul's first wife)

Heinzen, Ralph

Herrick, M., reporter

Hewlett, John, reporter, 30's

Hillman, William

Hill, Frances*, books

Hills, Laurence, editor and general manager

Hotz, Robert, copyreader

Iams, Jack, reporter, 30's

Imhoff, Max Jr., reporter 30's

Jennings, Dean, reporter, copyreader 20's

Jennings, Perry

Johnson, Bradish, reporter, 30's

Jolas, Eugene, columnist, 20's

Jonez, J. Kenneth, reporter

Josephy, Helen*, columnist, 20's

Kaufman, Wolfe, reporter, 20's

Kelley, Frank, copyreader, 30's

Kent, Doris*, reporter

Kiley, Jed, reporter, 20's

Kornfield, Louis, copyreader

Koyen, Ken, copyreader

Laney, Al, city editor, 20's & 30's

Lardner, James, reporter, 30's

Longmire, Carey, copyreader

Loving, Pierre

Macauley, Thurston, 30's

(editorial staff roster, continued)

Madry, E., copyreader

McCardell, Lee, copyreader

McDonald, Carlisle, copyreader

McMasters, H. L., copyreader

Marvel, Tom, reporter

Mason, Frances*, reporter

Miller, Dora*, fashions

Morrison, James, reporter

Moss, Arthur, columnist, 20's & 30's

Noderer, E. R., copyreader

Ozanne, Henry, copyreader, 20's & 30's

Paul, Elliot, reporter, copy-reader, some-time editor, 20's & 30's

Pendleton, Edmund, copyreader, music critic

Pickering, Jack, reporter, 20's

Polk, George, radio reporter, 30's

Ratel, Ann*, resorts

Ray, Arthur (cq)*, reporter, 30's

Rehm, George, sports editor, copyreader, 30's

Rhodes, Peter, reporter

Robertson, W. H. (Sparrow), columnist, 20's & 30's

Robison, Helen*, fashion

Rogers, Newell, copyreader

Rogiensky, Stephen, copy-reader

Russell, Hamilton, copy-reader 20's

Sage, Robert, rewriter, travel editor, 30's

Schumaker, Ann*, reporter

Sevareid, Eric, reporter, city editor, 30's

Shirer, William L., reporter, 30's

Skinner, Ed, copyreader, 20's

Smith, Dorothy*, reporter, 30's

Smith, Francis, reporter, 30's

Smith, Lou, reporter

Smith, Rex, reporter, 20's

Sprague, Marshall, reporter, 30's

Stearns, Harold, sports, 20's

Steell, Willis, copyreader, Sunday feature editor, 20's

Stern, Robert, copyreader

Stewart, Kenneth, copyreader, 20's

Thompson, Robert, copyreader, 20's & 30's

Tomara, Sonia*

Tompkins, J., reporter

Tyner, Paul, editorial writer

(editorial staff roster, continued)

Walker, Hal, copyreader

Warren, Lansing, night editor

Watson, John

Weld, Carol*, reporter

Weld, John, reporter

Wertenbaker, Charley, copy-
reader, 20's

Wheeler, Kittridge (Pete),
sports editor

White, Johnny, copyreader

Whitman, Howard, reporter, 30's

Wilson, Albert W., copyreader, 20's

Wilson, Thomas, reporter

Yorke, Selina*, society, fashions,
Latin Quarter

Although not members of the Paris Herald staff, three men should be identified with the Paris paper, according to Hawkins. The three are John Elliott, Walter Kerr and Leland Stowe, all correspondents of the parent paper in New York.[6] Elliott, as listed, had been with the paper earlier in his career.

The Laney-Hawkins list, as supplemented, undoubtedly does not include all people who worked for the Herald during those years, but it probably includes most of the permanent staffers; in fact, there is a reasonable degree of certainty that all of the Herald's "in and out stars," such as Paul and Jolas, have been included.[7] The list also includes some of the temporary employees who supplied the Herald with editorial help. Part of the difficulty in preparing such a list is the matter of trying to determine who was "temporary" and who was "permanent." Both Laney and Hawkins were reluctant to make such distinctions.

"Piece" workers, or specials, were not full-time employees; they collected space rates or were on a retainer for columns and the like. Laney, referring to his estimate of staff size, said if the "specials" are included, "I think you could take the top figure of 150 for this period [1919-39]." He took exception to any word that would imply the people were temporary or transitory.

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[6]Hawkins, letter, March 31, 1966.

[7]Stearns, Street, 294.

> I wouldn't call it piece work. They were permanently hired to do certain things and that's all. They covered fashion openings, art galleries, musical performances and things of that kind and they covered the Latin Quarter.
>
> "Special Correspondents" would be their status on another paper now. They changed very little. They wanted those jobs. They weren't well paid, but they did little work. They would consult with me or Hawkins and were on a retainer of 100 francs a week or so much a line or column.[8]

Arthur Moss, Latin Quarter reporter still in Paris, according to Laney was never a staff man, but always contributing. Selina Yorke, who did a stint as society editor, usually was a special, doing fashions and giving Latin Quarter coverage. Dora Miller, Allan Updegraff's wife, was also a special, handling fashions. "We used to have a supplement," Laney said, "and Dora used to employ quite a number of girls to cover openings in a big year."[9]

Free-lance articles, unsolicited pieces submitted on speculation, evidently were seldom bought by the Herald. The Paris Tribune, however, bought such efforts "once in a while" for the book, or literary, supplement edited by Waverley Root.[10] Rates, according to Frantz, were low, "probably $10 to $15." When Darrah was managing editor of the Tribune and Roscoe Ashworth edited the Sunday magazine supplement, they "bought contributions from writers in the Quarter some of them not yet or only near famous such as James Joyce and Ford Madox Ford. We paid 200 francs for a contribution, about $8

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[8]Laney, telephone interview, November 7, 1965.

[9]Ibid.

[10]Frantz, telephone interview, October 10, 1965.

to $10 in those days,"[11] Darrah said.

Some noted writers of the Lost-Generation era are often mistakenly believed to have been Herald staff members. Replies to questions asked around Paris in the winter of 1964-65 reveal a willingness on the part of many people to believe that virtually every American in Paris in those days who made any kind of a name in writing had been on the Herald staff at one time or another. Evidence, however, indicates that none of the really big-name writers of the Lost-Generation period--with the exception of William L. Shirer, a late bloomer--worked for the Herald.

"Over the years," Hawkins said, "I was frequently asked whether Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald and James Thurber worked for the Herald."[12] Hemingway and Fitzgerald "definitely did not," but Thurber, he adds, could have. "I was never sure and neither was he," said Hawkins, reviewing circumstances four decades past. The likelihood that Thurber worked for the Herald does not seem great. Leo Mishkin indicates he relieved Thurber as Riviera reporter for the Tribune in Nice in 1926.[13] Hawkins recalls that Thurber said he sent some copy to the Herald, "which you must never have used because I didn't get a check." That might not have meant anything, said Hawkins, "because we could have used it and not paid him. I don't know. I imagine he was wandering around

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[11]Darrah, letter, March 27, 1965.

[12]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 157.

[13]Lee Mishkin, letter to the author, October 2, 1965.

on his uppers and maybe didn't have the price of a paper to check it."[14] However, Thurber did write for the Herald once, doing an amusing interview of himself which the paper carried.[15]

Other prominent names of the Lost Generation--Miller, Pound, Stein, and Eliot--did not work for the Herald. During an interview,[16] Hawkins only hesitated on Miller in commenting on several of the literary figures:

> Stein--"The only connection we had was occasional interviews when one of our fellows would interview her."
>
> Pound--"No. Never."
>
> Eliot--"T. S. Eliot? No. I don't believe he was in the country much, except as a student maybe."
>
> Miller--"Miller? No. I don't think he worked for us. He might have worked for the Tribune, but not for us, I'm sure."

Hawkins, however, was not sure enough that he let the matter drop. He re-read portions of Miller's Tropic of Cancer and reported, as did others, that he was sure--from what was said by Miller in the book--that the oft-banned author had worked for the Tribune.[17] Absolute confirmation is furnished by Alfred Perles in My Friend Henry Miller and Jules Frantz's

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[14]Hawkins, interview, December 23, 1964.

[15]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 157.

[16]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964.

[17]Ibid.

article "I Did Not Fire Henry Miller."[18]

The trail is too cold for certainty about the "flights" of newsmen from one American newspaper to another. Twenty-two Heraldmen, however, are known to have also worked for the Tribune: Bert Andrews, Roscoe Ashworth, Hugh Awtrey, Will Barber, May Birkhead, Don Brown, Spencer Bull, Ned Calmer, Seth Clarkson, David Darrah, W. Lee Dickson, Camille Haynes, Bradish Johnson, Eugene Jolas, Wolfe Kaufman, Elliot Paul, George Rehm, Hamilton Russell, Robert Sage, William L. Shirer, Harold Stearns, and Albert Wilson.[19] This list of Herald-Paris Tribune men is an indication of the mobility of the labor force.

Some of the men, like Rehm, worked for all three of the American papers, Herald, Tribune, and Times. Imbs and Sheean worked for the Tribune and Times. This cross-pollinization, particularly by men who had written, were writing, or were to write books, promoted an awareness of each other in the literary world. The book producers in this "cross-over" category were Andrews, Calmer, Jolas, Kaufman, Rehm, Sage, Shirer, Stearns, and the most prolific of all, Elliot Paul.

Newspaper staffs, as newspaper chain publisher E. W. Scripps once said, affect the publications they work for;

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[18]Jules Frantz, unpublished manuscript (copy), "I Did NOT Fire Henry Miller," later published in the American Newspaper Guild's Page One magazine, 1965.

[19]Frantz, letter, October 3, 1965. Frantz very kindly checked the Herald personnel list and indicated those who also had worked for the Tribune.

this seems to be particularly true of the Herald, where at any given time the staff could be made up of a small percentage of competent, even talented men, who had to carry the load for a larger number who were gaining experience or failing to perform at a high level, for many reasons, including incompetence, indifference, homesickness, and drinking or other forms of "socialitis," The Herald, however, was able to hire from a pool of unusual talent. "The Paris newspapers," Sheean wrote in Personal History "could always draw on a floating population of newspaper reporters who for one reason or another wanted to make a stay in Paris."[20] Stewart, in News Is What We Make It, pointed to the unusual talent of the Twenties--Leland Stowe, Jay Allen, Elliot Paul, John Gunther, Vincent Sheean, and William Shirer.[21] Two of them, Paul and Shirer, were Heraldmen and all of them were on the Paris news scene; no doubt the list could be extended. Stewart referred to them as the "big picture men" who showed an unusual amount of awareness as the world headed toward war. These men, according to Stewart, led all the rest, and should be a point of pride; others he felt, maintained a rather good standard:

> At our best, we saw more clearly and farther into the future than our contemporaries in other fields, as I hope to show. At our worst, we did not sink below the level of the general post-war [World War I] madness.[22]

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[20]Sheean, History, 306.

[21]Stewart, News, 68.

[22]Ibid., 66.

Josephson, Cowley, Stewart, Stearns, Imbs, Laney, and Hawkins present a veritable parade of men, some talented, some not, who were available to the Herald and the other papers. It was the day of the "vagabond" newsman, a man ready to roar with the Twenties and seek solutions in the Thirties. Stewart traces his own path across the U. S. as he works his way from the west to east coast, then on to Europe and the Paris Herald.[23] Stearns, a typical roamer until his health broke, records the nervousness in this manner:

> In those days the romantic "roaming" type of newspaper man was still enough of a tradition to make it eminently respectable to skip light-heartedly from one newspaper or magazine to another . . . sometimes, indeed even back again.[24]

Stearns was referring specifically to New York in 1912-13, but his entire book, The Street I Know, testifies that the same conditions existed in Paris in the 20's and 30's.

Hawkins' view that his staffs changed in 10-year generations[25] points toward the possibility that stability was greater than the "Quicksand" reputation for the era, which, due to a dearth of detailed information of the past, might lead a casual observer to believe newspaper crews signed on nightly. At least his remark offers some stability. Burnett and Foley augmented the theme when they indicated that key personnel often stayed for years,[26] otherwise the task of

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[23]Ibid., 1-88.

[24]Stearns, Street, 91.

[25]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 167.

[26]Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 27.

putting out a paper would have been impossible. Chief of these were Hawkins, Hills, and men like Laney. Hawkins, the sturdiest example, was managing editor for 36 years, 1924 to 1960. Hills was durable, serving as editor and general manager from 1920 until his death in 1941. Laney, night editor from 1926 to 1934, evidently found it difficult to let go; he returned to work each summer until 1939.[27] Deskman Tommy Thompson, except for about five years spent with International News Service prior to World War II and during the war years, has been with the Herald since 1921.[28] Robert Sage, who came to the Herald from the Tribune with the merger of the two papers in 1934 and who worked briefly in London, remained with the Herald as a rewriteman and travel editor until he died in 1962.[29] The list of stalwarts undoubtedly could be expanded.

Special talents, according to Hawkins, were put to good advantage by the Herald. Paul, a superb master of the "Mail Bag," was given virtually a free hand to do special articles--anything that suited his fancy.[30] Quiet, efficient Laney kept a firm but tolerant hand on the staff.[31] Loren Carroll was particularly good about bringing young staffers,

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[27]Laney, letter, February 8, 1965; also, Hawkins' entire book deals with his executive role from 1924 to 1960.

[28]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964.

[29]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 149-51; Laney, Herald, 302; and Frantz, letter, September 6, 1965.

[30]Ibid., 146.

[31]Ibid., 157.

like Howard Whitman, along.[32] Part of the Herald's "genius" for developing talent obviously centers on the management's recognition of when to lift restrictions on writers.

Paul was a particular case in point, paying heavy dividends in reader interest and, it must be assumed, inspiration to other staff members. He once wrote a fantasy about the statues of Paris getting down from their pedestals and doing a saraband.[33] In the post-World War II period, Art Buchwald, like Whitman in the pre-war period, was "cut loose" and "he became the typical bumbling American boy in Paris."[34] Sevareid, in Not So Wild a Dream, shows the point well: "I was fairly free," he said, "to wander about Paris and write whatever amused me."[35]

Writings and conversations of ex-Heraldmen, although not laudatory in all cases, add luster to the Herald's image. In spite of their sometimes startling criticism, Burnett and Foley admitted the Herald was the best paper on the Paris scene.[36] Laney, although not blind to the Herald's weaknesses, in general praises the paper, displaying love and nostalgia for it. If a newspaper develops a personality from fusing those belonging to the men and women who run it, this study, in the final analysis, becomes a personality report--not of a

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[32] Ibid., 164-65.

[33] Ibid., 145.

[34] Ibid., 267.

[35] Sevareid, Dream, 87.

[36] Burnett and Foley, "Home-Town Paper: Paris," 29.

newspaper but of the people who made the Herald what she is. Perhaps the Herald is simply more human than most newspapers; a difference worth pondering. In this light, Whit Burnett's somewhat carping attitude takes on new meaning. His printed utterances establish the feeling that he thought the Herald hum-drum and unlovable. And yet, Laney reports that Burnett "was quite nostalgic about the Herald" as late as the summer of 1964 when he worked for the Herald Tribune in New York.[37]

In reality, there is a justifiable swagger about Heraldmen, a bit of braggadocio, that may be described, not unkindly, as pride in themselves and for the Herald. It seems to have marked each one, inflicting a deep cultural etch, much like the relationship of a mother and her child. External rejection may take place later, but fundamental personality crevices have been filled and attitudes have been set; implanted is something which is very close to doing for newspaper men what Harvard does for undergraduates going through a unique cultural womb of confidence. Quincy Howe, a noted author-editor, who says that earlier in life he felt like a "Harvard heretic" but that later he grew less heretical, puts his finger on the heart of Harvard's success formula:

> The secret of Harvard - as of England - is that the typical Harvard product is so sure of himself that he can afford to be completely tolerant of others because he knows those who disagree with him are idiots and do not matter. So let them rave. The more heretical Harvard type takes all this much

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[37]Laney, telephone interview, November 7, 1965.

too seriously but he does sometimes move the world.[38] Tolerance born of assurance should not be mistaken for snobbishness although in the case of the Harvard man as well as the Heraldman the subtle difference may at first be indistinguishable.

Successful Herald "grads," even the unhappy ones, constitute bright stars in the Herald's diadem; their luster in part belongs to the Herald, because even in their complaints they show that if the publication did not serve them and the public well, it at least served them. Shirer, for instance, puts the Herald in a significant spot in the "Stavisky Affair" if for no other reason than that it assigned him to an event of some historical importance.[39] Sevareid grudgingly admits the Herald gave him his head and that he soon had a following.[40] Others, perhaps always happier with the Herald than Shirer and Sevareid, admit that the Herald gave them an opportunity to develop a specialty and put them ahead.

The present idol, Art Buchwald, sees the Herald as the "perfect showcase."[41] Tom Marvel credits the Herald with making it possible for him to become a wine expert;[42] George Rehm became an expert on cows;[43] and many others made a

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[38]Quincy Howe, letter to the author, June 15, 1965.

[39]Shirer, Berlin Diary, 5-8, entry for February 7, 1934.

[40]Sevareid, Dream, 87.

[41]Art Buchwald, letter to the author, June 22, 1965.

[42]Tom Marvel, letter to the author, August 14, 1965.

[43]George Rehm, letter, July 21, 1965.

short-term talent trade for an opportunity to be exposed to a different culture and to be placed amid historical events, a result that is reflected in their books. Like Bill Bird of the New York Sun and Waverley Root of the Tribune, they were exposed to a culture that could make them food-and-wine experts.[44] Literary outpourings over the years, and the knowledge that the works were produced by Heraldmen, has served to attract talent on a continuing basis, Buchwald being only the most recent noted case.

Reciprocal writing also is involved. Recognition of the "grads" by the Herald, most notably in Hawkins' book, harms neither their image nor that of the Herald; Laney himself makes an effort to be fair to both staff members and management. Laney and Hawkins obviously look upon the Herald with considerable pride, stressing its uniqueness and its triumphs; both men, however--Laney more than Hawkins--also criticize the paper's weaknesses. In their works, Paul in particular was remembered both as a newspaper man and a literary figure.[45] The fact that Laney and Hawkins remembered and wrote about nearly 130 Heraldmen did neither the Herald nor the men harm; indeed, both men and Herald are enhanced. Thus men and paper keep the legend alive, a worthy enterprise.

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[44]Waverley Lewis Root, The Food of France (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958), 487.

[45]In particular see Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 144-52; Laney, Herald, who dedicates at least a dozen pages to Paul passim; and most of the letters in the bibliography of this work, especially the 12-page letter from Lawrence Dame, dated March 22, 1966.

The legend lives; older staff members, Hawkins and Thompson, were not the only ones aware of the Herald's literary tradition. Younger members of the staff in 1964-65 were sketchy on detail, but they were learning. Hawkins and Thompson, Laney and others had a definite feeling that Heraldmen had done well; none, however, had attempted to measure the literary output to define that portion of the total image. By and large, ex-Heraldmen are proud of the paper, their own stint with the Herald, and the work of many of their Herald comrades.

Laney, in Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper, writes of Hills' surprise in 1940 to learn that some of the men loved the Herald.[46] Twenty-five years later Laney explained some of the feeling: "Not very many stayed as long as I did. . . . People like Thompson are bound, naturally, to have love and affection [for the Paris Herald]. I've got it for the Herald-Tribune [New York] now."[47]

Warwick M. Tompkins, according to Stewart, took Time magazine to task for the "alcoholic's haven" article previously mentioned, saying the Herald was not much but many of the men were the world's best.[48] Writings about the Herald, although most frequently in an anecdotal vein, and dealing

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[46]Laney, Herald, 309-10. Hills, near the final stages of death by cancer, spoke a little incoherently as he and Laney sat on the terrace of the Select and talked about the paper both of them had loved.

[47]Laney, telephone interview, November 7, 1965.

[48]Cited in Stewart, News, 69-70.

with individuals, confirm that the Herald has been an exceptional, though far from perfect, publication.

The measure of a university, it is said, is taken by looking at the end result: its graduates. This homily seems applicable to almost everything, church, family, and newspapers. Measuring the length of shadows cast by Heraldmen, if possible, would not be conclusive. Only one part of the multiple shadow, books, will be measured here.

Of the 144 known Heraldmen, 34 are known to have produced a total of 163 books and another 12, believed to have been ex-Heraldmen, wrote 59 books.[49] These works include plays, novels, poems, history, and special subjects, such as wines and fashions; a full bibliography may be found in Appendices A and B. No effort has been made to measure writings in other than book form, although it is known that many of the Heraldmen who did not turn to book writing stayed in the newspaper, magazine and book publishing (non-writing) fields. Book-producing Heraldmen, meaning authors and not editors, were detected through a check of Who's Who in America and a cross-check with the Library of Congress Card Catalogue.

Although other publications than Who's Who in America were consulted to make certain of the author through his

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[49]Statistics are drawn from the Laney-Hawkins editorial personnel list, as explained in the text; however, it is believed there was a substantial number of private printings, as in the case of Thoma and Imbs. The figures here, however, almost certainly represents better than 95 per cent of their book output. After all, they were professionals and few of them had the means to pay for the publication of their own works.

background, and the findings have been confirmed by former Paris Heraldmen, there is a general assumption that a writer of standing will be in Who's Who. Since this was not always so, final reliance for book production rests on entries in the Library of Congress Card Catalogue which, one again, is not all-embracing or infallible.

Heraldmen-turned-author and the number of books produced by each are:

Bert Andrews (1)--Andrews combined with Peter Andrews to write a book called Washington Witch Hunt which dealt with Andrews' confidential role in the Hiss-Chambers case.

Whit Burnett (3)(edited 23)--Burnett's The Literary Life and the Hell With It is an interesting collection of light essays dealing chiefly with his experiences in the literary world. Frequently cited in this study, this book filled in many blanks about the Burnetts, particularly their founding of Story magazine. Much of Burnett's literary energies were consumed in editing other people's work. He also wrote a book of short stories, The Maker of Signs and co-authored Immortal Bachelor: The Love Story of Robert Burns.

Ned Calmer (4)--Calmer referred to himself as a "four-book" man. All are novels, mostly light reading. All the Summer Days, perhaps his best work, frequently cited here, very closely approximates the findings in this study in almost every detail. It probably should be classified as fact-fiction.

Loren Carroll (2)--Carroll has a penchant for witty

satirical works as revealed by the titles of his books, Wild Onion and Conversation, Please: A Clinic for Talkers.

Leland Davidson Case (4)--Case's reputation rests mostly on his journalism textbooks although he must have some following on his two works dealing with the Dakota Badlands. His journalism books are Editing the Day's News and Around the Copy Desk.

Lawrence Dame (3)--Author, art critic and explorer, Dame has written New England Comes Back and two books on Yucatan, the latter following exploratory trips to Yucatan and Quintana Roo; few authors, Heraldmen or not, equal his exotic educational background which was drawn from Harvard, Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales (Paris), the University of Grenoble, as well as the universities of Tbulouse, Burgos, and Boston. Although not listed in the Library of Congress Card Catalogue, Who's Who lists Dame as co-author of another book, Boston Murders.

David Harley Darrah (3)--Darrah's works emphasize historical characters. Hail Caesar deals with Benito Mussolini and Conspiracy in Paris goes into detail on a bomb plot against Napoleon I. Scholarly in attitude, Darrah's first work was Field Work in Education, issued in 1920.

Rueben Briggs Davenport (4)--Davenport proved to have broad interests; his first book, Death Blow to Spiritualism, was published in 1888. His last book, Nobler Love: A New Study of Modern Life, was published in 1928; during World War I he wrote A History of the Great War and a work called

What the British Empire Is Doing in the War.

Robert Davis (9)--Davis' work shows great interest in the world around him wherever he might be. Some of his titles reveal his catholic approach to life and book topics. Among his works are Hints on Service in France, Mopping Up Bolshevism, Unfeathered Eagle of Austria, Poem of an Old French Farm, The Wit of Northern Vermont, A Vermonter in Spain, and Padre Porko: The Gentlemanly Pig.

Robert William Desmond (4)--Desmond's interests have run toward newspaper methodology and politics. His works include World Politics, produced with a number of cohorts, The Press and World Affairs, Newspaper Reference Methods, and Professional Training of Journalists, the latter issued by UNESCO in English and French.

John Elliott (1)--Elliott's book of only 47 pages, South Tyrol Today, is a collection of articles he had done on fascist activity in the Tyrol for the New York Herald Tribune.

Lawrence A. Fernsworth (4)--Fernsworth has shown a consistent interest in Spain; in 1936 bound pamphlets on the Spanish Civil War were issued as reprints from Foreign Affairs under the title, Back of the Spanish Rebellion; in 1957 he issued a larger work called Spain's Struggle for Freedom.

Martha Foley--Like her former husband, Whit Burnett, Miss Foley has dedicated her life to editing the works of others. Also like Burnett, she has managed to include a few of her own works in anthologies being brought together under her guiding hand. The Burnetts edited Story together from

1931 to 1948.

John Henry Hewlett (6)--Hewlett so far has turned out six works of fiction, including such titles as Cross on the Moon, Wild Grape, and The Blarney Stone.

William Hillman (1)--Regretfully, little is known about Hillman other than the fact that he died in 1962 and wrote a book called Mr. President.

Jack Iams (12)--Iams, a Herald reporter in 1934, has specialized in murder mysteries; among his titles are The Body Missed the Boat, Girl Meets Body, Do Not Murder Before Christmas, A Shot of Murder, and What Rhymes With Murder?

Dean Southern Jennings (4)--Jennings also writes under the name of Steve Frazee. A smooth stylist who has done a great deal of writing for the slick magazines, he has written such works as Leg Man, The Man Who Killed Hitler, and some "as told to" books, such as Warden Clinton T. Duffy's The San Quentin Story and Jack Warner's My First Hundred Years in Hollywood. Leg Man deals only partly with Jennings' newspaper days in Paris, being chiefly a work emphasizing behind-the-scene material which was considered too bizarre for newspapers.

Eugene Jolas (7)--The editor of transition continued to find time to write esoteric works, such as I Have Seen Monsters and Angels, and Planets and Angels. Jolas also edited James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism and an anthology of French works.

Helen Josephy (4)--Miss Josephy usually produces frothy guides, such as Beer and Skittles: A Friendly Guide to Modern

Germany, London Is a Man's Town, Paris Is a Woman's Town, and New York Is Everybody's Town. However, she co-authored a Report on the National Conference on Equal Pay with Helen Robison in 1952 for the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor.

Wolfe Kaufman (3)--Kaufman puts a happy touch to fiction in Tender Checks, I Hate Blondes and Call Me Nate, published between 1934 and 1951.

Al Laney (3)--In addition to writing Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper, Laney has written Prep Schools: Profiles of More Than Fifty American Schools, and, in keeping with his interest in sports, a small volume called Golfing America. Laney is probably best known for his newspaper sports coverage, particularly tennis.

