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Covering the Ecumenical Council

By Sanche de Gramont

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Pre-trial Publicity

By Clifton Daniel

It may be heresy to say so, but I think I have begun to detect a consensus among lawyers and judges on the issue of "Free Press vs. Fair Trial," and the consensus is not unfavorable to the press.

I haven't taken a poll of the legal profession, and the profession itself hasn't stated its consensus in any formal or official way. However, for the past year I have been debating the fair trial issue with lawyers and judges, and, to my pleasure and surprise, I have found myself in agreement with them more often than not.

I thought the basic speech I prepared for this series of discussions was fairly provocative and was certain to start a lot of arguments. This has not been the case.

Since last March, I have appeared before a hotel ballroom full of district attorneys in Houston, another room full of Federal judges and lawyers in New York. I have been on the platform with Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Judge J. Skelly Wright of the Court of Appeals, Attorney General Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, Federal Judge Dudley B. Bonsal, former Federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind and Frank S. Hogan, the New York County District Attorney, and I have appeared on television with Judge John R. Brown, another member of the Circuit Court.

I found practically nothing to argue about with any of these gentlemen except Mr. Hogan, who proposed a statute to punish newspapermen for publishing prejudicial pretrial information.

The speech I thought was so provocative did not provoke anybody. It began with a few stipulations, and this is what it said:

First of all, we of the press can readily admit that, in our

zeal to publish, we sometimes do violence to the rights of defendants—unintentionally, inadvertently, without malice, but, nevertheless, regrettably.

In the second place, we can concede that the *manners* of newspapermen are not always impeccable. We are highly competitive. We work against the clock. We push. We shove. We probe. We ask embarrassing questions. Sometimes we do a little browbeating.

In the third place, we can acknowledge also that the press sometimes swarms over a news story in such a way that the story becomes warped and distorted. Instead of merely covering the news, the press, by its very numbers, its energy and its activity, becomes a participant in the news, and transforms it into something it would otherwise never have been.

(Incidentally, when I speak of the press in this context, I include television and radio.)

In the fourth place, we newsmen are ready to agree that there is need for reform and that we must be more conscientious in our concern for the rights of individuals.

The press in general will interpose no objections to anything the bar, the bench and the police may do in the way of disciplining their own people, although we may feel constrained to point out the risks and evils inherent in restricting the free flow of information to the public, which we all serve.

Those are my stipulations.

Now, here are a few things I am quite sure the press will *not* do.

(1) We will not submit to censorship.

We will not be told by policemen, lawyers or judges what we may or may not print. We are not inclined, speaking plainly, to hand over control of the press to political-minded prosecutors and judges who may be running for election and seeking the support of the very newspapers they are empowered to censure and control.

We do not believe that a law degree necessarily makes a man more civic-minded than a degree in journalism, or that elevation to the bench is equivalent to canonization.

(2) We will not surrender our freedom to publish anything that is said or done in public, provided we do not transgress the laws of libel and the generally accepted standards of decency and good taste. In particular, as long as policemen and lawyers feel free to make outrageously prejudicial statements, we will feel free to print them—if only to show how outrageous they are.

(3) We will not yield up the privilege of publishing anything said in open court. If judges feel that such things may be prejudicial, they must use the remedies already available to them. They can clear the courtroom; they can call counsel to the bench or to their chambers; they can excuse the jury; they can enjoin the jurors not to read newspapers or

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Covering the Ecumenical Council

By Sanche de Gramont

At one of the social functions that accompanied the convening of the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council, one of those functions where most of the men are wearing cassocks, a publisher told a bishop that he was looking for a member of the Vatican press corps who could write a book on the council. "What sort of person do you want?" asked the bishop. "It's simple," replied the publisher, "he has to be a reporter, a historian, a theologian, and a prophet."

Most of the council correspondents are too busy qualifying as reporters to claim any competence as historians, and would probably be willing to leave theology to the "periti" (council experts) and prophecy to saints and editorial writers. But the publisher had neatly delineated the peculiar character of council coverage. The Second Vatican Council must be treated not as spot news but as difficult and intricate renovation of the world's oldest institution, the Roman Catholic church.

The reporter must penetrate the mechanism of the council, learn its vocabulary, be alive to the significance of an apparently trivial event such as a change in the order of seating (at first, the patriarchs were seated after the cardinals, then, across from the cardinals, to make it clear that in rank they were not less than the cardinals, a clarification of Vatican policy), and build up sources who can fill in the omissions in the daily communique. The historian must consider the day's story in terms of church evolution. A vote allowing married men to become deacons seems pointless unless one knows what the Catholic position on ecclesiastical celibacy has been over the centuries. The much abused term "collegiality" is meaningless outside the context of papal infallibility voted at the First Vatican Council in 1870. The theologian must consider collegiality in terms of the apostolic succession, that is Christ's passing on the succession of his church to Peter and the apostles. He must also reconcile the Pope's

supreme and total authority with the powers handed down to the bishops. The prophet must evaluate the impact of collegiality on the church, and show how the existing institutions will be modified when the bishops' share in the government of the church is defined.

Once the journalist has learned to play his multiple roles, he must make the highly specialized activity of the council accessible to a general readership. This is to a certain extent the problem facing other journalistic specialities like finance or science. The vocabulary involved can easily confound the average reader, who may be under the assumption that eschatology is obscene literature or that exegesis is a skin disease. Thus, to make the council intelligible to the non-Catholic reader, the reporter is tempted to simplify issues, to avoid difficult words, to make council events fit the familiar terminology of "journalese" and to use analogies that place the reader on well-trodden ground.

There was not a reporter who resisted pinning labels on the different tendencies that came out of the debate. The council fathers were understandably surprised at first to find themselves described as progressives and conservatives, as liberals and reactionaries, as left and right wingers, and yet it did not take them long to adopt the terms. The press was often accused of forgetting that the council is a religious meeting, not a political event, and that those present are inspired by the grace of God and the Holy Ghost to make infallible decisions in conjunction with the Pope. But the press would have been equally remiss to ignore the very real differences that existed in the council and the formation of groups and lobbies which relied on other methods than divine intervention to get what they wanted. Many parallels could be drawn between the council congregations and parliamentary procedure in a constitutional monarchy, and

the two major groups that took shape as the sessions progressed behaved surprisingly like seasoned political parties, unwittingly illustrating the effectiveness of the two-party system.

There was no automatic meeting of the minds in the aula (this was one of the council's most refreshing aspects), and although the press could certainly be accused of exaggerating conflict in the interest of headlines ("Virgin Mary downgraded" and "conservatives kill religious liberty" are two examples that come to mind), it is equally certain that behind-the-scene strategy played no mean part in conciliar decisions. There was one occasion at the end of the third session when some of the fathers forgot deportment and began shouting epithets seldom heard in the august precincts of St. Peter's basilica. The council majority, which wanted to push through a vote on religious liberty, had been outflanked by a procedural trick of the minority, and as the vote was cancelled fathers leapt to their feet and angrily denounced the machinations. "Differences of opinion are one thing," an indignant English bishop told me afterward, "chicanery quite another."

The reporter coming in "cold" on the council is at first bewildered by the curious blend of power politics and religious inspiration, of renaissance ceremonial and IBM tabulating machines, of secret sessions in Latin and press leaks in six languages, of a Pope who is supremely powerful and yet, in theory, never interferes in the affairs of the council, and of the many shades of meaning which Latin rhetoric can render.

When the council opened in the fall of 1962, the Vatican seemed uncertain whether to meet the press with a friendly hand or a suspicious eye. An impressive press office was opened in the via della Conciliazione, under the leadership of the harassed but capable Monsignor Fausto Vallainc. It had ushers, typewriters, teletype machines, telephone booths, plenty of paper and a terrible paucity of news. The policy at the first session was that the press should be treated like the ragged children at the castle gate who watch the entrances and exits of the lords but are seldom rewarded for their vigilance. The first press communiques were prodigies of caution, disclosing that a meeting had been held and that x number of fathers had spoken.

The veil of secrecy had two important results: the American press panel was formed under the sponsorship of a number of American bishops, and newspapers, mainly the Italian dailies, began to rely on often badly distorted leaks for their coverage.

For members of the English-language press, the American press panel was more than briefing session, it was a saving grace. The priest-scholars who came daily to "fill in" the press on the day's story were performing a vital service, for never was there a story where "background" counted so much. The press panel was dubbed "the school of theology" by reporters who, if they took enough notes in class and

did their homework correctly, were sometimes able to sound as if they knew what they were talking about.

Father Edward Heston, who chaired the panel the first year, is probably the most responsible for improving relations between the council and the press. He was quick to understand the impact that honest, unbiased council coverage could have on world opinion. His conviction that council secrecy should to some degree be lifted eventually prevailed, and in the second session summaries of each speaker's remarks were distributed in six languages after every morning meeting.

Council fathers were not the last to favor a system which relayed their speeches to the folks in the dioceses back home. The problem for the daily press became not the lack of news but its abundance. The good fathers discovered the press conference and eagerly adopted that institution to supplement their council interventions. There were afternoons when five or six press conferences were being given in various clubs and offices up and down the via della Conciliazione. Bishops too, when they found they could trust reporters, grew more helpful in providing information left out of the communiques. And since factions did form within the council, the maneuvers of one group were often leaked by another group, so that the press was able to ferret out many of the undisclosed council developments, such as the letter of the seventeen cardinals to Pope Paul VI, protesting arbitrary changes in key council commissions that would affect the religious declaration.

Council fathers sometimes complained that the press did not emphasize the right things. Collegiality, for instance, they considered more important than the declaration absolving the Jews of blame in the death of Christ, but the latter was given more front-page space because of its timeliness and political implications. In cases like this, the council found itself slipping into the political arena, and the more it protested that the declaration was a purely religious one, the more the Jewish and Arab lobbies in the Vatican applied pressure. The same was true of the declaration on religious liberty, which the Spanish government viewed as a dangerous innovation. But it is too much to ask that the aims of the council coincide with the requirements of the press.

Many fathers would have preferred less commotion around the birth control debate, but the topic has too much urgency to be ignored. Obviously, more people will read a story on a cardinal's opinion of the birth control pill than on the two sources of revelation, although most Catholic churchmen will tell you the latter is more important. However, whatever the misconceptions and misdeeds of the press, it was gratifying to see the bishops head for the newsstands as they left St. Peter's after each morning meeting.

Mr. de Gramont is a free lance writer now living in Rome.

The Newspaper Game

By John Kieran

These chapters from **Mr. Kieran's** book **NOT UNDER OATH** are reprinted with the permission of the publisher, Houghton Mifflin Company.

After giving the matter little thought, I decided to become a newspaperman. Like everybody else, I believed that I could write if I had the chance but, unlike most other young fellows looking for jobs as reporters, I knew a man who could turn the trick for me. He was the late Frederick T. Birchall, the bustling, bald and red-whiskered Assistant Managing Editor of the *New York Times*. He had been a family friend for years and I felt he couldn't refuse my simple request for a job as a reporter. I was right. When I saw him at the *Times* office he gave in more or less gracefully and welcomed me into the newspaper world with these encouraging words: "Very well. Come back in three weeks and I'll put you on as a district man. But I'll tell you two things. First, you won't like the work. Second, you'll never be any good at it."

I thanked him profusely for his kindness and his confidence in me and I left. But I didn't stay away three weeks. I was back a few days later with a suggestion. It was summer and perhaps some of the *Times* sports writers were on vacation. If the Sports Department was short-handed, perhaps I could fill in for one or more of the missing men until I was needed as a district man in the News Department. I had played five different sports in college and knew the field fairly well.

"Good idea," snapped Mr. Birchall, and took me around to the Sports Department where he introduced me to the head man whose name was pronounced like his own but was spelled Burchell. As Sports Editor, this chap was in no position to argue with the Assistant Managing Editor and I became a member of the Sports Staff on the spot. I then discovered that it was at no fixed salary. In those days all the sports writers and most of the regular reporters were paid "space rates," the going rate at the time being \$7 per column. The well-known slogan of the *New York Times* is that it publishes "all the news that's fit to print." For the first three weeks that I was on the job I didn't make a cent. I was sent out on a roving commission to dig up sports news

and I wrote daily stories that were tossed into the wastebasket. Apparently nothing that I wrote was fit to print.

Before I starved to death, however, a rainstorm came to my rescue. What had ruined Napoleon at Waterloo saved my life as a sports writer on West 43rd Street. I was a rather good golfer and a day earlier I had played the links of the Ardsley Country Club with the local professional, Val Flood, who had been there for years and was full of good stories about the course, the club members and famous golfers who had played there. I wrote it all down and turned in a column-long story on the Ardsley links, thinking that it would end up in the wastebasket where all the others had been interred, but this time it was different. It had rained buckets all over the eastern half of the United States that day. No baseball. No tennis. No yachting. There were empty columns to fill in the sports section that night. In desperation, my long story on the Ardsley links was tossed into the breach and came out in print the next morning.

The City Editor, Ralph Graves, was an ardent golfer. For several years he had been insisting at editorial conferences that the *Times* needed a special golf writer to lure the golfers into reading the sports section of the *Times*. Golf was a fast-growing game and those who played it had money to spend. Advertisers dote on newspapers whose readers have money to spend. Ergo, get golfers to read your newspaper. The *Times* had been buying its golf news from a chap named Percy Pulver who was a one-man syndicate in a small way and supplied golf news to seven or eight of the city's newspapers. When my Ardsley story appeared in the paper, the City Editor stalked around to the Sports Department and asked who had written it.

"A young fellow I put on recently," said Sports Editor Burchell.

"Don't let him get away," said Ralph Graves. "Make him your golf writer."

Thus I became the golf writer for the *New York Times* and a most pleasant assignment it was. In the first place, I was a golf enthusiast myself and it was wonderful to walk in the wake of good golfers in tournaments and see how they made their shots. Secondly, covering golf I met so many nice people in beautiful settings—lovely rolling fairways, incredibly manicured putting greens, spacious clubhouses with loud and cheerful locker rooms echoing to the clump of

spiked shoes on the floor and the tinkle of ice in drinking glasses. One of my fellow golf writers was Grantland Rice, who became a lifelong friend. Another was the drama critic Burns Mantle who covered golf during the summer as an extracurricular activity simply because he liked the game and the players.

Of course, I covered other sports when golf was out of season in the New York area. On winter nights I was sent to report on track meets, basketball games, ice hockey at the old St. Nicholas Rink, amateur boxing, fencing, billiards and even dog and cat shows. I had to be at the office at 1 P.M. for assignment each day and often I was in the office still pounding my typewriter at midnight. I didn't mind it. The more assignments I had the more money I made. Also, traveling the subway at the hours I kept was a luxury. The rush hour jam was a thing of the past for me.

All this happened in 1915 and for the next quarter of a century I spent most of my waking hours watching games and players and writing about them. There were only two interruptions of note. World War I was going into its second dreadful winter when Germany announced that its submarine commanders were being ordered to sink merchant vessels without warning. The United States countered with notice that our merchant ships were to be armed to resist any attack. Word went around our office that a *Times* reporter would be sent along on the first armed merchant ship to leave New York. The man who would hand out the assignment was the City Editor, Ralph Graves. Because I wrote golf and he had a hand in setting me at it, he took a particular interest in me. As soon as I heard of the armed ship assignment, I scurried around to his desk and asked for the job. But Carl Dickey, whose desk was closer to the command post, had been there ahead of me and already had gone home to pack.

"Never mind," said Editor Graves by way of consolation. "If the ship is sunk, I'll send you on the next one."

