

# NIEMAN REPORTS

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# Out of the Press

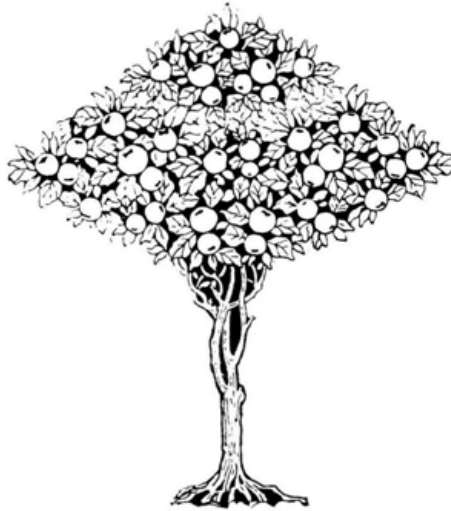
New England countryside in the fall of the year spills over with the harvest. Stores of fruits and vegetables add to a wealth of primary colors, mirrored in the endless backdrop of the foliage beyond.

The aroma of cider mills by the roadside draws thirsty travelers as well as frenzied clouds of flying insects. At the source, bees and wasps dance for a bit of apple leavings, while customers slap down fifty cents to gulp a cupful of the amber juice. Entrepreneurial farmers tend the operation of the cider press and monitor the delicious trickle that emerges. The law of physics is at work. The heavy weight of the machine presses down and squeezes out a transformation. Solid apples become autumn's finest beverage.

In other settings, this process is known as "creative tension." As pressure increases, so does activity. Change is implicit.

People repressed by unreasonable limits react in various ways. At one extreme, they become revolutionaries. Our nation was started like this, when confrontation led to rebirth and the establishment of freedom in the New World. At the other end of the spectrum, aggression is gentler. Ordinary routines impose demands for constructive endeavors. The deadline is such a taskmaster.

Journalists daily raise a hue and cry against injustice. Ideally, response leads toward achievement of equality, or even a ground swell of support for some crusade. On occasion, fences or bonds or gags drop away. More often, ties are loosened only to reveal another set of shackles: we call that news gathering.



The by-lines in this issue belong to reporters, editors, and publishers sensitive to the pressures of a pluralistic society. They are among those who take seriously the responsibility of the press to inform.

Eric Sevareid speaks from the seasoning of more than five decades in the craft. His commentary and cumulative wisdom span the milestones of our time — the Great Depression, World War II, the Sputnik era, the Korean and the Vietnam Wars, and the Space Age.

Four of the by-lines appear from journalists writing on behalf of other people's constraints.

From personal experience as a worker, Bruce Butterfield calls attention to inadequate and perilous plant conditions in Rhode Island's jewelry industry. For two weeks he worked beside employees where their daily routine included risks from noxious fumes, exposure to chemicals that erode flesh and clothing, and performance of monotonous, degrading chores — usually at substandard wages.

William Dulaney, having successfully obtained a grant, invites Native American journalists to Pennsylvania for a two-day conference to discuss the formation

of an American Indian Press Association.

Charles Bailey articulates the complexities of ethical decision-making and suggests guidelines to avoid vagueness in taking stands.

Continents away, in South Africa, Ivor Wilkins focuses on the new constitution, and sees only cosmetic changes; the restraints of apartheid remain tight and inhibiting.

William Miller demonstrates the fallacy of holding on to stereotypical notions concerning press magnates.

William Block ventures a trip "home again" to retrace a sojourn made in Korea 40 years ago.

Donald Graham is happy to admit that he's a "hopeless, romantic sentimentalist" about newspapers.

Finally, some Nieman Fellows in the Classes of 1984 and '85 illustrate with zeal and polish how they define and evaluate the effects of a 20-year old decade and its boundary lines on their present careers.

One hears that nature abhors a vacuum. To those at the roadside stand, waiting to purchase pleasure in a paper cup brimming with chilled cider, the buzzing swarm of insects poses a pesky mystery. Hornets, bees and wasps do not enhance the occasion; they are merely there. Could they serve as reminders that we all share the same planet; or, can we say that good experiences are never perfect; or, is risk always part of gain?

You pay your money and you take your choice.

—T.B.K.L.



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Cover: Harvest time at Pilgrim Village, Plimoth Plantation, an authentic reconstruction of the first settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1620. Photograph by Thomas H. Lehman.

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# The Power and the Press

Eric Severeid

A senior journalist reflects on more than 50 years of the craft  
at home and abroad.

**M**r. Thomson, Joe Alex, Sr., and friends, it was very good of you to ask an old timer like me to come up here for this honor. I know white hair used to be particularly respected, though I was never sure exactly why, and I've become less and less persuaded that dead follicles in the scalp indicate a livelier intelligence inside the skull.

You're especially considerate, of course, because after all, I've been gone from regular network broadcasting for some time now. Your nice gesture reminds me how much better it is to be gone but not forgotten than forgotten but not gone. I was at dinner the other night with brother Walter Cronkite in Washington, and he seems to be going through some change of life, too. He told me that he'd been walking down the streets of New York the other week and a young couple went by him and he realized the woman had recognized him. He heard her say to her companion, "Dear, do you know who that man used to be?"

I wish I had in these slips of paper a proper Harvard lecture flowing with unanswerable logic, with beginning, middle, and end. I don't think I do, so I'll ruminate as best I can with no claim save an attempt at common sense. I really think there is such a thing as common sense. I would define it as the instinct for knowing what is likely to help and what is likely to harm. It's born of experience and it takes some living, and that's the only good thing about old age I've got to say tonight.

My late friend Walter Lippmann said that the daily work of people like himself or of me or of columnists and others, was "notes made by puzzled men." I've spent my life, I think,

being puzzled — sure only that one must possess the courage of his doubts as well as the courage of his convictions, in this world of dangerously passionate certainties.

So it always seemed to me that my job, when I was on the air regularly as a kind of horseback pundit, was not so much to tell people what to *think*, though I know I transgressed in that respect often enough, as to tell them what they ought to be thinking *about*. And, in a sense, *how* to think about all these matters that flood the news broadcasts and the newspapers and our benumbed consciousnesses every week of the year; that is, approximately what historical importance to *give* all these events and these statements.

I've spent something over fifty years as a working journalist in a number of countries. It was in the Paris United Press office that I first met Joe Alex Morris Sr. At that time I was holding down the night desk in Paris, and of course those were the hours when it was absolutely impossible to reach any Frenchman by telephone. They all presumably were having dinner with their mistresses. And that explained my abysmal failure to provide a fresh lead for what we call the overnighiter, which was demanded by New York every 24 hours. The work was really, as Mr. Morris put it in his book, "deadline every minute." That's about what it was, but I was damned if I could see how to provide a fresh news lead every night out of a capital city gone silent.

There was always of course that ultimate recourse, one's own imagination. Mine turned out to be pretty limited, so I got out of the new agency business and into broadcasting, when Ed Murrow invited me.

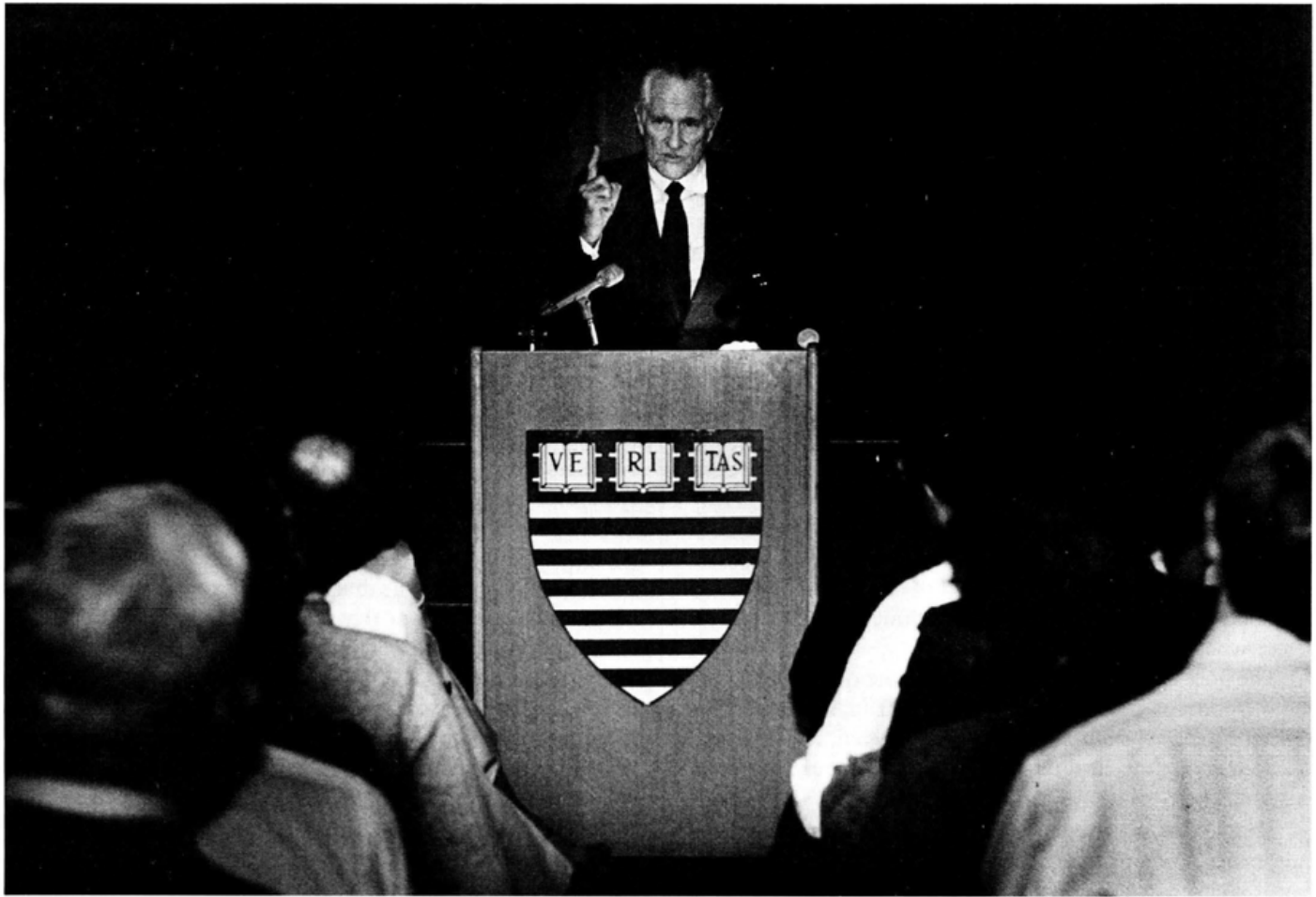
But most of those fifty years I passed in Washington, which I do think is probably the most important center of world news since ancient Rome. It's a city within a capital, not like Paris or London, capitals within a city, and so of course it gets out of touch with the rest of the country and its feelings. Every headquarters place does, I guess, but I know the rest of the country has a way of getting out of touch with Washington and the facts.

I could give many examples. One or two: No matter what

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*Eric Severeid, senior broadcaster, author, and consultant to CBS News, was awarded the third annual Joe Alex Morris Jr. Memorial Lectureship by the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University.*

*The text of his address, given in April at the John F. Kennedy School of Government in co-sponsorship with the Institute of Politics, appears above in slightly edited form.*



JOE WRINN

The very occasional harm done by publishing some secret or other is far outweighed by the harm done by secrecy itself.

we wrote or broadcast, a majority of Americans refused to believe that Senator Joe McCarthy was one of the bad guys until very close to the end of that drama, and no matter what we wrote or broadcast, the majority of Americans refused to believe in Mr. Nixon's complicity in the Watergate coverup, until nearly the very close of that one.

Of course in Washington, everybody keeps an eye on the president and the presidency. It's pretty much a presidential system. We have no king, no Delphic Oracle, no Platonic academy of the all-wise; we have no gods. Even the one on our coins wasn't there until it was put there by an Episcopalian Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War. I think President Reagan would be disturbed a little to know that one of his Republican heroes, Teddy Roosevelt, thought that was quite unconstitutional and that the word [God] ought to be removed. But the Moral Majority of those days prevailed.

One thing that puzzles me is the current President. I think he's intelligent, but not very well informed about the rest of the world, so I had thought from the beginning that he would

quit when he was ahead. I think he's making a great mistake in running again, in his own interest. Power and mass popularity are pretty hard to let go of. The trouble with Jimmy Carter was that he had a complicated mind that tended to concentrate on the complexities of every issue.

Which reminds me, a friend of mine, a newspaper man, went in to see President Carter one day in the Oval Office, and found him deeply immersed in a minor section of the Defense budget. When my friend left, he stopped by the adjoining office of Hamilton Jordan, the President's chief assistant. They sat with their feet up on the desk and talked about the country and the spirit of the people and the future for an hour, and my friend walked out thinking, "Now I understand it, Carter is Jordan and Jordan is Carter." He was that kind of man, and the Reagan danger, of course, is that his mind is rather simple. The specific danger is the leap before the look, especially in foreign affairs, and we've seen that now.

Committees can't lead, even an opposition, and right now Mr. Reagan has the good luck of being opposed by a kind

of Democratic party triumvirate or committee of three that traverses the country conducting a public debate about the nature of its own soul. Maybe it has to go through this experience; I wish it could have done it earlier.

Certainly the old time free-wheeling populist politics is over, at least for quite a while, and the perception of the Democratic party as the "party of the people," somehow able to do something for just about everyone — that's over, for the time being. If Mr. Reagan is to be beaten, events will have to do it.

By now he must suspect that there is some truth to Abraham Lincoln's remark, after several years in office, that events had controlled him far more than he had controlled events. Well, I read the opinion polls too, but they of course are just snapshots of what is transpiring at the moment, the shutters click — that's all they are — so I wouldn't presume to guess how this presidential election is going to come out. I've been wrong often enough in the past.

People like me, of course, are generalists, so we generalize. A world of generalists only wouldn't get anywhere; a world of specialists only would be the world of our final floundering. Somebody has to try at least to pull things together and to detect what patterns may be there.

The poet Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote quite a few years ago: "Upon this gifted age in its dark hour falls from the sky a meteoric shower of facts. They lie uncollected, uncombined. Wisdom enough to heal us of our ill is daily spun, but there exists no loom to weave it into a fabric."

That's what government should be up to; that's what the universities, perhaps the churches, should be up to. I suspect that if it's true as it seems to be, that the media, the press is now itself the message. That's partly because the messages from those traditional sources have become so faint and contradictory. Like others, I am entitled to my own package of worries and I do worry about the media — so-called — much as I hate that word. I don't worry so much about the economy and about the environment, or the physical infrastructure of the country. We're pretty good at handling those matters. A very long time ago Jules Verne predicted that Americans would be the first to go to the moon, because, he said, they are engineers as the Germans are metaphysicians and the Italians are musicians by right of birth.

I guess what I worry about most, besides big war of course, is the fragmentation of American society. The real test of free institutions does not come with war or depression, it comes in a prolonged period of peace and prosperity, which is essentially what we've had.

In those periods a sense of nationhood declines; self, group, neighborhood, city, region — all reassert themselves. This happens here, it happens in Europe, from Scotland to the Basque country; it's been happening in Canada. With us, ethnicity has been reviving, of course. Ethnic groupings are not just cultural repositories anymore; they never were entirely that, but more than ever, it seems to me, ethnic groups have become economic demand groups as a way to get things from government.

Now the sins of omission and commission by American television are no doubt in oversupply, but I wonder sometimes

if radically fragmented television — those anticipated 60 or 100 channels in every city — might just loosen still further the cement that holds American society together. Who will be able to command a truly national audience? The president, of course, but only, I think, in increasingly rare circumstances.

I might remind you that there were four broadcasts involving Mr. Nixon and President Ford that were the first ones done interview-style, in the White House, prime-time, unrehearsed, but on only one network. That was something new. In each case, the share of audience that the President, or that program received, was no more than 13 or 14 percent of the total audience.

Sometimes it seems to me network television does fill the function of national hearth or parlor, or gathering-place, when, however briefly, we do feel like one people — the day the prisoners returned from Vietnam or the day the hostages came back from Iran. And maybe, just maybe, mass media are having an influence in the direction of peace that we don't yet see with any clarity.

I'm not going to argue that mass media are that long-sought moral substitute for war that leaders used to talk about, but television did seem to play something close to a substantive role in the Camp David *rapprochement* between Israel and Egypt. The intense world spotlight on Poland may be exercising some restraint with the Soviets. They could never hide there what they may be hiding in Afghanistan. The Idi Amins and Pol Pots of this world make sure the reporters' pencils and cameras are not around when they commit their mass atrocities. Maybe there's no such thing as a world conscience, but if there is, it could hardly operate without mass media.

Let me continue my slide here into the matter of the press — print and electronic — and deal more directly with the American press. I'm here at the request of the Nieman Foundation, most of its Fellows are Americans, and it's only the American press that I can pretend to know much about. It's the news business, but we in it know it to be much more than a business, Mr. Murdoch to the contrary notwithstanding, or most of us would not be in it — business, trade, profession, whatever. The late Randolph Churchill, who was a friend of mine and quite a good journalist, thought maybe the word was "calling." And what's the end purpose of this calling? Henry Mencken thought it was to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable. I don't think so.

I think the end purpose of it is to find the truth as best we can and to transmit it with what talent and courage we can summon. That's all it's about. This very difficulty in defining and labeling the press should suggest something to those, including so many officials and lawyers, who ache to codify the press somehow — to lay rules upon it. I think it must remain uncoded by outside forces. I would rather that it be at least somewhat irresponsible than too cautious and prudent, for our society's safety.

It seems to me the very occasional harm done by publishing some secret or other is far outweighed by the harm done by secrecy itself. Of course, there is tension between the First Amendment and let's say, the Sixth on fair trial, but maybe



that's just what should be. Were one or the other to become definitely dominant, perhaps something would be lost, so the emphasis would be on one at one period of our history and on another, at another period. Maybe that's how our basic system of balanced powers was supposed to work.

There can't be a sizeable community in this country where the press has not broken paths to bring wrongdoing to justice, one way or another. It's done the work of law enforcers thousands of times, but there must be, it seems to me, exceedingly few cases in comparison, where excesses by the press have resulted in serious miscarriages of justice, at least in the sense of innocent people going to jail.

And as for money corruption, I think the American press — print and electronic — has a lot to be proud of. Almost never do you hear about any reporter or editor taking money to suppress or print a story or to play it one way or another. I said that to a group of young people the other day, and the very next morning, this terrible business of *The Wall Street Journal* broke, the exception, I hope, that illustrates the rule.

Now among the many fields in which I possess no expertise is the field of the law of the press — the statutory and judicial developments over these years. I've been very fortunate in that I have always been free to put my mind on the game rather than on the rules of the game.

I've never been thrown into that bear pit through any libel suit against me — several threats of one, but no actual suits — but now fewer and fewer people in this calling are so fortunate. Their attention is persistently diverted from their proper work by legal actions against them or threats of legal actions, or haunting worries about possible actions, and this is certainly affecting the inner chemistry of American journalism. Those who try to measure such things tell me there is less tough investigative reporting going on now than there has been for some time. Lawyers are more in evidence in newspaper city rooms and broadcast news offices, than I think they've ever been.

Now, I'm not one who thinks the American Bill of Rights is about to shatter like glass next week. I do think there is a kind of unorganized but insidious assault on these freedoms going on all the time, and getting a little more troubling all the time, and therefore countervailing forces have to come into play more and more. In our country, that's still possible.

In the world at large, alas, it's increasingly impossible. You've seen the reports perhaps from the International Press Institute in London. They say that the role of the journalist has never been harder than today; only a small part of the globe can boast that free speech is respected and honored. They say the rest of the world is gagged.

Think of the courage it takes to be an opposition journalist in various Latin American countries, for example, or a country like South Africa. Those men and women are the real press heroes of today, not any of us who still have a shield, and we owe them homage and gratitude. What we owe to ourselves and those who will succeed us is a very close attention to this precious shield. Some heavy, hostile arrows are striking that shield and some are sticking.

I'm sorry to say that the Chief Executive of this country

## The Annual Morris Lecture

A lectureship honoring the memory of Joe Alex Morris Jr. was established at the Nieman Foundation in 1981 by his family, Harvard classmates and friends, and fellow journalists. The award, given annually to an American overseas correspondent or media commentator on foreign affairs, includes appointment by the Harvard Corporation as a Visiting Nieman Fellow, expenses, and an honorarium.

The first Morris Memorial Lectureship was awarded in 1982 to Flora Lewis, foreign affairs columnist for *The New York Times*. In 1983 Norman Kempster, Jerusalem bureau chief for *The Los Angeles Times*, delivered the annual Morris Lecture.

The Morris award memorializes Joe Alex Morris Jr., a Harvard graduate in the Class of 1949 and longtime Middle East correspondent for *The Los Angeles Times*. He was killed during street fighting in Tehran while covering the Iranian revolution in January 1979.

has a rather reckless attitude toward the First Amendment, as he has toward some other areas of concern. Like most ideological thinkers, most true believers of right or left, he has a wide streak of the authoritarian instinct in him.

In spite of his immense popular support, the fungus of paranoia that spreads through nearly all administrations took hold even earlier than usual with this one, or maybe they brought the spores from California, I don't know, but it's there. But like so many others, this consummate politician resents criticism, takes praise for granted. He never admits a policy mistake of a serious nature. He's very upset with those who point them out. He puts a high premium on government secrecy. He has supported proposals to put thousands of civil servants through lie detector tests, to make many, many thousands sign lifetime self-censorship agreements, to narrow the scope of the Freedom of Information Act.

He approved the barring of the press, the only independent eyes and ears that the people have, from the undeclared little war in Grenada. We saw that scene only two days later when everything was pretty well tidied up. We don't know for certain what really happened and to whom, during those 48 hours, and the government argument that they wanted to protect the safety of the war correspondents — we've never asked for a guarantee of safety in any war — I was so angry with that, it seemed like almost a slur on my memory of some very good people and some friends, too, as well as Joe Alex Morris Jr.

The military got away with it. In this case, right was simply might. There are those in the military who would apply the heavy hand of secrecy to any or all future military operations,

because they feel and they feel passionately that the press deprived them of victory and glory in Vietnam, which is, to me at least, a preposterous notion. But, of course, the professional military historically never or rarely have found themselves to blame for wars gone wrong. I don't say they were to blame in Vietnam; I don't think they were, but certainly the press was not. It simply does not have the power to win or lose big wars. But we face this built-in hostility from the military arm of government.

A few weeks ago a friend of mine attended a big banquet in New York City. The people there were three or four hundred present and retired military officers and one of them made a resounding speech denouncing the press, praising the censorship of Grenada, and saying that this is what we will do from now on, whether the press likes it or not, and my friend said the whole audience of three or four hundred people rose to their feet in an ovation — while my friend slowly died in his chair. It's serious.

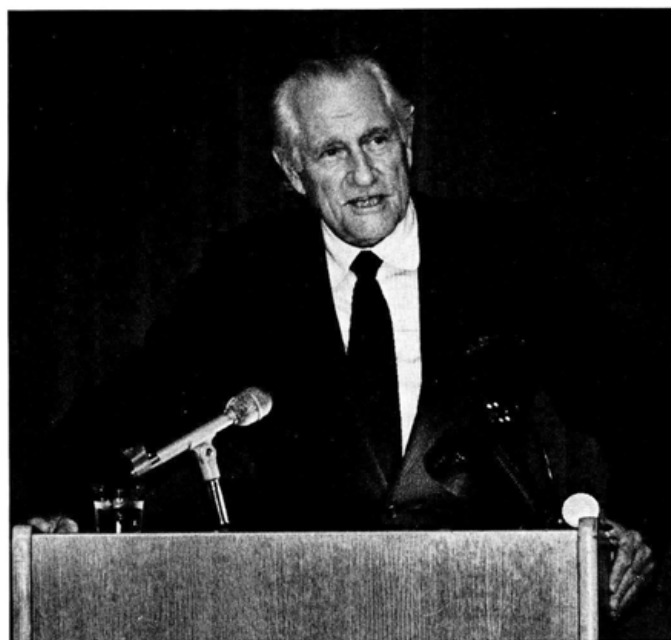
We face hostility from the White House crowd and perhaps most serious of all, we face it from the Supreme Court. It's not only the standing handicaps like the special and surely unconstitutional restraints on broadcasting, or the extraordinary go-ahead to plaintiffs in libel cases to subpoena evidence revelatory, they think, of a journalist's "state of mind"; it's a whole new tide of libel cases and the fact the Berger Court, so far as I know, has never yet found in favor of the press in these cases, the fact that if this President is re-elected, we are certain to see a renovated court weighted even more heavily to the right in all likelihood, well into the twenty-first century. Not all supposedly conservative judges appointed to the high court remain so conservative — Eisenhower regretted appointing both Warren and Brennan — but the odds ahead look too heavy.

Even Supreme Court justices exhibit some very human failings, and I would say that at least two, maybe three of the present justices possess a personal, visceral, emotional detestation for the press. This society and its free press are going to stand in need of a Congress as educated and humane and far-seeing as possible for years ahead.

Now the Reagan people have pulled back on a few things like the self-censorship pledges, or lie detectors, but I suspect that's only an election-year pause. I think they'll be back at it later, if and when he is re-elected. There's a theory of course that once re-elected and having proved his *bona fides* to his hard-rock conservative supporters, he will turn moderate and compassionate and even become a champion of civil liberties. I heard that theory about Nixon from his friends during his first term; if anything, the drift will be the other way.

Conservatives think government should respond to the laws of Newton, not Darwin, and in this instance I think the law of the conservation of energy does apply. The more things stay the same, the more they stay the same. But where the electronic press is concerned, I'm not sure that even the Congress will be of great help, in spite of some current efforts by Senator Packwood and some others, to throw out things like the Fairness Doctrine.

For the life of me, I never could see how you could consti-



JOE WRINN

We face hostility from the White House crowd and perhaps most serious of all we face it from the Supreme Court.

tutionally abridge and bend something so fundamental as the First Amendment just because of technological changes in the dissemination and reception of information and ideas. They are telling us that the most pervasive form of communication must have rules laid on it and the less pervasive shall not. I say the most pervasive, not necessarily the most persuasive. Well, I've argued this for forty years, and I've been pleased to see newspapers slowly coming around to that position, and not, I hope, only because a lot of them now own broadcasting stations, but I can remember when even liberal papers like *The Washington Post* took the regulatory line in their editorials.

Now my mind is as unscientific as it is illegal, and I could never understand this thing of the people's airwaves. So far as I know, there's the atmosphere and there is space; there is no airway in any practical sense 'til somebody develops the wit and the resources to put a signal into atmosphere and space, and I would have thought government had no more right to regulate the content of that signal than it has to regulate the content of the newspapers carried in newspaper trucks on the people's highways. I would have thought the traffic rules were enough.

There is a lot of talk about the three big commercial networks, as monopoly or quasi-monopoly. Sometimes, in dreams, I ask myself a very hypothetical question: What would happen in this country if there were only three big national newspapers that everybody read — only three? Of course, whoever went

through the third grade would know exactly what it should print and not print and the would-be people of authoritarian cast of mind who'd want to lay a lot of rules on it, but there'd be a lot of other people who would argue, I think, that their very scarcity made it all the more necessary that the hand of government and its power be kept entirely off them. An interesting speculation if nothing else.

What makes the prospect for relief so dubious, of course, is that it isn't just the automatic reflex right wing against us, it's a good part of the left wing, the liberal wing, as well — good folk who'd be furious if you suggested they were undemocratic or illiberal but who know what is best for other people and somehow assume that the power to regulate the medium would always be in the hands of high-minded, fine fellows like themselves. Alas, it wouldn't.

We might remember the late Eric Hoffer's devastating remark. He said the military man just wants you to obey, the business man just wants your money, but the intellectual wants your soul — he wants people to get down on their knees and love what they hate and hate what they love. Hoffer meant intellectuals, of course, of a particular stripe. We have to face the fact of the attitudes towards the American press currently evident in the Administration, in the courts, in the Congress — even in some centers of learning. Recently a poll in a big state university showed a majority of students in favor of what is called "laws against slanted reporting." God help us!

These attitudes do not exist in a vacuum. They reflect deep and wide popular feeling in this country, and why? The American press, print and broadcast, is far better than it was a generation ago. I think it's partly because people have come to resent bigness, remoteness: big government, big business, big schools, big press. They resent the un-get-at-able nature of these huge institutions, and perhaps television in particular. They just can't talk back to that little screen. And that's the network's chief failure in my view and I've been scolding about this absence of rebuttal for many, many years.

The media, of course, are all over everybody all the time. I once proposed publicly, with tongue only part way in cheek, we have news every other day — no news broadcasts or newspapers on Monday, Wednesday, Friday. I thought we'd do a better job and the national nerve ends could rest. But I didn't get much support.

If the medium has become the message, as McLuhan said, another reason I think is because news in all forms now has become part of the daily entertainment of a people lulled and bored into trivial interests — by many years of essential peace and essential prosperity. And to make matters worse, in television particularly, the personalities in the medium have become the message. If we're to do better for the general public — and I'm quite aware of the immense amount of bias and inaccurate listening and reading as well as the biases and inaccuracies on our part — we had better examine ourselves first of all. If we're in this bad state of relations with the general public, then I think society and we particularly are in some trouble.

I'm aware that more is involved than what we'd like to call "the people's right to know." I think what they really have is

the right to find out.

Publishers, print or electronic, have no constitutional right to be read or to be listened to. That, they must earn, as the people must earn their information. It is not a one-way street.

People give evidence of being fed up with so much bad news, so much news of violence. It is true that the news mechanism can now report every part of the world, and vividly, and it's a pretty violent world. Terrible as it is to know about all these things, the only thing worse would be not knowing about them. One can say that. One can make the easy observation that the places where good news is emphasized over bad news always are the totalitarian places. Yet, I think we're in the too-easy habit of instinctively playing up bad news when it doesn't always merit that. Two or three weeks ago the first three news stories on a CBS evening news concerned domestic crime, and I would call that overdosing.

We are simply, I'm afraid, disliked by far too many — perceived by them as not only smug but arrogant and as critics of everybody, who won't accept criticism ourselves. We are the only enterprise in the country that does advertise attacks upon itself. But of course we must, and we have to do more of it because we hold something approaching a monopoly on the means of advertising.

Reporters are perceived now by millions as rude and intrusive and insensitive. Most of them of my acquaintance are not but too many are, I'm afraid, and fierce competition lies at the bottom of that. Television reporters get the brunt of that blame because people see them in action far more than they see the journalist with the pencil. It's my own horseback notion that the air of self-satisfaction in the city room of a powerful newspaper is somewhat thicker than it is in a broadcasting news studio. Broadcast journalism hasn't been around long enough to be that sure of itself. If I can preach a bit, I would say that we in the press should remember that courtesy is not timidity; civility is not an enemy of freedom, it's an ally.

I'm partial to newspapers that have developed and cling to an air of probity — of dignity if you will. I'm embarrassed by the trivialization of the news by so many television stations and revolted by the vulgarization of the news by a few of them. But I'm old enough to remember the days of the real yellow press and the screamers on early radio. We're better today, we're better educated; we're more, not less, responsible. And we compare very favorably indeed with the press in other countries. But are we really fulfilling the hopes of those who wrote the Bill of Rights? Is our generation of journalists really reporting and explaining the inner chemistries of the incredible events going on in so many parts of this world?

For thirty years I have kept a copy of some words spoken to the Overseas Press Club in New York City by Dr. Charles Malik, who was then foreign minister of what we thought of as a nation but what seems to have become just a killing ground for all the hatreds in the Middle East, and that is Lebanon. He said to us: "These are not ordinary times when so-called factual reporting can tell the story of what is really happening. The real facts are the hidden clashes of will and outlook and culture whereby today whole civilizations are in the balance.



"If you aim at the real truth — the deep, hidden, tragic truth — if you always faithfully bring out what is ultimately at stake today, namely, that there's a rebellion of the elements against all you held true and holy and sacred for thousands of years," he said, "then I believe you will put the entire world in your debt."

Very few established American journalists are doing this with any success. The most successful of all, to my knowledge, is that novelist-journalist V. S. Naipul, the Trinidad-born East Indian who lives in London and roams Africa and East Asia, and the Islamic world. He has something of the combined genius of a Tocqueville and a Joseph Conrad. Very few could come even close to that. But the oncoming generation of American journalists had better include quite a few young men and women whose education is not confined to political science, and sociology, and economics, but who spend some years immersing themselves in foreign languages, in comparative philosophies and religions, and, of course, history. In all this, my generation of journalists comes up, I think, rather short. We need new minds for this new time of extraordinary human upheaval.

But, old or young, we're going to find our efforts to small avail if our shield is broken. There are many Americans, and some of them have power, who simply do not comprehend what is at stake, what will happen if we allow the underpinnings of this open society to be shaken loose. These are, simply, those civil liberties that people get so tired of hearing about. But remember, they are their own defense. They can be defended only as long as we still have them. Let me end by being really top-lofty and cosmic here. I would go so far as to say that if these American liberties are lost, then the peace of the whole world is going to be lost, because if both the superpowers were semi-closed, paranoid, hostile, suspicious societies, then surely world tensions would become explosively unbearable.

In this polarized world there is a point where individual freedom and collective survival become one and the same. So civilized people everywhere had better pray, and all of us had better pray and work, for the preservation of this country's internal domestic liberties, beginning with the liberties of speech and press and assembly because they, not our soldiery or our weaponry, make up the first line in our defense of peace and safety. Thank you very much.



**Question:** What has been your reaction to the Nixon tapes that have been airing this week, and also to the criticism that CBS has received for purchasing the tapes?

**Sevareid:** The purchasing, I think, is unexceptional, that's gone on so long. It started with the newspapers long ago. My chief reaction was one of great disappointment. I didn't think he said anything very new. I thought it was the same old Nixon. I didn't see anything — the same ambiguities, the confession wrapped well inside another accusation against somebody else.

**Question:** Did CBS get its money's worth?

**Sevareid:** I don't know whether they got their money's worth or not, that depends on the advertising ratings, I guess.