Pierre Loving (5)--Author of dramatic works, Loving was with the Herald in 1925. Among his works are Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays, Ten-Minute Plays; Revolt in German Drama, and a novel Gardener of Evil. In his Paris days, Loving wrote for Dial and transition magazines.

Lee Adrian McCardell (1)--McCardell, who joined the Herald staff in 1928 from the Baltimore Sun, in 1958 issued an historical work: Ill-Starred General: Braddock of the Coldstream Guards.

Tom Marvel (3)--Marvel, who became a wine expert as he made weekend and holiday tours of France while working for the Herald, now writes pamphlets for a winery in New York. His three books are Circling the Caribbean, The New Congo,

and A Pocket Dictionary of Wines.

Dora Miller (1)--Fashion expert Dora Miller stuck with her specialty to write Dressmakers of France.

Arthur Moss (2)--Moss, now preparing another book, has co-authored with Evalyn Moss Marvel The Legend of the Latin Quarter: Henry Murger and the Birth of Bohemia and Can Can and Barcarole: The Life and Times of Jacques Offenbach.

Elliot Paul (29)--Paul, who also wrote murder mysteries under the pseudonym of Brett Rutledge, had a prodigious output of fiction, autobiographical fact-fiction, and politically oriented "factual" recordings of individuals trapped by the human condition. By far the most prolific Heraldman, Paul's production torrent showed an amazing versatility, ranging from his first work, Indelible: A Story of Life, Love and Music, issued in 1922, and Imperturbe: A Novel of Peace Without Victory, published in 1923, through such Homer Evans detective works as Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre and Fracas in the Foothills, to the powerful and moving socio-political works, The Last Time I Saw Paris and The Life and Death of a Spanish Town. A magnificent stylist, Paul is a literary treat even in his low interest autobiographical works, Linden on the Saugus Branch and A Ghost Town on the Yellowstone. Paul wrote as he lived, close to people. His most impressive quality is skilled characterizations which amplify the human spirit until a person is revealed in full expanse, good or bad, in a framework of the individual and his problems, internal as well as external.

George Rehm (2)--Rehm, in many ways the most fascinating of the tribe of newsmen to invade the headwaters of Gallic culture in the 20's and 30's, surprised many of his compeers in later life by taking to a Pennsylvania dairy farm and writing two works that charted his progress, Twelve Cows, and We're in Clover: The Story of a Man Who Bought a Farm (1951) and, 11 years later, Requiem for Twelve Cows. He is still at work, evidently abandoning cows for the typewriter again.

Eric Sevareid (4)--Still on the upswing in his career, Sevareid is expected to add to his book output, which includes his 1935 effort, Canoeing With the Cree, the fascinating, personalized 1946 work, Not So Wild a Dream, and two later works that are "inside" views of contemporary scenes, Small Sounds in the Night: A Collection of Capsule Commentaries on the American Scene and In One Ear: 107 Snapshots of Men and Events Which Make a Far-Reaching Panarama of the American Situation at Mid-Century. Sevareid also has edited Candidates, 1960: Behind the Headlines in the Presidential Race.

William L. Shirer (10)--Although Paul was more prolific, Shirer has had greater impact on his generation. The author of The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, Berlin Diary, End of Berlin Diary, Mid-Century Journey, and a number of novels, such as The Traitor, The Consul's Wife, and Stranger, Come Home, is greatly oriented to his experiences. In fact, it seems doubtful that his production would have been so high if he had not had experiences significant in our times. Shirer

enjoys a prestigious reputation among historians, men of letters, and newspeople.

Marshall Sprague (4)--Sprague has shown a catholic interest in the selection of topics for his books; The Business of Getting Well, Massacre: The Tragedy at White River, Money Mountain: The Story of Cripple Creek Gold, and Newport in the Rockies: The Life and Good Times of Colorado Springs.

Harold Stearns (5)--Known more for his editing than his writing, Stearns was a tragic character, a situation unknown until a reader goes through his autobiographic work, The Street I Know. Here it is learned that Stearns had an infinite capacity for self-deception and an affinity for punishment that seems unusual for a person of his educational background (Harvard) and obvious talent. The seeds of his beginning, however, were more forceful than superficial appearances suggest. Stearns was a "loner," earning his way through school as a newsman, drinking at the Harvard fount of knowledge but starving for acceptance among his contemporaries. His widowed, or deserted, mother, a domestic, could offer little help. His life got out of joint at an early stage. Tormented by genius, if that is what it was, and an inability to rise above his background, Stearns found refuge in the vine. He wrote of it with dignity, but he was obviously still a lush who was so far gone that until he had moments of blindness he was unaware that his teeth had virtually rotted out.[50] It is not easy to find a more pathetic figure on the Herald

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[50]Stearns, Street, 317.

roster; even those who committed suicide fell no farther than Stearns did. Although probably not known as well when he arrived in Paris as Cowley and Putnam indicate, Stearns is now classified by his news colleagues as the one who was "really lost," as a man who stacked up price saucers waiting for some one to "bail" him out, and as a horse touter, a mere horse touter.

Willis Steell (8)--Steell, who worked for the Herald in an abortive attempt to launch his daughter on an operatic career, in addition to writing a number of plays, wrote a study of a noted American, Benjamin Franklin of Paris 1776-1785, and many plays, including Consuelo, Morning After the Play, Girl of the Golden Horn, The Prospector, and The Gift of the Madonna.

Kenneth N. Stewart (2)--Stewart's News Is What We Make It is an interesting account of a newsman's itinerant life, from West Coast to East, on to Paris, then back again where he participated in the launching of one of America's most unusual newspapers, PM. He joined with John Tebbell to create Makers of Modern Journalism.

Charles Christian Wertenbaker (9)--Wertenbaker's life ended in suicide, but his days from the time he bade "good-bye" to the Herald "slaves" were productive. Much of his time was spent in writing for slick magazines. He also produced nine books, including The Death of Kings, Invasion, Write Sorrow on the Earth, Before They Were Men, A new Doctrine for the Americas, Peter the Drunk, and his first effort, Boojum,

released in 1928. He, thus, ran from fact to fiction. Write Sorrow on the Earth, as an example, is an impressive account of French freedom fighters.

Thomas Williams Wilson Jr. (1)--The Library of Congress Card Catalogue lists Wilson as the author of Cold War and Common Sense, a point verified by Who's Who in America.

Such an array of literary effort cannot be ignored easily. If these people did not dominate the literature of their day, they created substantial and creditable works. Without attempting to weigh their literary merit, the statistics are impressive. Literary worth cannot be determined by the fact that an editor of the commercial press has found a work of sufficient value to cause him to gamble on at least getting his money back. It is not a totally valueless standard however, and even Sylvia Beach, who published Joyce's Ulysses, had to fret over the accounts.[51]

This much can be said: newsmen-writers of Lost-Generation Paris, and, as documented here, particularly Heraldmen, added substantially to the wave of literature between 1919 and 1939. Even more significantly, their efforts, although diminishing due to decimation through death, continue.

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[51]Beach, Shakespeare & Co., 55-68. "It seemed natural to me that the efforts and sacrifices on my part should be proportionate to greatness of the work I was publishing," she said. (p. 68.) It is not contended here that publishing by a commercial house denotes quality of work or value to mankind. However, the commercial press has not done too badly in discovering quality work.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNALISTIC TRAINING AND INFLUENCE OF THE HERALD ON ITS STAFF

Journalistic trainig, although of varying value to the individuals contacted, almost certainly was of value to the men who went on to write books. Because of Paris and because of the Herald's unique approach to news, the staff members probably got better training for literary careers than their counterparts at work on newspapers in the United States.

Book production by newsmen evidently was tied to a new outlook which made them want to speak out and tell the world what they thought. "Sheean," according to Stewart, "established, as had nobody before him, that what counts is what a reporter thinks."[1] Stewart was referring to Sheean's book, Personal History, which gave the thoughts of an adventurous man as he moved about the face of the globe. Sheean was sensitive to the human condition and made a personal excursion toward communism as he reported on Sun Yat-sen's revolution in China, conversed with Borodin and developed an attraction for a young American woman who was in the Communist movement. Sheean went to Moscow, where the young woman died. In the

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[1]Stewart, News, 198.

book, he frets intellectually, as does the reader, about mankind. Individuals are swept under the surface of concern as he ponders the larger meaning of the political movement, a bid for equity for the world's millions. Sheean compels the reader to think, not agree, as the problem had forced him to do. "Vincent Sheean awakened us as newspapermen to the long view,"[2] Stewart added.

Citing John Gunther in The Saturday Review of Literature of November 14, 1936, Stewart pinpoints the change of outlook.

"The foreign correspondent," Gunther said, "packs a notebook in his kit these days and thinks more of future royalties than contemporary datelines." The change was not just a gravitation toward money, he explained; it was a meaningful outpouring of heartfelt concern. "It means first," Gunther added, "that intelligent and responsible newspapermen abroad find the accepted technique of foreign correspondence somewhat cramping; second, that they are thinking for themselves." It was a form of compulsion. Gunther continued:

> [They] feel the necessity to go back, to write in more detail of the things they have seen, to express themselves on what is after all the most important thing, their own relation to the events they participated in.[3]

Stewart corroborates Gunther's interpretation:

> Most newspapermen I knew had the notes for a novel, the synopsis of a play, inspirational clippings, secret jottings of poetry, rejected manuscripts or

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[2] Ibid., 313.

[3] Ibid., 186.

> published works tucked away somewhere in desk drawers or on shelves at home.[4]

Expanding the analysis of why newsmen had turned to books in such large numbers, Stewart explains the underlying drive:

> Their books gave them a chance to say things--important things--that they couldn't then say elsewhere. What they couldn't say in the daily press, they must continue to say wherever they could--over the radio, in books, from the platform--but say it again and again they must, for they were there and they saw it happen.[5]

Thus intoxication of purpose was added to the heady atmosphere already outlined; at least this was true for a substantial number of the members of the news corps in Paris. Naturally, all members were not driven and all of them were not talented; in fact, the failure must have a place in this study.

Non-writers in Paris form a long-recognized special category, one which, in all probability, deserves to contain better than 90 per cent of the people who went there in the belief or hope that they had talent to go with a creative impulse. The same category exists today. Stearns, who declined into literary sterility while in Paris, rings true when he tells of literary ambition and defeat. His remarks are general as well as personal.

> We had plenty of men on the staff . . . with literary ambitions, men whose hearts were really set on "making" the magazines back home. But if their hearts

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[4] Ibid., 202.

[5] Ibid.

> were set on it, their wills were often feeble and their abilities hardly of a kind to justify their hopes.[6]

In a large measure, Stearns' desperation can be felt in these lines, touching because they apply to him in particular.

> All newspaper offices are to a certain extent the graveyards of vaulting literary ambitions that have o'erleaped themselves, but at least back home one is likely soon to learn whether the ambition has any justification and to reconcile oneself accordingly. . . . But in Paris men could delude themselves for a longer time--perhaps the pathos of distance, I don't know--and believe that soon recognition would come.[7]

Stewart regrets the "time wasted" in Paris, even though he and the men like him acquired "a speaking acquaintance with culture . . . and news perspectives that stood us in good stead. . . ."[8]

Calmer's fiction about newspapering in Paris makes one of the central characters, newspaperman Don Holmes, a non-writer. In fact, most of Calmer's characters are involved in some way with the literary stream; some dabble, others plunge. Calmer traces the decline of Don Holmes and his frustration, the desire but inability to write that leads to drink, breakup of his marriage, and final realization that, when his opus was completed, he had "rewritten The Sun Also Rises."[9]

In his novel, Ware, a beautiful young lady on the Paris American staff who takes much embarrassment in order to

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[6]Stearns, Street, 297.

[7]Ibid., 298.

[8]Stewart, News, 66-67.

[9]Calmer, Summer Days, 262.

run with the literary crowd, ends as a novelist with a broken heart. Two major figures in the Calmer novel, Alex and Roger, admit they are not producing, but, happily for them, realize it is no great loss.

Calmer sums up regarding non-writers and other non-performing artists through the voice of an unidentified American:

> They come here as a way of disguising their lack of talent and indulging their laziness. And I mean all of them--writers, painters, musicians, all of them. Oh, I daresay you could find a few exceptions . . .[10]

The same sidewalk sage then drives an interesting barb home, using a scalpel on Hemingway as he goes by: "The only excuse for spending any time here is to make copy out of others, the way Ernest Hemingway did. You've read his book, haven't you?"

The plight of the non-writer can be tragic, but John Crosby spoofed the non-writer in an article, "Not Writing in Paris," in the pages of the Paris Herald, September 28, 1962. In the piece Crosby calls on a writer who doesn't write in Paris and reports his "world of serious pretense" after the man finds out he is talentless. "America," the non-writer said, "is not a proper domicile for writers who don't write because before he knows it he is selling things to "The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest, Random House, going down, down, down. . . ." Crosby goes along with the idea, adding:

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[10]Ibid., 214.

> . . . in the '20s a writer would hole up in the Hotel Montana, where Hemingway lived, and not write the Great American Novel. There were some Great American Novels written in the '20's, several by Hemingway, but nothing next to the quantity of Great American Novels that were not written by American writers.

Crosby trails off to the effect that the thing to "write these days is a Nouvelle Vague movie script," and allows his non-writer friend to say his task involves a lot of sneering and "if you are going to sneer you got to sneer big. I sneered at Hemingway and Faulkner--the biggest."

The tendency to treat the matter lightly also rises to the surface in Whit Burnett's The Literary Life and the Hell With It, in a chapter entitled "Hammock Writing." Hammock writing is non-writing by another name, the difference being it is non-writing by request; Burnett, like Bennett Cerf, who says most of the novels nowadays [1960s] are rewrites of Hemingway and Faulkner,[11] excoriates those who cannot break into a new mold. Burnett, writing in the Thirties while he was still editor of Story magazine, begged release from "rape stories relating to French railway carriages" and those dealing with the "introductory sexual experiences of sensitive young men."[12]

In a pitiless way, Burnett drives his point home by expanding the list and explaining hammock writing so that the feeble-minded could get the drift: "Hammock writing,"

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[11]Burnett, Literary Life, 71-82; Bennett Cerf, taped interview with Dale Speer, Tulsa, October 21, 1965.

[12]Burnett, Literary Life, 73.

he said, "is writing not done in a hammock at all. It is writing not done anywhere."[13] Burnett invites the 500,000 Americans "between the ages of fourteen and ninety-three" who are assaulting the nation's mail system with their writing to hammock themselves and contemplate "how many novels there are in the world [that] need not [be written]." His extended list for the Hammock Writer to eschew includes these: Stories that start with conversations where boy and girl are worried about pregnancy, encounters on bridges in the fog where suicide plans are abandoned in favor of new love, chronological novels, and proletarian novels in which authors "by the way they describe their characters, so obviously hate the proletariat that they cannot possibly hope to enlist a reader's sympathy."[14]

Burnett had even more topics he wished writers to spurn: Ghost stories, long-winded works dealing with neurotics, and works stressing exclamation marks, and four-letter-word productions that stress the short words just to be shocking and different.

Obviously the world was made up chiefly of writing non-writers and few writers were to be found. Nevertheless, they came to Paris by the thousands. Laney, in writing of collections of people on the Left Bank, particularly at the Dome, said:

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[13] Ibid., 75-76.

[14] Ibid., 76-78.

> Here came all the Americans in rebellion, along with Bohemia's failures of all nationalities. Some had genuine talent; most believed that they had and were mistaken.[15]

Dean Jennings, in Leg Man, gives an account of a cavalier failure in Paris. In his vignette, Jennings touches on the "false Nirvana on the Left Bank:" a poet who "wrote poems and mixed unholy puddles of oil on his palette," ran out of money, then threw his pen away; he quarreled with his girl, slashed his wrist and was "lying red-wet on the floor" when friends found him. Jennings "promised to keep the story out of the Herald (but the Tribune reporter [Shirer] double-crossed me and used it)." Back from the hospital, "[the poet] held up [his] hand and we saw fingers gray and stiff; fingers that arched like mounted claws; fingers that had no tendons or muscles to give them life. . . . He was laughing as we stared. He laughed--and smashed our hearts."[16]

Three writers of that day, Stearns, Wambly Bald, and Richard Thoma, probably offer the best examples of non-writers; their careers were disappointing in not measuring up to estimated potential. Thoma, however, maintains that posterity may yet have something to say about him.

Wambly Bald, for five years author of a Tribune column called "La Vie de Boheme," was rather generally cited by Lost-Generation people as a force in the Paris literary community in the Twenties. Miss Flanner called Bald "must" reading for

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[15]Laney, Herald, 150.

[16]Dean Jennings, Leg Man (Hollywood, Calif.: George Palmer Putnam, Inc., c. 1940), 41-45.

the literary crowd in those days.[17] Henry Miller makes sport of Bald in Tropic of Cancer, perhaps pulling a counter-prank on the columnist-proofreader, by making him the phallic fanatic Van Norden.

Thoma, a currently little-known poet who read proof on the Herald in Lost Generation days, called Bald the "greatest living non-writer" and said that many of Bald's "La Vie de Boheme" columns "were actually written - or partially written - by other people - including Henry Miller and myself." Thoma said Bald's columns were "awaited with anxiety and trepidation" and that "Wambly was the most loved and hated man in Paris for many years!"[18]

Bald displayed considerable talent, presuming that his column was not entirely based on the writings of others, and

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[17]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964. According to Miss Flanner, writer hangouts during the Lost Generation period were the Dome, Select, Deux Magots, and, later, the Coupole which "was not yet built in the early days. . . ." One of the diminishing number of authorities on such things, Miss Flanner said: "Montparnasse had become an artists' neighborhood. Whenever you've got artists you've got tourists because there is a certain quality that attracts. They like to stand up there with their bushy beards and their models and sketch in public. Writers lead a quiet life. You could not possibly believe that the Cafe des Deux Magots and the Place St. Germaine des Pres [of] today ever was what it was in the long years I have lived there. [Eighteen years ago it was] so quiet that there was rarely an automobile parked on the square. Now it's an outdoor garage. . . . But the Cafe de Fleur and the Cafe des Deux Magots--that's where the writing crowd used to come into. Scott would come there and Ernest a lot, and, of course, a great deal, the Dome. The Magots and the Fleur are still there--unchanged. Maybe the Magots has upholstered itself in red. I'm not sure that it didn't use to be black."

[18]Richard Thoma, letter to the author, October 27, 1965.

judging from his work in Neagoe's Americans Abroad. Bald offers an explanation for not writing.

> We expatriates were so busy living and we were so young (and perhaps so lazy) that we kept postponing paying the bill (doing something creative). We felt that could wait. Then in due time, a generous alchemy would somehow take over and our rich experiences would practically weave themselves into literature.
>
> I felt that just living was creative enough, that it was enough to be warmed by the "gem-like flame" without pulling away to sweat in some attic in order to achieve a Name. Unfortunately, I was wrong.
>
> I wish I had done it the other way. Too much crust has formed already. It's too late.[19]

Harold Stearns, as already indicated, hit a drink-sodden quietus in Europe, the place he had fled to for a better cultural atmosphere than existed in America. In The Street I Know and other books, after his defeat and return to America, Stearns asserts that he was wrong about the cultural sterility of the United States. The same books, particularly The Street I Know, measure the span of his personal defeat; he returned broken in health. However, Stearns was not the total drunkard of his reputation among Lost-Generation people who seem to revel in the idea that the so-called precursor of the movement descended to the dregs of drink and became a horse touter.

Strictly speaking, Stearns wrote or edited too many books to fit neatly into the non-writer category. He was, however, a classical embodiment of the principle during his Paris years.

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[19]Wambly Bald, letter to the author, December 16, 1965.

Thoma, although displaying possible delusions about his worth as a writer, started his career in the normal public way of his day. He was published in transition and Neagöe's Americans Abroad. After his early-Twenties beginning, Thoma, a proofreader like his friend Wambly Bald, receded into private publication of his works, content, he says to wait for discovery in future years.[20]

Citing himself, Bald, and Henry Miller as examples, Thoma maintains proofreaders are in a better position and are better equipped to write serious works than reporters. Thoma, the son of a very wealthy woman, placed himself and Miller at the literary apex, saying:

> So far as I know, nothing, but nothing ever came out of the Paris papers but Henry Miller and myself--and we were both proofreaders. Ned Calmer wrote a lousy book and Waverly [sic] Root and Russell [sic] Sage made slight contributions, scarcely to be entertained seriously, and there just is absolutely no one else.[21]

Thoma gave his reasons for believing proofreaders

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[20]Thoma, letters October 27 and November 16, 1965. Thoma, in his letter of October 27, explains his own nearly anonymous state: "I am fully aware that no one knows anything about me except Yale and UCLA and the New York Public Library and a few individuals. But, believe me, this was by choice. I could have played the literary game--written what people wanted, sucked disgusting recta and smiled at female literary agents. I chose not to do so. I despised the whole deal. I did what I wanted to do - and printed it myself." He said his "Book of Lambda and The Book of Sapphire were printed in editions of 26 and 48 copies respectively, so you can't really say that I was looking towards making a name for myself. . . . I have a number of other unpublished works which I hope to print before I die," said Thoma who maintains anonymity by writing in little magazines under a psuedonym, Sinzer James.

[21]Thoma, letter, October 27, 1965.

"make more effective writers than reporters." Essentially, he says, disposition, talent, and training make them the better literary men. "Given the necessary talent to start with." he said, "they are by nature apt to be more precise, critical and suspicious--that is also the nature of their job." On the other hand, he continued, "reporters also affected by their personal natures, are always in the thickness and excitement of things and are invariably given to overt aspects of any situation as they appear at the time, forced to frame them immediately and (mostly) without second thoughts on their validity, point or consequences."[22] In an amazing, and perhaps true, theory, Thoma maintains newsmen are impatient glory-seekers who must have immediate recognition.

There was no unanimity among the sources regarding the value of journalistic training to a person wishing to become a writer of serious works; voices were strong both pro and con. Although the weight of evidence forces the conclusion that more good than harm is probably done by news training, there are some notable cases offering a view to the contrary and considering newspaper training destructive or corrosive to talented writers.

Hemingway, who worked on the Kansas City Star and the Toronto Star, is probably the most celebrated "anti-news training" case. Although the degree of intensity of his

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[22]Thoma, letter, November 16, 1965.

desire to "escape" journalism is in doubt, it is true he deserted regular reporting ranks at the first opportunity and only returned for the more exotic and less restricted aspects of a war correspondent's work when the opportunity presented itself.

Jay Allen recounted a conversation he had with Hemingway in a Madrid bar in 1931 in which the novelist told him: "If you want to learn to write, you'd do a lot better selling buttons in a dime store rather than working for a newspaper."[23] In illustrating Hemingway's determination to stay away from news work, Allen said Hemingway had actually been hungry, and that he worked as a porter at Les Halles to keep from going back to newspaper work. Paul Rink, who lists Allen as a principal source in his book, Ernest Hemingway: Remaking Modern Fiction, paints a picture of a destitute young man brought low by lack of money, the loss of a year's manuscripts, and a wife who had got herself pregnant.

> He was fed up to the teeth with newspaper work; he was working well now at his fiction and plans for more stories and a full scale novel in his mind. He was arriving at an important period of transition in his work, and the news of this expected child upset them [Hemingway, Toklas, Stein] all.[24]

In this literary "moment of truth," according to Rink, "Miss Stein and others of his friends continually advised him to get out of newspaper work" because his vital and creative

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[23]Jay Allen, telephone interview, October 17, 1965.

[24]Paul Rink, Ernest Hemingway: Remaking Modern Fiction (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica Press, c. 1962), 77, hereafter cited as Remaking Fiction.

forces "were being dissipated into the insatiable nothingness of writing news stories."[25] Hemingway, who had been writing for the Toronto Star, in August, 1923, sailed to Canada with his family, but they returned to Paris the next year and Hemingway left newspapering behind him.

Rink at this point starts what appears to be an untrue poverty picture:

> Doggedly Hemingway, covered by a blanket, lies on a mattress and writes. His family is hungry. He turns down an offer from a Hearst syndicate of a permanent job as European correspondent at a salary that was high enough to keep them practically in luxury as long as they wished.[26]

Hadley Hemingway, according to Rink, sends the writer out to dig up food for his cold, hungry family. Rink's version makes her a shrew: "The taxi?" she said sarcastically. "Or is it vegetables today?" Rink portrays Hadley thinking of that "awful taxi" and her husband's stubbornness that sends him "hurtling about Paris driving that squawking taxi to pick up a few francs. Or unloading vegetables in the markets from the trucks for a few centimes or a handful of carrots."[27]

Grave doubt is cast upon the Rink-Allen view of Hemingway's dedication to escape from journalism, at least the part that has him hungry, living in such poverty that he must drive a taxi for a few francs or grub around at Les Halles

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[25] Ibid., 78.

[26] Ibid., 81.

[27] Ibid., 82.

in an effort to feed his family and heat their quarters, all while rejecting an offer that would make life easy.

Mrs. Paul Scott [Hadley] Mowrer, the first Mrs. Hemingway, casts the first shadow of doubt on the poverty image.

> As to his being hard up and serving as a porter at Les Halles, I never heard of it though it might have happened when he and I were separating and everything was unsettled.
>
> I believe I have read the main biographies and never heard this before.[28]

Another source close to Heminway in those days who does not wish to be identified, was more emphatic and specific. In his letter he made these points:

> His [Rink's] picture of their life together at that time is fictitious. The imaginary dialogue is quite impossible.
>
> They had a femme de menage who came in almost every day to help with cooking and cleaning.

This source, considered unimpeachable, added two points that knock out the Les Halles work fable and casts doubt on Hemingway's "clean break" with journalism, the general view held.

> Ernest wrote feature articles more or less regularly for the Toronto Star, and occasionally did assignments for them. They paid well enough.
>
> Ernest could not have worked as a taxi driver or a porter at Les Halles even if he had wanted to, which he apparently didn't. A foreigner, to get a job in Paris, had to have a permis de travail. Hadley is sure he never had one. So am I.

In a scathing close to his letter, the man said there was "one element of truth" in Rink's account: "You could

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[28]Mrs. Paul Scott Mowrer, letter to the author, October 28, 1965.

hear the sawmill and there was dust and sawdust."[29]

There were other articulate voices in opposition, because those who felt journalistic training had a negative value were outspoken.

Henry Miller, judging from the tone of utterances in his books, evidently considered such exposure of little value to literature although there was some comfort in newspapering; his comments range from grateful acceptance of the news medium, even pursuit of it, to total contempt. Discomfort and contempt for newspaper work, for instance, is shown in Tropic of Cancer. Miller got a proofreader's job and in a mixture of joy and contempt wrote: ". . . all that is requested of me is to punctuate the calamities."[30]

In a transitional linguistic caper, Miller slides facetiously toward an uneasy acceptance of the role: "A good proofreader," he said, "has no ambitions, no pride, no spleen. A good proofreader is a little like God Almighty, he's in the world but not of it."[31] Insecurity at least occurred to him and one wonders why he applied it to proofreading and not his other jobs. "The greatest calamity for a proofreader is the threat of losing his job,"[32] Miller said. Exuberance overtakes him, as the reader goes along:

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[29]The letter cited, dated November 23, 1965, was written by a person who knew the Hemingways well. The document is in the author's files.