Nothing happened to the ship—the *St. Paul* unless memory is at fault—and Carl Dickey could report only a routine transatlantic trip. No more *Times* reporters were to enjoy quiet ocean travel on office expense accounts. However, a few months later we were having trouble with Pancho Villa on the Mexican Border and the National Guard was mobilized to meet the situation. The *Times* was going to send a man with each New York unit that went to the Border. Again I dashed around to put in my application at the city desk and again Carl Dickey was ahead of me. So were four or five others. But they couldn't strip the city room of all of its reporters and I was finally assigned to go with the 22nd Engineers, N.G.N.Y., the last of the seven New York outfits to leave for their assigned position at McAllen, Texas.

I was at home at noon and just about to start for the office when Ralph Graves phoned that I was to go to Camp Whitman near Hopewell Junction in Dutchess County that very

afternoon, write a front page story about the switch of commanding officers of the famous 69th Infantry as the regiment was taking off for the Border that day and then join the 22nd Engineers who were leaving for Texas the next morning. I had to pack, find a uniform somewhere and dig up transportation to Camp Whitman. There was no way of getting there on time by train. I borrowed a uniform from a friend who had been at the Plattsburgh training camp for civilians. He was three inches taller than I was and the fit was ghastly. My brother-in-law had a rickety old car in which he drove me over bad roads to Dutchess County and I stepped out at the entrance to Camp Whitman as twilight was falling. I hadn't the faintest idea what to do or where to go. The guard at the gate waved me through without question and I didn't dare to question him. I walked straight ahead with my portable typewriter in one hand and my suitcase in the other.

In the dusk ahead I saw a light and I headed for it. I was in luck. It was the Western Union office. I walked in and saw two men in uniform at the counter writing in longhand and passing the sheets to a man behind the counter. Only newspapermen do that sort of thing so I introduced myself and asked for help. The stouter of the two identified himself as George Boothby of the *Evening World* and I stepped back in awe. He was one of the newspaper notables of Park Row. He asked what he could do for me and I told him I had to file the front page story on the change of command in the 69th and then join the 22nd Engineers. He filled me in nobly on the sudden and unexpected change of command as the 69th took off for the Border and stood by as I wrote and filed the story for the *Times*. Then he said: "Where next? Had your dinner? No? Follow me."

He took me to some eating place in the camp and had a cup of coffee as I wolfed down a hasty dinner. All this time he was giving me information and helpful hints on how to cover my assignment with the troops. Then he marched me off in the darkness to the tent of the commanding officer of the 22nd Engineers and, after a proper salute, said to that worthy gentleman: "Colonel, this is Kieran of the *Times* who has been assigned to go to the Border with you. He needs a place to sleep tonight—and a blanket."

The colonel bedded me down in an empty tent next to his own and I stuttered my thanks to George Boothby as best I could. He brushed it all aside as little or nothing and was around the next morning to make sure that I was properly fed and watered and all set for the trip with the troops to the Rio Grande. He couldn't have done more for me if I had been his favorite nephew. He was a newspaper notable and I was a raw newcomer. I was a complete stranger to him when he held out that helping hand. The man, I felt as the troop train carrying the 22nd Engineers rolled out of camp, was utterly and irretrievably a great gentleman.

Stand by now for a slight digression and a brief account of one of the most pleasant episodes of my life. Some

twenty-five years later Hollywood was preparing to do a feature film on the life of George M. Cohan with Jimmy Cagney in the role of the famous song and dance man. There was a job open for somebody who had an intimate knowledge of "little old New York" when Cohan was dancing his way up those golden stairs. Hollywood needed such an expert to prevent geographical, historical or theatrical errors in the filmed background of the Cohan story.

Frank A. Munsey had devastated the newspaper field in New York and many a star reporter of the old days was looking for work, George Boothby among them. You might say that when Munsey started firing, George's "World" had been shot out from under him. He learned of the job open in Hollywood on the Cohan story and he put in his application. Nobody was better fitted for the task than a veteran reporter whose regular beat had been Broadway, City Hall, Police Headquarters, old Madison Square Garden, the Hippodrome, Jack's, Mouquin's, Shanley's, Rec-tor's and selected little nooks like the place that Ben de Casseres ran largely for the newspaper trade on 41st Street just west of Seventh Avenue, one flight up.

Boothby received word that his application was on file and would receive consideration. One day he came to see me. Somebody had told him that I knew George M. Cohan rather well. It was true enough. I had known the famed actor and playwright for twenty years, had visited with him backstage on different occasions and had sat through many ball games at the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium with him and his theatrical crony, Sam Forrest.

"Would you give me a letter of introduction to him?" asked Boothby, "I think that would clinch the job for me."

I was delighted to give him the letter and I didn't hold back in telling Cohan how much I admired Boothby. Within a week Boothby was back to see me with a broad grin on his careworn face. It looked good to me there.

"John," he said, holding out his hand, "that did it! I got the job. I'm leaving for the West Coast tomorrow. Thanks a million."

What a wonderful stroke of luck, after a lapse of a quarter of a century, to be able to pay back in some part the kindness of a great gentleman to a cub reporter in a tough spot. The film, under the title *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, was a smash hit with Cagney playing the Cohan role to perfection. But we're on a side track. We have to get back on the main line and the troop train carrying the 22nd Engineers, N.G.N.Y. and a New York *Times* reporter to Texas in July, 1916. It took us four days to reach the Mexican Border town of McAllen, which was small, hot, dusty, surrounded by mesquite and overrun with soldiery. Furthermore, the outsize uniform I had hurriedly borrowed for the trip was a heavy woolen one and did not wear well in the heat that was 105° in the shade.

Carl Dickey was the chief of staff of the seven *Times* reporters in and around McAllen. One day he was standing at

the entrance to the headquarters tent of the dandy Seventh Regiment listening to a complaint by the regimental adjutant that unkempt soldiers from "the dirty Twelfth" lodged behind them in the mesquite came rambling through the Seventh's company streets on the way to the public road that led to town.

"Look!" said the adjutant. "Here comes one of the scarecrows now. That man is a disgrace to the American army!"

Yes, it was I, and it wasn't until I met Carl in town at dinner that I learned of the distinction conferred upon me. In all modesty, I think I deserved the nomination.

Since there was no immediate prospect of military action along the Border, the *Times* home office decided to cut its expeditionary force from seven men to three. Carl Dickey called me aside and whispered: "You and Bruce Rae and I are staying."

I whispered back: "You and Bruce Rae and somebody else are staying. Too hot here."

I took the train to New Orleans, a boat from there to New York, and reached home nourishing a flock of fleas I had picked up en route. I strongly suspected the bunk on the ship. The day after I arrived home I was back on the job covering golf. Six weeks later I was at the Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia watching the play in the National Amateur Golf Championship of 1916 and enjoying every minute of it. This was the tournament in which Bob Jones made his debut in national championship competition as a chunky fourteen-year-old "boy wonder" from Atlanta, Georgia. The youngster did well but was finally put out by the reigning champion, Bob Gardner, in a close match in the quarter-final round. Everybody predicted a brilliant future on the links for the boy and for once at least, everybody was right.

On January 1, 1917, I became admiral of the Central Park Navy. It came about through the fact that I was a good hard worker on that sewer job several years earlier. One of the young city engineers who checked up on the work we were doing admired my energy and earnestness and we became good friends. His name was Joseph Vincent Hogue. I invited him to our Kingsbridge home to meet my family and he must have been taken by something he saw because about a year later he married my sister Kitty, my immediate junior in the family. He also had switched from engineering to operating the boating, skating and golfing concessions in Van Cortlandt Park.

He found the change profitable. He heard that the boating concession on the three lakes in Central Park was coming up for sealed bids late in 1916, the operation to start at the beginning of 1917. He suggested that I put in a bid. Even if I got it, I wouldn't have to interrupt my newspaper work. He knew a good man who could manage it for me. I put in the bid at the figure he advised. To my astonishment, when the sealed envelopes were opened and bids called off, mine was low. I put up a stock certificate—borrowed from a cous-

in—to cover a \$7500 bond required by the city to guarantee payment of the rent and I was further financed by a family friend to the extent of \$2500. All my own savings went into the hopper and my brother-in-law backed me with cash as well as much needed advice.

He also produced the able manager he had promised and we had extraordinary luck in the weather. We had skating on New Year's Day and many days thereafter, which brought in a flow of cash immediately through the check-rooms at the three lakes—59th Street, 72nd Street and 110th Street—and the lunch counter at 72nd Street. Eventually, when our boatbuilding program was completed, I was First Sea Lord of 475 rowboats, 4 swan boats and two 40-passenger electric launches. This cost us about \$40,000, but in our five-year tenancy we got it back and had something to spare.

All this didn't interfere with my newspaper work in the least. I made the rounds of the three lakes in the morning "just to show my authority" but the capable manager really ran the show and I went about my newspaper chores in the afternoons and at nights as usual. What did interrupt my career as a sports reporter was the United States declaration of war against Germany and its associates on April 6, 1917. One month later I enlisted in a volunteer outfit whose recruiting slogan was: "Join The Engineers. First To France." This was the New York unit of a group of nine such engineer regiments being hastily recruited in nine different large cities scattered across the country from Boston to San Francisco. After some delay at the baptismal font, our outfit was named the Eleventh Engineers (Railway) and as such we were loaded aboard the old *Carpathia* on July 14 (Bastille Day) and steamed off to the war zone. The recruiters had made good on their promise; we were among the first 20,000 Americans to land in France in World War I.

We went by way of England and in a brief stay at a camp near Aldershot we had the distinction of being the first American regiment ever to be reviewed by a British monarch. George V, now more familiar to Americans as the name of a hotel in Paris than as that of a former occupant of Buckingham Palace in London, came down to our little camp with his staff and we swept past him in a column of companies. I was in A Company, which led the parade, and I could see skylarks rising out of the grass ahead of us. Since we had no band playing for us, I could hear them, too, as they went singing aloft. I was much more interested in the skylarks than in the review by royalty. It was my first acquaintance with the famous songsters. After a week of gas training and bayonet drill at this camp, we made a swift crossing of the Channel on an overcast afternoon with other troopships ahead of us and behind us and British destroyers guarding on both sides. We left from Folkestone and landed in Boulogne on August 7. In camp on a hill that night we could see the flash of the big guns firing along the Western Front. I suppose we were all duly impressed by the distant spectacle. I know I was.

Unless restrained, any old soldier will babble along interminably on the subject of his experiences while in uniform but there is no need for the reader to reach around in search of a club. I restrain myself. All I say is that we had a good outfit, we did good work, we had grandstand seats at the war and we got off lightly. For almost a year we spent most of our time working in the support area behind the British lines. The first battle casualty report issued by the A.E.F. was a modest one. Two men wounded, September 5, 1917. The men were Sergeant Matt Calderwood and Private Bill Brannigan. The report naturally did not further state that both men were in F Company, Eleventh Engineers, and were wounded by shell fragments while working behind the British front on the Somme. It was our outfit that unloaded the 438 big British tanks for the celebrated Cambrai attack on November 20 during which a big hole was opened through the German line.

The Germans were really surprised by this first assault of tanks en masse. Ten days later, however, they had recovered enough from their surprise to pinch off the salient made by the tank attack and in the process they trapped two and a half companies of our regiment that had been laying a broad-gauge track behind the British advance. Most of our men made it back to safety in the general confusion but six were killed, thirteen were wounded and eleven were captured, including the best piano player in the regiment, Charley Geoghegan of B Company.

Personally I never experienced anything worse than a good shaking up now and then when a bomb or a shell landed too close for comfort. These were easily turned into laughing matters but it wasn't all beer and skittles for some of the boys. We left a few dead behind us in every sector through which we passed—the Somme, Arras, the Lys, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. We landed back in New York late in April, 1919, and I was discharged on May 5. Thus I had been in the army two years, of which I spent less than three months in this country. Lucky!

The really lucky part was that I had kept up my French after I left college without any idea that it would ever be useful to me. I just liked the language and I read all the French books in our local public library several times over. I bought Hugo, Dumas the Elder, Daudet, Anatole France, Balzac and others in the reasonable Nelson editions. I knew Rostand's rhymed romances almost by heart. I reached the point where I could read French about as easily as I could English, but I had few opportunities to speak it. The war changed that in a big way. As soon as we landed in France I began to officiate as interpreter for my enlisted cronies and later I had regimental assignments as a go-between when we had dealings with French military or civilian personnel. I became fluent enough—*j'ai la langue bien pendue*—but the less said about my accent the better. Come to think of it, I have never received any compliments on my accent in English, either.

I did some sporadic birding while I was in France. I remember that the marsh in the Somme River under the walls of Peronne was filled with "coot and hern" and some smaller marsh birds that I could not identify since I had neither field glasses nor European bird book to help me out. Later I did acquire a pair of field glasses and with these I could at least identify certain birds as sparrows, warblers, woodpeckers, titmice, nuthatches and such even if I had no idea what the species might be. In July, 1918, when we were building an ammunition dump halfway between Paris and Château-Thierry, our office tent was in a lovely patch of woods through which ran a seven-foot wire fence enclosing the game preserve of one of the Rothschild clan. The preserve was a wonderful place for birds and I often scaled the fence to go in search of them. One day as I started to climb the fence I heard one of my fellow staff sergeants say to the office force:

"There goes John with his field glasses. Now the birds will catch hell!"

It's a long way back to those old days in France and some of them have faded into oblivion. I still remember months of mud and misery, moments of stark terror, and hopeless hours when there seemed to be no way out and we were all wandering—

*as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

More pleasant are three other memories that never fail me; red poppies in the wheat, flashing black-and-white magpies flitting over the fields, and long lines of tall Lombardy poplars marking the roads and canals on the distant landscape. "*Adieu, pleasant pays de France.*" Back to Newspaper Row in New York.

* * *

As soon as I was turned loose by the army I married the girl I left behind me—Alma Boldtmann, slim, dark, beautiful and very gentle, a native New Yorker of French and German descent—and we went off on a honeymoon that took in California and the Canadian Rockies before I returned to my job as golf writer for the *New York Times*. In a little over four years we had three children—two boys and a girl in that order—and a rambling old wooden house in Riverdale with oaks trees around it and a wide lawn on which the children could play.

In the interim my lease on the rowboat concession had terminated and I had lost my title of First Sea Lord of the Central Park Navy. I had sold my rowboats and auxiliary vessels to the Greek merchant who had outbid me for the concession at the auction block and I was free to concentrate on my newspaper career. In 1922 I had shifted from the *Times* to the *New York Tribune*, when Grantland Rice offered me a job there as a baseball writer with a "by line."

It was the "by line," the chance to have my name over the stories I wrote, that was the big inducement. On the *Times* all the sports writers were anonymous and in the news columns only a few star staff men were allowed to sign stories on special occasions.

I was sorry to part company with the *Times* but the chance to make a name for myself was too good to miss. The fact that I was to write baseball was important, too. When he first spoke to me, Grant offered me the golf job at the *Tribune*. This I turned down. In those days baseball was the big attraction for those newspaper readers who turned to the sports section with regularity. Other sports had their seasons and big days but big league baseball was the year-round staple article to feed the sports fans. It was a circulation builder and the newspaper publishers knew it.

I interpolate an item to stress the point. Early in his career as a drama critic for the *New York Times*, the rotund and dapper Alexander Woollcott approached the publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, with a polite request for an increase in salary. Mr. Ochs replied that he thought his drama critic's salary was adequate, but if Alec would switch to writing baseball he would raise his pay. The outraged Woollcott rejected the offer as an affront to his dignity and went back to his customary two seats on the aisle. Eventually Alec obtained a measure of revenge for the insult. He became a radio star as "The Town Crier" and reveled richly in the new medium that was cutting heavily into the advertising harvest that newspaper and magazine publishers once had pretty well to themselves.