**Question:** What was the most fascinating news story you covered?

**Sevareid:** I never know how to answer that question. Of course there was nothing in this century, at least in my lifetime, that quite equalled World War II, I suppose, and that was a hell of an experience. I was young and active and I did well in terms of beating the other folks once in a while, and so I felt pretty good about my country and about myself, in those days. But what particular part of it I wouldn't know how to specify.

**Question:** Could you give us your view on the American public, and are they as smart or smarter than what you used to find when you had to talk to them?

**Sevareid:** My experience, to really generalize on it, is that what is said by people like me on the air or by columnists or cartoonists in the world of politics and government policy is a lot less powerful in its impact than you might think.

We are always hearing about the power of the press. It doesn't have any direct power. It has that power known as influence but you can hardly measure it. The press speaks with a hundred voices but it seems to take events — something crystallizes — and then people understand something or change their minds. I mentioned the case of Joe McCarthy. I lived through that — the case of Nixon and Watergate, the same thing. I do get discouraged about this at times.

You would be astonished, I think, if you had the unhappy choice of reading a few of the thousands of letters I've received in my time from listeners and readers, at the amount of inaccurate and biased listening and reading. You wouldn't believe it. People write you and say, you said this or that or the very opposite of what you might have said. And sometimes it was David Brinkley who said it, not me. It's just astonishing, the carelessness.

If people read only one paper every day and maybe tune in the same broadcast every day and that's it, too bad, we can't do much for people like that. You have to read widely and, I think, listen widely. And it's work, you know, to earn the right to find out. There's a line in the introduction of one of Joseph Conrad's novels, *The Terrorist*, in which he says, "The public is not an investigating creature; it loves the obvious, it flinches from explanation." My life experience tells me this is largely true. Events determine people's thoughts, not creatures like me.

**Question:** Would you comment upon the role of the press in the American elections?

**Sevareid:** I don't know what to say about it. The whole primary thing somehow works but it's an awful way to do it. It's exhausting. Every four years I used to tell the CBS col-





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One can make the easy observation that the places where good news is emphasized over bad news always are the totalitarian places.

leagues, "Don't rush up to New Hampshire with all those crews and reporters and all that money." God, they send so many people they have to send an accountant along with them. What's the sense of this? They think it's competition, I guess. If they don't do it, the others will, and they lose audience. But I never could understand the passion to know how people voted before the returns were in. Why can't we wait a couple of hours? I can wait. We've gone through a couple of hundred years in this country waiting. It's not a strain on me. It seems to be a terrible strain on the people running the programs. And I think they would enjoy life more and save a lot of money if they just relaxed about it.

**Question:** Concerning an incident which raised certain ethical questions for the press about a year ago in Jacksonville,

Alabama, a man called a local television and said that he was going to set himself on fire in a public place. Apparently he was drunk and described himself as very depressed. A cameraman came along with a reporter and actually filmed the process. He doused himself with lighter fluid and set himself on fire. I'm less interested in the ethics of that particular situation because they seem very clear to me — that it is simply inhumane for them to sit there and watch that happen.

**Sevareid:** It was.

**Question:** My question concerns the way in which the major television networks covered that story, specifically CBS, because that's the network I happened to be watching at the time. Dan Rather introduced the story and then said sensitive

viewers may wish to avert their eyes. When should the media cast the responsibility onto the viewer?

**Sevareid:** I think they probably had to let the people know what this story was all about because it was all over the country, a subject of enormous disputation all over the country. I don't know whether you could have concealed that or should have.

As to what the two men did — the photographers down there — no, you've got to be a human being before you're a reporter. I think it was a terrible thing; they should have been fired, of course, at once.

**Question:** You talked about the direct power of the press on the public. To what degree do you think the press has a direct power on the policymakers themselves? For example, in terms of a negotiating process going on, do you think that the press can really control how people are dealing with each other? For example, the two sides negotiating an international issue.

**Sevareid:** They usually do, sure. It's an instrument of public diplomacy now, the press. There's no getting around that. Of course it plays a role, doesn't it? But how you measure it exactly, I'm damned if I know. I've never been able to. It doesn't have direct power, we know that. The press can't arrest you or tax you or subpoena you or send you off to die in jail. It's got influence and everybody measures it a little differently.

**Question:** You obviously feel strongly about the exclusion of the press from Grenada.

**Sevareid:** Yes, I do.

**Question:** Last night in this room we heard a spokesman from the Department of Defense explain that the reason the press was excluded the first 48 hours was the fear that the six hundred students on the island of Grenada would be held hostage and possibly be killed. In view of your experiences as a journalist in World War II, would you care to comment on that?

**Sevareid:** I think it's absolute nonsense. I've heard all those explanations over in the Department of Defense. We've had long hours over this. They know, at least Weinberg and the civilian leaders of the department know, they made a great mistake and they don't want to repeat it. A lot of the professional military that got burned in Vietnam don't think so and they'll never admit they did. But in the civilian ranks, frankly, they do know it was a mistake and I don't think they'd do it again this way.

It's perfectly easy to organize a small pool of reporters to represent television, magazines, and daily papers, brief them and take them. You're not going to drop them by parachute ahead of the soldiers. Of course not. But we went through this in two or three past wars — hundreds of instances. It works pretty well.

The only military hero I've had in this country was General

Marshall, and I knew him fairly well and I can remember talks with him when World War II was beginning. He was very much opposed to censorship except for true security reasons. Nobody wants to violate security, risk lives of anybody. Because he feared the backlash later on. I think of Germany, World War I, and the blaming and all this, the opinion of Britain when the full impact hit the populace of what went on in those trenches — 1914 and '15 — the full horror of it. And then the great revulsion against the military and war and everything went on all through the 1920's and 30's. He didn't want to see that again. For a while in World War II, you could not print a picture of a dead American body on a beach anywhere. I think he stopped that. That was foolish. It just doesn't work. You've got to take some chances. In the long run you can't hide these things you know.

**Question:** What is your fondest memory of John F. Kennedy?

**Sevareid:** I didn't know him terribly well, frankly. I wish I'd known him better, but I was in Europe and New York nearly all the time that he was President, that short time. Sure, when he was killed I was in a state of shock like everybody else. There was something new and vibrant and youthful and wonderful about him, I thought. Whether he would have been a great President in historical terms, we never had time to find out. That's the trouble with his presidency. I thought he was quite a guy but I was not an intimate and I didn't know him very well.

**Question:** From what I've seen of network television, you primarily reflect official statements from the White House or from Senators or Congressmen, etc., and unfortunately it seems that perhaps your desire to remain unbiased prevents you from voicing opposition arguments. But, doesn't this have a tendency to merely sell the official statements to the public because that's primarily what they receive?

**Sevareid:** The White House and all the people in this administration will argue just the opposite — fiercely. They think we're doing them down every time a news program goes on the air. No, I don't think that's true. In fact, there is less carrying of news from Washington now than there was a few years ago and much more features, more out in the field stuff.

**Question:** Could you speak a bit to the tension between providing news in a factual way and making it entertaining: One recent case that I'm still recovering from was an interview by Roger Mudd of Gary Hart after one of his primary victories. He asked him probing questions like, why does he brush his hair like John Kennedy and could he do some of his Teddy Kennedy impersonations?

**Sevareid:** I didn't see that interview, frankly. I would not have asked those two particular questions but I'm not Roger Mudd. If the rest of the interview was substantive and useful,

I suppose it's excusable. I wouldn't have done it but I'm from an older school, I guess.

**Comment:** The allegation is that Seymour Hersh, of all people, says that all the press goes on is government handouts.

**Sevareid:** Oh, I don't believe that at all — certainly not in Central America. In the Grenada thing you didn't have anything else for three days. You not only couldn't get in there — an independent reporter or photographer — the military had its own reporters and photographers broadcasting, putting out its own version of the thing to make it even worse. You have to print what government says, yes. And does. I don't know how you avoid that.

**Question:** You look at Central America, for example, the Reagan Administration has a case to present for itself in Central America.

**Sevareid:** Yes. But did you see the vote in the Senate yesterday?

**Question:** Yes, I did.

**Sevareid:** Well, that's your answer.

**Question:** It's not just the power of government we're dealing with but also the corporate power of which the major networks, for example, are expressions of, that we're dealing with. They are in complicity with Reagan's image as "great communicator" — there's a kind of servility. I believe that the press has been pretty wimpy about confronting Reagan. And one of the very slight examples: It's always "President Reagan." When nobody I know ever talks about him as "President Reagan."

**Sevareid:** You call him "Ronny?" I don't.

**Question:** Sure. "Ron," "Reagan," whatever. You know "Mr. Reagan." There's a sort of phony respect.

**Sevareid:** You seem to have overlooked the fact that he *is* the President of the United States.

**Comment:** At Harvard, we say "President Reagan" to differentiate from "President Bok."

**Question:** All right. But what can the press be doing that it isn't doing, to break through this image of Reagan as "the great communicator," whatever you want to call it? Or is the corporate press going to be in complicity with his re-election?

**Sevareid:** I don't agree with the premises of your alleged questions.

**Question:** From a very different viewpoint, I'm curious about what you think about this public hostility towards the

press, particularly as it came out after Grenada. Is it something fundamentally new that we're seeing in society? There were the examples of Agnew attacking the press, and then at the 1964 Republican Convention, the Eisenhower attack on the press — you had people standing in the aisles cheering. Are we seeing something fundamentally new or is this something that's more of a spasm that occurs?

**Sevareid:** I'm inclined to think it's a spasm. We've had it before. Just a very few years ago, the press in the popular opinion polls rated very high — much higher than the politicians or the Congress or the Church or doctors or lawyers. On the Grenada thing, the immediate reaction in the polls was "it serves the bastards right," where the press was concerned. But a little later, when the Harris and Gallup Polls really got at it on a bigger scale — a little time had passed, people had time to think — that changed. And I think a majority then responded, if these polls mean anything, that it was wrong to have done that. And I know, in the highest ranks that they feel that now. They'd like to work out some kind of system or understanding with the press in case anything like this should happen again. I've probably missed part of your question.

**Question:** You've seen these examples in the past.

**Sevareid:** They've come and gone. The Agnew thing — you're thinking of his Des Moines speech in November of 1969, I think, when he was after people like me and others and, later he named me and two or three others, so I had to answer. As I mentioned in my little talk, the great mistake of the networks is not providing for rebuttal. Now this is not a policy matter, it's a problem of practical program difficulties. For one thing, you don't have the fifteen-minute program in the evening or any time anymore.

BBC for years had a fifteen-minute prime-time program once a week, devoted to letters and things objecting to what was on the air, and it was extremely well done; it was fascinating. I tried to get our people at CBS to take a look at that and see if they could duplicate it. Well, we had a program once, a whole half-hour, called "Dear CBS," — letters and things — and it was an absolute flop. People wouldn't listen to it. It wasn't very interesting, as a matter of fact.

But, even so, it's their duty to find a way for people to talk back to that little box. That's where the frustration came from. If there had always been some outlet for ordinary people to express their feelings toward what they saw, on a regular basis, I don't think Agnew would have had the reaction. What he did was he stuck a knife into that boiler full of pent-up gas and it just blew all over. And, we paid the penalty for that.

**Question:** How do you compare the American press, vis-à-vis the Western European press? Could you talk on the impression that the American press is too commercialized but the Western European press — *London Times*, *Le Monde* — is more responsible in its coverage of the news? And, how would you respond to certain countries of the Third World that essen-

tially claim that the news is very much dominated by Western media? Very often the Third World is fed the wrong information, and the response that comes to the Western World about Third World problems is so much slander?

**Sevareid:** Well, they always say that. I've heard it over Africa and Latin America. But we cannot give up our principles on that. That's too bad if they feel that way.

I'll tell you a little story. I was in Nigeria about twenty years ago, when it was first becoming independent, and I spent some time with this extraordinary man, Nnamdi Azikiwe of Eastern Nigeria, who's really the father of independence in West Africa, more than Nkruma, I think. A very impressive man, and we sat on the banks of the Niger River, I guess it was, for a television interview, and he complained about this, saying the American press is saying this and this, and not giving a fair picture of his country, and he said, "I've had this quarrel with my good friend Henry Luce at *Time* magazine" and so on. So I thought to say to him: "Mr. Azikiwe, do you think the Nigerian press reports the United States accurately and fully?" Well, he hadn't been asked that before, and he sat back and he said, "Yeah, I think they do." And of course, it's miserable reporting, in the rest of the world.

No, I don't agree with you about the European press. I think British papers are just as commercial as ours are. I don't know how they'd live otherwise. I don't see much difference — France, Germany, Britain. I think that news by television in Europe is a lot worse than it is here. It's awful. It's archaic, it's boring. And in some places, of course, it's politically controlled. You know how it works in Germany, with political parties having a hold on stations. In Holland in its broadcasting, they have a huge bureaucracy because every political party has to have its people in there. But we couldn't run anything that way, you know. Bad as it may be here, it's still better than that.

**Question:** Grenada, I think, is a good example of where the press was censored by force, but how about situations where the press censors itself? I'm thinking of El Salvador elections. I saw in the newspaper and on television long lines of eager voters, but what I didn't see is any mention of the fact that boxes were transparent and there were only a few polling places. I think cards, if they weren't marked by the authorities, would make a person probably end up dead the next day. There was no freedom of press in El Salvador or freedom to speak out in favor of land reform.

**Sevareid:** You mean you saw that personally?

**Question:** I didn't see it.

**Sevareid:** Where did you learn about it, unless you saw it? In the press? You read it? Or you heard it? I thought so.

**Question:** In November 1980, when I went to vote before going to work as an election-night editor in California, I had

already watched Jimmy Carter concede on national television. Is it practical and/or advisable to have restraints, especially on the major networks, precluding exit polls or projection? There were a lot of suggestions at the time for changing the hours of voting, having twenty-four hour voting on a cycle, according to the time zone, and so on.

**Sevareid:** They're all struggling with that now, and there is a lot of soul searching going on. I don't think the press or the electronic press is going to accept restraints on who they can question, or what they can report about it, but there ought to be some uniform timing, uniform closing of polls across the country, I would think. I don't know why it should be so hard to do that. But there've been efforts for some years to do it.

I honestly don't know the real answer to this. I think it is bad, because it can affect the West. We don't know exactly in which direction it affects it but, you talk to some people, there are Democrats who were convinced that Carter's concession, which we carried on television, cost him two or three seats in the Congress or maybe even cost Frank Church from Idaho his seat in the Senate. I wouldn't discount that, no. It's a job for a place like this — the Kennedy School — to come up with a system that's constitutional and practical.

**Question:** On the subject of foreign reporting, do you believe, since it cost a quarter of a million to put a journalist full-time in Peking, that *The New York Times* and CBS should have full-time people there, or shouldn't we just have "parachute" journalists, coming in and out?

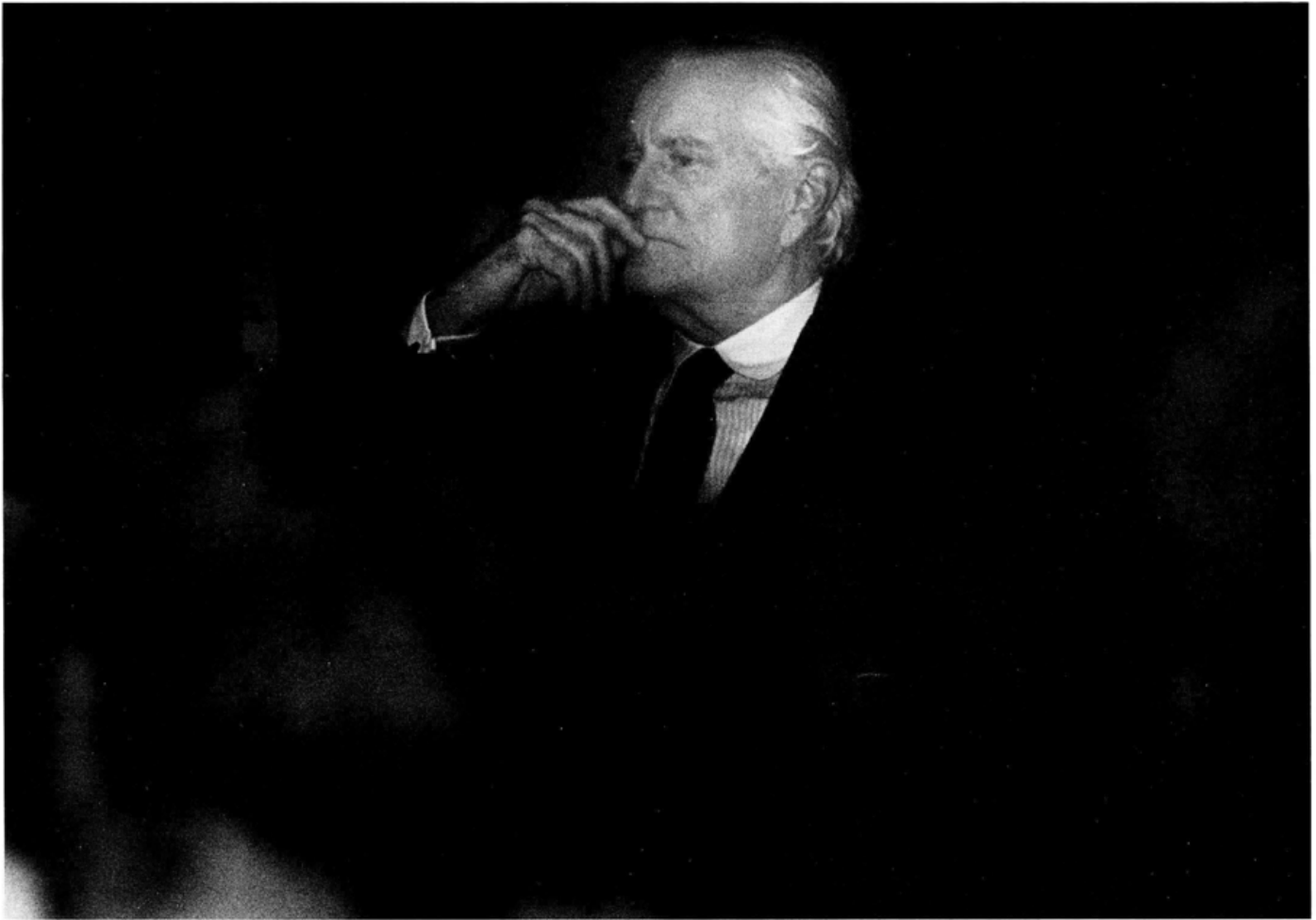
**Sevareid:** No, we ought to have full-time people if you can get enough news out of there. I think they'd pay for it if there were enough news. Canadian papers have had people there quite a long time, I believe. We couldn't get a bureau there until, I guess, very recently. It's tough to cover that place. But there are more and more interesting stories coming out of there. I don't know how you ignore a country like China.

**Comment:** I'll give you a tougher problem, which is a country like Korea — a country in-between. It's covered by people occasionally coming from Japan or by stringers.

**Sevareid:** But that, you see, the American public can only follow so much stuff, whether it's Korea or not. Something has to happen there. The idea that you're going to have a lot of Harvard-educated journalists sitting in Korea or wherever — Kuala Lumpur — writing very informative sociological studies of what's going on in these places, and they're going to be read — you can't assume it. They won't be read. They'd be read by just a few people, with special interest. We never covered Latin America to their satisfaction certainly, until you got all this trouble in Central America.

But that, it seemed to me, outside of the scholarly work done, and the research work, which you have to rely on, which must go on. It was that there really were no power centers there, until you nearly got one in Cuba in 1961 or '62. It almost had





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In this polarized world there is a point where individual freedom and collective survival become one and the same.

to be the East-West thing. That was what was important. The "good neighbors," as Roosevelt called them, were farther away, their biggest capitals, most of them, than Paris or Moscow.

**Question:** To what extent do the three big papers really dominate mass media news?

**Sevareid:** What three big newspapers do you mean?

**Question:** The *Times*, the *Journal*, and the *Post*.

**Sevareid:** *The Wall Street Journal*?

**Question:** Yes.

**Sevareid:** You're going to leave out the *Los Angeles Times* — which I think is a better paper than *The Washington Post*? The *L.A. Times* is a good paper. Yes, I think they have an

influence. There's a trickledown influence, in the features and the columns and the cartoons. Sure there is. Who has the most influence? Whether the editorial writers of *The Wall Street Journal* or those of *The Washington Post*, I couldn't tell you.

**Question:** There was a story that appeared during the recent campaign that disturbed me personally. Would you comment on the judgment of Coleman of *The Washington Post* in bringing out the story of Jesse Jackson and his off-handed comment?

**Sevareid:** That's a tough one. If this was said in just casual, private conversation in a joking way, maybe that's one thing. Sometimes reporters have to make very personal judgments. It has to do with the privacy of their own souls, you know, without much help; it's difficult. If it appeared to be a real side to the man's character that the public had to know, that's something else. I find this very hard to answer. I'm just glad it wasn't

me; that's all.

**Question:** If I understood properly what you were saying before, is it that the public's desire not to bother to ask questions or do its own research is as much of a danger to an effective press and a free press as Mr. Reagan? And I'm wondering, is there hope? What will save us?

**Sevareid:** Is there hope? Well, you've got to think so. I think it has to start in the schools and in families. The press takes the public, and the reading and listening, as it finds them. It can be very discouraging. I'm sorry to say so, but it's as though there is a great boredom in the country and there's a great trivialization of everything, in order to escape boredom.

Some friend of mine, years ago, had a formulation of what he thought human beings had to have at all times. One was security, one was identity, and the other was stimulation. And not necessarily in that order. Certainly once they have security they're going for the other two.

And, I think the role of boredom in history has been much neglected by historians. I never read much about it when I was in school. Maybe, with modern film and recordings and sound, all that, maybe history will read a little differently fifty, a hundred years from now. And we will know something about this.

Take World War I. It always seemed to me that the reasons for World War I were not geopolitical. They were psychological: fear and boredom. When war was declared, in 1914, French soldiers went off to the front chanting poems about the glory of war in the trenches. So, how do you keep people from blowing up? I'm not sure they love peace all that much, you know.

**Question:** Can you tell us who among current broadcast journalists particularly impresses you? And also, do you think that we'll see a print journalist who achieves some degree of notoriety, have the temptation to move over into broadcast journalism?

**Sevareid:** Oh, as to the latter there's some movement into broadcasting, almost none the other way. And I'm not going to name names. I think that'd be a little embarrassing since a lot of them are friends of mine.

The thing between print and broadcast journalism, that's another lecture I ought to give some day, on the adversary relationship between the printed press and the electronic press. If you're on my side of the fence, you start with the realization that the broadcast news business is the only business in the country that has its chief critic as its chief competitor. Now how the hell can you ever win in that kind of contest? You can't. It's a built-in kind of cat and mouse thing.

I once did a radio broadcast — when people used to listen to radio — about this, and suggested that since radio and television carried a variety of things — it carried drama, it carried science, it carried politics, many things, historical documentaries and dramas — that the newspapers ought to assign critics

accordingly. Let their political reporters be the critics of our coverage of an election or a convention, and their music critics if you put on any kind of opera or musical comedy, whatever you put on, and so on down the line, because you see the general critic has to be a Renaissance man. There aren't many around. He has to know all those fields if he's going to write about television. It doesn't stop them from doing it. They all do, but I thought that when it came to fiction on television or radio, drama or comedy, films, critics had the right to just judge them entirely on what they saw because the producers of those products had complete control over them.

Now when you get the news, you get to something else. Let's take a political convention. You are seeing that, and it's being reported to you as it happens. Now that is a quantum-jump in journalism, from watching it, thinking about it, sitting down to a typewriter, and an editor going over it two or three days later, or a few hours later. It's wholly different, and if you think it's easy, try it someday.

The critics should judge those things, that kind of coverage, on that reality. They should come around backstage at the conventions, see what we do, and why we do it. That's the only fair basis, but very few of them do it. In the old days, John Crosby used to do that — *The Herald Tribune* — Marya Mannes did that, a man on *The Christian Science Monitor* still does that, I think. But very few do. They sit home and watch it, and say, you should have done this and you should have done that. But that's intramural business.

**Question:** Is the end at hand? I was going to ask you a question. It's very urgent. You've been in print press; you've been in broadcast press. Time versus space constraints.

**Sevareid:** Yes, it's a very different thing, and I wish the critics and the papers would realize that more. A newspaper operates in lateral space. The reader is his own editor in a way, picks it up, looks at page one, and his eyes skip around, and he reads what he thinks will interest him. We don't have that in television or radio. It's linear time, and for the minute or two it's on the air, a bus accident at Fourth and Main is just as important to the listener and the editor and everybody as the outbreak of World War III, you know. That we can't help. I don't know what we do about that.

**Question:** Which do you prefer, space or time?

**Sevareid:** It's a more leisurely thing to work for print, or usually is. Broadcast journalism, to do it well, and if you do it on a daily basis, is a lot tougher than people realize. I think it's tougher than most newspaper work, though I would be hooted out of a lot of newspaper rooms for saying that, but I really think that it is.

**Thomson:** This is the beginning of Mr. Sevareid's visit at Harvard, and if any of you can catch him on the run tonight or tomorrow, good luck to you, and we are in the meantime profoundly grateful to you, sir. □

# Hazards on the Way to Glitter (Conclusion)

Bruce D. Butterfield

The following is a first-person account of working in Rhode Island's jewelry industry by Bruce D. Butterfield, Nieman Fellow '84. The story originally appeared as part of a series on the state's jewelry industry, published in 1981 by the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*.

The series, 15 stories in all, won a variety of regional and national awards, including the Associated Press Managing Editors award for public service.

Butterfield, 38, used his own name and social security number to obtain the work. He did not volunteer his identity as a reporter, and was not



*Journal-Bulletin* Photo by Bob Thayer

questioned by his employer. After working in four jewelry shops in the Providence area, he returned, identified himself as a reporter, and gave each shop owner the opportunity to challenge

what had been observed.

Although a description of the jewelry shops was included sufficient to establish authority, Butterfield did not publicly identify the shops or owners by name.

The job, the employment agency man said, was simple jewelry work. "All you gotta do is break off castings. They'll show you how it's done."

Twenty minutes later, I found the jewelry shop in a section of an old factory where the windows were covered with bare plywood sheets.

Inside blue smoke and the heavy smell of metal filled the air, drifting over rows of deserted workbenches.

Past the benches, fumes billowed from three fire-leaking smelters. More smoke poured from a pair of casting machines noisily pumping tiny metal angel figures into 20-gallon tin tubs.

Two husky men in T-shirts slapped grease into the machines. Nearby, a third sorted castings on a steel-sheeted table.

"I guess I'm your boss for the day," the man at the table said with a shrug. He peeled off a pair of leather gloves, walked me to a corner of the factory, and began with the basics.

"Here," he said, drinking from a water hose running onto the floor. "If you get thirsty today, use this. If you gotta piss, use the floor."

"Do it here, near the drain."

□

The small casting shop is one of four Providence jewelry factories and related "job shops" where this reporter worked.

The jobs came through Manpower, an industrial employment agency supplying temporary labor to the jewelry industry. A classified newspaper ad promised cash pay for daily work.

There were few requirements. At 6:30 each morning, job seekers gathered outside the boarded door of the employment office and waited.

When the door opened, the day's supply of labor crowded into a room with plastic chairs and waited some more. Two men behind a glass window gave out work slips by pointing to individuals in the crowd.

"Put your name on an application, they give you a job. That's about all there is to it," a fellow worker advised me the first morning.

My name, address, Social Security

number, and desire for jewelry work went on a job form. There were no questions.

Within 15 minutes, I was handed a work slip and told to report immediately to the jewelry factory scribbled across it.

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The work at the small casting factory quickly settles into a routine. "It ain't hard. That's why I like it here," the worker at the steel table tells me.

His name is Don; he is in his early twenties and his arms are scarred from burns and nicked from sharp edges on the castings. We work across from each other at a huge steel table along the back wall of the factory. There is little time for talk.

Our job is dragging heavy tubs of castings from the two die-casting machines, dumping them on the table and snapping the figures off. Hundreds of castings to a tub. Five angel figures to a casting.

The leather gloves supplied to protect our hands are torn, with holes in various fingers.

Mid-morning, stooping to pick up a hot casting, I burn the index finger of my left hand. It immediately blisters through one of the glove holes.

I wash the wound with the water hose

in the corner of the factory and put on another pair of gloves with holes in different fingers.

"We don't got Band-Aids or nothing like that here," Don advises me. I rummage through a first aid cabinet on the wall. It is empty except for a box of dust-covered salt pills.

There are few worker amenities.

The floor near the water hose is the urinal.

There is one toilet available on the second floor of the next building. That, Don says, is to be used only for defecating.

There are no fans or vents to remove the thick metal fumes and smoke. A plywood sheet covering one of the window frames is removed for air.

But the window opens on an enclosed alley and no breeze blows through it.

□

Two husky men ladle molten metal from the smelters into the casting machines every few minutes. One, Peter, is the shop owner. Neither talks nor leaves his machine. My orders come through Don.

One of our jobs, he advises, is to keep the smelters filled. Every 15 or 20 minutes, we leave the steel table with boxes of old casting to be remelted for the



Providence Journal Company



smelters.

It is touchy work. Chunks of old metal surround the smelters and must be kicked out of the way or stepped over. Fire spits from gaping holes in metal sheets enclosing the heating units under the smelters.

If the castings are dumped in too slowly, flames lick at the cardboard boxes and our arms; too fast, and the castings splash hot metal back at us.

"You gotta watch yourself over there," Don says, showing on his right arm a three-inch burn blister he got that morning "firing up" the smelters.

Molten metal periodically splashes from the casting machines. Twice, as I pass the machines, hot metal splashes on my pants and shirt, burning into the cloth before drying.

There is no time for morning or afternoon breaks. Lunch, 30 minutes, is eaten at an abandoned workbench.

At 4:30 the machines are shut down and Don hoists the plywood against the open factory window, securing it with a two-by-four.

Pete, the owner, walks over with my job slip. "You work good," he says cordially. "Come back tomorrow. I'll give you eight hours."

This day has been 7½ hours. Back at the employment office, \$17 in cash is slipped under the window.

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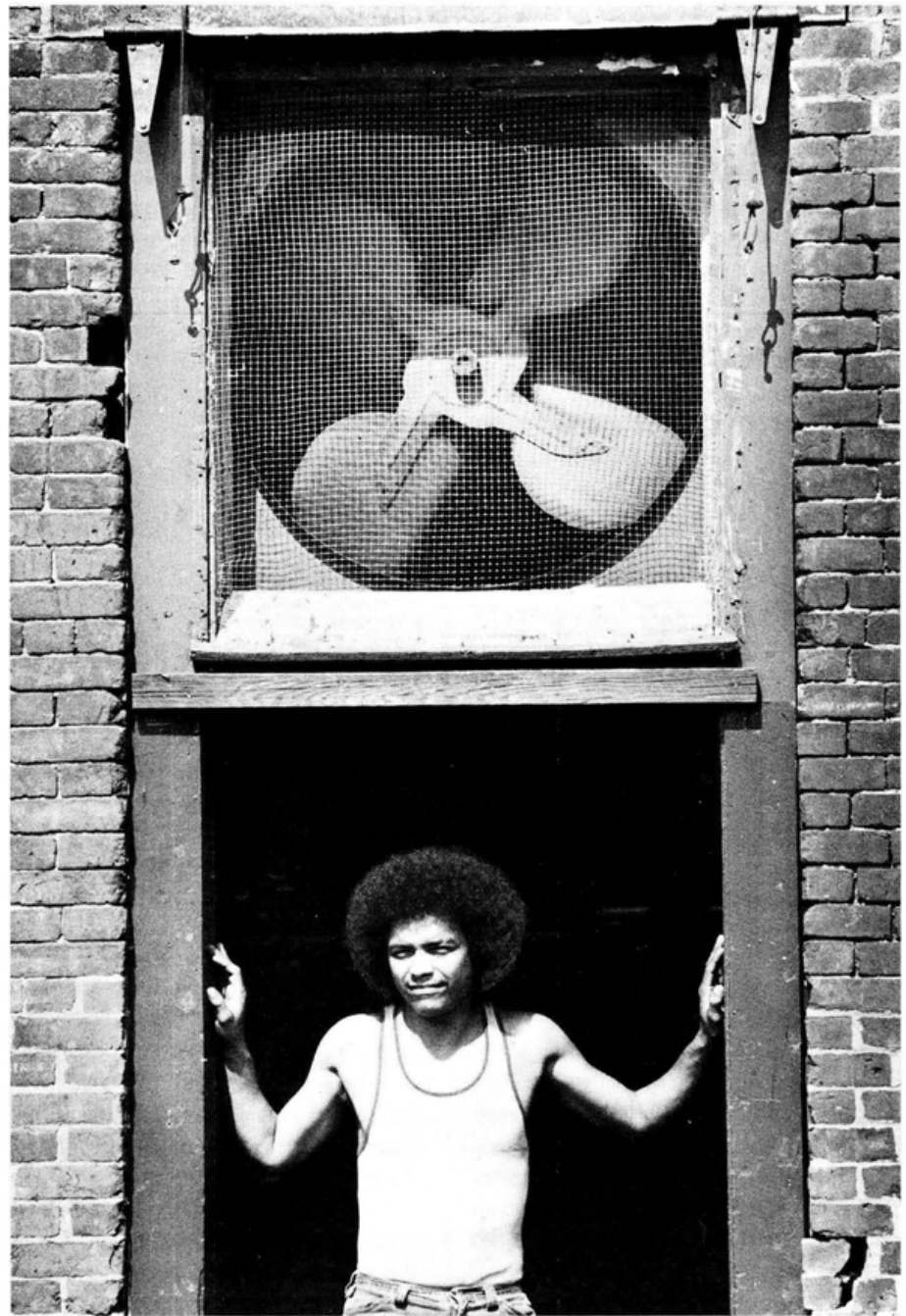
The plating shop is within easy walking distance of the employment office.

Huge fans on one wall of the building pump stinging air onto the sidewalk. Inside, 60 men and women work in an acrid mist that bites the face and casts a haze throughout the shop.

"That's from the tanks," says Kate, the floor lady in charge this day of 26 women in the shop's stringing department. "The fans get most of it, but there's always a lot they don't get out. You'll get used to it."