[30]Miller, Cancer, 125.

[31]Ibid., 133.

[32]Ibid.

> This life which, if I were still a man with pride, honor, ambition and so forth, would seem like the bottom rung of degradation, I welcome now, as an invalid welcomes death. It's a negative reality, just like death--a sort of heaven without the pain and terror of dying.[33]

Next, he exults and wonders why it took him so long to discover

> that the ideal position for a man of my temperament was to look for orthographic mistakes? . . . A proofreader doesn't get up usually until noon, or a little after.[34]

At this stage, Miller almost chortles with pleasure. In near fantasy, he comments that there would be no gain in being editor or president of the United States because he is "cozy and comfortable, with a piece of copy in my hand," listening "to the music around me, the hum and drone of voices, the tinkle of the linotype machines."[35]

Miller switches back to outright contempt and a dishonest comment on his departure from the Tribune composing room.

> It requires more concentration to detect a missing comma than to epitomize Nietzsche's philosophy. . . . Brilliance is out of place in the proofreading department. Dates, fractions, semicolons--these are the things that count. . . . Now and then I have made some bad blunders, and if it weren't that I had learned how to kiss the boss's ass, I would have been fired, that's certain.[36]

Jules Frantz, who did the Tribune hiring and firing,

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[33] Ibid., 134.

[34] Ibid., 135.

[35] Ibid., 136.

[36] Ibid., 158.

contends Miller wandered off on a trip to Luxembourg without notice and was replaced about ten days after his departure;[37] nevertheless, Miller wrote:

> I think it was the Fourth of July when they took the chair from under my ass again. Not a word of warning. One of the big muck-a-mucks from the other side of the water had decided to make *economies*; cutting down on proofreaders and helpless little dactylos. . . .[38]

After he settled his debts, Miller said, "there was scarcely anything left out of my final pay. Nothing to do but to get down into the street again, walk, hang around, sit on benches, kill time."

Gertrude Stein is credited with advising people to get out or stay out of journalism, especially reporting: she credits herself with advising Hemingway; Thoma credits her with advising him to remain a proofreader, which he did. Miss Stein, in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, relates that she told Hemingway: "If you keep on doing newspaper work you will never see things, you will only see words and that will not do."[39] Bald said, "Gertrude Stein has often been quoted as advising newspapermen to quit before they're forty if they want to become writers."[40]

Regardless of what her influence on Hemingway and others was, she was not the only force affecting young

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[37]Frantz, "I Did NOT Fire Henry Miller."

[38]Miller, Cancer, 168.

[39]Stein, Toklas, 262.

[40]Bald, letter, October 11, 1965.

Hemingway. Sylvia Beach, in Shakespeare & Co., records that "in Paris Hemingway had a job as sports [sic] correspondent for the Toronto Star" and expressed the view that there was "no doubt he was already trying his hand at writing fiction."[41] John Dos Passos said that "Hemingway got a great deal of his training on the Kansas City Star and as a foreign correspondent. He used to agree (in fun) that his style was compounded on cablese and the Holy Bible."[42] George Seldes recalls a meeting in a Genoa cafe with Hemingway and Lincoln Steffens:

> I remember his bringing in one of his cableized items and reading it to Steffens, with astonishment and satisfaction, saying that it was a new language. I believe this experience in cablese influenced Hemingway considerably--not that he had not been evolving his individual style earlier.[43]

Thoma, however, credits Miss Stein alone for influencing him.

> . . . shortly after becoming a proofreader [at the Herald] in 1928 I met Gertrude Stein and when she asked me what I did I said I was working for the Herald and she said "in the proofroom, I hope?" and when I said Yes she said "stay there--nothing good ever comes out of the editorial room of a newspaper."[44]

Stearns' Street I Know calls newspapering a "one-way ticket to the Never Never-Land of male irresponsibility, absurdity, and entertainment, of which all men in their hearts forever dream. . . ." Then he becomes more specific.

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[41]Beach, Shakespeare & Co., 88.

[42]Dos Passos, letter to Speer, July 1, 1965.

[43]George Seldes, letter to the author, June 21, 1965.

[44]Thoma, letter, October 27, 1965.

> Your morals will not be greatly improved; nor will your range of accurate information about either current or past events be greatly extended, in fact you may acquire masses of misinformation that it will afterwards take years to dislodge; your literary style if you have or ever did have any, will not be made more subtle and more ingratiating.
>
> Literary pretense will be vacuum-cleaned out of you by the certain knowledge that very few people, if any at all, ever read your stuff, and by the sad conviction, when you break down and read it yourself, that it is just as well for your reputation for literacy that nobody does.[45]

Nevertheless, Stearns, who clung to newspapers through most of his life, felt that regardless of the odds, a writer must write. Stearns called the "influence of Paris and France unquestionable but 'irrelevant.'" The writer's problems, he added, are internal. This, he said, was true of both critical and creative factors.

> I am sick to death of hearing every explanation given of a writer except the true one: His genius as a master of expression; his imaginative sympathy and insight as a man.[46]

Regardless of the struggle, the language, the locale, he added, when it comes time to write a writer will write.

Poet-composer Virgil Thomson and others voiced the view that "types," although they tried, were not likely to cross over from one group to the other. Thomson put it effectively, if quaintly:

> Some of these writers were newspaper types. Others were literary types, using the paper as a pot-boiler. The lit. types made poor pressmen. The press types were not likely to acquire literary standing, even

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[45] Thoma, letter, October 27, 1965.

[46] Ibid., 302.

though excellent reporters and columnists.[47]

M. C. Blackman, who tried both fields, then stuck with newspapering, explained:

> Writing for a newspaper and writing fiction are two entirely different fields, in my experience, and neither ever had any effect on the other as far as I was concerned. I like my work (I am still a rewrite man), but I do it with my left hand, so to speak, and it takes nothing out of me, as fiction writing did even when I was doing it more for fun than for profit.[48]

Arthur Moss, longtime Latin-Quarter writer now in the throes of writing another book, expressed the view that training as a newsman neither helps nor hinders a person interested in serious writing. He added that news work neither makes people of literary nature and talent nor attracts them.[49]

On the other hand, Bob Stern said, "The business attracts people of literary nature and talent," but, he added, "I don't think it does them any good except to keep them alive."[50]

A strong contingent, however, indicated journalistic training was helpful; nevertheless, few of them said this was true categorically. Dos Passos, for instance, said: "The sort of journalistic work I've done I have always found useful," and added: "I often regret I never had the police reporter-city desk kind of training. I think I would have

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[47]Thomson, letter, June 24, 1965.

[48]M. C. Blackman, letter to the author, August 5, 1965.

[49]Moss, letter, August 13, 1965.

[50]Bob Stern, letter to the author, August 5, 1965.

found it useful." Dos Passos would have found it useful, not essential. In giving his view of good writing, the novelist stressed talent and painstaking labor.

> Good writing, like any other good work, is the result of talent, self-abnegation and that infinite capacity for taking pains people used to preach about. Some of it on the other hand, is scratched right out of the air.[51]

Vincent Sheean gives it both ways.

> Fundamentally, I don't know that any journalistic experience is good for any writing technique; it is too formula-ridden, too hasty, too restricted.
>
> But it must also be said that working on a newspaper does give some kind of view of life, and it is precisely the view of life that is most insecure with young writers, however talented.
>
> There you have it both ways: technically journalistic experience may be of no use or even harmful, whereas the same experience may be valuable in the maturation of an observing mind.[52]

David Darrah, with reservations, found such training helpful.

> Reporting makes one write every day and a writer ought to do that I presume the same as a priest must say his mass every day. On the other hand news reporting, especially for the agencies, tends to become stereotyped and inventoried and probably is not helpful in acquiring style.
>
> You can say that many good writers have been newspapermen and their work encouraged them to want to become serious writers later.[53]

O. W. Riegel, now head of the journalism department at Washington and Lee University, favored such training, but saw

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[51]Dos Passos, letter to Speer, July 1, 1965.

[52]Sheean, letter, July 6, 1965.

[53]Darrah, letter, March 27, 1965.

pros and cons. Riegel's letter to the author was a study of moderation, going forward to the view that "a writer writes, whether he is working for a newspaper or not"; however, he added, "becoming too much absorbed in writing for the newspaper might interfere with a writer's dedication to his creative work . . . and vice versa." Riegel stressed the might because "I do not personally feel that the double life is not feasible." Direction, or path, a writer takes as well as his production, Riegel indicated, "is a matter of motivation, plus energy and fatigue."[54] The former Tribune man also stressed the value of fraternal contact.

> No doubt there was stimulation from association among people with literary interest. There was naturally a good deal of talk about writers, writing, movements. We were in the midst of Transition and Jolas' revolution of the word. I suppose all of this talk, exchange of ideas, and new information would have been harder to come by if this group hadn't gathered every night because of the job. But I think this was coincidental.[55]

Ned Calmer explains journalism as a natural path for the serious writer because it attracts people who wish to express themselves. Journalism is a powerful magnet for persons of literary inclination, according to Calmer, who says "fifty per cent of all newspapermen anywhere in the world want to be writers and so many writers begin that way and support themselves that way."[56]

Ezra Pound says: "I don't see why it [journalistic

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[54] O. W. Riegel, letter to the author, June 29, 1965.

[55] Ibid.

[56] Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

training] shouldn't be very useful. It certainly should help him [a writer] to make direct observations."[57]

Loren Carroll, who was praised by Hawkins for his ability to train neophyte journalists, contends, "There exists no conflict between writing for 'newspapers' and 'creative writing.'"

> Good writing should be adequate for its purpose. The scuffy stuff called "journalese" is not adequate for its purpose. Newspaper writing imposes a sort of discipline in prose structure and any good writer should be supple enough to adapt himself to varying forms of expression--that is to say the thrust of his prose, the cadences, the choice of words, will differ widely in a drama, a novel, a biography.[58]

George Rehm, one of the few men to work on all three Paris newspapers, says he agrees with Sinclair Lewis who told writing classes the way to learn to write was to "write, write, write"; Writers' forums, Rehm adds, "would never produce a Faulkner, a Dos Passos, a Hemingway. Writing and more writing did."[59] Rehm was rather pragmatic in his approach to the matter of the value of news training to writers.

> I doubt if newspaper writing in itself leads to fiction or non-fiction writing. Nevertheless it has its disciplinary values for those who do. But the urge must be deeper than journalism.
>
> But again I say those three newspapers in Paris were invaluable and unique. Such a situation will not, could not ever occur again. . . .[60]

Rehm, thus, touches upon a dominant theme among these

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[57]Pound, interview, January 3, 1965.

[58]Loren Carroll, letter to the author, September 22, 1965.

[59]Rehm, letter, July 21, 1965.

[60]Ibid.

people, the value of discipline. Robert W. Desmond, who went to a lengthy teaching career after leaving the Herald, says the "desire to say something" must combine with ability in order to produce "something substantial and effective." "A newsman who is interested in his job and in serious writing (fiction or otherwise)," he said, "will benefit from the news discipline."[61]

Wine expert Tom Marvel puts it simply: "Of course newspaper work is helpful to a writer. He learns that writing well simply means holding the attention of the reader. A writer who does that," he said, "is a good writer."[62]

Dean Jennings, who has written six books and has decided to "write for money--and not posterity," said:

> I have always believed, devoutly that newspaper training and background is the richest gift a writer can find. I served many a year on the rewrite desk. I leaned to write fast under pressure, and to boil things down to the essentials.[63]

Lee Wood, a former Tribune man who is now executive editor of the New York World Telegram and Sun, said, "Newspaper training is a help to anyone interested in serious writing." Many people wishing a career as a serious writer, he said, started "on a newspaper for the training and discipline." Wood, direct and to the point, said: "Newspaper

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[61]Robert W. Desmond, letter to the author, September 16, 1965.

[62]Marvel, letter, August 14, 1965.

[63]Jennings, letter, September 15, 1965.

training certainly does not hinder a person interested in serious writing."[64]

Al Laney said he could not "see any reason why newspaper work should harm a person wishing to be a serious writer."

> I should think the discipline and training might be helpful. At any rate, anyone can learn what not to do with words on a newspaper, but in the end it probably is a matter of talent alone.[65]

George Seldes offers an "up-to-a-point" view:

> From my first days in newspapering, in February 1909, I have heard scores of reporters say that journalism was a good road to creative writing. My first city editor, knowing I wanted to be a writer, in fact told me not to overstay.

With some regret, Seldes indicates that he did overstay, explaining: "Gibbons' offer was too good, so I went to Berlin and became head of the Central European Bureau of the ChiTrib."

> I have always thought that newspaper work was the best road to writing. . . . But the most important word is that of my editor who said not stay too long.[66]

Hawkins said he doesn't "think journalistic training can do harm in regard to a career in serious literature." The Herald's veteran executive added, "Of course, the training should be in good-class journalistic work, not the type that breeds 'journalese.'"[67]

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[64]Lee B. Wood, letter to the author, July 1, 1965.

[65]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

[66]Seldes, letter, June 21, 1965.

[67]Hawkins, letter, March 16, 1965.

Ex-Tribune man Gregor Ziemer, who said Sinclair Lewis and his "energetic wife at the time, Dorothy Thompson," maintained that newspaper work was a tremendous help to writers, drolly stated that Lewis must have gained such experience "through osmosis when making love to his spouse,"[68] as he was not a newsman. Ziemer added that news work certainly attracts people of literary nature, "but not every newspaperman can break the habit of newspaper style when it comes to writing books." Discipline thus can become a handicap with the "habit of leads . . . too deeply engrained."

Jay Allen, who shows much bitterness against journalism after a lengthy career with the Paris Tribune and as a foreign correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, agrees with Ernest Hemingway about a writer getting out of journalism except on one important point. Citing Hemingway's determined opposition to newspapering, Allen said:

> I would agree with him except for this fact, of which his own career offered an example. Newspaper work got a man around, as it got EH to Anatolia, Constant, etc. I suppose it's important for a writer to see things, to contemplate more than his own umbilicus.[69]

Allen also points to a correlation between the work these men did as journalists and the subject matter of the books they wrote. He pointed to the parallel apparent in the output of Shirer, Hemingway and others.

On the subject of Hemingway and newspaper training,

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[68]Greger Ziemor, letter to the author, July 5, 1965.

[69]Allen, letter, October 28, 1965.

Mrs. Mowrer, the novelist's first wife, said, "Hemingway's several years of feature-writing for the Toronto Star--certainly did no harm to his career!"[70]

A number of the Lost Generation people indicated specific ways newspaper work made literature possible, one of the most important being Allen's observation above regarding Hemingway and the fact that journalism put him in contact with events and places.

Former Chicago Tribune correspondent Sigrid Schultz, who said that about the only thing an editor can do in a literary way is "to encourage his reporters to write clearly, succinctly and to try to make their copy lively," added that many of the people in this study "were inspired by events they witnessed to write their books."[71] She listed Bald, Darrah, Paul, Shirer, Dos Passos, Miller, Bird, Jolas, Hemingway, Ziemer, Hawkins, Allen, Small, Kay Boyle, Emily Coleman, and Ned Calmer.

The idea emerges from their comments that newspapering gave Lost-Generation newspeople the advantage of having something to do with their "mental hands" during direct exposure to the good life of Paris and to historical events, many of them horrible, over the face of Europe and the world. As an example, Bald refers to acceptance in the social and literary worlds:

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[70]Mrs. Mowrer, letter, October 28, 1965.

[71]Sigrid Schultz, letter to the author, August 19, 1965.

> I did a column for five years--called La Vie de Boheme on the Left Bank--for the Paris Tribune. That meant I got around with the creative people as well as with the cafe idlers. There was no connection (of newspapers and authorship) beyond the fact that being part of the journalistic clique gave an expatriate an "in" with what was going on; he was not a dead isolated soul hanging around the Dome; he was made welcome and stimulated by colorful and often exciting people.[72]

Hawkins fortifies the position:

> A job on the Herald [in the late Twenties] was a passport to all the pleasures of Paris, an identification, however ephemeral for most, with a new generation of writers and artists, and a chance to learn the trade of journalism in gay and glamorous circumstances.[73]

Calmer, who said Paris was "replete with experience" and "stimulating" in the Twenties and Thirties, credits the Herald with making the exposure possible. "The Herald gave you a livelihood. It put me in touch with an intellectual world for which I was hungry . . . when I was in my very early twenties," he said.

> It gave me a taste of life as lived by the European intellectual which I couldn't find in this country. . . . The mere fact of my employment of the Paris Herald kept me in touch with that world--the fervent intellectual atmosphere of Paris.
>
> I, who wanted to be a novelist . . . , knew that the newspaper job--as so many young writers feel--[was] the kind of job you want to acquaint you with life early on.[74]

William L. Shirer, in his foreword to Berlin Diary, said:

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[72]Bald, letter, October 11, 1965.

[73]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 117.

[74]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

> . . . the kind of job I had, appeared to be giving me a somewhat unusual opportunity to set down from day to day a first-hand account of a Europe that was already in agony and that, as the months and years unfolded, slipped inexorably towards the abyss of war and self-destruction.[75]

Shirer's diary starts as he accepts the Herald job despite the fact that it was a "bad offer"; he took the job to keep "the wolf away until I can get something better."

Miss Schultz once again singles out an important point when, although doubting either the Herald or the Tribune "could have any real literary influence on staff members," she referred to the cameraderie.

> The general atmosphere in Paris in the twenties, the long talks among intellectuals and near-intellectuals, were bound to arouse ambitions or, to be more accurate, encourage ambitions. I don't think that any man or woman who was not moved by the developments or events he or she was witnessing would have tried for a job on one of the American Paris papers.[76]

The Herald's strongest influence, financial support, was not literary at all; however, it made everything possible for everyone except the very fortunate ones who had independent means. Most of the sources contacted mentioned the paycheck in one form or another; however, specific literary influence must be found, if at all, in the Paris cultural incubator, the atmosphere, writers, and opportunities to publish.

Darrah gives a forthright "influence" appraisal which runs to the conservative side; it includes the paycheck view.

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[75]Shirer, Berlin Diary, 3-5, entry for January 11, 1934.

[76]Schultz, letter, August 19, 1965.

> How much either one [Herald or Chicatrib] influenced the so-called Lost Generation of writers beyond furnishing some of them with meager employment to live a while on the Left Bank, I would hesitate to say.[77]

Rehm corroborates in greater detail:

> As to the influence of the Paris papers on serious writing, I should say it was indirect, if any. What they did provide in remarkable fashion was the assurance of a job at almost any time, thereby providing sustenance while other writing could be done, as well as permitting contact with a few others who had such intentions and were always ready to walk up and down the Seine after work, or sit over beers discussing writing.[78]

Louis B. Atlas maintains that "if a writer is hurt by news training, then he was not a gifted writer to start with." In short, news training, is neither helpful nor harmful. Atlas presents an argument which makes talent the bedrock requisite.

> The cliche, the easy phrase, the conventional word can be harmful to a weak person, to a man of little talent. But if a man is really gifted and is strong in his feelings, he will overcome these handicaps.
>
> I believe in talent, in the creative gift. I believe the seed has to be nourished in order to develop and grow. But when the talent is genuine, when the seed seeks nourishment, it will send roots out to find water, circumventing--even breaking through rocks--if water is needed.
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> I don't think newsman training is either helpful or harmful to a genuine talent. It is just a way of making a living.[79]

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[77]Darrah, letter, March 27, 1965.

[78]Rehm, letter, July 21, 1965.

[79]Louis B. Atlas, letter to the author, November 1, 1965.

CHAPTER V

NEWSMAN - *LITERATI* ASSOCIATIONS

Newsmen mingled with the *literati* in this feverish and favorable atmosphere, evidently forming a number of close alliances or friendships, and, indeed, crossing over into the literary camp themselves from time to time, some of them permanently. Liaisons formed individually or in groups that seemed to shape and dissolve as personnel came and went. Two magazines, *Story* and *transition* (small *t*), plus other more transitory publications attracted and sometimes absorbed them.

Story magazine, although founded by ex-*Herald* people, was not born out of the newsroom; it did, however, make an impression on *Herald* staff members. Founded in Vienna in 1931 by Whit Burnett and his then-wife Martha Foley, *Story* was moved to Majorca in the Balearic Islands the next year when Burnett lost his job as foreign correspondent as a result of the depression. By 1933, *Story* had moved to New York where it was financed by Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer of Modern-Random House.[1] *Story*, which handled 200 manuscripts a day and 300 on Monday in New York, started as a mimeographed publication but remained so for only one issue: the Burnetts "found

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[1]Burnett, *Literary* Life, 117.

the total cost had been about a dollar a copy" and that it was cheaper to go to a printer.

Neither Burnett nor Miss Foley responded to queries from the author of this study; therefore, it is difficult to measure the impact their publication had on the Herald staff, except to note that both Hawkins and Thompson were very much aware of the magazine and the fact that it created a stir in Paris among people wishing to write serious works. Burnett, in Twentieth Century Authors, claims Story discovered a great number of talented writers,[2] some of them on the Paris scene in the Twenties and Thirties.

Earliest stories in the Burnett publication, he said, included the works of Kay Boyle and James Farrell, both in Paris in those days, and of Erskine Caldwell, who did not use the French capital as headquarters. More recent Story discoveries have been numerous, including William Saroyan, Richard Wright, and scores of others, according to Burnett, who in 1955 added the names of Norman Mailer and Truman Capote to his discovery list.[3]

Transition, an avante garde publication with considerable impact on Paris and the United States, was closer to Herald people than Story was; however, evidence indicates transition rose from the city room of the Tribune, not the

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[2]Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, Twentieth Century Authors: A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Literature (New York: H. W. Wilson Co., c. 1942), 24-25, hereafter cited as Twentieth Century Authors.

[3]Ibid., 1955, 148-49.

Herald. Established in Paris in 1927 by Eugene Jolas, transition was the center of interest and the object of much recrimination. Transition supplied a strong literary vortex, evidently splitting the news corps into two groups, Young Intellectuals, traveling with transition and its leaders, and "barbarians," sometimes called "Philistines,"[4] who were committed to derogation of transition, the Jolases, and their followers. It is assumed there also was a far larger camp of "indifferents" who took a spectatorial position as the battle was joined.

Although most sources say the magazine was founded by Eugene Jolas and his wife, Maria, Mrs. Jolas maintains her husband was the fountainhead.[5] It is likely that Mrs. Jolas furnished the financial backing for the publication and it is more than probable that she was a major editorial force.

Jolas, Paul, and Sage, all connected with transition in its first year, were on the Chicago Tribune at the time,[6] according to Jolas' widow, who still lives in Paris.

Ex-Tribune men, Darrah, Frantz, and Small,[7] express the view that transition was practically born in their newsroom as an offshoot of the paper's art supplement. This contention evidently drew no criticism in transition's early

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[4]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[5]Mrs. Jolas, letter, June 26, 1965.

[6]Ibid.

[7]Darrah, letter, June 27, 1965; Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

days; in fact, the Tribune-transition association appears to have been denied.

Transition, from its first issue, sparked interest--support as well as opposition--as it espoused Jolas' dominant theme, "revolution of the word,"[8] an effort to sweep away all cliches. As time went by, the opposing "barbs" or "barbarians," were joined by some of the former intellectuals. Barbarians were those who spurned the pages of transition, considering it childish, immature, or inimical to language which they felt did not need overhauling--at least not in the Jolas-Joycean manner. Ex-Paris Tribune columnist Alex Small, in fact, was precise on the matter. Fallen stars, or intellectuals who turned against transition after appearing in its pages, usually proved only their peevishness and pettiness. For the most part, they appear not to have been honest critics, but people with a grudge growing out of a rejection of themselves or their works.

The most celebrated anti-transition "intellectual" case involved Gertrude Stein, who, in her work, The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, implied the health of transition depended upon her appearance in its pages. Miss Stein riled the Jolases with these words: "In the last number of transition nothing of hers [Stein's] appeared. Transition died."[9]

A stormy response from the "transition crowd" was issued in "Testimony Against Gertrude Stein," Transition

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[8]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[9]Stein, Toklas, 296.

Supplement No. 23, in February, 1935. Eugene Jolas therein expressed irritation with Miss Stein, but his wife, Maria, denounced Miss Stein and the Stein implication that transition was edited by Paul, a great Stein admirer. Mrs. Jolas was particularly incensed by the Stein contention that when transition ceased to publish Miss Stein's work it died. Mrs. Jolas did not mince words.

> All those who were associated with the genesis of Transition [big T]--including Miss Stein--know that Eugene Jolas was its director and intellectual animateur from the beginning.[10]

Paul, Mrs. Jolas added, despite "his meagre knowledge of French and unfamiliarity with any other foreign language" and despite the fact that he "was only superficially aware of what was being written in Europe," was engaged by the Jolases as an assistant. If they hired Paul knowing all this, it only impugns clarity of judgment on the part of the Jolases, nothing else. It is not known whether his early departure indicates clearer judgment on his part or theirs and may be quite beside the point.

Transition ceased to publish in July, 1930, and did not reappear until February, 1932, undoubtedly the "death" Miss Stein alluded to in her book. Mrs. Jolas said Miss Stein knew transition was to be revived when she wrote Toklas because she made many overtures to be included. Mrs. Jolas' fury may be measured by the strength of her counterattack. She informed

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[10]Eugene Jolas et al., "Testimony Against Gertrude Stein," Transition. Supplement to No. 23 (February, 1935), 9, hereafter cited as "Testimony Against Gertrude Stein."

"Miss Stein that transition was not conceived by Eugene Jolas as a vehicle for the rehabilitation of her [Miss Stein's] reputation although it undoubtedly did do this."[11] She accused Miss Stein of yielding to "Barnumesque publicity," a point that seems well founded in the light of other evidence in unrelated matters.

Others supporting transition, including the artist Matisse, took Miss Stein to task for her lack of veracity and denounced her as not even understanding her age, much less leading it.

Bravig Imbs, who worked on the transition staff at Columbey des les deux églises for an undetermined period, made a personal attack on both of the Jolases. According to Imbs, Jolas, who claimed mastery of three languages--French, German and English--was the master of none. Mrs. Jolas, in Imbs' accounts, was a crass, pushy woman who was jealous of Elliot Paul's literary standing.[12] He implies this caused Paul's exit within a year of the publication's founding. Imbs was of the opinion that Jolas was incapable of making decisions and that Paul did that. Hawkins, citing the views of transition associate editor Robert Sage, fortifies the Imbs point of view regarding decision-making.

Jolas "worked slowly and frequently changed his mind" but Paul was a "facile worker" who would finish rapidly and

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[11] Ibid., 11.

