

NiemanReports

September 1968

The Editorial Page

by John B. Oakes



Truth Is in the Eye of the Beholder

by Wes Gallagher



A Passing Witness at Harvard University

by Eduardo Lachica

**A Special Supplement
On the Press in Africa**

NiemanReports

VOL. XXII, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1968

 Louis M. Lyons, Editor, 1947-64

 Dwight E. Sargent, Editor

Editorial Board of the Society of Nieman Fellows

 Robert W. Brown
 Rock Hill Evening Herald

 Millard C. Browne
 Buffalo News

 William B. Dickinson
 Philadelphia Bulletin

 Tillman Durdin
 New York Times

 Roy M. Fisher
 Chicago Daily News

 Robert B. Frazier
 Eugene Register-Guard

 Thomas H. Griffith
 Life Magazine

 Rebecca Gross
 Lock Haven Express

 C. Ray Jenkins
 Alabama Journal

 John Strohmeier
 Bethlehem Globe-Times

 E. J. Paxton, Jr.
 Paducah Sun-Democrat

 Harry T. Montgomery
 Associated Press

 Sylvan Meyer
 Gainesville Daily Times

 Robert Lasch
 St. Louis Post-Dispatch

 Edwin A. Lahey
 Knight Newspapers

 Smith Hempstone, Jr.
 Washington Star

Published quarterly by the Society of Nieman Fellows from 77 Dunster Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02138. Subscription \$3 a year. Second-class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts.

The Editorial Page

By John B. Oakes

Mr. Oakes is Editorial Page Editor of The New York Times. These are excerpts from a speech he delivered at the Nassau Club in Princeton, New Jersey.

... The editorial page is my life work and I hope it's worthwhile. It is worthwhile if it's successful in its purpose, which is to comment responsibly, to criticize constructively, to stimulate thought and to move to action.

Not all editors of editorial pages feel this way. The editor of one of the most respected small newspapers of the South has stated that his editorial objective was "to explain

and interpret the news, to put it in its proper perspective, to analyze it and to draw conclusions from that analysis." While I would agree that a well-balanced editorial page embraces every one of these functions, I would say that the most important of all is the one omitted from this list; i.e., the purpose of persuading the reader to follow a course of action that the newspaper believes is for the public good, "regardless" in the words of the founder of the modern New York Times, "regardless of party, sect or interest involved." In other words, I am at the opposite pole from the critic who wrote a few years ago that "the editorial page is the vermiform appendix of the American newspaper, of no known use, its potential for trouble slight and easily contained."

So far from being the useless appendix of the newspaper, I would in fact describe the editorial page as its heart and soul, the one area where the personality and, more important, the philosophy of the newspaper can most properly be expressed, where individuality can be given far freer rein than is permissible within the relatively rigid guidelines of news accounts, even when the latter are stretched—as is the almost universal practice today—by the reporter's own interpretation.

One can usually judge the quality of a newspaper by the quality of its editorial page: a lively, provocative and persuasive editorial page suggests that the newspaper has some individuality, has a soul, if you like; an editorial page dominated by canned material, submerged in banalities and wallowing in the obvious, normally reflects a newspaper with neither soul nor character. If you make a list of the best American editorial pages today, you will also be making a list of, with some very few exceptions, the best American newspapers. Try it and see for yourself.

I believe that the editorial page has not only the right but, quite literally, the obligation, to express opinions based on as objective, impersonal evaluation of the facts as is humanly possible. This is not because editors are any wiser and certainly not because they are any purer than other mortals; it is simply because the whole of their time and intelligence is—or ought to be—devoted to the effort to dig beneath the superficial, to understand, to weigh, to analyze and to judge the events of our world today. This is what they do; in that horrible phrase of current lingo, this is their "thing." But accompanying the personal immersion in the world of current news and current events, there also has to be an almost religious rejection of personal interest and personal advantage in the formation of judgments. This is the responsibility, as it is the privilege, of the editor of any editorial page that expects to be taken seriously.

Only a few days ago, I was discussing with the publisher

(Continued on page 8)

Truth Is in The Eye of The Beholder

By Wes Gallagher

Mr. Gallagher, the General Manager of the Associated Press, was the third speaker in the Press Enterprise lecture series at the University of California in Riverside. This is the text of his lecture. Previous lecturers have been Louis M. Lyons, Curator Emeritus of the Nieman Foundation, and John B. Oakes, Editorial Page Editor of The New York Times.

We in the journalism profession believe that any nation which is governed by its people will stand or fall on the freedom of its press and communication media. It is equally important that the press and communication media be reliable and have the confidence of its audience.

It seems to me two growing dangers threaten this concept and our way of life.

The first is that many in our society read with one eye and a closed mind. They read or hear only the news that reinforces their opinions.

To this group, truth is in the eye of the beholder—their own.

The second danger is another group who seize upon conspiracy theories to explain the complex events of our times.

Many of the problems we face and report today will not be solved in our lifetime. They are too intricate and deep rooted. Some people will not recognize this. They yearn for simpler times and, occasionally guided by demagogues, see in the complexity of the news itself a dark conspiracy to lead them astray.

Both groups strike at the roots of the free flow of information essential to our way of life.

Before I offer a more detailed picture of these groups—and in the interest of personal safety I exclude all in the first five rows from either category—perhaps I had better establish some credentials by explaining a bit about The Associated Press and how it works.

Everyone probably reads or listens every day to news gathered by The Associated Press. We are the oldest and the largest news gathering organization in the world. We deliver a news report either by print or broadcast around the clock to more than one billion people in more than a hundred countries.

Nobody owns The Associated Press. When The Associated Press was created a century ago it was neither for private profit nor government convenience, but as a non-profit cooperative association to serve newspapers that shared the cost. Our members elect a board of directors which represents every section of the country and every size newspaper. The board appoints a general manager as chief

executive to run this worldwide organization and the AP's own employees perform all its operations.

What is unique about The Associated Press, of course, is its nonprofit cooperative structure. It began as an idea and grew into an ideal. James Reston of The New York Times discusses this briefly in his recent book, *"Sketches in the Sand."*

He writes:

"This cooperative structure had some significance for since it had to serve editors of wholly different and conflicting views on domestic and foreign policy, it had to be as impartial, nonpartisan, and unbiased as possible. The result was that mutual distrust among American newspapers created the most accurate and trustworthy source of world news the world has ever seen . . .

"I don't suggest The Associated Press is above criticism. Indeed one of its fascinations is the utter impossibility of it ever doing its job as well as it ought to be done. Nor do I suggest that we do not make mistakes. We do, and when we do, they are well publicized—by ourselves. We do not allow a known error to stand without immediate and complete correction even if it should go undiscovered by others. What I do suggest is that press critics try to recognize the great gulf of difference between fallibility and corruptibility. The daily miracle is we make so few errors in transmitting 3 million words around the earth—the equivalent of 30 full-length novels—every 24 hours."

From time to time they do occur, and some of them are beauties. For example, we reported that James Meredith, the Negro civil rights worker, was killed during his march through Mississippi. As in the celebrated case of Mark Twain, the report of Mr. Meredith's death was greatly exaggerated. This is what happened. Our reporter in Memphis was listening to a telephone call from a member's reporter in the field. The caller, in a wonderful Mississippi drawl, said Meredith had been shot in the *haid*. Our reporter thought he said shot *daid*. The bulletin that Meredith was *daid* stood for some 30 minutes before we discovered the error and corrected it. I might add some of our embarrassment over the incident was eased when our photographer who was at the scene was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. His picture showed the wounded Meredith on his knees peering into the eyes of his attacker crouching at the roadside with a shotgun.

Meredith seems to be an Associated Press jinx. You may recall the rioting that resulted when he enrolled at the University of Mississippi and the activities of General Edwin Walker on the campus during that turmoil. As a result of our coverage of the story, General Walker sued us and our members for libel for over 30 million dollars. We fought

the suit. After five years of legal battles and hundreds of thousands of dollars in costs, the United States Supreme Court vindicated our coverage in a landmark decision.

However, I would be just as happy if Meredith stayed home and out of the news for a while.

Too many people, of which General Walker is one, seem to feel that there is a mass conspiracy on the part of communication media to mislead them.

Much of this, of course, springs from the emotional news of our time and the extreme positions adopted by various people and groups.

We recently appointed a racial task force fully experienced in racial coverage to use on big stories of the day. Soon afterwards I received a letter from one reader who expressed himself as follows:

"Your article by the racial task force profiled Negro rioters as young, angry, desperate and frustrated—you should be ashamed."

On the subject of Vietnam, I received this letter:

"Everyone knows you are a Communist. You would sell your country for a story. You go along with feeble-minded ministers and hairy beatniks in colleges."

But another letter writer, more amusing, seems to think we have many hidden sources of information. He wrote:

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but from AP wires and TV stations in the past couple of days I am firmly convinced that somehow you overheard me give my special mission report in my living room Wednesday night. What I suspected is probably true. My house is bugged."

But, more seriously . . .

We have on occasion run articles from Wilfred Burchett, an Australian turned Communist spokesman, who has free access to Peking, Hanoi and the trouble spots where no western correspondents are allowed. Because of his position anything he writes can be taken as the official government view. We always insist that members running these articles also describe Burchett's background so the reader can make his own judgment about the validity of what he says. Recently The Reporter magazine took us to task and asked, "Would Pravda give space to a western journalist's anti-Communist views of the war in Vietnam? Not very likely. And yet this is essentially what some of our newspapers have done in reverse by publishing Wilfred Burchett's dispatches from Hanoi and other Communist areas closed to most western reporters."

What sad irony that a magazine bearing the name *The Reporter* should have such a pitiful grasp of the function of the press!

The elemental difference between the American press and Pravda is that we are free to print all points of view. We are not controlled; our society is not closed; our people are not prevented from listening to a multitude of tongues and drawing their own conclusions.

We are, I should point out, rather accustomed to such criticism but nonetheless sometimes dismayed by it. Before World War Two we were criticized for having American correspondents in Hitler's Germany, and since have been criticized for maintaining an AP bureau in Moscow. For my part I wish we could get correspondents on the Chinese mainland for the simple reason that it would be beneficial for Americans to know what the Chinese Communists are doing.

The people who threw bricks at our reporters during the civil rights demonstrations in the South apparently felt that if the reporters would go away so would the problem.

But I wonder if life would really be any simpler if the press would do as it's told, repent and be saved.

Thoreau, contemplating the peace of Walden Pond, cried out: "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand."

But no one has yet discovered how to stop the world and get off. The world goes on spinning and the pace is ever more rapid.

Last November the population in America reached 200 million. This means of all the people who ever lived in this country since it became a nation, half are alive today.

