

# NiemanReports

---

March 1965

## The Art of Covering the Arts

By Herbert Kupferberg



## Open Season in Alabama

By Ray Jenkins

# NiemanReports

VOL. XIX, NO. 1

MARCH 1965

Published quarterly from 77 Dunster St., Cambridge 38, Mass. Subscription \$3 a year. Second-class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts.

Nieman Reports is published by the Nieman Alumni Council: Piers Anderton, New York City; Barry Brown, Washington, D.C.; Norman A. Cherniss, Riverside, Calif.; John L. Dougherty, Rochester; John O. Emmerich, Jr., Baltimore; Saul Friedman, Houston; Thomas H. Griffith, New York City; A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Great Falls, Mont.; John M. Harrison, University Park, Pa.; Weldon James, Louisville, Ky.; William G. Lambert, Los Angeles; Francis P. Locke, Riverside, Calif.; Joseph Loftus, Washington, D. C.; Louis M. Lyons, Cambridge, Mass.; Frederick W. Maguire, Columbus, O.; James H. McCartney, Washington, D.C.; W. F. McIlwain, Garden City, N. Y.; Harry T. Montgomery, New York City; Frederick W. Pillsbury, Boston; Charlotte F. Robling, Evanston, Ill.; Kenneth Stewart, Berkeley, Calif.; John Strohmer, Bethlehem, Pa.; Walter H. Waggoner, New York City; Melvin S. Wax, San Francisco; Lawrence G. Weiss, Denver, Colo.; Dwight E. Sargent, Cambridge, Mass., Chairman.

## A Code of Ethics Is no Cure

By Benjamin M. McKelway

The following remarks were made by Mr. McKelway at the national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, held last December in Kansas City. Mr. McKelway is Editorial Chairman of the Washington Evening *Star*, was Honorary President of Sigma Delta Chi in 1963-64 and is a former president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

While conscious of the honor implied by President Koop's gracious invitation to deliver the keynote address of this 55th anniversary meeting of Sigma Delta Chi, I am somewhat appalled by the hazards involved.

There is, indeed, one relatively safe and appropriate way to launch one's self upon this quaint form of discourse known as the keynote address. It is to proclaim, with convincing assurance, that "We meet here today."

But as soon as he leaves that secure point of departure the keynoter must offer some acceptable explanation of *why* we meet here today. And that, being a controversial subject, is where his troubles begin.

This has been a conspicuous year for the sounding of keynotes. To illustrate my own dilemma, let us recall the keynotes sounded at two conventions preceding this one.

Last July, at the Cow Palace in San Francisco, the distinguished and eloquent keynoter of the Republican National Convention made a flawless beginning. He said, and I quote, "We meet here today. . ." He knew, no doubt, what he was getting into. But there was no alternative. He had to plunge ahead. "We meet here today", he bellowed, "to nominate the next President of the United States. . . (with the) support of a *united* Republican party."

That note turned out to be off-key, with resulting discord. It extended an invitation to disaster and disaster accepted the invitation.

In contrast, the equally distinguished and eloquent keynoter of the Democratic National Convention, meeting some six weeks later in Atlantic City, adopted a more prudent course. He did not say "We meet here today"—possibly because it was already so late at night.

Instead, in the spirit of damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, he came right out with a truly prophetic statement: "In this hour of decision for the American people this is a time for plain talk."

Among definitions of the adjective "plain" are such connotations as "lacking in special distinction" and "stressing the lack of anything to attract attention."

When such meanings of "plain" are coupled with "talk", we must acknowledge that the keynote speech at Atlantic City set the pitch for the oratory of the ensuing Democratic campaign. That oratory, in turn, set in motion a popular movement in advocacy of shorter conventions and shorter campaigns, in the hope of reducing future torrents of plain talk, which in 1964 nearly drowned the voters.

With the examples of these two keynote speeches in mind, I choose my words carefully. And I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, "We meet here today at a time of profound change."

Speaking as I do of change, I was talking to a delightful gentleman in Maine last summer who had at last reached the age of discretion. He was 95 years old. To make conversation I suggested that he had seen a great many changes in his time. To which he replied, "Yep, and I've been agin 'em all."