[12] Imbs, Confessions, 151-53.

take off and the Jolases were unable to consult with him,[13] Hawkins said.

Imbs' views, however, seem excessive. For one thing, transition survived Paul's departure. In addition, Imbs' judgment as to whether Jolas was competent in three languages is suspect inasmuch as Imbs himself admits to hiring on with the Tribune without knowing French and bluffing his way through with the help of others.[14] Indeed, Imbs' position appears untenable because too many people disagree with him. Laney said Jolas "seemed to write with equal ease in French, German and English."[15] Thompson remarked that "Jolas was thoroughly multi-lingual"--this from a man who married a French woman, "went native" and had mastered at least French during his many years in France. Finally, Frantz also disagreed with Imbs, saying, "Jolas was . . . fluent in French, English and German."[16] Frantz, like Thompson, had married a French woman. The testimony of these three men make Imbs' charge against Jolas open to serious question.

A more detailed examination of the opinion that transition was an outgrowth of the Tribune and its literary spirit at least establishes that the Tribune was closer to the writers than the Herald was. Alex Small, who proudly

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[13]Hawkins, Hawkins of the Herald, 150.

[14]Imbs, Confessions, 133.

[15]Laney, Herald, 155.

[16]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964; Frantz, letter, June 29, 1965.

referred to himself as a "barbarian," wrote that transition "was regarded as a sort of auxiliary of the E.E." [the Tribune].[17] Darrah, who left the Tribune before transition was founded, discussed the relationship in detail:

> Jolas and Paul contributed several pieces (to our Sunday Magazine supplement) while members of the staff and were paid extra which pieced out their scant wages. A year or so later they left the Paris Edition to found Transition.
>
> They always told me the Paris Edition Sunday magazine gave them their idea for Transition . . . so that Alex Small's comment is about right that Transition was the auxilliary, or rather successor to the Paris Edition Sunday Magazine. Jolas and Paul . . . made it more recherche and highbrow.[18]

Small, who admits hostility, carries the point a bit farther. Jolas, he said, married rich and "Maria was just pliable enough to fall for [his] vorticist nonsense, and put up the dough for it." Sizeable portions of Small's letter clearly indicates animosity toward transition as well as its editorial outlook.

> . . . it got going in a little office in the rue Fabert. No wonder some people said that it and the Tribune E.E. were interchangeable, with some doubt as to which one was the chief and parent foyer of folly.
>
> All the editing, and a good part of the contributing, was done by Jolas and by two other E.E. men, Eliot [sic] Paul and Bob Sage (all now deceased).
>
> Their great piece of resistance was Joyce's Work in Progress--later called, I believe, Finnegan's Wake. It also made a great deal of G. Stein.
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> . . . .

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[17]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[18]Darrah, letter, June 27, 1965.

> At the time, we had pretentious literary essays and reviews in the E. E., and these were devoted to the glories of transition and its authors. It was symbiosis in an advanced stage.
>
> Jolas contributed the big idea (about as sound and ingenious as any of his ideas) to transition. It was the revolution of the word. All the juice had gone out of all the words of all vernaculars. They would have to be recoined. Everyone who was going to be a real homme de lettres would have to write in gimlet and corkscrew puns, like Joyce.
>
> I give you an unsympathetic view of these people, which naturally may have no value for you. I simply was a different breed. I had had some intellectual disciplines, which they despised the easier for not knowing what they were. They, I conceded, sometimes had talent, but it did not compensate for their fake simplicity, rude manners and gullibility. Joyce was the most digestible of the lot.[19]

Allen adds a sardonic touch to the relationship, saying, "The Paris Chicatrib supported damned near the whole transition crowd, Paul, Jolas, Sage, et al. If Bertie McCormick [the Tribune publisher] had only known!"[20]

It seems incontrovertible, also, that the Tribune was "artier," more Bohemian in outlook, and closer to the literary people than the Herald was. Once again, documentation is drawn from David Darrah, former Tribune managing editor, who is still correspondent in Spain for the Paris paper's parent firm, The Chicago Tribune. Darrah's letters as well as the word of other people--some not connected with either paper--are convincing, perhaps conclusive, that the Tribune was the major literary force among American Paris papers. Darrah

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[19]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[20]Allen, letter, May 24, 1965.

starts with a near clean-sweep.

> The Paris Herald in the 20's had the reputation of being somewhat humdrum. The Tribune was more spirited and more American, a fact of which it boasted. Its poorly paid staff had great esprit de corps and I think you could say its staff was more literary and closer to the Left Bank writer group than was that of the Herald. The Herald did not pay any better salaries than we did. Salaries were barely enough to live on. There was a constant drift of new men through both offices, many of them unable to stand the temptations of Paris and becoming alcoholics. The Herald on the other hand had a core of old timers, some of them dating well back into Gordon Bennett's days.
>
> At any rate the Tribune staff seemed to be a livelier set and had more of a bohemian literary tradition. How much of this bohemianism merged into the pure artistic and intellectual, I would not like to estimate. Except that the best of them did become famous later at their trade.[21]

Miss Flanner said the Tribune was much closer to the artistic groups than the Herald and that the "Trib managed to squeeze more in one little column [Bald's] about what was going on [among the artists] than the Herald did." Miss Flanner credits the Tribune with bringing an "entirely new atmosphere" to the scene "because it did have some writing men--men who were earning their living by working for the paper because they really wanted to write novels, or short stories."[22] Steadfast in her view that the Tribune, not the Herald was literary in outlook, Miss Flanner was surprised to learn that Calmer, Paul, and Jolas had ever worked for the Herald. Her expression that cross-pollinization with the literati took place on the Tribune and that "there wasn't any

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[21]Darrah, letter, March 27, 1965.

[22]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

cross-pollinization at all on the Herald Tribune," could be substantially, but not completely true. This does not seem likely however.

Calmer, who worked for both newspapers, said the Tribune was "much artier [than the Herald] in the sense that it was much more intellectual; it was definitely more read by the artistic Americans in Montparnasse, the gathering place," he said, just "like St. Germaine des Pres is today" and as "Montmartre was in an earlier generation for Picasso and Toulouse Lautrec and people like that."[23]

Louis B. Atlas, who like Calmer had worked on both papers, said, "I always felt that the Tribune attracted the more interesting group [of people]."[24]

Although the Tribune was closer to transition and the literati, the Herald was far from being sealed off from literary movements and writers. Laney said "the Herald's most direct [literary] connection was with transition, since both Paul and Jolas worked on the paper at various times."[25] In a sense, this indicates that Paul and Jolas were "bigger" than both newspapers and contributes to the legitimate claims of "cross-fertilization" in the newsman-writer community. The things that were true at the Tribune, for instance, were also true at the Herald, although intensity seems to have

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[23]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

[24]Louis B. Atlas, letter to the author, November 1, 1965.

[25]Laney, Herald, 153-54.

been less at the latter.

Laney referred to transition as the most "earnest and perhaps most juvenile of the efforts to revolutionize the literary world."[26] Herald staff members, according to Laney, talked about transition and its word revolution "over their work even when they could find no fellow worker who knew anymore of what they were talking than they did themselves." Referring to copydesk arguments at the Herald, Laney said:

> Some of the boys, although not actually workers in the vineyards themselves, pretended to understand and attempted without much success to explain the new writing. For the most part, all the Young Intellectuals were men who "understood" Joyce and were forever seeking opportunities to prove it.[27]

Paul, he continued, "supposedly" understood Stein and Joyce. Laney obviously chuckles when he writes that Paul, who "understood," was more clever than the debaters at the Herald. He might start a discussion, but "he never allowed himself to be drawn in."[28]

In the absence of a definitive utterance from either of the Jolases, it is impossible to say conclusively what the effect of the Herald or Tribune was on the founding of transition; it is obvious, however, that there was an associative connection with the Tribune, less with the Herald. Owing to the fact, however, that the newspaper community was obviously linked by personal association and job interchanges, and by

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[26] Ibid., 153-54.

[27] Ibid., 155.

[28] Ibid., 155.

the fact that such men as Paul, Sage, and Calmer did work for both the Herald and the Tribune and also worked for, or wrote pieces for, transition, the influence on Heraldmen cannot be considered negligible.

The strength of the evidence makes it difficult to avoid the conclusion that a publishing matrix existed in Paris, a matrix that involved all the American papers in Paris and all the English-language magazines on the Continent at the time, particularly transition, and Story to a less degree.

Production from some of the Heraldmen and Tribmen, as well as their strong participation in putting out literary publications, means influence cannot be denied; however, conclusive measurement is virtually impossible. Calmer, and others on the Herald staff, wrote for transition; Thoma served as assistant editor to Putnam on New Review; Paul and Sage were on the editorial staff of transition. As will be seen, many of the Herald people were in close or meaningful contact with such writers as Hemingway, Stein and Joyce.

There is a danger, however, in accepting surface measurements; at this point the evidence forces agreement with Robert W. Desmond, who offers the opinion that the Herald had no tie with transition and that "the Tribune group, perhaps, was more directed that way," that Tribmen were more "arty" than the Heraldmen, who "were getting pretty serious and professional by 1926."[29] Desmond registers the opinion, as

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[29]Robert W. Desmond, letter to the author, September 16, 1965.

others did, that neither paper "did anything pro or con to stimulate literary effort"; he, like so many others, added an exception: "unless it might have been in permitting an Alex Small or an Elliot Paul to write some sort of column or Sunday articles." Desmond, in fact, puts his finger on an important distinction: "The papers did not officially try to develop literary talent although it can be seen that such results would be a logical by-product."[30] The answer, if any, therefore must reside in the literary output of these people (see Appendices A and B) and their associations with each other and the literati.

Literary associations between writers and newsmen are probably best told by referring to writers who were prominent at that time and by examining the activities of some of the newsmen who went on to acquire a reputation in the field of writing. In this instance, by dealing with most of the big names first, it is possible to remove them from the scene almost entirely and proceed to those who are more meaningful to this study. Previously it has been shown that Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot evidently had no noteworthy association with the Herald or Heraldmen, at least in the matter of influence. Miss Stein, however, is a case which will be discussed shortly. E. E. Cummings, Malcolm Cowley and Matthew Josephson,

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[30] Ibid.

as well as most of the early "exiles" evidently only had passing acquaintance with the newspaper situation.

One exception among them should be noted. Josephson, formerly an employee of the Newark Ledger, worked for an afternoon horse racing sheet, the Paris Telegraph, which folded.[31] If his associations were extensive, he mentioned them neither in his book, Life Among the Surrealists, nor in his letter to the author. He, like Putnam, indicated little knowledge of news people other than Harold Stearns. Such sweeping statements may not be justified, however, because Perles in My Friend Henry Miller tells of substituting for Putnam as editor of New Review, aided and abetted by his friend Henry Miller, and barely being thwarted in putting out a pornographic issue.[32] Also, Thoma with some bitterness, says he was assistant editor for Putnam, who did not even mention him in his book.[33]

Caution must be exercised here because limitations of memory, lack of records, and unwillingness to talk make a definitive reconstruction impossible. There are, however, a number of known writers of that day who either left a record or were willing to comment. Only writers who might have fallen in with or been part of the Herald-Paris Tribune staffs are dealt with here.

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[31]Josephson, letter, April 24, 1965.

[32]Perles, My Friend Henry, 136.

[33]Richard Thoma, letter to the author, October 27, 1965.

John Dos Passos, in a letter to University of Tulsa graduate student Dale Speer, July 1, 1965, referred to his journalistic background and his Paris associations. Dos Passos, who "never worked for [the] Paris Herald" but "free-lanced in Spain for the London Daily Herald and wrote articles for the Freeman, the New York Tribune, Metropolitan Magazine, the New Republic and others during a tour of the Near East," said he was only in Paris "for as much as three months" when he got himself into the "Sorbonne Detachment" after the Armistice [1919]."[34] Sylvia Beach, a focal figure for literary activity, reported meeting "Dos" between "Three Soldiers and Manhattan Transfer: and only catching glimpses "of him as he raced by."[35] Dos Passos himself records that he had "very little to do with literary coteries there."[36]

F. Scott Fitzgerald, who, along with Hemingway, is most likely to come to mind with the term "lost Generation," evidently was known more by reputation than in person among newsmen of Paris in those days. Tommy Thompson said:

> Scott Fitzgerald is always identified as being a writer of the Lost Generation. I never met him. In fact, he didn't bulk very large in the news scene in Paris--while I was here at least.[37]

Part of this may be explained by the fact that Fitzgerald was already famous by the time he came to Paris. Alex Small took

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[34]Dos Passos, letter to Speer, July 1, 1965.

[35]Beach, Shakespeare and Co., 119.

[36]Dos Passos, letter to Speer, July 1, 1965.

[37]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964.

a high tone of condemnation toward Fitzgerald, saying, "He [Fitzgerald] wouldn't have relieved himself on the Left Bank,"[38] and adding that the author of Tender Is the Night couldn't bear to leave the rich people and that Fitzgerald didn't even bother with Hemingway until the latter had become well known.

Ford Madox Ford evidently associated with a number of newsmen, presumably on a rather casual basis. Laney paints the broad picture, indicating a general association of Heraldmen with Ford and a light exposure to Ezra Pound.

> Others on the Paris Herald staff were drawn into the Left Bank literary world through association with Ford Madox Ford and Ezra Pound.[39]

Laney alludes to a series of famous parties which Ford gave:

> Usually the party (first at the Lion of Belfort, then a bal musette behind the Panetheon) broke up in a fight and now and then Ford, a giant of a man with soft blue eyes, had to throw them out bodily. On most of these occasions Herald men were present and some of them learned that there was a good deal of strength left in Ford's seemingly flabby bulk.[40]

The parties lasted, Laney added, until "The Sun Also Rises characters showed up." Small gives a glimpse of the literary side of the Ford crowd and even offers a rare, for him, compliment to one of its members.

> Now, there was one literary group in the neighborhood, but it swirled around the Lila. ---at the corner of Montparnasse and Observatoire, not Montparnasse and Raspail, which was the real place. One night a week they used to annoy the natives of the bal musette in

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[38]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[39]Laney, Herald, 162.

[40]Ibid., 163.

> the Rue Mouffetard (Bal du Pantheon it was, I think). Its moving spirit was Ford Madox Ford (real name Heuffer or something like that), and it included the fakirs who got printed by Caresse Crosby and mooched off Peggy Guggenheim. . . .
>
> A few years later this group was joined by one person of genuine talent--Kay Boyle. She even married into it after a frightful dustup with Peggy.[41]

Ernest Hemingway's exposure to the newsmen, although impossible to measure accurately, must have been considerable. Thompson tells of Hemingway teaching his style to one man who went back to America and "made a modest success." Thompson refused to identify the man Hemingway favored.[42]

Hemingway's influence rose sharply shortly after The Sun Also Rises was published in 1926. Stewart refers to the pre-'29 visitors to Paris and the Hemingway imitators at the Dingo and the transition crowd at the Dome. . . . He tells of sitting at the Dome, Select and Coupole "eavesdropping on conversations sounding more like Hemingway than Hemingway himself" and not being able to figure if that testified to the "author's excellent reporting" or the "imitative art" of his readers.[43] Malcolm Cowley also refers to the Hemingway reputation, saying by that time

> Hemingway's influence had spread far beyond the circle of those who had known him in Paris. The Smith College girls in New York were modeling themselves after Lady Brett in The Sun Also Rises. Hundreds of bright young men from the Middle West were trying to be Hemingway's heroes, talking in tough

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[41]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[42]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1965.

[43]Stewart, News, 66.

understatements. . . .[44]

Hemingway's influence is the clearest point about him, including the contacts he had with newspaper people of that day. The novelist-hero's reputation, in fact, appears to be Bunyanesque. Taking away none of his greatness, the shadow cast appears greater than warranted by the figure. Wambly Bald helps keep the Hemingway biographical tune from sounding like music from a one-string lute; he knew Hemingway as tough, but genuine and generous.

> As for Hemingway, everyone liked him except possibly a few who got a punch in the nose from him for some reason or other. He was genuinely an unassuming person, warm and friendly like a big kid, and also generous. I had to add the last because of a personal experience.
>
> One day, in 1934, I was walking along the Luxembourg Gardens when I ran into him after his long absence in Havana. He said the Quarter looked deserted and asked where everyone was. I told him a lot of them had returned to America. Very casually he asked if I would like to go back and I said I hadn't thought about it. He then told me to meet him at his hotel the following day, and he would write out a check for my traveling expenses. It was sudden. I was flabbergasted. The idea of going home hadn't even crossed my mind. But sure enough I did go to his hotel and he did write out the check, and one week later I was crossing the Atlantic again. What made him do it? I didn't know him too well. He was that kind of guy.[45]

As mentioned earlier, Hemingway's reference to a cable item as "a new language" led Seldes to believe that "cablese influenced Hemingway considerably." The reader is necessarily left to his own devices because Dos Passos also mentioned

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[44]Cowley, Return, 225.

[45]Bald, letter, October 11, 1965.

Hemingway's preoccupation with cablese. Dos Passos, however, said Hemingway alluded to cablese and the Bible as style influences--but in fun.[46]

Few of the people contacted seemed to have intimate knowledge of Hemingway although there is no doubt that most of them knew him; some of their remarks tend to confirm the Hemingway portrait of a rugged, loveable, talented, heroic man who shrugged off journalism to avoid the quagmire, going through privation to do so; other remarks make it appear the transition might have been remarkably easy--at least not as tough as legend would have it.

Loren Carroll, who said he was not a crony, knew Hemingway as a co-refugee from Oak Park:

> In those days [the thirties] I did not know Ernest Hemingway. I met him long afterwards and we jocularly formed a club of only two members (we were drinking fine a l'eau at the Ritz bar) because according to him, we were the only two who ever escaped Oak Park, Illinois.[47]

Some of them took sharp digs at Hemingway. Vincent Sheean tells of jabs Miss Stein took at Hemingway: "He looks modern, but he stinks of the museum."[48] In his own work, Personal History, Sheean pays tribute to Hemingway's skill, but indicates that the interpreter of a generation stays at the individual level and does not really comprehend the large issues, saying Hemingway "apparently felt no relationship

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[46]George Seldes, letter to the author, June 21, 1965; and Dos Passos, letter to Speer, July 1, 1965.

[47]Loren Carroll, letter to the author, September 22, 1965.

[48]Sheean, letter, July 6, 1965.

between individual man and mass."[49]

Ned Calmer said, "Hemingway had one of the most calculating minds of any man I ever knew. He could have been president of U. S. Steel." Calmer, who did not amplify, said he thought Hemingway was calculating because of "the way he dealt with publishers and handled personal public relations."[50]

Other comments range from outright praise to guarded compliments, and, in one instance, outright hostility. Laney showed mild surprise and, perhaps, disappointment, when he referred to Hemingway's posthumous work, A Moveable Feast, a memoir about Paris.

> I mention it only because of the strange feeling it gave me. Writing forty years after, he certainly was not writing about the charming young man I knew, a perfectly delightful person still fresh in my memory. . . . This fellow he was writing about in A Moveable Feast, was a stranger to me though the other people he mentioned were not.[51]

Jay Allen said Hemingway "was a nice guy before he got bigger than life."[52] Allen portrays young Hemingway as a talented, hardworking, honest man. Evidently much of his appraisal is based on a meeting with the novelist in a Madrid bar in 1931 and an evening on the town. Allen gave these vignettes:

"Do you read my stuff?" he asked me.

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[49]Sheean, History, 279.

[50]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

[51]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

[52]Allen, telephone interview, October 17, 1965.

"Who doesn't?"

"You like it?"

"Yeah, who doesn't?"

"What story did you like best?" he asked me.

In telling about it, Allen explained: "I thought I'd surprise him and said 'Hills Like White Elephants,' a work he had offered to Paul for transiton for $20 even after Paul said he couldn't pay much." Allen then returned to the dialogue:

"Why?" Hemingway asked.

"Because it was sensitive, like Catherine Mansfield."

Then before Hemingway's anger could rise, Allen added: "or Chekov."[53]

Allen stresses Hemingway's honesty, a point often emphasized by the novelist's biographers.

> You know, I lost a wonderful letter from Hemingway in Spain in the summer of '31. I had a night out with Hemingway, Elliot Paul, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. We bought chickens and were going to make something down by the river, but we left the chickens somewhere. We were awfully drunk. So we went to get a roast pig.
>
> Ernest was talking to me--I wouldn't have remembered it--about going to Princeton. I got home after a hell of a time. He was trying his bullfight act in front of trucks. I no sooner got to bed [than] the doorbell rang and there was a note from him. It was very like Hem--a great believer in truth.
>
> The note said: "I want to correct something. I think I told you last night I went to Princeton. Actually I only went to Michigan State for a year or two. I suppose I was jealous of Scott. (And he was)

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[53] Ibid.

When I get a fall guy like you, I always want to show off. But I want to get it straight."

Nobody could get away with a lie around Ernest.[54]

During the conversation in the bar, Hemingway had complimented Allen on his reporting because it was "free of clichés," and Allen replied: "I guess I am the only newspaperman in Europe who is not a novelist in disguise." Hemingway then advised him: "If you want to learn to write, you'd do a lot better selling buttons in a dime store rather than working for a newspaper."[55] Allen, reflecting on the conversation, said he thought Hemingway's career was an example of following his own advice--turning his back on newspapering regardless of the cost.

Matthew Josephson, who was connected with the newspaper world in Paris through the horse-racing sheet, did not work for the Herald or the Tribune. In 1920-'21 Josephson had been financial and literary editor of the Newark Ledger. Josephson said the Paris Telegraph let him go "for economy's sake" before the paper folded up. "The Paris Herald," he said, "turned me down when I applied for a job; that is the only connection I ever had with them. Reason there were 179 hungry applicants ahead of me."[56] Josephson's failure to get a job with the Herald can hardly be looked upon as a

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[54]Ibid. If Hemingway was so devoted to the truth, he must have been having fun with Allen. Who's Who in America and Hemingway biographers made no mention of Michigan State or any other college or university.

[55]Ibid.

[56]Josephson, letter, April 24, 1965.

tragedy. "Journalism bored the hell out of me," he said frankly.[57]

James Joyce was so obscure in his relations with people that it is difficult to say anything meaningful regarding his association with the newsmen under consideration; however, it seems certain that his life touched those of Laney, Paul, Jolas, and Small. Laney, who said Joyce was an unusually timid man, befriended the author of Ulysses by reading to him and typing his correspondence after the Irish author's eyes began to fail.[58]

"Joyce was especially shy of newsmen, and with good reason, since more than one had done him bad turns," said Laney, who later wrote that he was the only one performing this service (reading and typing) for Joyce.[59] Laney, a modest man, was deceptive and perhaps secretive in his book when he spoke of such people in the plural.

> One or two of them, though no enthusiasts for Joyce's work, having indeed no comprehension of it at all, formed lasting friendships with him.. Any one of them could have written a piece, based on his glimpse into Joyce's home life, and sold it to an American magazine for a big price, for there was throughout the literary world an enormous curiosity about the man in those years. But none ever did. They did not even speak much about it.[60]

Evidently Joyce had good cause to fear the press. Laney makes

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[57] Ibid.

[58] Laney, Herald, 161.

[59] Ibid., 160; Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

[60] Laney, Herald, 160.

the threat to Joyce clear without going into detail.

> Early on several writers, looking for headlines, talked with him briefly and misrepresented him inexcusably in what they wrote, making him out some sort of a freak. They deliberately distorted his work and his family life.[61]

Although he associated with Joyce, Laney made it clear that he had no literary "in" with him. In an unpublished letter to Speer, Laney said he did not think Joyce had any "'attitude' toward newspaper men at all." He added:

> I don't think he had many friendships among writers and, during my time hardly ever encountered any beyond those who came at times to visit with him at a table in the Trianon Restaurant opposite the Gard Montparnasse, where he often dined.
>
> Joyce never discussed writing techniques with me. We were on quite friendly terms after I had been going to him for some time but it never occurred to him, I am sure, to think of me as one capable of discussing his work. I think he considered very few people so equipped.[62]

Sylvia Beach refers to twelve authors who wrote studies of Joyce's "Work in Progress."[63] Three newspapermen were among them, Jolas, Paul, and Sage, the transition trio. The critical works were published by Miss Beach in 1929 under the title "Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress," a title that was condensed in subsequent editions of the work.

Alex Small told of his association with Joyce in a letter:

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[61] Ibid., 3.

[62] Laney, letter to Speer, June 7, 1965.

[63] Beach, Shakespeare and Co., 182-83.

> He and I used to meet fairly often at lunch; we had discovered, probably simultaneously, a dreadful little hole called the Brasserie du Cercle.
>
> . . . .
>
> But he never dropped any nuggets in my lap; he seemed in his own private stupor. What I did notice about him, and it gave me some sour satisfaction in view of Jolas's constant yipping about the "mimosa sensitivity" of Joyce, was his complete unawareness of the swill he was eating. I ate at the Cercle because I was poverty-stricken; he because he did not realize how bad the food was.[64]

Harold Loeb, the original Robert Cohn in The Sun Also Rises, was founder and publisher of Broom: An International Magazine of the Arts; Loeb, whose mother was a Guggenheim, was a controversial figure who evidently was much sought after by persons who wished to be published. Loeb deals with his Paris experiences in The Way It Was. Author of three novels, Doodab, The Professor Liked Vodka and Tumbling Mustard, Loeb later became an economist and wrote four non fiction books dealing with economics.[65] Evidence is too slight to indicate any meaningful connection between Loeb and Heraldmen although the probabilities are great.

Robert McAlmon, a much-sought-after publisher in Paris who founded the Contact Publishing Company,[66] seems even more remote from news people although there can be no certainty. McAlmon, who died at Desert Hot Springs, California, in February, 1956, before his sixtieth birthday, had lived a

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[64]Small, letter, March 15, 1965.

[65]Harold Loeb, The Way It Was (New York: Criterion Books, c. 1959), 37.

[66]Knoll, McAlmon and the Lost Generation, 225.

fascinating life. Married in 1921 to Winifred Bryher (Annie Winifred Ellerman), the only daughter of Sir John Ellerman, "a shipping magnate and the heaviest taxpayer in England,"[67] McAlmon was nicknamed "McAlimony" because of the handsome settlement he gained when his marriage almost immediately went on the rocks. McAlmon was a pioneer among the "small press publishers in Paris" and manuscripts were "submitted to him at the Dome Cafe," according to Miss Beach, who said: "He told me he discovered most of his writers at one cafe or another."[68] Contact Editions issued the works of many of the writers of the day, including Joyce, Pound and William Carlos Williams.[69] Miss Beach said McAlmon published "a small book called Three Stories & Ten Poems by a new writer named Ernest Hemingway. It sold out immediately and made both Hemingway and Contact Editions famous."[70]

Henry Miller often is believed to have worked for the Herald, a misconception already corrected. At that time, Miller was probably more in the newspaper world than the literary one. He did work for the Tribune. Miller's friend, Alfred Perles, looks upon the Tribune period as significant to their development as writers.