But the increase in human beings is as nothing compared with the increase in human knowledge, as this audience well knows. When Noah Webster, a Connecticut newspaperman, compiled his first dictionary in 1828 the language contained 70,000 words. Today there are eleven million in all categories. Even Webster's Third New International does not have the words "solid state," or "integrated circuit," or "fuel cell," because the Third New International was published 'way back in 1961.' I am told that a young man entering medical school today will have to learn more new words before he finishes than he had accumulated in his entire life up to then. Fifteen years ago there were 1,772 specialized periodicals in America; today there are nearly 3,000.

All of this knowledge explosion produces news in an ever increasing torrent. At the turn of the century a handful of countries dominated foreign news. Today any one of a hundred bursts into the headlines daily.

Alongside this ever mounting fund of knowledge and news has developed an equally rapid rise in the level of education. We no longer write our stories for the Kansas City milkman. Today we write for his son, and his son is far better educated and far more demanding. He will not brook superficiality. In attempting to satisfy his demand, neither will we.

The background story, the interpretive, the intimate feature story, the explanatory report by staff men with specialized skills—all these are a part of the daily report which flows into our members' newsrooms in three times the volume any one of them can use. Yet we continually search

for ways to move even more copy so they will have an even larger bank to draw upon for their own purposes.

Technology is such that we can speed a news bulletin around the world in a matter of seconds. But no man can absorb meaning at the speed of light—which creates the basic problem.

Today's readers must grapple with so much information, thrust at them in great volume and at a staggering pace. They must do so in an era when the thoughtful man's greatest shortage is that of time.

And there's no relief in sight. Our lines of communication are extending farther and farther around the globe and beyond it, and are burrowing deeper and deeper into the affairs of mankind. The more intimately we examine a situation the more complex it inevitably becomes. What does the press and communication media do to make life simpler? Close the Moscow bureau? Keep discordant voices off the wire?

No, our response is to probe even deeper beneath the surface, uncover even more.

The more we discover about the great problems of the day—Vietnam, urbanization, racial discontent, population, poverty—the more frustrated some of the readers and listeners become because we promise no solutions, but only provide more and sometimes conflicting information.

For some the burden becomes too great. They either read or listen only to reinforce their prejudices or fall back on the conspiracy theory to explain everything.

Some assert we are propagandists for the war and some propagandists against the war. They say we write too much about the fighting and not enough about the draft card burning; or too much about the draft card burning and not enough about the fighting. They say we pay too much attention to the hippies, or not enough; that we are tools of the government, or subversives bent on destroying it.

Those reports, on how badly the South Vietnamese Army was doing at that time, were all borne out later.

Today, the government spokesmen have frequently turned the reverse side of the coin. They claim the reporters are too jaundiced by being there too long, and too used to seeing the failures, that now they don't recognize the good news when they see it.

There are two immutable rules on press criticism:

Criticism of the press by government rises in direct proportion to the amount of adverse news printed which may or may not be in line with government policy.

Second, criticism by the public rises in direct proportion to the amount of news read which undermines what it would *like* to believe, whether it is true or not.

Neither age nor experience has anything to do with war reporting. Young men fight wars and die. Young correspondents must report the wars and sometimes die as they have in every war in history. We have 36 men in Vietnam,

16 of them Americans or nationals from our staff in other countries and 20 Vietnamese. All are volunteers. The Americans and nationals carry the bulk of the reporting in the field, and out of that staff of 16 in the field in the past three years we have had two killed and eleven wounded—an eighty percent casualty rate in the pursuit of news.

The reader and listener is getting the truth from Vietnam, but the truth like the war itself is confusing.

The reader would like a clear, simple explanation of who is winning and what he, as a citizen, is paying for in blood and taxes.

But South Vietnam is neither black nor white, or clear or simple. At best, it is different shades of gray and at worst a political and military enigma. And when the reporter reports the confusion accurately he satisfies neither the reader or government.

Reading or listening to stories on emotional issues of this civilization like Vietnam, rioting in the cities, integration and segregation, the revolt of youth or General de Gaulle, many readers are like the parson, geologist and the cowboy who are looking at the Grand Canyon.

The parson said, "Look, one of the wonders of God."

The geologist said, "It is a wonder of science."

But the cowboy said, "What a hell of a place to lose a cow."

The emotions springing from the war result in attacks on the media bringing news of the war to the public. Ironically, by picking and choosing, the partisans find in these very news reports they criticize the material that fits their views.

Recently, we transmitted a picture of American soldiers holding a rifle to a Viet Cong woman's head trying to make her talk. We received the predictable amount of critical mail from people who wanted to say it wasn't so. The Knickerbocker News of Albany, New York, one of the papers that published the picture, ran the following reply to critics:

"We make no apologies for printing this picture . . . It depicts one of the episodes that is actually occurring every day in Vietnam whether the reader, the editor of the Knickerbocker News, or any other American likes it or not. It is the responsibility of a newspaper in a free society to print stories and pictures that faithfully report the news as it is, not as some of us hope it would be."

I think that puts it very well.

We hear the complaint often that all the press is interested in is bad news, and why don't we put the major emphasis on the good news. All right—but how would you like to read a story written something like this:

"The 400 members of All Saints Sunday School showed

their usual good manners and pious devotion yesterday, praying, singing and reciting the psalms. All except one. He shot the minister and raped the organist."

We find no particular glee in reporting unpleasant news. Sophocles said, "None love the messenger who brings bad news." But not even Sophocles in his wisdom, I venture, could define good news from bad.

One man's snow storm is another man's ski trip.

A heart is transplanted and a man lives—because another man dies.

The world is full of unpleasant news, but news we must know about. Some readers see sinister reasons behind the news they don't like.

On the far right there are those who feel the Communists have really taken over the government of the United States.

Some liberals feel there is an immovable and undefinable establishment that thwarts their every move.

Youth feels that the older generation conspires against their idealism. And the older generation is inclined to feel that the youth are too far out.

The most typical example are the multiple conspiracy theories that have grown out of the Kennedy assassination, many of which have become best sellers. Ironically, all criticize the Warren Report but everyone has based their premises on the facts in the Warren Report. They have just been twisted to suit the particular writer's own theory.

But there are many other simple conspiracy beliefs—held because they provide easy answers.

A month or so ago, I made a speech at the National Convention of Sigma Delta Chi in Minneapolis. After finishing, a young delegate from the University of Colorado came up to me and said without much preliminary explanation:

"The Associated Press carried a bulletin on the peace demonstration in Washington which said the troops advanced on the protesters with unsheathed bayonets. A few minutes later this story was killed and a new one was substituted which said the troops advanced on the students eliminating all references to bare bayonets.

"Who," he asked, "called you up and told you or made you kill that first dispatch?"

The student added that we moved a picture which later showed unsheathed bayonets, so he knew something was wrong.

He apparently felt that the government and the press were a conspiracy to fix the news.

How little he knew. We spend a good deal of our time combing government officials out of our hair, not inviting them in.

But I took the time when I got back to New York to look up the circumstances of the particular story. The stu-

dent was right. We had carried a bulletin in the early afternoon about the soldiers advancing with fixed bayonets. It was dictated by Fred Hoffman, our Pentagon correspondent, who was in a phone booth about 150 yards from the troops. After dictating the bulletin, he moved up closer and found that the troops did not have bayonets, they had some sort of a muzzle device on their guns which he had mistaken for bayonets. So he dictated a correction.

We also moved a story later in the evening of the arrival of a general who had been ordered to clear the street. He ordered the troops to fix bayonets and advance on the demonstrators. We carried this exactly as it happened with the bare bayonets. This is where the pictures came from.

The only solution that seemed to fit our journalistic friend in Colorado was that there was some sinister con-
 vining going on. It is a sign of our times.

We have covered every riot and every demonstration since the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court. Riots are sparked by unrelated incidents—some minor—that defy logical reasoning. We have found no evidence a single cause or one group could arrange the complications that arise in these situations. In fact, the Negro today speaks with many conflicting voices.

Leaders change from community to community, so do their goals. In one it is integration. In another Black Power. We must try to put each movement in perspective. All responsible communication media have the same objectives. To this end we have the following policy in handling racial coverage.

"1) Be precise. Every disturbance is not a riot. But a riot or a serious incident should not be minimized as a scuffle or a demonstration.

"If there are one thousand police and troops at the scene of the riot don't say one thousand police battled rioters unless all one thousand got into action. Chances are only segments of them did so.

"2) Don't play a minor incident out of proportion to its importance. A lead based on an isolated shooting or an isolated cry of 'Get whitey' can throw a story out of focus. They belong in the story but not in the lead.

"3) Get the necessary background. What set off the rioter demonstration? If it is not clear, or there are a couple of versions, say so. Who were involved—children, teenagers or adults? Some local authorities blame outsiders. That may be true but it may also be a convenient excuse. How do they know? Find out and quote them.

"Find out what the Negro complaints are—housing, unemployment, communication with the white leadership? Spell it out and quote both sides but don't be content with that. Talk to those who are not directly involved, including civil rights and business men for a delineation of the problem. Have controversies over current grievances arisen

in the past? What efforts are being made to remedy them? Be specific.

"Don't say the church rally was feverish. Tell us what happened—hands clapped—faces glistened, shirts and dresses darkened under the arms and across the backs, pulses throbbed, toes and heels tapped.

"Don't tell us Governor George Wallace was nervous. Tell us, as one story did, that on one forty-minute flight he went through 21 sticks of chewing gum, he shuffled a deck of cards, counted them, shuffled them again. He glanced at clouds above and below, tightened his seat belt, loosened his collar, counted the cards, chewed the gum, counted, shuffled, chewed."

We believe if we do our job by saying precisely what happened the reader will recognize by the detail the story is true. We hope then he will draw his own conclusions and they will not stem from prejudice or the conspiracy theory to explain news events.

We do not believe there is any reason why the reader or listener should accept the writer as an authority on any subject at any time, regardless of whether he is a specialist or whether his byline is well known. The only effective reporting is that which convinces the reader by the recitation of logical presentation of the facts.

But we need another essential ingredient. That is for the audience to read with both eyes and an open mind.

We need an audience, too, that will read and listen intelligently and accept the fact that conspiracies are not the answers to complexities of the modern age.

We need an audience willing to accept the bad news, the disagreeable, in good faith and not blame the media bringing it to them.

We will only get rid of society's worst problems by being made deeply and continually aware of them. The only way this can be done is for the press and communication media to be more enterprising, creative, perceptive, penetrative in reporting the whole bewildering drama played out each day by billions of people over the face of the globe.

There are many quotations on the function of the press and now the broadcast media, but I think one of the best was by Judge Learned Hand on a decision in an Associated Press anti-trust case—incidentally, we lost the case.