Now I do not intend by that anecdote to imply any personal hostility toward change, which I happen to dislike intensely. In addressing this largest of our professional societies, whose graduate members represent the various branches of what we call the "media"—there being no other convenient term to describe the various things they do represent—I shall attempt, in pointing out a few manifestations of change, to be wholly objective.

I am, in other words, *not* an extremist. I am a moderate. I stand neither to the right nor to the left. I stand in the

(continued on page 14)

# The Art of Covering the Arts

By Herbert Kupferberg

Editor for the Arts, New York *Herald Tribune*

There is a story, let us hope apocryphal, of the young reporter who is sent to interview Van Cliburn when the famous pianist arrives in town to play the Tchaikovsky Concerto with the local orchestra. The reporter begins the interview by saying: "Mr. Cliburn, there are two questions I would like to ask you at the very start: How do you spell Tchaikovsky, and what is a concerto?"

The young man could argue in his defense that he at least was being honest and that he wanted to get the story right. Nevertheless, Mr. Cliburn would have had a right to be discouraged. So would some of the newspaper's readers the following morning. In fact, many people who are musically knowledgeable are accustomed to being discouraged and disappointed by what they read in the papers. So are many people who are knowledgeable in painting, or in sculpture, or in ballet. People who are knowledgeable in baseball or football for some reason seem to make out much better.

I should explain at the outset that I am not referring to newspaper criticism of the various arts. Undoubtedly improvements could be made in the standards and caliber of journalistic criticism throughout the country. But critics or reviewers, by and large, have a basic acquaintance with their craft. They know how to spell Tchaikovsky, and they at least know where to look up the definition of concerto.

But *news* coverage of the cultural field has lagged far behind the growth of public interest in this area, both in quantity and quality. The reverberations of the American "cultural explosion" have been heard by all too few editors.

Journalistic fellowships, training programs, grants and awards tempt the young newspaper man to specialize in science, medicine, economics or government. Comparable programs to encourage journalistic specialization, or even competency, in the arts are pitifully scanty. Even more important, too few of the news media are headed by executives with more than a passing interest in a field which President Kennedy once described as "not just part of our arsenal in the cold war, but an integral part of a free society."

The problem, if it is any consolation, is by no means a new one. In the collected criticism of George Bernard Shaw one comes upon the following intriguing entry in the index: "Editors, their ignorance of music." This is what G.B.S. has to say upon the subject:

Editors, by some law of Nature which still baffles science, are *always* ignorant of music, and consequently always abjectly superstitious on the subject. Instead of looking all the more keenly to the critic's other qualifications because they cannot judge of his musical ones, they regard him with an awe which makes them incapable of exercising any judgment at all about him.

Find me an editor who can tell at a glance whether a review, a leading article, a London letter, or a news paragraph is the work of a skilled hand or not, and who has even some power of recognizing what is money's worth and what is not in the way of a criticism of the Royal Academy or the last new play; and I, by

simply writing that "the second subject, a graceful and flowing theme contrasting happily with the rugged vigor of its predecessor, appears unexpectedly in the key of the dominant," will reduce that able editor to a condition so abject that he will let me inundate his columns with pompous platitude, with the dullest plagiarisms from analytic programs, with shameless puffery, with bad grammar, bad logic, wrong dates, wrong names, with every conceivable blunder and misdemeanor a journalist can commit, provided I do it in the capacity of his music critic.

Not that my stuff will not bore and worry him as much as it will bore and worry other people; but what with his reluctance to risk a dispute with me on a subject he does not understand, and his habit of considering music as a department of lunacy, practiced and read about by people who are not normally sane and healthy human beings, he will find it easiest to "suppose it is all right" and to console himself with the reflection that it does not matter anyhow. . . .

This still pertinent appraisal was written in 1894. Music criticism has improved some in the last seventy years (Shaw himself contributed immeasurably to the process with his own brilliant musical and dramatic reviews in the London of the 1890s). But most editors instinctively shy away from the cultural field; they are inclined not to bother with it in the hope that it will not bother them. Cultural coverage is seldom placed on an organized basis; all the New York City newspapers have critics in the various artistic fields, but only two, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, maintain full-fledged cultural news departments with staffs capable of evaluating as well as reporting developments in the arts.