> In order for him to have a little spending money, I managed to get him a job on the Tribune. As a

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[67] Ibid., 225.

[68] Beach, Shakespeare and Co., 137.

[69] Knoll, McAlmon and the Lost Generation, 144-48.

[70] Beach, Shakespeare and Co., 137-39.

> proofreader. He got the sack in a short time. . . . He explains that he got fired because as an American citizen he had no permit to work in France. That is a lie, of course (plenty of them did have).
>
> He [Miller] added that in addition to being a foreigner he was also a bad proofreader. That was true enough, but then I was a bad proofreader, too. . . . He really didn't want a job.
>
> . . . .
>
> I always think back to the days when we were working as proofreaders on the Chicago Tribune as the most fertile period of our life in Paris.[71]

Bald, who "lived with Miller and another expatriate [identified as Carl (Perles) in the Tropic of Cancer] in the suburb of Clichy, just outside Paris," indicates Miller certainly was not in the "non-writer" category during that period.

> He lived ascetically, pounded his typewriter every day, and certainly was no sex athlete despite the content of his books. To Miller sex was a huge joke, a noble sport for other people, one of life's phenomena that amused him and stirred his imagination and anecdotal powers. Personally, he hardly bothered. He had his affairs that were more literary than carnal, or he'd get smitten occasionally by some French whore. That was the extent of his sex life. His love was his typewriter; he just wanted to write about sex, not perform it.[72]

Although Miller was going through a metamorphosis, it is wrong to say he was changing from newspaper man to writer, because Bald said Miller "never could have operated as a real newspaperman because he had a total disregard for accuracy."[73] Bald rests his inaccuracy charge on his treatment at the

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[71]Perles, My Friend Henry, 41.

[72]Bald, letter, October 11, 1965.

[73]Ibid.

hands of Miller in Tropic of Cancer.

> His Cancer book, as I'm sure you know, was essentially an inspired report, a journal on bohemian life in Paris and the persons he knew there. Some of them he put into his Cancer book. Perles became Carl, and I became Van Norden. Van Norden in his book is a weird fanatic, and I was certainly not that. What happened was that I often amused myself by inventing fantastic sexual escapades for Miller's sake just to get his half-sophisticated reaction. He really was a naif from Greenwich Village who liked being shocked. So I shocked him, and sometimes even played a rogue role that took him in utterly. I never realized that he was taking notes all the time, that he would convert those notes into integument of his Van Norden, or me. Maybe it's his author's privilege but I have been trying to live it down ever since. Like at the Press Club: "See that guy? He's Van Norden in Miller's book." Old Miller is still a naif trying to grow up.[74]

Samuel Putnam, who splits the Lost Generation into two phases--the Twenties, set off and typified by The Sun Also Rises, and the Thirties, summed up and marked by Miller's Tropic of Cancer-- was not impressed with Miller in those days. "We knew that he was a proofreader on the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, that was about all,"[75] Putnam said, as he recounts his early opinions of Miller. Although, he said, Miller had made the "discovery that Gauguin did that morning when the latter awoke to exclaim 'Merde! Merde! All is merde!'" few were aware of his interest or potential.

> Very few suspected that he was interested in writing, much less that he himself wrote. I gave him his first publication, with his Mademoiselle Claude story, in the third issue of the New Review. . . .
>
> We naturally were not aware that Henry was destined

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[74] Ibid.

[75] Putnam, Mistress, 69.

> to become the writer who within a dozen years or so would be mentioned by the undergraduate in the same breath with Joyce, and who would even take it upon himself to try to dethrone the author of Ulysses.[76]

Still speaking of Miller, Putnam said: "We found him humorous, affable, generous, somewhat reserved with those who did not know him well, and with a certain timidity behind it all." Earlier impressions aside, Putnam later finds more in Miller:

> Whatever may be said of Miller, he has summed up for us as no one else has the expatriates' Paris of the second phase: and I think it may be said that the Tropic of Cancer is to that phase what The Sun Also Rises is to the preceding one.[77]

Miller himself writes of his newspaper experiences and his desire to write; however, most of the statements must be taken with caution since they are highly fictionalized. According to his written works, Miller at first looked for any kind of outlet for his work. He sought a vehicle.

> First of all, I reasoned, to have any effect my voice must be heard. I would have to find some outlet for my work--in newspapers, magazines, almanacs or house organs. Somewhere, somehow. What was my range, what my firing power?[78]

Miller was excited by the idea:

> If they liked it it would appear in print, my name would be signed to it, and I could show it to my friends, carry it about with me, put it under my pillow at night, read it surreptitiously, over and over, because the first time you see yourself in print you're beside yourself, you've at last proved to the world that you really are a writer, and you must prove it to the world, at least once in your

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[76]Ibid., 115.

[77]Ibid., 112-13.

[78]Henry Miller, Plexus (Paris: Olympia Press, 1962), 57.

> life, or you will go mad from believing it all by yourself.[79]

Miller even tried publishing his own prose poems to sell himself.

> I suppose it was O'Mara's practical turn of mind which gave me the idea one day of getting my little prose poems printed and selling them myself.[80]

He did publish them, calling them "Mezzotints"; also, he sold them on the streets, in office buildings, and to his friends.

> My friends weren't very enthusiastic but they coughed up. After all, it was only the price of a meal I was charging for these dithyrambs.[81]

Miller shows that he felt that some of his work was too good for a newspaper.

> I moved over to the writing table and began fiddling with the papers. The last column I had written--the very day that Cromwell had visited us--lay before me. I read it over quickly. It sounded good to me, extraordinarily good. Too good, in fact, for the newspaper.[82]

Nevertheless, Miller did avail himself of newspaper space to make anonymous appearances. During a down-and-out period in Florida, Miller wrote columns for a friend who was able to get a newspaper job. Meanwhile, he had to try, among other things, to sell papers on the street to keep from starving. His astounded friend exclaimed:

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[79] Ibid., 59.

[80] Ibid., 103.

[81] Ibid.

[82] Ibid., 303.

> Jesus, Henry. I can't get over it. And me sitting upstairs in the front office all the while. Selling your stuff under my name--and you guys peddling papers! . . . By the way, have you seen the stuff you wrote? They think it's pretty good, did I tell you?[83]

A reader properly suspects flights of fancy on the part of the author of the Tropics; however, Miller evidently explored every possible avenue of publication. Perles, in My Friend Henry Miller tells of Miller's work for the Tribune. In bragging about Miller, Perles probably made a cruel jibe at Wambly Bald's expense. According to Perles, Bald was unable to "compose a single sentence" without liquor. "It would take fifteen minutes to type two lines and another five to decide that they were no good," he said. Perles then brings Henry to the rescue.

> When Henry came on the scene, [Bald] often "permitted" him to do the entire column. Henry could do this sort of thing with his left hand, as it were, in the twinkle of an eye. Whereupon Wambly would take him out, buy him a meal, and tell him what a wonderful writer he--Wambly Bald--was.[84]

Unable to sell pieces to the Tribune's Sunday magazine because he was not a member of the staff, Miller wrote for a while under Perles' byline. Some of the street scene sketches, Perles said, were brilliant.

> Already enamored of Paris he would go on long walks, preferably in the slummier parts of the city--the Hotel de Ville, the 13th Arrondissement, or the neighborhood of the Villette slaughterhouse. Notebook in hand, he would jot down a few notes, colors, impressions and incidents, which he later worked into minor masterpieces which, I must say, deserved a better

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[83] Ibid., 533.

[84] Perles, My Friend Henry, 32-33.

vehicle than the Chicago Tribune.[85]

Perles quoted one entitled "Rue Lourmel in Fog." It was brilliant, a moody work that should be classified among Miller's finest pieces.

Ezra Pound, except for writing numerous letters to the Herald and attending parties in the literary circle where some Heraldmen were also present, had no traceable connection with the paper or influence on the staff members. Hawkins had some vivid memories of Pound's critical missives.

> He was a great critic of this newspaper. I know that. Just because he was born critic of anything. I used to get letters from him in which the language was so awful that it was just impossible to put in the paper. He'd call us a bunch of bloody fools and God knows what language he didn't use.[86]

Laney called Pound "a prolific writer of letters to the Herald's Mail Bag. Strange letters they were and they grew stranger as the years advanced. . . . They were full of obscure classical references, vulgarities, even obscenities and strange allusions. . . ." It appears that Pound took his criticisms quite seriously.

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[85]Ibid., 35-37.

[86]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964. Eric Hawkins, during interviews December 23, 1964, and January 6, 1965, said Pound's letters were "violent . . . full of epithets and corrections in red ink." Some of them were published, but most were "unprintable." According to Hawkins, Pound would write such things as, "When are you going to stop publishing that bullshit about [this or that]. There was a four-letter word [and] every damn thing . . . about this thing and another. Never more than two lines, but plenty of bullshit, shit, every damn thing--every thing--the shit you're publishing. He was very fond of the four letter word and bullshit. I think every letter had something about bullshit," he said with an intonation of surprise and regret even at this late date.

> Pound was furious when one [letter] was left out or altered to make it printable in a family paper. But he never stopped writing them. They grew more numerous and more incoherent in the 1930's and were altogether unprintable as the war approached.[87]

Pound's activities regarding the Herald were erratic and negligible, but even then newsmen and writers felt they detected a mental deterioration or instability in him. Josephson was unimpressed by the great man of letters.

> Pound even then seemed to be living in a world of his own illusions, formed by the books he was reading in Provencal, Italian or Chinese; the Cantos themselves were in part a pastiche of his bookish borrowings, and divorced from the realities of the world.[88]

One need not go far to find Pound defenders; however, they are not a part of this study. Putnam, in reference to what appears to have been indications of Pound's early disjointedness, said "his bellicoseness, so far as I could observe, showed rather in his correspondence than in personal contact."[89]

James Vincent Sheean, who worked for the Tribune and

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[87]Laney, Herald, 93.

[88]Josephson, Surrealists, 88.

[89]Putnam, Mistress, 148. Putnam added an important point regarding Pound which relates, in a general way, to the problem faced by all persons who try to write. "It goes without saying," Putnam said, "that such a flight as his [Pound's] would have been out of the question for any writer without a dependable financial backlog. Ezra could not have done it if both he and his wife, Dorothy Shakespear, had not had money; for he certainly did not gain a livelihood, on his scale of living, from his writings. According to Putnam, the Pounds didn't "feel the pinch" until the U. S. entered World War II and they "became solely dependent upon his earnings from the Italian radio, which amounted to anywhere from six dollars to twenty dollars a broadcast."

the Paris Times but not the Herald, developed in the newspaper mold, becoming the author of many books, most of them relating to his activities connected with reporting; this is particularly true of his Personal History, already noted as influential among newsmen, and Not Peace But a Sword, which deals more fully with his peregrinations and the mental reflexes of a man swept up by the historical events of his day.

Sheean records that he started working for the Tribune toward the end of 1922 and by the spring of 1923 he had become assistant to the parent paper's correspondent, Hank Wales, covering, "practically speaking, the whole continent of Europe."[90] His first European assignment was the Peace Conference at Lausanne where he met Hemingway and other newsmen. Twentieth Century Authors for 1942 says "Vincent Sheean's Personal History was the first of the wave of autobiographies by European correspondents and still remains the best of them."[91] In the same source, Sheean says:

> I was a correspondent in Europe for the Tribune for the better part of three years, and after I left them in 1925 I was never again regularly employed on a newspaper.[92]

Sheean called Personal History and Not Peace But a Sword "semi-autobiographical political journalism, the external world and its graver struggles seen from the point of view of an observer who is not indifferent to them." Sheean's account

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[90]Sheean, History, 38.

[91]Twentieth Century Authors, 1942, 1272.

[92]Ibid., 1273.

shows speed of maturation on the news job. He was in the world's greatest laboratory for his interests and subsequent career.

> I had rapidly acquired a wider interest; and now, after five or six months in France and Italy, much reading of the political press in three languages, and that sharper interest in events which comes of an acquaintance with their physical scene, I was prepared (in interest and self-confidence, at least) to deal with the largest doings of the great, their words and deeds and gestures, as a journalist should --that is, without unduly yielding to their persuasions, believing in their beliefs, or crediting their enthusiasms.[93]

He also speaks of his own ignorance as well as the responsibility he felt and the influence that such exposure had on him.

> It was even in the beginning a political job. In objective fact I was an ignorant but active youth of twenty-two, earning a minuscular salary, living in a small and dirty hotel behind the offices of the Chicago Tribune in the Rue Lamartine; but such circumstances did not keep me from dealing magisterially with the policies and leaders of nations as they were shown in events.[94]

Sheean adds that the anonymity of the press

> . . . enabled such fragments of humanity as myself to exert, in spite of youth, poverty of obscurity, a kind of suffrage, at least in opinion, so that the course of events was never wholly regulated by the desires or machinations of the powerful.[95]

Gertrude Stein seems to have been loved or detested by a number of newsmen or newsman-writers, with Hemingway's association being the most pronounced. Newsmen had access to

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[93]Sheean, History, 36-38.

[94]Ibid., 38.

[95]Ibid.

Miss Stein, usually through visits to her apartment for interviews or by invitation to her famous tête-a-têtes.

Newsmen favorably impressed with Miss Stein included Imbs, Sevareid, and Paul. Paul's dedication to Miss Stein is apparent mostly through Miss Stein's own pages in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas and transition's "Testimony Against Gertrude Stein." Imbs goes into great detail about his association with Misses Stein and Toklas. Although not blind to shortcomings, Imbs obviously was impressed by Miss Stein.[96] In fact, he was depressed when she began ignoring him after his marriage and after his wife became "gravid," a sight that evidently depressed her. Eric Sevaried, however, found her delightful:

> I went to see Gertrude Stein one day, expecting to be amused, and was not only amused but deeply impressed by the finest flow of talk I had ever listened to with the possible exception of that from Schnabel, the pianist. . . . When I published the story of her rewritten Faust, it was reprinted all over the world, and she was delighted as a child.[97]

Miss Stein was not above a substantial amount of immodest bragging, her book, The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, being only one, although the major, example. Miss Stein herself records that she was pleased that the newspapers quoted her and quoted her exactly. "Elliot Paul, when editor of transition," she wrote, "once said that he was certain that Gertrude Stein could be a best-seller in France. It seems very

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[96]Imbs, Confessions, 78-136.

[97]Sevareid, Dream, 89.

likely that his prediction is to be fulfilled,"[98] she said with obvious self adoration.

However, most of the newsmen who recorded opinions about Miss Stein found her pretty indigestible. Allen said:

> Miss Stein was, for me anyway, a pain in the sacrum. Yes, I knew her. I loathed her. I hated her. She thought that everybody was a queer. If you were normal and laid the girls and all, she thought you were covering up the fact that you were queer. "Come out from behind that false hair on your chest," she said to Hemingway.[99]

Sheean did not conceal his dislike for Miss Stein as he related a comment allegedly made by her about Hemingway to the effect that he "looks like a modern, but he stinks of the Museum."[100]

As noted elsewhere, Laney tells of transition mixing pages of Miss Stein's "Essay on Composition as Explanation."[101] "Unscrambled later," he said, "only Miss Stein knew the difference."

Bald clearly did not care for the great woman and said so in the Paris Tribune.

> As for Gertrude Stein on the rue Fleurus, I visited her only once and listened to her praise herself ad nauseum. She spent the whole time telling me why she was greater than Joyce, and also that she was the fourth landmark in American literature--preceded by Poe, Whitman, and James. I wrote her up in my column as I saw her, using her quotes and also noting that she looked like Julius Caesar. She never

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[98]Stein, Toklas, 69.

[99]Allen, letter, May 24, 1965.

[100]Sheean, letter, July 6, 1965.

[101]Laney, Herald, 155.

invited me back.[102]

James Thurber, the Riviera reporter for the Tribune at Nice, never worked for the Herald so far as could be determined. His employment by the McCormick publication, however, is attested to by Frantz and Mishkin. "James Thurber had worked on the Chicatrib in the early twenties but had left before I joined the paper in December, 1925,"[103] Frantz said. "Thurber the cartoonist, humourist, genius," Frantz said, [had been] on the Paris edition, [and] later I believe in some bureau we had in Nice." Leo Mishkin, it is recalled, took Thurber's place on the Riviera in 1926.[104]

Glenway Wescott evidently had little to do with the news community; he did, however, fraternize with some of the writers of the day.

> I did not work for a Paris newspaper; indeed I have never been journalistically employed anywhere at any time, except, now and then, as a free-lance book reviewer. I met Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Dos Passos. I frequented Robert McAlmon in 1923 and diminishingly in 1925.[105]

A friend of Cowley and Josephson, Wescott said he was "closer to Ford Madox Ford than to any of the American celebrities in Paris, and I saw more of the English and the French . . . than of my compatriots."

Miss Stein, in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas,

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[102]Bald, letter, October 11, 1965.

[103]Frantz, letter, March 16, 1965.

[104]Mishkin, letter, October 2, 1965.

[105]Wescott, letter, June 17, 1965.

relates an amusing conversational pas de deux between Gertrude and Ernest regarding Wescott:

> Glenway impressed us with his english [sic] accent. Hemingway explained. He said, when you matriculate at the University of Chicago you write down just what accent you will have and they give it to you when you graduate. You can have a sixteenth century or modern, whatever you like.[106]

Lesser known writers, some of whom have gained fame since Lost Generation days, also had significant associations.

William Bird, correspondent for the New York Sun, operated the Three Mountains Press. Working at his hand press in his spare time, Bird started to put out three books in a series, including Hemingway's In Our Time, which was third on the list. Impatient with the slow process, Hemingway gave another manuscript, Three Stories and Ten Poems, to Robert McAlmon, who "put it out before Bird could issue In Our Time."[107]

Wambly Bald, already mentioned as a close associate of Miller and Perles and as a recipient of Hemingway's kindness, cut a rather large figure at the time. Miss Flanner termed him the most-read writer among the people of the American colony.[108] Frantz, in his manuscript, "I Did NOT Fire Henry Miller," refers to Bald, "now a successful free-lancer," as a proofreader at the Tribune who declined a spot on the editorial staff, "insisting he preferred to remain in the

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[106]Stein, Toklas, 245-46.

[107]Knoll, McAlmon and the Lost Generation, 187.

[108]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

proofroom."[109] Bald, now a contributor to Coronet, American Weekly, Family Circle, Today's Living and other publications, wrote for two small publications in addition to his column for the Tribune of the old days. The magazines he wrote for in Paris were Boulevardier, a "smart" magazine issued by Arthur Moss, and the New Review, "the literary quarterly that succeeded transition."[110]

Sylvia Beach, a Paris bookdealer-publisher whose life was inextricably interwoven with the career of Joyce, furnished a meeting place for the literati. Her "back parlor," according to Laney, "was a very pleasant place and Herald men passed many hours there."[111] Stein, Pound, and Hemingway were habitués, but "Joyce himself did not come [there] often," said Laney, who met Joyce there. The bookstore, Shakespeare & Company, located at 12 rue de l'Odeon, equalled in fame, among intellectuals at least, the drinking establishment known as Harry's New York Bar. Miss Beach, the daughter of An American clergyman, "a crisp little woman with disorderly hair and a mannish air,"[112] was highly regarded by the intellectuals.

Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, previously mentioned as Herald staff members who founded Story magazine in Vienna,

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[109]Frantz, "I Did NOT Fire Henry Miller," a copy of the manuscript is in the files of the author.

[110]Bald, letter, November 1, 1965.

[111]Laney, Herald, 159.

[112]Ibid., 158-59.

went on to distinguished careers as editors and writers. The presumption is that the Burnetts had many close contacts with newspaper people, and, in the light of their interests, that they very probably stimulated them on behalf of literature wherever possible.

Janet Flanner, an observer of the Paris scene for the New Yorker magazine since 1925, "knew them all"[113] and has remained in full contact with the artists and artistic surges of Paris. She recently broke out of the mold of publishing only in the New Yorker under the penname of Genet and gained recognition for a book made up of her post-World War II magazine columns.

Bravig Imbs (Wilbur Eugene Kenneth Bravig Ingelbrechtson Imbs)[114] cut across literary and news lines, working for the Tribune, the Paris Times, and transition. In the immediate post-War II period, Imbs establsihed "the first 'free radio station'" at Cherbourg, France.[115] Remembered in "Petit Bottin" as having studied composition with composer George Antheil, Imbs crosses the stage as an interesting character, a newsman-writer.[116] Because of his poor record with both the Tribune and the Paris Times, however, the "newsman" part should be considered doubtful. Frantz remembers Imbs as an associate of Antheil, Elliot Paul, Gertrude Stein

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[113]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

[114]Library of Congress Card Catalog, LXXII, 592.

[115]Twentieth Century Authors, 1955, 475.

[116]"Petit Bottin," March, 1959.

and others of the "Lost Generation" period who "in 1936 published a book with the somewhat arrogant title of 'Confessions of Another Young Man.'"[117]

Allen remembers Imbs as "a young chap . . . who wrote a pretty fair novel, The Professor's Wife."[118]

Twentieth Century Authors, 1955, records that Imbs "was killed in an automobile accident in France in 1946" at the age of forty-two, and that Imbs became the "darling of the French airways."[119] This reference also says Imbs was "more loved in France than known in the U. S."

Imbs produced four other books, according to an entry on an unnumbered page opposite the title page in Confessions. They are

Eden, Exit This Way: Poems

The Professor's Wife: A Novel

Chatterton: A Biography (published in French translation only)

The Cats: A Novel (published in Dutch translation only)

Although unable to hold a newspaper job, Imbs seemed to take life in a light-hearted manner. In Confessions of Another Young Man,[120] Imbs tells of hilarious situations regarding his work for the Tribune, starting with his inability to translate French and the fact that a crusty-looking deskhand came to

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[117]Frantz, letter, July 5, 1965.

[118]Allen, letter, May 24, 1965.

[119]Twentieth Century Authors, 1955, 475.

[120]Imbs, Confessions, 133.

his rescue and translated for him on the sly. He was eased out in a cutback. After working for the Tribune, Imbs joined the Paris Times, an evening American paper. He wrote two columns for the Times, "The Woman of the Day" and "The Man of the Day." Constantly late to work, Imbs disliked the routine; he also probably over-estimated his ability, saying:

> . . . In a week I had the hang of interviewing people rapidly and writing down my impressions. Once I had the formula, the job became a great bore, and it was impossible for me to take it seriously.[121]

Although light-hearted, Imbs could show malice. The editor of the Times, Gaston Archambault, a former Herald employee, was the object of Imbs' literary ire. Imbs referred to Archambault as "a crusty, stubby, obese French Jew" as he told how the editor lost hope of making Imbs a newspaperman. Archambault deliberately insulted Imbs, hoping the young man would quit. He told Imbs his work was "lousy" and warned that if he continued arriving late for work he would "get the gate" and "Johnny-on-the-spot."[122] It seems somewhat overdue when Imbs writes: "Some time in January I received the sack."[123]

Imbs evidently was better adjusted than Harold Stearns, who yielded increasingly to the bottle. Imbs forthrightly wrote: "I had come to Paris torn between two desires: one to

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[121] Ibid., 136-37.

[122] Ibid., 143.

[123] Ibid., 28-29.

become a great composer and the other to write the great American novel."[124] A person could hardly be more candid. Broke or with cash in hand, Imbs either did not worry about things or he successfully hid his panic when he wrote Confessions. Whenever he was short of money, Imbs took long hikes through the countryside, playing his violin for meals, and sometimes, for lodging as well.[125] Unlike Stearns, who could not draw funds from his mother, Imbs could write to his father in Chicago and obtain money--a decided advantage which may explain much of his cavalier manner.

As already indicated, Al Laney, the author of three books, had the reputation of being "literary" during his Paris days. Thompson, who like Hawkins kept to the job and went home to his family after work, remembers:

> Laney had friends who were pretty much on the literary side. A fellow named Allen Updegraff--an older man--helped Laney a great deal to get around in Paris.[126]

"Probably our best writer in my time [1925-26]," Lawrence Davies said, "was Al Laney whose interesting book on the Herald was produced many years later."[127] Dame and Hawkins, in particular, paid tribute to Laney's skill as an editor and writer. Hawkins, viewing the man's work from above,

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[124]In the first few chapters of Confessions of Another Young Man Imbs gives several accounts of such excursions.

[125]Ibid.

[126]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1965.

[127]Davies, letter, January 31, 1965.

saw a soft-spoken, competent man who moved with quiet dispatch. Dame, viewing the same man from below, saw the details:

> Al Laney was city editor, an ambiguous title, since he did much rewrite. He always wore a battered felt hat in the office, spoke in a whisper, [and] seemed lackadaisical until something big broke. . . .
>
> Laney . . . had writing ideals, hated sloppy work and often gave suggestions as to shorter sentences, variation in length of paragraphs, and other niceties. That he was a careful stylist was shown in his tennis reportage for the Herald-Trib in NYC during later years.[128]

Laney, in turn, indicates he was influenced by another Herald staff member, Willis Steell, a successful Broadway playwright. Steell joined the Herald "reading copy in Paris so that his daughter could study for a career on the operatic stage."[129] Laney describes Steell as "a cultured and dignified man with a shock of white hair, a bubbling sense of humor and a delightfully half-cynical outlook on everything that happened."[130] Steell later became "the Herald's so-called Sunday or feature editor" and brought the Letters to the Mail Bag department "to a delightful new high point of interest and humor," Laney said.

Novelist Allan Updegraff, according to Laney and Stewart, exerted some influence, although he was not on the Herald staff. Laney recalled Updegraff with affection and

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[128]Dame, letter, March 22, 1966.

[129]Laney, telephone interview, May 1, 1966.

[130]Laney, telephone interview, November 7, 1965.

Stewart said:

> Off duty, we [staff members] went our separate ways, except when we were brought together, say, by a gathering at the home of learned and drawling Allan Updegraff, novelist who had helped the Literary Digest with its then famous polls, and his active wife, Dora Miller, a fashion expert; they conducted an unself-conscious salon and traveler's aid for the newcomers.[131]

Journalistic work made literature possible, in the sense that it brought exposure to people who were making literary efforts and whose success or ideas might stimulate the newsmen wishing to turn writer. In attempting to measure such exposures, it was discovered that contact was made in groups and individually, that associations were both general and specific.[132]

General associations were probably best summarized by Hawkins as he sought to describe the specific exposure his men and women had to the broader writing stream.

> After work the boys would go over to Montparnasse and meet all those fellows. There were little cafes around here [Rue de Berri]. The fellows from Montparnasse would come over here for a drink. So, our boys would go over to the Left Bank and hang out until early hours of the morning at the Montparnasse cafes.[133]

Shirer, who, according to Allen, is working on another "blockbuster" book, said:

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[131]Laney, Herald, 78.

[132]Stewart, News, 70; Laney, telephone interview, November 7, 1965.

[133]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964.