Within an hour, the air no longer bites and the chemical smell seems gone. But the acrid mist remains.

Sixteen women, mostly Portuguese-speaking, work behind a partition at rows of old wooden workbenches, at-



Worker grabs a breath of fresh air. Although fans are installed to ventilate shops, they often are not used.

Journal-Bulletin Photo by Bob Thayer

taching little silver jewelry lockets onto wire racks destined for the plating tanks. Eighty or so lockets to a rack. A new rack every five or six minutes.

They wear gloves to keep their hands from marking the jewelry. The gloves can't keep the wire hooks on the racks from sticking into their fingers.

"Come girls, let's go. Let's go. Let's go!" Kate yells, clapping her hands as she

walks up and down the rows of benches supervising the work.

□

My job is to collect the racks of jewelry from the stringers and carry them to one of three banks of plating tanks.

The racks go on metal arms of a conveyor moving over a circular row of

tanks, lowering and raising the jewelry racks in and out of cyanide and acid-based metal solutions.

The solutions are heated and charged with low levels of electric current so that the metal in them adheres to the jewelry.

When a rack completes the circle over the tanks, the jewelry on it is coated with gold. Frank, a plater in charge of the line, takes the racks off the conveyor. My work is to keep the conveyor filled.

We wear knee-high rubber boots to keep the solutions from splashing onto our legs. But there are no gloves to handle the racks, which periodically fall into the tanks.

We quickly fish the racks out and rehang them on the moving conveyor. But the jewelry is hot and our hands are covered with chemicals. I complain to Frank.

"You get used to it," he says. "I've been washing my hands in this stuff for years and it's never bothered me."

The work at the shop is hot, hectic, and often rushed with no time for idle talk.

Platers in the shop show workers the order of tanks for dipping the jewelry, but none explain what is in the solutions that fill the shop with acrid mist.

Too long in any one solution, Frank warns, and the jewelry is ruined. Before they are plated, bracelets and waist chains I pick up have to be "washed" in a hot, steaming cyanide bath in a corner of the shop.

A huge floor fan blows fumes from the cyanide tanks and a row of other tanks with unknown chemicals directly into my face. Unlike the general mist in the shop, this stinging, choking mist never loses its punch.

Still other jewelry must be dipped first into a degreasing agent. The process involves dipping the racks into a large tank of swirling chemical fumes.

The chemical is trichloroethylene. But I am not told that it is dangerous to inhale or touch.

A series of cold water coils around the top are designed to keep the fumes inside. But production demands at the plating shop mean the jewelry has to be removed quickly. With the jewelry come the fumes.

They smell sweet and make me dizzy. Midday, a solution beside the degreaser spills, choking and gagging us.

"Hold your breath. Hold your breath like this," Frank yells, running past the spill, quickly dipping jewelry into the cyanide bath, and running back past the spill again.

At his urging, I do the same. Only



**A worker plating jewelry.**

*Journal-Bulletin Photo by Bob Thayer*

later do I learn the spill is from an ammonia bath.

The fan over the cyanide bath spreads the fumes through the shop.

□

An open barrel of crystalized cyanide is stored next to the tanks, accessible to all workers.

At the end of the day, I am ordered to scoop a pail of the cyanide out of the barrel and "dump it into the copper tank." The tank, situated in a bank of tanks, is pointed out to me only after I ask specifically where it is.

"What happens if I put it into the acid tanks by mistake," I ask a foreman after the task is complete.

"You'd be dead and so would half the shop," he says flatly.

□

It is a one-day job in a 150-employee jewelry manufacturing plant. The man by the metal detector inside the employees' entrance smiles, shows me where

to hang my coat, and turns me over to a woman who introduces herself as Evelyn.

"We're going to the findings room," she says. "It's easy. But it's the most boring job in the world."

The findings room is a wire-caged area in the middle of other wire-caged areas on the basement floor. The work is simple, safe, but tedious: all day at a steel table surrounded by the wire of the cage, counting tiny jewelry lockets, earring posts, and earring mountings.

The orders are usually counts of 500 pieces, sorted in groups of five or ten and dropped in pockets on plastic trays. A time card recording how long each order takes to count must be filled out on each job.

The counting ceases only when a factory bell rings for 10-minute morning and afternoon breaks and for a 30-minute lunch. During work hours, the door to the cage is locked to the outside for reasons never explained.

There is no talking or employee movement between cages. But Evelyn at the other end of our cage, counting jewelry findings by pouring them into a machine, has a radio turned down low.

"It's the TV soaps," she says at a break. "Something to listen to. Without it, I'd go nuts here."

□

The plant is a modern, cinder-block building in an industrial park, landscaped with scrub pines. A pair of new Mercedes-Benzes are parked in front. They belong to the owners.

Employees, screened by a uniformed security guard, enter through a side door near the back.

"It's a good place to work," the guard assures me.

The work is stamping, shaping, soldering, polishing, and plating costume jewelry rings. More than 200 people — many of them Spanish-speaking immigrants — labor in a huge, open room unbroken by walls.

My work the first day is pushing the ends of flattened ring bands around a steel finger. After the ring shape is formed, the tips are pounded together on

**E**ditor's Note: The two-part article on working conditions in the Rhode Island jewelry industry was excerpted from a six-part series published by the *Providence (R.I.) Journal-Bulletin* in 1981. It resulted in a state inquiry into jewelry work. New laws were enacted that increased state authority over the industry, and new inspections were authorized for jewelry plants and job shops.

Many of the more flagrant abuses in the industry have been curbed, Butterfield reports. But even state officials involved in the industry cleanup concede that such changes are slow to come. The basic system of making costume jewelry in Rhode Island remains largely as it was when the original stories were printed. Unchanged also, Butterfield adds, are many of the industry's work, employment, and health problems rooted in this system.

the finger with a plastic hammer.

The process demands use of both thumbs to push the ring ends over the steel finger, and to secure the ring while the tips are hammered together.

Two to four rings a minute, depending on the thickness and stiffness of the band. I do 140 the first hour.

Shaping the rings is simple. But the task, repeated over and over again, takes its toll.

By noon, my thumbs are numb.

It is a day before the feeling returns to my left thumb and nearly a week before all the feeling returns to the right.

□

The factory is clean and brightly lit. But by mid-morning, a light haze fills the work areas. Rings are being dipped in a degreasing tank in front of me. "Is that what smells?" I ask the operator.

"No. It's the plating," he says, pointing to the front of the factory. "It always gets like this when they're doing a lot of plating."

By mid-afternoon, the haze clears. "We don't do a heavy load of plating

here," Joe, one of the platers, says during lunch. "Nobody's ever got sick from the stuff."

The plating area, several compact banks of small, plastic tanks, is sandwiched between the stringers and polishers and open to the factory. Three small fans in a side wall near the tanks provide the only ventilation.

A polisher, eating a sandwich at his bench near the tanks, holds his nose and grumbles in Spanish when I ask him about the tanks. "Not good," he mutters in English.

His hands, like those of other polishers in the factory's lunchroom, are split and covered with red sores. Later, at quitting time, he grimaces in pain as he runs them under water in the washroom.

□

The second day at the factory, thumbs still numb, I am sent to the press department. The job is operating a 200-pound drop press.

"Don't be afraid, it won't hurt ya," the foreman in the department says. "But take it slow until you get used to it."

The advice is welcomed. The work is fast finger movement, placing ring castings into the die of the press and pulling them out again after the design is stamped by 200 pounds of metal.

A safety arm sweeps across the ring casting a second before the press drops. And the press drops only when two buttons are pushed on either side of the machine.

But the machine, the foreman warns, sometimes automatically repeats itself. Though the safety arm should push hands out of the way, he says, "Accidents can happen when you get careless."

Within 15 minutes, I am stamping 12 rings a minute.

Running the machine for the day remains my principal job. But other work goes with it. Before the rings are stamped, they must be dipped into a chemical tank and cleaned.

The tank is called a degreaser. Like the one at the plating shop, it is heated and filled with fuming trichloroethylene. I am shown the tank and told what to do. But

I am not told to guard against the fumes.

"What's the stuff in the tank?" I ask.

"It's only a cleaning solution," the foreman replies.

I degrease about 100 rings at a time, dump them into a small box, and take them to the drop press machine. They are wet with trichloroethylene. So, throughout the day, are my hands. □

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**T**he experiences described above were typical of work in the shops over the two-week period. No serious health or safety hazards were observed in the assembly room of the manufacturing plant. The work was simply low-paying, monotonous, and generally demeaning. In the three other shops, however, low-paying work was combined with numerous hazards. Improper and potentially dangerous exposures to chemicals such as trichloroethylene — which causes mental confusion, fatigue and intoxication as well as being a suspected carcinogenic — occurred wherever such chemicals were used. In casting operations, exposure to lead and talc dust contaminated with silica was widespread.

Almost always these exposures were the result of poor work practices in the plants. Rarely were workers informed of dangers of the materials they were required to handle. Rarely were even the most elementary precautions taken to safeguard employees.

—B.D.B.

# Modernizing the Apartheid State

Ivor Wilkins

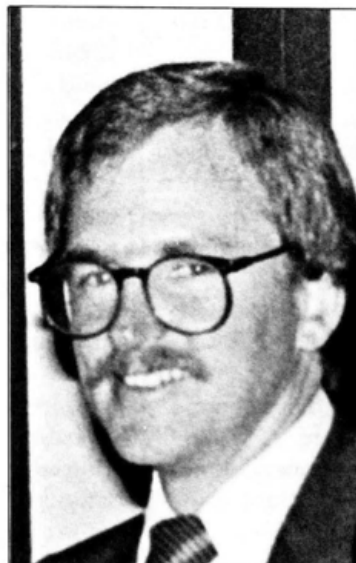
A rare outbreak of peace is an occasion for rejoicing —  
but not too much.

For a symbol of progress, the fantasy-spinners of Hollywood could hardly have bettered the drama that played itself out on the banks of the Nkomati River on March 16. In a setting stark and primordial, a white South African Prime Minister clasped the hand of a black Marxist President and both pledged themselves to peaceful cooperation. In the weeks, months, and years that preceded the *bushveld* embrace, both men had been avowed enemies, each dedicated to the destruction of the other.

The Prime Minister, Mr. P. W. Botha, said: "We have signalled to the world our belief that states with different socio-economic and political systems can live together in peace and harmony and work together in the pursuit of common interests."

President Samora Machel of Mozambique referred to the event as a "high point in the history of relations between our two states and a high point in the history of our region."

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FLORENCE Y. MONTGOMERY

It was a strikingly African affair. The valley where it took place is a remote, teeming place. Hippopotamus, crocodile, antelope and other wildlife still roam there. The sun bakes down and the bush shrieks to the call of birds and the sound of insects. The river which gave its name to the event — the signing of the Nkomati Peace Accord — forms the border between South Africa and Mozambique.

Technology, as novel as the event, offset the remoteness of the venue. On the river banks, a tent village complete with the latest sci-fi communications equipment, catering facilities, bars, and lounges had been erected. Reports of the encounter, in all its rare splendor, were instantaneously relayed by microwave and satellite to the outside world, to Washington, Moscow, London, Tokyo. Tribe members scattered thinly about the region would probably have to wait days, even weeks, before hearing of the meeting via bush telegraph.

Before the signing ceremony, Botha and Machel held talks in a deluxe South African train close to the border. The signing itself took place on a flag-bedecked dais in the open. From a specially-erected grandstand, dignitaries and diplomats looked on, damp and red-faced in the oppressive heat. Bands of the South African Air Force and the Mozambique Army played their respective national anthems. President Machel was resplendent in a military uniform specially designed by an ancient firm of Saville Row tailors. Afterwards, a meal of rock lobster, cold meats, prawns, Mozambiquan cashew nuts, and South African wine was served.

But, nobody was under any illusions. This was no biblical miracle of reconciliation, the lion laying down with the lamb. The harsh realities of Africa, political and natural, had forced Machel to the ceremony. South African-backed guerrillas operating under the banner of the Mozambique National Resistance, were wreaking havoc in Mozambique and threatening the capital of Maputo. Two years of crippling drought followed by a cyclone had devastated the land. Badly mismanaged agriculture had brought ruin to once prosperous estates. People were starving. The Soviet Union, Machel's principal backer, had reduced financial aid.



Nevertheless, outbreaks of peace are rare in Southern Africa and are occasions for rejoicing. Endorsements came from African heads of state and telegrams of congratulation were dispatched from world capitals. Ronald Reagan expressed his personal admiration. Margaret Thatcher sent warm congratulations. Helmut Kohn said the accord strengthened the hope of all those who stood against violence and strove for peace.

More tangible rewards have also accrued for South Africa. Botha has made state visits to West Germany, Britain, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, the Vatican, Austria, Belgium, and unofficially, to France, the first such trip for a South African premier in decades. In an election year, a similar visit to the United States is out of the question. But, should Reagan be reelected, a White House visit for Botha does not seem unlikely.

Much has changed. Even conservatives in the West shared something of the frustration expressed by the inimitable Andrew Young when he was U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. South Africa, he declared, would have to be dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century.

Less than eight years later, South Africa is being invited to promenade with Western leaders. This partly represents a shift in diplomatic strategy on the South African question; U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, Dr. Chester Crocker, has spearheaded the new softly-softly-catchee-monkey approach now known as "constructive engagement." But, it also represents Western recognition that there has been change in South Africa.

Items on this checklist of progress would include the Nkomati Accord, the similar non-aggression pact with Angola's ruling MPLA (Movimento Popular de Libertacao de Angola), the new South African constitution which accords limited political participation to Coloured (mixed race) and Asian people, reform in labor laws which has extended trade union rights to African workers, and the establishment of a Cabinet Committee to investigate policy options for urban Africans.

Also on the list would be the remarkable change in political rhetoric that has marked the Botha era. His declarations that "South Africa must adapt or die," that "my God is big enough to be the God of other people as well" and that "Coloured people are not lepers" are dramatically new sounds that indicate changing attitudes from a South African premier.

The individual, collective and possibly cumulative importance of these developments should not be underestimated. They are signs that the South African regime, for so long impervious to demands for change, is responding to internal and external pressure. But, neither should the nature and extent of the change in South Africa be overestimated; hope for what may yet evolve in the future should not tint in overly rosy hues analysis of what is now on the table. None of these developments, taken individually or as a package, has altered the fundamental nature of the South African state. Apartheid, in its essence, has not been replaced; it has simply been modernized and refined.

The basic aims of successive South African governments can be reduced to three elements:

- the preservation of white authority;
- the maintenance of law and order;

## South Africa

$\frac{1}{8}$  size of United States

Per 1980 census — population of about 29 million:

- Whites — 16%
- Africans — 72%
- Coloureds — 9%
- Indians — 3%

Four racial categories:

Whites — mostly Afrikaners, descendants of Dutch, Germans, and French; took the name Afrikaner from their language, Afrikaans, an offspring of the Dutch language

Bantu — Black Africans (Bushmen, Nguni, Sotho)

Coloureds — Brown Africans, descendants of Hottentots who intermarried with whites

Asians — descendants of Indians who came over in the 1860's to work on sugar plantations in Natal

- the promotion of economic growth and stability.

Successive administrations have pursued these objectives in a generally loose and uncoordinated fashion. Botha, the organization man, has married all three into a comprehensive game plan he calls the "Total Strategy."

A major feature of the Total Strategy has been to restructure radically the decision-making process in South Africa. This will reach its climax later this year when the new constitution takes effect. Botha will be elevated to a Brazilian-style presidency, a position that, by Western standards, commands virtually unchecked power.

But, even before assuming the mantle of the strongman presidency, Botha has steadily shifted power away from traditional institutions and into a more centralized mode. Parliament, the Cabinet, the ruling National Party caucus, and provincial congresses have all seen their authority eroded in favor of a new executive style of decision-making.

This finds its apotheosis in the extra-Parliamentary State Security Council, which embodies the Total Strategy concept. It has become the most important instrument in the apparatus of South African authority. Detailed policy planning is undertaken by its network of work committees which cover every aspect of government. All decisions are tested against the matrix of the Total Strategy. Although Botha has been at pains to discourage the metaphor, the State Security council is generally perceived to be a "Super Cabinet." Its decisions are paramount; policies generated in the council are fed into the political

machine, from the Cabinet down, for eventual implementation.

Botha's military predilections (for fourteen years he was Defence Minister) are reflected in the council's composition. It includes the Minister of Defence, the chief of the Defence Force, the head of Military Intelligence, the Minister of Police and the Commissioner of Police, the head of the National Intelligence Service, the Ministers of Constitutional Affairs, Justice and Foreign Affairs and their senior bureaucrats, as well as the Minister of Finance and senior finance planners.

It has its own secretariat, headed by a military general, and commands a web of planning strategy committees in which military uniforms and professional planners abound.

The Total Strategy incorporates means which draw their lineage through successive administrations. These include:

- A vigorous policy of fragmentation to separate and isolate potential sources of opposition. This fragmentation policy defies the neat class stratification that Marxist analysts attempt to apply. It operates across a spectrum of divisions in which race and, increasingly, class play their roles. This is epitomized in the apartheid grand scheme and the separatist legislation for which South Africa is notorious.

- Co-optation of selected elites in the Coloured, Asian and African communities. This policy works in concert with the fragmentation strategy and applies politically and economically.

- Oppression of dissent by means of a massive security apparatus.

Fragmentation of the South African state is the classic aim of grand apartheid. It involves the geographic division of the country into a white heartland, which covers 87 percent of the land area, and ten separate, ethnically demarcated homelands for Africans. These are intended to attain political independence. Economic realities ensure such independence is really only nominal. So far, four homelands have accepted "statehood," which has gone unrecognized by any country other than South Africa.

The government continues to pursue this Balkanization with vigor. An important part of the policy has involved shifting Africans out of areas designated for white occupation and into the homelands. Where this has met with resistance, it has been achieved by force, sometimes at gunpoint.

In many cases, Africans have been forced off land they and their families have occupied for generations. The homeland "resettlement camps" where they are relocated — critics and victims call the policy "dumping" — are usually desolate and arid. Often communities are broken up, and their members sent to different destinations. The recently publicized removals from Magopa in the Transvaal are a modern example of this policy and demonstrate the government's continuing commitment to the notion of grand apartheid.

It also has been announced this year that thousands of Africans are to be shifted out of their current homes in townships near Cape Town. They are to be relocated in a new town, Kayelitsha, way beyond the city limits. From there to their workplaces they will have to commute long and expensive distances.

The scale of these removals in pursuance of the apartheid

dream is gigantic and almost defies belief. Some 3.5 million African people have been relocated by South Africa's social engineers.

For years, the apartheid strategy was that the homelands would provide reservoirs of cheap labor for the white economy. The notion was that African labor would be moved into the cities as it was required. Black city dwellers were to be temporary sojourners. City living conditions were to be kept as unattractive as possible to encourage Africans to return to the homelands. The means of regulating the flow to and from the cities were the notorious pass laws.

In one fundamental sense, this policy has changed. At last, policy-makers have recognized that Africans are and always will be a permanent feature of urban South Africa. The belief that African workers would voluntarily move away from the cities and into the conditions of economic deprivation, overcrowding, soil erosion and depleted water resources that are endemic in the homelands has been accepted for what it always was: a notion as fantastic as the expectation that King Canute could stem the ocean's tide.



This policy shift has set in motion a whole energetic rearrangement of priorities. The first is to stop the further migration of Africans from the rural areas to the cities. Having recognized the need to accommodate some Africans permanently in the white heartland, the government is determined to limit their numbers as strictly as possible.

To this end, the influx control mechanism is to be refined and strengthened. Already, the Botha Administration has used the existing measures to step up pass law arrests. In 1980, 158,000 Africans were arrested; in 1982, the number climbed to 206,000; and last year it exceeded 250,000. Waiting in the legislative wings is a new measure, the Orderly Movement of Persons Bill (an Orwellian title if ever there was one) to strengthen the pass law system dramatically through the introduction of new criteria and much stiffer penalties.

The homeland fragmentation is thus to be further extended. The statutory cordon around the cities is to be reinforced to intensify the separation between the "insider class," comprising those Africans who meet the government qualifications to reside in urban areas, and an "outsider class," comprising rural Africans and those banished to desolate "homelands."

Racial fragmentation is also inherent in the new constitution. By the government's own reckoning, "white" South Africa now comprises 4.5 million whites, 2.5 million Coloured people, 0.8 million Asians, and 10 million Africans outside the homelands. The government started the new constitutional exercise by excluding the Africans and making it a principle that they will not be included in the new arrangement. Their political destiny is foredoomed to a separate institution whose form has yet to be determined.

The constitution then proceeds to establish a three-chamber Parliament, one each for whites, Coloureds, and Asians. It fixes in perpetuity the current numerical ratios among the three chambers, 4:2:1, thus ensuring that whites will always have the power to dominate the system, regardless of demographic projections changing the numerical relationship in favor of Coloured people. The Prime Minister describes this as "healthy power sharing."

Where the system does provide some new opportunities for political interaction among, at least, whites, Coloureds and Asians — the Cabinet, the proposed Parliamentary standing committees and the peripheral President's Council — the significance of these interfaces has been reduced by the shift of authority to the Executive President and the State Security Council.

Part of the effort to modernize South African society has involved the removal of "petty apartheid," or what the government sometimes refers to as "hurtful discrimination." This has seen the elimination of some of the cruder forms of cosmetic segregation that always caused international embarrassment. Accordingly, most of the "whites only" signs have been removed from park benches; post offices have been desegregated; under pressure from the sports boycotts, many of the racial barriers in sport have been removed; and, in the ritzier hotels and restaurants, blacks who can afford it can wine and dine alongside whites.

But, the whole panoply of segregationist legislation remains on the statute book. The cornerstone law remains the Race Classification Act. This is apartheid's bottom line. Its classifications determine everything, whether one is privileged or not privileged, whether opportunities in the society will be open or whether they will be closed. From that legislative fount all blessings and all curses flow along their racially determined streams. Separate education, separate residential areas, separate political institutions remain the law. Sex and marriage across racial boundaries remain forbidden by law.

For South Africa's white minority to have achieved the level of domination it has for as long as it has, is remarkable. This has been accomplished partly by the divide-and-rule strategy fundamental to the policy of fragmentation. It also has depended heavily on the co-optation of select elites in the Coloured, Asian, and African communities.

Co-optation has been important politically in the establishment of separatist institutions and economically through the need for labor. In the modernizing South African state, it remains a key policy.

It is strikingly obvious in the new constitution. The strict limits placed on the inclusion of Coloured and Asian communities mean that, at best, their representatives will now participate in white decision-making. Yet, even this was a painful concession for the government to make. One of the reasons for the step was to "improve" the numbers imbalance in the South African population equation.

Following the devastating explosion of rioting in South Africa in the late 1970's, the government became concerned at the radicalization of young Coloured and Asian people who increasingly identified themselves ideologically as "black." This represented a loss for the government who had regarded Coloured people, particularly, as "*ons mense*" (our people).

This kind of thinking was revealed explicitly during the 1982 split in the ruling National Party. One of the forerunners to the split was an exchange between Dr. Jan Grobler, the party's information officer, and Dr. Andries Treurnicht, the *eminence grise* of Nationalist rightwingery. Dr. Grobler ended a now-famous letter to Dr. Treurnicht by cautioning him that if the Coloured and Asian people were not won over to the side of whites by means of the new constitution, they would be lost to the forces of "black power."

Finding and keeping allies for the system also has become economically imperative. A shortage of skilled manpower is one of the gravest problems facing the South African economy. The Coloured population includes a large artisan class, whose allegiance to the system is important and whose skills are much needed. The Asian population, with its concentration of traders and businessmen, also must be nurtured to help preserve South Africa's strong free market system.

The need to find additional workers has become more acute because of the growing inroads on resources created by South Africa's military expansion. Conscription of white males has been stepped up considerably. Their military obligations begin with a two-year basic training period, followed by annual call-ups to the age of 55.



A CHRONOLOGY OF SOUTH AFRICAN DATES

## Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| 1652      | Europeans have lived in South Africa since this date. First settlers were Dutch, in Cape Town, associated with the Dutch East India Trading Company. |
|           | Came into contact with Bushmen and Hottentots. Bushmen driven northward; Hottentots inter-married.   |
| 1650-1700 | Immigration of Dutch, Germans, and French.   |
| 1700's    | From the time of the earliest settlements, there has been racial conflict in South Africa — native inhabitants were forced to leave their lands.     |
| 1700-1775 | Trekboers, nomadic white farmers, continued to spread out. In conflict with Bantu for farmlands. Caused shake-up of tribes and resultant migration.  |
| 1775-on   | Open fighting along Boer and Bantu borders.  |

This kind of military commitment has already begun to place strains on the economic and manpower resources of the country, creating a need to seek new sources of supply. When the Defence Amendment Bill of 1982 was introduced to restructure the military call-up system, an early version contained provisions for a military ballot system for Coloured and Asian males. This proposal was subsequently withdrawn. Official quarters indicated it would be premature to introduce any form of conscription for Coloured and Asian people before the new constitution was in effect. Once they had political privileges, however, they would also have civic responsibilities and would be expected to discharge them.

Co-optation of Africans has also been high on the South African agenda. In the early stages of political development, this was most often achieved by bolstering the power of tribal chiefs and using them as agents for taxation and the maintenance of law and order in their fiefdoms.

With the development of the homeland policy, this strategy was refined. The Bantu Authorities Act of 1951 established tribal authorities in the homelands. Initially, membership was

by government appointment. Non-compliant chiefs were deposed or banished and resistance to the new institutions was met with repression.

In subsequent phases of homeland constitutional development, elections were introduced, but the government retained its co-optation lever by balancing elected representatives against appointed chiefs and nominated members. The result has been that the homeland governments tend not to be popularly supported.

In each of the four homelands that have accepted independence, there has been evidence of a high degree of manipulation and intimidation of opposition forces. This was particularly marked in the cases of Transkei, Ciskei, and Venda, but less so in Botswana.

When the Transkei became the first to take the independence route in 1976, most of the opposition politicians, including the leader, Dr. Knowledge Guzana, were in detention. Venda followed suit in 1979 after the ruling party was trounced in an election, but clung to power through its nominated members. Ciskei became independent in 1981 following a referendum which was declared to be overwhelmingly in favor of the move. But, only months before, an academic opinion survey of Ciskeians revealed that 90 percent of eligible voters opposed independence.

For urban Africans, political development so far has been pegged at the local government level. Again, the government has attempted to install African political and bureaucratic elites in the townships. And again, these efforts have been met with little enthusiasm from African urban dwellers.

In 1977, only 6 percent of eligible voters in Soweto, the largest African city, turned out for the community council elections. This poor performance was repeated this year when 90 percent of Soweto voters boycotted the local elections. In smaller, less politicized townships, participation has been marginally higher, but the national average settles out at around 30 percent participation.

In the modernization campaign, economic co-optation has been elevated to a high priority. It has become one of the key elements of the Total Strategy. Broadly expressed, the notion is to win over as many black allies to the free enterprise system as possible.

Creating a black middle class has become a major preoccupation of government planners. The maxim is that once people have a stake in the system, they will have a stake in preserving the system.

The effort has seen a marked strengthening of the relationship between government and business. Although traditional policy has always benefited capital in the provision of cheap labor, the government has tried to separate business from politics.

The previous Prime Minister, John Vorster, became testy at any efforts by businessmen to influence political policy and publicly told them to stick to their own affairs. Botha, in contrast, has elaborately wooed big business.

The *quid pro quo* is that government is demanding increasing involvement by the private sector in activities traditionally



undertaken by the administration. This is particularly emphasized in the case of worker training, the development of African townships and economic development close to the homelands.

With the acceptance of a permanent urban African population has come a complete reversal of social policy. Instead of deliberately making urban conditions as awful as possible, there is now a massive drive to upgrade them. The strategy is that qualified urban "insiders" must enjoy comfortable circumstances.

Accordingly, home ownership for urban Africans is now heartily encouraged instead of forbidden. Although they still may not own urban land, a new 99-year leasehold system has been introduced to provide some security of tenure. The private sector is being pressed to invest in African housing projects and to help African employees acquire homes. Symptomatic of private sector involvement has been the arrival on the scene of organizations like the Urban Foundation, which spearheads the drive for improved urban conditions for Africans.

The electrification of African townships also forms part of the new approach. And again, the private sector's aid has been solicited and found. The supply of electricity to Soweto is now underwritten by private banking finance.

In the push to expand skilled manpower resources, companies are also under heavy pressure to step up training schemes for African workers. Generous tax benefits are granted for approved training projects and apprenticeship schemes.

Until recently, complex red tape limited trade in African townships to small-time merchants, who were prohibited from owning more than one enterprise, and street vendors. White capital was prevented by law from operating in the townships. At a stroke, this has been swept aside. Now there is a Small Business Development Corporation which makes available public and private sector funds to African entrepreneurs in the form of low-interest loans. White firms also are able to become minority partners in African township business ventures now and much of the bureaucratic tangle surrounding township business ventures has been eliminated.

The most important innovations in the economic component of the Total Strategy are the twin pillars of the Riekert and Wiehahn commissions. These commissions were headed by, and included many representatives of, private sector personnel, and created the legislative framework for the new economic approach.

Both epitomize the intention to improve the circumstances of urban Africans and to introduce a measure of stability in their newly-recognized permanence in the cities.

The Riekert Commission restructured the mechanism of influx control to reinforce the barrier between the "insiders" and "outsiders." One of the major payoffs for the "insiders" is a new freedom of movement. "Qualified" urban Africans will more easily be able to move from job to job and from city to city, giving them a geographic and economic mobility previously denied them.

Reforms in the labor field have flowed from the Wiehahn Commission, the most important of which has been to extend trade union rights to Africans.

#### A CHRONOLOGY OF SOUTH AFRICAN DATES

### Nineteenth Century

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Early 1800's                           | British started conquest of African tribes — empire expansion.   |
| 1820's                                 | Wave of British immigration. Meanwhile, trouble was brewing between Afrikaners and British.  |
| 1835-43                                | The Voortrekkers undertook the Great Trek. They were Afrikaners who traveled north because they could not live with the British; felt that the British were too lenient with the Bantu.  |
| By 1850, South Africa in three groups: | 1. Afrikaner republics<br>2. British colonies<br>3. African tribes (independent)   |
| 1866                                   | Gold discovered  |
| 1870                                   | Diamonds discovered  |
|  | These two discoveries dramatically changed South Africa's world status economically. Great increase in white immigration as the gold and diamond industries took hold. Britain persistently tried, by annexing territory, to force South Africa to unite under the Commonwealth. |
| 1898-1902                              | Boer War. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State (both Afrikaner republics) were surrounded by the British. Britain succeeded in annexing the Transvaal. This was followed by several years of prolonged, sporadic fighting. Britain was victorious.                            |

To try to spread economic development more evenly across the South African landscape, the government has embarked on an ambitious economic decentralization scheme. This is intended to establish some industrial development in or close to the homelands to boost their desperately ailing economies providing employment for homeland blacks, and thus relieving some of the pressure from migration to the cities.

Such schemes have been tried before and met with little

success. But the current effort is much more elaborate than any of its predecessors, with a Development Bank, organized on lines similar to the World Bank, as its centerpiece. The plan offers considerable incentives to companies willing to locate in designated "growth points."

Official figures indicate the plan is enjoying some support. By March of this year, 1,682 local and foreign applications had been approved by the Board for the Decentralisation of Industry. They involve nearly R40-million in capital investment and are expected to generate 128,000 new jobs.

Obviously, business sees the potential for handsome returns on its investment in the Total Strategy. Along with government, it would hope for an increased measure of political stability, an impetus to economic growth, improved productivity, an enlarged pool of skilled labor and an expansion of the domestic market.

With a growing African middle class, a whole new area of business expansion opens up. African consumer spending has already outstripped white spending. The market implications of electrifying the townships alone are staggering. An instant demand for electrical appliances is being created which more than doubles the existing market.

Where fragmentation and co-optation fail, South Africa has built up a lamentable tradition of resorting to violence. Repression of opposition has been a stock-in-trade for many years. South Africa has accumulated an extensive array of security measures to stamp out dissent.

These range from restrictions on freedom of expression, the right to hold political gatherings and freedom of association; censorship, and on through a wide arsenal of arbitrary powers to ban people and organizations, cut off external funds, detain people without trial, and impose harsh penalties through the courts.

Under Botha's Total Strategy, security preoccupations have burgeoned. In fact, the term is framed as a response to what he calls the Total Onslaught, a notion that there is an attack against South Africa from all sides, internal and worldwide. The Total Strategy response is to hit back hard against all comers. This covers the aggressive military and economic destabilization of neighboring countries and the continuation of repression at home.

Under the general modernization that has taken place, there have been some reforms in the security arena. Police interrogation, which gained international condemnation after the ghastly death of Steve Biko, has been codified. In the past year, there have been cases where policemen have been charged with murder after detainees died in their custody. This is a stunning departure from the tradition of protecting the police at all costs.

Also, in the past year, the number of individuals banned by the State has been reduced from about 80 to 12. But, detentions without trial have increased. The number of people detained in 1982 was 181, while last year the figure rose to 238. Three people died in security police custody last year, bringing the total number of deaths in detention creeping ominously closer to 50.

The harshness of the punishment for dissent is often stag-

gering. Death penalties are virtually standard for sabotage, while long prison sentences are routinely imposed, even for minor acts of rebellion. For example, in December, Matthews Tabane Ntshiwa, an African factory worker, was sentenced to four years in prison with eight months suspended under the Internal Security Act. His crime was owning and using an aluminum drinking cup with political slogans crudely engraved on it. The slogans included "Release Nelson Mandela" (a leader in the banned African National Congress resistance movement, who was jailed for life) and "P. W. [Botha] we want our land back."

Both demands have little chance of being met. Certainly the notion that Botha would give Africans their land back is farfetched. It would represent an absolute abandonment of the grand design of apartheid, as first instituted by H. F. Verwoerd in the 1950's.

And, while there has been change in South Africa, it is clear that the current rulers have no inclination to alter the fundamentals. There has been no deviation from the basic plan to Balkanize South Africa, despite the world refusal to recognize the homelands and despite the opposition of most Africans who regard themselves as South Africans and see the homeland plan as a device to rob them of their birthright.