When I became a baseball writer for the *Tribune* in 1922 radio had penetrated comparatively few homes and even in those it was mostly a series of squeals and squawks. The writers of signed stories in the newspapers were still the important links between games and their followers. When my first signed baseball story appeared in the paper, I felt as though I had made a varsity team. Beyond that, baseball was my favorite game at the time and I was thrilled at the prospect of meeting and mixing with the great diamond stars of those days. I would go on a southern training trip. Weather permitting, I would watch a big league ball game every day during the regular season. I would cover the world series. And I would be paid well—\$75 a week—for having all that fun. Some are born lucky.

What I anticipated turned out to be true. I had a wonderful time watching the games and getting to know the players. I met Babe Ruth at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was "boiling out" before reporting to the Yankee training camp at New Orleans. The first time I saw him he was in a "sweat box" at one of the baths with only his head visible. A week later at New Orleans I met all the Yankee veterans and rookies of the year and—to my delight—was allowed to put on a uniform and play shortstop during batting practice. I was only thirty years old at the time and still agile enough to get away with it. In college I had been the type of ball

player so aptly described by a famous old catcher and coach, Mike Gonzales, as "good field, no hit."

Before the 1922 season was over I knew every regular on all sixteen major league teams and, in most cases, was delighted to make their acquaintance. There were a few grumpy ones but I soon learned how to work my way past them on the field or in the dugout before the game. I played golf with some of them, including Babe Ruth, and in later years I went duck hunting with the Babe and his great friend, Frank Stevens, on Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound. That is, I was there with them but I wasn't armed as they were. They had shotguns while my weapon was a pair of field glasses. I was only interested in watching the assorted waterfowl streaming by.

There turned out to be "fringe benefits" in baseball writing that I knew nothing about until I began to travel with the teams. Road trips with the Yankees and Giants carried me to the nine other cities outside New York that constituted the major league circuits of those days. A baseball writer had his mornings to himself on the road and I made use of them for such extracurricular activities as the inspection of art museums, zoos, public libraries, municipal parks and other local attractions open to the public in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. I enjoyed this immensely and also learned a lot at no cost except a trifling expenditure in shoe leather. I generally went afoot on such excursions.

It was quite educational in a mild way. I remember reading Proust in French in the big downtown library in St. Louis before that author's works were allowed on the shelves of the public libraries in New York. My first glimpse of the stars indoors came when I entered the Adler Planetarium on the lake front in Chicago. It was the first such institution in this country to be equipped with the remarkable Zeiss projector. The star show was so far beyond anything I had anticipated or imagined that I was electrified and enchanted. Somehow I managed to weave some mention of this into one of my sports stories and, as an unexpected result, I received a kindly letter from Max Adler, the Chicago merchant who had given the money to build the planetarium and who, in his old age, had retired to California to enjoy the sun as well as the stars.

It was at the St. Louis zoo that I first saw the moat system of keeping bears, lions, tigers and other such clawed animals within bounds and yet out in the open where visitors could have a clear view of them with no intervening bars. It's a common practice in big zoos now wherever possible. I roamed through the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and a watch factory in Cincinnati, but what I really doted on was visiting the art museums in the different cities. I never tire of looking at paintings, preferably landscapes, seascapes or genre subjects. Perhaps my love of nature influenced my taste in paintings but I can appreciate a still life by a master and

some of my favorite characters are portraits by Frans Hals or Rembrandt. I've known that old woman paring her nails for half a century. She hasn't aged a bit. She's still wonderful.

Washington in those days lacked the great National Gallery that the Mellon money provided later but it had the Corcoran Gallery and the Freer Gallery that included the famous Whistler room that was moved bodily from London to the District of Columbia. Washington also had the Lincoln Memorial, to me one of the most stately and impressive monuments in the world, and with the azaleas, dogwoods and cherry trees in bloom in late April or early May, it is a picturesque city to visit. Even so, Pittsburgh was my favorite city on the baseball circuit because everything in which I was interested was close at hand. We stayed at the Schenley Hotel, one small block away from Forbes Field where the ball games were played. Just down the street in another direction was the Carnegie Institute that housed a notable collection of fine art and staged an annual international show that was the big event of the art year in this country. In 1925 the international art show and the world series at Forbes Field (Pittsburgh Pirates vs. the Washington Senators) were on view at the same time and I thoroughly enjoyed both attractions. Just over the outfield fence at Forbes Field lay Schenley Park through which I roamed regularly with my field glasses at the alert. It was a good place to look for migrant warblers in May and September.

By 1925 I was working for Hearst, a step up financially but a comedown socially after being on the *Times* and the "Trib" that catered to the "carriage trade" while the Hearst papers frankly went after the masses. I enjoyed writing for the "Trib" and I survived the merger that made it the *Herald Tribune*. But in December of 1924 Damon Runyon asked me to go down to Park Row and talk to Gene Fowler, then managing editor of the New York *American*, the Hearst full-size morning newspaper in the city. I was flattered that top men like Damon and Gene were interested in me and it didn't take me long to reach Gene's office where I accepted his offer of \$150 a week—big money in those days for anybody except an established star. I signed on the dotted line quickly when Gene told me that I would have a chance to write a sports column of my own at intervals.

The promise about the occasional sports column was made good. Because I started it when I was sent to Saratoga in August to do feature stories on horse racing at the sanctuary of turf tradition, I called my column "Wild Oats and Chaff." What pleased me most about it was that I was free to include light verse when the divine afflatus swept over me. I loved to write verse—and read it, too. In my reading I knew no bounds and I reveled in poetry in three languages—English, French and Latin. If any reader is foolish enough to chal-

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Some Things I Didn't Know as an Editor

By Al Neuharth

The following speech was made to the convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington. **Mr. Neuharth** is general manager of the Gannett Newspapers in Rochester, New York.

People on the newspaper publishing side can be separated into two distinct categories:

1. First, the counting house boys, those to whom the nature of the business is a matter of complete indifference. These are the publishers who would as soon be running a bank, a grain elevator, or a five and dime store, so long as the profit prospect for them was equal. In many cases, these are—or were—publishers who started in the newspaper business by accident as office boys, circulation solicitors or accountants, and then often by accident became business managers, general managers or publishers. This category of publisher generally had or has no real understanding or appreciation for the editorial product and doesn't really realize he is in the business of selling news. I refer to this type as "old line publishers" because, happily, they are fast disappearing from the journalistic scene.

2. Secondly, we have the "new line publishers," those who have either a background, understanding or appreciation of the news and editorial product. The new line publisher also is primarily a business man, because the road to a good newspaper must be built on a foundation of solvency and profit. But the new line publisher realizes that his business success depends on the quality of the editorial product he sells—and he is willing to spend some of his money to improve that product, and in turn improve his business situation. It is an over-simplification, but the old line publisher usually would ask "How much can we save?" The new line publisher asks "How much should we spend to achieve our goal of publishing better newspapers—and making greater profits?"

And when I refer to new line publishers, I don't mean just young publishers. One of the best of the new line publishers I know is 92-year-old E. K. Gaylord of Oklahoma City.

Two years ago, just after Paul Miller named me general manager of the Rochester Newspapers, he said he thought it might be nice if I went somewhere to learn a little something about the business side. As I recall, he made that suggestion shortly after he had asked me if I had seen our latest P & L Statement. I didn't know what he was talking about—and told him it was the first I'd heard that the Gannett Company owned the P & L—the Pittsburgh and Lackawana Railroad. So, at Paul Miller's insistence I visited a dozen or 15 good newspaper operations around the country, including Oklahoma City. One of the things I asked editor and publisher Gaylord at that time—and he had then just passed his 90th birthday—was this: In a so-called monopoly situation like ours in Rochester or his in Oklahoma City should I play everything close to the belt, cut all possible corners and try to make a showing by reducing expenses—saving money? . . . or, should I spend money to improve things, promote hard and sell, and try to make a showing that way in hopes of generating more income to afford more product improvements?

Mr. Gaylord put it very simply, something like this: He said: "I learned long ago that there are more things you can do by spending money than you can by saving it." Pretty good advice.

From your own personal contacts, I'm sure you recognize the new line publisher, and many, many of you work for one. Happily, he is beginning to dominate the journalistic scene. If you have a new line publisher as a boss, you have no problem. But if there is any old line thinking on the business side of your newspaper, a tip or two might help you. I shall not name any old-liners. But some of you also will recognize them from personal contact.

An old line publisher is a fellow who is sure the road to solvency and profit in the newspaper business lies in 25-watt light bulbs, pencil stubs taped back to back for extended use, iceless water coolers and such other nonsense dear to the hearts of many a publisher of mostly bygone days. Most of these efficiency experts had one thing in common. They did their best work at places like the New York Mirror, Detroit Times, Atlanta Georgian and other papers long since buried. Wherever these fellows were thrown out, the papers survived handsomely.

But some of them still linger with us. And there are many ways in which they still kid naive editors about the costs of doing business. The list of their myths is very, very long. Most of them are centered around production costs, which generally are blamed on editors. Let me mention a few that every editor should be prepared to challenge in his own shop:

1. First myth. The high cost of page makeovers.

What does it really cost to make over a page? Most of you are probably told that in your shop this makeover cost ranges anywhere from \$5 to \$15 per page. That's a lot of bunk.

It actually costs between 25¢ and 54¢. About a quarter if you are using regular mats in your stereotype department, and around 54¢ if you use no-pac mats. The mat is really the only thing. Most other alleged make-over costs are artificial. The labor is already there.

And in no composing room or stereotype room I've been in has the work load been so heavy that some extra page makeovers couldn't be absorbed without additional labor costs. Little more work, not more money.

I remember a few years ago being called on the carpet by a business manager and production manager because of 48 page makeovers the night before. "Do you realize how much that cost?" I was asked accusingly. And because I had religiously memorized the production managers phony figures, I said, "Yes, \$13.82 a page." I promised to try to do better.

Today, I would check those page makeovers with the production manager, probably find that about one-third were remade because of sloppy work by the printers who couldn't follow the editor's dummies; another third because of advertising copy changes way past the deadline, and maybe one-third for editorial improvements. And at 25¢ to 54¢ a page, more than worth it.

2. Second myth. The high cost of running editorial color pictures. It's not so, in most cases.

Editorial color costs, assuming the pressroom manning is already provided to handle color advertising are minor. Example:

The actual out-of-pocket expense to the newspaper is mainly for color ink, film and zink for the extra plates.

Five dollars worth of film and zink will produce color plates for an average 4 column by 10 inch picture. And if you run that picture in a newspaper of around 100,000 circulation, you will eat up no more than 50 pounds of color ink at 40¢ a pound. That means total cost for such a picture of about \$25.

Again, the labor is there, and unless addition of a

color picture—or any other such editorial improvement—jumps manning in any production department to a higher bracket, the additional costs are minor.

3. Third Myth. The high cost of jumping the paper two pages or four pages. This myth isn't quite as bad as the previous two. It's partly true because additional newsprint costs are unavoidable.

But what does it really cost to add a couple pages to the paper? The cost of the newsprint. Generally, that's all. Most other costs quoted by some production department manager are artificial—again it causes more work, but not necessarily more money.

And, there's an easy formula for figuring cost of additional newsprint at today's prevailing prices—roughly a dollar per page per 1,000 circulation. Example: If you have a 100,000 circulation newspaper, a jump of two pages means about \$200 in extra newsprint costs. Other composing and production room costs generally are already built in—it just means that someone there might have to work a little harder.

I have over-simplified slightly here to try to get you to lay to rest some of these myths around your plant. And I assure you the figures I have quoted are more realistic than most of those that your production managers have been quoting you. Too often, they or the business office give you job shop figures, which include everything from a percentage of the monthly water bill to a percentage of the advertising director's club bills. Such figures are designed to frighten editors from making product improvements for the reader. And where that happens, the newspaper is published not for the reader's convenience, but for the convenience of the printers, the stereotypers, the engravers, or the pressmen, or the truck drivers.

The point is simply this—only editors or editorially oriented people can judge whether costs involved in improving the product are justified by the impact they will have on the readers. But before you can make those judgments intelligently, you must be armed with realistic cost figures.

If you are a victim of some of these myths, and there are many, many more—I urge you to tell your production manager to level with you. And once you call the bluff on one or two such myths, you will be surprised at how quickly your associates in that department will get religion.

While I am urging you to flex your muscles and exercise your editorial independence with your production departments, there are other departments with which editors should develop friendly relationships.

More so than with any other department, I now wish that as an editor I had really understood the circulation operation.

The biggest task any newspaper has, circulationwise, is to hold on to its present readers. That's far more important

than gaining a few or a few hundred readers on any given day. Readers are held by a superior, editorial product, and by good circulation service. They are not held by any single big headline, or by late breaking news bulletins in this electronic age. Turnover among home delivered subscribers on most newspapers is shocking. Most papers represented in this room probably have to sell somewhere between 3 and 15 new subscribers every year to show a net circulation gain of one.

On our Rochester Times-Union the past 12 months we wrote over 26,000 new home delivered orders, to show a net gain of about 4,400. That's a ratio of greater than 5 to 1. Many of yours are in the same ratio. A few are better. Some are considerably worse. Your ratio depends largely on your competitive situation and the size of your operation.

What can you as editors do about it?

No newspaper can show solid circulation growth without an understanding and cooperation between the circulation and editorial departments. Aside from a superior product you can help by meeting realistic deadlines and by beating them when circumstances indicate. When the weather is bad and that day's delivery problems obvious, editors should volunteer to advance their deadlines if there are no obvious major developing stories. Today's newspaper is sold as a total product. And the home-delivered subscriber especially wants to sit down and read it at his favorite time every day. There is no more certain way to lose a reader than to have him frequently open the front door expecting to find the paper and discovering that it is not there because of late delivery.

While I urge you strongly to cooperate with the circulation department, I do not urge you to "cooperate" with the advertising departments. But—I do think many of you should develop a better understanding and appreciation for your advertising associates. From where I sit, it seems to me that most advertising people know and understand and appreciate the editorial side of our business a lot more than vice versa.

Many of you look down your long intellectual noses at advertising. At best, some of you tolerate it as a necessary nuisance. You are wrong. Advertising helps sell the newspaper. Advertising supports all of us. It keeps us solvent—and free from pressures and obligations. The matter of solvency for a newspaper cannot be over-emphasized. Many of you refuse to acknowledge that advertising preserves your editorial integrity. Some of you insist it prostitutes the newspaper. You are wrong.

Jack Knight put the advertising and profit fact this way: "The penniless newspaper, like the penniless young lady, is more susceptible to an immoral proposition than one well heeled." I am not suggesting any special favors for advertisers or advertising. We forbid that on our newspapers.

But I do think too many of you people feel that you can assert your editorial independence only if you penalize every

advertiser in town in your news columns. The immaturity of many of you young city editors shows through on many business stories in your papers—and mine. I am not talking about running puff stuff. That has no advertising effect anyway, and just makes the ad salesman a little more popular with his account. I am talking about legitimate business news stories. You don't have to love advertising or the advertising department. But at least you could try to like it and understand it. And at the very least, I think you should stop biting the hand that feeds you.

Much of what I've said concerning your relationship with the advertising department also applies to your promotion or research departments. Newspaper promotion people are in the public relations business. Many editors frown on that. That's too bad. That's why many if not most newspapers spend their promotion money selling figures—market data, circulation figures, buying power. And yet, the biggest thing we have to sell is the editorial product—the reward to the reader.

I think more of you should work harder with your promotion directors in selling the news and editorial product—not just to potential new subscribers but to sell and re-sell your present readers on the quality, believability and acceptability of your newspaper.

* * *

Let's leave these other departments and take a very practical look at the editor's relationship with the front office, with the operating head of the newspaper, the man who controls the purse strings. I remember well some frustrating times as an editor when I would approach the publishers office with either intrepidation or anticipation, and never knew whether I would leave with frustration or amazement. How do you know when to expect approval or disapproval from the front office for costly editorial ideas, whether those have merit or not?

All newspapers have some good times and some bad times. Example: No matter how inefficient or ineffective the publisher may be, there are certain times in the fall and certain times in the spring when it is almost impossible not to make a profit.