> Most of us on the Paris papers were in touch, of course, with Hemingway and the other writers and a fairly large number of journalists [who] later made a name as writers. Elliot Paul and Vincent Sheehan [sic] are two examples.[134]

In a penned note, Arthur Moss said Hemingway, Thurber, Paul, Small, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound "all were pals of mine."[135] Calmer "knew them all,"[136] he said, when asked about Joyce, Pound, Stein, and Hemingway.

Laney reflects divergent views that appear contradictory but are not. In his book, Laney tells of "one or two" Heraldmen forming "lasting friendships" with Joyce and not capitalizing on the situation by writing articles for magazines, then a sure market at a high price.[137] In a letter, however, Laney says associations were "at best tenuous and vague; there was a constant flow in and out of the old Rue du Louvre shop and many of the boys circulated among the bookshop crowd though not of it."[138] In general, it is not likely that many more than Laney, Paul, and Jolas, had many dealings with Joyce. Laney maintains the "Bookshop Crowd" shared little of Joyce's company despite its adoration for him. The Bookshop Crowd, its focus in the bookshop called Shakespeare and Company, he continued, was a large group.

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[134]Shirer, letter, March 19, 1965.

[135]Moss, letter, received August 13, 1965.

[136]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

[137]Laney, Herald, 160.

[138]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

"To them," he said, "James Joyce was, if not actually God, at least a major prophet and Gertrude Stein nothing less than a high priestess."[139]

Laney, who said "others in the group indirectly connected with the Herald," included Pound, Ford, Antheil, McAlmon, Hemingway, Bird, Ernest, Walsh, and Ethel Moorhead, added that the "Young Intellectual was likely to be an indifferently trained newspaperman and unable to fit easily into the dull routine of making a newspaper."[140] He thus fortifies Thomson's view that the types were not too likely to cross over. Some did, of course, and many more tried.

> Quite a few of them, however, were able, from time to time, to bring themselves to knock out a bit of orthodox, unadvanced prose for the Herald at a few hundred francs a week.[141]

His latter comment undoubtedly relates to the "special" columnists already alluded to in examining the staff.

Pound, speaking nearly 40 years after his Paris days, recalled writer-newsman Jolas and proofreader-writer Henry Miller.[142] Loren Carroll, former Herald city editor of the Thirties, recalled that the Thirties were duller than the Twenties with "much showing off on the subject of food and wines."[143] He added: "My own form of show offery was to

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[139]Laney, Herald, 151.

[140]Ibid., 153.

[141]Ibid.

[142]Pound, interview, January 3, 1965.

[143]Carroll, letter, September 22, 1965.

cultivate French writers, e.g., Paul Valery and Georges Duhamel." Calmer, in explaining the prevailing atmosphere, gave his opinion that "fifty percent of the newsmen anywhere in the world seeks to become serious writers."[144] M. C. Blackman reflects a similar attitude:

> Everybody on our paper's editorial staff [Chicatrib] except Jules Frantz was writing something--a novel, history, or other non-fiction, poetry--but nobody worked very hard at it or took it very seriously. There were too many interesting things to do in Paris.[145]

Imbs, in Confessions of Another Young Man, gives a fascinating example of inter-group help, showing clearly that the artistic group, particularly Miss Stein and composer Antheil, wished to use newsmen to obtain publicity. Antheil conspired with Imbs to fabricate a story to the effect that the composer was lost in North Africa and menaced by tribesmen around Tunis.[146] Gertrude Stein curried favor with Elliot Paul because she "was sensitive to his flattering marks of attention," she "liked him because of his mellow ironic talk," and because he was an "important writer, interested in her work, and contributing literary articles to the Chicago Tribune."[147]

Reciprocity came into play between Imbs and Miss Stein. Imbs lectured on Gertrude Stein when he returned on a visit to

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[144] Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

[145] M. C. Blackman, letter to the author, August 7, 1965.

[146] Imbs, Confessions, 78-79.

[147] Ibid., 128-29.

the United States;[148] she, in turn, agreed to write a preface to one of his books. She did even better, writing flatteringly about him in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, the same place where she praised Elliot Paul for his work turning journalists into writers.[149] This may have been sincere admiration. Paul, however, had written flatteringly of her for the Tribune.

Specific associations are of greater value in trying to measure the influence of association of newsmen and writers; however, except for the general statement by Thompson that Hemingway taught his style to some fellow who went back home and made a moderate success, only two specific cases of writer advice to newsmen have been revealed. This excludes the rather general remarks attributed to Miss Stein as she advised men to stay out or get out of the newsrooms.

Ford Madox Ford, according to Putnam, offered a specific word as to why the newsroom should be spurned.

> Upon learning that I was giving up newspaper work . . . [Ford] expressed his satisfaction, and then he went on to explain: The difference is that a journalist has to write his environment, whereas the writer can only write outside his.[150]

Miss Stein and Imbs give detailed accounts of how Elliot Paul helped young writers. This one happened to be Imbs himself.

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[148] Ibid., 168.

[149] Stein, Toklas, 293.

[150] Putnam, Mistress, 121.

> Elliot Paul was turning the young journalists and proofreaders into writers. He started Bravig Imbs on his first book, The Professor's Wife, by stopping him suddenly in his talk and saying, you begin there. He did the same for others.[151]

Imbs speaks of his indebtedness and goes into greater detail: After completing The Professor's Wife, Imbs said he was disgusted with himself until Paul visited him and talked through the matter of writing. Paul told Imbs:

> The first step is autobiographical writing. The writer, of course, gets disgusted with that, but generally not so quickly as you have. You will probably experience a reaction and will try to write in a "detached" manner. That won't do either because it is impossible to be detached from one's own experience, even in a historical novel. Then you may try to impersonate a character who tells the story from his point of view. That is better, but is not direct enough.[152]

"Remember that if one sentence is better than another, throw the latter away," Paul told Imbs at a different point in the lecture. "You must learn to write directly what you feel . . . and there is nothing more difficult," he said, sounding very much like a "previous-day" Hemingway.

When Imbs could not write his Chatterton and both men were at the Hotel du Caveau, Paul gave Imbs a production pattern to follow:

> Set yourself the task of writing a certain number of pages each day; let nothing deter you from the task, be it headache or mood or despair. You will find that the days that were hardest will show the best writing; you will be amazed at the speed the manuscript increases, and eventually you will produce such a quantity that you will be enabled to destroy

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[151]Imbs, Confessions, 183-84; Stein, Toklas, 293.

[152]Imbs, Confessions, 183-84.

> pages and pages without any feeling of loss. The seven books I like the best are the seven I wrote and threw into the stove.[153]

Imbs later followed Paul's advice to produce a novel called The Cats, the one published only in Dutch. Working in an office at the time, Imbs used his "lunch hour"--really a two-hour period. "I divided the book into tiny chapters, sometimes scarcely a page long, so that every day I could write a chapter, a bit of writing that would be in itself."[154] Imbs said, evidently fulfilling the letter of the instructions, but probably evading the broader intent.

Fraternization between newsmen and writers was not so complete that one should have the illusion that they were an amalgam; evidence points toward a belief that contacts, the meaningful one, were individual. Although some newsmen were in close contact with the writing world, others were not in touch at all and were not the least bit perturbed about it.

Jennings, for instance, displays casual indifference to fraternization with the literati.

> I don't recall fraternizing with any of the writers in Paris, although we did sit around drinking pernod and coffee at the Dome. Writers like Hemingway, Dos Passos, Paul and the others were a group apart. I was a newspaperman, and my friends were newspapermen.[155]

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[153] Ibid., 138.

[154] Ibid., 290.

[155] Jennings, letter, September 15, 1965.

Laney also indicates the two groups cannot be considered close.

> Heraldmen, for the most part, did not encounter these people you mean; the McAlmons, Morehead[s], Walsh[es], Pounds, Heuffers, Tituses. Most knew Bird, but not many knew him as operator of the Three Mountains Press (hand). There certainly were some incidents and anecdotes, even some brawls probably, but I do not readily remember so long after.[156]

Thompson had the impression that the writers did not frequent the Herald and that, although associations were always in progress, they were not numerous at any given time. "It was probably the other way around; the personnel would hang around the writers,"[157] he said.

Thompson then added some meaningful appraisals:

> of course, the more serious people [who] were trying hard to break into literature went to these literary evenings that Sylvia [Beach] held.

Pressed for a percentage estimate, Thompson said:

> I would say a small number [went]. I never kept track of them. I'd say less [than 15 or 20 per cent of the staff went].[158]

Miss Stein was available for interviews. No doubt, however, there were many newsmen who visited Miss Stein who did not record the event. Hemingway, Bald, Imbs, and Sevareid mention exposure to her.

No effort is made here to analyze friction within or between the two groups because the conflicts do not seem exceptionally numerous or violent for people who functioned

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[156]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

[157]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964.

[158]Ibid.

individually and attracted or repelled others on the basis of personal or professional interest. Stein's criticism of transition seems no more unusual than any other outburst by a self-seeking albeit talented, woman. Transition's counter-blast seems normal, all things considered. Imbs' entrance, however, may mark the squabble as something larger, but further pursuit of the topic to find how wide-spread the debate was in the artists' community, while interesting, probably would add nothing to this study.

Alex Small's criticism of the Young Intellectuals and their "revolution of the word" might be more to the point because it evidently points to a natural schism in the ranks of the writers; even here, however, it appears to be a split between those attracted to the "corkscrew puns" of Joyce, as Small puts it, and those who felt existing languages could still do the job.

After measuring the available information about associations of newsmen and literati, the conclusion seems warranted that the exposures were part of the total matrix affecting the people under study. Associations were meaningful, depending on compatibility of individuals and other circumstance, advantage lay in the fact that such exposures were possible.

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSIONS: THE ADUSTED VIEW

The evidence indicates the Paris Herald was useful to the careers of Lost Generation writers; it affected them indirectly through the financial support the newsman-writers gained from the Herald which permitted continued exposure to cultural and historic assets not available to them at home. Equally obvious were the direct influences, such as writing discipline, prose guidance from older more accomplished writers, contact with history on assignment, and the camaraderie with fellow newsmen who formed coteries and discussed writing on the job and off, stimulating each other toward a higher form of expression.

In a very real sense, the Herald can be said to have formed a kind of writers' hostel which allowed these people to exist--more precisely, to be accepted within the writing circles without question--and an opportunity to express themselves in the exhilarating literary climate of Paris. In addition, they had creditable models among them on the Herald who demonstrated success in the book and magazine fields. Models, like Paul, Jolas, and Steell gave them a pattern to follow.

All the things making up literary Paris quite clearly

formed a magnificent matrix. The Herald was not the matrix, but a part of it. The Herald was a very important part, for without her support and that of her fellow papers of the day, the Times and the Tribune, these people in all probability would have had to move on.

The Herald image, while distorted, is a remarkably true reflection of a fascinating legend. Herald executives, without solicitation, have themselves verified the major elements in the legend.

Hawkins' book, although adjusting the picture toward sobriety and stability, still documents enough of the drinking reputation to add credence, and, although shifting the view toward standard hiring and firing practices, cites enough cases to confirm the impression that the Herald was a haven to many--not all--newsmen. Laney's book is further corroboration. He too revises the image toward greater responsibility than indicated by the legend.

Other Herald personnel, in books and letters, tend to confirm the impressions of these two men, the major chroniclers of an unusual newspaper. Calmer, like numerous others, did not see the Herald as a fabulously great newspaper. According to his novel, All the Summer Days, Calmer saw the Herald and the other Paris papers as Opportunity wearing a rakish hat at an intellectual festival where young people could "grow up early on."

Most of the sources indicated the Paris papers, particularly the Herald because it was in existence longest, was

a meal ticket that kept them in a field of enchantment and opportunity. Of forty one persons responding directly to queries about influence of the Herald on them, thirty two mentioned the financial advantage. Few felt they were paid enough, although three of them, Dame, Jennings and Stewart, seemed delighted. Nineteen of those contacted commented that the newspapers of Paris gave them an exposure to historical events and to a new culture. Such contact was looked upon as a plus factor unavailable anywhere else. Sixteen of those responding stressed the importance of news discipline and regarded it as important to their development; ten of them were neutral on the matter of whether such training helped or hindered. Basically they were saying everything depended on the individual. Eight of the Lost Generation newsmen who turned to serious writing felt that journalism was boring, stereotyped, or that it "murdered" style.

On the matter of hiring and firing, most of the works and letters of ex-Herald staff members confirm Hawkins' contention that a person "really had to be bad" in order to be fired. Examples of drinking on the job abound and a visit to the paper today reveals nothing has changed: "Don't all papers have this?"[1] sports editor Dick Roraback said, smacking his lips over a libation in the newsroom and grinning with pleasure. The key, as always, is not to let it get out of hand.

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[1]Richard Roraback, interview, January 5, 1965.

Conversations with the current staff confirm the view that, as a rule and except for top personnel, now being imported from New York, the "best person available" is hired at the time the need arises.

Stability and profits have improved the atmosphere. For one thing, salaries are better. "The old Commodore [Bennett] would probably spin in his grave,"[2] Hawkins said, after relating that the "Herald has been in the black for a long time now."

Full understanding of the value of the Herald to these people is impossible unless the entire matrix is considered. Their unusually favorable milieu consisted of the heady intellectual atmosphere of Paris, the presence of unusually successful writers, and the Herald, which unconsciously bequeathed an exquisite by-product--literary germination--to a large number of people who were probably there because they had literary inclinations before they arrived.

Associations, documented earlier, between news people and such literary figures as Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, James Joyce and others of that era, unquestionably made a profound impression on the news corps. Hemingway, who, according to Thompson, taught his style to another writer, fits into the tradition perhaps best exemplified by Elliot Paul, Miss Stein, the Jolases, and the Burnetts.

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[2]Hawkins, interview, December 23, 1964; also, Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964, who said the Herald is currently "near-scale" (American Newspaper Guild) on salaries.

Several "associative" chains were forged. Miss Stein helped Hemingway who, in turn, helped others. At least Hemingway aided the nameless recipient of his tutelage in style, and Allen, whom he advised to work for a dime store rather than a newspaper if Allen wanted to write. Another literary association may be described as "Stein helps Imbs who helps Stein." Paul is clearly the strongest literary influence on the scene. He helped Imbs and Stein. He worked for and with the Jolases and was bitterly disappointed when Hemingway considered him a better critic than a writer.[3] Assuming that Miss Stein was right, Paul helped journalists other than Imbs. Judging from the number of Lost-Generation people who remembered Paul and commented on him or wrote about him one must conclude that he was the literary intellectual of the Herald staff.

Although not endless, the chain can be extended: Laney, Steell, and Calmer had a following. Transition founder-editor Eugene Jolas and his wife, Maria, constituted an important literary force. As Rehm put it, the Jolases "skimmed the milk" in order to publish a little bit of cream.[4] Whit Burnett and Martha Foley through lengthy careers in publishing made major discoveries, especially in the short story field, and brought talent into the sunlight.

Reconstructed circumstances always seem to lead the researcher back to the point that the Herald was an important

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[3]Allen, telephone interview, October 17, 1965.

[4]Rehm, letter, July 21, 1965.

part of the larger matrix because it furnished sustenance and, in some cases, specific and direct encouragement--such as for Paul, Sevareid and Whitman, and more recently, Art Buchwald. What then was the value of the Herald's genius? Turning brilliant writers loose served the Herald well and should not be considered a conscious effort to do anything beyond producing a readable and interesting newspaper. In such circumstances, however, the Herald was taking the literary route. The Herald in serving its own ends expanded career horizons, Personal followings, acquired as described by Eric Sevareid when the Herald gave him a free hand, certainly did not diminish the person's actual stature or his own view of himself.

The premise here is that news training was an important stimulation to the literary expression of these people and that it was merely accident that kept such front-line authors as Hemingway and Miller from being Heraldmen. Although news training in Paris seems not to have produced a writer of the first magnitude, a Hemingway could have stumbled in there as he did in Kansas City.

Ex-Herald men deserve the good reputation they have earned for themselves and the paper. A great number of them remain in newspaper work. Others have gone into related fields requiring specialized skills they acquired as newsmen. Many of them are magazine editors, free lance writers, and book editors.

William L. Shirer, although the most successful of the

Herald "graduates" is not the only book producer. A large percentage of books by ex-Herald men bear the "newsman" label in that the authors drew from historical circumstances they lived through or were exposed to, or they made comments about the things they saw or situations they knew about first hand.

History and literary critics, however, still weigh the fate of some of these people: Shirer, for instance, who seems unlikely to go down in history as a brilliant stylist, may rank very high as a contemporary eyewitness historian.

It should be stressed that the matrix alluded to actually includes the Tribune and the Times as well as the Herald; each performed the same job to a varying degree, but the reputations of all seem to have accrued to the Herald. Longevity, its own erratic behavior, and its sometime literary attitude have all contributed to the creation of such an image. Once again, it seems that chance sent some of the best name writers of our day to the Tribune or the Times rather Herald: recall that Josephson was turned down because of a long waiting list. Fate, more than design, had Thurber, Miller and Sheean working for the Tribune. Sheean, Sommers and Blochman worked for the Times.

Over the years, however--reaching from the days of Bennett, who hired literary people, to the present--the Herald has attracted strong, even brilliant, writers.

Although absolute proof of direct influence is missing, the strongest evidence is the body of book-form literature by ex-Herald staff members. Thirty-four staff members produced

163 books. This amounts to an average of 4.794 books for each of the 34 authors, a statistic strong enough to satisfy the sternest critic that the Herald's literary influence is high and very probably more than an accident. These figures are expected to rise with confirmation of some, or all, of the 12 authors now listed in Appendix B.

Further corroborative evidence is found in the literary standing of the Heraldmen. It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the probable life of any author's works. Many members of the "Herald school," however, should at least have moderate successes so far as posterity is concerned.

Laney's Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper, like Hawkins' Hawkins of the Paris Herald, should enjoy lengthy, if not spectacular, runs on the bookshelves where journalists, cultural historians, and the curious can recreate the life of an unusual paper and vicariously "accompany" a fabulous group of people on their news runs.

Darrah's Hail Caesar! is not apt to be popular now that Il Duce has collapsed in ignominious defeat; it should, however, continue furnishing valuable insight to the student regarding the character and historic role of Benito Mussolini. Darrah, a scholarly man, has also done a monograph on Napoleon I which throws light on a bomb assassination plot against the Emperor's life.

Harold Stearns' work will probably remain at least a curiosity among students of literature and history. His edited symposium, Civilization in the United States, coupled with his

rather heartbreaking recantation in The Street I Know, constitute a tour de force regarding the era.

It seems likely that the other works, including such fascinating ones as Calmer's All the Summer Days, will fall into an abyss of indifference, except for the occasional diligent scholar who seeks an understanding of the Lost Generation.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the larger output of all the newsmen of the day who turned to literary expression. Some of them who were in the "corps" but not in the Herald's employ, should be mentioned. Henry Miller's prodigious production needs little amplification; his Tropic of Cancer and Quiet Days in Clichy relate most to this study. Miller, who is often brilliant, still stands in need of a Max Perkins, or, even better a more skilled editor than the one who helped Thomas Wolfe.

Vincent Sheean, a Tribune-Times man noted as a stylist, draws praise from the news clan and book publishers, notably Bennett Cerf, who said "Sheean was certainly more than a journalist."[5] The best of his works relating to this subject, Personal History and Not Peace But a Sword, have already been mentioned as journalistic milestones. Waverley Lewis Root, a Tribune staffer, has turned out a magnificent and lasting book in his Foods of France; in addition, he has successfully invaded the realm of the historian with his Secret History of the War, a three-volume work on World War II. Gregor Ziemer,

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[5]Cerf, interview with Speer, October 21, 1965.

with his Education for Death: The Making of the Nazi, created a lasting impact, especially as the motion picture, "Hitler's Children." Whitman, whose sociology books dealing with sex are prized by undergraduates, probably ranks second to Shirer as successful ex-Herald book authors.

Heraldmen may not make posterity's immortal list with such authors as Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante; however, at least two, Shirer and Paul, have been among the best sellers of their day, and other staffers have done commendable work which will probably remain in America's literary stream, particularly those works which recorded the history of their era and the human response to the events.

Many of the persons quoted in this work have explained part of the Paris mystique, saying Paris respected them, gave them freedom by not opposing their artistry, and, above all, allowed them to express themselves in an environment free of restrictions they felt at home.

Seldes "felt" the spirit of Paris and described it as "very real." Miss Stein, Imbs and others indicated the advantage of writing amid a "babel of foreign voices," many, or most, not knowing or caring that they were looking upon a writer.

It is inescapable that the secret of the joyous mystique of Paris resided in the fact that a transplanted American culture resided within a larger culture, one that offered many

advantages, particularly that of allowing "cultural islands" to exist unencumbered. Obviously the American in Paris was, and is, misunderstood. For the most part, he did not become part of the French culture. Indeed, he cannot be said to have come in contact with it to any substantial degree.[6] On the contrary, France, Paris, and the French people, were stage props, a set, which tempted Americans occasionally to mount the stage of French life. They rarely got farther than the apron.

Judging from the responses made by the people in this study, few of them made a serious effort to become part of the French life. Their contacts were almost exclusively with other Americans. According to Laney, few of them ever learned acceptable French although most of them probably did a little better than Sparrow who is supposed to have survived twenty years in Paris knowing only one French word--ici.[7]

The news corps was probably somewhat better in this regard than the average "exile." Jobs held by newsman often demanded knowledge of French to make acceptable translations. Even among the newsmen, however, it is assumed that only the unusual ones bothered to make substantial contact with the native population. Josephson, Putnam, Wescott, and Cowley tell of extensive contact with French authors. Few newsmen, however, did so. Laney and Carroll are exceptions. Thoma

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[6]John MacLean, interview, Paris, December 31, 1964.

[7]Laney, Herald, 98-105.

mentions French writers and English men of letters.[8] Thompson and Harl married French women.[9] Sheean and Shirer and others had contacts, at least in line of duty and it is reasonable to assume that all of them had some exposure to the diplomats, sportmen, men of the street, American and English writers, and writers of France.[10] There is always the danger of over-stating such conclusions; however, there seems little doubt that Lost Generation Americans in Paris were pre-occupied

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[8]Carroll, letter, September 22, 1965; Laney, Herald, 78; Thoma, letter, October 28, 1965.

[9]Thompson, interview, December 22, 1964.

[10]Shirer's Berlin Diary and Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, Sheean's Personal History and other books by many of these people indicate the better ones certainly had close contact with people in other cultures. Nevertheless, a Sigrid Schultz or a Eugene Jolas, masters of three languages, were unusual. Certainly the larger flow of exiles was not proficient in the languages of the people they visited. Men and women of the news corps, however, varied in proficiency; in all probability most of them learned to read the languages well, or reasonably well, but few of them, according to Laney, got to the point of strong utility in complex conversation in another tongue. Much of the reason for this is presumably due to the prevailing "American among Americans" pattern they lived in Europe. Laney, during a telephone conversation May 1, 1966, estimated that most of the exiles made no substantial contacts among the French. "I imagine better than 80 per cent of the newsmen did not either. They, however, did have to read the language because they had to read the daily press to make translations." Laney said that prior to going to work for the Herald he had lived with a French family and that few newsmen had done so. "The best way to become part of the culture is to go to a small village and within a month you become a part of the life. Almost nobody did that," he said. Laney said Hawkins was "equally fluent in English and French" and that Hugh Awtrey took a degree at the Sorbonne "writing and defending his thesis in French. We all went down to hear him." These people were exceptions, however. Most of them, he said, would never be confused with a Frenchman.

with Americans.

Part of their feeling of freedom rose from their opportunity to speak or write as they wished without censure from the larger French public or from their own more intimate circle of Americans. A current exile said he believed Americans often say things in Paris they wouldn't dream of saying at home where, for one thing, they would be understood and often resented. "The French people don't care what you say. Most of them don't understand. They don't need to. What is the difference if an American makes a fool of himself?" he said.[11] Despite the American's self-deception, he loved Paris with almost unswerving devotion. If he thought he was in contact with French society and wasn't, did it harm anyone?

Although Paris still attracts intellectuals to her, she is no longer the lone contestant for the hearts of Americans. Her decline may best be explained by tracing the views of a former lover, Laney.

Laney, when writing his book in 1947, felt that the flow of people to the Herald would continue in endless generations. In the book, Laney shows the factual cycle which is duplicated by Calmer in fiction. The Paris stint was one of growing up in brilliant and stimulating circumstances. Each generation washed up on Parisian shores evidently suffered the same pangs.

> Young men coming to the Paris Herald in 1920 heard that the city was no longer a good place to live--they should have seen it before World War I

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[11]MacLean, interview, December 31, 1964.

> had changed everything for the worse. Others came to the rue du Louvre in the mid-twenties and were told they had waited too long. They should have been there in the early postwar years before Paris had been spoiled by the tourists. In the early 1930's, ardent newcomers in the rue de Berri heard what a wonderful place Paris had been in the boom years and what a wonderful paper the Herald was. Ah! Those really were the days!
>
> Now Paris was nothing. By 1939, those who arrived in 1933 were dreaming of the good old days of the depression when there had been no tourists and Paris was a wonderful place.
>
> Each generation in its turn declares that the world has forgotten how to live, but Paris seems wonderful at all times to the young. She has always held the same charm for those who come to her young. Perhaps it is the old ones who change, not the city.[12]

Earlier in the book, Laney gave a philosophical forward look, an interpretation of the mellow years.

> The men who were there, dream of the days when life was young and they worked in Paris, and the dream does not include the things which irritated or shamed them.[13]

Writing in the immediate post-World-War II period, Laney continued optimistic. The Herald, shut down June 12, 1940, just ahead of the invading Nazis, was reopened in 1945 and Laney said:

> . . . a new and better paper lives in Paris and all over the land, in newspaper shops everywhere today very young men are dreaming once more of working on this paper and living in the City of Light.
>
> They should not listen to those who say that Paris never will be the same again. . . . Go back as far as you care to go and you will find them mourning the good old days in Paris that never will return.[14]

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[12]Laney, Herald, 328-30.

[13]Ibid., 89.

[14]Ibid., 331.

Eighteen years later, however, Laney had changed his mind. "Yes, I did think the flow would be continuous when I wrote that last chapter. . . . I now doubt that the flow will be continuous, or has been, because it seems to me that the main reasons for going have been removed." He documents his case

> It is in this country [the United States] now that the artist, meaning the young practitioner of all the arts, music, writing, drama, painting, sculpture--has a greater opportunity to work and find appreciation than anywhere in Europe.
>
> I will just note here that during the last month or more it has been American born and trained singers who have made the Metropolitan Opera exciting. In our time Europe was full of Americans trying desperately to find small roles in the tiny opera houses of the Continent. Now, New York is the market for all the arts and the little magazines which flourished mainly in Paris of the 20's, the experimental theatres and such can be found in many states; Texas, Montana, and California hold exhibitions of contemporary painting and the University presses now publish what we used to call avant garde all over the place. . . .[15]

It can be seen from this that the lure of Paris has weakened. Paris--the "lovely Paris" of such imperishable people as Miss Flanner, as well as the fatally fascinating Paris of a younger generation now working at the Herald and in living garrets and walkup flats--now faces the competition of the new cultural femme fatale, New York. Nevertheless, Paris still draws some of the literarily-inclined and the Herald feeds some of them.