New York, in any event, is an exceptional case because no other American city has anywhere near its concentration of musical, theatrical and artistic activity. It is a fortunate newspaper outside of New York that has one or two staff members assigned to the "culture beat." More likely, hand-outs from the local art gallery or symphonic society are handled perfunctorily on the rewrite desk or printed as received. A city editor is not likely to regard coverage of an event at the local museum or the arrival of a visiting pianist as a choice assignment; if he sends anybody, it is very likely to be the new reporter on the staff who customarily draws the Sunday church services. And if the young man, or woman, by some chance should carry out cultural assignments with enthusiasm and skill, the "reward" very likely will be promotion to a much more significant realm—City Hall, for instance, or the Legislature.

And yet cultural news coverage seems to me to offer an attractive field for youngsters going into journalism, provided they can equip themselves with the basic knowledge necessary, and provided they can set their sights on cities

large enough to offer a sufficient sphere of activity. For one thing, the cult of the expert—the idea that only musicians could write intelligently on music and artists on art—has begun to fade out. Even those who have doubts about the genuine extent and impact of the cultural explosion are forced to admit that culture has passed into the public domain. An editor or a reporter may be unresponsive to the strains of Beethoven's *Archduke Trio*, but he knows a multi-million-dollar Cultural Center when he sees one. And the boom in such edifices, oftentimes in the most unexpected locales, is gradually beginning to change traditional editorial approaches to news of the arts.

The problem is not only to get people who will write about culture, but people who will write about it with knowledge, sympathy, accuracy and enthusiasm. I believe that there are substantial numbers of such prospective young journalists, and that the trick is to make them—and their editors—approach the problem of arts coverage with the same seriousness that is nowadays brought, let us say, to science coverage.

For the last few years I have been teaching classes of journalism students at Fordham University in New York. The course is called "Forms of Critical Writing," and its object is to introduce Communications Arts majors to the mysteries, if that is the word, of book reviewing, music criticism and the like. But I also endeavor to make some approach to the entire problem of cultural news coverage in daily and Sunday papers, and in order to gain some insight into the students' background in this field—both for my information and theirs—each year I give the class a preliminary test in which they are asked to identify in a few words each a list of fifty persons currently active in literature and the arts (a sample of a recent test may be found elsewhere on the following page).

This examination is not what I would call an easy one. Some of the names on it are readily recognizable, but others might be known only to those well versed in the various fields. There is no preparation for the test; it is simply handed to the students as they walk in for their first class of the semester. I would call 75 per cent a good score for college students not specializing in the arts, and a grade of 90 quite impressive.

I have found that in an average class at Fordham, 20 per cent of the students will score in the 90s or upper 80s on this test, with about 25 per cent reaching a grade of 60 or below. The rest are strung between, with the median 66. To me these results indicate that a significantly substantial number of college students are sufficiently aware in the arts field to have the makings of good cultural news specialists.

Actually, it is possible to exaggerate the extent or the depth of the specialized knowledge which is required of an able cultural news reporter. It is true that some basic sympathy for, and taste in the arts must exist as a prerequisite.



After all, an editor appointing a new automobile news editor will assume that the man he chooses drives a car. Similarly, it would be foolish to assign a man to the music beat who had never been inside a concert hall or owned a classical phonograph record—although I know of an actual incident on a great metropolitan newspaper where this was done. But, as Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out, the journalistic skills and qualities of a writer on music—his ability to organize and write a good news story—are every bit as important as his musical qualifications.

Lewis Gannett, for many years the daily book reviewer of the New York *Herald Tribune*, used to say that he regarded himself as basically a reporter on books rather than a critic. Mr. Gannett was, of course, one of the most widely

respected and influential critics in his field, as well as the most readable. But his point was that a new book was *news*, just as a new act of legislation was news, or a Presidential address was news, or a crime wave was news. Each of these certainly differed in circumstances, nature and impact, but a reader presumably was interested in learning the same basic things about them all—what they were about, why were they important, and what did they mean to *him*? And the “reporter” who could deal with new books on this basis was likely to find that he was also discharging the functions of a critic reasonably well. Kipling has gone out of fashion nowadays, and he is seldom quoted as he once was to aspiring journalists. But his rather homely and tattered lines from “The Elephant’s Child” retain their