I know, because as I look back on my first year as general manager I did some things that could only be interpreted as shortcuts to going broke. But no matter how hard I seemed to be trying, I couldn't stop profits from rolling in during certain periods.

Likewise, no matter how effective or how efficient the business side is, there are certain periods in the winter and certain periods in the summer when it is extremely difficult to show a profit, and sometimes tough just trying to stay out of the red. At least some publishers are human. That means they are more inclined to spend money when they have it, than they are when they don't have it.

The little undercurrent that has been allowed to run for years about publishers being interested only in money, that they hold salaries down all they can, that they are more concerned about cost cutting than quality improvement, is both unfair and untrue. Of course there are a few skinflint publishers left around the country. But most of them—and all of the good ones—are a far cry from the sordid, money-grabbing, visionless fellow portrayed by press critics.

The truth is that many newspaper publishers today are darn near philanthropists. Many of them could sell out at handsome prices and put their money elsewhere with much greater profit. Why don't they do it? Because they are devoted to newspapering, and I think it's about time those of us in the newspaper business gave them proper credit for it.

Enough about publishers and other departments. A couple of final thoughts about the news and editorial operation. Of this I am convinced: Just as sure as the pendulum has swung from old line to new line publishers, so will it continue to swing sharply to even greater attention and greater share of expenditures on the news and editorial product of newspapers.

More than 30 years ago, in 1932, Editor & Publisher reported that the average medium size newspaper in the country spent approximately 9% of its operating costs on the editorial department. In 1964, more than 30 years later, that had changed only slightly—to 10%. Yet, last year the average medium sized paper still spent 14.7% of its operating money on the mechanical departments, compared with the 10% on news. Those percentages should be reversed.

You hear a great deal about automation, including automation in the news room. The implication always is that

automation will reduce operating costs. That is correct. But I submit automation should be programmed to reduce costs in those areas where costs have been far out of line far too long—primarily in the mechanical departments. And then I believe much of the savings which can and will be effected in those departments must be reinvested in better news and editorial product.

Just as I believe good newspapers will increase the share of operating money invested in the news and editorial product, so will good publishers devote more of their own time and attention to that product. This will come about more quickly as more and more editorially oriented newspapers shift to the publisher's or general manager's chair. The shift will be made without imposing too much strain on the newspapers profit picture, because it will be accompanied by establishment of more realistic and effective ratio of operating costs between departments.

Many of you in this room may be making such a shift in chairs in the years ahead. When you do, I urge you not to become too engrossed in directing or learning every little detail in every department. The job for today's publisher or newspaper operating head is to choose the most competent sales and production department heads he can get, and then demand that they work together with editorial as an effective team. That leaves the boss free to devote most of his attention to the product he is selling—news. I like mine about the same ratio as my martini's, about 4 to 1—four-fifths of my time and effort working toward a better news and editorial product, with all the ramifications that assignment entails—and one-fifth on policy supervision of the rest of the operation—the factory.

The Free Press

By Walter Lippmann

Mr. Lippmann delivered this address to the assembly of the International Press Institute in London last May.

When I told my friend, Mr. Lester Markel, what I was going to talk about today, he threw up his hands. For I have chosen as my topic "The Free Press" and I might as well say at the outset that I cannot deny that this is an old chestnut. Mr. Markel said that if I hoped to say anything new before this gathering, my best hope would be to argue the case against *freedom* of the press.

However, much as I respect his editorial judgment, I am not going to follow Mr. Markel's advice. For my purpose is not to say something new. It is, rather, to reflect a little more on what in principle all of us here are agreed upon.

We all know that the opportunity to speak and to print with even a modicum of freedom is by itself a satisfying and enjoyable thing to do. But the fundamental principle of a free press cannot be merely that men have a right to express themselves. No journalist can be satisfied to print a newspaper that has no readers. Journalism must be something more than singing in the shower bath or uttering soliloquies, however magnificent, to the desert air. For while philosophers may argue whether a painting exists if no human eye beholds it, there can be no argument that journalists write in order to be read, and that they are like Nietzsche who exclaimed that he had to have ears.

Thus, journalism is not a soliloquy without an audience. Moreover, and this has some practical bearing in the world as it is today, free journalism is not a monologue delivered to a captive audience which must at least pretend to be listening. As a matter of fact, since journalists and editors and publishers are men, and therefore human, and therefore liable to error and prejudice and to stupidity, a free press exists only where newspaper readers have access to other newspapers which are competitors and rivals, so that editorial comment and news reports can regularly and promptly be compared, verified, and validated. A press monopoly is incompatible with a free press, and one can proceed with this principle, if there is a monopoly of the means of communication—of radio, television, magazines, books, public meetings—it follows that this society is by definition and in fact deprived of freedom.

A free press is not a privilege but an organic necessity in a great society. I use the term great society in its original sense, as it was used in passing by Adam Smith himself and made current in this century by Graham Wallas, who taught in this city at the London School of Economics. As Wallas used the term, a great society is not necessarily the good society which President Johnson, for example, hopes to make it. A great society is simply a big and complicated urban society.

In such a great society the environment in which individuals act and react is not the visible world of their homes and their neighborhoods and their communities. It is an invisible environment which has to be reported to them. For this reason, a great society cannot be governed, its inhabitants cannot conduct the business of their lives, unless they have access to the services of information and of argument and of criticism which are provided by a free press.

Without criticism and reliable and intelligible reporting, the government cannot govern. For there is no adequate way in which it can keep itself informed about what the people of the country are thinking and doing and wanting. The most elaborate government intelligence service is an insufficient provider of the knowledge which the government must have in order to legislate well and to administer public affairs.

Where there is a turbulent, pluralistic electorate, the rulers, the official bureaucracy, and the legislature will be in the dark, they will not know where they are and what they are doing, if they are deprived of the competitive reporting and the competing editorial commentaries and also the forum in which the spokesmen of the various shades of opinion can say their say. This is what a free press is supposed to provide.

In a great society, controversial laws cannot be enforced successfully, innovating policy cannot be administered, unless and until the government can find among the people of the country a reasonably high degree of consent. No government is able for long, except under the extreme, abnormal pressures of war, to impose its rule and its opinions and its policies without public consent.

In my country we use a rough rule of thumb. It is that for controversial measures, the government should aim to rally a consensus, which in practical terms means a majority big enough to include from 60 to 75 percent of the voters.

Only then will those who observe the law willingly and support the policy actively be numerous enough to persuade and induce the recalcitrant and dissident minority, leaving only a marginal minimum where legal coercion is needed.

To create such a consensus requires a considerable period of public education and debate. The consensus must not be confused with the plebiscites conducted by tyrannical governments where the government majority is 99.9 per cent of the voters. In a society where there is such a superficial appearance of unanimity and conformity, there will always be at least a minority, it may even be a majority, who, though silenced, remain unconverted and unconvinced. The government of the tyrannical state will be forced to rely on secret agents who, because they operate in the dark, can never be wholly relied upon, being subject to intrigue and corruption and other hidden influences. Thus, there is raised up between the people and the government an impenetrable curtain through which there is no dependable communication.

It is evident that the interests of a great society extend far beyond the business of governing it. An essential characteristic of a great society is that it is not monolithic and cannot be planned or directed centrally. It is too complex for that. It has too many functions. Its needs are too varied, and there are no men who have the minds, even if they are assisted by computers, capable of grasping all the data and all the variables which are needed for the central planning and direction of a great society.

Inevitably, therefore, by the very nature of things, a great society is a pluralist society, with local and regional interests and activities and organizations. They are bound to have a certain autonomy, and some degree of self-determination, and in some significant sense they are bound to have freedom of initiative and of enterprise.

In order for such a pluralist society to work, there must be available a great mass of data: the current state of the markets for labor, for goods, for services, for money—what is and was for sale and at what price—what can be seen in the theatre, what is coming on radio and television, what games are being played and how they were played and who won them, what is visible in the art shows, where one can go to church and what was preached there, and what is in the lecture halls, in the shops and department stores, where one can travel and enjoy life, who has been born, who has been married, and who has died. The list is as endless as the activities of a great society. Experience shows, too, that the naked data are not enough. The naked data are unintelligible and so have to be interpreted and cross-interpreted by political analysts, financial analysts, drama critics, book reviewers, and the like. There has to be criticism of plays and books and concerts and television and magazines and newspapers themselves. There has to be advocacy and there has to be rebuttal.

I must now talk about some of the key problems which

present themselves when the freedom of the press has been established by law and when sufficient private financial resources have become available to support the publication of separate and competing newspapers. These are the preliminary problems. They consist of getting rid of the censor and the domination of the advertiser and of financial groups. Then come the problems of maturity. They become crucial when the preliminary problems have in some substantial measure been solved.

I have in mind, to begin with, the conflict between, on the one hand, the public's right to know, or it may be the public's curiosity to know, and, on the other hand, the right and the need of the government to be able to deliberate confidentially before announcing a conclusion, and in certain circumstances, especially in its foreign relations, the government's right to a measure of secrecy and dispatch.

This conflict is, I am inclined to believe, perennial in the sense that there is no abstract principle which resolves it. The right of the press to know and the right of the responsible authority to withhold must coexist. In my country, we have a continual tension between public officials and reporters about the disclosure of coming events, what is going to be announced, what policy is going to be adopted, who is going to be appointed, what will be said to a foreign government. There is also a conflict about what has happened and why it happened and who was responsible for its happening.

The tension is between vigilant, ingenious, and suspicious reporters who haunt and pursue officials, causing these officials never to be allowed to forget that they are withholding information at their peril, at the risk of being scalped in the newspapers. It is not a neat or an elegant relationship, but a *modus vivendi* which works tolerably well, at least in time of peace.

An important aspect of this problem is in the field of crime and punishment. Here the press is often in conflict with those whose business it is to catch the guilty man and to spare the innocent man, and then to give the man who has been arrested a fair trial. The trouble with crime and punishment as it concerns the press is that it is too interesting and too absorbing, and too convincing because it comes out of real life. Thus, the reporting of the news of crime and punishment often runs athwart the administration of justice.

This conflict is nowhere near to being resolved, and consequently, we should at least avoid the sin of complacency when we contemplate the real achievements of even the greatest of our newspapers.

As the function of a free press in a great society becomes more and more demanding, we are moving towards professionalization. A few generations ago journalism was a minor craft which could be learned by serving an apprenticeship to a practicing newspaper editor. Journalism is still far behind established professions like medicine and law in

that there does not exist an organized body of knowledge and a discipline which must be learned and absorbed before the young journalist can practice. There are, moreover, only the first beginnings of the equivalent of bar associations and medical societies which set intellectual and ethical standards for the practice of the profession.

Journalism, we might say, is still an under-developed profession, and, accordingly, newspapermen are quite often regarded, as were surgeons and musicians a century ago, as having the rank, roughly speaking, of barbers and riding masters.

As you know, as indeed this Institute is an impressive witness, the concept of a free press today has evolved far beyond the rather simple abstractions of the 18th Century. We recognize today that the press as a whole must be capable of reporting and explaining, interpreting and criticizing, all the activities of mankind.

To be sure, not every reader of every newspaper cares to know about or could understand all the activities of mankind. But there are some readers, specialized in some subject, who have to be alerted to important new developments of even the most specialized activities, be it in the remote reaches of astrophysics, or microbiology or paleontology, or in the game of chess.

For this, the profession of journalism is becoming specialized, and the editor who presides over large staffs of local and national and international specialists, of political, commercial, financial, legal, medical, theatrical, musical, and cooking specialists, art critics and fashion writers, has to meet the specifications, which were current when I was at college, that an educated man should know everything about something and something about everything.

Just as the profession of journalism is the consequence of the organic need for it in a great society, so a direct consequence follows from this professionalization. The journalist is becoming subject to the compulsion to respect and observe the intellectual disciplines and the organized body of knowledge which the specialist in any field possesses.

This growing professionalism is, I believe, the most radical innovation since the press became free of government control and censorship. For it introduces into the conscience of the working journalist a commitment to seek the truth which is independent of and superior to all his other commitments—his commitment to publish newspapers that will sell, his commitment to his political party, his commitment even to promote the policies of his government.

As the press becomes securely free because it is increasingly indispensable in a great society, the crude forms of corruption which belonged to the infancy of journalism tend to give way to the temptations of maturity and power. It is

with these temptations that the modern journalist has to wrestle, and the unending conflicts between his duty to seek the truth and his human desire to get on in the world are the inner drama of the modern journalist's experience.

The first and most evident of the conflicts is that between choosing, on the one hand, to publish whatever most easily interests the largest number of readers most quickly—that is to say, yellow journalism—and, on the other hand, to provide, even at a commercial loss, an adequate supply of what the public will in the longer run need to know. This is responsible journalism. It is journalism responsible in the last analysis to the editor's own conviction of what, whether interesting or only important, is in the public interest.

A second drama, in which contemporary journalists are involved, consists in the conflict between their pursuit of the truth and their need and their desire to be on good terms with the powerful. For the powerful are perhaps the chief source of the news. They are also the dispensers of many kinds of favor, privilege, honor and self-esteem. The most important forms of corruption in the modern journalist's world are the many guises and disguises of social-climbing on the pyramids of power. The temptations are many, some are simple, some are refined, and often they are yielded to without the consciousness of yielding. Only a constant awareness of them offers protection.

Another drama arises in foreign affairs from the conflict between the journalist's duty to seek the truth and his loyalty to his country's government,—between his duty to report and explain the truth as he sees it and his natural and human desire to say "my country right or wrong." These conflicts are trying, and for the journalist striving to do his work there are two rules which can help him. One is to remember President Truman's advice that if you do not like the heat, stay out of the kitchen. It is always possible to retreat into less hotly contested subject matter. The other rule is that if you believe you must go into the kitchen, keep an eye on yourself, keep asking yourself: are you sure you are still seeking the truth and not merely trying to win an argument?

This brings me to my final point which is that as the free press develops, as the great society evolves, the paramount point is whether, like a scientist or a scholar, the journalist puts truth in the first place or in the second. If he puts it in the second place, he is a worshipper of the bitch goddess Success. Or he is a conceited man trying to win an argument.

Insofar as he puts truth in the first place, he rises towards—I will not say into, but towards—the company of those who taste and enjoy the best things in life.

Give the Public a Break!

By Arthur M. Schlesinger

In this complex and critical age, with unprecedented foreign responsibilities falling on the United States, newspaper readers are not getting an adequate and sustained knowledge of international developments which constantly affect their fortunes along with those of the rest of the free world. Correspondingly, the rapidly changing and challenging circumstances of domestic life demand a coverage which the press has not attained or in most cases even tried to attain. The plea which publishers and editors offer in extenuation is lack of sufficient space. This explanation, of course, implies that they are making the best possible use of what is now available to them. But can anyone not enslaved by journalistic custom honestly believe that this is the case?

Take, for example, a newspaper's entertainment features. They admittedly have a place, but they surely should not be so numerous as to crowd out or scant information about the really significant concerns of the nation and the community. The esteemed *Washington Post* carries twenty-seven comic strips daily and forty-two on Sunday. Probably half the number would be typical of most metropolitan sheets. But in either instance it is clear that, if the public need is to be met, a portion of this space should be devoted to straight news.

To be sure, it is said that comics are indispensable as circulation builders, but is this true of all those published by a paper or only a few? Has any newspaper ever polled its readers to find out how many sales it would lose if particular strips were dropped? A similar inquiry might well be made as to the drawing power of astrological charts, chess problems and other distractions. In Erwin D. Canham's cautioning words, "The sugar coating on the pill must not get too thick."

A genuine concern for employing space to greatest advantage would further prompt a reconsideration of the amount now so freely given to such routine departments as sports, the special interests of women and the details of financial news. There should no longer be any sacred cows in journalistic practice.