Miss Flanner, who now talks of an Americanized Paris

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[15]Laney, letter, March 10, 1966.

she does not know and does not like, agrees with poet-philosopher MacIntyre when she maintains the flow of ex-patriates "stopped when we did."

She, Laney, and MacIntyre may be wrong. Even though the prefect of police and the passport section of the U. S. State Department cannot tell how many Americans are in Paris, a new wave of "expas" surges through the metropolis. Time will reveal whether they are better or worse than their predecessors. This new generation evidently is at the Herald, looking at it and Paris with the same perspective earlier shared by Laney and by Calmer.

It is too early to tell whether the more recent arrivals will be literary. The forties and fifties seem to have produced only one brilliant writer, Buchwald. Two examples, however, may be enough to establish probability that the tradition still lives.

John MacLean, a young New Yorker now reading proof for the Herald, was hired, he said, while he was in an unmistakably drunken condition. MacLean, who holds a bachelor's degree in literature from Columbia University, is a basically modest, non-pushy individual who likes to drink--but not on the job now. Nine years ago MacLean was selling the Paris Herald on the streets of Paris, he said, and working at a ridiculously low price for a lexicographer who was putting out a French-Portuguese dictionary. His life changed when a woman reporter for the Herald told him there was an opening at the paper for a proofreader and added:

"You can do it, John. Apply."

"I was uncertain. I didn't think I could do it," he said, explaining why he fortified himself with drink before applying for the job at the Herald. "I was turned down by Fred Gilbert [chief copyreader]. After all, I was drunk,"[16] he said.

The female reporter, upon learning what happened, pressed forward with resolution. "She called Hawkins who, after talking to her, told Gilbert 'I've hired a man for you.' I've been a proofreader ever since," MacLean recalled.

The second example is Richard Roraback, sports editor of the Paris Herald. Roraback, Dartmouth '52, sports a red "Jesus" beard and displays an attitude that reflects the Herald tradition almost perfectly. Roraback said he was hired after he had written to the Herald to complain because the newspaper never carried the batting average of his favorite, Willie Mays. The sports editor, "who was about to have a nervous breakdown, called me and asked if I knew anything about sports. When I said a little, he practically drafted me for the job. They wouldn't let him have a nervous breakdown until he found a replacement and I'm not kidding,"[17] Roraback said.

According to the gaunt sports editor, he was nearly fired by a newspaper in Ossining, New York, because he insisted

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[16]MacLean, interview, December 31, 1964.

[17]Roraback, January 5, 1965.

on wearing a beard. He decided to go to Paris and is glad he did.

"Hell, [the Herald] pays me for putting out a sports page, not what I wear," he said, fumbling his beard with taper-thin hands. "I got this job right off the street--in a stranger way than off the street. I'm here to stay," he added.

Roraback, who said he hangs around the Left Bank and has a "story and a publisher" but hasn't written his book yet, sets up a counter-theme to Laney's latest point of view on the need to be in Paris.

> Paris in the 60's! It's wonderful. They'll be looking back on these days as the golden years, calling them the 'sexy 60's and saying, 'Remember old _____? I used to drink with him at the _____.'"

Oh no, I'm where I want to be.

Roraback scoffed at his Dartmouth classmates--the successes who "work like hell in a corporation all year so they can come over here once a year--for three weeks--and sit around in Left Bank cafes, I'm here all the time."

The Herald-Paris-Lost Generation triple legend makes separate analysis difficult; they are, however, inseparable at the moment. The Herald legend stands virtually unimpaired, but Paris, as a creative mistress, has diminished in force and the term "Lost Generation" must be shoved into oblivion.

"Lost Generation" can only be recognized as a convenient

symbol which fails to give an accurate description of a literary generation. Indeed, "Lost Generation," as applied to American writers of the period, is a misnomer. Only one of seventy persons contacted for this study would even admit to being a member of the Lost Generation, and that one, Miss Flanner, did so only on the grounds that she was present--not lost. Most of the writers denied being lost; in fact, they resent implications inherent in the term "lost."

There may be others in disagreement; if so, they did not come forward or respond to inquiries. Opposition to the term is preponderant. The term, in all probability, would not have survived, however, if it had been all bad and if it had not captured the imagination of the American people. It may well be, as Hawkins observed, that the term "lost generation" took on some glamor in the public mind through association with the heroic American "lost battalion."[18] Survival of the term is baffling, if Lost Generation people are as opposed to it as they say.

Sevareid was to the point: "I always thought that that phrase was pretty silly."[19] Laney also was emphatic, saying that "there was no such thing as the Lost Generation," and adding that "no American, however long he resided in Paris, was ever known to admit he was an expatriate."[20] Miss Beach, after referring to their impressive literary output, said she

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[18]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964.

[19]Sevareid, letter, June 21, 1965.

[20]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965; Laney, Herald, 144.

could not "think of a generation less deserving the name."[21]

George Rehm called the term "ridiculous." His generation, Rehm said, "was not lost in the sense of direction or morals. Actually, it was finding itself and doing quite a good job of it."[22] Comments such as Rehm's imply orientation. Lost refers to the normal finding that individuals in any generation go through to acquire definition of purpose and direction.

"We weren't lost at all. We found ourselves over here,"[23] was Miss Flanner's comment. This continuation of a theme set by Rehm must be accompanied by a reference to the disillusionment felt by people in general after World War I. Progression toward perfection had been disrupted, not just for young people. Humanity had lost its path, a path that many people had merely hoped for; no doubt some had believed and many more had hoped. In the early post-war years, the Slough of Despond probably has been over-emphasized. Socialism's lance of international peace had been shattered, but the joy of war's end did not immediately swirl into darkness.

The exodus of American intellectuals in the Twenties may have reflected despondence over culture in the United States, but the flow overseas appears to have been a positive move toward a solution. The intellectual was becoming

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[21]Beach, Shakespeare and Co., 210.

[22]Rehm, letter, July 1, 1965.

[23]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

international and uncertain of his own standing in the larger arena. As will be seen, the exiles later became very proud of their homeland. For the most part, they were not lost and they insist on it.

Their opposition to the label is revealing. "No one who writes a novel can be lost,"[24] said MacIntyre, a boulevardier scholar who knew many of the literary figures mentioned in this work. "Anybody active in a given period is per se a member of the 'generation.' But 'Lost'--NO,"[25] said Robert W. Desmond, former Herald copyreader, now a professor of journalism at the University of California.

Lost Generation comments from these people offer no convenient summary, no unanimous voice other than a reluctance to accept the label. Bob Stern, still a newsman in New York, said he did not know "if the generation was lost, but I sure ain't."[26] Sheean, like Pound, indicated he only "belonged to it by the calendar" and called it a "catchy, meaningless phrase."[27] Sheean, in fact, reflects a feeling of being left out of the Hemingway era even though he and the author of Farewell to Arms were born in the same year. Both were born in 1899, but experience made the difference, according to Sheean.

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[24]MacIntyre, interview, December 23, 1964.

[25]Desmond, letter, January 21, 1966.

[26]Stern, letter, August 5, 1965.

[27]Sheean, letter, July 6, 1965.

Seldes said there were "no lost persons" and "no lost generation."[28] Jennings evidently rejected the term when it first came up and does so now: "I was not a part of the so-called 'lost generation' and I did not do any heavy thinking about anything."[29] Riegel quarrels with the term, saying "I do not know what the phrase 'Lost Generation' means, If it means complete cynicism and alienation from values--despair, no."[30]

Miss Schultz expressed the view that the Americans in Europe were "far less gullible" than the term implies and that they had "plain ordinary horse sense."[31] Glenway Wescott also comments to the effect that his generation was not mentally lost, saying "most of the writers of the 'lost generation' were somewhat precocious, I suppose."[32] Wescott, therefore, implies that, far from "lost," they were simply way out ahead.

Calmer, although not terming the generation lost, said the situation was "unrealistic," and added, "I look back on the past with nostalgia. It was a golden age of fun, but it was an age of unreality--an age of closing eyes and turning backs."[33] Here Calmer speaks of the unawareness of the power

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[28]Seldes, letter, June 21, 1965.

[29]Jennings, letter, September 15, 1965.

[30]Riegel, letter, June 29, 1965.

[31]Schultz, letter, August 19, 1965.

[32]Wescott, letter, June 17, 1965.

[33]Calmer, interview, May 9, 1965.

struggle to come, America's insular attitude, and the fun that a portion of his generation had by selecting Paris for early maturation. Like others of his day, Calmer knew they were on a "golden flight," the recipients of a rare gift. However unaware they were in the beginning, they were strategically placed at one of the cultural and historic crossroads of their time. From Paris they spread over Europe as correspondents.

Bald, in a letter, tells how the superficial charm wears off. He, too, had taken the fabulous excursion to the crossroads described. Like Calmer, Bald had been enchanted. And yet when he visited Paris in 1964, an artist friend named Hiler "was the only one there I could say hello to--and we sat over a bottle of wine at the Dome . . . and bored each other to death."[34]

A monolithic view of the Lost Generation era showing it only as that stretch of time between the two great wars filled by people so irresponsible that their main pursuits were sex, thrills, and drink distorts our understanding of the people, the era and the products of the two. Gregor Ziemer, for instance, comes very close to identifying himself as a Lost Generation "product," when he states that to "some extent . . . we felt lost even if we weren't. . . . We felt like desolate voices in an empty echo chamber."[35] Yet in this very statement Ziemer is referring to a very "unlost" period

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[34]Bald, letter, November 1, 1965.

[35]Ziemer, letter, July 5, 1965.

for his generation, the time when newsmen were desperately trying to shake America out of her isolation, a key frustration that led Jay Allen nearly three decades later to cry out that journalism was a waste of effort and that anyone who taught it should be jailed.[36]

Jack Iams splits the monolith when he refers to the "lost 20's," but adds the Thirties were "anything but gay [and] light-hearted."[37] The depression was on in the third decade of the century and "proletarian writing took over" and "wasn't much fun," he said. It appears that a redefinition of the 1919-39 era is overdue and that a new name should be accompanied with a careful analysis of the diversities within the twenty-year spectrum.

Other comments about the Lost Generation label measure the depth of rejection of the term. Some of the most active individuals of the newsman-literati group assert they never heard the term until years later. According to Laney, "the phrase was not current at all during those years in Paris."[38] "I never heard the word in those days when the generation was getting itself lost or whatever it was doing,"[39] said Loren Carrol. "The 'lost generation' was never used in my hearing until much later. I never considered myself a [member],"[40]

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[36]Allen, telephone interview, October 17, 1965.

[37]Jack Iams, letter to the author, December 10, 1965.

[38]Laney, letter, February 24, 1965.

[39]Carroll, letter, September 22, 1965.

[40]Allen, letter, May 24, 1965.

Allen said. M. C. Blackman equates only Harold Stearns with the 'lost generation,' saying it was "a term I never heard until many years after leaving Paris."[41] Blackman's comments about Stearns are reminiscent of those made by Hawkins, who dismissed an effort to name "lost generation" people by saying, "Well, there was Harold Stearns. You can count him lost if you want to."[42] It is significant that, when called upon to name Lost Generation people, the persons contacted for this study without exception avoided direct response.

Some of the sources spoke of disillusionment as outlined by Cowley, but most of the persons contacted took the position that the people of their generation were merely "growing up" in an unusually advantageous "neighborhood."

Calmer's novel, All the Summer Days, is especially good when one character upbraids another, telling him he was in Paris "only to escape the restraints of Mother U. S. A."[43]

Creatively, these sources maintain, the generation was not lost at all. In essence, they seem to agree with Cowley, who said that in a strict sense "the new writers" had formed a "literary generation."[44] They are also in agreement with his expression "that all of them differed constantly with all

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[41]Blackman, letter, August 13, 1965.

[42]Hawkins, interview, December 21, 1964.

[43]Calmer, Summer Days, 186.

[44]Cowley, Return, 7.

the others."[45]

Such evidence indicates the dubious value of a term which imposes uniformity on so wide a variety. Charles Poore, for instance, seizes upon a point already made here when he points out the "two-generation" attitude of Hemingway and Sheean. Although the same age, Hemingway was driving an ambulance in Italy and having experiences that would mark his works while Sheean himself remarks upon the feeling, saying he never felt as old as he regarded Hemingway and that Hemingway's "early start . . . had fairly remarkable consequences for literature in our time."[46]

A puzzling fact about the longevity of a term in such disrepute is the circumstance that finds post-Lost Generation writers content to "lose" the generation but unwilling to "find" it. The public seems satisfied with the image. Lost Generation people themselves, although incensed by the "lost" appellation, seem content to bask in the glory of what the expression means in the larger sense; thus they evidently are flattered by the aspects that relate to heroism, talent, nervous drive, and a concern for the individual.

It is true that Lost Generation writers Cowley, Putnam, and Josephson have sought to correct the image. However, it must be said that, as in this work, the emphasis which would "unlose" the generation is pretty well buried in their works and receives a relatively minor stress.

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[45] Ibid.

[46] Charles Poore, column, New York Herald Tribune, European Edition, February 26, 1953.

Cowley, for instance, records a change of emphasis among the Lost Generation exiles after the mid-Twenties; he cites Fitzgerald to the effect that the "quality [of Americans] fell off, until toward the end [late Thirties] there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads [of] 'fantastic neanderthals.'"[47] One wonders about the "cultural soul-searching" that was supposed to have been done when exposure to Europe for a year or two, possibly more, precipitated an almost immediate volte face among the literate exiles. In the early part of his book, Exile's Return, Cowley treats the reader to a precocious corkscrew gambit: "People," he remarked, "still said in 1930 that it was impossible to live in the United States, but not that it was impossible to write or paint there." Cowley considers the Lost Generation a myth, saying: "The myth of the Lost Generation was adopted by the second wave, by the friends of Ernest Hemingway. . . ."[48]

Stearns, who died in 1943, was not alone in recanting his view of the cultural destitution of the United States; Cowley, Josephson, and Putnam join him. Cowley wrote to a friend while still in Europe, saying:

> Let me assure you that the chiefest benefit of my two years in Europe was that it freed me from prejudices of the lady whose European flour . . . was so much better than the made-in-the-U.S.A. product, and of the thirty American intellectuals under the general editorship of Harold Stearns.[49]

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[47]Cowley, Return, 94.

[48]Ibid., 240-41.

[49]Ibid., 107.

New York, he continued,

> . . . is refinement itself beside Berlin. French taste in most details is unbearable. London is a huge Gopher Prairie. I'm not ashamed to take off my coat anywhere and tell these degenerate Europeans that I'm an American citizen. Wave Old Glory! Peace! Normalcy!
>
> America shares an inferiority complex with Germany. Not about machinery or living standard, but about art.
>
> The only excuse for living two years in France is to remove the feeling of inferiority. . . .
>
> The only salvation for American literature is to BORROW A LITTLE PUNCH AND CONFIDENCE FROM AMERICAN BUSINESS.[50]

Putnam quoted his "greatest [European] discovery"; he was "irretrievably" American "and by no means sorry for it." He was eloquent and emphatic.

> What I can never stand for again is seeing little American deracinates and little untraveled Europeans throwing pebbles at my big-breasted country as she sits there beside the water.[51]

Josephson observed the paradox that the exiles had encountered.

> I was to have explored the collected letters of Flaubert, examined the technical innovations of Mallarmé, and investigated the decadents and Symbolists, following leads thrown out by the old literary critic Remy d'Gourmont. Instead, I was observing a young France that, to my surprise, was passionately concerned with the civilization of the U.S.A., and stood in a fair way to being Americanized.[52]

Stearn's role as Lost Generation prophet is challenged

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[50] Ibid., 94-96.

[51] Putnam, Mistress, 246-47.

[52] Josephson, Surrealists, 125.

by Josephson who refers to Stearns' conversion which came at the end of "self-willed exile." Stearns went home, Josephson said, and "in repentant spirit, wrote a book entitled America: A Re-Appraisal (1937). By his own admission, Stearns' argument for expatriation had broken down." Josephson's handling of Stearns does not center on the latter's recanting, but on a challenge to Stearns' role as a leader in exile, a role assigned to him by Cowley and Putnam. Josephson thus stands in the same camp with Miss Flanner, who denied that any one person attracted American exiles to Paris. Stein? Pound? Eliot? "You must remember they were not well known then--when I came [1921]. I don't think I had read anything of theirs then. Oh, yes. I think I might have read [Stein's] Tender Buttons, but that didn't bring me here,"[53] she said. Stearns evidently became known after the fact.

Josephson presents an anti-Stearns polemic:

> The only trouble with the theory of Harold Stearns as a latterday Mahomet leading a pilgrimage of Yankees to the Left Bank of the Seine is that most of us who went there had never heard of him. His symposium, Civilization in the United States, was not published until the spring of 1922, months, or even years, after many of us had already left for Europe; thus we could not have known how imperative it was to go into exile until after we had been gone quite awhile. . . .
>
> Meanwhile, others who had come to Paris earlier than he, or without his counsel, such as John Dos Passos and E. E. Cummings, were at work with great zeal; or, as in the case of the young newspaperman, Ernest Hemingway, were diligently entering upon

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[53]Flanner, interview, December 31, 1964.

> their apprenticeship as men of letters in the great "literary workshop" that was Paris.[54]

The "Lost Generation," thus, stands with no visible means of support. It is without a precursor, without adherents, in the true sense of the word, and without post-facto supporters. It appears to have *nothing* but a *good* press, or a persistent one at least. As a term, however, it may be such a charming literary vagrant that no one wishes to prefer charges.

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[54]Josephson, Surrealists, 125.

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"Dead Sparrow," Time, XLI (June 23, 1941), p. 44.

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"Petit Bottin des e'crivains Ame'ricains 'a Paris dan les anne'es 20" (Paris: Centre Culturel Ame'ricain, n.d.), "Cette Liste a ete etablie a l'occasion de l'exposition 'Les annees vingt. Les ecrivains americains a Paris et leurs amis' organisee 3, rue du Dragon, a' Paris, par le Centre Culturel Americain (1)."

APPENDICES

Appendix A, containing names of confirmed ex-Herald personnel who wrote books, includes 34 names and records a total book output of 163, or an average of 4.794 books per writer.

Appendix B, containing names of persons believed to be ex-Herald staff members who turned to book writing, lists 12 names. Book production of these people totals 59, or an average of 4.916 books per writer.

Should all the names of Appendix B be confirmed at a later date, as expected in most instances, ex-Herald book writers of the 1919-39 era would total 46 and their book production, unless errors are detected, would be 222, or an average of 4.826 books per writer.

APPENDIX A

This bibliography includes the books of Heraldmen whose works have been confirmed by the men themselves, by Who's Who in America entries, Library of Congress Card Catalogue listings, or by letters from people who worked for the Paris Herald or were on the scene between 1919 and 1939 and are considered reliable sources. In a few cases, documentation was made by all these sources. Other sources were also checked for additional confirmation.

In some instances, the works of these people were issued through private printing and may not have been listed in either the National Union List or the Cumulative Book Index. In cases where neither the Cumulative Book Index or the Library of Congress Card Catalogue listed the work which was mentioned in Who's Who in America or other creditable source, the work has been listed with a proper notation as to source. It is strange, but occasionally an author with as many as seven or eight books to his credit may never have been listed by Who's Who in America, i.e., Eugene Jolas. In such cases, the persons listed here have been documented from other sources. It should also be noted that a few of the authors in this bibliography failed to mention working for the Herald in their Who's Who in America data, William L. Shirer and David Darrah being two.

In such cases confirmation of employment has been gained from supplementary authoritative sources.

Bert Andrews (1901-1953) (1)

A Tragedy of History: A Journalist's Confidential Role in the Hiss-Chambers Case. Washington: R. B. Luce, 1948. 366 pp. (Also published in 1962 under the title Washington Witch Hunt.)

Andrews worked for the Herald from July to December, 1929. Confirmation is by Laney, Hawkins, Who's Who and letter from Frantz, March 16, 1965.[1]

Whit Burnett (1899-) (3)

The Maker of Signs (Short Stories). (WW, 1964-5, p. 288).

The Literary Life and the Hell With It. New York: Harper & Bros., 1939. 275 pp.

Immortal Bachelor: The Love Story of Robert Burns (with John Pen). 1942 (WW, 1964-5, p. 288).

Burnett was with the Herald from 1927 to 1928. In addition to editing Story magazine, Burnett edited 24 books.

Ned [Edgar] Calmer (1907-) (4)

Beyond the Street, 1934. (WW, 1964-5, p. 311, also Calmer interview, May 9, 1965).

When Night Descends, 1936. (Ibid.)

The Strange Land, 1950. (Ibid.)

All the Summer Days, 1961. (Ibid.)

Calmer was with the Paris Tribune or Herald from 1927 to 1934. He has been a correspondent with Columbia

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[1]Confirmation hereafter will be cited in brief form after first mention as follows (L-Laney; H-Hawkins; WW-Who's Who in America, and letters cited in the bibliography by last name and date.)

Broadcasting System for nearly 20 years. All of his books are novels.

Loren Carroll (1904) (2)

Wild Onion. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1930. 312 pp.

Conversation, Please: A Clinic for Talkers. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co., c. 1939. 177 pp.

Carroll was city editor of the Herald from 1934 to 1937. In later years he went into the diplomatic service. (WW, 1964-5, 332, H, Carroll, 9/22/65.)

Leland Davidson Case (1900-) (4)

Editing the Day's News. (Revision of George C. Bastian's work.) New York: Macmillan, 1932. 309 pp.

Around the Copy Desk (with R. E. Wolseley). New York: Macmillan, 1933. 200 pp.

Lee's Official Guide to the Black Hills and the Badlands. Sturgis, S. D.: Black Hills and Badlands Association, 1949. 112 pp. maps.

The Black Hills. New York: Vanguard Press, 1952. 237 pp.

Case was a copyreader with the Herald from 1926 to 1927. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 338, Case, 1/18/66.)

Lawrence Dame (1898-) (3)

New England Comes Back. New York: Random House, 1940. 319 pp.

Yucatan. New York: Random House, 1941. 374 pp.

Yucatan. London: V. Gollancz, Ltd., 1942. 188 pp.

Dame, who is listed in Who's Who as a cycling and wine authority, worked for the Herald as a reporter in the 30's.

David Harley Darrah (1894-) (3)

Field Work in Education, 1920. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 321.)

Hail Caesar, 1936. (Ibid.)

Conspiracy in Paris, 1953. (Ibid.)

Darrah, who was night editor of the Paris Tribune from 1919 to 1922 and managing editor of that publication from 1922 to 1926, said in a letter, dated May 17, 1966, that he worked for the Herald "for about 2 months in 1920" and added that he did not attach much importance to that. He is still Madrid correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. (WW, L, Hawkins, 3/31/66.)

Reuben Briggs Davenport (?-1932) (6)

The Yorktown Campaign, 1881. (WW, Vol. 1, p. 297.)

Loyal Arms, 1886. (Ibid.)

The Death Blow to Spiritualism: Being the True Story of the Fox Sisters as Revealed by Authority of Margaret Fox Kane and Catherine Fox Jencken. New York: G. W. Dillingham, 1888.

A History of the Great War. New York: London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.

What the British Empire Is Doing in the War. London: T. F., Unwin Ltd., 1916.

Nobler Love: A New Study of Modern Life. New York: Prather, 1928.

Davenport, listed in Who's Who as chief editorial writer of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, evidently died while still with the paper. He started with the parent paper in New York in 1872 and was an old Bennett man in the strictest sense of the word, having been assigned to cover gold expeditions into the Black Hills and Indian uprisings in the 1880's. His book production spanned nearly five decades, one book being issued after he joined the Paris edition in

1920. (Hawkins, 3/31/66; WW, Vol. 1, p. 297.)

Robert Davis (1881-) (9)

Hints on Service in France. Kansas City, Mo.: Union Banknote Co., 1918. 47 pp.

Mopping Up Bolshevism, 1919. (WW, Vol. 21, p. 732.)

Diary with Denekine, 1919. (Ibid.)

Unfeathered Eagle of Austria, 1920. (Ibid.)

Poem of an Old French Farm, 1931. (Ibid.)

Human Contacts, 1933. (Ibid.)

The Wit of Northern Vermont, 1937. (Ibid.)

A Vermonter in Spain, 1938. (Ibid.)

Padre Porko: The Gentlemanly Pig. New York: Holiday House Inc., 1939. 165 pp.

Davis' stint as "chief editorial writer for the New York Herald's Paris edition evidently overlaps that of Davenport who died in 1932. Davis indicates in Who's Who that he held the post from 1931 to 1934, presumably starting while Davenport was failing. As in the case of Davenport, it can be seen that Davis was well established as a writer before joining the Paris paper. (WW, Hawkins, 3/31/66.)

Robert William Desmond (1900-) (4)

Newspaper Reference Methods. Minneapolis, Minn.: University of Minnesota Press, 1933. 229 pp. illus.

The Press and World Affairs. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. Inc., 1937. 421 pp., maps, illus.

World Politics (with F. J. Brown, Charles Hodges, J. S. Roucek, et al). WW, Vol. 27, p. 630.

Professional Training of Journalists. Paris: UNESCO, 1949. 105 pp. (Also translated into French under the title La Formation Professionnelle des Journalistes, published the same year by UNESCO.)

Desmond was with the Paris edition of the New York Herald in 1926 and 1927 as a deskman. He has also had a lengthy career as a teacher of journalism, teaching at Suffolk, Stanford and Northwestern universities and heading the journalism department at the University of California. (WW, Vol.33, Desmond, 9/16/65.)

John Elliott (1896-) (1)

Fascisti Back Tyrol Regime by Terrorism. Innsbruck, Austria: New York Herald Tribune, 1929. 47 pp. (Series of Elliott articles drawn from the Herald Tribune.)

Elliott, who served as sports editor of the Paris edition of the Herald for a few months in 1925, was usually with the parent paper until the end of World War II. (L, H, WW, Vol.33.)

Lawrence A. Fernsworth (1891-) (4)

Protestants Under Franco, 1939. (WW, Vol. 28, p. 855.)

Nothing But Danger, 1939. (Ibid.)

Dictators and Democrats, 1941. (Ibid.)

Spain's Struggle for Freedom. Boston: Beacon Press, 1957. 376 pp.

Fernsworth, who did not mention working for the Paris Herald in Who's Who, worked for the publication in 1921 as a copyreader. According to Laney (p. 68), Fernsworth was still around in 1924. A scholar, Fernsworth studied at the University of Montpellier, France, 1925-29. (L, WW, Vol. 25,

p. 787.)