There has been a change in the details of policy for urban Africans — and more plans are in the pipeline — but influx control will be enforced more stringently than ever. The government has made it abundantly clear that there will be no joint accommodation for urban Africans at the central government level. Yet, most city Africans demand nothing less than full participation in the central decision-making process.

For the minority Coloured and Asian groups, a political arrangement has been offered which extends only marginal participation in a decision-making model designed to keep power in white hands. Separation by race and the maintenance of white domination remain the central elements of State policy.

The need to expand the economy, improve productivity, and stabilize the society has generated a drive to improve socioeconomic conditions across the board, but the entire array of segregationist legislation remains on the statute books.

South Africa's rulers are responding to the pressures ranged against their system of government. But, the response so far has been not to abandon the basics, but to re-invent them in a modernized form.

There are those who argue that the change that has been allowed to take place so far will create a momentum; that the socioeconomic transformation now begun will become a propellant for deeper, more meaningful change. This may turn out to be the case. But there is no sign of any willingness by government now or in the future to relinquish the fundamentals of apartheid. All the events so far indicate that any progressive change has to be wrung from rulers intent on preserving the habits of the past. □



Chronologies prepared by Elizabeth Tibbitts.

# A CHRONOLOGY OF SOUTH AFRICAN DATES

## Twentieth Century

|         |  |                      |   |
|---------|--|----------------------|---|
| 1910    | <p>Union of South Africa formed. Became part of the British Commonwealth.</p> <p>Union kept and enforced the following segregationist laws:</p> <p>Pass Laws — made it necessary for Africans to carry passes — for identification and as a means of controlling their movements.</p> <p>Land Laws — ensured that Africans could not legally live outside their homelands unless employed by whites.</p> <p>Masters &amp; Servants Laws — made it illegal for unskilled workers to leave their places of employment.</p> | 1950's to mid-1960's | <p>Time of riots and strife. Government would not soften its stand on segregation, but, in fact, increased enforcement of apartheid.</p> <p>United Nation sanctions were to no avail — not enough support from Western nations.</p>   |
|         |  | 1970's-1980's        | <p>South Africa now a power in the region — able to influence stability of neighboring countries.</p>   |
|         |  | 1978                 | <p>P. W. Botha came to power (Nationalist Party).</p> <p>Initially a hard-liner, he has softened somewhat but not substantially. Will implement New Constitution. (See below)</p>   |
| 1911-24 | South African Party became the governing party. Formed by the joining of pre-Union Afrikaner parties.  |                      | New Conservative Party — in opposition to the ruling Nationalist Party. Adheres to a hard-line apartheid policy.  |
| 1924-33 | National Party defeats South African party. It emphasized increased segregation and freedom from British influence.  |                      |   |
| 1933    | <p>National Party and South African Party joined to form United Party.</p> <p>Those who felt that the United Party was too liberal formed a new National Party (the forerunner of today's National Party). This new party wanted greater racial segregation; also very distrustful of British influence.</p>   | 1983                 | <p>(The New Constitution) South Africa voted to create a tricameral parliament. Three chambers — for whites, Coloureds, and Indians. Result: whites retain power and Black Africans still excluded.</p> <p>Constitution has been rejected by United Nations and Organization of African Unity.</p> <p>Government has conceded a few more rights to Africans. This is due to the need for more workers in industry and more participants in the military service, as well as the need for a broader base of support in general. Furthermore, by making concessions, perhaps world opinion might be improved.</p> |
| 1948    | New National Party won election. From this party has come the term "apartheid" — meaning apartness.  |                      |   |
| 1961    | South Africa became a republic and left the Commonwealth.  |                      |   |



# “Standing Up for Them”

William L. Dulaney

American Indian journalists gather to organize their own press association.

The Indian journalist from Guatemala stood and prayed in his Mayan tongue for success of the organizational meeting of American Indian journalists. The Indian editor from South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation, who chaired the two-day gathering at The Pennsylvania State University, June 22-24, rose and gave his Lakota Indian name, Nawic Akeiji, which means “he who stands up for them.” A short time later there was talk around the tables about building advertising, new technologies for moving news, and how to halt the pirating of news by broadcasting media.

The old and the new. The traditional and the modern. Braids and blow-dried hair; boots and business shoes; T-shirts (one proclaimed: “When the turtle collapses the earth ends”) and tailored shirts; Southern drawls and flat intonations of the plains; the pros and cons of advocacy journalism.

Ojibway, Comanche, Mohawk, Choctaw, Navajo, Micmac, Apache, Hopi, Blackfeet, Sioux, Cherokee, Yakima, Northern Paiute, Potawatomi, Pueblo, and Chippewa had gathered to organize a press association. While tribal names recalled history according to Hollywood, the appearances, accents, origins, and opinions of the some thirty Indian journalists from across the United States and Canada dispelled the stereotypes that distinguish North American Indians as differing only from “India Indians.”

The group was as varied as their publications spread out on a table in the middle of the room.

The *Navajo Times*, a 10,500-circulation weekly, scheduled in 1984 to become the only American Indian daily newspaper, has a professional look with its modular makeup, liberal use of white space, many photographs, and sections on Money,



Sports, and Opinion. Publisher Loren Tapahe, who has a B.S. in marketing and business administration, is looking forward to national advertising and to publishing more world and national news from the Associated Press wire. The *Navajo Times* recently became a tribal enterprise rather than a tribal department, giving it more editorial freedom.

*Indigenous Peoples' Network* is a newsletter mailed to IPN members whenever the publication's editors learn of threats to the human rights of Native peoples around the world. A spring "bulletin," as the newsletter is called, described the problems of the estimated 3,000 Mayan refugees in the United States and added: "These humblest of Indian people, our southern relatives, need a lot of help at this time. . . they are in danger of facing mass deportation back to Guatemala by the U.S. government." Readers were urged to send messages of concern to the U.S. State Department. IPN director Jose Barreiro, who recently moved IPN's operation from Washington, D.C., to Ithaca, N.Y., where he edits Cornell University's *Indian Studies*, is working to expand IPN into an all-Indian international wire service and to speed its messages through international computer linkups.

*The Lakota Times*, one of approximately 15 weeklies aimed at American Indians, may very well be the only privately owned American Indian newspaper funded wholly by advertisers and readers. The 6,000 paid circulation newspaper receives no grants nor tribal funds, "just the hard work of myself and my wife," says publisher and editor Tim Giago, who began the newspaper four years ago with a borrowed \$4,000. Located on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, the heart of the militant American Indian Movement (AIM), the newspaper makes no effort to dodge controversy. Giago's office has been firebombed and his windows shot out three times. His car windshield was shattered by a bullet shortly after Giago slid behind the wheel. He escaped uninjured but "with a few more gray hairs."

*Sweetgrass* describes itself as The Magazine of Canada's Native People, of whom there are an estimated two million. The handsome publication's first edition (May/June 1984) has set high standards in writing, graphics, and the use of color. Published bimonthly, it offers articles on Native history, arts, and culture and interviews with Native newsmakers. Launched with a 35,000 press run, *Sweetgrass* is financed by advertisers (who are reminded that Canada's Native Peoples spend more than \$1.5 billion annually on goods and services) and subscribers. Single copy price is \$2.50.

*Akwesasne Notes'* reputation as a fighter for the causes and concerns of Indians and other Native peoples extends far beyond the Mohawk Nation Reservation in upstate New York where it is published. Begun in 1969 as a few sheets of reprinted clippings on a controversy involving the free movement of Indians between Canada and the United States under the international Jay Treaty, the "Notes" circulation mushroomed to 100,000 around the world in the mid-1970's. It was fueled by protests of the far left, the left-outs, and the radical chic.

*Notes* has been described by James P. Danky, a librarian for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, which houses the

largest collection of American Indian periodicals in the world, as "the single most important Native American publication of the post-World War II era," despite the drop in circulation to approximately 10,000 — partially because it has branched into other publishing ventures. The bimonthly publication is supported by subscriptions and donations.

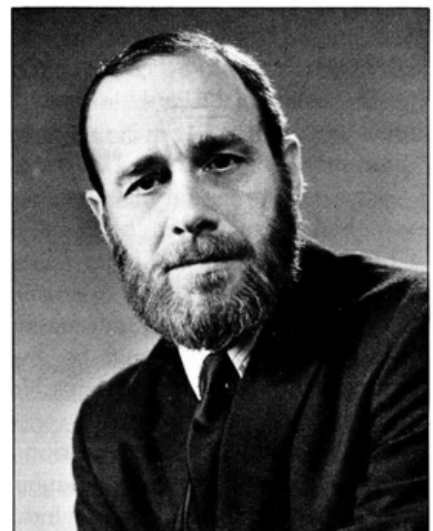
*Bishinik* (News Bird), the official monthly publication of the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma, is tribally owned and tribally funded. The twelve-page tabloid carries no advertising and circulates 12,000 copies free of charge. *Bishinik* is representative of many of the tribally owned and funded newspapers and newsletters in that it is a "good news" newspaper with praise for tribal programs and tribal leaders. A recent edition carried a story on new tribal services and attributed them to the chief's "tremendous insight into the needs of the Choctaw people."

These and other publications represented at the organizational meeting differed in appearance, purpose, content, and sources of support. Yet these differences were overshadowed by the cause that brought them together. The editors and publishers had come together, some from great distances and some at great expense — considering their budgets — determined to form an association that would assist them in strengthening their publications, in better serving their readers, and in securing a more accurate and sensitive representation of Indians in the mainstream media. In the end there was agreement on many issues — needs were identified, a working name was adopted, and a steering committee was given a charge. But first, differences had to be aired.

The better part of a morning was spent debating which Indians should be served by the association and how this should

William L. Dulaney has been a professor of journalism at Pennsylvania State University since 1961. He has a particular interest in the needs of minority journalists, and wrote the grant proposal that secured funds for the American Indian organizational conference. He coordinated the two-day meeting with Tim Giago, publisher and editor of *The Lakota Times*.

In 1983 Dulaney started a journalism program at the College of the Virgin Islands on St. Thomas. Before joining the faculty at Penn State, he was managing editor of *Paddock Publications*.



be reflected in the association's name.

Alex Jacobs, co-editor of *Akwesasne Notes*, and Jose Barriero of *Indigenous Peoples' Network* and *Indian Studies* argued for a global, or at least a hemispheric, orientation.

"How representative are we to act for other Indians out there? How about those in Mexico and Central and South America? Our brothers and sisters come up from there and we know a major explosion is building among Indians there. These indigenous people should be part of our concern. If we don't include them, we'll just plain be missing the boat," Barriero said.



Richard LaCourse, editor of *Indian Finance Digest* and historian of Indian journalism.

Pennsylvania State University/School of Journalism

Lenore Keeshig-Tobias, editor of *Sweetgrass*, proposed that the organization be named First Nations Press Council to reflect participation by Native Canadian journalists and Indian journalists to the south "when that time comes."

The editor of *Bishinik* protested. "I'm against an international organization. We're in the United States and our organization should be within the U.S. borders," argued Patty Bowen.

Resisting appeals for the association's name to reflect inclusion of all indigenous or aboriginal journalists, Adrian Louis, managing editor of *The Lakota Times*, moved that the organization be named the Native American Press Association. The motion passed with the understanding that at a later date further consideration would be given to including Native Canadian journalists and perhaps Native journalists of other countries.

Barriero also sparked discussion of advocacy journalism when he suggested that the association and its members should lobby on national issues affecting Indians. Loren Rapahe, pub-

lisher of the *Navajo Times*, cautioned against the association getting into political battles. "If we're heavily political and biased, then AP, UPI and others will not respect us," he said.

*Akwesasne's* Jacobs urged Indian publications to fight for Indian causes. He said he doubted association members could overcome a tendency to promote Indian interests. "We want to get the respect of the outside professional organizations, but how much respect have they ever given us?" he asked.

Richard LaCourse, editor of *Indian Finance Digest* and long active in Indian journalism, urged the organization not to get involved in advocacy journalism. "I want non-ideological journalism. There are Indians from the redneck type to those identified with the PLO. We've got them all. I want our journalism to be primarily trustworthy. I don't want people to have to check every fact," La Course said.

George Gorospe, co-editor of the *Pueblo News*, said: "We advocate on our editorial page, and that's the way I like it. I don't see why political considerations have to be a part of this organization. I'm concerned with news, and I want this organization to stand for professionalism and journalistic quality." Gorospe suggested that in pursuit of journalistic quality the organization should review applicants' journalistic performances and credentials before admitting them to membership, a proposal that drew some disapproving mumbles.

While opposing advocacy journalism in news columns, Tim Giago, organizer of the meeting, asserted that many Indian newspapers lack a strong editorial page.

"Most of you who work for tribally funded newspapers draw your salaries from tribal governments, and this places you in a precarious position in that you can't be overly critical of tribal administrators if you want to get your paychecks," Giago said.

The issue of freedom of expression among Indian publications, and particularly on reservations, has been studied by LaCourse. He told the meeting that of the 454 reservations in the United States (including Alaska), 64 have tribal constitutions with freedom of the press guarantees. However, should an editor offend those who control tribal funds, such guarantees are no assurance that money to publish will continue to be forthcoming. Perhaps this is why the journalists listened with interest as Giago related the freedom he enjoys to criticize tribal government because of his independence from tribal funds.

Giago said that merchants in the area know where the 17,000 Indians living on his reservation do their shopping. Thus, he is helped to maintain his newspaper's 50-50 ratio in news and advertising. "This gives us the opportunity to be critical of our tribal administration, of individual tribal leaders, and of the Bureau of Indian Affairs," he said.

Giago cited the practice of some tribal employees who habitually come to work late. When his newspaper editorialized for a time clock, he said the employees told him they were on "Indian time." "But they weren't being paid in Indian dollars. They were being paid in U.S. dollars from lands leased from the tribe, and tribal members were getting up early and driving 80 or 90 miles for help only to find tribal offices not open when they were supposed to be," Giago said. "We caught a

lot of flak from people who said, 'Hey, that's the white man's way,' but the time clock went in."

Giago also offered evidence that criticism of tribal leaders and tribal policies and programs need not necessarily lead to hostility. He said that the last time his office windows were blown out in December of 1983, after he editorialized against violent Indian confrontation with the larger society, tribal leaders called a public meeting and announced that future attacks on *The Lakota Times* would be regarded as attacks on the tribal government. "I haven't had any problems since then," Giago said.

While several participants agreed that advertising could free editors to report and to editorialize on controversial issues, some argued that an association of Indian journalists should concern itself with journalism. "I'm here as a journalist. I don't care about circulation problems. Some of us here are editors and some are publishers and quite frankly I think the publishers are concerned with how to boost circulation rather than with journalism," said Keeshig-Tobias. "Let publishers take care of circulation, and let us, the journalists, establish a code of ethics for ourselves," she said.



Patty Bowen, editor of *Bishinik* (*News Bird*) which serves the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma.

Pennsylvania State University/School of Journalism

Publisher Mike Burgess whose *Talking Leaf* newspaper comes out of Los Angeles Indian Centers, Inc., said he had "heard a lot of rhetoric, but my primary concern is getting the news quickly. I want a reliable Indian news wire service."

Support for an Indian news service was enthusiastic and clearly regarded as important for strengthening the American Indian press. Some editors noted that their national Indian news comes primarily from government agencies such as the U.S.

Bureau of Indian Affairs and other special interest groups. They expressed a need for timely access to a wide selection of national Indian news reported fairly and accurately, and for news of activities of other tribes which some now get by exchanging newspapers.

"If I had a wire service I could depend upon to fill my pages with regional and national news of importance to Indians, we could go weekly, raise our advertising rates, and eventually become independent," said Gorospe, whose monthly *Pueblo News* carries advertising but is subsidized by the All Indian Pueblo Council, Inc.

Adrian Louis, managing editor of *The Lakota Times*, said the best way for Indians to preserve their culture and retain their land is to offer Indian news that is gathered and disseminated by Indians and "not depend on the outside which always distorts things."

Others noted that an Indian news service also could serve the non-Indian media. "We need to get our achievement stories out to the non-Indian press. For too long only a small fraction of Indian activities have been able to get attention of the non-Indian media," Giago said. And this small fraction, according to Giago, is largely negative news about Indians.

"When one or two Indian activists or radicals do something wrong, the headlines say 'fugitive Indian leader' when in fact that person is no more a leader or spokesman for Indians than the Ku Klux Klan is a spokesman for white people," Giago said.

He said newspapers bordering on reservations have easy access to proceedings of federal courts where Indians are tried. What the readers of these newspapers don't know, said Giago, is that a single non-reservation newspaper may have access to records of a court serving eight or nine reservations, thus making the Indians on a single reservation look like "a bunch of criminals."

"There is a very real lack of knowledge about the Indian. Either he is romanticized as the noble red man or he is made out to be a howling savage," Giago said. "We want people to understand that we can live in houses, drive cars, and love our families like everyone else."

Debra Smith from Migizi Communication in Minneapolis, and the only broadcaster at the meeting, said, "It's important for us to be a watchdog on the press... and to clear the record. It's no good for us to go back to our own publications and broadcast stations and write or say nasty things about outside media coverage of Indians. That still doesn't get accurate reports into the mainstream press."

Some participants agreed that non-Indian newspapers should be admitted to the organization as associate members to educate them about Indians. It was suggested the organization could eventually open an office in the National Press Building in Washington and, as one of its activities, bring in other media representatives to learn about Native American life.

"Too often we're lumped in with members of other minority groups, and there's no recognition that, for the most part, we're members of sovereign nations," said Louis. His comment reflects a major difference between many Indian journalists and those of other minority groups who seek greater representation in



the newsrooms and executive offices of the mainstream media. While a recent survey by the American Society of Newspaper Editors found only 100 American Indians employed by U.S. daily newspapers, or less than two-tenths of one percent of the estimated 50,000 journalists working on these newspapers, there was little interest expressed at the meeting in increasing this percentage.

LaCourse said he had turned down job offers from *The New York Times* and *Newsweek* because "I want to work on the inside of our world, not with outside media."

Giago, whose newspaper serves nine reservations and covers 50,000 square miles, said: "The strength of this organization must be on reservations because without the reservations we don't exist. The reservations are our homes. This is where our roots are."

Participants did express interest in seeking ways to encourage Indian youths to prepare for careers in journalism with Indian publications. Jacobs of *Awksasne Notes* proposed that the association promote an internship program with its member publications for Indian student journalists.

After two days of discussion, debate, and reflection around the conference table, at meals, and in dormitories (where participants were housed), it was apparent that some of the most influential and respected Indian editors and publishers in the United States and Canada wanted a press association and that it would not lack for work. Or as the advertising manager of *Sweetgrass* put it: "Right here I see the skeleton and the guts of something that could be totally dynamic."

It was also apparent that some issues and concerns needed further thought. A 13-person steering committee was selected and charged with making recommendations for consideration by founding members. These recommendations would address membership qualifications, scope of the association's activities, a draft charter for the proposed Indian news service, and a code of ethics.

The steering committee also will discuss how the association is to be financed.

Financial considerations deserve more than a sentence, for funding likely will determine the future of the association. The Gannett Foundation funded a portion of the organizational meeting, but additional grants will be needed if the association is to sponsor workshops on writing, editing, production, and advertising (as many participants wished), run a news service, and through these and other activities gain the national recognition it desires.

While participants indicated a willingness to help support their association with dues, cutbacks in federal funding of tribal programs and projects have caused some Indian newspapers to fold and budgets to be cut at others. Editors of several Indian newspapers and newsletters contacted conference organizers to say that they were interested in forming an association, but that their budgets wouldn't permit the trip, even though travel would be the only cost. They asked to be kept informed of the association's activities.

Funding problems caused the demise of an earlier organization of American Indian journalists. The American Indian Press

Association (AIPA) was formed in 1970 by 18 Indian editors and provided the services, including an Indian news service, envisioned for the new organization. AIPA folded in 1975 because, according to LaCourse, news director of AIPA's Washington Bureau, the Internal Revenue Service declared the AIPA a business rather than a nonprofit corporation. This action diverted AIPA operating funds to the payment of taxes and caused donor support to vanish when their contributions could not be considered tax-deductible, LaCourse said. Asserting that the IRS action, taken at a time of Indian activism, may have been politically motivated, LaCourse said, "They bled us to death financially and insured the curtain coming down on us during the period of Nixon paranoia."

Another determinant of success for the currently proposed association, and particularly its news service, will be the ability of the journalists to identify themselves as journalists, albeit Indian journalists, instead of a Hopi or Navajo journalist or as a journalist for any one of the some 500 American Indian tribes, with all of their attendant political rivalries.

While the membership issue — national, North American, hemispheric, or global — will probably pose no obstacle to forming an association, it will continue to surface as long as Native Central and South American journalists are not included. One participant suggested the issue may be resolved with some kind of associate status.

The public relations function of some tribally funded newspapers and newsletters may make irrelevant for them such association concerns as freedom of the press and a code of ethics concerned with fair and accurate reporting.

Acknowledging that funding is problematical and that the potential for debilitating divisions exists, the need for a press association that will work to strengthen Indian publications and make their services more meaningful to readers has never been more critical.

In January 1983 President Reagan said of the nation's Indian policy, "This administration intends to restore tribal governments to their rightful place among the governments of this nation and to enable tribal governments, along with state and local governments, to resume control over their own affairs." In short, the federal government intends to get out of the Indian business. While this policy has been welcomed by some tribal leaders, others have criticized what they regard as quick and sharp cutbacks in funds for Indian reservations, where some of the country's highest rates of unemployment are to be found.

In any case, since Indian self-determination has replaced assimilation, isolation, and annihilation as official government policy, there will be an increasingly desperate need for a trusted flow of information to, from, and among Indians. This information is required to set goals, discuss options, and question all who proclaim that they act in the interest of Indians, one of the fastest growing minority groups in the United States.

American Indians face decisions on important issues such as energy resources, health, unemployment, education, water rights, and legal claims. What better way to make their informed decisions than through a free and strong Indian press, supported by an active press association? □



# New Times, Old Values

Donald E. Graham

Newspapers, at their best and even their worst, are a lucky business.

Let me introduce myself and tonight's topic. To begin with, you are about to hear from a hopeless, romantic sentimentalist about newspapers. I love good ones and hate bad ones and I have seen *The Washington Post* publish our share of both kinds. I think newspapers at their best are capable of great things, though at our worst we are great bores. We can make the world clearer to our readers or we can confuse them. Others must have had the same ambivalence about newspapers over the years. Nothing that has been so lavishly praised has also been so wonderfully denounced, often by the same people. Jefferson, who can be quoted on both sides of almost anything, wrote Lafayette in 1823 in one of his many soaring tributes to newspapers:

"The only security of all is in a free press. The force of public opinion cannot be resisted when permitted freely to be expressed. The agitation it produces must be submitted to. It's

necessary to keep the waters pure."

Of course, a couple of years earlier, he said that by then he only read one paper and in that one he mostly read the ads.

But this was a relatively mild denunciation. LaFontaine once wrote: "Every newspaper editor pays tribute to the devil."

Schopenhauer said that "The newspaper is the second hand in the clock of history; and it is not only made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right." "Newspapers always excite curiosity," said Charles Lamb. "No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment."

Each morning when I pick up the telephone or read the mail, it occurs to me that our readers keep finding rich new ways to restate the findings of Schopenhauer, Lamb, and LaFontaine.

When groups of us get together to talk about newspapers, we frequently find ourselves falling back on a couple of topics: the impact of new technology and threats to freedom of the press. These are indisputably important subjects, and it's been a bad year for freedom of the press. But I will not speak on either of these topics tonight. Tim Hays sent me a package of previous Press-Enterprise lectures, and no group in the world is as well informed about new technology and threats to freedom of the press as you are. So I want to talk about what newspapers do every day — the basics of our trade. We almost never talk about them because our job is so simple. It's old and there isn't that much that's strikingly novel to say about it. But I am continually struck by this: when we are guided by the best of our oldest values, when we are simply out to tell the reader the news, period, we are at our most comfortable and we are at our best.

Modern times provide us with all sorts of new ways of thinking about ourselves. These ways bring with them casts of mind, habits of thought, whole vocabularies even, and each of these new ways of thinking has some merit. Each seems to provide the newspaper editor or publisher with a new way of looking at his job. With something as necessarily incomplete and imperfect as a daily newspaper, any new way of thinking

Donald E. Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post*, gave the 1984 Press-Enterprise Lecture at the University of California, Riverside. The text of his talk appears above.



Washington Post Photo by John McDonnell

provides some light on what you do. For example, thinking of ourselves primarily as marketers or thinking of ourselves primarily as managers, provides some useful insight. But I submit that only by thinking of ourselves as journalists, as people with a story to tell, can we see our job in the right context and do it right.

Having said that, I'm going to talk to you about the old values of our business: I would now say that I can't define what they are. I can only suggest them. Every newspaper person knows from the first day he or she goes to work that there's a set of values that represents the best in newspaper work. These values are strikingly hard to pin down, but they do center on the simple act of telling the story, telling the news, telling the reader something he or she does not know, explaining some aspect of life a little bit better.

In any newsroom in the hours immediately preceding the publication of the paper, the most frequently heard sentence is, "That's a good story," as some reporter or editor tells someone else about what's coming up in tomorrow's paper. You can argue about what's a good story, but every experienced reader of a good paper knows the feeling of recognizing one. Typically, good stories simply find out something new about an aspect of life, or they describe it better than it's been described, or they explain it with greater precision, or they capture an important nuance. Above all, they tell people something that was difficult to find out. Or, in the rarest cases, they tell an obvious story that's been sitting in front of us for years, but that for some reason no one saw fit to tell until now.

I'm now going to talk briefly about what I take to be some basic types of good stories — about some basic variations on the theme of what a newspaper's basic job is. And I apologize that I'm going to draw the majority of my examples from the daily grist of our own newspaper, *The Washington Post*. Any reader of any other good paper could fill up this list with examples as good or better. These come from the newspaper I'm most familiar with.

The simplest kind of good story tells the reader something clear and true. For example, a few weeks ago, *The Washington Post's* remarkable Moscow correspondent, Dusko Doder, after months of coming back to the office at night looking for clues that something might be happening with Yuri Andropov's health, saw paydirt. There were changes in the radio and television programs; there were lights on in office buildings where none were characteristically lit, and he knew something had happened. He did some reporting work and he wrote a marvelously precise story which we put on the front page, left-hand column of the first edition of the *Post*, under the headline, "Unusual Activity in Moscow." A simple story, perfectly told, and a simple example of what newspapers can do at their best. Dusko got a 24-hour beat, as far as I know, on everyone in the world.

I have to add for historical purposes that we at the *Post* could not let that simple story alone. We set out then to provide a textbook example of how you can over-report a well-reported

story, and all with the very best intentions. We talked to senior State Department officials and CIA spokesmen and the Soviet ambassador, all of whom emphatically told us that there was nothing unusual going on in Moscow and that Andropov was fine. Whereupon, we deemphasized the story. We left a page one reference to it of the kind we call a "key box," but we moved the story inside, a slight lessening in the emphasis on the story. And all of those high-titled people were quite wrong and our reporter on the scene as it happened was quite right and shame on us for fiddling with his story. A few days later when Dusko reported that his sources were telling him that Chernenko would be named the new Soviet leader, we led the paper with it and this time we left his story alone.

Then there is the well-written story — the good description. On almost all newspapers you can find examples of stories that were written over the years four, five, ten, a dozen times, and sometimes you find one telling out of all of those that magically brought that old story to life. We must have written a dozen stories in the late 1970's and early '80's when inflation was so bad about the effect of inflation on elderly couples on fixed incomes. Once, I can remember one reporter writing that story so vividly that the phone system of the paper was overwhelmed with calls and we received letters and requests to help that couple, and what-not. And I can remember at least ten other times we wrote that story and provoked nothing but yawns.

How many stories have all of us read about migrant workers? Here are a few paragraphs of a recent series on the subject by Neil Henry of the *Post*, who rode a bus that takes people from the streets of Washington to work in the fields, in this case in North Carolina. He has one street person friend with him:

Garland and I entered a smaller bunkhouse that was packed with six beds, four of them occupied by snoring old men. We were met by staggering odors of urine and alcohol. Garland lit a match. The room was rife with gnats and dozens of inch-long worms that seemed to thrive in the heat and humidity, slowly wriggling their way across the damp walls and the ceiling. Sidestepping empty whiskey and wine bottles, we found two ripped, yellowing mattresses and claimed them for ourselves. Garland chose an unstable upper perch to sleep on leaving me to make do with a bed so misshapen and lumpy that when I lay down my stomach felt like it was six inches higher than my head and feet. On one side of my head were the pungent feet of a man on an adjacent bed. On the other was the wall and its worms. The bed was not wide enough to find a comfortable place between them.

Good stories can also capture the essential nuance, can render a complicated situation totally intelligible. For example, Gary Hart's high school chemistry teacher said last week that Hart once cheated on a test. That is the bold fact. Now, here are the nuances provided by Jim Perry of *The Wall Street Journal*:

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Good stories simply find out something new about an aspect of life, or they describe it better than it's been described, or they explain it with greater precision, or they capture an important nuance.

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There is one sour note about Mr. Hart being sounded in Ottawa these days. It is related by Lester Hoffman, Mr. Hart's chemistry teacher.

"I had him his senior year," says Mr. Hoffman. "He was indiscreet. He and a friend entered my classroom one night and took a copy of an examination. They were C students, and they got almost-perfect answers to the 50 questions in that quiz. I was suspicious, and I found out what happened.

"I went to the principal, and he said he wouldn't graduate either one of them. But I said I would put aside that exam and average out all the others, and give them that grade. That way, they both got Cs. They never came to me to talk about it."

"Oh Lester," says Mr. Hoffman's wife, Hazel, "maybe you shouldn't be telling that story. It happened 30 years ago. It probably was a prank. You're talking about somebody who might be president."

"Maybe so," says Mr. Hoffman. "But I'll tell you one thing, he didn't make much of a showing in my chemistry class." (Mr. Hart declines to comment on the incident.)

Mr. Hoffman says the last Democrat he voted for was Woodrow Wilson, and he doesn't intend to vote for another one anytime soon.

All of the nuances are laid out for the reader to decide whether they matter or not.

Most good stories are hard to learn. Perhaps the ultimate example — though examples abound — comes from Bill Branigan of the *Post* writing while accompanying a guerrilla expedition inside Afghanistan.

Nothing had quite prepared me for the walk into Afghanistan. By now both feet were cut and bruised and every step was an agony as I hobbled to keep up with the rest of the group, which had swelled to about 50. The barefoot crossing of a river over sharp rocks did not help, especially afterwards when my boots ground dirt and sand into the cuts for the rest of the night. As I hobbled on again, I thought that at least things could not get any worse. I was wrong. . . . As we approached the village, we heard the sound of gunfire, now suddenly not very far away at all. The group began to run.

To avoid getting separated, I held on to the end of Hodayun's scarf as he fairly pulled me along. Staggering and stumbling, I ran on in the dark, at times nearly weeping with pain. Then as we raced through a silent village, we noticed that our guide was missing. We were lost. Near-panic gripped the other Afghans and Hodayun called out his name. I wondered if this night would ever end.

And after this, he concludes: "I cursed my editors and the entire newspaper business."

Well, after all that, you at least feel like reading what he found out.

A small digression on foreign correspondents. It was not so long ago that Bob Toth [NF '61] of *The Los Angeles Times*, in accepting the Polk Award for Foreign Reporting, took note of the fact that foreign correspondents were a dwindling breed. He said at the time that four of the five largest publishing companies in the United States had no foreign correspondents, that many of the newspapers that had long supported foreign staffs had in the preceding years pulled them back. I'm happy to say that foreign correspondents are now making a healthy comeback, which I think is very good news for readers of newspapers. Foreign reporting can be dangerous. Just down the highway is a paper, *The Los Angeles Times*, which has had two brave foreign correspondents, Joe Alex Morris and Dial Torgerson, killed in the last five years. Our paper has had serious threats to correspondents, or injuries, or imprisonments in Vietnam, Cambodia, Jonestown, Nicaragua twice, Grenada, the Central African Republic, and many times in Beirut, including one memorable two-day sequence in 1975 when Jon Randall was taken prisoner first by the Left and then by the Right on two consecutive days.

I go back to the basic point that often the story that one reads first in the morning paper was awfully hard to get. Investigative stories are classically stories that take a long time. One well-known class of investigative stories throws the sheriff (or someone) in jail. I do not join the school that says that newspapers now do too much investigative reporting. I think that we probably don't do enough of the best such stories. In fact, when we survey, we constantly hear that from our readers. But a particularly good kind of story can spring from applying the techniques of investigative reporting not so much to wrongdoing, but to complexity. The wealth of this technique was suggested to me last year when a *Post* reporter named Ben Weiser, working for Bob Woodward, wrote a long series on exactly how and when doctors decide to end therapy for terminally ill patients. It turns out that many deaths — in one of our local hospitals, 146 of 2,000 in the last two years — took place after doctors had issued explicit instructions that the patient was not to be revived with all the panoply of modern medical technology if something happened to him. It also turned out that doctors were willing to talk on the record about these decisions. At least they were willing to talk if they thought that a reporter understood what they were talking about and was willing to take the time to listen. All of them talked on

the record, and with remarkable candor. The sheriff did not go to jail after that story, there were no bad guys in it, and the world didn't change the next morning; it only looked a little different if you had read the paper.

Another kind of story that newspaper people like best is the kind that speaks for people who have little chance otherwise of making the world hear. Riding in a police scout car more than ten years ago, I remember wondering whether the waterfall of gritty detail that floods a police officer's life could ever be adequately reflected in the newspaper or, indeed, if any connection could be made between the world as seen from a scout car and the world seen on a newspaper page. I'm not going to stand here and tell you that the *Post*, or any paper, adequately reflects the full quality of life in its town. We do not. Once in a while, though, the best of newspaper reporting makes such a connection. Dave Burnham's police reporting in *The New York Times* a dozen years ago that brought Frank Serpico and David Durk to prominence is a classic of such a kind. And there's been much good *Times* coverage of the New York department since.