He said:

"The newspaper industry serves one of the most vital of all general interests: the dissemination of news from as many different sources and with as many facts and colors as is possible. That interest is closely akin to, if indeed it is not the same, as the interest protected by the First Amendment; it *presupposes* that *right conclusions* are more likely to be gathered out of a *multitude of tongues* than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

The Editorial Page

(Continued from page 2)

of one of America's well known newspapers the question whether the editorial page should take a position that might conflict with the economic interests of the newspaper. I said I thought that normally the economic stance which the editor honestly felt to be in the general interest of the public would almost certainly be also in the long-term, if not immediate, economic interest of the newspaper. In other words, what's good for the United States is good for General Motors, not vice versa. But if for any reason the newspaper's economic welfare conflicted with what appeared to be the public welfare, it is the obligation of the newspaper to opt for the public rather than for the publisher.

I'm lucky enough to work for a publisher who believes in this principle. As I say, such a conflict is not likely to arise in any case; but it was in order to reduce the probability of conflict of interest that the last four publishers of the New York Times, including the present one, have rigorously denied themselves ownership of any corporate stock whatever, except that of the Times itself.

What the Times has taken on, in our effort to guide, persuade and exhort public opinion, is, as I have called it on another occasion, a critical responsibility. We have the responsibility of criticizing and that of criticizing responsibly. It is our purpose and our function to act as critic, a constructive critic to be sure, of whatever we see wrong in American politics or society. We try to do so temperately, but unequivocally.

If we have thought for at least the past five years that the Vietnam war was dragging this country into a hopeless military morass on the continent of Asia, it was our duty and obligation to say so—even though criticism of one's own country in time of war is not, as I'm sure many of you appreciate from personal experience—something to be undertaken lightly. And so we embarked on that criticism, as responsibly as we knew how, the stringency of the criticism escalating with the military escalation of the war, though steadily accompanied by a drumfire of vicious undercover comments from high officials of government and from influential segments of the press, reflecting on the patriotism and integrity of the critics.

I can hardly think of a class, group or interest that, at one time or another in the seven years I have been in my present chair, has not been furiously angry at my newspaper because of one or more of our editorial positions: big labor and big business; Communists and capitalists; bank-

ers and farmers; I.C.C. and F.P.C.; Greeks and Turks; General de Gaulle and General Westmoreland; Catholics and Jews; Princeton's President and Columbia's students; and so on all the way up and down the line from Lyndon B. Johnson to Michael J. Quill. If it is to exercise any kind of leadership, as I hope our page does, a newspaper can't worry about the people it angers or annoys.

The pastures of our editorial page are fenced off from sacred cows as well as from scapegoats. But we do try to cover the whole range of human events; of a lively editorial page as indeed of a live newspaper it can and should be said: *nihil humanum alienum est*.

Each day, seven days a week, in some 2000 words divided usually into five or six editorials, we try to touch one or more local, national and international subjects. They can't all be exciting; and often we deliberately examine at considerable length subjects that I feel we have a public duty to examine even though I am fully aware that they have no reader sex-appeal whatsoever. A case in point was last year when we devoted a great deal of detailed attention to the New York State Constitution, which as a vitally important document we felt necessary to explain to a largely indifferent public. Though the numerous editorials we ran on the subject hardly brightened the page, I do think they served a major public purpose, and helped defeat an utterly inadequate constitution.

I feel that we should not be afraid to examine any area of public interest even if we have to disagree with our closest colleagues. For instance, on the controversy over fair trial vs. free press: contrary to the opinion of many other journalists, including some on my own paper, I have long held the belief that some restraints on statements by officers of the court are indeed necessary to insure fair trial, and if such restraint deprives some newspapers of some juicy material they would otherwise print, the sacrifice of such sensational news is far less significant than the assurance of justice. While I do not accept all the proposals of the recent American Bar Association's report, (the so-called Reardon Report), I certainly do not believe that freedom of the press will be destroyed if limited restraints are imposed, and from time to time we say so.

I believe that the guarantee of freedom of the press is not one of mere license to print anything—even though the Supreme Court had greatly broadened it in recent years—but carries with it a reciprocal obligation on the part of publishers and yes, editors, to exercise the fundamental responsibility of the press not to pander to the least common denominator of public taste—but rather to inform, to elucidate, to criticize and to lead. If we succeed in doing that just a little bit, I think we will be carrying out our basic purpose and offering the only real justification for our professional existence.

A Passing Witness at Harvard University

By Eduardo Lachica

Mr. Lachica, a columnist and editorial writer for the Philippines Herald in Manila, was an Associate Nieman Fellow in 1967-68. He wrote this article for *Solidarity*, a monthly magazine of commentary published in Manila.

It was Nathan Pusey who invoked the classic description of Harvard University. He called it "an assemblage of different departments held together by allegiance to a central heating plant." Pusey might have been indulging in a bit of broad irreverence common to Harvard men (a Harvard man would rather be dead than caught enthusing over his school), but on perhaps a more serious occasion, a report to the Board of Overseers in 1966, we see that he said just about the same thing. His proliferating charge he then referred to as "a kind of federation of semi-autonomous institutions, all parts of which are ultimately responsible to the President and the Governing Boards."

Indeed little more can be said in one breath about Harvard University. It defies definition and category (one way of saying Harvard is in a class by itself which is a bald compliment *I* wouldn't be caught making). It is not quite a "multiversity," that pejorative coinage for American insti-

tutions of learning stricken with a seemingly uncontrolled glandular growth fed by vast infusions of federal and state subsidies. But by most standards, Harvard is a very large and branchified institution with a 1967-68 enrollment of 15,215 including 1,209 Radcliffe girls and 1,351 women graduate students in the Colleges and ten Graduate Schools, assets worth \$830,573,388, and facilities as far afield from Cambridge, Massachusetts as a Solar Station in New Mexico, a forest in New York State, a center for Byzantine studies in Washington, D.C. and an Italian villa near Florence bequeathed by the late Renaissance scholar Bernard Berenson to Harvard for humanistic studies.

And it does get a handsome share of federal money (\$55,430,278 or a little over one-third of its annual income in 1966-67), a fact which causes no little apprehension in those who would like to keep Harvard institutionally free from the dictates of government. Harvard draws the line by accepting no classified research for the government as many other universities and institutions do.

Harvard is Ivy Leaguish in the comical ups-and-downs of its teams of gentlemen athletes, in its tweedy, pipe-smoking professors who tend to ramble endlessly like Oxford dons, in its handsome neo-Georgian undergraduate houses by the Charles where students share board and intellection with resident savants like Richard Pipes and John Finley. But elsewhere is the unmistakable bustle of the big university.

Its pace is fast, too fast for those who would rather climb their ivory towers at their leisure. Law and business stu-

dents are loaded down with hundreds of cases to read along with their other books each term. Cramming literally starts on the first day of class. Graduate students walk into the labyrinthine book stacks of the Widener library and are not seen again until the next spring.

Professors never check attendance at classes. Indeed, if a person had the time and perseverance, he could conceivably attend as many lecture courses as he pleases and thereby get himself something akin to a Harvard education—without paying a cent of tuition. I don't know of anyone who has tried it but I am ready to instruct any adventurous soul willing to essay a career of freeloading on Harvard.

But while attendance is casually treated, a student misses classes or falls behind in his reading at his own peril. Professors rarely go over previous material for the sake of laggards. If my experience means anything, I once skipped three successive sessions of Mandarin and had to spend the next week and a half desperately trying to catch up on Chinese radicals and half-tones.

One of the most glaring dichotomies of Harvard life is the almost irreconcilable split between its crusty administrators and the wild-eyed, gung-ho student activists whose dogged defiance of authority is already part of Harvard legend. Pusey and his able colleagues are Establishment archetypes, as proper and unruffled as Boston bankers and perhaps the last temperamentally disposed to bend to student anarchy.

The big student movement of recent years is the Students for Democratic Society. The SDS staged a major sensation last school year by confronting visiting lecturer Robert McNamara outside Quincy House, forcing the civilian head of the mightiest defense establishment in the world to beat an ignominious retreat by a back way. For an encore this school year, the SDS cooped up an employment recruiter from Dow Chemical Co. (manufacturer of the symbolically vilified napalm allegedly employed against civilians in Vietnam) for over six hours at the Mallinckrodt Chemical Laboratories. This scandal resulted in 71 student demonstrators, who turned in their bursar's cards, being placed on probation. This was a relatively lenient punishment, which suggests that the canny stewards of the university are far from losing their cool over the vexing matter of student dissent.

As they had probably anticipated, the storm quickly blew over and the students went back to their books.

The motley and dissonant qualities of Harvard are almost endless. One of the most durable myths about Harvard men is that they speak with a Harvard "accent." This may have been true long ago when the students and to some degree the faculty as well were strongly representative of the Anglophilic, cultivated and rich families of New England, New York and a few other "right" places. The broad

"a" and slurred "r" are Upper Class Boston (John F. Kennedy's diction could be more minutely differentiated as Upper Class *Irish* Boston).

Harvard has since been broadly democratized so that its students now come in more egalitarian proportions from all states of the union as well as on a smaller scale from 70 other countries in the world. The Harvard men I know speak with Alabama, South Boston, mid-Western, Northern Maine, Brooklyn, Oregonian, French, Indian, Ghanaian and even Filipino accents. But whatever their regional intonations, they tend to be scrupulously precise in their speech and are not beneath dropping five-syllable words even in casual conversation.

There isn't even a family resemblance in Harvard's famous buildings. The oft-photographed brick and ivy are confined mainly to the historic corner of the Yard where Massachusetts Hall, Holden Chapel, Hollis Hall and Harvard Hall stand just as Paul Revere etched them in his "Westerly View of the Colleges in Cambridge New England." But the rest of the physical plant is a merry mixup of architectural epochs and styles ranging from the Federalist dignity of Charles Bulfinch's University Hall to the avant-gardish Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts which is the only work of Le Corbusier ever completed on the North American continent (the ungainly concrete structure was once indecorously described by a Design School student as "two grand pianos copulating").

Harvard's fathers could have built more halls in the brick saltbox Colonial style to maintain its corporate "image" but happily they decided otherwise. The architectural hodgepodge makes Harvard vastly more interesting, though it must be said that some of the new structural oddities in the neighborhood have given the more conservative parishioners cause for pain and dismay.