John Hewlett (1905-) (6)

Surgery Through the Ages (with Paul Benton), 1944. (WW, Vol. 30, p. 1265.)

Thunder Beats the Drum. New York: McBride, 1944. 340 pp.

Cross on the Moon. New York: Whitlesey House, McGraw-Hill, 1946. 316 pp.

Like Moonlight on Snow: The Life of Simon Iturri Patino. New York: R. M. McBride & Co., 1947. 292 pp.

Wild Grape. New York: Whitlesey House, 1947. 364 pp.

Harlem Story. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1948. 242 pp.

The Blarney Stone. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1951. 346 pp.

Hewlett, a reporter on the Paris Herald in the Thirties, also worked for Hearst publications in Europe. According to Who's Who, he specialized in exposés and has been active in the short story field. (H, WW, Vol. 30, p. 1265.)

William Hillman (1895-1962) (1)

Mr. President. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 921.)

Hawkins indicated that Hillman was hard to replace when he latter left Herald in the decade prior to the move to rue de Berri. Hillman's Who's Who entry does not specify work with the Herald but it puts him on the scene in newspaper work from 1926 to 1931. (H, WW, Vol. 33, p. 921.)

Jack Iams (Samuel H. Iams Jr.) (1910-) (12)

Nowhere with Music. New York: Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co., 1938. 279 pp.

Table for Four. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1939. 319 pp.

The Countess to Boot. New York: W. Morrow & Co., 1941. 312 pp.

Prophet by Experience. New York: Morrow, 1943. 309 pp.

The Body Missed the Boat. New York: Morrow, 1947. 245 pp.

Girl Meets Body. New York: Morrow, 1947. 245 pp.

Prematurely Gay. New York: Morrow, 1948. 248 pp.

Do Not Murder Before Christmas. New York: Morrow, 1949. 317 pp.

A Shot of Murder. New York: Morrow, 1950. 274 pp.

What Rhymes with Murder? New York: Morrow, 1950. 267 pp.

Into Thin Air. New York: Morrow, 1952. 246 pp.

Death Draws the Line. New York: Morrow, 1959. 250 pp.

Iams indicates in Who's Who that he was with the Herald in 1934. Hawkins said Iams was among the reporters covering the Stavisky riots that year, being stationed at the Place de la Republique. (H, L, WW, Vol. 33, p. 994, Iams, 12/10/65.)

Dean Southern Jennings (1905-) (4)

The Man Who Killed Hitler. Hollywood: G. P. Putnam Inc., 1939. 371 pp.

Leg Man. Hollywood: G. P. Putnam Inc., 1940. 252 pp.

The San Quentin Story (as told to Jennings by Clinton T. Duffy). Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1950. 469 pp.

My First Hundred Years in Hollywood by Jack L. Warner. New York: Random House, 1965. 437 pp. (written by Jennings).

Jennings was a reporter-rewriteman with the Paris Herald from 1925 to 1927. Laney notes that Jennings assisted Jack Pickering on the Lindberg coverage. Hawkins adds that

Jennings and Jack Glenn dressed like apaches to mingle with the angry mob the night of the Saco-Vanzetti executions. (H, L, WW, Jennings, 9/15/65 and 10/7/65.)

Eugene Jolas (1894-) (7)

Cinema: Poems. New York: Adelphi Co., 1926. 88 pp.

Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poesie Americaine. Paris: Kra 1928. 266 pp.

Secession in Astropolis. Paris: Black Sun Press, 1930.

Language of Night. [The Hague]: Servire Press, 1932. 60 pp. Limited edition.

I Have Seen Monsters & Angels. Paris: Transition Press, 1939. 223 pp.

Planets and Angels. Mount Vernon, Iowa: English Club of Cornell College, 1940. 43 pp.

Vertical: A Yearbook for Romantic-Mystic Ascensions. New York: Gotham Book Mart, 1941.

Library of Congress Card Catalogues also show a pamphlet essay called Vertigralist by Jolas which was issued by Transition in 1938. Jolas also edited James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism. New York: Vanguard Press, 1948. 272 pp. Although Who's Who in America did not list Jolas--a strange oversight unless there was some confusion about his citizenship--this author-editor was more than adequately identified as the man who worked for the Paris Tribune and did some work for the Herald. Hawkins, normally clear and definite in his interviews, seemed to think Jolas was connected with the Herald as a columnist. Mrs. Jolas also referred the author to Vanguard Press's Transition Workshop, edited by Jolas and issued in 1949. (H, L, Hawkins interviews,

Mrs. Jolas 6/26/65.)

Wolfe Kaufman (3)

Tender Checks. New York: Covici, Friede Co., 1934. 262 pp.

I Hate Blondes. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1946. 181 pp.

Call Me Nato. New York: Exposition Press, 1951. 143 pp., illus. (Introduction by Elliot Paul.)

Kaufman worked for the Herald in the late 30's and left the paper, according to Hawkins, in the decade prior to the move to the new building at rue de Berri. (L, H, Kaufman, 10/8/65.)

Al Laney (1896-) (3)

Paris Herald: The Incredible Newspaper. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., 1947. 334 pp.

Golfing America. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1958. 128 pp.

Prep Schools: Profiles of More Than Fifty American Schools. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1961. 128 pp.

Laney, already handled in detail in the body of this work, seems to have been universally admired by his former Herald colleagues. Hawkins, in particular, said he "leaned heavily on" Laney whom he described as "the all-round newsman, competent at reporting, rewrite, copyreading and headline writing." Hawkins also noted that it was quickly discovered that Laney's "real love was sports, and tennis his favorite." Laney was with the Herald, as night editor chiefly, from 1926 to 1934 plus summer work until 1939. (H, WW, Vol. 33, Laney, 2/24/65.)

Pierre Edward Loving (1893-) (5)

The Cat of Heaven. London: H. Toulmin, 1930. 400 pp. Issued the following year as Gardener of Evil: Portrait of Baudelaire and His Times. New York: Brewer and Warren Inc., 1931. 400 pp.

Letters from Beatrice (to a Private in the Medical Department). Oswego, New York: Oswego Times Co., 1919. 66 pp.

The Stick-up: A Rough-neck Fantasy. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co., 1922. 24 pp.

Revolt in German Drama. Girard, Kans. Holderman-Julius Co., 1925. 64 pp.

Monsieur de Balzac Entertains a Visitor. Seattle: University of Washington Book Store, 1929. 27 pp.

Loving, a drama expert listed two other works in Who's Who which were edited by him. They are Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays and Ten Minute Plays, the latter published by Brentano's in New York in 1923. Laney lists Loving as a "Left Bank chronicler" and Hawkins comments that the novelist-playwright was hard to replace after the move to rue de Berri. Loving was with the Herald in 1925. (L, H, WW, Vol. 19, p. 1534.)

Tom Marvel (1901-) (3)

Circling the Caribbean. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1937. 302 pp.

The New Congo. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1948. 395 pp.

A Pocket Dictionary of Wines. New York: Party Book Publications Inc., 1963. 47 pp.

Like several other members of the Paris news corps in the 1919-39 era, such as Waverley Lewis Root, William Bird and Larry Dame, Marvel became a wine expert. He was with the Paris Herald from 1931 to 1935. Laney said Marvel was

collecting "first-hand evidence for a book on French wines." Marvel is now a consultant for a wine company in New York. (L, Marvel, 8/14/65.)

Lee Adrian McCardell (1901-1963) (1)

Ill Starred General: Braddock of the Coldstream Guards. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1958. 355 pp., illus.

McCardell was on the copy desk of the Paris Herald in 1928. He and Paul, according to Hawkins, initiated a "beer bust" in the city room which prompted the managing editor to set up drinking rules. (L, H, WW, Vol. 33, p. 1319.)

Dora Miller

Dressmakers of France. New York: Harper, 1956. 178 pp., illus.

Miss Miller, confirmed by telephone interview with Laney, was working for the Herald as a "special" in the late 20's and early 30's. Additional confirmation came from Hawkins in a letter. (Laney interview 5/1/66, Hawkins, 3/31/66.)

Arthur Moss (2)

The Legend of the Latin Quarter: Henry Mürger and the Birth of Bohemia (with Evalyn Marvel). New York: The Beechhurst Press, 1946. 204 pp., illus.

CanCan and Barcarole: The Life and Times of Jacques Offenbach (with Evalyn Marvel). New York: Exposition Press, 1954. 280 pp.

Moss, now the grandfather of Left Bank chroniclers, is still in Paris and is preparing another book. He was a Herald columnist in the 20's. His Herald column was "Around the Town." He also did a column, "Over the River," for the Paris

Times. Moss was also founder of the short-lived avant-garde magazine Gargoyle which died after a few issues in the 1920's.

Elliot Harold Paul (1891-1958) (29)

Indelible: A Story of Life, Love and Music. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1922. 296 pp.

Impromptu. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1923. 356 pp.

Imperturbe: A Novel of Peace Without Victory. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1924. 313 pp.

Low Run Tide and Lava Rock. New York: H. Loveright Inc., 1929. 311 pp.

The Governor of Massachusetts. New York: H. Loveright Inc., 1930. 330 pp.

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town. New York: Random House, 1937. 427 pp.

Concert Pitch. New York: Random House, 1938. 413 pp.

The Mysterious Mickey Finn, or Murder at the Cafe du Dome. New York: Modern Age Books Inc., 1939. 243 pp.

The Stars and Stripes Forever. New York: Random House, 1939. 393 pp.

Mayhem in B-Flat (Homer Evans). New York: Random House, 1940. 304 pp.

The Death of Lord Haw Haw. New York: Random House, 1940. 306 pp.

Fracas in the Foothills (Homer Evans Mystery). New York: Random House, 1940. 436 pp.

Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre (Homer Evans Mystery). New York: Random House, 1940. 326 pp.

Intoxication Made Easy (with Louis Quintilla). New York: Modern Age Books, 1941. 145 pp.

The Last Time I Saw Paris. New York: Random House, 1942. 421 pp.

With a Hays Nonny Nonny (with Louis Quintanilla). New York: Random House, 1942. 186 pp. (Movie Censorship)

I'll Hate Myself in the Morning and Summer in December. New York: Random House, 1945. 315 pp.

Linden on the Saugus Branch. New York: Random House, 1947. 401 pp.

A Ghost Town on the Yellowstone. New York: Random House, 1948. 341 pp.

My Old Kentucky Home. New York: Random House, 1949. 438 pp.

Springtime in Paris. New York: Random House, 1950. 364 pp.

Murder on the Left Bank (Homer Evans Mystery). New York: Random House, 1951. 314 pp.

The Black Gardenia: A Hollywood Murder Mystery. New York: Random House, 1952. 306 pp.

Waylaid in Boston (Homer Evans Mystery). New York: Random House, 1953. 274 pp.

Understanding the French. London: F. Muller, 1954. 159 pp.

Desperate Scenery. New York: Random House, 1954. 302 pp.

The Black and the Red (Homer Evans Mystery). New York: Random House, 1956. 277 pp.

Film Flam. London: F. Muller, 1956. 160. (about moving pictures)

That Crazy American (Jazz) Music. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1957. 317 pp.

Two of Paul's works, politically sensitive Life and Death of a Spanish Town and The Last Time I Saw Paris, were translated into German. In Who's Who Paul only lists working for the Herald in 1930. Presumably this is in the interest of brevity. He listed himself as co-editor of Transition.

The most prolific of Heraldman book writers, Paul also found the energy to write screenplays in Hollywood. (Calmer interview 5/9/65; all Hawkins interviews; L, H, WW, Vol. 31, p. 3677.)

George Rehm (2)

Twelve Cows and We're in Clover: The Story of a Man Who Bought a Farm (Introduction by Louis Bromfield). New York: Morrow, 1951. 255 pp.

Requiem for Twelve Cows. New York: Morrow, 1962. 189 pp.

Rehm worked for the Paris Tribune from 1920 to 1921, the Times from 1924 to 1929 and the Herald from 1930 to 1937. (L, H. Frantz 6/29/65, Rehm 7/21/65.)

(Arnold) Eric Sevareid (1912-) (4)

Canoeing With the Cree. New York: Macmillan Co., 1935. 201 pp.

Not So Wild a Dream. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1946. 516 pp.

In One Ear: 107 Snapshots of Men and Events Which Make a Far-Reaching Panarama of the American Situation at Mid-century. New York: Knopf, 1952. 258 pp.

Small Sounds in the Night: A Collection of Capsule Commentaries on the American Scene. New York: Knopf, 1956. 305 pp.

Now a correspondent for Columbia Broadcasting Company, Sevareid still figures prominently in the news world. In addition to the above works, Sevareid edited Candidates 1960: Behind the Headlines in the Presidential Race which was issued in 1959 by Basic Books of New York. Sevareid, according to Who's Who, was with the Paris Herald in 1938 and 1939. He was reporter and later city editor. (H, L, WW, Vol. 33, p. 1806; Sevareid 6/21/65.)

William Lawrence Shirer (1904-) (10)

Berlin Diary: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent, 1934-1941. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1941. 605 pp.

End of a Berlin Diary. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1947. 369 pp.

The Traitor. New York: Farrar, Straus, 1950. 374 pp.

Midcentury Journey: The Western World Through Its Years of Conflict. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1952. 310 pp.

Stranger, Come Home. Boston: Little, Brown, 1954. 369 pp.

The Challenge of Scandinavia: Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland in Our Time. Boston: Little, Brown, 1955. 437 pp.

The Consul's Wife. Boston: Little, Brown, 1956. 262 pp.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960. 1245 pp.

The Rise and Fall of Adolf Hitler. New York: Random House, 1961. 185 pp.

The Sinking of the Bismarck. New York: Random House, 1962. 178 pp.

Shirer does not list his 1934 employment with the Paris Herald in Who's Who although he does refer to his stint with the Paris Tribune in 1925-26. Shirer, like Calmer, Sevareid and others, deserted newspaper ranks during the war to become broadcast journalists. Shirer joined in 1937. (H, L, WW, Vol. 33, p. 1829, Shirer 3/19/65 and Schultz 8/19/65.)

Harold Edmund Stearns (1891-1943) (5)

Liberalism in America: Its Origin, Its Temporary Collapse, Its Future. New York: Boni & Liveright Inc., 1919. 234 pp.

America and the Young Intellectual. New York: George H. Doran Co., 1921. 168 pp.

Rediscovering America. New York: Liveright Publishing Corp., 1934. 224 pp.

The Street I Know. New York: Lee Furman Inc., 1935. 411 pp.

America: A Re-appraisal. New York: Hillman-Curl Inc., 1937. 319 pp.

Stearns was with the Herald in the early 20's but he quit "out of boredom." In addition to writing the five books listed, Stearns edited two works of great interest. The first, as already mentioned, was the influential Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1922. 577 pp. which essentially held that America was culturally destitute. The second, America Now: An Inquiry into Civilization in the United States by 36 Americans, issued in New York by the Literary Guild of America in 1938, substantially goes the other way, indicating that America has promise. (H, L, WW, Vol. 22, p. 2076, Hawkins interviews.)

Willis Steell (? - 1941) (8)

Isidra. Boston: Ticknor and Co., 1883. 271 pp.

Wolfville (with Clyde Fitch). New York: Z. and L. Rosenfield. (n.d.) 280 pp.

Mortal Lips. New York: Bedford Co., 1890. 188 pp., illus.

The Death of the Discoverer. New York: H. Murray and Co., 1892. 89 pp. (drama)

Benjamin Franklin of Paris, 1776-1785. New York: Minton, Balch & Co., 1892. 227 pp.

The Whole Truth. New York: H. Murray & Co., 1892. 158 pp.

In Seville and Three Toledan Days. New York: H. Murray and Co., 1894. 209 pp.

A Mountain of Gold. New York: F. T. Neely, 1897. 328 pp.

The works above were listed in the Library of Congress Card Catalogues. It is presumed they were published in hard covers. Steell lists his plays in Who's Who. Because they were not in the card catalogue, it is presumed that they were

not published although, as he notes, they were produced. Who Was Who in America, Vol. 2, p. 507, lists the plays as The Kindergarten, 1900; A Juliet of the People, 1901; Battle of the Strong, 1901; Consuelo, 1902; Firm of Cunningham, 1905; Morning After the Play, 1906; Brother Dave, 1907; Girl of the Golden Horn (musical comedy with Reginald deKoven), 1909; The Prospector, 1912; Lionnette, 1914; and The Gift of the Madonna, 1914. Steell obviously first wrote books, then wrote plays. Most of the plays were produced on Broadway, according to Laney. Steell died in Paris, presumably while he still had a close connection with the Herald. Steell must rank high among Heraldmen who had literary reputations when they arrived on the Herald staff. (L, WW, Vol. 18, p. 1387; Current Biography, 1941; Laney telephone interview, 5/1/66; Hawkins 3/31/66.)

Kenneth Norman Stewart (1901-) (2)

News Is What We Make It: A Running Story of the Working Press. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1943. 340 pp.

Makers of Modern Journalism (with John Tebbell). New York: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1952. 486 pp.

Stewart was with the Paris Herald in 1928 and 1929 as a copyreader. He became a professor of journalism, teaching at Stanford and New York University and later at the University of Michigan and the University of California, Berkeley.

Charles Christian Wertenbaker (1901-) (9)

Boojum. New York: Boni and Liveright Inc., 1928. 307 pp.

Peter the Drunk. New York: H. Liveright Inc., 1929. 270 pp.

Before They Were Men. New York: H. Liveright Inc., 1931. 269 pp.

A New Doctrine for the Americas. New York: Viking Press, 1941. 211 pp.

Invasion. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. Inc., 1944. 168 pp.

Write Sorrow on the Earth. New York: H. Holt and Co., 1947. 260 pp.

The Death of Kings. New York: Random House, 1954. 478 pp.

Wertenbaker, who later was a top correspondent and editor for Time and Life magazines, did not list his employment with the Paris Herald in Who's Who. He did, however, list two books that were not shown in the card catalogue, To My Father, 1936, and The Barons, 1950. (H, L, WW, Vol. 28, p. 2827.)

Thomas Williams Wilson Jr. (1912-) (1)

Cold War and Common Sense, 1962. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 2186.)

Wilson was a Herald staff member from 1937 to 1938. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 2186; Hawkins 3/31/66.)

Gregor Ziemer (1899-) (4)

Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler, 1941 (with daughter Patsy). (WW, Vol., 33, p. 2236.)

Education for Death: The Making of the Nazi, 1941. (Ibid.)

Should Hitler's Children Live, 1946. (Ibid.)

Whirlaway Hopper, 1962. (Ibid.)

Ziemer's Education for Death was made into a movie. In recent years, Ziemer, who was Berlin correspondent for the

Paris Herald from 1934 to 1939, has turned to writing for television, contributing to magazines and giving lectures on Americanism. (WW, Vol. 33, p. 2236, Ziemer 4/24/66.)

APPENDIX B

Evidence positively identifying the following authors as former Heraldmen falls just short of certainty. However, the chronology of events and references from thoroughly established members of the staff indicate that the persons listed here were probably members of the Herald *staff between 1919 and 1939. They are included here in the hope that no book-producing Heraldman will be overlooked. It is further hoped that anyone with additional information will come forth and make it known to the author of this study.*

Hal George Evarts (1887-) (25)

The Cross Pull. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1920. 273 pp.

The Bald Face & Other Animal Stories. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1921. 317 pp.

The Passing of the Old West. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1921. 234 pp.

The Yellow Horde. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1921. 227 pp.

Fur Sign. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1922, v, 255 pp.

The Settling of the Sage. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1922. 300 pp.

Tumbleweeds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1923. 297 pp.

Spanish Acres. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1925. 303 pp.

The Painted Stallion. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1926. 266 pp.

The Moccasin Telegraph. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1927. 275 pp.

Fur Brigade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1928. 279 pp.

. . . Herbes Volantes, roman du far-west. [Paris]: Hachette, [c. 1929], 181 pp.

Tomahawk Rights. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1929. 319 pp.

Jerbo, the Jumper. Racine, Wis.: Whitman Pub. Co. [c. 1930], 41 pp.

Kobi of the Sea. Racine, Wis.: Whitman Pub. Co. [c. 1930], 42 pp.

Phantom, the White Mink. Racine, Wis.: Whitman Pub. Co., c. 1930, 41 pp.

The Shaggy Legion. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1930. 307 pp.

Swift, the Kit Fox. Racine, Wis.: Whitman Pub. Co., c. 1930, 40 pp.

Shortgrass. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1932. 309 pp.

. . . Wolf Dog. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1935. 304 pp.

Apache Agent (a western novel). New York: Popular Library, 1955. 159 pp.

Jedediah Smith, Trail Blazer of the West. New York: Putnam, 1959, c. 1958, 192 pp.

Jim Clyman. New York: Putnam, 1959. 191 pp.

The Secret of the Himalayas. New York: Scribner & Sons, 1962. 185 pp.

Treasure River. New York: Scribner & Sons, 1964. 186 pp.

Hawkins lists a Hal George Evarts on the Herald staff in his book and Laney recalled the name during a telephone interview. However, Laney added he did not know the man and therefore was not sure.

Morris Gilbert (1894-) (2)

A Book of Verse [Brattleboro, Vt.]. Private Printing, 1917, viii, 40 pp.

Lido Lady. New York: Sears Pub. Co., Inc., c. 1931. 217 pp.

Hawkins lists a Morris Gilbert in his book, however, no other source lists this Morris Gilbert as a Herald staff member.

Helen Joseph (Robison) (4)

Paris Is A Woman's Town (with Mary McBride). New York: Coward-McCann Inc., 1929. 299 pp.

London Is a Man's Town (But Women Go There) (with Mary McBride). New York: Coward-McCann Inc., 1930. 355 pp.

New York Is Everbody's Town (with Mary McBride). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1931. 307 pp.

Beer and Skittles: A Friendly Guide to Modern Germany (with Mary McBride). New York: London, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1932. 272 pp.

Although Miss Josephy was identified as a Herald staff member by Laney in his book and the Library of Congress Card Catalogues referred to her work under the name of Robison, no other sources identified her closely enough for positive identification as the woman who worked for the Herald. Under Robison she wrote Report on the National Conference on Equal Pay, March 31 and April 1, 1952. Washington: U.S. Department of Labor, Women's Bureau, 1952. 25 pp.

Frank Raymond Kelley (1911-) (3)

Star-Spangled Mikado (with Cornelius Ryan). New York: R. M. McBride, 1947. 282 pp.

MacArthur: Man of Action (with Cornelius Ryan). Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1950. 217 pp.

MacArthur: A Biography (with Cornelius Ryan). London: W. H. Allen, 1951. 192 pp.

Mentioned by both Laney and Hawkins in their books,

Kelley was not positively confirmable because he was not in Who's Who in America and no one could give his whereabouts.

Kenneth Koyen (1)

The Fourth Armored Division, from the Beach to Bavaria. Written and published by Captain Kenneth Koyen. Munich, Germany: Herder-Druck, 1946. 273 pp. illus.

Laney's book remarks that Koyen was with the Herald up to the end before the Nazi invasion closed the paper down. No other source identified him.

Lucie Noel (1)

James Joyce and Paul L. Leon: The Story of a Friendship. New York: Gotham Book Mart, 1950. 63 pp.

Hawkins in his book identifies Miss Noel as the "Herald's fashion reporter" in the pre-World War II period and indicates that in the post-war era she gave "extensive fashion coverage for special supplements." However, it was impossible to contact her or obtain her address.

Henry Ozanne (1)

U.S. Foreign Oil Policy. New York: Petroleum Industry Research Foundation Inc., 1945. 79 pp.

Mentioned only briefly by Laney as a deskman and make-up editor of the late 20's and early 30's, Ozanne's trail stops. The Ozanne listed here compiled a second work called The Oil Record which was also issued by the oil industry.

Marshall Sprague (4)

The Business of Getting Well. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1943. 143 pp.

Money Mountain: The Story of Cripple Creek Gold. Boston: Little, Brown Co., 1953. 342 pp.

Massacre: The Tragedy at White River. Boston: Little, Brown Co., 1957. 364 pp.

Newport in the Rockies: The Life and Good Times of Colorado Springs. Denver: Sage Books, 1961. 370 pp.

Hawkins mentions Sprague only as a reporter in the 30's in Hawkins of the Paris Herald. The unusualness of Sprague's name and his period of productivity leads to the inclusion of his works here.

Warwick Miller Tompkins (4)

The Coastwise Navigator. New York: Kennedy Brothers, 1938. 172 pp.

Fifty South to Fifty South: A Story of a Voyage West Around Cape Horn in the Schooner Wander Bird. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1938. 248 pp.

The Offshore Navigator. New York: J. F. Winters, 1939. 187 pp.

Two Sailors and Their Voyage Around Cape Horn. New York: Viking Press, 1939. 317 pp.

Specific identification of this Tompkins as the former Heraldman has eluded the author. Tompkins was first identified by Stewart in News Is What We Make It. Hawkins confirmed Tompkins' employment as "J. Warwick Tompkins." The author listed here may be an entirely different person although it does not seem too likely.

Paul Tyner (4)

Cash or Credit. Madison, Wis.: The Impress Co., 1895. 51 pp.

The Living Christ. Denver, Colo.: Temple Publishing Co., 1897. 334 pp.

Through the Invisible. New York: Continental Publishing Co., 1897. 196 pp.

The City of Christ. London: E. Stock, 1917. 44 pp.

Inclusion of Tyner's works here may be a mistake. In absence of positive identification of this Tyner as the same man who worked for the Herald is missing. Rather than probable, Tyner's listing here is considered as only "possible" and it is hoped that some other valid source will clear the matter up. Hawkins, in a letter dated March 31, 1966, was the only person to list Paul Tyner.

Carol Weld (1)

Secrets of Being Well Dressed. New York: Home Institute, 1937. 40 pp.

Hawkins again is the only source to identify Miss Weld as a former staff member. He did so in his letter of March 31, 1966, and with no other clue as to where she may be reached. Who's Who in America and other references were no help in locating her.

Howard J. Whitman (1914-) (8)

Let's Tell the Truth About Sex. New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy, 1948. 242 pp.

Terror in the Streets. New York: Dial Press, 1951. 431 pp.

A Reporter in Search of God. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1953. 320 pp.

Success Is Within You. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1956. 228 pp.

A Brighter Later Life. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1961. 268 pp.

Our Drinking Habits. Berkeley: Division of Alcoholic Rehabilitation, California Department of Public Health. n.d. 70 pp.

The Sex Age. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1962. 357 pp.

Helping Older People Find Jobs. Burlingame, Calif.: Foundation for Voluntary Welfare, 1962. 68 pp.

Who's Who does not list Whitman and efforts to contact the man who wrote the books above have failed. It is believed, however, that he is indeed the man who worked for the Herald in the Thirites. National Broadcasting Company confirmed that the Whitman shown here wrote the books indicated. Whitman, who does a program called "News of Your Life" was off and could not be reached at his home in Westport, Connecticut.