I also think of the remarkable series by Loretta Tofani of our paper that won last year's Pulitzer Prize. She spent a year proving what everyone knows, that in a particular county jail — this one in Prince Georges County, Maryland — male-on-male rape was almost a routine everyday fact of life, its victims including not only long-time inmates of the jail but men who happened to be locked up, say, for drunk driving. Everyone has seen that story a hundred times. But this time Loretta spent months longer, went miles further, and managed to write a series on the subject of rape in the county jail using the names of the victims and the names of the rapists, with their consent. There was not a single unattributed quotation in that series. The power of these men's personal statements and their unanimous testimony that jail guards took little or no action to prevent or stop assaults led to immediate and, one hopes, lasting change in the way the jail is run and lessened a ghastly threat to people in jail. How else could that have happened? What better service can a paper perform?

Perhaps the most important kind of story a newspaper can do well is the one that is continuous over time, the beat story. Most important because it is one of the fundamental things a reader has the right to expect from a newspaper. The minimum the reader expects for 25 cents is to know what the City Council, the police, the school board, and highway people are doing. It's interesting and not the greatest credit to our business that the prizes do not typically go to the beat reporters, but the readers do.

**T**hese are all the types of good stories there are, except for the couple of dozen I have forgotten to list. And this to me is the essence of a good newspaper, that it does its essential job well, gets the facts right, and goes on to make the reader stop a few times a day and say, "That's a good story."

If that is our basic job, just producing a good newspaper in the morning as often as we can, are there current threats

to our flickering ability to produce such newspapers? I don't think so. I think that circumstances are conspiring to put more resources in the hands of editors and publishers of newspapers to give better papers to the readers if we know how and if we care to do it. But important things about newspapers, obvious things, have changed in ways that have implications for their readers. First, some newspapers are now physically enormous. To make my point, I quote in its entirety an item from a recent *Editor & Publisher*:

On December 15, *The Los Angeles Times* published a record breaking week-day edition of 306 full-run pages; the newspaper's Orange County edition carried (God help us), 336 pages; and its San Diego County edition 314. The record issue carried almost a half-million full run lines of advertising, up 60,572 from the same day last year. The *Times* set a new Sunday record on December 4, when it published 674 full run pages.

I have long been fond of saying that there is no one in Washington who reads every word in a given day's *Washington Post*, and if there is, I pity him; but given the bizarre things that go on 60 miles west of here, I like to think that there may be somebody out there still reading his way through the December 15 *Los Angeles Times*.

How would the earliest newspaper editors, who must have been producing sheets of one, two, or four pages, have reacted to these behemoths we now hurl at readers' doorsteps in the weeks before Christmas? Don't you have the feeling that when the editors of *The Spectator* and *The Tattler* were looking for readers in the 1700's, prospective customers were telling them that there was too much to read already and they didn't have time to take the paper. It is also slightly daunting to think that the first few years of English newspapering produced the essays of Addison and Steele and shortly thereafter those of Samuel Johnson. No doubt the literary quality of our 300 pagers will stand the test of time just as well but I have a hard time putting my finger on just what it is that I would urge readers to look at 250 years from now, except for Herblock's cartoons.

**M**ost large newspapers are now part of large organizations and their executives aren't necessarily managers. In recent years, newspapers, like most organizations in our society, have discovered management. We hire executives from business schools, or we send them there. These people are taught to look at newspapers as businesses, applying some of the same lessons that one applies to any business. This has been immensely helpful. We know our business much better than we did. We understand better some basic questions about it — who our customers are, who our competitors are, where our revenues come from, etc. Fine. A newspaper is a business — it is something more. Strict rationality will not always get you where you want to go. You must have a degree of irrational commitment, a belief that the news is worth pursuing for its own sake.

Imagine for a moment that you are Tom Johnson, the pub-



lisher of *The Los Angeles Times*. You have, let us say, 20 foreign correspondents and your editors want another one. They say that there is an important area of the world that you are not now covering that your readers need to know about.

Here is a quick managerial analysis of the decision whether or not to add a foreign correspondent. Newspapers get their revenues from two sources, circulation and advertising. If you think of adding this extra bureau, you will first turn to the circulation director and ask what additional circulation you can expect as a result, and the circulation director, honest person that he is, will tell you "Zero." Next, you will turn to the ad director, who will say exactly the same thing about the advertising.

In other words, the return on investment on this particular decision to add a bureau is zero. It is zero in the short run and I would submit to you it's zero in the long run. Do you ever add that bureau under those circumstances?

What if the proposal comes from the business office and it calls for the elimination of one of those bureaus, or two or four?

A slight, appropriate amount of unreason has to have been necessary for that paper to develop a foreign staff of that size in the first place, a slight amount of belief in the reader, overriding strict business evaluation of a decision.

Good managerial thinking is absolutely necessary for editors and publishers, necessary but not sufficient. Taken to its extreme, even knowing a lot about your business can lead you to view it mechanistically. When Dana said that journalism consisted of buying white paper at 2¢ a pound and selling it at 10¢ a pound, at least he knew he was being ironic. What would he have said about the large communications company, then one of the largest in the country, which ran the following ad in the business press a few years ago?

"We are Combined Communications Corporation, and our business is delivering advertising information to consumers — lots of it. Through television. Radio. Newspapers. And billboards."

Well, the hell it is.

Another new way of thinking about our business is conferred by public ownership. I don't know what the first newspaper company to "go public" was, but 25 years ago such companies were a rarity. Today, since the Chicago Tribune Corp. went public a year ago and Rupert Murdoch's company bought the *Chicago Sun-Times*, nine of the ten largest circulation newspapers in the United States are owned by public corporations, the sole exception being *The Detroit News*.

If public ownership makes you concentrate on profitability, well and good. Newspapers that care about the news must do their best to be respectably profitable. The *Post* is a good example. Up to 1954, our paper lost money every year, and through the late 1950's, it was narrowly profitable. Howard Simons [NF '59], now the managing editor of the *Post*, reminded me the other day that he joined the paper in 1961 as the ninth national reporter. That was all the people we had covering the federal government and the rest of the United States. The paper had a business staff of one and one foreign

correspondent, who was shared with a radio station.

We had the best of intentions and no resources. The staff joke before 1954 was that the *Post* would cover any international conference as long as it took place in Washington's first taxi zone.

Clearly, profitability has given us the resources to do our job for the reader much better. But just as clearly, the pursuit of profitability can set the same well-known traps for newspapers as it has for other large public companies, unless we pay attention. The business press has explored at great length the pitfalls that arise from too narrow or exclusive a focus on the short term, on quarterly earnings results, on the numbers for their own sake. Profitability could be a cheerless goal if it isn't achieved in the service of building something. Who has a better opportunity to build something than a company in our business?

Finally, there's marketing. Only diligent readers of newspaper industry magazines can appreciate the vogue that marketing and marketing thinking have had in the last few years. And there's good reason for that. Again, newspapers must practice good marketing. They must have ways of listening to their readers, and of reacting and adapting.

The lovely, graceful way that *The New York Times* evolved from a newspaper with two sections, one devoted to national and international news and one to metropolitan news and spun off a variety of daily service sections, a food section, a weekend section, a science section, and so on, is probably the best example of successful marketing in our business lately. But, of course, they had *The New York Times* to begin with.

Around the country, one sees some newspapers copying and adapting those service sections without trying to emulate the news report, sort of like an all-bread sandwich.

Newspapers do have to incorporate what successful marketers do, putting the values and techniques of marketing to work in the larger interests of the paper as a whole and not letting the techniques dominate; and any good marketer will be the first to tell you that.

What a lucky business we are. Newspapers are a business for dreamers, because you absolutely cannot get all of the stories right on any day. They are a business you can love because they can make a difference. Even the irritation produced in newspaper people by lousy newspaper work has its tonic side. The sight of a sloppy story jangles the nerves and speeds up the blood better than two hours of aerobic exercise.

One of the ultimate questions in any organization is, what yardstick do you measure yourself by? We ought to be familiar with the yardsticks of the manager, of the marketer, and of the public corporation, but the ultimate test comes when the reader opens the door in the morning, looks at the paper and says: "Is there a good story here?" Lucky us. Who else can fail their ultimate test, as we often do, and get another chance to try again tomorrow morning? □

# Conflicts of Interest: A Matter of Journalistic Ethics

Charles W. Bailey

Should different kinds of journalists keep different distances?

A journalist who suggests, even tentatively, how colleagues in the craft should behave is a little like a Japanese *kamikaze* pilot in World War II: He may get a fine send-off, he may reach the target area, he may even score a direct hit — but his chances of being welcomed home are distinctly limited.

The suggestions that follow apply to all journalists — reporters, editors, producers, photographers, commentators, columnists and editorial writers, news executives of all kinds. The suggestions are for the most part rooted in two sources: Existing formal rules that the more thoughtful news organizations have already put into effect, and the unwritten rules that most decent journalists have always observed. Beyond that the author has added some suggestions, most of

them falling under the general rubric, “When in doubt, don’t.”

## Overall provisions:

1. Any set of ethical prescriptions should begin by recognizing that in the end the conscience of the individual journalist is the most important factor; no set of rules can foresee every situation.

2. In almost all situations, there should be a procedure for appeal of a rule’s application to a top news executive who would have discretion to grant exceptions. It should be made clear that such dispensations will be rare. There should be provisions for notice to other employees — and perhaps to the public too — when exceptions are allowed.

## Outside employment:

1. No employment in *direct* competition with the employee’s news organization.

2. No employment that involves *in-direct* competition (viz., free-lancing for a local monthly magazine), without

prior notice to, and approval by, the employee’s supervisor. The rule should state that such approval will not be unreasonably withheld.

3. The employer should be notified of *any* outside job held by an employee.

4. No government work at any level, salaried or as a consultant paid or unpaid, appointive or elected.

5. No public relations or publicity work, paid or volunteer.



## Financial conflict of interest:

Journalists are subject to the same business conflict-of-interest rules as any other employee: They may not take payments from suppliers (or news sources), they may not work for advertising agencies or other firms that do business with their employer, they may not work for competing news organizations, and so on.

## Credibility:

1. Journalists should avoid taking leadership roles, or even public positions, in controversial public issues — especially

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*Last year, as a senior fellow at the Roosevelt Center for American Policy Studies, he was commissioned by the National News Council to do a study on journalistic ethics. Excerpts from that report appear above.*



issues on which the journalist's publication will be reporting or commenting.

2. Journalists should not report, write, edit or otherwise deal with news involving any group, organization, business or person with which the employee — or a member of the employee's immediate family — is involved. The journalist must advise supervisors of such situations in advance whenever possible.



3. Journalists should avoid any outside activity, whether paid or volunteer, that creates an actual, apparent or potential conflict of interest. If in doubt, the journalist should consult his or her supervisor. In particular, speaking engagements and seminar appearances should be checked in advance.

4. No gifts will be accepted from anyone with whom the journalist or news organization has, or could have, a news or business relationship — news sources, advertisers, public relations firms, politicians, and so on. *This rule should apply to every employee of a news organization, not just to journalists.* Gifts should be returned with an explanation of the organization's policy. Exception may be made for gifts of insignificant value, such as ball-point pens or calendars, where return would be cumbersome. Liquor, beer, or wine will not be accepted.

5. The news organization pays its way. It accepts *no* free passes that could otherwise be sold to the general public. In the case of facilities that would not otherwise be sold to the public — stadium press box seats, pressrooms in public buildings, space on military aircraft in a war or disaster situation, etc. — the news organization should make some payment for use of the facilities.

6. Individual journalists will accept no free or cut-price tickets for movies, theaters, concerts, amusement parks, sporting events, circuses, and the like. The same rule that applies to their news

organizations should apply to employees: If it could be sold to the public, you don't take it free — or at a bargain rate.

7. Journalists will accept no free or cut-rate services of any kind from organizations or people they cover or make news decisions about. That means among other things, no discounts on clothes for the fashion editor; no free meals for restaurant and night-life reviewers; no gifts of fishing tackle or other gear to the outdoor writer; no cut-rate fares or special hotel rates for travel writers; no free "loans" of cars to the automotive editor; no free or cut-rate country-club memberships or greens fees for sports writers; no free lift tickets for the ski writer; no free samples or other gifts for the food editor. The controlling general rule: If the gift is, or may be, offered even partly because the recipient works for a news organization, it must not be accepted.

8. Books and records received for review purposes become the property of the news organization. No staff member may sell any such book or record. Books and records actually reviewed may be kept by the reviewer. Others will be returned to the publisher or given to the local public library.

9. All of these suggested rules require another one: The news organization must help employees handle the logistical and other problems created by the rules. For example, if review books and records — and gifts of various kinds — are to



be returned, that should be handled by the editor's or managing editor's office. If theater tickets are to be purchased for reviewers, money must be budgeted to do it. If payment for press-box seats is to be made, the editor should handle the negotiations. If policies on outside employment or other activity are to be enforced, the editor must keep records and maintain consistency.

## Politics:

No journalist should have any personal involvement in politics or political activity beyond registering and voting. Journalists should not run for office, give advice to candidates, publicly endorse candidates or partisan political causes, display bumper stickers or lawn signs, wear buttons, take part in party cau-



cuses. They should not make political campaign contributions. Of course this would not bar editorial writers, columnists and commentators from expressing opinions on political issues as part of their work. Writers for avowedly partisan publications such as *National Review* would not be expected to avoid political activity. But, when such writers appear in general news publications or on broadcasts, their partisan affiliations should be clearly disclosed.

## Community affairs:

The general principles here are the same as those covering politics, but the barrier to involvement need be neither so high nor so absolute.

1. Journalists should not accept leadership positions or other high-visibility roles in civic and other community activities.

2. Journalists will *not* handle public relations or publicity for such activities.

3. Journalists will avoid identification with, or outspoken advocacy of, controversial community issues. Again, this should not bar columnists, editorial writers, and commentators from expressing opinions as required in the course of their work.

None of this need rule out rank-and-file membership in a church or PTA, the League of Women Voters, a neighborhood association, Kiwanis or Rotary — but news people should not serve as offi-

cers or members of publicity committees. As is the case with most of these rules, good judgment is the key.

### Free-lance work and articles:

1. In general, free-lance work by reporters, editors, artists and photographers is permitted if:

- a) It does not constitute competition with the employee's regular employer.
- b) It does not constitute a conflict of interest with the employee's regular job.
- c) It does not make use of material gathered while working for the employer, and not previously offered to the employer.
- d) The employee has notified his employer before he begins the free-lance assignment.

2. A journalist doing free-lance work should observe the same ethical standards set by his or her full-time employer.

3. In purchasing free-lance work, news organizations must make every effort to assure that the free-lance writer or photographer is not in violation of the purchasing organization's conflict standards. If such violation is unavoidable, it should be clearly noted as part of publication or broadcast of the work.

### Families:

It would make life simpler if the journalist's relatives followed the same rules he or she lives by. But it usually doesn't happen that way, and a news organiza-



tion cannot force them to do so. It can, however, do a couple of other things:

a) It can apply the same *business* conflict-of-interest rules to relatives of employees as it does to employees. That is, it won't buy office supplies from the

city editor's uncle, and the city editor must let his employers know about the connection.

b) It can, in the interest of *credibility*, make clear to all employees that their families' involvement in politics or other public issues may bring about a change in assignment for the journalist. That is, if a political reporter marries the majority leader of the state senate, the reporter should expect to be transferred to a different assignment.

### Private lives:

Journalists do have private lives, just as politicians and television actors have private lives. But like those others, journalists, because of their work and their potential influence in society, can claim *less* privacy than most people when they are off the job.

This is hardly a subject for simple, hard-and-fast rules or prohibitions. But every code of ethics in a news organization ought to include some reminder like that of the *Wilmington News-Journal*: "Employees of the news and editorial departments operate in the public domain, both on and off the job."

### Celebrities and other new species:

Finally, we come to a set of problems that most news organizations have not even begun to deal with: The celebrity journalist; the multimedia entrepreneur; the "turnstile" operator who shuttles between journalism and government; the television entertainer who plays journalist, and the television journalist who cannot avoid being perceived as an entertainer.

Some of these people practice journalism by the same rules as their less celebrated colleagues. But others find the traditional rules onerous, and for the most part their employers — who hire them for their celebrity value at least as much as for their journalistic competence — don't try to make them play by the rules.

This matters, in the end, because what these high-profile figures do and say out-

side their journalistic work affects the public's view of all journalists. Indeed, one suspects that many people regard these super-stars, rather than the thousands of unpublicized journeymen, as typical. So some attempt should be made to keep the privileged few from giving the rest of the news business a bad name.

Ideally, the celebrities themselves would take care to disclose, whenever it was warranted by the subject matter of their columns or broadcasts, their own past associations and potential conflicts of interest. They ought to be urged to do this by all the other journalists whose credibility is at the mercy of the famous few.

If they won't do it voluntarily, those who buy their services should do it for them. Editors should insist, for example, that syndication services which market columnists provide full, clear and timely information about potential conflicts; and editors should publish that information when they publish articles to which it is relevant.

If, for example, they print a column by a politician-turned-pundit, they could append a short disclaimer: "William Safire was a speechwriter for President Nixon". . . "Jody Powell was a press secretary to President Carter" . . . "George Will was legislative assistant to a Republican senator before becoming a columnist." The networks could do this, too; it wouldn't take more than a few seconds each time.

It can be argued that this is a clumsy device, or that it is impractical and/or demeaning to publish or broadcast such a disclaimer *every time* a regular columnist or broadcaster is in print or on the air. Perhaps periodic announcement is enough; the overriding point is that disclosure is essential and that it must be straightforward and clearly visible.

And if news organizations have rules, they must apply them to celebrities as well as journeymen. NBC News has a tough rule against news people engaging in public controversies — but when Tom Brokaw broke it, the only reaction from the network was to quote him as saying he'd made a mistake.

A similar device could be used for turnstile journalists: "Leslie Gelb is a re-



porter who also served in the Defense and State Departments". . "Carl Rowan began his career as a reporter, then served in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations before becoming a columnist". . and so on.

These formulations would take up little space — and very little air time — but they would give notice that the writer or speaker was something more than a lifelong journalist.

The point is not hard to grasp: One may accept all the rhetoric about how journalism is changing, and agree that these new practitioners may not be subject to the accepted constraints — but at the same time the obligation not to deceive the public is greater than ever. If these new people are not to be required to play by the rules, then we need to find some other way to keep them, and all other journalists, honest.

Disclosure — relentless, repetitive, even boring — is probably the best answer. At least it will have to do until news people put their minds to devising something better.

## Summary:

The American press is changing more and changing more rapidly than most people either inside or outside the press understand.

Some changes are substantive, some technological. They have made many traditional rules for the practice of journalism obsolescent, if not totally obsolete. Standards that have been taken for granted by both news people and the public are being ignored.

Old distinctions — between news and editorials, between fact and opinion — are now often so blurred as to have become meaningless. This process has affected not only the *content* but the *conduct* of journalism. If some newly come to the craft can ignore accepted rules, why should those who have been around longer continue to obey them?

The public perception of the press is changing, and not for the better. Journalists are perceived as richer, more elitist, more arrogant, more sensation-seeking, less respectful of privacy, less in tune

with their readers or viewers. The press is less loved and more feared. Much more important, it is less respected — and less believed — by many.

These perceptions may not be entirely accurate. Some of them are clearly dead wrong, at least as applied to the great majority of journalists. But that's not the point. The perceptions exist, and if allowed to stand they could lead to public demands and government actions terribly damaging to the press — and thus to this free society.



If the press really believes its own protestations of self-importance, it should try to change those increasingly hostile public perceptions.

One way to do that is to give more thought to what news to cover and how to cover it — how, for example, to overcome continuing sins of omission, and how to exercise responsible editorial judgments in an age of instant communication and live-from-anywhere broadcast.

But there are other, more mundane problems, and those are what this study is about. Those problems, and the public perceptions they have engendered, are as important as any facing the press in the short run.

What is needed to deal with these problems of extracurricular ethical behavior?

First, heightened awareness by individual journalists at all levels — reporters, deskmen, columnists, television correspondents, editors, producers, and the publishers and managers who employ them — that the problems are there, are serious, and must be addressed.

Second, clear and workable rules of conduct — established by individual news organizations, understood by journalists, and available to the public — to set standards for journalists' off-duty

activities.

Third, alert editors who will regard the maintenance of these standards as one of their top continuing responsibilities, and who will regularly remind both those who work for them and those for whom they work of that responsibility.

Fourth, conscientious publishers and proprietors who will support strong standards — and will also try to follow them in their own activities, understanding that credibility depends at least as much on the conduct of the man at the top as on anyone else.

Finally, a continuing effort by all news organizations to open themselves to public scrutiny. That means not only publishing a newspaper's ethical standards for all to see: It also means making sure there are ways for the public to make complaints and get them listened to; correcting errors promptly and ungrudgingly, and helping people understand how journalists work and why they do what they do.

Much of the considerable public distrust of the press arises either from the attitudes of the press itself or from sheer ignorance and simple misunderstanding by the public. Journalists can do a lot about those problems, and can do it mostly with their own favorite prescription for other societal problems: full disclosure.

One newspaper, the *Tribune* in Lewiston, Idaho, did exactly that. It published a story in 1978 listing the civic, political, business and other connections of all its news staff members — including the publisher, Albert L. Alford, Jr.

Alford's explanation referred only to his newspaper, but it could stand as a guidepost to any news organization:

"There is no daily newspaper that doesn't have conflicts. You have to eliminate the ones you can't live with and be open to the readers about the rest." □

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# South Korea and a Sentimental Journey

William Block

The country of 40 years ago no longer exists.

On my trip to South Korea last winter I was determined to revisit the two small communities where I served in military government right after World War II, almost 40 years ago. The 52nd military government company of which I was a member was headquartered in Wonju in Kangwon province, about 60 miles southeast of Seoul.

In those days, the journey between Wonju and Seoul was an exciting and somewhat debilitating adventure. It was an all-day trek over a dirt road that made riding on Pittsburgh's potholes seem like floating on an air cushion. But the greatest obstacle to progress came at the Han River crossing. There you had to put the jeep on a wooden raft and be poled across. At the approaches to Seoul the road improved, but there was also increased traffic. It was clogged with horse-drawn "honey" carts trudging back into the big city after leaving their load of human manure in the countryside. As long as I live I will never forget the fetid aroma of those final miles.

Kim Sang Man, chairman of *Dong-A Ilbo*, one of the big national newspapers, loaned me a comfortable car with a driver for my trip into the past. (Mr. Kim was in London for the opening of an exhibit of ancient Korean artifacts at the British Museum.) We started at 8:30 in the morning from Seoul and were soon on the four-lane divided highway which has been built to connect the capital with Pusan, the big port city in the South, a distance of more than 300 miles.

Seoul at the time of the Korean War was a city of approximately one million. Today it is one of the largest cities in the world, estimated population more than 9 million. North of the Han River lies the old city and its rebuilt central business district. South of the river is a huge new residential city, line after line of identical rectangular apartment blocks distinguished only by a number on the windowless end of each building.

After 45 minutes on the expressway we reached the turnoff

for Wonju and proceeded eastward on an excellent two-lane road. The trip, which in 1945 had taken all day, now took exactly an hour and a half.

I don't know what I expected to see of the old landmarks in Wonju. Would it be the school building we lived in for a while, or the old Japanese-style hotel we moved into, or the deserted silk mill that our commander seized to improve the living arrangements? Or would it be the brick houses at the top of a hill which had been used by Methodist missionaries before 1945 and which were being occupied by members of the 48th Field Artillery of the 7th Division?

I realized, of course, that Wonju had borne the brunt of a lot of combat during the Korean War. It was the place where elements of the 24th Division first met the North Koreans in an attempt to slow the invasion. It was also one of the key places in 1951 where the United Nations troops stopped the Chinese and North Koreans on the second offensive into the South.

Today, Wonju is a new and much larger city and I was hopelessly lost. All those old landmarks were gone, or, if they were not gone, I couldn't find them. It was as if I had never been there before. From a town of perhaps 30,000 back then, it is now a city of 200,000, the headquarters of the South Korean First Field Army and the site of Camp Long, an American base. At least the railroad station is in the same spot, but it's a spanking new building. And there are no more old chugging steam locomotives like the one that pulled us into Wonju that gloomy October night of 1945. The line is fully electrified, a testimony, like the highway system, to the rapid development of South Korea's infrastructure.

We set out from Wonju to go farther east about 35 miles to Yongwol, the town I served in during the winter of 1946, near the village of Macha-ri, where there is a very important coal mine. We were told it was the only major working mine supplying Seoul. There had been considerable trouble at the mine and our job was to keep the peace so that the coal would be produced.

Yongwol is a picturesque town lying in a narrow valley surrounded by steep hills covered with pine forest. For centuries, it must have been one of the least accessible places in Korea. And therein lies a tale. Back during the Yi Dynasty, which came to power in Korea in 1392, 100 years before Columbus discovered America, the sixth king of that dynasty, named Danjong, was overthrown in a palace coup. His captors exiled him to Yongwol, to a peninsula surrounded on three sides by a river and on the fourth by a rocky promontory. As I understand this tragic bit of lore, the king was considered too much of a threat even in so remote a place and so was forced by his jailers to drink poison. His body was stolen by loyal retainers and buried in a secret place. Some years later, in recognition of the public sympathy toward this young king, his body was reinterred on a high hill facing south. Around the burial mound are a stone lantern and stone carvings of a Buddhist priest and of a number of farm animals, all standing as silent sentinels and reminders of what must have been a gentle and contemplative man.

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Yongwol has carefully preserved every place and building that had any connection with King Danjong. The site of his exile, the pavilion where he wrote a poem lamenting his isolation, the house where he died, a shrine to his loyal retainers, as well as the burial area. Each year there is a festival to his memory on the grounds below the tomb.

Yongwol today is a little larger than it was when I lived there, but still a small community of about 10,000. It is, however, much more prosperous. There are now, I was told, not just one coal mine in operation, but 16. The tungsten mine which I had visited in 1946 is operating at a high rate. Nearby there is a large cement plant and a power plant. No longer are there any houses with walls of clay and thatched roofs. In fact, on this whole odyssey, I saw not a single thatched roof. Almost all were of tile, a few of corrugated tin.

One structure that looked vaguely familiar to me was the county office. When we went in the building and met Deputy Commissioner Choi Byong Mun, he confirmed that the center part of the building had been there when I was representing military government; since then, a wing had been added on each end. He listened patiently while the interpreter explained my mission to Yongwol and when he was finished the deputy commissioner went to a cabinet, took out a color brochure and handed it to me as a souvenir of my visit. It was a hand-

## Eager for Acceptance

Today South Korea is busy shedding its old reputation as the Hermit Kingdom. Like Japan, it wants acceptance, peace, and trade. Next year it will host a meeting of the International Parliamentary Union, a prestigious organization. In May the pope visited the country's one and a half million Catholics. In 1986 South Korea will host the Asian games, and in 1988 the summer Olympics. China, which has no diplomatic relations with South Korea, has already indicated it will participate in both.

A brief item in the *Korea Herald*, an English-language newspaper in Seoul, indicates how eager South Korea is for acceptance. It said that Korea would play China in the second tennis eastern zone preliminaries of Davis Cup competition to be held in Kunming March 2-4. Chinese-made tennis balls would be used. A Japanese referee and two Chinese judges would officiate. How accommodating can you get?

—W.B.



Sign in Wonju welcoming American troops for a joint exercise called "Team Spirit '84." Wonju is the headquarters of the South Korean First Field Army and the site of Camp Long, an American base.

WILLIAM BLOCK

## Press and Politics

**I**n spite of rapid economic progress, South Korea still has not developed a stable political system with the capability of orderly transfer of power. The present strong man, Chun Doo-Hwan, seized power in late 1979 and declared martial law in May 1980. Student riots demanding a timetable for the democratization of the country broke out in the south of the country and were brutally subdued, government troops killing more than 100, injuring many more and arresting hundreds. At the same time, some 600 journalists were dismissed from their periodicals at government orders and the two news services were merged into the Yonhap (United) News Agency, with a government functionary in charge.

Ironically, though the government controls television and radio with a tight hand, the U.S. armed forces have a satellite TV network which can be received by anybody having a set, and it is my information that about 80 percent of the population has television. I watched the *Today* show, *Benson* and the Winter Olympics in my hotel room.

—W.B.

some booklet on heavy coated paper with color pictures of all of Yongwol's assets and especially those features of the town connected with King Danjong. The cover read "Sightseeing Yongwol." It fascinated me that a town that I had considered so remote, primitive, and inaccessible was now in the tourist business.

**B**ack in 1946 I kept a daily log of events. This was part of the entry for January 3, 1946:

"The banquet at Mr. Chang's house this evening was the finest affair we have attended in Korea. His house is lavishly furnished with overstuffed furniture and hand-painted screens. The food was excellent. Napkins were supplied for the first time we can remember in Korea. At the end of the meal, mouth rinses were served to each person and an individual china spittoon in which to expectorate. The host displayed his talents by playing a native musical instrument, the 'tanso,' a long bamboo tube with holes like a flute. It had a high-pitched mournful sound.

"In the course of the evening it was learned that Mr. Chang owns a number of gold and silver mines north of the 38th line. He also is a large land owner in Yongwol County. His nephew is an American citizen and served in the U.S. Army. He has recently been discharged and expects to come to Korea to visit his uncle.

"Mr. Chang also has a fine house in Seoul, and owns a Buick car, but he has no gasoline for it.

"Toward the end of the evening the host opened an imposing safe and brought out a beautifully bound volume which looked to be a picture album but turned out to be a handsome bit of Japanese pornography. The album was passed from group to group, and the wine girls turned the pages for us with embarrassed giggles.

"It was time to go home."

**O**n my recent trip back, I mentioned the visit to the home of Chang Chun Yong, then Yongwol's most prominent citizen. I was told that he had long since died, but that the house was still in the family. The Deputy Commissioner led us up a narrow street in back of the County Building until we reached the Chang compound. Unfortunately, no one was home, so I had to be satisfied with the view of the high wall and the unglazed grey tiles of the gracefully curved roof.

We stopped one more time to pay our respects at Emperor Danjong's tomb, and went on our way. My sentimental journey had come to an end. □



New houses with colorful tile roofs on the road between Wonju and Yongwol.

WILLIAM BLOCK



Old Korean houses with thatched roofs are so rare now that the Korean government has built a folk village south of Seoul to preserve some of the old ways.

WILLIAM BLOCK



# Anniversary at Twenty

The special section that follows is the culmination of an idea shared by two Nieman Fellows in the Class of 1984. Last spring they proposed a kind of legacy to the incoming class: those of their fellow Fellows who wished to contribute to the endeavor would write a brief essay describing how events in the 1960's had shaped their journalistic careers.

Despite the range of ages, nationalities, and experiences among the eighteen members of the Class of '84, the two Fellows had sensed a common bond in how the years of protest and demonstration had affected them and their colleagues, and influenced them as journalists, whether they were working or studying during that tumultuous decade. Their professional attitudes and motivation, they added, are a direct result of the specialness of having lived their formative years in such an environment of upheaval.

The two Fellows' initial generalization became more focused as the year progressed and class friendships deepened. Meanwhile, several Niemans had chosen to take the course "America Since 1945" taught by Alan Brinkley, Dunwalke Associate Professor of American History; they became especially absorbed in classroom discussions of the 60's. Then, toward the year's end, when some Fellows viewed the Peter Davis film, *Hearts and*

*Minds*, the two Niemans felt compelled to translate their deep interest into action; they put forward their proposal for a collaborative effort.

As a result, seven Nieman Fellows submitted their reflections on the 60's and attempted to define and evaluate what those years meant to their practice of the journalistic craft. They were writing, of course, from the perspective of a sabbatical year at Harvard, for the moment having left behind the daily deadline in newsrooms scattered about the United States and abroad — from the West (Montana, Wisconsin) to the South (Florida, Texas); from the Eastern Seaboard and Middle Atlantic states (New York, Michigan) to the Middle East (Israel).

A nice continuum to the legacy is provided by a member of the incoming class. Pamela Spaulding, Nieman Fellow '85 and photographer with *The Louisville Courier-Journal* and *Times* (Kentucky), has augmented this special section with photographs she took during the 1960's while a student at Ohio State University.

A twentieth anniversary affords a good vantage point; memories are still fresh; and the impetus from that wrenching and energetic decade is still alive and viable, at least in journalistic hearts and minds.

—T.B.K.L.



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# Challenge and the Social Conscience

Nina Bernstein

*Nina Bernstein is a reporter with The Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Journal. She holds a B.A. from Radcliffe/Harvard University.*

**"I**t's called the Harvard Yard Child Care Center," my Radcliffe classmate, now an assistant professor, told me. "It's in the old ROTC building. Remember?"

I remembered, and fresh from the news that I would be returning to Harvard as a Nieman Fellow thirteen years after graduation, I exulted at what seemed a triumphant metaphor for change, quarters for the Reserve Officers Training Corps supplanted by a day care center. The 1969 chant, "Abolish Rotcy, No Expansion," ringing in my ears, I imagined feminists pressing the gains of student radicals, of working parents winning with strollers what they had once marched for with placards. The garden of intellectual delights as Peaceable Kingdom, flourishing in quiet contradiction to the harsh climate of the Reagan years. Surely this was a symbol of Harvard's transformation, I thought, and surely I was entitled to my small surge of generational pride.

None of this was either symbol or metaphor, of course: It was a mirage. The reality at the end of the red brick sidewalk was a Harvard ubiquitously capable of ignoring or engulfing changes grown in the 1960's, and a student body more concerned with fitting into Reagan's America than with changing it.

But a mirage is more than a delusion; it tells a kind of truth about the desert, about thirst and heat and longing. Back at Harvard in 1983-84, with the arid landscape of the presidential campaign unreeling toward November over the

detritus of the 60's, I felt the need to reclaim my past from the trashed and distorted versions on display, and to gauge its meaning for me as a journalist.

According to much of today's discourse, we children of the 60's were a horde of anti-intellectual barbarians breaching the walls of Western civilization, leaving behind a trail of permissiveness, social fragmentation and failure. Now, sneer the pundits, we are all Yuppies, Big Chilled into an upscale market for Atari Democrats. In neither description do I recognize myself or my peers.

The voice of challenge and social conscience still resounded in the tenth reunion notes of my Harvard classmates, just as it did this year among my fellow Nieman, many of them veterans of their own campus demonstrations and anti-war marches. As a Nieman class, we embodied legacies of the 60's: ten women, two blacks and a Native American were among the eighteen of us. The fragmentation decied these days brought our inclusion; the lost unity was an all-white men's club.