## THE FORDHAM TEST

*Identify as briefly but specifically as possible the following:*

Jean Anouilh  
Louis Armstrong  
George Balanchine  
James Baldwin  
Saul Bellow  
Ingmar Bergman  
Leonard Bernstein  
Rudolf Bing  
Pablo Casals  
Marc Chagall  
Van Cliburn  
Aaron Copland  
Salvador Dali  
Willem De Kooning  
Vittorio De Sica  
Will Durant  
T. S. Eliot  
E. M. Forster  
Harry Golden  
Martha Graham  
Huntington Hartford  
Al Hirt  
Sol Hurok  
Jack Kerouac  
Walter Kerr

Alfred A. Knopf  
Le Corbusier  
Erich Leinsdorf  
Archibald MacLeish  
W. Somerset Maugham  
François Mauriac  
David Merrick  
Arthur Miller  
Lewis Mumford  
Vladimir Nabokov  
Joseph Papp  
Pablo Picasso  
Leontyne Price  
Richard Rodgers  
Carl Sandburg  
William Schuman  
Andres Segovia  
Dimitri Shostakovich  
Albert Skira  
Ringo Starr  
Edward Durell Stone  
Igor Stravinsky  
Evelyn Waugh  
Tennessee Williams  
Darryl F. Zanuck

journalistic validity today, for those who work in the arts no less than others:

I keep six honest serving-men  
 (They taught me all I knew);  
 Their names are what and why and when  
 And how and where and who.

Some of the great cultural news stories of recent years have been discovered or developed by newspaper men equipped with no very profound knowledge of the arts, but with a keen sense of the who and why and what. For example, Van Cliburn's sudden rise to fame was the result not of a music critic's evaluation, but of a report by the then Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, Max Frankel, which the *Times'* editor alertly played on page one on April 12, 1958. Other American newspaper men in Moscow paid little attention to the lanky young Texan who had become a popular favorite among Soviet audiences sitting in on the Tchaikovsky International Competition of 1958; Mr. Frankel recognized the possibilities of the story, however, followed the final hours of the competition closely, and beat everybody else at reporting the news and evaluating its significance.

Similarly, Sanche de Gramont, then on the *New York Herald Tribune*, won a Pulitzer Prize for his report on the death of the great American baritone, Leonard Warren, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera the night of March 4, 1960. De Gramont, who was dispatched hastily to the Metropolitan from the rewrite bank when news of Warren's collapse arrived shortly after 10 p.m., was no musician. But he knew enough about opera and, even more important, he commanded the requisite journalistic skill to swiftly put together an accurate and authentic story of an event that had stunned those who witnessed it.

The emergence of reporters—although there are still far too few of them—who are able to cover stories in the arts with skill and sureness is a hopeful sign of American cultural maturity. Years ago, such matters were left largely in the hands of the duly appointed critics in the field. One of the great musical stories of the 1930s, the uncovering of the Fritz Kreisler "hoax," whereby the famous violinist had been ascribing compositions of his own to the likes of

Vivaldi, Pugnani, Couperin and other ancient masters, was broken by the late Olin Downes, the music critic of the *New York Times*. Among other things, this event demonstrated that Downes could write a pretty good news story when he had a mind to.

As a matter of fact, critics in recent years have tended to reach more and more into the news writing sphere. The news magazines in particular, with "back of the book" sections devoted largely to cultural affairs, have tended to break down the old dividing line between critic and reporter. To my mind, this is a welcome development, for I believe that readers care little about journalistic compartmentalization and much about coverage that tells not only what happened, but what it means. In the arts there is a need for reporters who can evaluate and critics who can communicate. And it is not impossible to find both in one person.

Few other yardsticks, I believe, measure a publication's status and stature more accurately than the quality and extensiveness of its cultural news handling. Particularly in the Sunday field, nothing so much separates the respected newspaper from the merely large one.