The conspicuous need for a self-examination by the press lies in America's awesome global responsibilities, which

involve almost daily issues of peace or war, of national survival or extinction. But there has, sadly enough, been a parallel neglect of the transforming influences at work in the country's internal life. In this era of massive scientific and technological achievement, how well has the public been kept abreast the advances in this vital domain of knowledge, apart, of course, from occasional spectacular aeronautical feats? In attaching his signature to the \$1.3 billion aid-to-education bill last April, President Johnson said, "I believe deeply that no law I have signed or will ever sign means more to the future of our nation." How many editors took heed and resolved to see that the workings of this history-making legislation should be given the emphasis appropriate to its significance?

Moreover, as Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald Tribune* pointed out in a recent number of *Nieman Reports*, "The reverberations of the American 'cultural explosion' have been heard by all too few editors. . . . Today a newspaper that makes any pretense at reflecting the life about it, or at appealing to the broad interests of an alert readership, no longer has any real option as to whether it will cover the arts." Other areas of prime concern to the community also suffer from gross inattention.

One might have supposed that the competition of radio and television, not to mention the newsmagazines, would have spurred the press to be on its toes as never before. But there are slight traces on the horizon that such is the fact. Newspapers by and large remain hidebound by tradition, contentedly unimaginative, in short, unequal to the changing requirements and interests of readers.

Nearly twenty years ago the Hutchins Commission on Freedom of the Press proposed the creation of a privately-financed national agency, independent of either the press or the government, to appraise the fairness and comprehensiveness of news. And more recently Barry Bingham, editor and publisher of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, has urged the establishment of similar local bodies in every sizable town. The Commission's proposal elicited howls of derision and denunciation from the press, and apparently Bingham's suggestion has not borne any fruit. It seems that

newspapers, never hesitant to criticize all other institutions of society, are determined not to subject themselves to criticism.

There is an alternative, however, which should prove less jarring to journalistic sensibilities and still have a useful effect. That is for a paper on its own initiative to appoint an advisory council, including representatives of the principal segments of the community, which should from time to time transmit to the editor or publisher its findings as to the quality and balance of the coverage of news. This would in no way violate the newspaper's cherished freedom of judgment—it could always ignore recommendations deemed unsuitable—but the plan would expose the paper

to a systematic and thoughtful outside review which would almost certainly lead to better ways of discharging its modern obligations.

Obviously if such a group were created as sheer window-dressing, the purpose would be defeated; but it is difficult to see why a publication should go to the trouble if it did not desire to benefit from the arrangement. Certainly no newspaper has anything to lose by trying the plan and, to the degree it works well, the public will be notably the gainer.

Mr. Schlesinger is Francis Lee Higginson Professor of History, Emeritus, at Harvard University.

Pre-trial Publicity

(continued on page 2)

listen to radio and television; they can expunge anything they like from the record. But they cannot edit our newspapers.

(4) We will not surrender the power of the press to expose and criticize the acts of public officials, including prosecutors and judges.

There is undoubtedly something to be said for the British rule which bars pre-trial publication of confessions and the previous records of defendants. But there is also a danger in the British rule. It could impair our long-established and very serviceable American concept of freedom of the press, and seriously inhibit the press in the performance of one of its most vital functions. That function is to keep public servants honest.

For all practical purposes the British rule would bar investigations by newspapers or, to be more precise, the publication of the results of investigations by newspapers. Newspapermen, of course, are not judges, but they are investigators, and to prevent the publication of their investigations would cost us a great deal in terms of the integrity of our public life.

(5) We newspapermen will not do some of the ridiculous things that lawyers now seem to be suggesting we should do.

If a notorious hoodlum is hailed into court, we will not describe him simply as a loving husband, a kind father, a devoted son, a good provider and a churchgoer, while, at the same time, suppressing all mention of his criminal record and questionable activities. We will call a crook a crook—if it is perfectly clear that he *is* a crook.

Sometimes I think we newspapermen have more faith in the discrimination of juries than lawyers have. Serving on a jury often brings out the best in a man. It may be the only time in his life when he is solemnly and publicly called upon to do his duty as a citizen. He takes his duty seriously, tries to clear his mind of prejudice and render a fair judgment.

The juror who reads incriminating information about a defendant in his morning newspaper is just as likely to disbelieve the newspaper as he is to disbelieve the defendant—perhaps more likely.

Nowadays, there seems to be a notion that the ideal juror is an intellectual eunuch, totally uninformed and blandly indifferent to his environment.

It was not ever thus—certainly not in the earlier, simpler days of our Republic and in the small towns where I grew up.

In a small town, a man is tried by a jury of his peers—to wit, his neighbors. If the defendant happens to be the town drunk or a wife-beater, everybody knows it and the damaging facts are taken into account—as they should be.

(6)—Continuing with my list of things the press will not do—We will not submit to legislation that clearly abridges the constitutional guarantee of a free press. We will fight any such legislation to the highest court.

I have read several of the statutes proposed for the purpose of limiting pre-trial publicity and assuring a fair hearing for defendants. It looks to me as if some people are using sledge-hammers to kill gnats.

The problem to which this legislation is addressed is not of enormous dimensions. Only a tiny fraction of criminal

cases is ever reported in the press, and in only a fraction of this fraction is there any question of doing violence to the rights of defendants.

In New York City, 11,724 felonies were committed last January. Only 41 of those cases were mentioned in the Daily News, and the News gives more attention to crime than any other paper in town.

Personally, I can't think of a single clear-cut case where a defendant was wrongly convicted because of prejudice created by pre-trial publicity. I invite you to search your memories for such cases.

I don't mean to suggest there haven't been some. I only suggest that they have been rare.

(7) We will not accept any compulsory code of conduct for the press. We doubt that such a code would be constitutional. We see no practical means of enforcing it without licensing the press, and licensing would destroy the freedom of the press.

I don't think anyone who has not lived under a dictatorship can appreciate the atmosphere of a country where the press is *not* free, where the newspapers never speak until spoken to.

I have spent a part of my career in the Soviet Union. When I was there ten years ago, it was possible for a man to be arrested without even his family knowing about it, much less his friends and his professional associates. He was simply missing. His family inquired, but his friends dared not do so, and his neighbors kept their doors locked, and listened at the keyhole.

The newspapers never reported his arrest. No hint of the charges against an ordinary citizen was ever given to the general public, even if he were brought to trial. The highest dignitaries of the state could disappear overnight, and nothing was heard of them until arrest, trial and execution were simultaneously announced in one terse communique.

Now, I know we are not talking about instituting the Soviet system of justice in the United States. But we *should* be talking about the abuses that can take place and *do* take place when the work of the police and the courts and the prisons is hidden from public view.

One wonders what would have happened in Philadelphia, Miss., if there had been no newspapermen—Northern and Southern newspapermen—prying into the disappearance of the three civil rights workers in the summer of 1964. Would the bodies *ever* have been found? Would anybody *ever* have been indicted for the murders?

Before I worked in Russia, I spent ten years of my life in London, and people sometimes ask me why we simply don't adopt the British rule on pre-trial publicity in this country.

Through the stringent exercise of the contempt power of the courts, newspapers in Britain are effectively restrained from publishing prejudicial material about a defendant after he has been charged and before he is brought to trial. In essence, the newspapers can say only that a crime has been

committed and someone has been arrested. Further details come out only when they are heard in Court.

As long as I lived in England, I was never conscious of any oppressive abridgement of the British public's right to share vicariously in the delights and pleasures of the criminal classes. The British popular press is more scurrilous and scandalous and more prurient than anything published in this country. The British newspaper reader has to wait, but in the end he gets his four-pence worth of thrills.

Still, I don't think the system is appropriate for the United States. In Britain, judges are appointed, not elected. Lawyers serve the prosecution today, the defense tomorrow, depending on who hires them. The rights of accused persons are more conscientiously protected. Justice is swifter.

In the United States it might be three months, six months, a year or two years before a criminal is brought to trial on a major charge. There is plenty of time in between for tampering with justice.

In this country, the preliminary hearing is usually a pro forma matter. In Britain, the preliminary hearing is held quickly, and the principal issues in the case are immediately and fully disclosed.

I recall covering the trial of Klaus Fuchs, the atom spy. He was in police court within 10 days after his arrest, and the principal evidence against him was presented and available for publication. Within 26 days, he was standing in the dock at the Old Bailey. The trial was concluded in an hour and a half, and he was on his way to prison.

When cases are so promptly disposed of, there is less need for pre-trial disclosure of the facts in the newspapers.

Up to this point I have been largely negative in my reaction to suggestions for limiting pre-trial publicity and ensuring the rights of defendants.

Now, let me be more positive and mention some of the things I think the press will do.

In the first place, we newspapermen are more than ready to engage in discussions between the press and the bar, the bench and law enforcement authorities.

We hope these discussions can be predicated on the assumption that all of us believe in the principle of a fair trial for every defendant. We are, after all, citizens before we are lawyers and newspapermen. We have a common interest in preserving the rights of our fellow-citizens, not to mention our own rights.

Second, the press is prepared to draw up a code of etiquette for newsmen and seek approval of it from professional journalistic and broadcasting organizations. Indeed, such a code is already being drafted by the News Media Committee on Coverage, which was formed after the publication of the Warren Commission's report.

You will recall that the Commission chastised the press for contributing to the disorder in Dallas following the assassination of President Kennedy, and called for a code of conduct covering representatives of all news media.

Third, we are prepared to offer advice to public authorities on procedures for pool coverage of news events, whenever pooling seems desirable or necessary to prevent gross interference with the news. Some guidelines are already being worked out by the News Media Committee.

Fourth, we are more than willing to see that young journalists, those just entering the profession, are alerted to the damage that can be done to the rights of individuals by carelessness, sensationalism and overzealousness.

Recently, I heard of a young reporter who got excited about a local murder trial and went around town conducting a public opinion poll on the guilt or innocence of the defendant.

His enterprise was commendable, but his judgment was deplorable. He was a decent fellow and would never have done such a thing if he had been aware of its consequences.

It is simple enough to alert students to these dangers. Journalism schools regularly offer lectures on the laws of libel. There is no reason why they should not have lectures on the rights of defendants. Some already do. And it would be a fine thing if these lectures could be delivered by lawyers and judges.

Fifth, the American press will be responsive to more frequent admonition from the bench and representations from the bar, provided such admonitions are clearly designed to

ensure a fair trial and are not self-serving efforts to suppress news.

Finally, we are more than willing, in cooperation with the bar and the bench and independent scholarly institutions, to seek a consensus on the limitations that we should place upon ourselves to protect the rights of individuals. This might lead to the drafting of guidelines or a statement of principles.

One might imagine from some of the things said lately that journalism knows no law but the law of the jungle. As a matter of fact, in this country we have already set certain standards of journalistic performance that are generally accepted. From the beginning of my career, I was indoctrinated in American journalism's code of accuracy, fairness, objectivity and good taste. There is no law to enforce this code, but it is widely and most scrupulously honored.

On The New York Times, it is expressed in the credo that was given to us by Adolph Ochs when he bought the paper in 1896. That credo was: "To give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect or interest involved."

We would be quite willing to add, "And without prejudice to the rights of any individual."

Mr. Daniel is managing editor of the New York Times.

The Newspaper Game

(continued from page 10)

lenge me on this, I am apt to burst forth with "Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem di dederint" or "Dites moy ou, n'en quel pays, est Flora, la belle Romaine" and the last state of that reader will be worse than the first. But in writing I know my limitations and I stick to the lightest of verse.

In my column for the *American* it was made even lighter by some mad genius in the art department who drew waggish pen and ink sketches to illustrate my somewhat less than immortal rhymes. Indeed, all I can remember of those lyrical sallies is the conclusion of one concerning the fate of a man who was arrested for smoking at a fight in Madison Square Garden contrary to the edict of the then head of the boxing commission or, to give it a formal title, the New

York State Athletic Commission. That was the famous Bill Muldoon, a reformed wrestler who became a noted professional trainer of bodies and an amateur saver of souls. He was ancient, honorable, upright and pigheaded. He loathed smoking, so he banned it at boxing events in New York State, which was ludicrous but apparently legal. At least, it went without challenge at the time.

To illustrate my outbreak in rhyme on the arrest of the offender, the office genius had sketched a thin, timid type of citizen gazing at the boxers in the ring with a cigarette dangling from his pursed lips and two burly cops in uniform charging at the miscreant with raised clubs to beat him into submission. It was lovely. My concluding lines on the episode were:

*He might have committed a dozen crimes
Untouched by the law of the land,
But he smoked one night at a Garden fight
And they hanged him out of hand.
Yes, they hanged that man in the cold gray dawn,
And they gave three rousing cheers
As he plunged apace to a resting place
Where he'll smoke for a thousand years.*

It was fun at the *American* while it lasted but it didn't last long. I was there only a year or so when William Randolph Hearst sent word from his barony at San Simeon that Gene Fowler had earned a vacation and should go on a nice long trip. Gene knew from the experiences of others that no Hearst editor was expected to return from any such vacation. When Mr. Hearst inquired, by wire, where Gene thought of going on the suggested trip, Gene wired back politely: "Egypt. Is that far enough?"

It was. He never came back to the *American*. I doted on Gene and had no use whatever for the character who succeeded him and who further incurred my wrath by forcing out of office by foul means my immediate superior, the sports editor. This was William J. Slocum with whom I had worked on the *Times* and the *Tribune* and who was, in my opinion, the best sports editor in the business. He was also a delightful gentleman whose friendship I prized to the day of his death. I was looking for the escape hatch at the *American* when I had word that my first sponsor back at the *Times*, Frederick T. Birchall, wanted to see me. He had succeeded the great Carr Van Anda as managing editor though they never did give him the full title; they called him "acting" managing editor. He had one of the longest runs of any "actor" in the newspaper profession, six years at full speed all the way.

I went to see Mr. Birchall about the middle of December, 1926, and he gave me tidings of great joy. In the face of the competition from the *Herald Tribune*, which offered its readers two sports columns each morning, one by Grantland Rice and the other by W. O. McGeehan, the *Times* was being forced to retreat from its austere position of almost total anonymity for members of its staff. They had decided to have a daily signed sports column and I was Birchall's nominee for the job. I picked the obvious title for such a column: "Sports of the Times." My first column appeared in the paper on the morning of January 1, 1927, and—except for annual vacation periods—I stuck to such daily labor for the next sixteen years. Incidentally, this was the first daily signed column of any kind to appear in the New York *Times*, but other signed columns blossomed soon after in other departments and now there are signed stories all over the paper.

I had no assignment except to turn out a sports column of about 1100 words every day, which made it a real "cushy billet." I could choose my own topics, go where I wanted

and write as I pleased within reasonable limits. This gave me great freedom of movement and a wide choice of subject matter. Once I stretched the freedom of movement as far as a trip to England to watch the running of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree in early spring when

*March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath.*

On another occasion I spent three weeks in Paris, surveyed the sports activities in the area and mailed back my columns from that city of many bridges. As to subject matter, I rambled scandalously and touched on topics that rarely found their way into the sports section of any reputable newspaper. This included ancient history and modern art, organic and inorganic chemistry, popular astronomy, free translations from *L'Echo des Sports* and *Tutti Gli Sporti*, quotations from John Keats, Robert Browning and Virgil, occasional book reviews and a discussion of Heisenberg's Theory of Probabilities as applied to the game of 3-cushion billiards.