In the Harvard *Crimson's* 1984 Commencement issue, Memorial Church minister Peter J. Gomes calls 60's kids "a bunch of smart-asses who thought they had all the answers." Re-reading my letters home from the Harvard of the late 60's, I found instead the anguish of a 19-year-old discovering that even the right questions come hard and at a price; talking with my fellow Nieman, I found a shared commitment to try to keep asking those questions anyway.

In the same *Crimson* piece, Gomes describes current undergraduates as "sadder and infinitely wiser" than we were, because they know their limits. And truly, we who came to Harvard in the

60's had a sense of infinite possibility. Reared during the American celebration, when prosperity was the postulate and social justice the expected corollary, we felt free to take intellectual risks, to revel in ideas, not because they didn't matter, but because they did.

Ideas mattered, and so did Harvard. It mattered if the University invested in Dow Chemical, which made napalm; it mattered if it did not value black Americans enough to teach about their heritage; it mattered if ROTC was on campus. As the fissures in the false liberal consensus of our childhood cracked wide, Harvard's claim to neutrality was revealed to be false. The University was complicit in the war and in social injustice, and that was not just disappointing; it was a betrayal of the *true* Harvard, the one we no doubt arrogantly felt to be our own.

For most of us, not the radical few but the moderate many, the sense of betrayal came late. It burst almost full-blown from the autocratic brutality of the Harvard Bust, overwhelming our initial disapproval of the University Hall occupation. We surged ten thousand strong into Harvard Stadium, laying claim to our Harvard by voting to shut down theirs.

Somehow, I think, the empowerment of that moment and others like it across America survived in many of the participants, despite all the doubt and discouragement of the aftermath. Perhaps the *status quo* forever lost for us its air of inevitability; perhaps officialdom never again looked so immutable. Above all, we were confirmed in the disquieting conviction that we really mattered, or must strive to matter; that our actions and our words counted, and our silences would, too.

At the time, I remember almost wishing I could have the tunnel vision of the most doctrinaire. "It's easy for SDS," I wrote my parents after the strike had ended, "they have their rhetoric and their dogma in which to blacken and whiten every dilemma. But most of us have despaired of finding easy answers, and we're ashamed of our quickly re-found reluctance to recognize the questions."



The Strike, Harvard University, 1969

Courtesy of the Harvard University Archives

I saw that privilege demanded our protest, but tainted it, too. "You're the protest set instead of the jet set," was the scornful comment of a black high school senior living in a Harvard-owned slum. I quoted him in my letter home: "It's a melting society — it melts everybody's ass alike. But if the pressure gets too hot you can turn back and say, 'Mumsy, Daddy, get me out of here.'"

For awhile, in the emotional trough after the strike, I felt depressed and futile, not empowered. "What good does it do for us to get all upset about ROTC?" I wrote. "Is it really going to have an effect on the war? Besides, most of us are looking out for number one — an interval

of idealistic outrage is all right, but we're going to close our eyes to so many horrors and injustices during the course of our lives."

In retrospect, I think that I was groping for a way *not* to close my eyes, a way to use both the anger and the ambivalence that come with seeing. A way to bear witness.

Can journalism be the way? Not, surely, a journalism that shrouds itself in "objectivity," pursuing something called "balance" at the cost of truth. Not a journalism that complacently accepts its use as the mouthpiece of the powerful. But among my Nieman colleagues this year, the talk was of another kind of journalism — a journalism of intelligent

compassion, not false detachment. We talked of how to give voice to those excluded from the standard definitions of "the news." How to meet routine official lies with recurrent challenge, not just "he said" and the silence that confers a ring of truth. How to write as though it really mattered. How to write, in fact, so that it does.

To the trenchcoat-and-Fedora school of news reporting, that may all sound suspect and dangerously subjective. "Caring is for the bar after work," a prominent older journalist told me and a fellow Nieman last fall. Sorry about that; for this 60's kid, caring can't be kept at the bottom of a glass. □

# Taking Risks

Derrick Jackson

*Derrick Jackson is a sports reporter with Newsday, Long Island, New York. He holds a B.A. from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee.*

Winter whistled through my heart early in the fall of 1967. On impulse, I purchased a copy of the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and became so engrossed in it that I chose to present the work in a verbal book report to my classmates in my seventh grade English class at John Muir Junior High School in Milwaukee. Though I was only 12 years old, the book uplifted me to a height that can only be compared to the closing paragraphs of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. In the end of *Invisible Man*, the principal character decides not to remain underground in a hold of despair to avoid suffering the indignities of being black. The character re-emerges onto the street.

I knew that the book report would incur risks. Only three months before, Milwaukee had had a riot in the black community. White fear was strong. I was the only black in my class. Thus, in giving the report on Malcolm X, I placed significant emphasis on the fact that toward the end of his life, Malcolm — for so long the chief spokesman for the Nation of Islam — sought dialogue with the world community.

My attempt at emphasis failed. At the conclusion of the book report, literally one-third to half the class began a virtual silence toward me that lasted for up to two months. The reaction of most of the rest of the class was "How could you read that. . .?"

Three years later, I was in the tenth grade at John Marshall High School in Milwaukee. I worked that year for the

school newspaper, the *Gavel*. The year was 1971. The civil rights movement had slowed and faded from the daily national spotlight, behind Vietnam. But we teenagers managed to shake up our predominately white schoolmates — I was one of six blacks in a graduating class of 986 — by wearing buttons crying out for Black Power, to free Angela Davis and to unite spiritually with Africa.

In the middle of all this, I wrote two stories for the *Gavel* which depicted the life of Malcolm X. To give my school credit, it was one which answered beautifully our annual Christmas call to donate money for toys for inner-city children. However, when it came to Malcolm, the reaction to the articles was negative. The vice principal called me into his office and asked me, "Why did you feel you had to pick Malcolm X instead of another black leader? You will have to tone your stories down."

Again, so much for communication. I don't recall feeling particularly hurt or

angry from either the junior high or high school experiences. I just felt *right*. I knew that in my heart, I had said or written something that had to be said, without which my classmates could not claim to have a complete grasp of the Afro-American experience. They had to hear it, whether they wanted to or not. I took comfort in the words of Malcolm: "You watch. I will be labeled at best, an 'irresponsible' black man. I have always felt about this accusation that the black 'leader' whom white men consider to be 'responsible' is invariably the black 'leader' who never gets any results."

Results. At a young age, I had discovered that the written word was the beginning of bringing about understanding and change, even if the first stages of that understanding generated discomfort. I was on my way to becoming a journalist. Once more, I refer to Malcolm: "Raw, naked truth exchanged between the black man and the white man is what a whole lot more of is needed in this country — to clear the air of the racial mirages, clichés, and lies that this country's very atmosphere has been filled with for four hundred years."

In 1984, 17 years after my junior high school incident and 14 years after my meeting with the vice principal, it is clear to me that the feelings that lured me into the profession are keeping me there. On one hand, there is always the desire to



The Bust, Harvard University, 1969

Courtesy of the Harvard University Archives





Occupation of University Hall, Harvard University

Courtesy of the Harvard University Archives

broaden, to touch new horizons and interests beyond one's native experience. But the ongoing ferment of that experience, one acquired by birthright, is my soul. It is clear that while people of color are still fighting to attain Ellison's ideal of visibility, white America is caught on a treadmill of attitudes that are too often barely removed from those of my John Muir classmates.

In sports, my present field, I find whites unreasonably naive about the true effects of the overwhelming numbers of blacks in basketball and at some positions in football and outfields in baseball, and in track and boxing. Few bother to think that behind every Julius Erving or Herschel Walker are thousands of black youths who failed to make the athletic grade, as well as the academic one. Later, they fail in life. Few pay attention to the lack of black coaches, general

managers or any meaningful positions of influence in management.

How different is that from, for instance, the political world? Through editorials and listening to conversations, I already am getting the drift that many whites (whether they like his policies or not) want to use the emergence of Jesse Jackson as a symbol of what a black man can do in this free America. We must remember that behind the power of Jesse Jackson is a black (and increasingly Hispanic) landscape that has twice the unemployment of white America, 45 percent teenage unemployment. One-parent families are a normal part of the terrain and the majority of households headed by women live in poverty. It cannot be a separate thought that at the same time, Hispanics are streaming into this country, seeking the American Dream. They are but derailed and now

feel that — by Congress — they are about to be run out of America on a rail.

A time bomb is ticking in communities of color. The question is, will white people continue to react to black voices with fear and denunciation, or will they move toward true understanding of why those voices are still so angry? This is one voice that will continue to help communicate our side. Said Malcolm: "...it makes me think about that little co-ed ...the one who flew from her New England College town down to New York...I told her there was nothing (about racism) she could do. I regret I told her that. I wish now that I knew her name, or where I could write her or telephone her and tell her what I tell white people now when they present themselves as being sincere...America's racism is among their own fellow whites." □

# Of Patterns and Birthdays

Jan Jarboe

*Jan Jarboe, a columnist with the San Antonio (Texas) Express-News, received her B.J. from the University of Texas, Austin.*

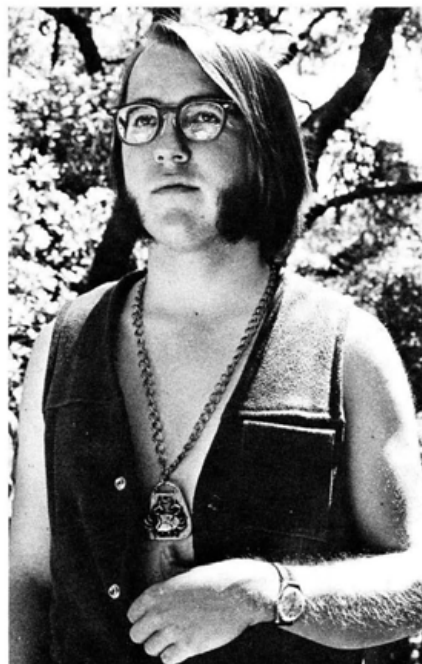
By the end of 1960, there were 700 American soldiers in Vietnam; Betty Friedan completed her interviews with suburban housewives for her landmark book, *The Feminine Mystique*; and four black students in Greensboro, South Carolina were refused service at a Woolworth lunch counter.

It was the year I turned 9.

Looking back, journalism seemed a nice safe career choice for a teenager who was as confused about the world as I was. I grew up in the bosom of the Baptist Church in the piney woods of East Texas, not exactly fertile ground for revolutionaries.

Yet, at 18, as a student at the University of Texas, I found myself protesting up a storm. Those of us who were raised on a steady diet of hot pepper sauce, God, country, and Lyndon B. Johnson were radicalized real quick when we woke up one morning and found L.B.J. had hustled the entire U.S. Senate (save two) into the Gulf of Tonkin resolution.

Johnson — big, powerful, vulgar, and familiar — complicated the issue for most of us. On one hand, we were opposed to Johnson's war policies and felt guilty and ashamed about Kennedy's murder in Dallas. Yet, we hated it when Johnson's Texan-ness became an object of ridicule by members of the left at large. I used to listen to the endless wisecracks about Johnson's accent, and wonder why so many liberals seem to want everybody in America to sound like we all grew up within a six-block radius of



Near the campus, Stanford University  
Nancy Day, Nieman Fellow '79

Park Avenue.

The 1960's and early 70's were more romantic on the streets than in the newsroom. On a hot, tear-gas-filled Saturday night in Austin, it was possible to get into the frenzy of the age when you were one of an army of students marching up and down Congress Avenue in protest of "Johnson's dirty little war."

Feelings of solidarity were harder to come by when it came to covering "the movement." As a student reporter for *The Daily Texan*, I used to think it real strange when Students for a Democratic Society banned the press from meetings. When it came to keeping secrets, SDS was almost as bad as the CIA.

Once, I remember going to great trouble to infiltrate a closed meeting between students and blue-collar workers.

The students pontificated for hours, until finally the workers trailed off, bored and exhausted, and I left with them for fear of being mistaken for a student.

Yes, college administrators gave us a hard time. At U.T., the board of regents tried to shut down the newspaper on general grounds of trouble-making, but somehow that seemed natural. Like pups, people in power yelp when they've been whipped.

The good news about being formed as a reporter in the triumphant, troubling late 60's and early 70's was that it was impossible to emerge from that period with much respect for experts. Experts lied nightly on the evening news. The way we saw it, experts got us into Vietnam and experts kept us there for a very long time.

We streamed into newsrooms all over the country, determined to tell stories that officials didn't want told. Green as grass, we showed up for work with strong points of view, and came head-to-head with editors who insisted on objectivity.

The bad news is that we who went from one intense "mind-blowing" mass event to another as students may put too much emphasis as reporters on highly publicized mass events. Political conventions have little to do with political substance and yet we go to these rituals in droves, hoping to feel the intensity of the old days.

In a way, we are like the reporters who were teenagers in the 1930's — that other decade of anonymous hordes and mass movements — and woke up one day having survived the legacy of two world wars and found themselves covering the 50's.

Who knows, the pattern of silence giving way to tumult may repeat itself.

In 1980, there were 800 members of Physicians for Social Responsibility. By 1984, the ranks of that group had swelled to 28,000. In 1984, the Reagan Administration proposed spending \$30,000 per guerrilla in El Salvador, and distributed 9,754 medals to American soldiers for fighting in Grenada.

It was the year I turned 33. □

# Legacy of the Sixties

Jane Daugherty

*Jane Daugherty is a reporter with The Miami Herald. She received her B.A. and her M.A. from the University of South Florida.*

Maybe this should be entitled "From Hippies to Yuppies." Among many practicing journalists who were of high school and college age during the tumultuous yet fascinating decade of the 1960's, it seems there now can be found a certain, shall we say, "joie d'Am-Ex" that few of us would have predicted as we zealously participated in or covered the civil rights and anti-war demonstrations that set that decade apart.

But I would argue despite the creeping affluence some of us ruminate upon as we sip our single-malt Scotch, that the time of social revolution left its mark on many of its children. We've all read those godawful attitude surveys telling us, probably correctly, that aspiring young reporters today are much more likely to talk "career tracks" than the social reform that punctuated so many of our early dreams.

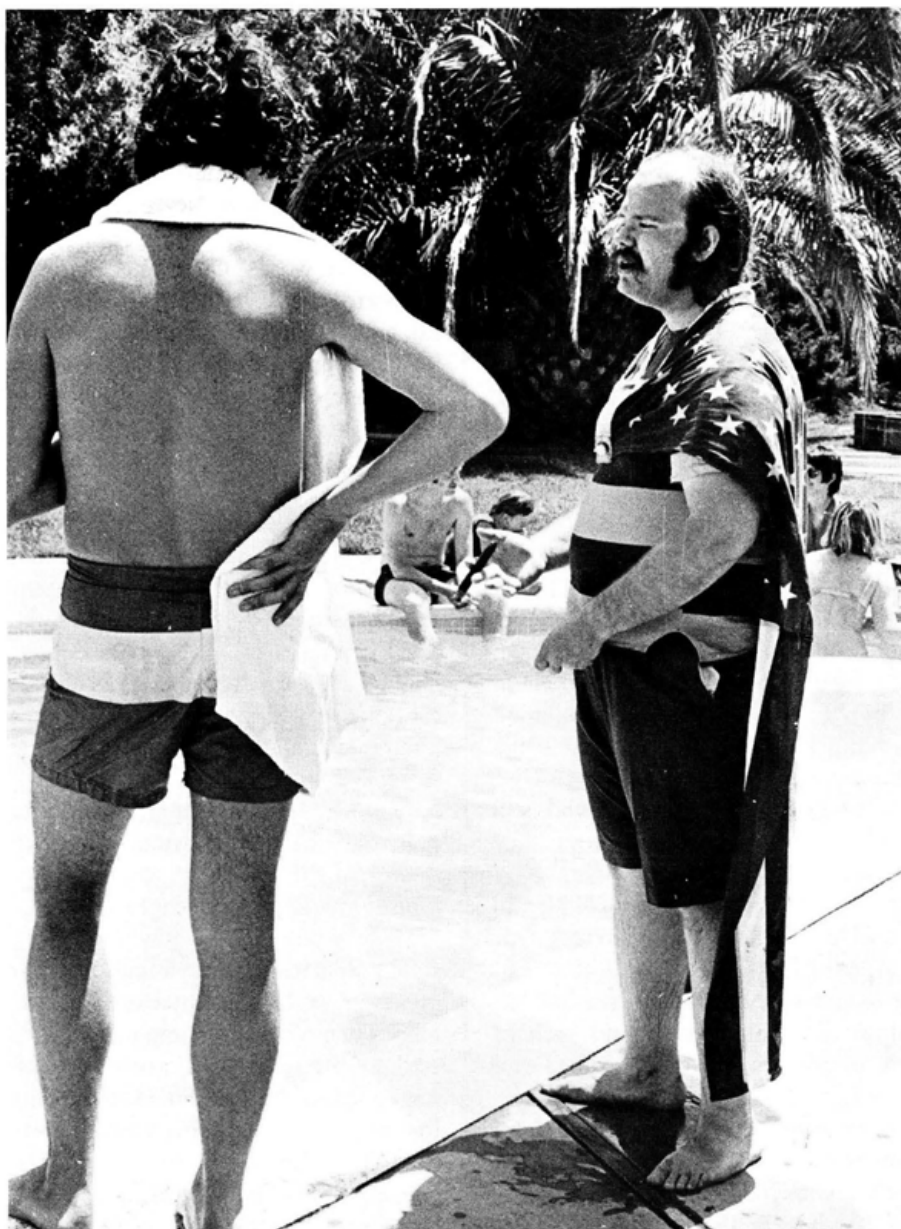
And if our Nieman Class of 1984 is any indication, after a dozen or more years have gone by since college graduation, a surprising percentage of the journalistic products of the 60's continues to be motivated by the notion that a society can be improved; it does owe dignity and decency to its poor; white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant males may not govern by default; and, perhaps most important, the media as an element of the power structure must provide attention and access to the "outsiders" of this society.

And in addition to the self-conscious role of conscience shaped by the 60's, didn't we popularize some of the greatest

music in our Republic's musically deprived history? What decade can top songs like "I Heard It Through the

Grapevine," "My Girl," "I Second That Emotion," and anything sung by Aretha Franklin?

Consider from whence we came. Our class, not untypically, had a goodly number of people from the center of Middle America, people whose families barely had a toehold in the middle class, but certainly knew where they wanted their children to land. For instance, I grew up in Florida in a beautiful little beach town on the West Coast, with a population of about 30,000 in 1961



Poolside in California, Stanford University

Nancy Day, Nieman Fellow '79



when my family moved there. It wasn't paradise, but Clearwater was handsome enough. Surrounded by water sufficiently aquamarine to pass for the Caribbean sea, like much of Florida, Clearwater had its other, ugly face. Black people were still discriminated against. I remember that black policemen in those days weren't allowed to wear white uniform shirts, only blue work shirts. The public schools weren't integrated until 1964. And there wasn't much in the way of social services, but in such a small town neighbors tended to look after the elderly on the block or families who had fallen on hard times. I didn't know we were "poor" until I filled out the "Parents Confidential Statement" to apply for scholarships and discovered we fit into the "church-mice" category. It sounds like the myth of small-town America, but that's the way it was, offering promise, not perfection.

The public schools were good. My tenth year high school reunion produced news of one medical doctor, a television star (Karen Austin, who's been on *Hill Street Blues*, *Hart to Hart* and some abortive series about a quest; her real name is Karen Brammer and I knew her when she had acne). The Largo High Class of 1968 also boasts a couple of lawyers, an optometrist, a surgical nurse, two CPAs, several successful entrepreneurs, a gospel singer, a policeman, an amazing number of people who claim to be happily married (hey, we're all pushing 35 now) and an even more amazing bunch of people (those who showed up at the reunion) who still weigh within ten pounds of what they did when they graduated.

Back then drugs hadn't shown up in school, even when I was a student. Oh, okay, in high school Larry Headlund allegedly made LSD in the physics lab, but I don't think he took it. And Richard Cox sometimes drank cough medicine for laughs on weekends when beer was hard to come by. About the worst thing I did as a teenager was to drink so much sloe gin with Judy Hammond on Dune-din Beach that the resultant retching turned the sand pink for what seemed



Pam Spaulding, Nieman Fellow '85

like miles. (Dr. Judith Hammond is now a professor of sociology at East Tennessee State University. Never again did I touch sloe gin.)

In other words, Clearwater, with all its shortcomings, was a physically beautiful, socially stable, relatively safe, nurturing kind of place to live. It was not unlike the image of American childhood that many of my Nieman colleagues revealed during the past year when we had time for such reflection.

One of the things we seem to struggle to hang onto, mild-mannered Big Chill-style hedonism aside, is the legacy of the 1960's perhaps best expressed in the finest writing of the 1930's. For example, Thomas Wolfe describes reporters as they arrive on the scene of a major apartment building fire: "... They were a motley crew, a little shabby and threadbare, with battered hats in which their press cards had been stuck, and some of them had the red noses which told of long hours spent in speakeasies.

"One would have known that they were newspapermen even without their press cards. The signs were unmistakable. There was something jaded in the eye, something a little worn and tarnished about the whole man, something that got into his face, his tone, the way he walked, the way he smoked a cigarette, even into the hang of his trousers, and especially into his battered hat, which revealed instantly that these were

gentlemen of the press.

"It was something wearily receptive, wearily cynical, something that said wearily, 'I know, I know. But what's the story? What's the racket?'

"And yet it was something that one liked, too, something corrupted but still good, something that had once blazed with hope and aspiration, something that said, 'Sure, I used to think that I had it in me, too, and I'd have given my life to write something good. Now I'm just a whore. I'd sell my best friend out to get a story.'"

I read that passage at the farewell luncheon for our Class of Nieman Fellows — struggling journalists, a startling percentage of whom still blaze with hope and aspiration, and who still, after ten or fifteen years in this rather numbing business of newspapering, think they can make a difference. It was a time when we were trying to steel ourselves for re-entry, back to work after our Nieman year, to reassure ourselves that we are not jaded, not interested only in career advancement and charging into Yuppiedom on our credit cards. The quote seemed appropriate.\*

It came, of course, from Wolfe's book, *You Can't Go Home Again*. I think the 1960's gave many of us enough zeal at least to try.

\*Printed by permission of Paul Gitlin, administrator CTA of the Estate of Thomas Wolfe.



# Child of the Sixties: The Ethics of Personal Objectivity

Bert Lindler

*Bert Lindler is a reporter with The Great Falls (Montana) Tribune and a graduate of William and Mary College; he has his M.A. from the University of Missouri.*

Spring was just arriving in the Blue Ridge Mountains as two college classmates and I completed a three-day backpacking trip along the Appalachian Trail. We hiked into a small town where we would be picked up by the mother of one of my friends. We were at peace, mentally refreshed by physical labor, and calmed by shirt-sleeve warmth that encouraged flowers to blossom and warblers to sing.

However, when the mother arrived, she told us that America's cities were in flames. The day before, Martin Luther King had been assassinated.

□

I'm someone who prefers the reality of the Blue Ridge to that of the nation's cities or its political system. Had it not been for the shocks of the 1960's, I might have spent all my time worrying about the natural order, instead of becoming involved with the social and political order.

But the turmoil of social unrest forced me to become politically aware. I couldn't become an activist. Fear of disobeying the law kept me in the cheering section instead of on the streets. But as I watched mass movements unfold, I gained hope that people could work together to achieve high goals. I also developed an intense skepticism of everything the government said and did.

Hope for collective action. Skepticism of government. These somewhat contra-

dictory attitudes remain with me even after the upheaval of the Sixties has been replaced by the stasis of the Eighties. Somehow I think I'm a lot better off for having hope in collective action as well as the skepticism of government that pervades our lives today.

A journalist's work, after all, is based on hope. The written word does nothing, can do nothing. People do it all. To write is to express hope that wrong exposed will not survive public indignation. To write is to express hope that right highlighted will thrive amid public support.

There's nothing neutral about hope.

To hope is to have favorites. It's considered bad form for journalists to have favorites, yet I wonder if journalists would work as hard as they do without them.

Certainly I have my own favorites. I'm for a clean environment, preservation of wild lands, and affirmative action to help oppressed peoples. I picked my favorites in the Sixties and I've stuck with them.

Would I be a better journalist without favorites? I think not. It's as hard for me to imagine a journalist without favorites as it is to imagine a sports reporter who doesn't care which teams win. Why would such a person care to learn the details of a contest or bother to report them?

Everyone has a list of favorites, even journalists who profess objectivity. The fundamental values of democracy are on the list of nearly all Western journalists. So is capitalism. Some journalists have a longer list of favorites than others, but every journalist has favorites.

I feel it is important for journalists to



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be honest about their list of favorites. Yet the purveyors of journalistic ethics portray personal objectivity as the standard to which journalists should strive. To me this means little more than, "Hide your list."

The ethics of personal objectivity lead to a proliferation of rules requiring journalists to accept nothing from anyone, do nothing for anyone, and be part of nothing. Hooray for "objective" journalists. They stand for nothing.

I feel journalists can be held to a high-

er standard, a standard based on their work, not on their list. The standard is fair, accurate, and complete reporting. I may be for a clean environment. I may join with others in projects to clean up the environment. But whether I am reporting on a project that dirties the environment or one that cleans it, my reporting must be fair, accurate, and complete.

Like other establishment journalists, I hide my list. I don't contribute to the organizations I support the most. I par-

ticipate in only the most innocuous of projects. How sad. There are many more like me, journalists who forego nearly all civic opportunities in order to hide their lists.

As a child of the Sixties, I am left with the hope that people can work together to achieve high goals. I don't see why journalists shouldn't be able to help in ways that might expose their list of favorites, so long as their reporting is fair, accurate, and complete. □



Pam Spaulding, Nieman Fellow '85

# Veritas

Nancy Webb

*Nancy Webb, formerly a reporter with The Detroit News, is a graduate of the University of Kentucky.*

I was afraid to write this. There may be editors in the audience. I remember the first time I spoke my political mind to an editor.

It was 1973. The editor sat beside me at a luncheon. The news of the day was that the Navy was putting one of its battleships under a woman's command. "And how do you feel about women on battleships?" the editor asked me.

I didn't think. I spoke. "I'd rather we not have battleships." The editor looked surprised. Later, he wrote a column saying American youth no longer believed in the need for a national defense.

I worked for that editor's newspaper another three years. I always felt I was on his blacklist.

I was 21 when that happened. The Vietnam War was just ended. I'd watched it on television since high school. "It will be over before my brothers have to go," I had thought at ages 14, 15, 16, and 17. My brothers were the only people I cared for who seemed threatened. By 18, I had a boyfriend who faced military draft. My list of people whose safety I cherished was growing. The war was not over.

My most vivid memory of my college years, 1969-73, is of the night I kicked Richard Nixon's face on my television set because he announced "peace with honor" in Vietnam. "It's too late," I told Nixon as I kicked him.

When the editor inquired about battleships, I wish I had been able to say: "Sir, I am still so anguished by what our nation has done in the name of defense that the word 'battleship' makes me hear

the word 'death.' I don't want women on battleships. Nor men. I am sick of battleships. I am torn in my feelings for this nation." But I wasn't that wise.

Twelve years passed. It was spring of my Nieman year at Harvard. Oscar Handlin, who has taught at the University for a half-century, lectured one April afternoon about the rise of relativism in American thought.

We used to have answers, Handlin said, to questions like, "What is truth? What is good? What is evil?" Answers came from external authorities like government, or parents, or history. In the 1950's and 60's, he continued, truth, beauty and good became relative terms. "What is truth? It depends." Yet here is a dilemma, Handlin offered: Human rights. Try to define human rights relatively. You can't. The very words presume a common bond among all humanity.

The evening of Handlin's class, I saw Peter Davis' documentary film about the Vietnam War, *Hearts and Minds*. I watched and heard General William Westmoreland say that to an Oriental, life is not worth very much. Then I saw the girl whose photograph became a symbol of the war. She was running, naked because napalm had burned her clothes and part of her skin off her body. My anger and my empathy converged.

The Sixties molded me, yes. But the stronger molding came in sixth-grade civics class. I learned there that government is the will of the people, that one vote carries the weight of any other, that all are created equal, things like that. I believed everything I learned in sixth-grade civics because it struck me as good and true.

Then Vietnam, the protests of the



Bewildered Child of the Sixties

Richard Derk

60's, and Watergate taught me that other people didn't necessarily share my vision of truth. For some, truth is relative.

Except, as Oscar Handlin noted, it can't be. Truth has the catch of a ratchet to it, an uncompromising, unchallengeable click.

I realized that the evening I saw the film. I left Emerson Hall, where *Hearts and Minds* had been shown. I walked past Memorial Hall, which bears the names of Harvard's war dead. Surrounded by the omnipresent marble and concrete renderings of VERITAS, I thought, "I have never felt so alive." Then, I thought, "I must write." Truth won, fear lost.

My impulse to write always comes from such sources: a surge of human empathy; anger with a contradiction of my truth; an experience that teaches me something I value.

The 1960's were rich with such well-springs. □



# America and Israel in the 1960's: An Incompatible Comparison

Dalia Shehori

*Dalia Shehori is diplomatic correspondent with Al-Hamishmar Daily, Jerusalem, Israel. She received her B.A. from Hebrew University.*

The 1960's in Israel, where I come from, compared to the 60's in the United States, sound like news from another planet. Not that we did not know what was going on in North America and elsewhere, but we were concentrated on ourselves. An examination of the events in the 60's in Israel might explain, perhaps, how it is that a whole nation can get caught up in its own affairs, not letting a breeze from the outside disturb its introspection. Not only were the events sweeping in themselves, but a lot of attention was drawn to them because of the anxiety and care which most Israelis felt about what was evolving in their young country, 11 years old at the beginning of the 60's.

This strong feeling of identification might be the reason why we did not have a students' protest movement of our own. There were some revolutionary students, New Leftists, Trotskyists, Maoists and others, mainly in Jerusalem, but they were not widely effective. Most of the students, and I had been one of them since 1961, just studied. If we had some political criticism, it was discussed in closed circles — not because we could not talk out loud, but because we did not feel a need for that.

The 60's began in Israel in the shadow of the Holocaust. S.S. Colonel Adolf Eichmann, long sought by Israeli intelligence as one of the chief architects of Hitler's "Final Solution" (the plan to annihilate Europe Jewry), was captured by Israeli commandos in Argentina and brought to trial in Jerusalem. The pro-

ceedings reopened closed, although not healed, wounds, and confronted the new generation with the recent painful, sometimes inconceivable, past of their parents.

At that time I was still living in Tel-Aviv, shortly after my two-year military service and before moving to Jerusalem, to study at the Hebrew University. I remember one day coming especially to Jerusalem to attend the trial. I was sitting there, staring at this simple, almost boring looking, person who claimed he was not guilty of or responsible for any of the crimes which he was accused of, thinking what Hannah Arendt expressed later so well when she wrote the book *Eichmann in Israel: A Report on the Banality of Evil* (1963).

The Eichmann trial was for me an opportunity — and also, as I saw it, a moral duty toward the dead — to go back to the literature of the Holocaust and do some reading.

Eichmann was executed in May 1962, in the first and only death sentence that was ever passed in Israel.

□

Alongside the Eichmann trial evolved a political scandal known as the "Lavon Affair," that occupied public attention for several years and by the end of it, underlined some unshakable beliefs in the omnipotence of the ruling party, Mapai, and in the infallibility of the defense system.

The "Lavon Affair" began early in 1954 with what was called the security "mishap." Following an Israel intelligence operation in Egypt, eleven Jews were tried in Cairo: two of the accused were sentenced to death and executed, and six others were sentenced to prison terms of

various lengths. The questions raised at the time were — who was responsible for the failure, and who gave the order to carry out the misguided and abortive operation. The order could have been given only by one of two persons: minister of defense Pinhas Lavon or the officer in charge of intelligence activities (without Lavon's knowledge).

A board of two, appointed to clarify the matter, was unable to reach a definitive answer. Lavon resigned from his position as minister of defense.

No one expected any further development when, in 1960, in a completely different context, new evidence came up, showing that the officer in charge of intelligence operations had persuaded a subordinate officer to give false information to the two-member board. Lavon demanded of David Ben-Gurion, by then again prime minister, that his name be officially cleared in the matter. Ben-Gurion refused.

From now on evolved a story affair that pulled along the whole nation. Ben-Gurion accused Lavon of "giving the order." Lavon claimed he was framed. The "mishap" itself, still under a veil of secrecy and mystery (because of censorship restrictions), gained more versions every day. A ministerial committee set up by the government found that Lavon "did not give the order," but Ben-Gurion refused to accept the conclusion. Under his pressure, Mapai decided to dismiss Lavon from his office as secretary-general of the Histadrut, a key position that Lavon cultivated very effectively.

Ben-Gurion got his party's confidence, but had kept aloof from many of his old comrades. By June 1963 he turned away for good. He continued demanding a judicial inquiry into the "Lavon Affair," which he regarded as a moral fight for truth and justice. His last split with his party occurred in the summer of 1965, when he formed a new party, that gained only 8 percent of the seats in the Knesset.

The "Lavon Affair," as I remember it, was a dramatic thriller (I too had my "sources" and versions), with strong passions involved (those of Ben-Gurion and Lavon), firm confidence in truth (each



believing that truth was on his side) and a controversy splitting public opinion. It was sad for me to see how Ben-Gurion, a real father-figure, became isolated and sometimes was ridiculed, and how Lavon, so powerful as secretary-general of the Histadrut, became the underdog. I admired Ben-Gurion for his consistency but had to admit that the other side of his temperament was an endless stubbornness, if not obsession. I also had my first lesson in politics and cynicism. I saw how flexible values such as friendship and loyalty became when personal interest was at stake.

The "Lavon Affair" had no winners. The Grand Old Man of Israel politics, David Ben-Gurion, did not get his demand for a judicial inquiry. Pinhas Lavon, who was admittedly innocent, was dismissed from his position and spent his last years terminally ill and forgotten. The Labor party (an alignment between Mapai and Ahdut Ha'avodah) came out of the battle wounded and weak. Public belief in the efficiency of the security establishment suffered a severe blow.