For better or for worse, the world of the arts today is wider than it has ever been. It encompasses not only the patron of the art galleries on New York's Fifty-seventh Street, but the housewife who finds Van Gogh and Renoir reproductions amid the breakfast foods and beauty aids at her local supermarket. It includes the teen-ager buying his first Beethoven symphony at the discount record center no less than the dowager with a subscription to the Metropolitan Opera. It even touches the millions of visitors who rode the moving platform past Michelangelo's *Pieta* at the New York World's Fair without being fully aware of whether they were undergoing an artistic or touristic or religious experience, but recognizing that for a brief moment they had entered a realm of beauty. Today a newspaper that makes any pretense at reflecting the life around it, or at appealing to the broad interests of an alert readership, no longer has any real option as to whether it will cover the arts. Its only choice is whether it will cover them badly or well.

## Open Season in Alabama

By Ray Jenkins

Alabama's redoubtable Governor George C. Wallace, speaking last summer to a group of county officials, observed that no newsman had ever been beaten in Alabama, but that "maybe for some it wouldn't be such a bad idea." His audience burst into spontaneous applause before he had time to add that he was "only kidding."

A great many newspapermen must have wondered who, indeed, the governor was trying to kid.

Without even going to the clip files, I can recall a dozen acts of violence committed against reporters and photographers during my thirteen year acquaintance with the state. Perhaps I have an undue personal interest in this matter because back in 1952, when I was a very green reporter, I was set upon by a band of hoodlums in the presence of state and city police on my very first assignment in the once-notorious Phenix City. Although at least six persons were involved in the fray, only one attacker was arrested and he later got off with a nominal fine.

But that is ancient history. Consider these more recent examples:

—In 1961, during the sit-in tensions, a photographer for my newspaper was jabbed in the groin with a night stick and forced to give up his film when he attempted to photograph a posse of specially-deputized horsemen who came to Montgomery from nearby counties for possible use in riot control. No action was ever taken.

—During the freedom rides of 1962, a photographer for the Birmingham *Post-Herald* was clubbed to the ground with lead pipes at the city bus terminal. Although his camera was battered, a single picture survived and served to identify attackers of the Freedom Riders. Several were charged (and acquitted) with the attack on the Freedom Riders, but no one was arrested for assaulting the photographer. Under pressure from his frantic wife, this young man quit the newspaper business, but returned a year or so later.

—The next day in Montgomery, a mob badly mauled a reporter and photographer from *Life*, an ABC-TV cameraman, and a hapless office boy from the local newspaper who happened to be making an innocent call at the bus station when the Freedom Riders arrived. Although at least a dozen people were beaten, only one arrest was made—and this came long after the attack and was based upon the few photographs that survived the melee.

—Two days later a car driven by a reporter writing for *Esquire* was overturned and burned in the very presence of several hundred city policemen, state patrolmen, and federal marshals. No charge was ever made.

—A Montgomery reporter was manhandled during an earlier period of racial tension in Selma, but escaped serious injury when a policeman recognized him as a native of Selma and told the attacker to let him go. No charge was made.

—Last year at the village of Notasulga, a young free-lance photographer was hurled off a bus and had his camera smashed. Photographs of this incident showed the head of the state patrol and several other officers watching the whole affair in a relaxed manner. No action was taken, but the two attackers were both identified as law enforcement officers.

—Hostility toward newsmen in Alabama is not always confined to racial incidents. In 1963, when a Montgomery photographer attempted to take a picture of a weeping football player whose blunder had just cost his team the game, a menacing crowd surrounded the boy and forced the photographer back. When he called to a policeman for help, the officer replied that he had no business taking such a picture and could expect no help. The photographer was obliged to throw down his camera and put up his fists. So far as is known, the officer never received so much as a reprimand.

The most recent attack left the state in something of an

uproar. When state troopers clashed with Negro marchers on February 18 at Marion, hostile whites got in on the act by jumping the nearest identifiable newsmen. An NBC-TV reporter was hospitalized with a head wound that required six stitches to close. Several other cameramen were roughed up and had their equipment destroyed—including one who said his attacker wore a steel helmet, standard riot gear of the state patrol. A Negro was fatally wounded. Two light fines resulted from the melee.

Several professional news organizations demanded that Governor Wallace insure safety of newsmen. An especially strong protest came from Ralph Callahan, president of the Alabama Press Association. The governor promised a full investigation.