I carried on scandalously in light verse, too. I predicted in rhyme that Joe Louis would slaughter Max Schmeling when they met at the Yankee Stadium on the evening of June 19, 1936. The record books have it that Schmeling knocked out Louis in the twelfth round. I am in no position to challenge the evidence because I sat only a few feet from the ring and saw the whole thing from start to finish. To my readers I acknowledged my error in the following lines:

*Lately I wrote in what might be called verse,
Mixing my meter with banter,
Louis would ready Herr Max for the hearse;
Burial service instanter.
That, to be brief, was the theme of my song,
Those of you know who had read it.
Query and Answer: Was I very wrong?
You said it!*

*Lightly I wrote that The Shuffler would bring
Maxie much damage and pain;
Lay him as flat as the floor of the ring;
I said it and said it again;
Stated it broadly and maybe too long,
Thinking I put it astutely.
Was I completely, astoundingly wrong?
Absolutely!*

Two years later they were to meet again in the Yankee Stadium, this time for the world heavyweight championship which Louis had gathered in the interim by knocking out Jersey James Braddock in Chicago on June 22, 1937. Apparently I had learned nothing from my earlier humiliating experience. On the morning of this second encounter I again

risked a prophecy in my column and put it stubbornly as follows:

ON SECOND THOUGHT

*They warned me of an ancient day
—Before the first Joe-Max affair—
When odds ran wild the other way
And yet the Tortoise beat the Hare.
So Schmeling would—and were they wise!—
Beat Louis down. But even though
It happened right before my eyes,
I still like Joe.*

*They told me that the Persian host
Who later ran to hell-an'-gone,
Were 1 to 10 in book and boast
To beat the Greeks at Marathon.
But sunset saw them on the lope,
As moonlight saw Joe Louis low.
Greek-like, Herr Schmeling crossed the dope.
I still like Joe.*

*They argued eke, in rising wrath,
That little David, brave and bold,
Unplayed at 8 to 1 in Gath,
Rose up to knock Goliath cold.
From this they judged—and were they right!—
That Max would land the winning blow.
But this is yet another night.
I still like Joe.*

*I've had due warning, loud and long,
Of what must come when clangs the bell,
And how again I will be wrong;
A state in which I often dwell;
Of how, once more, will Joe recline,
And how they'll shout "We told you so!"
But here I lay it on the line:
I still like Joe.*

On this occasion my hero saw to it that I did not have to apologize. He disposed of Schmeling in the very first round. Joe and I were on such good terms that, a bit later, I even ventured to put words into his mouth without protest from him. It happened in the wake of a bout he had with a run-of-the-mill heavyweight named Arturo Godoy, a crude foreign boxer with more strength than skill. Godoy managed to go the limit of fifteen rounds with Louis in Madison Square Garden in March, 1940. He was so elated at escaping a knockout that, at the end of the bout, he threw his arms around Louis and gave him a loud kiss. The fighter spectators were astounded and so was Louis. To celebrate the event, I had Joe filch from Leigh Hunt and tell the story in my column in eight little lines of verse beginning: "Godoy kissed me when we met." Who could resist it?

To those who took their sports seriously this sort of trifling came close to blasphemy, but I persisted in it and compounded the felony by introducing the ballade, the sonnet and other rhyme schemes here and there in my lighthearted essays on sports. I loved golf, adored John Masefield and had the brassie nerve to steal from his spine-tingling "Tomorrow!" in this foul fashion:

*Oh, yesterday, flushed high with hope, I stood upon the tee.
My drive I hooked behind a rock; my second hit a tree,
And all the dreadful afternoon I flubbed in misery.
But tomorrow, by the gods of golf, I'll try the game again.*

*Oh, yesterday my heart was torn with top and slice and hook;
The wayward path I traveled led by trap and rough and brook,
And as I missed my tenth short putt my soul in anguish shook.
But tomorrow, if I live that long, I'll try the game again.*

*Oh, yesterday I drenched the links with bitter scalding tears,
And what I said of golf I hope will never reach your ears.
I swore I wouldn't touch a club for years and years and years.
But tomorrow—you can bet on this!—I'll try the game again.*

I seem to be getting a bit light-headed from typing out all this light verse. I must sober up and steady down. One for the road and I'll quit. When I learned that Bill Tilden, emperor of the tennis courts, had delivered a lecture to a boy's club on the virtues of early rising and plain living, I pictured him rephrasing his speech and conveying the same vital message in the general tone and the exact meter (the Alcaic strophe) used by Quintus Horatius Flaccus in his famous ode beginning "*Integer vitae scelerisque purus*" and it went as follows:

*Eat but simple food; stick to early rising;
Follow out my plan, daily exercising;
Then your tennis game you will find surprising;
So, too, will others.*

*Drink but water pure, not the wine that glitters;
Whiskey let alone, for it brings the jitters;
Sip not even one little glass of bitters;
Shun it, my brothers!*

*Thus I reached the top and thus you must follow
If, across the net, you would beat all hollow
Playboys of the court. Though they call you Rollo,
Stick to it cheerly.*

*Then upon the court, with some crafty blending,
Power, skill and speed you will have for spending.
When the wastrels sag, for a happy ending,
Ace them severely!*

*Once we were beset, with the French besetting;
Threats from Anzacs, too, we were always getting;
On my upright life did they base the betting
I would outlast 'em.*

*Primed with ozone rare (and with speed a trifle);
Strong on simple food (and a service rifle);
Fresh from calm sweet sleep (what a tennis eyeful);
Say, did I blast 'em!*

*Place me in a land where it may be snowing,
Or 'neath tropic skies with the warm wind blowing;
Bring your young net star. When the game gets going
I'll dust his jacket.*

*Thank the simple life—and a forehand stinging—
That at forty-odd, with the loud cheers ringing,
I, King William still, on the court am swinging,
Boy, what a racquet!*

I'll admit that drollery of this kind gets a sports columnist more followers in faculty clubs than in the right-field bleachers but I had fun doing it and am still unrepentant. I do not wish to give the impression that I scanted my sports chores to "strictly meditate the thankless Muse." I loved sports and I never tired of watching big league baseball, college or pro football, ice hockey at Madison Square Garden, top flight tennis at Forest Hills and big golf tournaments over famous courses. I doted on my job as sports columnist. I fully realized that it was much better than working in a coal mine. In fact, it was much more pleasant than being a news reporter. A sports writer was welcome wherever he went, and he usually went where there was something entertaining to see. News reporters often were sent to unpleasant places and more than once had doors slammed in their faces, a hint that they weren't wanted. Sports writing was the softer and the safer work. I remember what happened to Alva Johnston.

Alva, who was on the *Times* with me long ago, was one of the great reporters of those days. He was tall, brown-haired, thin-faced and "a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy" as well as a fine writer. The circus came to town and one of its attractions was a trick donkey that the management defied any spectator to ride. There was some small cash prize for any volunteer who could stick on the donkey's back for a specified time, quite brief. One afternoon a roll-licking group of society playboys who acted as though they had just come from drinking lunch at Delmonico's arrived at the old Garden and heard the riding challenge. Urged on by his companions, one of them went down into the arena and stuck on the donkey's back long enough to win the money. It was a great lark. It was also a good story for the circus press agent to spread as fast and as widely as possible.

Newspaper reporters and photographers were sent to the chap's swanky bachelor digs to go further into the matter.

The donkey rider and his chums by that time had changed their minds—and perhaps their drinks. They didn't want any more publicity. They turned away reporters and photographers with harsh words and threatening gestures but possibly they decided that the *Times* was something special and required different treatment. When Alva rang the doorbell and told them who and what he was, they invited him in, beat him up and threw him out a back entrance into the yard. He had to scale a six-foot board fence to make his way safely to the street again. I must add here that the donkey rider was hauled into court and made to pay for this cavalier treatment of the press. But I think I have made my point. It is the sports writer, rather than the news reporter, who can say with the Psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

However, the sports writers are well able to state their own case and I will not, in the Johnsonian phrase, "encumber them with help." As one retired from the field, I merely wish to register my opinion that the sports section is still the most pleasant part of the newspaper to read and that the sports columnists of today average higher in gay literacy than those of my own era. Certainly no newspaper in my time had a better pair of sports columnists than the New York *Herald Tribune* of recent years when every morning it served up Red Smith flanked by the late Joe Palmer whose untimely death was a loss to American literature.

Undoubtedly the modern athletes are better than the old-timers, too. With few exceptions, this can be demonstrated wherever the stopwatch or the steel tape is the measure of excellence. But the old boys were great in their day and I had a wonderful time watching them and writing about them. And knowing them. Naturally, I met them all—champions, runners-up, run-of-the-mill and eccentrics as well as coaches, managers, team owners and sports officials of all kinds. I played golf with Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and "Uncle Wilbert" Robinson, I lunched with Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, I often dined with Lou Little and I roomed with Bob Jones at a golf championship. I loved dear old Connie Mack and I never missed a chance to sit with him in the back row of the grandstand while batting practice was going on before the game. I often shared a bench in the shade at the Saratoga track with "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons and listened to his stories about great thoroughbreds and odd happenings in turf history.

When I broke into sports one of the most colorful characters behind the scenes was Harry M. Stevens, founder of the noted catering firm and a man of whom it was written that he had "parlayed a peanut into a million dollars." He was self-educated and an omnivorous reader. He could quote Shakespeare and the Bible by the yard with the dramatic delivery of the father of all the Barrymores, whom he knew well, of course. He went to all the plays that appeared on Broadway and he knew everybody connected with the theatre—playwrights, managers, directors and actors. He lived

at the old Waldorf Astoria on 34th Street and the table in his sitting room was always littered with the best books and all the current periodicals of that era. He was short, just a trifle stout, wore a derby hat everywhere except in bed, smoked long and expensive cigars and carried a cane. Somehow he took a fancy to me and I adored him. During the winter seasons when I had to cover so many night events at Madison Square Garden, I used to dine with him in his suite four or five times a week.

It was wonderful to be with him because he knew politics and finances as well as sports, English literature and the American theatre, and he loved to talk at length on these topics with fervor and a slight accent left over from his youthful days in Derbyshire, England. He was the embodiment of a Horatio Alger story—penniless immigrant, hard work, incredible energy, alert mind, upward struggle for long years crowned with well-deserved success while he was still able to enjoy it.

I remember one day when he was sitting at his desk and I was the only one with him in the office. He was well on in years then and his boys, Frank, Joe and Hal, were in active charge of the business. He often talked to me like a father and I felt like one of his family. Indeed, his sons were closer to me than my own brothers. This day the old gentleman leaned back in his chair, stared a moment at the ceiling and then leaned forward again to say slowly and almost solemnly: "John, look at me. I have all the money that any reasonable man could want—" here he brought his fist down on his desk with a bang and went on in what almost amounted to a shout—"AND NOT A DISHONEST DOLLAR IN THE LOT!"

That was Harry M. Stevens, a rare character for whom I had great admiration and deep affection.

One other notable debt that I owe to my career as a sports columnist was my first acquaintance with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and the long friendship that lasted to the day of his death due to exhaustion in the fighting of the Normandy peninsula. Shortly after I started the column on the *Times* I had a letter from him in praise of something I had written about the origin of the game of polo and inviting me to have lunch with him to talk things over. I leaped at

the chance because I knew his deep interest in natural history and I wanted to hear all about his trip to the "Roof of the World," the Pamir Range in Central Asia, to collect specimens of the *Ovis poli* or Marco Polo Sheep.

We lunched at a rendezvous called "The Room," an informal private club—and little more than a big room with a wing containing lockers and a small kitchen—maintained by Ted and Kermit Roosevelt, C. Suydam Cutting, another explorer-naturalist, and a few friends of similar tastes. This was during Prohibition days and each member had the obligation of providing his own liquor and a little extra in case of emergency lest any member or guest die of thirst on the premises. This was what the lockers were for. The place was in the Sixties near Lexington Avenue, one flight up as I remember it. I also recall that at luncheons or dinners or cocktail parties at "The Room" I met men whom I had admired from a distance—Frank M. Chapman, the great ornithologist, William Beebe, whose tales of the South American jungle had enchanted me, Roy Chapman Andrews, who chatted about digging up dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert, and George K. Cherrie, who had traveled down the River of Doubt with ex-President Teddy Roosevelt and whose "Dark Trails" I still treasure. There also I had my first meeting with Stanley Field, head of the Field Museum (now in Chicago Museum of Natural History) and Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society and, as such, the big boss of the Bronx Zoo where I had been a regular visitor since childhood.

I had Ted Roosevelt to thank for this—and Kermit, too, who was a delightful companion—but I came to owe Ted a much greater debt in time. He was one of the editors at Doubleday & Company and, after I began to write magazine articles on nature, he kept pounding away at me to produce a book for Doubleday on that subject. It took some years in the doing and it was only a small book when it came out but it was the start on a path that I have been following ever since with increasing enjoyment as the years go by.

As to how a sports columnist came to write an article on nature in the first place, it was a crime as you shall see.

The News Magazine and Washington

By John L. Steele

This is an address made by Mr. Steele on May 25, 1965, to the Department of Journalism at the American University in Washington, D.C. Mr. Steele was a Nieman Fellow in 1952 and is now Chief of the *Time-Life* News Service Washington Bureau.

In 1630, the revered puritan leader, Governor William Bradford, set upon his literary task of writing "The History of the Plymouth Plantation," with a promise to write "In a plain style, with singular regard unto the simple truth in all things." Today, as in that less complex century, this is a noble dedication; one not so easy to achieve. And for the journalist in Washington it still serves as a just cause for his being here at all, as well as for his monthly pay check from the home office.

My subject is "The News Magazine and Washington." And this means, according to the official register of the Periodical Press Gallery of the United States Senate, some 400 correspondents reporting for more than 200 publications. The interest span of these publications runs from the cosmic to the parochial. The "American Brewer" has a correspondent in Washington. So has the "American Milk Review," the magazine "Motor Boating," "Quick Frozen Foods," and a publication called "The Tobacco Leaf." For all of these, as well as for *Time* and *Life*—magazines with which I am more than somewhat acquainted—Washington, in things large and small, impinges itself upon the well being, the fortunes, and the very lives of all of our countrymen. Indeed, what happens here has the most profound effect upon all the world. For some magazines the news lies in a comparatively restricted area, let us say government price supports for grains subject to fermentation, or milk, or the latest findings of government scientists concerning the incidence of cancer to tobacco consumption, or the relation of river and harbor projects to motor boating. The infinite curiosity of newsmen, the wide span of their interest, was rather forcibly brought home to me early in my career when once amidst tense news conference questioning of Franklin Roosevelt concerning critical diplomatic maneuverings preceding World War II, a newsman asked of the

then President: "Sir, when are you going to permit East Executive Avenue to be reopened?"

Well, it was a totally legitimate question and it did provide news—for a few readers.

But, I assume you invited me here to talk with you about the Washington activities of those magazines interested in the broad sweep of news and their operations in the nation's capital. To me that means *Time* and *Life*, because of my association with those magazines, and because it would be more than a little presumptuous of me to discuss the interests and the problems of the others.

What are we interested in, so far as Washington is concerned? Our interests here are exceptionally broad-gauged and lie, with differences in emphasis, within the totality of the interests of our magazines. First, and most importantly, we apply ourselves to the *res publica*,—the public business in Washington, and believe me in this area our curiosity knows no bounds. Wars and threats of war, elections, legislation, diplomacy, the state of the economy and its future prospects, weapons development and disarmament. Yes, and price supports and problems of the tobacco industry, too, though not in the continuing sense of our brethren of the more specialized publications.

Where London stood as the free world's capital prior to the Second World War, Washington stands today. What Washington does or fails to do, what Washington thinks, what Washington plans and even dreams is felt in all corners of the world, and these days with all the speed available to electronic journalism. Certainly then, the job of covering the amazingly complex and all pervasive activities of Washington, the Capital city, is a profoundly difficult and demanding task.

From where I sit, the job of the news magazine, in the sense, for instance, that *Time*, The Weekly Newsmagazine, is one, is very far from the more or less traditional newspaper watchword emblazoned at the top left hand corner of the New York *Times* each morning, and reading "All the news that's fit to print." That is a laudable and commendable goal. But our job is far different and in many ways very much more difficult. By its nature, the news magazine is limited each week to merely a small fraction of the wordage found every day in large metropolitan newspapers. Thus at

the outset our job is vastly different. Involved is the requirement for a more sharply honed editorial judgment concerning what a weekly news magazine should, indeed must, print.