□

Ben-Gurion's successor, Levi Eshkol, sought to initiate a more conciliatory brand of politics. He decided to bring back, for interment in Jerusalem, the remains of Revisionist leader Ze'ev Jabotinski, who died in America in 1948. Such a gesture toward the Herut party and its leader Menachem Begin could not be thought of in the times of Ben-Gurion. Jabotinski was reburied in July 1964. This act marked the commencement of a growing public political legitimacy of the Herut party: a process that reached its ultimate ripeness in May 1977, when the Likud (a Herut-Liberal unification), headed by Menachem Begin, won the elections and replaced the long-ruling Labor party in government.

□

The most prominent event in Israel in the 1960's was the Six-Day War. This



Pam Spaulding, Nieman Fellow '85

event, more than any other, shaped Israel's political and social tendencies for years to come.

Following a hot month of tension and nervous waiting in May, that compelled prime minister Levi Eshkol to bow to pressure within his own cabinet and to create a new National Unity Coalition Government, embracing Menachem Begin and Moshe Dayan as defense minister — Israeli jets destroyed, early on the morning of June 5, 1967, the Egyptian Air Force on the ground, thus determining the outcome of the lightning-like war. Israel conquered the Sinai Peninsula from Egypt, the Golan Heights from Syria, and half of the Jordanian kingdom, including East Jerusalem, from King Hussein, after he mounted a full-scale attack in Jerusalem. Israeli troops reached the Wailing Wall (Kotel Maaravi), the holiest place for Jews the world over.

When the war broke out, I was a fresh new journalist, celebrating my first anniversary in the profession, as city reporter of *Al-Hamishmar*, daily. My colleagues all had been mobilized and I passed the time worrying how this military tension

was going to end. The last thing that I thought of was a war in Jerusalem. We all were concerned about the southern (Egyptian) and the northern (Syrian) borders. Suddenly, on June 5, shooting and shells were heard in Jerusalem.

Our office was located in a large office building in the center of town. I worked from there, listening to the radio, going out, making phone calls. When evening came, I had to put some bound volumes of old newspapers on the windows to prevent the light from leaking out, like in wartime. I was alone in the building but I had not noticed it until midnight when I finished dictating my report by phone to Tel-Aviv. Then I realized that I was tired and hungry. I wanted to go home. But how? I did not have a car at the time. The streets were empty and dark in the blackout.

I rang up "Kol Israel," the Israeli broadcasting authority, a 12-minute walk from where I was, hoping to find an acquaintance with some good advice. A nice voice answered me. It was one of the radio technicians whom I did not know. Fifteen minutes later he was in my

office, with a big cookie, assuming that I did not have much to eat. It was 2 A.M. when we entered his car, driving carefully, with no lights on, to my apartment. I could have gone with him to see the parachutists forming ranks in a Jerusalem suburb, preparing for the breakthrough to the east part of the city, but I was too tired and had another long day ahead of me. I fell asleep to a concert of bombs, thinking that if something happens to me at night, well, it's my bad luck.

The next morning, June 6, I woke up with just one thought. How to bring myself to the City Hall, where Mayor Teddy Kollek created his own mini-headquarters and where one could get reliable information. My apartment was located near the line of fire and so was the City Hall and the way between the two. In a flash, I had an idea. I called the Jerusalem Red Cross, saying I wanted to donate blood (which I meant to do) but needed someone to come and pick me up because of the dangerous area where I lived. I got an astonishing answer. "Thank you," they said, "We don't need

any blood donations right now. We have hundreds of blood donors standing here in line. We are full with work. Thank you again."

I came to the City Hall by a very careful walk. I collected information and by the afternoon was invited to go on a city tour with Mayor Kollek, who wanted to talk to people living in the border areas and to make sure their needs for food or shelter were being taken care of. While driving, a bullet hit our car and there was I with a nice scoop for my readers!

The next day, June 7, was the day of the liberation of the Wailing Wall. Nowadays the "Kotel" is one of the places I do not visit, since its transformation to an Orthodox synagogue, where males and females are allowed to attend, but in separate areas. At that time, the conquest of the Wailing Wall and of the Temple Mount hit in me a hidden string of yearning and joy. I called my mother (before the official announcement), asked her to sit down, and told her the news. It was one of the days when I would have paid for the privilege of doing my work.

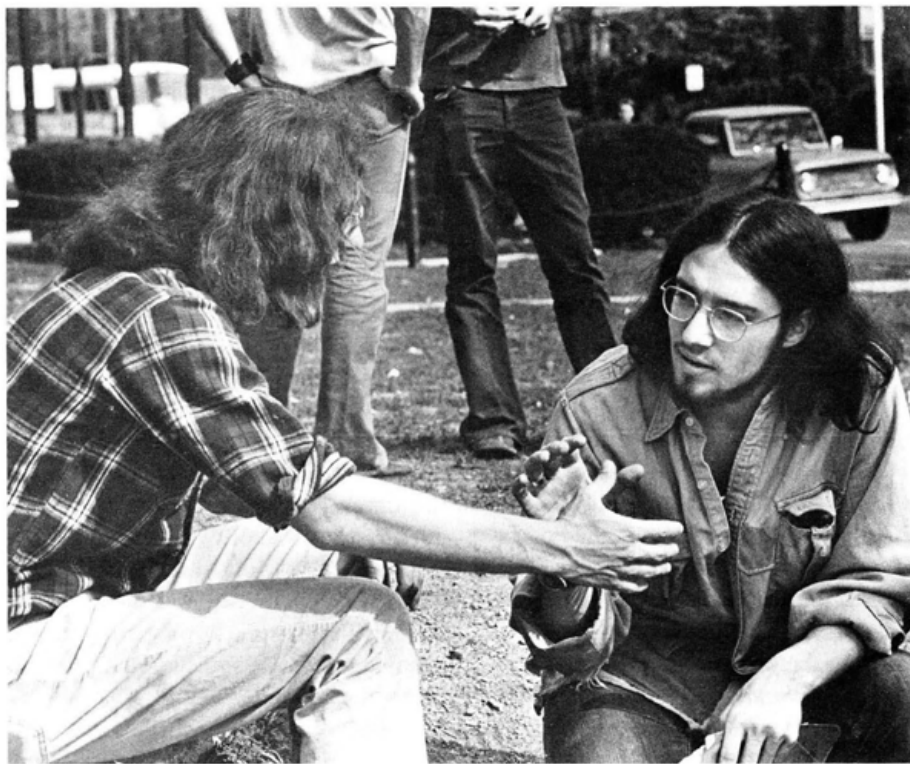
The day after, June 8, I joined a tour of members of the Knesset to East Jerusalem. Standing near the "Kotel" and touching its stones, I hoped to hear the wings of history or to have some special inspiration. There was nothing. But a lot of excitement caught me while walking on Mount Scopus, among the old buildings of the Hebrew University, deserted since 1948. The beauty of the Old City of Jerusalem as viewed from the mountain top was breathtaking. How could anyone concentrate on studies, I wondered.

On the next day, while preparing to go out, I got a phone call. I was informed that my brother-in-law was killed in the war. I stopped everything and went to see my sister.

Ever since the Six-Day War, whenever I visit the east part of Jerusalem, it is a special event. Although I live in this city, I have never taken for granted its eastern part. I remember one Friday in 1967 when I was walking in the Old City and a huge crowd of Moslems — thousands of people — came toward me. They flew out of the mosques, after the prayer, heading for Damascus Gate (one of the gates of the Old City). Soon I had the feeling that if I did not turn back and join the crowd, I might be trampled. I turned back, broadening my steps and finally running and running. Nothing made me realize more, that in spite of official talk about the "liberation" of East Jerusalem, a massive Arab population there saw things differently. The sight of those hostile masses kept coming back to me in nightmares.

□

Israel's quick grand-scale victory came as an astonishing surprise to the world at large and to the Israelis as well. From a situation of worry and fear, that created a world-wide wave of sympathy for the country — hundreds of volunteers streamed to Israel, bringing practical help and moral support — Israel transferred to a situation of being strong and confident, with a disciplined, well-trained army.



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While America was licking its bleeding wounds from the Vietnam War, Israel was drunk with power. Its victory — “short, quick, and elegant,” in the words of one of its generals — encouraged the rise of untamed arrogance. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan announced that he was waiting for a phone call from King Hussein. The access that was opened to East Jerusalem and to places in the West Bank of the Jordan River mentioned in the Bible, evoked sleeping emotions, dreams, and fantasies about the grandeur of Israel. Voices of people such as the Ahdut Ha'avodah party leader Isaac Ben-Aharon, and philosopher Isaiah Leibovitz, called for a unilateral Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories, in order to keep Israel's moral image intact and allow room for peace talks with Jordan — remained a vain appeal.

Israel annexed East Jerusalem by a government act. Israel also imposed military rule in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, on over a million Arab inhabitants. It was satisfied with its enlightened, so to speak, rule in the West Bank, that enabled the inhabitants to keep contact — commercial, familial and other — with Jordan and through it with the Arab world.

But clearly enough this situation of imposed military rule, enlightened as it was, over a hostile population that owned a desirable piece of land, called for trouble. The ground was set for the sort of phenomena that evolved over the coming years: a growing tension between Jews and Arabs; a growing exploitation of cheap Arab labor and a growing dependence on it; a growing tendency among Israeli Jews to return to religion, combined with political extremity; a growing pressure on the government, from those circles, to found more Jewish settlements in the West Bank; a growing poor relationship between Jewish and Arabian neighborhoods, that ended up lately with the exposure of a Jewish underground that aimed to “help” the government by taking the law in its own hands.

The Six-Day War victory turned out to be a poison that penetrated the blood

circulation of the Israeli society, almost to the point of fatality.

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Two months after the Six-Day War, there was the Arab summit conference at Khartoum that decided upon its three “no’s”: to peace, recognition, and negotiations (with Israel). In 1968 began the war against civil aviation, when an El-Al plane was hijacked by Palestinians and flown to Algeria. Also in this year started the “War of Attrition” between Israel and Egypt, that lasted through the summer of 1970.

The foreign volunteers that came to Israel before and after the 1967 War, mainly to work in kibbutzim, became by that time the target of resentment from the older generation, who claimed that they were corrupting Israeli youth with drugs and rock music. The Ministry of Education decided not to admit the Beatles into the country, in fear of creating mass hysteria.

Levi Eshkol died in 1969 and was succeeded as prime minister by Golda Meir. A delegation of angry young Black Panthers — the heralds of the coming dispute between “Oriental” and “Western” Jews in Israel — was received by her to conclude that “they are not nice boys.”

The list is not yet complete. Despite those feverish days, there was still spare time for a heated debate on the urgent question of “Who is a Jew?”, raised by “Brother Daniel,” a Polish Jew who had converted to Catholicism, immigrated to Israel and claimed citizenship under the 1950 Law of Return (that grants citizenship to every Jew who immigrates to Israel).

Isn't this list of events a sufficient reason and proof why Israelis are so concentrated in their affairs?

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In spite of dissimilarity between current events in America and Israel in the 1960's, there is a common point in the evaluation of those events. The 60's in America set the political and social agen-



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da for the issues to be discussed and the goals to be achieved in the coming decades. In the same manner, the 60's in Israel shaped dramatically its future face. Whatever one finds today on Israel's political and social agenda, its nucleus is rooted in the 60's, where the general rehearsal of the biggest show of the 70's and 80's took place.

As for the personal aspect, the 1960's were for me formative years of character and *weltanschauung*. I left home and moved to a new city (Jerusalem), to do studies (philosophy, political science). I discovered a fascinating new world of scholarship and thought. I developed a more systematic-critical way of thinking on my own. I enjoyed student life, not knowing yet that this was to be the last period of light-headed adolescence.

In the second half of the 60's I became a journalist. The special reality of Jerusalem and Israel made me work long and hard and, incidentally, developed my professional skills. I was fortunate to cover, in my working years, only fields considered “masculine” such as city affairs, police, parliament (the Knesset), foreign affairs, and cabinet sessions. Still, had I begun my career ten or fifteen years later, when journalism in general grew much more welcoming to women, I suppose things would have been easier. But that, too, of course, is a result of the 60's. □



# E. W. Scripps: Self-Proclaimed Revolutionary

William J. Miller

*Some of the barons, like Hearst and Scripps, started out as defenders of the poor, and ended up as defenders of the establishment and worse.*

—Walter Goodman, reviewing Piers Brendon's *Life and Death of the Press Barons*, in *The New York Times*, April 5, 1983

For me, that line struck a vibrant chord of memory, but also of incredulity. The aura of Edward Wyllis Scripps was a living force of the *Cleveland Press*, his first and most successful paper, when I joined it at age 17 in 1929, two years after his death.

Staffers still talked of the *Press*' proudest moment — carrying Cleveland for that fiery radical Robert La Follette in 1924, the only city the Progressive Party candidate carried outside his own Milwaukee. They also spoke sadly of that victory's aftermath.

The "establishment," Cleveland's retail advertisers, boycotted the *Press*. Years before, when the May Company yanked its ads after the *Press* reported the arrest of an executive's son, E. W. Scripps simply banned the May Company from advertising — it had to beg for years to get back in. But now Scripps was dead, and his successor, Chairman Roy W. Howard, lacked that sort of courage. Newton D. Baker, Cleveland's "first citizen," who was then Scripps-Howard's chief counsel, told Howard that the offending editor, H.B.R. Briggs, had to go.

Twenty years before, Baker had been the right hand of Cleveland's greatest mayor, Tom Lofton Johnson. Johnson, Scripps, and Baker had fought Senator Mark Hanna's street car monopoly to the death — together they had started Cleveland's own trolley system and its own light plant.

Baker succeeded Johnson as mayor, and went on to be President Wilson's Secretary of War, and later, a millionaire lawyer, subsequently revealed as being on J. P. Morgan's "Insider's List" for stock plums.

So Editor Briggs was fired, and was without substantial employment until 1933, when F.D.R., well aware of his pugnacious liberalism, made him postmaster of Los Angeles.

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I was too young then to ponder such things. As teenager, green from the mountain fastness of North Carolina, I scarcely had any politics, much less any understanding of radicalism or reaction.

I knew that my grocer father, who died when I was six, idolized our summer Asheville refugee, William Jennings Bryan. He had taken me the year before to hear the famous orator. At 12, I watched the blue searchlight from our tallest (12-story) Jackson building flash the signal that Coolidge had defeated Davis. I knew La Follette only as the villain of a savage "poem" my father wrote denouncing him for opposing our entering World War I.

Still, as I literally grew up on E.W.'s *Cleveland Press*, Scripps became one of my two idols — the other being the new editor, Louis B. Seltzer, who was both teacher and surrogate father to me. I was so naive that I was 19 before I realized that some people would deliberately lie. What made me revere E. W. Scripps was his passion for truth and honesty.

Columnist Jack Raper, whose piercing iconoclastic paragraphs were protected for life in Scripps' will, told me about E.W.'s arrest in Cleveland in Tom Johnson's day.

Scripps, who never smoked or took a drink until his twenty-first birthday, became a chain cigar smoker and was soon drinking four quarts of whiskey a day without (he would write) being visibly intoxicated, so far as he could tell from the reactions of others. (He gave up both at age 46 when his doctor warned him he'd go blind if he didn't. He went to my own



town of Asheville to wait out the cure.)

Certainly he had been drinking when he was arrested for riding an unshod horse down Euclid Avenue, Cleveland's main street. The offense was that the horse's hooves could be damaged. What my friend Jack Raper admired about it all was that Scripps ordered the story of his arrest on page one of the *Press*.

Then there was the matter of the blackmailing mistress, Elizabeth Brown. Scripps had lived with her for a time in Cleveland. Shortly after he started the Cincinnati *Penny Post*, she appeared in his office, and demanded money, threatening to expose their relationship if he did not comply. Scripps telephoned a police captain he knew, asked him to come over, then called all the other Cincinnati editors to send reporters. When all had assembled, he told them the whole story and added, "I'm asking Captain Ryan to put her on the next train out of Cincinnati and arrest her for blackmail if she returns. That's your story."

Within half an hour, Murat Halstead, editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, was asking on the phone: "Scripps, do you really want me to print this story? I'll gladly kill it." Barked Scripps: "I don't care what you do with it. If I were in your position, I'd print it — on page one." Halstead did. So did Scripps.

That afternoon, Scripps' young business partner, Milton McRae, told him he was ashamed to make his usual rounds soliciting ads: "You've disgraced us!" "You don't understand human nature," Scripps told him. "You'll find half of the men you talk with won't even mention it. The other half will admire what I did." At day's end, the amazed McRae told him: "You were right. I sold more ads than ever before."

To a young reporter, such stories made Jo Davidson's bust of Scripps, which I passed every time I went in or out the front door of the *Press*, take on a living presence. Earlier when Scripps' admirer, Lincoln Steffens, learned that Davidson would create a likeness, he wrote him:

You must do a great thing with Scripps. He is a great man, and an individual. There is no other like him: energy, vision, courage, wisdom. He thinks his own thoughts absolutely. . . . I regard Scripps as one of the two or three great men of my day. He is on to himself and the world, plays the game and despises it. He is sincere, not cynical.

Really he should be done, not as a bust but as a full-length standing figure so as to show the power of the man, the strength he took care to keep from becoming refined; he avoided other rich men so as to escape from being one; he knew the dangers his riches carried for himself, for his papers, for his seeing. Rough, almost ruthless force, but restrained by clear, even shrewd insight. . . . Read some of his letters to his editors, the young fellows he was driving so hard and yet leaving alone.

Scripps was also one of Clarence Darrow's few heroes. Darrow always stopped at the *Press* office whenever he visited his birthplace at nearby Ashtabula. In 1935 Darrow told me of the weekend visit he and Steffens made to Scripps' Miramar

ranch at La Jolla when Darrow was defending, and Steffens covering the laborite McNamara brothers, who faced possible death because they were accused of bombing the building of the labor-hating *Los Angeles Times* in which 20 people died. Scripps was always writing out his innermost thoughts in what he termed "disquisitions." He handed one to Darrow and Steffens. It defended the right of labor to use dynamite since the capitalist owners controlled all other weapons, including the police, militia, and army.

While never seduced by socialism, Scripps was one of nine men who financed Max Eastman's Socialist magazine, *The Masses*. As Eastman wrote about him:

It was instinctive with him to champion every measure directed against what he called the "wealthy and intellectual classes." He always linked those two adjectives in describing the chief enemy; and both adjectives, by no mere coincidence, exactly fitted him. A war like that against himself would defeat, if not destroy, most men. . . . But in American newspaperdom. . . — and in E. W. Scripps — it produced an enormous personal fortune and one of the most powerful weapons ever wielded on behalf of the underdog.

There was a developing class struggle in America in those years, and the Scripps papers, without getting tangled in the doctrinal formulation of it, took the side of the rising class of wage labor. E. W. stoutly and constantly championed the cause of the trade unions in his papers. But he had the good sense to leave socialism alone or dismiss it with the remark: "Class warfare must be perpetual." Indeed, he saw through socialism more clearly than any other critic I met in those days. He surprised me by saying: "Your propaganda will probably in the long run succeed." And then he added: "The thing you'll get will be as different from what you are talking about as modern organized Christianity is from the visions of Jesus."

When a visiting spiritualist told E.W.'s son, Jim, that his father was "a damned old crank," Jim was angry, E.W. amused. He was moved to write another "disquisition":

I am fully entitled, I feel, to the name of crank. . . . I am sorry that I am a crank, and I am sorry that I am old, and I am sorry that I am condemned as a crank, because if people lived or acted as I do, I believe the world would be a better world. If all people thought and acted as I do, I would no longer be a crank. . . .

I wear a full beard when nearly everybody shaves clean; to that extent I am willing to appear like a man, and do not, like my fellows, make myself look like a girl. I wear long boots, and I wear my pants in my boots. . . . I have several good reasons for wearing boots. . . . It is easier to get them on and off. . . . I am entirely free from the pest of fleas. I live in the country and tramp over rough ground and through brush and high grass, and by wearing boots in this manner I am saved the annoyance of getting my shoes full of loose dirt, pebbles and sticky things.

I have never yet invested any money in anything that my neighbors and acquaintances don't judge to be fool ventures. . . . Give a man a reputation for being a first-class fool, and then even with second- or third- or fourth-rate abilities he will have easy sailing.

I am one of the few newspapermen who happen to know that this country is populated by 95 percent of plain people, and that the patronage of even plain and poor people is worth more to a newspaper than the patronage of the wealthy five percent. So I have always run my business along the line of least resistance and for the greatest profit and because I have made money more easily than any other newspaper publisher ever did, and made more than all but a few other publishers, I am old and cranky.

He founded paper after paper, hiring bright young men and giving them their head, save for three rules:

1. Do no business except at a profit.
2. Violate none of the Ten Commandments.
3. Always serve the interest of the poor and working classes.

Along the way, he founded United Press, so as to be independent of the Associated Press, owned and controlled by publishers; founded United Feature Syndicate, United News Pictures, and Newspaper Enterprise Association (NEA). For the editors of this last, he set down his views:

Great wealth is not a blessing either to a nation or an individual. Capital is a danger; large capital is never acquired by individuals as a result of perfectly fair play.

Capitalists must exist, but the danger of their existence can be minimized by constant attacks and public ill will. Keep the capitalist busy defending what he has got, and the very activity enforced upon him makes him a better citizen and more considerate a neighbor and employer. . . .

New brooms sweep cleanest. No great harm to the nation, and hence the vast majority of its citizens, would be suffered by the elimination by lawful process of the wealth and privileges of the present plutocratic governing classes. . . . The people of the U.S. should proceed by lawful ways, and the people of the U.S. should be taught that there are perfectly lawful and proper and moral ways of ridding themselves of their present masters. The people of the U.S. should be taught that there should be a revolution in the country, a lawful revolution, a revolution by laws, and they should be taught how best to obtain this revolution.

Reading all this, can you wonder at my recent amazement in seeing *The New York Times* dismiss this self-proclaimed revolutionary as a Hearstian reactionary?

I wrote to several friends at the *Times*, including vice chairman Sydney Gruson, and also to the reviewer and the book's author. The reviewer did not reply. Eventually William Honan, culture editor of the *Times*, replied that Goodman's indictment of Scripps "reflects the statement by Piers Brendon that inevitably, no doubt with increasing prosperity, they (Scripps' newspapers) drifted rightwards." In time, author Brendon wrote me that he felt Goodman was "pitching it a bit strong" with Scripps. Brendon said he based his judgment of Scripps' rightward drift on a letter the publisher wrote to his sister, Ellen, on November 8, 1924, saying "I have often enough in later years acknowledged that I had ceased to be a Democrat and that I had even become to a very large extent a reactionary."

But — a very large but — had Scripps papers also "drifted

rightwards"? He wrote that letter at the very time that all the papers themselves had backed the radical La Follette. And in the same letter he wrote: "When I sit by myself thinking about general conditions, political and economical, I have to acknowledge that perhaps the world might have been the better if the tide of revolution which started in Russia had slipped over the whole world."

This was the E. W. Scripps who, when his editor of the *Seattle Star* said he feared that the 1919 general strike in Seattle might ruin the paper, wrote back:

Let us suppose that the Seattle mob of strikers and revolutionists completely wrecked the *Seattle Star* plant and destroyed it as a property. . . . What is that property, the *Seattle Star*, but the capitalized good will, friendship and support of the workingmen of Seattle, who composed the mob that threatened the existence of the property? . . . Even had the mob in its folly and anger destroyed the *Seattle Star* as a property it would only have done, in a moment of error and ill temper, mischief the dollar value of which would equal only a small portion of the benefits that had previously been heaped upon the officers and employees.

This was the E. W. Scripps who, fervent in his support of Wilson in World War I, could not rest while a Eugene Debs and so many others were in jail for opposing it; the Scripps who hired Wilson in 1919 at the Versailles Peace Conference:

Mr. President, filled with sympathy for you during these weeks and months of your strenuous endeavor and having unlimited confidence in your capacity and motives, still I am more anxious than when I wrote you last November that you should take steps even before leaving Europe to grant amnesty and pardon to thousands of American citizens who have been cruelly punished for holding and expressing views different from yours and mine.

Wilson did not pardon Debs. It remained for Warren G. Harding to do so.

Such was the man that Lincoln Steffens said was "one of the two or three great men of my day."

George Seldes, in his book *Lords of the Press*, excoriated every American publisher, except for Scripps, censuring even Adolph Ochs, and the elder Sulzberger of the *Times*. Seldes wrote that United Press staffers once spoke of U.P. as having a "soul." Seldes added, "That soul died with E. W. Scripps." (In 1927, off the coast of Liberia, Scripps succumbed aboard his yacht *Ohio*; he was buried at sea.)

My several attempts to set the record straight evoked a final word from Sydney Gruson of the *Times*. His letter read: "I don't really know what to do about the Scripps matter except to put our exchanges into the file, which I have done."

The fact remains that future scholars of journalism will find, in the only American newspaper of record, that E. W. Scripps is to be equated with Hearst as a renegade "defender of the poor. . . and worse." I hope that this article refutes and repudiates that notion and will be duly filed by the *Times* — firmly stapled, one hopes, to Mr. Goodman's review. □

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# BOOKS

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## The Printed Page as Commodity

### The Buying and Selling of America's Newspapers

Edited by Loren Ghiglione. R. J. Berg & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1984, \$21.95

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by Robert Estabrook

This is a depressing book, not necessarily because it was intended to be that way. Loren Ghiglione, who is editor and publisher of *The News* of Southbridge, Massachusetts, and president of the 12-member Worcester County Newspapers, has gathered a collection of essays by journalists about the purchase by chains of ten daily newspapers around the country. He himself contributes one of the chapters, on the acquisition of *The Transcript* of North Adams, Massachusetts, by Ingersoll Publications.

Of 35 dailies sold in 1982, 32 were bought by chains. This effort is a more or less clinical study of the reasons for sale of some papers over the past few years (often the lack of family members equipped to carry on), the stated goals of the purchasers, and perceptions by staff members and general readers of the actual performance. The conclusions add up to a mixed bag, but in more than a few instances primary emphasis on the bottom line is seen as having diminished the quality of the product.

First the good news. Purchase of an 80 percent interest in the *Anchorage* (Alaska) *Daily News* by McClatchy Newspapers is credited with having enabled Katherine Fanning to carry on and for the paper to maintain high standards and begin to flourish in what is plainly one of the most competitive situations in America.

The *Centre Daily Times* of State Col-

lege, Pennsylvania, purchased by Knight-Ridder from private owners, is seen as having provided more hard local news and for taking much more vigorous editorial stands, although some critics term its efforts more merchandising than journalism.

The *Midland* (Texas) *Reporter-Telegram*, operated by Hearst since its purchase from the Allison family, likewise is praised for better local news display and for editorial endorsements in local elections, although it sometimes is accused of exhibiting lack of local background.

The *Manchester* (Connecticut) *Herald*, purchased in 1971 by Hagadone Newspapers, a division of the Scripps League, is described as having undergone a recent resurgence with a new publisher, after having lost much of its local flavor and appeal. A new editor is credited with having given the *Redlands* (California) *Daily Facts* a sprightlier appearance and more vigorous content after its purchase by the Donrey Media Group, despite the chain's reputation for being tight-fisted.

But then there are the sad cases. The *Atchison* (Kansas) *Daily Globe*, once the editorial pride of Ed and Gene Howe, has been reduced to canned editorials under Thomson ownership. It is perceived as being better packaged from a news standpoint but with having less relationship to the community.

The *Delta Democrat-Times* of Greenville, Mississippi, which won fame under two generations of Hodding Carter

management, is criticized for cutbacks in coverage and general mediocrity under Freedom Newspapers, notwithstanding its contention that it offers more local news.

And then there are the in-betweens. *The New Mexican* of Santa Fe appears to have suffered in a tug-of-war between its former owner, Robert M. McKinney, and Gannett. Profits have done well, but the volume of local news has decreased by comparison with world and national.

When *The Transcript* of North Adams, Massachusetts, was sold by the Hardman family to Affiliated Publications (*The Boston Globe*) in 1976, it had been known for "small town journalism at its best." One motive for selling to Affiliated was to protect the paper "from being gobbled up by national media conglomerates with little concern for quality or local autonomy."

To the amazement of virtually everyone, a new generation of Taylor family managers of Affiliated turned around to sell *The Transcript* to Ingersoll Publications in 1979 for an astonishing \$5 million. One of the first actions by Ralph Ingersoll II was to dispense with the executive editor (who spent much of his time on editorials) and disperse the editorial duties among other staff members.

Four years later, Ghiglione's appraisal said: "The editorial page may be as good as the Hardmans' and getting better. The news report — handicapped by a significantly smaller newshole and a tiny full-time reporting staff — appears to offer a solid diet of local news. But that report no longer earns *The Transcript* recognition as New England's finest small town daily."

Acknowledging at the same time Ingersoll's prowess in cost-cutting, Ghiglione commented: "Ingersoll does not deceive himself about the Taylors' view of his management techniques — 'they equate what we did with being the sons of bitches that they can't be' — but he suspects, rightly, that he gained their re-



spect for his business acumen."

What does this all prove? Ghiglione noted that high profit goals set by chains — as much as 40 percent — impose tight budgets with what often become miserly news operations. Persons running the papers tend to reflect the bottom-line mentality of the owners. Often this has the effect of de-emphasizing the editorial page even when local editorial

autonomy is retained. Also, although there are instances in which new ownership has the effect of releasing the paper from enslavement, absentee responsibility tends to make the paper more distant from the community and less responsive to local projects and concerns.

To which may be added several personal observations. One, the impermanence of everything in life is again illustrated by the experience of the North Adams *Transcript* with an arrangement that was supposed to guarantee its continued independence from media groups.

Second, and perhaps more vital, is a question: When publishers are agents of absentee owners with fixed formulas for the bottom line, will they risk committing their newspapers' fortunes and sacred honor (and their own necks) to important local causes?

Finally, what realistic alternative to chain ownership is there, or should there be?

*Robert Estabrook, an alumnus of The Washington Post, is publisher and editorial director of The Lakeville (Connecticut) Journal.*

*Dispatch* and scores of other newspapers on July 1 began: "If your birthday is today — A financial situation will soon show marked improvement. Plow any extra profits back into a business. . ." But to those tied to Pisces [Feb. 20-Mar. 20], in the same July 1 release, a smiling Jeane advised: "Postpone making financial investments. Spend the afternoon or evening with close friends and relatives."

Area by area MacDougall shows how the press, with specific citations, dates, and quotations, has given widespread appearance of upholding the stargazers, fortune tellers, and mind readers. He also provides informative historical background. Thus he traces astrological maxims on clay tablets back 3000 years B.C. near the site of ancient Babylon. He relates how in our century the British Secret Service hired a noted astrologer "to cast Hitler's horoscope and then, day by day, determine what the Fuhrer's astrologer was probably advising him." What the British Secret Service seemingly did not know was that in 1941 astrology was forbidden throughout the Reich and Hitler's stargazer was imprisoned!

Even when editors attempt to expose fakery, for example, in medical claims, the publicity is apt to send countless health seekers following after the phony medical men. Thus, "for years after Dr. John R. Brinkley was forbidden to perform goat gland operations in Kansas, patients went to him in Mexico from where he broadcast on a radio powerful enough to reach his old neighborhood. At another time hordes of Americans went to Williamsburg, Ontario to have their feet twisted by Dr. Mahlon Locke."

By far the most famous (or infamous) of "unorthodox medical miracle men," MacDougall writes, "was Edgar Cayce of Virginia Beach, Virginia. During 40 years of practice before he died in 1945 he is believed to have given more than 30,000 'readings,' as he called them. Twice daily he went into a trance to respond to letters in which sufferers described their symptoms. It mattered not whether the petitioner was in the same room or hundreds of miles away. Cayce diagnosed and prescribed to the satisfaction of thousands who sang his praises. There is still a Cayce claque. On the one

## The Lure of the Illogical

### Superstition and the Press

Curtis D. MacDougall. Prometheus Books, Buffalo, N.Y., 1983, \$29.95 (cloth), \$16.95 (paper).

by Irving Dilliard

Author Curtis Daniel MacDougall is of, by, and for the press; he was barely 15 when he began reporting on the *Fond du Lac Daily Commonwealth*, and has been a reporter for newspapers in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. He is emeritus professor of journalism at Northwestern University and has written several books, including the textbook, *Interpretive Reporting*, which recently appeared in its fiftieth edition.

*Superstition and the Press* is the first comprehensive study of newspapers' treatment of paranormal phenomena. Examples of chapter titles include "Horoscopes," "Fortune Telling," "Poltergeists and Exorcism," "Curses and Cures," "Artifacts and Visions," "Clairvoyance," and "UFOs."

Horoscopes make a most appropriate first witness. Many newspapers print them every day as if they were guidances from on high. The Jeane Dixon Horoscope that appeared in the *St. Louis Post-*



hundredth anniversary of his birth the *New York Daily News* reported March 18, 1977, '200 plus assorted psychic healers, hypnotists, parapsychologists, dream interpreters and Kirlian photographers' met at the National Council for Geocosmic Research convention in Manhattan."

Even plants and animals are used as guides to be followed by humankind. Or so it seems from what the press reports at times about them. Thus "although Groundhog Day is not much more than the occasion for some journalistic tomfoolery, another nonhuman prophet is taken seriously. It is the cicada, or 17-year locust, called the 'war prophet'."

"According to a *Chicago Sun-Times* story, June 1, 1961, Robert Mann, a forest preserve naturalist, researched the maturity appearances of the insect, separated by 17-year spans back to 1752. He found that only one cicada year of the preceding 12 cycles failed to be followed by the outbreak of a war." Mann's charts begin with the Seven Years War and continue through the start of World War II in 1939, enumerating ten other major conflicts.

Needless to say sharp-eyed MacDougall does not find the habits of crawling bugs, plants, and animals as setting the inevitable course of humankind. Nor is he convinced by all the globewide reports through the years of visions, some presumably religious and some otherwise.

Concerning dreams MacDougall records: "The *Chicago Sun-Times* for June 23, 1976 gave a sympathetic writeup to the (then) new School of Metaphysics' first Illinois branch in Palatine. Debbie Wood reported a list of dreams and their meanings, including: 'Murder or death in dreams means you're changing part of your personality,' and water means life, so 'to dream of bridges over water, or of avoiding water, you may feel you lack experience.'"