Three days later Wallace announced that his investigation had shown "conclusively" that state troopers acted to protect the newsmen, but curiously, the victims were not questioned at all. The governor then assailed Callahan, saying his protest had "besmirched the good name of Alabama," and strongly suggested that the APA president should now come forward with a retraction and apology.

Two days later, the Alabama Legislature got in on the act when State Senator Walter Givhan, a leading Black Belt politician and white Citizens Council official, asked the Senate to give a vote of confidence to the highway patrol. Despite pleas of two Senators for time to get the facts of the matter, the resolution was adopted. One Senator got heavy applause when he put newsmen in the same class with the leaders of the racial demonstrations.

Perhaps most remarkable were editorials in some of the state's weeklies which implied that the newsmen got what was coming to them. Hamner Cobbs, an influential Black Belt editor, said in effect that many newspapermen had forfeited the right to gather news by writing distorted stories about the South. Cobbs called television "a propaganda device—aiding and abetting, not merely reporting. . . . Do these television people who whine to Governor

Wallace in their telegrams deserve some sort of special protection from the law? Or should they really be placed in jail themselves for deliberately inciting incidents which might lead to bloody rioting?"

Editor Jay Thornton of the *Northwest Alabamian* said of Richard Valeriana, the NBC man whose head was opened: "To expect people pushed past the boiling point to be friendly and hospitable to carpetbaggers such as Valeriana is too much to expect."

Considering this background, veteran reporters of the Southern upheaval have maintained a heroic view of their unenviable assignment. Five front-liners of the "seg beat" compared notes in a hilarious exchange on a radio discussion a year or so ago.

They described the evolution of the Claude M. Sitton Memorial Notebook—a sawed-off pad tailored for concealing in the palm while taking notes. Among other attributes, it stops bullets.

Then there was the New York *Times* reporter who tried to blend into local background by doffing his city duds, only to be caught red-handed when townspeople spotted a tie sticking out of his back pocket.

But possibly Karl Fleming of *Newsweek* caught the spirit of the riot chasers best with a single sentence. Fleming was standing beside the door of the Lyceum at the University of Mississippi when a sudden burst of gunfire stitched holes in the doorsill beside him. With great aplomb, he turned to another reporter and said:

"You know, if I was Meredith, I wouldn't go to school with these bastards."

---

Mr. Jenkins is managing editor of the Montgomery, Alabama, *Journal* and chairman of this year's Nieman Fellows.

# Strip Away the Veil of Anonymity

By Ralph Coghlan

I come before you to question an ancient journalistic tradition and I do so because I am concerned about the future of editorial writing. It is a concern that I have had for a long time. It was very much on my mind when, in 1946, I attended a seminar of the American Press Institute at Columbia University in New York.

There, for the first time to my knowledge, were gathered editorial writers from many newspapers throughout the country. We anonymous wretches had escaped for a brief time from the Ivory Tower and had become really live human beings with faces and names. Some of us were so overcome with pleasure at the possibilities of this confrontation that we decided it had to happen again—and again.

Well, it *has* happened again and again. This is the eighteenth annual meeting of the National Conference of Editorial Writers. We have survived the perils of infancy, childhood and puberty and now, as an organization, are approaching full maturity. I feel confident that the NCEW, because of critique sessions, interchange of ideas at annual meetings and communication through quarterly publication of the *Masthead*, has done much to stimulate the quality and conscience of the American editorial page. I think the time has come, however, to ask ourselves where do we go from here?

The term, "personal journalism," is often used to describe a bygone era when editors owned their own newspapers—when men like Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson, Henry W. Grady, William Allen White and many others became famous molders of public opinion, as well as personalities in their own right. But now we are well embarked on a *new* era of personal journalism and I would like to spell out how far it has gone.

At the turn of the century, a reporter had to be a Richard Harding Davis to get his name signed to a news story. I picked up a copy of the *New York Times* the other day and found that, of 15 news stories on page one, 12 had

a by-line. The book, theater and television reviews were signed, also the chess and bridge columns, the fashion and food news—and even the identity of the editor of the crossword puzzle was disclosed. In newspapers that run astrology columns, the reader is told the name of the genius who reads the stars.