The competition for space in the weekly news magazine is intense, competition as between many stories inviting our attention, and indeed beyond that, competition between competing ideas and concepts within individual stories themselves. With space virtually unlimited, the case in most large daily newspapers other than tabloids, almost any story even with the most limited local interest can be used, somewhere, somehow in the paper. Not so with the weekly news magazine with its space limitations on the one hand, and, even more importantly, the demands of a national, even international readership, on the other. What criteria is used then?

First, and most importantly, the weekly news magazine in Washington—and everywhere else, too—applies itself to the story of more than transient importance. What is really important beyond a one day's headline? That is the question we keep asking ourselves. Even within a story which in our judgment is compelling, lies the further qualitative judgment on what happened this week within the confines of the story that is really meaningful and interesting. These kinds of judgments are our business and a very important part of our business. It is the field of responsible, discerning editorial decision making.

A speech in the United States Senate may claim a three column headline in the afternoon newspapers and 24 hours later likely will be forgotten. That is the kind of story in which *Time* is NOT interested. But there may be a speech in the Senate which presents the germ of a new idea, a new thought. That could be of vast interest to us, even though it received very little attention in the daily press. Or it could, in this same area, be a speech effective in changing votes or mustering opinion beyond the Senate, or a speech representing a new administration policy, or one signifying a coming to front-and-center of an important new public personality. That, too, would be of intense interest to us.

We are fascinated by the making of public policy. We make no attempt to cover within the bounds of our weekly magazine all developments in making public policy; for instance every bill, or even every reasonably important bill moving through the Congress. We seek in this area the news development of more than transient interest. And once our interest is focused, we want to know a very, very great deal about the matter. If it concerned a piece of legislation we want to know, of course, what's in the bill. But we want to know specifically whose ideas went into the drafting of the bill; what needs it will fill, how it will be administered. We want to know in a qualitative sense if it represents good public policy, or whether the reverse is the case. We want to know how the bill was passed through the Congress. How effective was the Executive Branch of Government in

mustering pressure to pass or defeat the legislation? Precisely who did what to whom in this regard? Were arms twisted? They were? Then by whom and to whom? What arguments were compelling, what stratagems were used? What was said in the back office caucus preceding the vote and how effective was it? Was the President directly involved and if so, how? We like to think that while we may come early on a story, we certainly stay late. At our best, we know a great deal more than the daily newspaperman who must hit, and run, run to his typewriter and the printing press beyond. We do have time, and we must have the energy and skill to go back, go around, take another look and still another. We are in short employed to worry about a story, not to race to the nearest typewriter, then forget about it as finished business.

This same kind of reporting we demand in every field touching upon the public's business. In the tangled evolution of foreign policy, be it Viet Nam or the Dominican Republic, we want to know far more than the public speeches of a President or Secretary of State would indicate. What are our real goals? Are they legitimate or are they illusory? How well are we moving toward those goals by formulation of our policy and by carrying it forward? What is the President's actual position and how does he state it to his intimate advisers? Is the government in all its echelons in harmony on the matter? Is the President articulating it convincingly to the public, and is the message getting through? Are the policies consistent with the Nation's real, long range interests or do they represent merely expediency, or even the old, old maneuvering of sweeping trouble under the rug?

And so it goes throughout the area of *res publica*: governmental policy on anti-trust matters, most emphatically the government's role in education, in civil rights, in the administration of justice and the courts, and all the rest.

Beyond the area of public affairs, beyond things we deem to be of more importance than the ephemeral, one day headline lie those matters of less importance, but matters which fascinate people. The rock and roll craze may not be of global importance, but to put it mildly, our readers are interested in same. Applying this to Washington and our magazine of recent date, the death of a lady named Frances Perkins may not have been an event of tremendous or lasting public importance. Yet it was an event well marked by an entire generation of Americans who remember the little lady in the tricorn hat who, as our first woman cabinet officer tangled, sometimes tearfully, but always determinedly with the labor czars.

We paid attention, here in Washington in the same issue of *Time*, to another story outside the realm of public policy. It involved the progress of a new concept in living, the so-called New Town concept of clustered houses amidst vast areas of parks, woodland and golf courses. Just 18-miles outside of Washington, at a place called Reston, Virginia, such a development is taking place and our efforts from

Washington resulted in a fine story for the Modern Living Section of our magazine. Our voice from Washington was heard on such diffuse subjects as the reminiscences of our President concerning his school days in Texas carried in our Education Section; on the sad strike shutting off a great newspaper, the Baltimore *Sun*, reported in our Press Section; for The Law Section the yeasty activities of student lawyers in the area of civil rights, the latest troubles of Bill Zeckendorf for Business, even a one paragraph People item on the decoration of a hero in the fighting in Viet Nam. This is merely a cross section of one week's reporting work done in Washington and is illustrative of the range of our interests, outside of the major public business.

Another area which concerns *Time*, The Weekly Newsmagazine, and to which its energies are applied, including its reporters from Washington, lies in what one might call the more cosmic area. The relation of man to his environment, the nature of his society, where he comes from and where he is going. Last week, for instance, this realm of our efforts took a Washington correspondent into the status of intellectual life in America, and, with the efforts of others elsewhere resulted in a fine essay reporting that despite considerable self doubts and self pity, American intellectuals are flourishing. It took another Washington reporter into the affairs of the Society of Jesus because in the Washington area there are important sources knowledgeable about the Jesuits, including some at another University only a few miles from here. It resulted in a story in our Religion Section entitled "Renewal Among the Jesuits."

My point is that Washington reporting for a news magazine is almost unlimited, bounded only by our energies and the magazine's editorial decisions concerning its interests in a specific week.

Hard work? Yes. But as Nikita Khrushchev once said: "Any fool could be a journalist if the job were not difficult." Washington reporting has on occasion been described as a war, a war involving journalists acquiring information from sources often desirous of withholding it. There is more than a bit of truth in this remark although it is, by and large, a gentlemanly combat and certainly not one devoid of the national interest particularly when matters of high national security are involved.

One other note may interest you concerning the news magazine I know best. That is its flexibility. Last year on seventeen occasions, *Time* switched its cover story late in the week, changes dictated by the flow of the news and the editors' judgment. We commit *Time* to type on Saturday evening, but often, very often we've dropped cover stories, some of them weeks in preparation, even as near deadline time as a Thursday or a Friday, and we've still been on the newsstands come Monday. We have rather frequently reopened the magazine on Sunday, stopped the presses, made changes, even added new stories to catch weekend developments we deemed essential. Most recently this occurred

when we began our bombing of North Viet Nam. Late breaking stories sometimes are skipped because we think it would be better to wait another week, and then do the story in sharper focus. But I have never heard a *Time* editor or reporter balk at a change because the task was difficult, the time short, or on the excuse of too many technical problems.

The same goes for *Life*, which recently developed its color photographs on the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill in a chartered jet plane specially outfitted with a photographic laboratory, while the plane flew high over the Atlantic toward the printing presses in Chicago. Layouts were assembled, stories written and edited in flight, and the result was an issue containing 21 color pages of the event, which went on the newsstands only 52 hours after the ceremonies were completed in London.

The stories which you read in *Time* are written in New York by a remarkably skilled group of some sixty writer-editors. The reason, in the first instance, is a simple one. The reportorial resources of The Weekly Newsmagazine are immense. The story each week on the Viet Nam war, for instance, comes not from one man in one place. It comes from *Time* correspondents on the battle scene. It comes from our men in the important listening post at Hong Kong. It comes from Washington, from our reporting on the decision-making apparatus of our government. And it comes from other world capitals as well.

We also have, of course, the resources of press wire services, the output of the academic community, books, other tools of our trade as well. Somewhere, somehow this mass of material must be refined and reduced to printable proportions. That is the job of the writer-editor working in New York. And finally the responsibility for top editing falls upon the Managing Editor of the magazine. Does this mean disparity between the reporting and the finished product? That is a question I am often asked. The answer is that it does not. A first class story in *Time* magazine, and I am bold enough to believe that most of our product is first class, is dependent on, and responsive to, first class reporting. The reporting may run very long, and often for a story told in only one column or less in the magazine. Oft times the reporting for a *Time* cover story runs the length of a short book, though it fills only four or five pages in the magazine. That's because a *Time* reporter's job is to try to place the writer and editor in the most knowledgeable stance possible before a story is written, edited and committed to print. A well reported and a well written *Time* story have very much in common.

From Washington, our writers and editors expect the most responsible and expert of guidance, and when this is forthcoming the product is based foursquare upon the reporting. Our business is one of communications, first among ourselves, on paper, by telephone, by personal visits; and finally communication with our readers. The flow of ideas

through the entire *Time* organization is a free one. We DO seek a consensus of opinion and conviction between reporter and writer and editor, and sometimes we seek to evoke a consensus in the nation. But with it, we cannot evade the demand for a general coherence and for a clear sense of direction. This must come from the Editor-in-Chief, for many years Henry R. Luce, and now Hedley Donovan. It is the Editor-in-Chief who can and must be held broadly accountable for the policies of his publications. Despite this ultimate responsibility, the Managing Editor of each of our magazines can, and rightfully does, think of his magazine as his own. But Managing Editors share authority too, and without losing it. This, in turn, hinges on a sensitive and creative relationship with sub-editors, writers and reporters. The result is a quite proper and very strong proprietary feeling about the magazine for which one works.

Then, too, the question often is raised with me by journalism students particularly, concerning *Time's* "objectivity." From its very first days, in 1923, *Time* believed that so-called "objectivity" in journalism was divorced from all meaning, that it had been placed on a pedestal, and, by some, falsely worshipped as the true, be-all and end-all of journalism. It became, as practiced, too often a word synonymous with aridity, with journalistic laziness, with ineptitude, with lack of taste and lack of courage. From the first, *Time* believed that its function was to go far beyond telling merely what happened. It has been interested, throughout its history, in values, in judgments, in the meaning of the world about us.

We were, and are, interested in what we can get off the printed page and into the mind of our reader, a reader who of course is perfectly free to embrace or reject our judgments, just as we are free to make them on an informed and responsible basis. I suppose the highest practice of the art of "objectivity" was an old fellow, now long gone to his Maker, whom I used to watch occasionally in the evening as he practiced his profession at the National Press Club bar. His practice was to take copies of government press releases and speeches given in Congress, mark them up with a black grease pencil, changing not a word or a comma, and then telegraph them to his home office as his daily stint on the Capital's news. The old boy was lucky; he went to heaven before his paper got wise and sent him somewhere else.

What crimes have been committed in the name of "objectivity." Probably its dizzying height was reached in the McCarthy period. Then, the most powerful elements of our information disseminating machinery—most notably the press wire services—were so enmeshed in the tentacles of "objectivity" that they were totally powerless to tell the country about McCarthy, the man and the menace. They were hoisted on their own petard, forced by their own harness of objectivity, to report precisely what the Senator from Wisconsin said—always being certain first that through Congressional immunity it was made libel proof. I know whereof I speak because for more than two years it was my day, night and overnight assignment for a great press association, NOT to put Senator McCarthy and his work in focus, but to take his speeches, his words, and with as much sensationalism—and speed as possible and always with a straight face—spread them as gospel in the name of "straight" news reporting. More than a little, and with a few very rare exceptions such as the late Ed Murrow on television and *Time*, *The Weekly Newsmagazine*, the mass media with its inhibiting and false doctrine of "objectivity" was responsible for propagating the mass misery of McCarthyism on the American people.

Carrying the doctrine of objectivity to its logical extreme, one would have to hold up as perfection only two American publications. One the Congressional Record with its 300,000 word a day verbatim output—about the length of three short novels—and the other a telephone book with its unadorned listings. But, fortunately, that battle is about won and it is interesting to note the growing trend among newspapers and the television networks toward more interpretative reporting, more explaining of the background of events, and a more pointed, point of view. Time Inc., always has denied that its function was one of antiseptic objectivity. We never have claimed to be neutral in any fight; we do claim to be fair. Our occasional lapses in this respect, and they are occasional, have hurt us. And our judgments on occasion have been shown to be wrong. But that's part of the risk of the game, and the one we play hard and well each week.

As the historian, Macauley once said: "Any man who held the same view of the French Revolution in 1789, 1804, 1814, and 1834, must either have been a divinely inspired prophet or an obstinate fool." We, at *Time*, regard ourselves as neither.

West Berlin's Press: Competitive and Free

By William A. Hachten

Today's lively and competitive newspapers of West Berlin seem to epitomize the long struggle to establish a free and independent press in Germany. And events there in recent months indicate that Berlin journalists will speak out sharply in defense of their post-war freedom.

Ten daily newspapers with a combined circulation of over 1.2 million vie for readers among the Western sector's 2.2 million residents. This gives West Berlin not only the most dailies of any German city but makes West Berliners the most avid newspaper readers in Germany.

Berliners obviously value their free press and well they should for right across the Wall that divides the city there is a rigid government-controlled press stamped in the doctrinaire mold of the Communist system.

Ten dailies competing in the same city is not only unusual in Germany, it's practically unheard of anywhere else these days. However, the competition is not very fierce—there's a kind of "live and let live" spirit—and not all the papers go after the same kinds of readers.

There are two distinctly "intellectual" or "serious" morning papers:

DER TAGESSPIEGEL (1964 circ.: 102,035). The first paper licensed by the Western powers after the war, *Tagespiegel* provides able comment and fairly comprehensive coverage of major world news. It's generally considered Berlin's best newspaper.

DIE WELT (1964 circ.: about 90 to 100,000 in Berlin). Livelier looking but similar in content to *Tagespiegel*, it caters to much the readership. Actually, this is the Berlin edition of Axel Springer's famous Hamburg daily. Several pages are transmitted from Hamburg and the whole edition is printed in Berlin with the Berlin staff preparing two or three pages of local news.

There is one major "family" or middle-brow morning paper:

BERLINER MORGENPOST (1964 circ.: 256,318 daily; over 300,000 on Sunday). A famous old Berlin publication of the Ullstein House, now owned by Springer, it has a loyal following. *Morgenpost* covers Berlin thoroughly and is the closest thing in Berlin to the omnibus American daily

that appeals to all strata of society. It is mainly home-delivered by 1,200 elderly Berliners, mostly women, who use converted baby carriages to haul their papers. (Finding a.m. carriers is a difficult problem because German child labor laws bar boys under 16 from working before 6 a.m.)

There are two sensational morning "boulevard" papers which are German cousins of the New York *Daily News*:

B.Z. (1964 circ.: 345,212). Another Ullstein-Springer publication, B.Z.'s old name, *Berliner Zeitung*, was appropriated by an East zone paper. This street-sales tabloid covers in lurid detail every taxi murder and the latest scandal or gossip. Sports, too, get a heavy play in its crowded circus-make-up pages in which ads, bold red and black headlines, and too-short news items compete in a confusing mixture. It's no. 1 in daily circulation.

BILD ZEITUNG (1964 circ.: 116,471 in Berlin). This is the Berlin edition of Springer's strident national scandal sheet which, launched in 1952, prints a combined four million copies daily in Hamburg, Essen, Frankfurt, Munich, and Berlin. After *Pravda*, it's the largest daily on the continent. A reader can find a few items of serious news but mostly it's the usual melange of sex, scandal, murder, and entertainment, all well illustrated, that sells millions of copies in London and New York.

In addition, Berlin has five tabloid-sized papers, all independent of Springer:

DER TELEGRAF (1964 circ.: 94,416). This is the most successful of the five probably because it's the best. Sober news coverage in a sprightly tabloid format is its formula. Politically, it supports the dominant (in Berlin) Social Democrats led by Mayor Willy Brandt but gets no aid from the SPD.