Harkness Commons, a graduate dining and recreation facility, is in the best Bauhaus tradition of Walter Gropius. Holyoke Center, a highly functional design of Luis Sert built in several installments over three or four years, continues to inspire snide comments from student critics. The Center has its own Forbes Plaza named after Prof. Edward Waldo Forbes, a kinsman of "our" W. Cameron Forbes who lent his name to that enclave of unabashed opulence in Makati. Prof. Forbes, long the director of the distinguished Fogg Art Museum, is kindly remembered for his foresight early in this century in buying much of the land between Mt. Auburn street and the Charles River against the time the Corporation would need it. This purchase made possible the construction of the undergraduate houses in the mid-thirties.

This is close to being an adulatory, rather non-Harvardian remark, but there seems no way of escaping the observation, if not commonplace, that Harvard has one of

the finest faculties of instruction in the world. *Time* magazine once ran a chart rating various universities according to their competence in various disciplines. Harvard unashamedly ran first in all but one or two categories. This lapse from sheer perfection has elicited a bland explanation from a Harvard Overseer. "We can't cover all the ground," he said. "After all, there are other universities besides Harvard."

Actually, the competition for academic excellence may be closer than this survey suggests. Harvard is clearly outstanding in history, the classics, and the social sciences but it is barely neck to neck with Stanford in business, Yale in economics and with MIT in pure and applied sciences (traditionally, however, Harvard and MIT regard themselves as informally in partnership in science instruction and research).

Harvard is unexcelled in its chosen "area studies." In East Asia, the University of California may have its Robert Scalapino, the University of Michigan its Robert E. Ward and Columbia its A. Doak Barnett, but only Harvard has such expertise in depth by having John King Fairbank, Benjamin Schwartz, Edwin O. Reischauer, Jerome Cohen, and their colleagues all under one program.

Three other excellent research centers are the Russian Research Center, the Center for Middle Eastern Studies and the Center for International Affairs. Rather than being independent schools or faculties, Harvard's centers are pools of scholars from different departments and disciplines sharing a common interest and thrust. In President Pusey's always well-chosen words, the centers are "means for facilitating inter-disciplinary assaults on complex fields of investigation."

The Russian center was established in 1948 and the East Asian center in 1955, apparently in quick response to the need for systematic and coordinated study in crucial problem areas in the world. Harvard seems to have dismantled some of its ivory towers and replaced them with elaborate observatories capable of the most scientific and acute perception of contemporary phenomena. These centers derive support mainly from endowments, foundation grants and gifts. The U.S. government occasionally turns up as a client, though none of the notorious CIA money has been spotted trickling into the centers. The federal jobs recorded in their reports include a study on China and arms control jointly undertaken by the East Asian and International Affairs centers for the U.S. disarmament agency, and hundreds of interviews of former Russian citizens to piece together "a more detailed picture of many facets of Soviet life" for the Air Force.

The East Asian Center eschews the "consensus" of "experts" that passes for scholarship these days. If Fairbank had his way, he would hold down the number of seminars,

colloquia and similar conclaves to the barest minimum to combat this "collectivist intellectual tendency" and hew closer to old-fashioned individual works. His Taoist approach to research is to "seize targets of opportunity, exploit the unexpected and respond to the unforeseen."

Harvard's doyens have never kept themselves far from the mainstream of public life since the days of Louis Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson and the younger Oliver Wendell Holmes. With scientists, sociologists and area experts in increasing demand in public service, there is considerable commuting between the Yard and Washington, D.C. and other power centers. Don K. Price, dean of the Kennedy School of Government, has worked for both Republican and Democratic administrations in such diverse activities as setting up federal salary levels and establishing the Atomic Energy Commission.

Henry Alfred Kissinger, now with the Center for International Affairs, was President Kennedy's consultant on national security and served on the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The College has two former American ambassadors in its permanent faculty, Reischauer who was in Tokyo from 1961 to 1965 and John Kenneth Galbraith who served in New Delhi also during the Kennedy term.

Galbraith is perhaps the most conspicuous academic in residence, thanks to his propensity for writing best-sellers like "The Affluent Society" and "The New Industrial State" and his eloquent spokesmanship for such liberal outlets as the Americans for Democratic Action. For a Harvard professor, Galbraith is quite a "swinger," a virtual fixture in Jacqueline Kennedy's parties and one of those hugely envied "in" people invited last fall to Truman Capote's Plaza Hotel ball.

In a rare flip at his own expense, Galbraith once told his class that whenever the Harvard administration worries about the excessive extracurricular activities of its faculty it checks first to see "what Galbraith is doing." "If I seem to be attending fairly regularly to my courses, they breathe a huge sigh of relief and assume the others must be also working," he quipped.

Galbraith's course on the "Theory of Economic Development" is not particularly strong on content, and students solely interested in digging into the theoretical substance of economics should perhaps take the more definitive courses given by no-nonsense investigators like Richard Gill, Robert Dorfman, Richard Caves and Albert Hirschman. But the unique experience of being exposed for a full term to the massive vanity and acerbic wit of Galbraith makes Economics 169 something of a connoisseur's course.

The Harvard *Crimson*, in typical irreverent style, described the Galbraith pedagogy thus: "His course is taught in harangues followed by question periods in which hapless students serve up items to support Galbraith's theories,

or are wittily and thoroughly demolished for failing to do so."

There is, however, a refreshing lack of dogmatism and cocksureness in the majority of Harvard teachers and students who perhaps have more call to exude erudition than others. Nobody except for an occasional Galbraith makes a positive statement in class if he can at all help it. They tend to preface their comments with a modest qualification like "It seems to me . . ." or "It is my strong impression that . . ." But every now and then one realizes with no little awe how close he treads on the frontiers of learning when he listens to Robert Burns Woodward or George Wald who are among eight Nobel Prize laureates teaching at Harvard.

The heart and intellectual mainspring of Harvard is its College of Arts and Sciences of 6,000 students and 1,575 professors, instructors and part-time teaching fellows. Its proportion of one teacher for every six students is hard to beat anywhere in the world. One of the College's peculiar charms is the lack of a clear dividing line between undergraduate instruction and the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences which numbers about 3,200 students. The leading lights teach courses on both levels and many lecture courses and seminars are shared by undergraduates and doctoral candidates.

The system is mutually beneficial. It permits outstanding undergraduates to seek out their full limits unrestricted by administrative boundaries, and at the same time gives graduate students access to primarily undergraduate courses which are really among the best offered in the university.

Each Harvard man has undoubtedly his own list of favorite courses, but mine would include Merle Fainsod's eloquent exposition of Russian government and politics, Reischauer's course on Japan founded on half a lifetime of studying this wondrous and perplexing land, John Finley's landmark course in the "History of Classical Greek Literature," Theodore Morrison's broadly humanistic English K, and Walter J. Bate's "Age of Johnson."

Fashions in student approval of courses shift with the times. A few years ago, the unquestionably most popular course was David Riesman's "Character and Social Structure in America." This year Stanley Hoffman's "War" which fills half of Sanders Theatre (600 seats) three times a week is a close competitor.

Though Harvard may be unchallengeably superior in East Asia, by which it means mainly China, Japan and Korea, it is disappointingly weak in Southeast Asia which includes the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand. Harvard has virtually defaulted this field to Yale which boasts of an excellent Southeast Asia Program (one of its more recent books is a linguistic treatise on Cebuano), Cornell and Michigan.

John King Fairbank explained why this is so. "We would need at least 10 professorial chairs costing about \$600,000 each, or a total endowment of \$6 million to set up a new program in Southeast Asia. I'm afraid we have to move rather slowly because of the cost factor."

Harvard is hastily repairing a yawning gap in its Asian studies by offering a course on Vietnam next year. There was some uncertainty as to what study program Vietnam should fit into before it was decided that by virtue of its history and contemporary events Vietnam would be most meaningfully viewed from the scope of Chinese studies.

It is often said that Harvard is the hardest school to get into but the easiest to stay in once entered. There is a rough grain of truth to this. Of the some 7,000 freshman candidates each year, only about 1200 are admitted. This roughly one-to-six ratio does not fully measure the desirability of Harvard as a college to study in. The candidates are already prescreened by their high school faculties. Few high school graduates even think of applying at Harvard unless they are confident their scholastic records give them at least a fighting chance to get in.

Though the administration never admits it explicitly, a sort of quota system seems to operate to insure a fair distribution of freshman admissions among the various regions of the U.S. and other countries.

Yale is prone to brag about how many valedictorians and salutatorians it takes in every year, but Harvard has never accepted just school grades or College Board examination scores as the test of admission. It reasons not unjustly that the boy who tops the exams may be a grind and nothing more while the fellow who placed fifth may be just as bright but with interests other than running up a string of A's. Harvard looks for bright boys who do something with skill and enthusiasm—playing jazz or the classics, debating, social work, camping, or indeed running very fast with a football. As Dean Fred Glimp put it, "What we are looking for is a well-rounded class of lop-sided individuals."

It might be actually easier for a bright boy from the Philippines to get into Harvard than it would for one coming from New York, especially if he were good, say, at raising chickens or swimming or beating the drums.

The low ratio of undergraduate failures (something like 20 out of the entire freshman class of 1200) is not at all surprising when you consider the exceptional quality of the students. There isn't a bunch of more strongly self-motivated and self-propelled young men. They work very hard with the scantiest prodding from their proctors.

The current crop is perhaps too serious and grim for its own good. They all seem to be carrying the burdens of the world on their shoulders. *Crimson* editorials fret and agonize over domestic and international crises as though the

New York Times is not doing a good enough job at that.

The typical Yardling these days seems sworn to a cult of slovenliness, with necktie permanently askew, trouser legs casually tucked into loose boots and shaggy hair curling around the nape of the neck.

Reischauer, who returned to the Yard recently after an absence of seven years, was quick to notice the sea change in student temperament. "In the fifties, the kids were mainly interested in strumming guitars. Now they want to solve the problems of the world overnight. The style of youth changes. Perhaps in three or four years the kids may turn out to be something else again."

Pusey touched off another furore in January by lampooning some of the student activists across the land as "Walter Mittys of the left" who "play at being revolutionaries and fancy themselves rising to positions of command atop the debris as the structures of society come crashing down." But he defended the majority of his young charges as "very far from being an alienated, disaffected or drop-out generation." He allowed they were lively, serious students engaged in the serious business of acquiring an education, whatever other image the more volatile minority may give the general public.

Indeed, even the occasional disruptions of the peace such as the Mallinckrodt incident pale in comparison with some of the historic donnybrooks perpetrated by Harvard students in the past. These are vividly recorded in the histories written by Harvard's professor emeritus, Samuel Eliot Morison.

In the winter of 1766, the year of the "butter rebellion," the boarders became disenchanted with the rancidity of this commodity which had to be imported from Ireland due to the poor New England economy. "Behold our Butter stinketh," their spokesman complained to Tutor Hancock. When they got no satisfaction, they "hissed and clapped their hands," and walked out of commons the following day.