To get closer to home, let's take a look at the competition faced by the anonymous editorial writer. I live at Princeton, midway between New York and Philadelphia, so I have an abundant daily newspaper fare, including newspapers from Newark and Trenton. On the editorial page of the Newark *Star-Ledger* I find two lonely unsigned editorials competing against six signed columns and one signed cartoon. In the Philadelphia *Inquirer* the editorial writers have to vie with five signed columns. In the Philadelphia *Bulletin* in a recent edition, the faceless editorial writers had to compete with Richard Wilson, Thomas O'Neill, James Marlow, Henry J. Taylor, David Lawrence, C. L. Sulzberger and a character known as That Man Hoppe.

In the Newark *News* the editorial staff faced four columns filled by Mark Childs, Sam Dawson, William S. White and Kenneth L. Dixon. In the New York *Herald Tribune* three skimpy editorials were crowded by Walter Lippmann, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, David Lawrence and Roscoe Drummond. The New York *Post* editorials had to buck up against an array of Drew Pearson, Max Lerner, Peter Lisagor, Mark Childs, David Murray and its own editor, James Wechsler.

On one editorial page recently, the Trenton *Times* ran Lyle Wilson, William S. White, Ed Lahey, Frank Flaherty and an article on the Greek crisis by Inez Robb. The New York *Times* editorials, recently newly awakened under the leadership of John B. Oakes—I got *his* name from the masthead—must compete for readership with Arthur Krock, Scotty Reston and Cy Sulzberger.

I imagine a good deal of the impetus for the new personal



journalism was supplied by radio and television. Radio very early decided it would have to identify the voices that came through the air and that is why names like Murrow, Shirer, Kaltenborn and Severeid long ago became household words. When television came in, the personality cult, of course, became even more pronounced. Huntley and Brinkley, Walter Cronkite and scores of other reporters and commentators have faces and voices recognized throughout the country. Even the peddlers of beer, cigarettes and toothpaste are given a local habitation and a name.

It seems to me the time has come, as I said at the outset, to question an ancient journalistic tradition, and to ask if certain good purposes would not be served by stripping the veil of anonymity from editorial writers. As a matter of fact, it has been done here and there. I no longer see the Knight newspapers, but I know that for years John S. Knight, writing under his own name, has appropriated the editorial page of the Miami *Herald* (and presumably his other papers) for what he calls "The Editor's Notebook."

In my own part of the country, J. Willard Hoffman, editor of the *Trentonian*, takes over the editorial columns of his newspaper once a week to write a signed editorial. I am told that Paul Miller of the Gannett newspapers on occasion prints editorials signed with his name. Years ago, Barry Bingham of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* thought it well to take the public into his confidence and printed in the masthead the names of his editorial writers.

Let me ask you if it hasn't become rather stuffy to continue to insist that the editorials printed in a newspaper represent, not the opinions of individuals, but the opinions of a disembodied institution? For many generations, editorial cartoons have had the most powerful effect on public opinion, and their fame has redounded to the benefit of the newspapers which printed them, yet the public has not been kept in ignorance of their creators. We know the names of Thomas Nast, of Rollin Kirby, of Dan Fitzpatrick and Herbert Block. Has it diminished the glory of the New York *World*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* or the Washington *Post* that this should be so?

The editorial "we" has long become a joke even among ourselves. It is a cover-up of identity. In my many years of editorial writing, I often found myself charged with cowardice by readers who could not seem to understand why the writer of sharp opinions did not print them under his own name. While preparing this paper, I was interested to read Chairman Carpenter's article in the summer *Masthead* about the proposal by Jerry Walker of *Editor and Publisher* to run a regular weekly feature of selected editorials on issues of the day.

Mr. Carpenter writes that there is only one hitch: "E & P wants to credit the writer of the editorial by name. This cracks the iron curtain of editorial anonymity, maintained so vigilantly by many newspapers. The persuasive argument for identifying the writers, E & P points out, is that this is

a trade magazine whose subscribers want to know the WHO of what is being written." That is the end of the quotation and I should like to add that what is true of the subscribers to a trade magazine might well be true of the public as a whole. I might also add that people do not like iron curtains.

Now just why do I suggest the breaching of an old custom? For several reasons:

1. It is in the spirit of the times. We are living in a highly informal age when people call one another by their first names as soon as they are introduced. There is a general impatience with stuffed-shirtism of any kind and a keen desire to know WHAT is going on and WHO is causing it to go on. It seems to me that is a wholesome attitude. One of the finest human qualities is intellectual curiosity.