"The closest that any journalist has come to a scientific study of the subject is the Central Premonitions Registry, a moonlighting activity of Robert Nelson, a circulation executive for *The New York Times*. Nelson collects and files predictions of future events sent to him by people all over the country who want to

go on record with their premonitions and visions. The *Chicago Tribune* December 10, 1972, devoted a half-page to an article by David Gifford about Nelson's unusual hobby. Although Nelson is skeptical of professional soothsayers like Jeane Dixon and considers the overwhelming majority of the letters he received to be of little value, he says there have been some astonishing coincidences between quite a few predictions and events."

*Superstition and the Press* deserves attention. It would be an easy matter to go on describing the book's comments on news articles that are as recent as 1983. The writer of this report can think of four things newspaper editors might

well do with *Superstition and the Press*: first, read as much as they can find time for; second, see that its contents are summarized on the book page; third, arrange for a feature article of substantial length in the magazine section; and fourth, call it to the attention of the editor of the editorial page and suggest the strong desirability of explanatory editorial analysis.

If this four-sided suggestion amounts to a vision of professional psychic healing and evokes a flurry of journalistic UFOs, then so be it!

*Irving Dilliard, Nieman Fellow '39, is former editorial page editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and was a professor of journalism at Princeton University.*

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## A Montage of Success

### New Guardians of the Press: Selected Profiles of America's Women Newspaper Editors

Judith G. Clabes. R. J. Berg & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1983, \$18.95

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by Nancy Day

In 1967, Ann Faragher, former chemist, Navy clerk, volunteer PTA publicist and reporter, became managing editor of the Greenville, Texas, *Herald-Banner*. In 1972, she was asked to fill in as editor until the new chief arrived.

"This would be the sixth editor in my career and I was expected again to familiarize him with the newspaper, the community, the staff, the departmental planning and management and myriads of other pertinent local facts and figures," she recalls.

"About a year later, I learned he was marked for promotion to another paper and the *Herald* was destined to have still another editor. This time I let the publisher know I wanted the job and asked to be officially considered. He said he felt the editor needed to be a strong

man."

She again took charge as acting editor for two months until the publisher's latest choice arrived. After writing two erroneous editorials that made him and the newspaper laughing stocks, this editor got the axe. Did Faragher get the job? Not exactly. She was given the title "executive managing editor...with full charge of the department, but with no budgetary responsibility." She was finally appointed editor in the spring of 1977. "The only reason the publisher gave was that he was tired of taking all those telephone calls that should be coming to me."

Faragher is one of thirteen women newspaper editors who tell their stories in a slim volume called *New Guardians of the Press*. The essays were solicited and edited by Judith Grisham Clabes, then editor of the *Sunday Courier &*

Press of Evansville, Indiana, now editor of the *Kentucky Post*. Not all the stories are as discouraging and blatantly discriminatory as Faragher's. Some of the younger women have been on the fast track, encouraged by the men in their professional and their personal lives. Clabes has assembled a good mix of ages and experiences in her book which she dedicates "To all young women journalists with a dream — and a vision: our best wishes for a bright and happy future."

But before you turn the book over to your daughter or niece, sister or local guidance counselor, take a moment to hear what these women are saying and to reflect on what it means in your own newsroom or community.

In her introduction, Clabes cites the annual survey of women in policy-making positions done for the American Society of Newspaper Editors. In 1982, women held 9.6 percent (315 of 3,281) "directing editorships" on the nation's newspapers, "the largest gain in five years." (In 1980, it was 7.6 percent.) Clabes asked only top women news executives to contribute essays. For obvious reasons, most of the big-name, big city newspapers are not represented. Also not represented are some obvious candidates — such as Mary Anne Dolan, editor of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, although Clabes explains, "a few women who met the criteria declined to participate."

Arranged in alphabetical order, the women tell their stories, from Jennifer J. Allen, editor of the 11,000-circulation Corsicana, Texas, *Sun*, to Katherine Fanning, former editor of the *Anchorage Daily News*, now of the *Christian Science Monitor*, to Nancy Woodhull, managing editor/enterprise, of the 655,000-circulation *USA Today*.

Has it been difficult being a woman newspaper manager? Many of these authors believe stereotypes and prejudice have presented needless hurdles to their advancement and acceptance.

"You're subject to much closer scrutiny and much sharper criticism from new colleagues, new readers, new bosses," writes Donna Hagemann, executive editor of the Utica, N.Y. *Daily Press* and



#### *Observer-Dispatch.*

Beverly Kees, who had risen to assistant managing editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, looked around one day at her "home for 18 years," the newsroom she "loved," and "realized there was not one woman in a position of real authority in any line department." Soon, she was offered, and, to her own surprise (since it was a move north and to a smaller paper), accepted the executive editorship of the Grank Forks, North Dakota, *Herald*.

"These is no question that women face some barriers that men do not, but it's not the barriers alone that hold us back," Kees said. "It is our belief that they will."

Is there a woman's sensibility in running a newsroom? Some of these editors seem to think so. Consider:

Susan H. Miller, executive editor of the 50,000-circulation *News-Gazette* in Champaign, Illinois: "I think much of my interest in good management, effective management, stems from being a woman. . . Women of my generation (late 30's) were brought up to put a premium on people's feelings, on getting along, on what, in an office, is morale. . . having the guts to share authority is to me the ultimate measure of self-confidence."

Marjorie Paxson, publisher of the *Phoenix* in Muskogee, Oklahoma: "My management style involves a lot of persuasion and teaching, a little preaching and occasionally behaving like a Double

S-O-B (that's 'boss' spelled backward). I want to get everyone involved in a team effort, taking a positive approach to whatever problem we're dealing with.

"Above all, I do not want to be like a man."

Christy C. Bulkeley, editor, publisher, and president of the Danville, Illinois, *Commercial News* since 1976 and vice president of Gannett Central Newspaper Group since 1981: "Moving toward participatory management. . . could be interpreted as 'her weakness, lack of authority and confidence in her own ideas and ability to make decisions' or as HER recognition, because of how women are brought up, that many have a contribution to make."

The participatory management these editors practice is now the vogue in America's elite business circles. The professors and executives, however, call it the Japanese model, not the homegrown feminine model.

The women who wrote this book are not rabid feminists dumping on men. Far from it. Most credit male mentors with accelerating their careers. Clabes even says, "It is absolutely essential that a woman wanting entry into newspaper management have a male 'mentor' — or several 'mentors' — helping her along. . . There simply aren't enough other women at the top yet."

And Paxson believes some feminists have done a disservice to veteran news-women.

"In the 1960's, most substantive newspaper coverage of the movement was on the women's pages," she writes. "But the activists wanted the movement news off our pages. . .

"When editors responded by changing women's sections to general interest feature sections, women's editors paid the price. We were not considered capable of directing this new kind of feature section. That was man's work. I shuddered every time I read another story in *Editor & Publisher* about a paper making the switch and the former women's editor either being demoted or given the lateral two-step. I know how she felt because it happened to me — not once, but twice" (at the *St. Petersburg Times* and the *Philadelphia Bulletin*).

Paxson decided to quit the *Bulletin* after the paper refused to run a four-part series she wrote on the United Nations World Conference for International Women's Year in Mexico City. The paper had given her a leave to edit a conference newspaper.

"I was 52 and friends were saying that newspapering was for the young and that I would have to switch careers." Instead, she wrote to a former colleague, Al Neuharth, who had become president of the Gannett Co., Inc. In 1976, she was named assistant managing editor of the *Idaho Statesman*. Eighteen months later, "on two days notice," she became editor and publisher of *Public Opinion* in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. In 1980, she was named publisher in Muskogee.

Paxson and several of her colleagues have good things to say about the chains, much maligned elsewhere, which gave them opportunities to learn management skills.

Some of these women have been able to combine family and newspaper lives with success. Others have made difficult choices.

Paxson never married and was free to move to the best job available. Miller

was also willing to relocate, but now she lives in Illinois; her husband is 2,000 miles away. Linda Grist Cunningham, executive editor of the *Trenton Times*, primarily sees her 4-year old son and her husband on weekends. She began her essay with the lines: "I'm listening to my son grow. We have built our mother-son love affair through the glories of modern technology and the efficiency of New Jersey Bell."

"Success exacts a price, and it isn't cheap," writes Allen. "For me, there are long hours, holidays spent at the office so my employees can spend the day with their families, weekend work compiling special reports and constructing the annual budget. Along the way, there was also a divorce."

Is it worth it?

Resoundingly, all say yes.

"Yes, being a publisher carries more risk, more responsibilities and more headaches," writes Paxson. "But it also is more fun."

*Nancy Day, Nieman Fellow '79, is a Visiting Associate Professor of Journalism at Boston University and a free-lance editor and writer.*

his boss, *Los Angeles Times* editor William F. Thomas, regarded the press as the "one uncovered story of our time." Thomas didn't want another ombudsman. Rather, he "wanted a reporter,



writing in the news columns of the paper, carrying the full weight of the paper."

Shaw elaborates on this reportorial function: "For each story, I interview 80 or 100 or 150 people; I read every relevant article or publication I can find; I spend whatever time the story requires; I travel wherever the story takes me; then I synthesize and analyze what I've found and I try to write a comprehensive story that includes my own judgments. I try to point out flaws and strengths, to give the reader some sense of just how and why a newspaper does what it does."

This sounds like many a reporter's dream, and it's clear that only a paper with the resources and the enormous newshole of *The Los Angeles Times* could afford such a luxury. Shaw would probably strike the word "luxury" on the grounds that the press badly needs extensive self-criticism.

Has Shaw succeeded in his mission? Quite plainly, he has. Because he names names (lots of them), he's collected a batch of enemies and ex-friends (some on his own paper), but his blend of sturdy reporting and sensible evaluation provides us with some enduring articles.

Shaw's ability to gather facts (and to avoid cloying punditry) is nicely illustrated in his well-known article on the front pages of *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, and *The Los Angeles Times*. For 155 days in 1977 he com-

## The Mission of a Press Monitor

### Press Watch: A Provocative Look at How Newspapers Report the News

David Shaw. Macmillan, New York, 1984, \$15.95

by Donald W. Klein

Our best critics have a sense of humor, a sense of history, and a lot of common sense. David Shaw, the national press critic who writes for *The Los Angeles Times*, possesses these traits in abundance.

*Press Watch* has ten chapters, all taken from Shaw's columns for *The Los Angeles Times* between 1977 and 1983. Some readers may be suspicious of having to

chew through half a dozen stale news controversies of recent years. Fear not — Janet Cooke is mentioned only in passing. Shaw's articles have a freshness and a lasting quality, in part because he edited and expanded them, and wrote a new introduction for each essay.

Yet the main reason for the high quality is simply that Shaw is first and foremost a tough, fact-gathering journalist. His game is even-handed reporting, not high-handed polemics. He explains that

pared the front pages (and much else besides) of these top newspapers, and proved beyond doubt that they had "far less in common than even their own editors had thought." The rest of the article speculates on why this is so, and why it's likely to remain so.

Equally good is his piece on that all too familiar "unnamed source." Shaw thinks the problem is getting worse, not better. For this article he interviewed a score of top editors (Rosenthal, Bradlee, et al.), and tapped some interesting articles (one of which showed that in a dozen issues, writers for *Time* and *Newsweek* used 315 "unnamed sources" in 388 stories). Typically, Shaw artfully handles this difficult problem. And even when he might seem to edge toward an overly serious tone, he rescues himself with wit or irony. Thus, in his final thoughts on unnamed sources, he quotes an American Society of Newspaper Editors poll in which 81 percent of the editors said that unnamed sources are less believable than named sources. "But," concludes Shaw, "28 percent of the editors in the survey requested that they not be quoted by name."

Some of Shaw's most withering press criticisms are directed at newspaper coverage of the American court system. This essay has a special timeliness in view of the hordes of college students headed for law schools, the increasingly litigious nature of American society, and the ever-growing number of legal issues that concern the press itself (such as libel suits, one of the issues Shaw takes up again in his epilogue).

Lovers of the English language will savor Shaw's serious yet witty discussion of the "use and abuse" of English. The best of our newspapers are trotted out to illustrate the problems. A few of the choice morsels:

► "She died in the home in which she was born at the age of eighty-eight." (*The Boston Globe*)

► "The smell of war returns to Washington, and this time I am listening seriously." (*The Washington Post*)

► "A thirty-year-old St. Petersburg man was found murdered by his parents in his home late Saturday." (*St. Petersburg Times*)

► "...died in his home, Post Office Box 320A." (*The Los Angeles Times*)

Because rather little is written on editorial cartoonists, Shaw's coverage of this topic is especially interesting. Interviews with some fifty cartoonists, editors, and syndicate executives unearthed some sharp opinions and noteworthy points:



Oliphant has a low opinion of MacNelly.

There is almost universal agreement that the following are the best cartoonists: Oliphant, MacNelly, Conrad, Wright, Szep, Peters, Auth, Herblock, followed by Marlette (NF '81), Borgman, Stayskal (and three or four unnamed others).

Paul Szep appears to have "one of the most volatile editor-cartoonist relationships" since Marty Nolan took over *The Boston Globe's* editorial page in 1981. Nolan thinks Szep is often brilliant, but it's a brilliance marred by tastelessness. "Szep most often 'lacks taste,' Nolan said, when he draws the pope. Any pope. So Nolan ordered him to stop drawing the pope. Forever."

Questions of taste — especially on religious issues, bodily functions, and sexual imagery — caused more editor-cartoonist friction than politics or ideology.

What types of cartoons bring in a "tide of phone calls"? Those critical of Israel bring the most frequent and vehe-

ment reader responses. Other passionate reactions come from people with potent feelings about abortion, gun control, the death penalty, and "virtually any religious issue."

From beginning to end, this book is a good read. My one complaint is that it has a bad index. Only people's names are indexed, not any issues or news organizations. They should be, and perhaps this can be rectified if *Press Watch* comes out in paperback — which it should.

*Donald W. Klein teaches in the Political Science Department of Tufts University.*

## New Fellowships in Science Broadcast Journalism

WGBH-Boston, producer of radio and television public affairs programs, including NOVA, is initiating a fellowship program for science writers who want to learn science broadcast reporting.

The program will recruit science journalists experienced in print who are willing to make a career change.

Fellows will undergo a year of intensive training in a working professional environment, scheduled to begin in January 1985.

There will be six fellowships each year. For further information write to:

David Kuhn  
Director, Science Fellowships  
WGBH  
125 Western Avenue  
Boston, MA 02134



## Correction

The name of the president of Bangladesh as it appeared in the Summer issue of *Nieman Reports*, in the lead article by Derrick Zane Jackson and Michelle Diane Holmes, should have been "H. M. Ershad."

The editors regret the error.



# Simons New Curator

Howard Simons (NF '59), who has served for the past twelve years as managing editor of *The Washington Post*, has been named Curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University.

The appointment was announced in June by Harvard President Derek Bok after a seven-month search for a successor to James C. Thomson Jr., who is stepping down after twelve years as Curator. Simons will assume his duties September 1.

In announcing the selection of Simons, Bok said, "His long and distinguished career as a journalist — which included managing the team of investigative reporters whose work led to public disclosure of the events surrounding the Watergate affair — coupled with his scholarly work and his intellectual interest in assessing the role of the news media in society make Howard Simons an ideal person to direct the work of the Nieman Foundation."

Simons also was praised by Benjamin Bradlee, executive editor of the *Post*, who said: "All of us will 'specially miss just exactly those qualities in Howard that will make him a great Nieman Curator. . . his eclectic mind, his devotion to principle, his compassion, and his interest in young reporters."

The 55-year-old native of Albany, New York, earned a bachelor of arts degree from Union College in Schenectady, New York, and a master's degree from the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University.

His career in news reporting began after serving in military intelligence during the Korean War. He joined the Science Service in Washington, D.C. in 1954, and covered such stories as the development of nuclear weapons and nuclear power, and the U.S. space program. After his year as a Nieman Fellow, he became a free-lance writer, covering political and international aspects of science and technology.

In 1961 Simons joined the staff of *The Washington Post*, where he won awards from the American Academy for the Advancement of Science and from the Westinghouse Corporation for his science writing. He served as U.S. correspondent for the London-based magazine *New Scientist* from 1954 to 1967 and won the Raymond Clapper Journalism Award in 1966.

Simons became assistant managing editor of the *Post* in 1966 and was promoted to deputy managing editor in 1968. In 1971 he became managing editor, responsible for the *Post's* day-to-day news operation. From June 1972 to August 1974, he was a central participant in the *Post's* investigation of the tangle of events surrounding the administration of former President Richard Nixon that have come to be known as the "Watergate affair." The paper's investigative work on Watergate won a Pulitzer Prize for public service in 1974.

In 1975, Simons was the M. Lyle Spencer Visiting Professor at Syracuse University's Maxwell School of Public Affairs. He also has been an Intellectual Exchange Scholar in Japan, a senior fellow at the Aspen Institute in Colorado, and a member of the Council on Foreign Relations. He has participated in a seminar probing the role of the media in soci-



The Washington Post

ety held in India, England, and Sri Lanka as well as the United States. He helped found the Alfred Friendly Fellowships at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism that assist Third World journalists visiting the United States.

Simons is the author of *Simons' List Book* (1977) and coeditor (with Joseph Califano) of *The Media and the Law* (1976) and *The Media and Business* (1979). □

## Nieman Fellows, 1984-85

Twelve American journalists and five from other countries have been appointed to the 47th class of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University. Established in 1938 through a bequest of Agnes Wahl Nieman, the Fellowships provide a year of study in any part of the University.

The ten men and seven women in the new Nieman class are:

Edwin Chen, 35, legal affairs writer with *The Los Angeles Times*. Mr. Chen holds a B.A. degree from the University of South Carolina. At Harvard he will focus on the social history of the world's changing populations and the socioeconomic structures of urban societies, with courses in East Asian studies, particularly China, modern history, political science, economics, and international

relations, in addition to the literature of the "outsider" in America.

**Jerelyn Eddings**, 33, editorial writer with *The Sun*, Baltimore, Maryland. Ms. Eddings received her B.S. degree from the University of South Carolina. She plans to study the political and economic history of the United States, the ways government has been used to change the lives and lifestyles of Americans, and the political thought and economic theories behind governmental decisions, especially the periods following the Depression and the Great Society years.

**Margaret Finucane**, 33, news editor with *Newsday*, Long Island, New York. Ms. Finucane's B.A. is from Indiana University. At Harvard she will focus on the general areas of urban and suburban transportation, housing, employment, and the use of leisure time, including a comparison of the pressures of living in New York City with those in other urban populations.

**Lucinda Fleeson**, 33, staff reporter with *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Ms. Fleeson holds a B.S. from Boston University. Her study plan will specialize in the American economy and the labor movement, especially unions and other professional organizations assuming the advo-

cacy role of workers' rights; sociology, and twentieth-century art and literature in America.

**Philip Hilts**, 37, reporter with *The Washington Post*. Mr. Hilts is an alumnus of Georgetown University. At Harvard he will explore the sudden change in power of the human race as it learns to control its own genesis and reproductive biology; and social institutions, including the family structure, that face questions of legal, ethical, and social importance. Mr. Hilts will take courses in statistics, biology, history, law, ethics and medicine.

**Deborah Johnson**, 34, producer for NBC News, New York City. Ms. Johnson is a graduate of Radcliffe/Harvard University. Her Nieman year will focus on Latin American history, economy, politics, and culture as well as the Hispanic-American population in the United States.

**Joel Kaplan**, 28, reporter with *The Tennessean* in Nashville. Mr. Kaplan holds a B.A. from Vanderbilt University and an M.S. from the University of Illinois. He plans to study courses in law, business, art history, anthropology, astronomy, and sociology.

**Joe Oglesby**, 36, editorial writer with

*The Miami Herald*. Mr. Oglesby received his B.A. from Florida A & M University, Tallahassee. At Harvard he will concentrate on the practical application of constitutional law in current public policy decisions, and examine the moral and ethical questions of public service. He also will study international affairs and liberal arts.

Mr. Oglesby's Nieman Fellowship is supported by a grant from the GTE Sprint Communications Corporation.

(Charles) **Mike Pride**, 38, editor of the *Concord (N.H.) Monitor*. Mr. Pride is a graduate of the University of South Florida, Tampa. His Nieman year will include studies in the social, cultural, and political development of New England, the role of the Puritan ethic in governmental institutions, the evolution of New England towns; history, political science, religion, philosophy, and poetry.

**Carol Rissman**, 37, news director of WBUR-FM, Boston, Massachusetts. Ms. Rissman received her B.A. degree from Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan, and her M.A. from the University of Oregon. At Harvard she plans to study the social and historical context of the news of the day, including U.S. history, particularly executive power and foreign policy, and economics relating to trade and industrial organization.

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**Pamela Spaulding**, 35, photographer with *The Louisville Courier-Journal* and *Times*, Kentucky. Ms. Spaulding is a graduate of Ohio State University. Her program of studies at Harvard will focus on the intellectual history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, sociology of the arts, the relationship between people and their cultural symbols, and the ethics of journalism.

**Douglas Stanglin**, 36, Eastern European correspondent for *Newsweek*. Mr. Stanglin holds a B.A. from Southern Methodist University. He will use his Harvard year to study U.S. foreign policy since World War II and its effect on events in East Europe and the USSR, especially Soviet politics. He also will take courses in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European history.

The five journalists from other countries are:

**Sharon Crosbie**, 38, broadcast journalist with Radio New Zealand, Wellington. Ms. Crosbie attended Victoria University, and at Harvard she will concentrate on studies concerning the interaction of Southeast Asian politics as they bear on countries in the South Pacific and their future relationship with the Pacific Rim, including the United States; computer technology, American literature, particularly poetry, and the American novel since Faulkner.

Ms. Crosbie's Nieman Fellowship is supported by a Harkness Fellowship of the Commonwealth Fund.

**Bernard Edinger**, 43, chief correspondent/East Africa for Reuters Limited. Mr. Edinger is an alumnus of Tel Aviv University and of the Université Libre de Bruxelles. He plans to study trends in modern Arab nationalism, the changing face of Israeli society, and Israel's relations with the United States, as well as issues of press freedom, particularly as they relate to UNESCO and the New World Information Order.

Mr. Edinger's Nieman Fellowship is supported by Reuters Limited of London.

**Samuel Rachlin**, 37, Moscow corres-

pondent for Danish Broadcasting Corporation. Mr. Rachlin holds master's degrees from Copenhagen University and Columbia University. At Harvard he will focus on the differences between Russian and Western mental attitudes, psychology, and behavioral patterns, in addition to international affairs, American studies and U.S. foreign policy, and the use of computers and computer programming as they relate to the media.

Mr. Rachlin's Nieman Fellowship is co-sponsored by the Nieman Foundation, with a grant from the Ford Foundation, and by the Russian Research Center, with funding from the Lounsbery Foundation.

**Zwelakhe Sisulu**, 33, political reporter with *The Sowetan*, Johannesburg, South Africa. Mr. Sisulu is an alumnus of the University of South Africa. His study plan at Harvard will specialize in the development of Third World countries, the role of communication and the news

media in South Africa, international politics of the East and West in relation to the Third World, in particular, South Africa, and black American literature.

Mr. Sisulu's Nieman Fellowship is supported by the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program.

**Gregory Weston**, 33, political reporter with *The Citizen*, Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Weston is an alumnus of Queen's University. He plans to study economics, political history, and psychology, especially in the criminal field.

Mr. Weston is a Goodman Canadian Nieman Fellow under funds from the United States and Canada that are held in a permanent endowment in memory of Martin Wise Goodman, Nieman Fellow '62, and at the time of his death, president of *The Toronto Star*.

The appointment of other journalists from abroad will be reported in the next issue of *Nieman Reports*. □

## 1984 Louis M. Lyons Award

The Nieman Foundation at Harvard University announced that the 1984 Louis M. Lyons Award for "conscience and integrity in journalism" was presented on May 24 to Maria Olivia Mönckeberg, a journalist for *Analisis*, an independent Chilean magazine. In the wave of government repression, physical attack and arrest, Mönckeberg has persisted in her trenchant coverage of Chile's economy, labor movement, and growing political opposition to the Pinochet regime. As she said in an interview in April: "Journalists in Chile live under a permanent and constant threat of jail, censorship, and media closure. I think reporters have a moral obligation to report the truth of this repression and to be witnesses of these human rights violations."

Juan Pablo Cardenas, the editor of *Analisis*, who was jailed for 32 days last year and 18 days recently, is facing trial for his editorials critical of the military

regime. At the time of Cardenas' arrest, the government confiscated *Analisis* from the newsstands. In the past, the magazine has been closed down intermittently.

In voting to present Mönckeberg with the Lyons Award, the 1984 Class of Nieman Fellows honors all Latin American journalists who have continued to work with courage and honesty under repressive regimes.

The Louis M. Lyons Award was established by Nieman Fellows in the Class of 1964, the last under Lyons' curatorship, as a token of their esteem for his 25 years of leadership.

Recent recipients of the Lyons Award include Joseph Thloloe (1982), a black South African reporter banned from working as a journalist by his government, and Tom Renner (1983), a specialist in organized crime reporting for *Newsday*, the Long Island, New York, newspaper. □

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# NIEMAN NOTES

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Just before putting the magazine to bed today, we had to do some errands in Harvard Square. It's been the best kind of summer day, with fluffy clouds and azure sky, a setting to evoke intense thoughts of vacation.

Bearing this out, we found the Yard and the Square so full of all shapes, sizes, and ages of tourists, speaking dozens of languages, that we could hardly make our way through the crowd. And then we remembered — trials for the soccer Olympics! Of course — soon to be played out in Harvard's stadium.

We grinned, pushed along, and felt as if we were welcoming the world.

— 1939 —

IRVING DILLIARD, Princeton's first Ferris Professor of Journalism in the Council of the Humanities, 1963-73, returned there in December to participate in the colloquium "Current Threats to the First Amendment." His group examined the serious portent of Washington's anti-Bill of Rights policies.

— 1953 —

*New Brunswick* (N.J.) *News* editor WATSON SIMS recently arranged a goodwill visit to the U.S. by a group of Soviet editors, who met with *The Washington Post*, *USA Today*, *Time*, and *The New York Times*, as well as with ABC and CBS in New York. Sims, who said that Soviets feel the average American knows nothing about the USSR, says that both sides benefited from the visit. He and other American editors will travel to the Soviet Union in late August, where they have requested a meeting with Andrei Gromyko. The exchange is sponsored by the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

— 1955 —

ARCH PARSONS writes that he is working part-time as copy editor for the *Baltimore Sun*: main news, assistant national editor and assistant foreign editor, business, and

sports desks. He's also in the midst of several personal writing projects.

— 1955 and 1956 —

JULIUS DUSCHA, who heads the Washington Journalism Center, and SAM ZAGORIA, ombudsman for *The Washington Post*, were judges for the recent Lowell Mellett Award for Improving Journalism through Critical Evaluation, along with Howard Bray of the Fund for Investigative Journalism. For the second time, the *St. Louis Journalism Review* was selected as the winner of the annual award.

— 1959 —

JOHN SEIGENTHALER, editor and publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean* and editorial director, *USA Today*, told the American Society of Newspaper Editors' May 9-11 convention in Washington that American newspapers have made "meager progress" in their hiring of minorities for newsroom jobs. Seigenthaler, outgoing chairman of the Society's minority committee, said its six-year effort to recruit minorities into newsrooms had produced only a 1.8 percent gain.

— 1961 —

ROBERT P. CLARK has been promoted to vice president from his VP/news position at Harte-Hanks newspapers.

— 1960 —

*Wilson Quarterly* editor PETER BRAESTRUP has edited *Vietnam as History*, a retrospective look at the Vietnam era. The book is a product of a Washington conference which focused on the "higher conduct" of the war.

— 1962 —

GENE ROBERTS, editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, is one of five inducted into the

North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame. Also, he has been elected a director of the American Committee of the International Press Institute.

— 1966 —

An Overseas Press Club Award for reporting from abroad was won by Public Television's *Inside Story*, its episode "Dateline: Moscow." HODDING CARTER is anchor and chief correspondent for the series.

ROBERT C. MAYNARD, editor and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune*, was re-elected to a three-year seat on the board of the American Society of News Editors at its Washington convention.

— 1968 —

PHILIP HAGER, reporter with *The Los Angeles Times*' San Francisco bureau, moved to Washington, D.C. in April to become the Supreme Court writer for that newspaper.

— 1970 —

AUSTIN SCOTT, former political reporter for *The Los Angeles Times*, has joined the *Oakland Tribune* as its metropolitan editor. He also had served as national correspondent for *The Washington Post* and the Associated Press.

WILLIAM MONTALBANO is the author, with Carl Hiaasen, of *A Death in China*, a suspense story, published in May by Atheneum Books. It is a Literary Guild alternate selection.

Montalbano is a foreign correspondent with *The Los Angeles Times*, based in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

— 1971 —

RON WALKER has returned to the *San Juan Star* in Puerto Rico, this time as city editor. He held a number of positions there between 1962 and 1973 before leaving for



teaching stints at Penn State and Columbia University. In 1980 he became chief aide to Rep. James Scheuer (D-N.Y.) and until recently wrote for a number of magazines and newspapers, including a weekly column for the *San Juan Star*.

— 1975 —

TOM DOLAN, who covers real estate for the *Buffalo Evening News*, has been awarded the 1984 Distinguished Urban Journalism Award by the National Urban Coalition for his series on housing problems, "Housing in Decline." The Washington-based coalition cited the series as a "dramatic presentation of one of the most critical problems plaguing our urban areas today." The award was presented in June at the group's seventeenth anniversary "Salute to the Cities" dinner in Washington, D.C.

The *Buffalo News* series began in May and included more than ten major reports outlining lax housing code enforcement, and was chosen as the top entry out of some 80 submissions from nationwide newspapers and magazines.

— 1976 —

Word comes from JANOS HORVAT: "I am still with the Hungarian television working as the head of the TV Films Department . . . I travel a lot and have visited European Nieman Fellows ROBERT FIESS [in France] and GUNTER HAAF [in West Germany]. I have two daughters, Sara and Ana, and a quiet and beautiful family life."

— 1979 —

NANCY DAY, a Visiting Associate Professor of Journalism at Boston University, where she teaches editing, news, and feature writing, was awarded a 1985 AEJMC-Gannett Teaching Fellowship at Indiana University. The fifteen fellowships for journalists embarking on teaching careers are funded by the Gannett Foundation and sponsored by the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication. The workshop was held in July.

Day is also a free-lance editor and writer.

— 1981 —

DOUG MARLETTE, syndicated editorial cartoonist with the *Charlotte Observer*,

won first prize in the editorial cartoon category of the Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards competition.

A new line of greeting cards based on his comic strip "Kudzu" made its debut this spring.

— 1983 —

WILLIAM MARIMOW, reporter with *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, returned to Trinity College in June to receive his alma mater's Alumni Achievement Award. The prize, given by the Trinity College Alumni Association, is in "recognition of distinguished achievement to an alumnus/a who has, preferably recently, been outstanding either in his/her own line of endeavor or beyond the call of his/her normal pursuits."

The citation for the 1969 graduate read, "Out of those tumultuous and iconoclastic times of the Sixties came a generation schooled in the art of asking hard questions. No one has practiced the questioner's art more skillfully than this alumnus who, less than ten years after graduation, won journalism's highest honor, the Pulitzer Prize. . . ." At the conferring of the award, Marimow was presented to the president of the college as "one of the nation's most distinguished representatives of the Fourth Estate."

## RANDOM NOTES

Two Nieman Fellows received New England Emmy Awards for work done in 1983 at the presentation ceremonies in Boston last May.

RON GOLLOBIN ('74), a reporter with Metromedia's WCVB-TV (Boston) was cited for his coverage of the Vietnam Memorial Dedication in the News Reporting/News Event category.

PAUL SOLMAN ('77), of WGBH, PBS in Boston, won for the station an Emmy for *Doomsday Scenario: Banking at the Brink* in the category of Documentary Program, Current Issues.

The awards were made by the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, Boston/New England Chapter.

A committee of Nieman Fellows in the Washington, D.C. area organized a reception for outgoing Curator James Thomson in the Dumbarton Oaks' Curator's garden on June 9.

Nearly sixty guests, including Nieman alumni/ae, spouses, members of the Thom-

son family and friends, and, from the Nieman staff, Tenney Lehman and Lois Frances Fiore were in attendance. Nieman Fellows from the first class ('39), as well as the most recent ('84), were also on hand. All gathered on a hot summer afternoon to enjoy each other's company and to wish Jim Thomson godspeed. Tables with wine, cheese, and fresh fruit were set up beside a pool and splashing fountain.

Peter Behr informally presented the Nieman Curator with the gift of a silver humidor, initialed JCT, from the Washington area Niemans.

In his talk, Behr expressed gratitude to Jim Thomson for his Curatorship, and added, "It has been a remarkable twelve-year run. . . . To be a Nieman Fellow in the early years was, with a few exceptions, to be a white, American male from the writing press. In the Thomson era, the Fellowship has blossomed into a fascinating collection of men and women from around the world, representing every aspect of journalism. . . . Nieman spouses in recent years have enjoyed a welcome at Harvard as warm as that of the Fellows. And after years of cramped existence on Trowbridge Street, the Nieman Foundation under Jim's stewardship found worthy and capacious quarters in Walter Lippmann House."

Members of the committee responsible for the festivities were: Peter Behr ('76), Martha Behr, Gene Carlson ('76), Hodding Carter III ('66), Michael Hill ('81), James McCartney ('64), John Maclean ('75), Frances Maclean, Molly Sinclair ('78)



As we go to press, we have mental images of Fellows in newsrooms scattered in this country and abroad. For some, the Nieman year has just ended. In the next weeks and months, they will continue to unpack the luggage of the mind. For others, who begin their Fellowship in September, the preparation and selection of mental baggage is an absorbing dilemma.

In the end, through all the comings and goings, the important thing is: After nine months in Cambridge, no one should go out the door of Lippmann House with the same set of traveling bags that were carried in at the start.

—T.B.K.L.

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