In 1768, the students assembled at the "Liberty Tree" to compose their grievances against another tutor. The senior sophisters threatened to go to Yale if their "rights" were not respected. And talking about political activism, the 1812 students reacted to the reading of Federalist pulpit politics with "a most indecent shuffling of feet, so that the minister could scarcely be heard."

The 1823 class, an "uncommonly rowdy" company that liked to drown out tutors' voices in class and drop buckets of ink-and-water on the victims of their malevolent pranks, was so severely disciplined that 43 out of its total number of 70 were expelled almost on the eve of Commencement.

The Harvard of the golden years now seems a dim memory, when all that really mattered was to dress well and have lots of well-placed friends, make a final club like Por-

cellian or the Spee, and to beat Yale in "The Game." Old grads coming back for a fall football weekend would be utterly unable to recognize their young selves in the dishevelled, brooding kids that amble about the Yard.

One of the alumni who indeed found Harvard changed was Brooks Atkinson, the famed drama critic of the *New York Times*. His host had to put him up in one of the student dorms on Mt. Auburn Street because of the chronic hotel room shortage in Cambridge. "Oh, don't apologize," Atkinson told his host. "I'm quite thrilled to be here. This was part of the Gold Coast during my days and this is the first time I had a chance to see what this house looked like inside."

The Philippines is one of the leading contributors of Harvard men from outside the U.S. In this not too exclusive society of some 120,000 living Harvard alumni, 227 are geographically listed as living in the Philippines. This makes up the sixth largest non-U.S. contingent. The other large national representations are Canada (1,530), Great Britain (635), France (442), Japan (346) and India (308).

Harvard sons from the Philippines include such outstanding figures in public life and education as Sotero Laurel, Jovito Salonga, Rafael M. Salas, Fernando and Jaime Zobel de Ayala, Horacio de la Costa, Benito Legarda Jr. and O. D. Corpus. The roster of members of the Fox Club, one of the 11 "final" clubs in Harvard, includes the scions of three prominent Philippine families—the two Zobels, Jose Ma. Soriano and Manuel Joaquin Elizalde Jr. Fernando Zobel's embryonic art still decorates the Fox club's bar on Boylston Street. One still extant Zobel cartoon mural is of a rather inebriated Fox initiate standing on a chair while making a speech to his fellows.

Of late, the Business School has been drawing the majority of Filipinos in Harvard. Fourteen of the 24 Filipinos now in Harvard are in the M.B.A., doctoral or international teachers' program "across the river."

The Business School is quite a world apart from the Yard. The students are better attired, more forthright, less distracted by extraneous excitements and more apt to be seen with a bulky attache case in hand than with a copy of *Avatar*. They are, in the disparaging view of the less mundane students in the Yard, simply out to make a buck and therefore intellectually of a somewhat lower order. The business students in turn regard the Yard rabble as less than solid citizens. I did occasionally audit courses in the Business School just to remind myself that the major preoccupation of the civilized world is still the generation and accumulation of wealth.

If Harvard has contributed much to the world, the obverse that the world has contributed equally to Harvard may be true. It would be a worthy subject for a research paper on entrepreneurial history to find out how much the

early wealth of the Philippines contributed to the building of 18th and 19th century New England fortunes which in turn helped in nurturing the secondary growth of Harvard. The Boston Brahmin families of the Gardners, Peabodys and Forbeses all benefited from the old China trade and perhaps indirectly from the Philippine trade which was an offshoot of the former.

The one thing in Harvard that will always be Philippine is an ornate narra table over which President Pusey calls to order the Faculty of Arts and Sciences in a vast room in University Hall lined with the portraits and busts of Harvard titans of yore. The table and set of highbacked chairs were donated by W. Cameron Forbes after he retired as Governor General of the Philippines.

Do all these scant impressions of mine and generous borrowings of others' make up a halfway fair picture of Harvard? As a resident of only six months standing, I can best qualify as only a passing witness. I fear though that there is no such thing as a definitive Harvard story short of what Professor Morison himself could do if he were not in retirement. Nor do I believe there is such a thing as a common Harvard experience. Each man here grabs and snatches what he can, resigned to the impossibility of any one man knowing or seeing it all. On any given hour in the afternoon or evening, a lecture, protest meeting, concert, poetry reading, colloquium or club meeting is being held in the vicinity of Harvard Yard. A man as voracious of experience as Thomas Wolfe would kill himself here inside of a month.

The best one can do is find a point or two of reference and adjust his bearings accordingly. This presumably is what Fernando Zobel did when he joined the Fox. "Harvard can

be a pretty anonymous place. The Club reduced its size to manageable proportions and put a face on it."

Harvard perhaps is most safely regarded as a continuum in time, constantly in motion and constantly accruing to itself like a well-kept trust fund. If this civilization were to pass away, future archaeologists digging up the brick foundations and artifacts in Cambridge would discover whole cultures and eras piled one atop the other like the ancient Troy. Quite likely they would all be in a remarkable state of preservation. Teachers and students come and go but nothing is lost. They leave their mark, either in some almost forgotten dissertation buried in the depths of Houghton library or on a bronze plaque memorializing a unanimous bequest to the university.

And I imagine that Harvard will go on forever. It is a bottom-heavy accumulation of 331 years of profession and learning, and unlikely to be swept away by any wind of change. Like all viable institutions, it has a marvelous quality of self-generation, turning out alumni who ultimately repay their keep either with large sums of money or with their most valued services.

During one Nieman Dinner, I had the privilege of sitting beside one of Harvard's administrators, Arthur D. Trottenberg, the assistant dean for resources and planning. Trottenberg asked me politely what courses I was taking, and I told him what they were.

"Oh, not to forget," I quickly added. "Harvard 1."

Trottenberg only paused for a brief moment before he saw the point of the callow joke I was making. He gave me a look of fraternal understanding. "Well, aren't we all?" he said.

Book Reviews

By Louis M. Lyons

Three of these four authors are former Nieman Fellows: David Kraslow, 1962; Bruce Galphin, 1963; Dan Wakefield, 1964. Stuart Loory is a colleague of Kraslow on the Washington staff of the Los Angeles Times.

THE SECRET SEARCH FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM. By David Kraslow & Stuart H. Loory. Random House N.Y., 247 p. \$5.95

The substance of this book is history now. For it explores the obfuscations and equivocations, the blunders and the snafus and the changes of mind in Washington, that frustrated a whole series of attempts to bring the Vietnam War to negotiations.

At a crucial moment to bring talks to jell, Hanoi was bombed, because Washington hadn't let its other hand know what it was doing. Or Dean Rusk's antennae told him the time wasn't ripe. Or U Thant's message somehow never got through to the President. Some of the well documented episodes that these two reporters have exposed would be unbelievable, had we not seen, in the U-2 affair and the Bay of Pigs, earlier, instances of the results of blind navigation in foreign policy.

A newspaperman is bound to read this book with bifocal vision. As a citizen he is all but distraught at the disorientation of his State Department—so that a man on a crucial assignment at one desk can have his strategic work stymied by the man at the next desk, who wasn't in the know. Or blocked by someone upstairs or across the street who doesn't like the idea and hasn't been warned to lay off.

But as a newspaperman he is bound to be impressed and stimulated that a couple of able and enterprising reporters can, with enough determination and tireless work, penetrate the diplomatic mazes from the outside and reconstruct a pattern of failure, to put a finger on what went wrong and why and how. It is a hand-

some piece of investigative reporting of the handling of the most tragic event of our time. They write it too, in high style of excitement, suspense, mystery and revelation.

This exploration of Dean Rusk's operations, from the outside, needs to be put alongside Abba Schwartz' ordeal in trying to conduct a rational program from inside the State Department. His book "The Open Society" published this summer by William Morrow & Co., complements the work of Kraslow and Loory to bring the performance in foreign policy of the 1960's into perspective.

THE RIDDLE OF LESTER MADDOX. By Bruce Galphin. Camelot Publishing Co., Atlanta. 222 p.

If Governor Maddox had needed a campaign biography in 1968, this wouldn't have been it. He refused the author any cooperation. But Bruce Galphin, from the vantage point of the editorial page of the *Atlanta Constitution* has followed the curious odyssey of Lester Maddox and tried to figure it out.

Galphin's background for this is the experience of a reporter of Southern politics in the period when Maddox's perverse career surfaced to public attention. Galphin was the first newspaperman in the South to take on a full time assignment to the race issue.

That Georgia should revert to a Maddox for governor after surviving the Talmadges and advancing to such governors as Ellis Arnall and Carl Sanders shocked and depressed the civilized community of Atlanta. But it led Galphin to try to unravel what he calls the riddle of Maddox. He has done a biography that would be adequate to a more considerable political figure. I am not sure there was ever a riddle, but Maddox is presented to the life and in lively fashion. It is the story of a deprived child, a school drop-out, later a drop-out from war industry, who sharpened a talent for public relations to build a street corner sandwich grill into a prosperous restaurant.

Behind the counter in his grill, he shared the racial bias and narrow views of his customers, from his own limited background. He developed his penchant for

agreeing with such customers and for self-advertising. Success both expanded his business and projected him into the politics of defiance and resistance to integration.

His native shrewdness, overlaid by sophistication in public relations, enabled Maddox to be on the scene where the action was, to adopt the role of champion of the little man and rally the votes of the racially alienated. Galphin follows Maddox through the uneven, unpredictable course of his State administration to bring the record to date. A thorough job.

SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR. By Dan Wakefield. Atlantic, Little Brown & Co., Boston. 252 p. \$5.95

This is an expansion of the report on

the state of the nation in 1968 that Dan Wakefield presented in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March. The magazine gave the whole issue to it.

The author traveled all over America and to Vietnam for four months and 10,000 miles to observe the scene. He visited all kinds of groups, interviewed varieties of people, involved himself in the discussions of youth, of veterans, of protest and patriotism and absorbed their attitudes which he has pungently and very personally presented.

It is one man's examination, exploration and impression of what is going on, of the moods and notions, the movements, the life and color and dimensions of the American scene.

Origin of Thirty

By Al Blank

Mr. Blank is a feature writer for the Philadelphia Evening and Sunday Bulletin.

(Reprinted from the Philadelphia Bulletin)

If you ask anyone how the word "thirty" came to mean the end of a news story, you might find it attributed to Walter Winchell.

Winchell ended his news programs on radio with "Good-night and thirty." He became as identified with it as Jimmy Durante with "Mrs. Calabash," and Don Ameche with the telephone.