DER ABEND (1964 circ.: 84,122) and **NACHT-DEPESCHE** (1964 circ.: 65,505). These thin and breezy afternoon tabloids compete for street sales among commuters on the U-Bahn (subway) and busses.

DER KURIER (1964 circ.: 29,657). A serious and responsible spokesman in Berlin for the Christian Democratic Union led by Chancellor Erhard, *Der Kurier* seems to be just barely getting by. Though the trend among German

papers is toward both financial and moral independence of political parties, there are rumors that *Der Kurier* is indirectly subsidized by the CDU. It's a noon paper with editions at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

SPANDAUER VOLKSBLATT (1964 circ.: 29,825). This is an anomaly in metropolitan West Berlin: a successful daily edited for just one part of the urban complex. The Volksblatt probably prospers mainly because the powerful Springer papers do not promote vigorously in its circulation areas of Spandau and Havel.

All these newspapers, naturally enough, are preoccupied with the partition of Germany, the Wall, and the DDR (the "German Democratic Republic" run by Communist boss Walter Ulbricht). Events relating to these are fully covered and with incisive comment. However, the Berlin papers put out few editions and don't try very hard to include late-breaking news.

When the big world news is elsewhere—in Vietnam or the Congo—Berlin coverage looks provincial compared to Paris or London. The recent U.S. presidential election was fully reported because many Berliners felt they had a stake in its outcome. Yet, a political science professor at the Free University told this writer, "To keep up with what's happening in the world, I have to read the American papers. I can't find enough foreign news in the Berlin papers."

On the other hand, the diverse editorial viewpoints provide a real market place of opinion. Important Berlin issues get discussed from all angles. Since they carry no syndicated political columns, the Berlin papers' editorial pages have a good deal of integrity. Many people read particular papers primarily for their editorial views. And there is a Berlin tradition that a chief editor is a "galley slave" who must produce a signed page-one editorial each Sunday—his readers demand it of him. By custom, the chief editor (who is usually on a year-to-year contract), and not the publisher, speaks for the paper. There is, however, always a general area of agreement between editor and publisher.

German journalists, as shown in the 1962 *Spiegel* affair, are quick to defend their press freedom guaranteed by Article Five of the Federal Constitution which provides that "Everyone has the right freely to express and publish his opinion by speech, writing, and pictures and to freely inform himself from generally accessible sources" and that "freedom of the press and freedom of reporting by radio and motion pictures are guaranteed."

Two incidents in Berlin last November show the kind of threats the Berlin press faces and how readily it will resist them. Both incidents involved the press and the city government—a government long in a "special situation" due to Germany's partition.

The first incident involved Lothar Brenner, a truculent neo-fascist publisher of two weekly papers, *Wochen Echo* and *Sieben Uhr Blatt*, which were printing derogatory articles about Brandt. Brandt himself filed a civil libel suit.

However, the district attorney felt a criminal aspect was involved too and secured a court order to search Brenner's properties. On November 5, 1964, two city prosecutors and 49 police officers raided the papers' editorial offices, printing plant, and Brenner's apartment. They confiscated 3,000 copies of the papers and carried off several truckloads of files and correspondence.

The Berlin press has little regard for Brenner, whose scurrilous sheets hardly qualify as journalism. However, the papers were upset at the methods of the justice officials and the use of such a large force. Also they were concerned over what the police were actually searching for since the allegedly libelous series of articles had already been published. They were hardly reassured when the district attorney admitted they were searching for evidence of who the financial backers of Brenner were.

(German press freedom seems to be often compromised by police raids on newspaper offices and premises. In the 1962 *Der Spiegel* affair, overzealous German police arrested staffers and raided the magazine's offices. And in the recent incident involving the Cologne *Stadt-Anzeiger's* defamatory cartoon of the Shah of Iran, the Cologne prosecutor last January (1965) sent four investigators to raid the apartment of cartoonist Harald Sattler. Such a strong-arm method of search and seizure is a perfectly legal way of collecting evidence in Germany when the public prosecutor thinks there might be a criminal aspect to any action. However, such authoritarian procedures evoke unpleasant memories in Germany today and represent a significant threat to press freedom as well as other liberties.)

A side incident in Berlin was that a photographer of the *Morgenpost* was roughed up by the police while taking pictures of the Brenner raid.

Der Tagesspiegel headed its editorial "Scandal" and said it was a grave decision to use this word. It called the situation "appalling" and said it was shocking for Berliners to see that Brandt had alerted justice authorities in defense of his honor in a way which gives the impression of terrorism.

B.Z. said the seizure of files and papers made the matter really serious, pointing to the secrecy and protection to which every informant to a newspaper has (Germany has strong shield laws). It said: "Here one has sneaked into a newspaper's secrets with the aid of a judge's decision." The justice authorities, it said, have sufficient other means and do not need to "use such heavy guns and endanger the freedom of the press."

Similar comment came from other papers.

The next day, the second incident broke. The *Morgenpost* reported that three persons who had written letters published in the *Morgenpost* had been interrogated by officials from the Senate (city council) Information Office headed by Elgon Bahr. The letters had been highly critical of the Information Office for the way it handled information to the public on the pass agreements enabling Berliners to

cross the Wall to visit relatives in East Berlin. The *Morgenpost* complained that Bahr's office did not come to the paper but went directly to the letter writers. The paper felt this action intimidated the paper's letter writers and tended to inhibit public criticism of the local government.

The press again reacted sharply. *Tagesspiegel* said: "How naive shall we be not to think that the sudden appearance of a state authority in a citizen's home which is his castle is designed to exert a certain pressure?"

Morgenpost called this practice a "confrontation with the anonymous power of the state which might be detrimental to the free expression of opinions."

Der Kurier accused Bahr of "exceeding his authority and rather playing the role of a personal propagandist for the governing mayor who on his part is mainly interested in his 'candidacy for the chancellorship.'"

West German papers were similarly concerned and sent in their own reporters to follow the stories. After several days, both matters died down. In retrospect, the most heartening aspect was the prompt and insistent way the Berlin press reacted when they felt that government—even that of Brandt whom they usually support—had trampled on their rights. And the press obviously felt the defense of their rights was more important than whatever propaganda value the East German regime might glean from its criticism of Brandt.

It's encouraging, too, to see Berlin's 10 dailies react as ten different papers, not as one, to issues such as these.

Berlin today is a major news center but events of the last 25 years that have made it so have also drastically circumscribed the traditional influence of the Berlin press in Germany. Mainly through the activities of three great publishers—Rudolph Mosse, August Scherl, and Leopold Ullstein—Berlin was once one of the world's greatest newspaper cities. In 1914, there were 30 morning and 10 evening papers together with some 50 suburban papers. In 1928, 147 newspapers were published in the capital. Located at a rail center of continental Europe, Berlin's papers were read each morning all over Germany and much of Central Europe.

Today, West Berlin papers cannot even circulate in the environs of its own metropolitan area, much less the provinces of East Germany, its natural distribution area. The partition has effectively ended a national German press dominated by the great publishing houses of the Kochstrasse, Berlin's Fleet Street. West Germany today, despite its comparatively small size, has a regional press with one first-rate paper dominating each region: *Die Welt* in northwest Germany, *Frankfurter Allgemeine* in central Germany, and the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* in south Germany. The only truly national daily, *Bild Zeitung* is not a serious newspaper.

Due to Nazi totalitarianism and then complete defeat in World War II, Berlin's free press was in eclipse for years. As the first occupying power in Berlin, the Russians in

1945 licensed the first newspaper, the *Neues Deutschland*, which remains today in East Berlin as the official voice of the East German Communist regime. *Der Tagesspiegel* was the first paper licensed by the Western allies, followed by *Der Kurier*, *Spandauer Volksblatt*, and *Telegraf*. The Ullstein papers did not resume publication until after licensing ended in 1949. The *Morgenpost* started in 1952, the *B.Z.* in 1953.

During the licensing years of 1945-49, all papers were sold in all zones. The Western sector papers proved more popular and street sales were limited only by the newsprint available. Despite lack of advertising and a distribution hinterland, the papers succeeded. Berliners, cut off for years from objective news of the outside world, were eager to read the papers which were instrumental in reconstituting the social and cultural life of Berlin.

With the onset of the Cold War around 1948, the sale of West Berlin papers was forbidden in the Soviet sector but individual copies of the papers could be bought in West Berlin and carried over by the 500,000 persons who crossed zonal borders daily. These were perilous times for the working press: 17 newsmen from just one paper, the *Telegraf*, were jailed by Communist authorities in East Berlin at various times.

The erection of the Wall in August 1961 ended the distribution of West Berlin papers in East Berlin.

Today, the dominant figure of West Berlin journalism, indeed of West German journalism, is Axel Springer. His papers printed in Berlin—*Morgenpost*, *B.Z.*, *Die Welt*, *Bild Zeitung*, and the weekly *Welt am Sonntag*, control over 60 per cent of Berlin's circulation. A determined supporter of the "Western presence" in Berlin, Springer is currently constructing a 20-story publishing plant where all his Berlin papers will be published by the spring of 1966. Located on the Kochstrasse, alongside the Wall near Checkpoint Charlie, the giant plant is very badly located for distribution in West Berlin alone but ideally located for operations in a reunified Berlin. And a reunified Berlin would mean Berlin would again be the newspaper as well as political capital of Germany.

Springer's influence is generally considered a beneficent one in Berlin; he does not push his weaker competitors hard and sees them as partners in the efforts to reunite Germany. And even though his dailies dominate Berlin's circulation, Springer's papers are all independent of each other editorially and he seldom if ever dictates editorial policy. Often his papers take quite opposite editorial stands.

There is one subject, however, on which Springer papers are unified editorially: that is in the efforts of Springer and other German publishers to obtain control of a television channel. The present situation of a publicly owned television system which carries limited advertising (about an hour a day) they consider to be unfair competition to the

private press, even though the volume of advertising so far is slight. This is a subject of much current controversy in German mass media circles.

By his purchase in 1960 of the ailing Ullstein publications, which also included a book division and several magazines, Springer has done much to revitalize Berlin journalism.

If Springer's gamble on reunification pays off (and the odds certainly look long) then the bleak Kochstrasse will again be the Fleet Street of Germany.

But the economic forces set in motion by such able and aggressive newspaper management may in the long run have the effect of snuffing out some of the diversity of opin-

ions and news which West Berlin and indeed West German newspaper readers enjoy today.

The Berlin press may some day again dominate Germany but the avid Berlin newspaper reader may have fewer papers from which to choose.

Mr. Hachen is associate professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin. He collected material for this article while he was a guest professor for four months last year at the Berlin Institute for Mass Communication in Developing Countries.

Louis Lyons Looks Back on the Nieman Program

By Victor O. Jones

REPORTING THE NEWS: *Selections from Nieman Reports*. Edited, with an introduction, by Louis M. Lyons. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1965. \$6.50

This is one of the first fruits of Louis Lyons' retirement as curator of the Nieman Foundation a year ago. Regular readers of *Nieman Reports*, published by the Nieman Foundation for the past 17 years, will not be surprised that Lyons has been able to put between covers an impressive collection of articles on the practices and problems, the pluses and the minuses of modern journalism. This material, until this book appeared, was to be found only with difficulty in long-since out-of-print files of the "Reports".

Nieman Reports, of course, is unique even among newspaper trade journals, or was until the Columbia School of Journalism, with much more staff and a much bigger budget started publishing its *Columbia Journalism Review*. Lyons' anthology is a meaty and lively compendium of 51 articles by almost that many authorities. Even those who recall with pleasure many of these pieces when they first appeared will be surprised how much more impressive they are now that the alumni notes, the fillers, the book reviews and

other items of only evanescent interest have been weeded out. It will surprise no one that the editing is of the highest order, the typography and book-making of Harvard's traditional excellence, the index and appendix most helpful.

There is, too, a 50-page introduction by Lyons, itself a classic. It tells, as only he could tell it, the whole story of the Nieman Foundation—how President Conant first thought of it, how the various vicissitudes of what he called "this dubious experiment" survived. It tells about the impact of Harvard on the Nieman Fellows and vice versa), the incidents and individuals now already legend. From his essay emanates the mellow though often tart philosophy and personality of the editor.

The articles themselves are organized into seven chapters, headed "A Responsible Press", "Role of the Press", "Newsmen at Work", "The Writing", "Foreign Affairs", "Government and the Press", and "Books and Men". Six of the reprint pieces are by Lyons himself, and other ex-Nieman contributors include the trailblazing Edwin F. Lahey, Christopher Rand, Harry S. Ashmore, Anthony Lewis, Clark Mollenhoff, Irving Dillard to name only some. But not all the articles are by Niemans; newspapering is also represented by the likes of A. J. Liebling,

Clifton Daniel, Mark Ethridge, Edward J. Murrow, Thomas M. Storke, John Cowles, Henry Shapiro, Joseph Pulitzer, and Barry Bingham. And contributors from the academic world include Zachariah Chafee Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, and Theodore Morrison. (But, alas, nothing from Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., though Lyons makes plain that no one contributed more than he to the Foundation's success.)

"Reporting the News" will not only be of interest to anyone concerned with the communications field, but will preserve for scholars and laymen notable articles which should be preserved and readily available. The book, too, is valuable for reference purposes, notably the appendix which lists all the Nieman and Associate Nieman Fellows up to 1965, with the positions they held when appointed and their current positions—in and out of newspapering. It's a formidable list, and one which will make good propaganda now that Harvard and the new curator, Dwight Sargent, have decided that important endowment money needs to be raised to keep up the standard of a Nieman year.

Mr. Jones, a Nieman Fellow in 1942, retired this month as Executive Editor of the *Boston Globe* and will devote full time to writing his column for that paper.

Nieman Notes

1942

Victor O. Jones has retired from his position as Executive Editor of the *Boston Globe* to spend full time writing his column for the paper. Before Mr. Jones was executive editor, he had served the *Globe* as sports editor, night editor and managing editor.

1946

Ben Yablonky has been named a Fulbright Lecturer in Journalism and is off with his family for a year's sabbatical at Osmania University, Hyderabad, India.

1949

Christopher Rand, correspondent for the *New Yorker*, plans to spend the Fall exploring the Andean countries of South America, the only continent he has not yet visited.

1951

Sylvan Meyer, editor of the *Daily Times*, Gainesville, Georgia, will participate in the United-States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program. He will study community development, natural resources and conservation and public communications from March to May 1966, in South Africa.

Wellington Wales has been appointed to the Editorial Board of the *New York Times*. He was formerly chief editorial writer of the *Knickerbocker News*, Albany.

1953

Melvin Mencher has been granted tenure at Columbia University and on July 1, 1965, he was promoted to Associate Professor of Journalism.

Watson S. Sims, news editor of World Services, AP, New York, has been named a general executive assigned to personnel.

1955

Selig Harrison, India correspondent for the Washington Post, is returning from India to be on editorials and Henry Tanner has moved from Moscow to Paris as correspondent for the New York Times.

1956

The Boston Globe has name Robert L. Healy assistant executive editor, and political editor.

1958

Stanley Karnow has jointed the Washington Post, reporting from Washington and abroad. He was serving as Far East correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.

1959

Mitchell R. Levitas, formerly of Time, Inc. has joined the staff of the New York Times.

1960

Changes: Robert Plumb, science reporter for the New York Times to Dieticians Institute, and John G. Samson from radio news editor, KGGM, Albuquerque to National Distillers.

1962

Ian Menzies has been named managing editor of the Boston Globe's morning edition.

Murray Seeger is now with Newsweek's Washington bureau.

1965

James S. Doyle is heading the newly established Washington bureau of the Boston Globe.

Nathaniel Nakasa died in New York City on July 14, 1965. Before becoming a Nieman Fellow he was editor of the Classic in Johannesburg, South Africa.