There are many theories on the origin of "thirty." The best known is that the first message sent by telegraphy to a press association in this country, during the Civil War, contained 30 words. The number of words, the word "good-night" and the operator's name were sent at the end of the

message. From this, some say, "30" became the standard signal for the end of a telegraphed news story.

Other sources say that when newspaper stories were handwritten, before the typewriter became commonplace in newsrooms, "X" designated the end of a sentence, "XX" the end of a paragraph and "XXX" the end of a story. XXX, of course, is the Roman numeral for thirty.

Still other explanations abound; typesetting machines cast slugs of 30 ems maximum length, so "30" meant the end of a line; when the Associated Press was established, each member newspaper was entitled to 30 messages per day, and the end of the day's quota was marked "30."

The most far-out legend is that a reporter named Thirtee sent a story with his name signed at the end, the telegrapher rendered it "30" and the use of the numeral as an ending spread from that incident.

All any newsman knows for sure is that there is no doubt that this story has come to an end when he sees that the last thing in it is

Nieman Notes

1939

Irving Dilliard participated in Project Public Information's seminar on "Education and Communication in a Dynamic Society" at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, in April.

Dilliard, Hodding Carter ('40) and Houstoun Waring ('45) took part in the William Allen White Seminar in celebration of the Emporia editor's centennial at the University of Kansas in April.

1944

James Leigh White died in his Storrs, Connecticut home May 20, 1968. White, 53, was a journalism lecturer at the University of Connecticut since last year.

During World War II he was a correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System and Overseas News Agency. He was captured and held prisoner by the Germans in German-occupied Athens. He covered the Spanish Civil War for Reuters and the London Daily Express, was a Washington correspondent for CBS, and a reporter for the New York Herald Tribune in Paris.

He was the author of several books, including THE LONG BALKAN NIGHT and BALKAN CAESAR. He also was the author of articles for Look, Collier's, The Saturday Review of Literature, The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest and Harper's Magazine.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Peggy Ann White.

1945

Houstoun Waring, editor emeritus of the Littleton (Colo.) Independent and the Arapahoe Herald, was the recipient of the "College and Community Award" from Arapahoe Junior College.

1946

Frank W. Hewlett and his wife were members of the official United States delegation to the June 22nd ceremonies turning over the war memorial on Corregidor Island to the Philippine government. Hewlett received a plaque from President Ferdinand E. Marcos for his help in making possible this shrine for the Americans and Filipinos who died fighting the Japanese in World War II.

1948

Rebecca F. Gross received the 1968 Pennsylvania Press Distinguished Service Award. The presentation was made at the Pennsylvania State University, in University Park, by Quinton E. Beauge, general manager of the Williamsport Sun-Gazette. Miss Gross is editor of the Lock Haven Express and president of the Lock Haven Express Printing Company, which publishes both the Express and the Jersey Shore Evening News. In citing her distinguished achievements in journalism, Mr. Beauge spoke on behalf of the Pennsylvania Society of Newspaper Editors and the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association. Mr. Beauge praised her for her community leadership, as well as her dedication to newspaper work during the past thirty-five years.

1952

Robert W. Brown, editor and managing editor of the Evening Herald, Rock Hill, South Carolina, has resigned to become managing editor of The Chronicle in Augusta, Georgia.

1955

Robert L. Drew was nominated for an Emmy this year as producer of five shows

in the Bell Telephone television series. One of these, *Edward Villella, Man Who Dances*, was entered in the Venice Film Festival Documentary Class for August this year. Drew previously won the Venice Film Festival Documentary award in 1966 for his film on drug addiction. In 1967 he received the Golden Cine Award for his film, *Countdown to Curtain*, on the opening of the Lincoln Center Metropolitan Opera.

Drew owns his own company, Drew Associates, in New York City.

1956

Desmond Stone, chief editorial writer of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, has been appointed editor of the editorial page.

1958

Tom Wicker, chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York Times, is the author of a book about a pair of presidents. Titled *JFK AND LBJ: THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY UPON POLITICS*, it is published by Morrow.

1962

John A. Hamilton, former associate editor with the Detroit Free Press, joined the staff of the New York Times shortly after the first of the year as a member of the Editorial Board.

David Kraslow of the Los Angeles Times (Washington Bureau) is the co-author with his colleague Stuart Loory of *THE SECRET SEARCH FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM*, published in July by Vintage Press both in hard cover and paperback. (See Book Reviews, page 15.)

1963

Francois Sully is completing a book for Stravon Publishers, New York, on the age of guerrilla warfare, which he hopes to finish while taking a slow boat trip to Borneo. The book will be written mainly for college students and is the fruit of twenty-one years of guerrilla watching, mostly in Asia.

Paul Kidd of Southam News Services of Canada has moved from the Buenos Aires Bureau to the Washington Bureau. During the two years he was based in Latin America, he became the second Canadian journalist in twenty-eight years to win a Maria Moors Cabot Prize, and the first Canadian winner of an Inter-American Press Association award. He is continuing coverage of Latin America from Washington.

1965

Ronald J. Ostrow has been awarded the 1968 Silver Gavel by the American Bar Association for his coverage of the Supreme Court and the Department of Justice. The award is made for articles "contributing to public understanding of the American system of law and justice." Ostrow has just completed his first full year of court coverage.

1966

David E. Corbett, former associate editor of the Tulsa Tribune and editor of the editorial page, has joined International Business Machines Corporation in New York. He is working with the communications staff at IBM's corporate headquarters at Armonk, and has moved his family to Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

A Special Supplement On the Press in Africa

The following articles are a collection of comments made at the 17th Annual Assembly of the International Press Institute in Nairobi.

The Assembly, which met in June, was attended by journalists from 35 countries, and included 30 members from the United States.

Problems of Reporting the News to Americans

By Laurence Fellows

Mr. Fellows is the New York Times correspondent in Kenya.

The greatest problem involved in presenting news of Africa to American readers is, to my mind, the great lack of interest American readers have in the ordinary run of news out of Africa.

I think there are valid reasons for this. I also think it is not altogether a bad thing.

Lately, American interest has been absorbed by problems that touch closer to home. One is the war in Vietnam. The other is the violence and social dislocation that have attended our racial problem.

There can hardly be an American who remains untouched by either of these problems. That goes for newspaper editors, too.

For the ordinary, mildly-exciting story we file out of Africa, we have to slog constantly uphill in the battle to find space in the paper.

There is another reason for the waning interest in Africa. It might be called the credibility gap. I think people expected things to happen faster. With all the talk about pan-Africanism, we might have expected there to be more signs of unity. With all the talk about liberating the south,

we might have expected one of those governments to have fallen by now.

There was great excitement a few years back about the prospect of Africa playing some sort of pivotal role in the cold war. I suppose the prospect is still there, but it seems remote now.

Africa is a big place, with a great sponge-like quality. It has a fantastic ability to absorb anything that touches on it. We talk about outside countries getting footholds on the continent. From the experience of most outside countries, we might better talk about slippery footholds on the edge of a morass.

Whatever happened to the Russians in Zanzibar, the Cubans in Brazzaville, the Chinese in Burundi? Whatever happened to the British, the Americans, the Germans and the Israelis in Tanzania?

We have cleaned up some of those stories. For the rest, we could not expect to keep our readers and our editors sitting on the edges of their seats forever.

So the stories drop. Once dropped, they are not easily picked up again, at least not without some rather startling development.

Minor political developments rarely make a story, not when you want to put them in a paper seven thousand miles away.

Interpretation and explanation are essential in our stories from Africa. We cannot expect our readers to keep track of the way things are going in two-score countries. We

cannot expect them even to keep the names straight. We have the same trouble ourselves.

So an editor picks up the African copy. He looks at the story. Then he looks at the three or four paragraphs of explanation. No matter how carefully it might be woven in, he still has to ask himself if it's worth all that space. All too often, the answer is no.

Even in a good story, there is a need for explanation for American readers, or for readers in any distant country where the interest in Africa is not deep and abiding.

We don't all know a whole lot about Africa. We did not get in on the stampede for colonies in Africa. We do not know many people who have lived here, or even visited.

In their lack of knowledge the readers are inclined to relate, in the backs of their minds at least, the problems here with what they think they know of the problems they have at home. In the cases of race problems, it can be a disastrous thing to do.

There is a great longing for human dignity and for peace of mind here, just as there is at home.

But here there is an added dimension that hardly exists in America. Here many millions of people spend most of their energy and resources just trying to stay alive. For millions there is no hope of work. They scratch the soil and pray for rain, or pray that it doesn't rain too early, or too late, or too much.

For millions there is no hope of an education, only the frail hope that they might save and be lucky, and get one or two of their children to school.

Most of our readers are not very hungry. If they get sick they can go to a doctor. If something is lacking in their education, they can read a book, or go to night school.

It must take a lot of concentration to remember that the problems here can really be different.

Even our race problems in Africa are not always comprehensible without explanation. The Black and White ones are easy, and help make Rhodesia an easy story to cover.

But we also have problems of Black and Brown, and Black and Black. By most definitions we have four main races among the Africans in Kenya alone—never mind the Asians and Europeans and Arabs. The Bantu in the highlands and the Nilo-Hamites out on the plains are as different from each other as Turk and Swede.

This takes us back to the need to explain and explain, and the parallel need for lots of space.

If we are writing about some great, agonizing human dislocation or about some piece of violent political change, we get the space.

If we write about less monumental things, we don't get the space. If I am not mistaken, the trend is not only to use the shorter pieces. The trend is sometimes not to use them at all.

My editors seem to have little interest in the day-to-day movement of a political story in Africa, unless it represents some very basic change, violent or not. I think it is a good thing. I like to think I get credit for my unused space; that it's going into some sort of bank.

Now, if I think I have a really good story to tell, I can get a page or more to tell it in. I don't need a coup to hang the story on. I don't even need a spear fight.

We are not really covering the continent anyway. At best we are sampling, and we ought to make the samples good ones. I think it is the only way to report Africa.

Four Types of Newspapers

By William A. Hachten

Mr. Hachten is a professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin.

What should be the role of the press in a developing country? Africa's newspapers are indeed playing some kind of role in what President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania has called "the terrible ascent to modernization." But I believe this role is not yet clearly defined nor adequately performed. I certainly have no infallible prescriptions to offer but I hope to raise some questions.

I think it is somewhat misleading to talk simply about "The Press in Africa." I have observed that there are at least four distinctly different types of newspapers circulating in Africa today.

First are the foreign newspapers and magazines, published in Europe but widely and quickly distributed throughout Africa in this age of jet air travel. Throughout Francophonic Africa, for example, the newspapers and magazines of France are widely read. *Le Monde*, *France-Soir*, *Figaro* and other Parisian dailies are on the news stands of Rabat, Dakar, and Abidjan within 24 hours of publication. A broad range of British publications—*Times* of London, *Daily Telegraph*, *The Economist*, *New Statesman*, and the Sunday papers—are available in English speaking areas. *Time* and *Newsweek* seem to be available in almost every African capital. Educated Africans pay a good deal of attention to the foreign press and African governments are sensitive

to what it says about Africa. Rightly or wrongly, Africans often disapprove of the way the European press reports its doings.

In any case, the educated African's heavy reliance on foreign newspapers is an indication that the new African nations are being drawn into the world-wide system of mass communications. The foreign papers are a window on the outside world and a major supplement to the local press as well as a model to follow. On the other hand, in some instances the pervasiveness of the foreign press has its drawbacks. It can be argued that indigenous newspapers have been slow to develop in French-speaking Africa because the educated elites there have long looked to Paris for their news and comment on world affairs.

The second kind of "press" is the newspaper published locally but owned by foreign or at least non-African publishing interests. Most of the "settler" or European newspapers, found wherever Europeans congregated, especially in East and Central Africa and in the Maghreb, fall within this category. Such papers were often but not always edited primarily for European readers and the Africans were merely an "eavesdropping" audience. But also included are such important papers as the *Daily Times* of Nigeria which while owned by the *Daily Mirror* group of London has always been edited by and for Nigerians. In many cases, especially in West Africa, these foreign-owned local papers have done much to raise both the technical and professional level of journalism by providing models for other publications and by training journalists. But because such papers were often unsympathetic to nationalist political aspirations, they have come under a good deal of suspicion and even hostility in the years since independence. A case in point is the law passed last month by the National Assembly in Tanzania

giving President Nyerere the power to ban any newspaper. In parliamentary debate, it was admitted the bill was aimed primarily at the country's one non-government newspaper, *The Standard*, now owned by Lonrho.

As a result, today most foreign-owned papers are reluctant to get involved in criticism of the governments of their country. Several such papers as Lord Thomson's *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express* in Nigeria and *Abidjan Matin* in the Ivory Coast have closed down.

This is regrettable because it is my feeling that foreign newspaper capital and expertise could do much more to help the struggling press of Africa. But admittedly the times are not propitious for such assistance.

The third kind of "press" is the "independent" newspaper supported neither by foreign capital nor by government. This group is the weakest and most vulnerable of all, because of the general lack of local capital to support newspapers as well as the paucity of both advertisers and readers. Lacking government subsidies on foreign capital, these papers cannot operate very long while losing money. It is relevant here to note that not one new independent daily has been successfully launched in black Africa since 1960 and there have been virtually no attempts to do so.

And such famous independents as the *West African Pilot* of Nigeria and *The Pioneer* of Ghana, the latter recently revived after being suppressed in 1962 by Nkrumah, are just barely hanging on these days. Both badly need new printing equipment but lack the resources to purchase it.

Such independent newspapers, if they have a sound financial base, are in the best position to provide the kind of objective and disinterested coverage of government that the new African nations need but today, outside of South Africa, few papers are able to provide it.

For one thing, many government officials and politicians in Africa are sensitive to criticism and at times tend to equate it with subversion. Hence, there is little real editorial comment in most African newspapers.

Moreover, such officials often fail to see the difference between comment and legitimate news. Non-government papers in Africa often generate official hostility by merely reporting something that has happened. Many unsophisticated political leaders sometimes feel that their government is being irresponsibly attacked or a problem has been created where none existed before if a newspaper reports in a straightforward fashion some news event such as a strike, a cabinet split, or even that on the opening day of school there were not enough places for all the new pupils.

The fourth kind of newspaper found in Africa today is the government-owned paper. Partly in response to pressures for "Africanization" and the understandable desire to reduce the pervasive European influences, the new African governments have been moving to assume more and more

control over their own mass communications. Governments have seen a need to publish their own newspapers either to compete with foreign-owned papers or to fill a void of no newspapers at all.

The proliferation of these government papers has been the most significant trend in African journalism in the last ten years. Yet it means that in some countries, almost all journalists are government employees.

The question, of course, is whether government papers can provide the kind of objective information and comments that the Africans and their governments need. When they do, they sometimes get into trouble with their employers as in Ghana last December when four editors on the three government newspapers were summarily dismissed after criticizing a government contract with an American drug manufacturer. And although every newspaperman must deplore the silencing of criticism in such a manner, the Ghana example highlights a serious dilemma for the role of the press in developing nations: at what point is honest, well-meaning criticism destructive of the processes of orderly national development? The Western ideal of unfettered press comment on government doesn't necessarily apply.

But there is no question that government papers are doing an important job of providing news and information where none was available before. They tell the government's story—explain government policies, publicize leaders and contribute to the much needed realization of "nation-ess."

And this may very well be the most important role for journalism to play today in some of the developing countries—to use the printed and spoken word to create unity and national purpose. News broadcasts on Radio Zambia, for example, almost always start off with the words, "President Kaunda today . . ." no matter what else is happening on the continent or in the world. Some may scoff at such an approach to news but I think it is very important for the diverse peoples of Zambia, who speak over 30 different languages (and remember that in many cases, "language is tribe") to know what *their* President and *their* government are doing.

At the present state of development of many African nations, I find it hard to argue against the thesis that the primary role of the press is to act as an arm or instrument of official government policy. Freedom and diversity will have to wait until there are adequate nongovernmental resources in the economy to support newspapers as there are today in the industrialized nations of the north.

Each of these four types—the external press, the foreign-owned papers, the independent papers, and the government papers—has something to offer; each has a role to play in Africa's newspapering.

I think we need to remind ourselves that being a jour-

nalist in Africa today is a most difficult job. The average African journalist is poorly trained, under paid, and often enjoys little social standing. He has little legal protection against arbitrary political interference and he often runs a very real risk of going to jail if he tries to do his job in a professional way.

But there are, all over this vast continent including, of

course, South Africa, journalists who share the professional and ethical ideals of the IPI and often risk their livelihood and personal liberty in order to stand by these principles. In the long run, they more than anyone else will determine what will be the role of the press in developing countries. They deserve the understanding and support of their colleagues in the IPI.

The Rules Are Different

By Peter Webb

Mr. Webb is Newsweek's correspondent in Nairobi.

I would like to comment on one particular aspect of the general problem of reporting Africa—namely, the sensitivity of African governments to what might be loosely called Western-style reporting. Any foreign correspondent working in Africa very rapidly becomes aware that he is working under a different set of rules and conditions from those usually pertaining in his own country.

African governments are extremely sensitive to what is said about them in the foreign press, and they react swiftly, and sometimes ruthlessly, to what they regard as biased, inaccurate or unfair reports.

The weapon they use is deportation. I have no exact figures on the number of foreign correspondents who have been declared prohibited immigrants in African countries in recent years, but I would think it must be around twenty or thirty if you include those who have been barred from the White-dominated countries down south—for this is a continent-wide phenomenon—as well as those who have been expelled from countries in Black Africa.

As I speak, efforts are being made by correspondents in West Africa, with the backing of their colleagues in this

part of the world, to persuade the Nigerian Federal Government to rescind a deportation order against a correspondent who reported on atrocities allegedly committed by Federal troops in Port Harcourt. We are still awaiting news of this appeal.

However, before one passes judgment on this method of dealing with critical reports—and it is surely something that must concern every professional journalist—one should, I think, try to understand some of the reasons that make African governments behave in this way.

First, one must realise that apart from being new nations—most of the countries on this continent have been independent for less than ten years—many of them are extremely fragile nations. They were created, in many instances, by colonial powers who drew boundaries and borders on maps without any regard to true ethnic divisions, and thus left their African heirs at independence with problems of enormous magnitude.

There is hardly an African leader or politician who does not hammer home in speech after speech the need for national unity and “nation-building,” and this is not just political rhetoric. It is absolutely vital to the continued existence of many countries, and we have seen what can happen when the national fabric comes apart in places like the Congo and Nigeria.

In these circumstances, anything that tends to weaken national unity or to have divisive effects in the community—and press reports are included in this context—is regarded as a hostile act.

There is also the question of national pride. All African

nations are fiercely proud of their new independent status, and of their image overseas. And here critical reports can have very real repercussions on such things as foreign investment, tourism, and the like. Therefore, they jealously guard their image, and sometimes, it must be said, look for slights where none are intended.

I remember some years ago when a correspondent was expelled from this part of the world for writing, among other things, a story on witchcraft. Now there is no doubt that witchcraft still exists in most parts of Africa despite the efforts of governments to stamp it out. But what really upset this particular country was not so much the story as the tone of it. As a Government Minister told someone privately later: "It was like a rich man in a Saville Row suit sneering down his nose at a poor man in rags."

Finally, in this list of reasons there is in some African countries, although by no means all of them, a rooted belief in the conspiracy theory of history. In this theory words like "imperialist," "neo-colonialist," and "plot" are used to describe practically anything that goes wrong in the country, and this is extended to cover critical reporting.

According to the theory, foreign reporters are "lackeys" or "puppets" of their capitalist masters and, therefore, anything they write about the country which can be construed as derogatory is part of a plot to undermine the country concerned. Frankly, there is nothing to be done about this

attitude of mind except to shake one's head sadly, and hope that time will cure the malady.

From what I have said you may well gather that reporting Africa is not an easy task. One has to weigh one's words very carefully, and to think of the possible repercussions before committing them to print. As a result, I think that most foreign correspondents on this continent exercise a form of self-censorship which may, in some ways, be no bad thing. To paraphrase Sam Johnson—the thought of having to pack up one's whole household within twenty-four hours concentrates the mind wonderfully.

On the other hand, it presents the individual correspondent with a constant dilemma. Should he or should he not file a certain story, knowing that it may get him into trouble. Every correspondent has to overcome this problem in his own way.

My own rough rule-of-thumb is that if the story is sufficiently important then publish and be damned, but if it's something that is essentially trivial, and will be forgotten by tomorrow when it will be used to wrap fish-and-chips, then perhaps it is better to pass it by. Nevertheless, it is a problem that every correspondent carries with him along with his battered suitcase and his typewriter.

As a friend of mine once said—reporting Africa is like walking through a minefield; you have to be very careful where you put your feet.

The IPI in Africa

By Frank Barton

Mr. Barton has been the director of the training program sponsored by the International Press Institute in Nairobi.

The International Press Institute has been in Africa 5½ years. In that time we have trained over 300 African journalists from 18 different countries, from the biggest, Nigeria, to the smallest, The Gambia. We have had a few specialized courses, such as three-week courses for already established press photographers, and a ten-month course for girls new to journalism, but our main work has been the nine six-month courses for men and a few women who have already had some experience in mass media, whether it be on newspapers or in the ministries of information of

their various countries, many of whom produce official newspapers.

About half the time on these courses has been spent improving general education by giving the students a background in simple economics, African geography, African history, international affairs, constitutional law and newspaper law. And the other half of the time is spent improving their technical skills as journalists.

I thought delegates might be interested today to hear something about the sort of people we have had on these courses and the peculiar problems they, and we who have been working with them, have faced over the years.

The main difficulty for both us and them has been the whole question of communication—reaching the right wavelength; for us to send out the right signal and for them to be able to tune in to receive it.

The old Africa is very close, and our problem has been that, while we must teach the modern techniques of journalism in the modern world, we are still very close to the old world. For our students are truly men of two worlds; the minute world of collars and ties, of motor cars and newspapers, and the great other world of Africa—the world of cattle and goats and the customs of tribalism since the continent was populated.

Let me quote from the letter of one of the applicants for our third course, back in 1964. His name was Ojwando Abour and he was born on the shores of Lake Victoria, in the heart of Africa, where his tribe had herded their cattle since time immemorial. He wrote to me:

"I used to spend a lot of time writing with a twig on my arms and thighs as I herded our cattle. Full of enthusiasm and urge to write, I decided to open up a news agency, the first of its kind."

And the astounding thing is that he did just that!

He goes on: "I came across a book in which a line suggested that all one needed to become a writer was a writing table, a pen, a note-book, and ink. Using a small amount of working capital, I decided to open a news agency in Mombasa. That is how I got into the print."

The last time I heard of this man he was an Information Officer in charge of an area twice the size of Greece.

During the last course we had a fairly pronounced earthquake in Nairobi—we are close to a volcanic area. One of the men on the course was a Kenyan who was that weekend visiting his family some fifty miles away when the tremor occurred. On the Monday morning we were all talking about the tremors, and this man—now very much a man of the city, who must live by the standards of the 20th century—said, Yes, indeed, he had felt the tremors while he was sleeping, and he jumped out of bed, *grabbed his spear*, and rushed outside.

A man who is today News Editor on the Voice of Kenya radio station, a most competent journalist, a man who could hold his own in conversation in any gathering, came to my house for lunch. For sweet there was a large bowl of strawberries. Now Kenya produces perhaps the best strawberries in the world. They are available virtually all the year around and dirt cheap. And yet when this man was confronted with a bowl of them, he peered at them, and said, "What are these?" I had to explain what they were and that they were edible. They were just outside his experience.

This is a problem, this question of wavelength, that has worried us constantly in our work here. You just never can be sure when you are lecturing and teaching that you may be striking a note that has no sound for many of the students.

The African has a natural courtesy which will often pre-

vent him from stopping you and asking for elucidation. It may not be anything complicated at all. It may be a word, a phrase, a Western colloquialism that they have just no experience of, and thus the whole point of that part of the lesson may be missed. And you never know.

An example: in an exercise which we set on the construction of a news story, we made up the facts of an accident and said that an engaged couple had been killed. Hardly any of the students knew what an engaged couple was. It is not a term used by Africans.

One of the ladies on the special ten-month course we ran for six ladies is today a senior Press Officer and doing some excellent work. She has published three books and broadcasts regularly. When she was interviewed for a place on the course, she was asked if she had any brothers or sisters. We like to have an idea of the sort of background our students are from. She replied, "Yes. Forty-one"! Her father had five wives. She later told me she had never tasted cheese—in a land famed for its dairy produce.

It would be very nice to tell the delegates at this Assembly that IPI has been holding high the banner of press freedom in Africa. I can do no such thing.

The freedom of the Press is something very low on the list of Africa's priorities. The battle for Press freedom is still to be joined in many African territories, and it will be as long and as difficult as the battle for Press freedom, for example, in Western Europe.

We are very fortunate in Kenya that we have probably more Press freedom than any other country in independent Africa. Press freedom is guaranteed in the Constitution but it will require constant vigilance to ensure that it remains a real thing.

I believe the reason we have a higher degree of Press freedom in Kenya than any other African territory is not merely because we have a particularly enlightened government, but because we have a higher calibre of newspapermen here.

The editors of the papers in Kenya have had no easy passage in the 4½ years since Uhuru. On many occasions the Press has been in the firing lines, and sometimes the fingers on the trigger have been very important fingers. But the editors have stood their ground and often joined battle with authority. If they had not done so, if their attitude had been that they must continue to toe every new line that is drawn, then I think the position of the Press in Kenya today would be very different from what it is. But because of the professionalism and courage—which is not too strong a word—of local editors, a high degree of frankness and outspokenness is accepted as normal in the Kenya Press. As I say, this is very rare in Africa.

On this present course, on the very first day when in my introductory talk I briefly referred to the principal aim

of IPI as safeguarding the freedom of the Press, one of the new arrivals asked me: "Just *what is* the freedom of the Press?" I gave him a very brief, potted version, which went something like "The Freedom of the Press is the right of the journalist to decide what he should print and what he should not print without being told by a politician or anyone else." The man who had asked me the question, and several other people in the room, scribbled this down and they were clearly intrigued with such a novel state of affairs.

What should I tell the editor whose salary is reduced every time something in the paper displeases the eye of a Minister, and whose predecessor languishes in prison?

What should I tell the editor who is told by the President of his country "You will have my picture on the front page of every issue"?

What do I tell the editor who is told by his Head of State that every time he is referred to in print there must be four prefixes, putting him approximately on the right-hand of Christ?

I tell them: "Do the best you can." "Play it by ear." "Hope for better days, and in the meantime improve yourself technically."

And sometimes—not often—but sometimes, better days do come.

They did in the Sudan. We had an excellent man from the Sudan, sent to us during the military dictatorship there. He was not only a good journalist, but basically a great democrat, and with the encouragement both received while with us, a potentially dangerous situation developed.

I told him to hang on, do the best he could, and be ready for a change when it came. Today the military dictator is out of business, and the Press of the Sudan is free.

I believe that IPI has in fact made a very considerable contribution to the idea of an independent Press in Africa by improving the technical skills of journalists. A man who feels that he knows how to do a job properly, who has some pride in his craft, is better equipped, we think, to resist or at least survive the political pressures under which so many of Africa's journalists must operate.

It is perhaps not reasonable for us at IPI to evaluate the

value of our work to the African Press. The people of Africa are so grateful for anything you can give them that their thanks are profuse and out of relation to the real value that you may have been.

But we do get many letters of thanks, and I received one the other day from an East African editor, Mr. Ken Ridley, of "The Standard," Dar es Salaam, whose job is not an easy one. He wrote: "The work you have put in on the journalists' Training Scheme in Nairobi has been greatly appreciated by we working journalists in Tanzania."

In the same week we received a letter from the Ministry of Information in the same city which said: "Let me stress again that the Ministry of Information and Tourism is appreciative of the valuable training opportunities that the IPI has made available to its staff and we are very concerned about the gap that will be left in its absence."

I quote these two examples because they come from what I think might fairly be called opposing forces—that is the government of a one-party state and a newspaper trying to practice the best principles of journalism in the same country.

We finish our work here in three months and, if funds are forthcoming, a more permanent form of training will start in the academic year commencing September 1969.

Just what form this training will take and who it will take and who it will cater for is still being discussed. There is a strong body of opinion, to which I subscribe, that we should not teach degree level journalism in Africa. A graduate in Africa demands far more money than the newspapers can afford, and it is likely that there may be something like a two-year diploma course taking, not the people already in journalism—such as IPI has been catering for with its present scheme—but bright young men and women straight from secondary school.

One of the best things about the IPI training has been that it has brought together students from all over the continent. It will clearly not be possible for any university training to cast its net as wide as this. But we hope that at least this part of Africa, that is the East and Central sector, will be able to send students to Nairobi.

Letter

June 24, 1968

Dear Mr. Walsh:

I have read your piece in the current Nieman Reports on the problem of being a professor of journalism with considerable interest both because I was a thousand years ago a newspaper man of a sort and because I have been a professor of the humanities a long time.

You are perfectly right in saying that proficiency in writing a newspaper story does not make the writer a competent teacher, and you are perfectly right also in saying that teaching is an art. I dare say also that, regrettably, many professors in the humanities advise students not to go in for journalism, but I think that to assume they do so merely because it is a trade or a vocational subject somehow misses the point. I think the point is implicit in your own statement a little farther along in the article, when you say that newspaper men "have come to grips with reality in the police court, in the political arena, in the hard world of business, in the glamorous world of society." But is this all there is to reality?

I think that perhaps the whole phrasing of the aim of a liberal education in Arnoldian terms is, as you hint, outmoded. But is it the phrasing or the aim that is outmoded? It seems to me that what the colleges in general and the humanists in particular try to do is to reveal a world of intellectual order; that this order has in it some sort of principle of stability (it is for me rather less important whether one calls this central principle a philosophy or a religion or a value system or a point of view); that the inculcation of this sense of stability is important because it ideally permits the learner to find out that contemplation is as much a guide to life as is incessant activity; that also the Americans now, and especially American youth now, ought to be led to grasp this principle more firmly than they do (Emerson somewhere pictures the universe as saying: Why so hot, little man)?; and that the

real reason why humanists look with something less than enthusiasm about training (or if you prefer, education) in journalism is that journalism, precisely, by its very nature, practically denies the central premise of the humanist—the acquiring a philosophy, the awareness of intellectual stability.

All that you say about writing, about journalism, about the ignorance of students of the most elementary aids to inquiry and writing, all that you say about Lyman Bryson's statement and about rhetoric is true enough; but the fundamental difficulty is that the journalist is perpetually on the *qui vive*, that journalism is forever (as it has to be) concerned with the immediate hour and the probable immediate future; and it is precisely to delimit this concern that the humanities exist.

Moreover, the humanities are being a little overwhelmed by Marshal McLuhanism and kindred demands to get it while it's hot, to do your thing quick. After all, graduates of a liberal arts college commonly train for some sort of trade, vocation, or profession—teaching, banking, the army, what have you—and I doubt that journalism is "bad" because it's a trade or a vocation.

I think the fundamental difficulty is this irreconcilable antagonism between the nature of journalism and the nature of scholarship—I was about to write "the nature of thought" but I was afraid you might think I was throwing off on newspapers. But still—!

Yours cordially,
Howard M. Jones

Howard Mumford Jones is Abbott Lawrence Lowell Professor of the Humanities, Emeritus, at Harvard University. He wrote this letter to Professor Edward A. Walsh, head of journalism at Fordham University. It is in response to Mr. Walsh's article "Journalism Teaching in a Liberal Arts College" which appeared in the June issue of Nieman Reports.