2. The signing of editorials would create a new interest in editorial writing as a whole. If people want to know the names of their columnists, and they assuredly do, they also want to know the names of the writers who are fighting every day for the public interest on scores of fronts by means of editorials. I feel sure signed editorials would be more widely read.

3. It seems to me there is no doubt that the signing of editorials would greatly minister to one of the primary objectives of the NCEW, namely, to improve the quality of the American editorial page. When a man knows his name is to be signed to an article, his amour propre is immediately involved and he is much more likely to summon all his skill as a craftsman.

4. A whole new group of extremely interesting men would suddenly become public figures. When I broke into editorial writing, it was still the custom to fill the staff with broken-down reporters or tired old refugees from the copy desk. The present generation of editorial writers is far younger, far better educated, far more accomplished, far more distinguished in their own right.

As a postscript, I can hardly be charged with a subjective view of this matter. My editorial-writing days are long since over and, therefore, I can approach it with complete lack of personal interest. Finally, I know that old traditions are not easily scrapped and that the points made by me here need much consideration, more elaboration and refinement; further, ultimate decision rests with the owners and publishers of newspapers. But I would hope that this eighteenth annual meeting of the NCEW will find some way to keep the idea afloat in order that its validity may be tested.

---

**Mr. Coghlan** is former editorial page editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and a founder and former president of the National Conference of Editorial Writers. This article was prepared for the eighteenth annual meeting of the NCEW and was originally published in the *Masthead*.

## “Dangerous Estate” In Baghdad

By A. Gayle Waldrop

On February 8, 1963, the Iraq *Times*, Baghdad's English-language morning tabloid, had only one story on page one about “the Leader Abdul Karim Qassim, the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces,” and one photograph. Two page one stories about “the Leader” had not been unusual and, sometimes, there had been three, with a photograph, since 1958 when he came to power in a riot-spawned and communist-supported revolution.

On February 11, 1963, the first issue after the Ramadhan 14 Revolution, the *Times* carried the text of the Declaration of the National Council of the Revolutionary Command. It began:

In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate, O noble Iraqi people, by the help of God destruction has come over the enemy of the people, Abdul Karim Qassim and his reckless clique which exploited the resources of this country for the satisfaction of their greed . . . paralyzed laws and tyrannized citizens.

Also on page one, under the headline, “Bodies Shown On TV—Martial Court Sentences Tyrants To Execution,” a story included:

The Martial Court on Sunday sentenced the tyrant Qassim and three of his followers to death by firing squad. . . . The body of the enemy of the people, the lunatic Qassim, was shown over the screen of the Baghdad TV at 7 p.m. on Saturday. . . . Qassim, the divider of the people, and his criminal accomplices . . . had inflicted untold oppression and torture upon the people for the sake of attaining their lunatic goals of securing power. . . . The people have thus got rid of the rule of oppression and corruption.

On November 18, 1963, the lead story was the Baathist coup of November 13. That morning, November 18, President Abdel Salam Arif and the Army seized power from the Baathists.

The next issue of the *Times* did not appear until November 25, nor did any Arabic language dailies. The lead story was on President Arif's press conference, November 20, for more than thirty Arab and foreign news correspondents. Four days later a *Times* headline was: “Truth Behind Nov. 18 Revolution, Arif's Statements to Egyptian Paper.” The President had given an interview to *Al Akhbar*, Cairo, and this had been reprinted in *Al-Arab*, Baghdad daily.

*Dangerous Estate*, the title of Lord Francis-Williams's “anatomy” of British newspapers, fits the state of Iraqi newspapers and newspapermen and those who work on the government-owned and operated radio and TV. Lord Francis-Williams had a paragraph about Baghdad newspapers in his 1957 book:

It is interesting to visit a Middle East capital such as Baghdad—to mention one neither better nor worse in this respect than many others in the Middle East and elsewhere—and feel oneself, so far as the press is concerned, almost bodily transported to eighteenth-century London. There is the same proliferation of political journals, rootless and short of life, existing always in the shadow of official fear and distrust, threatened and bribed by turn; the same lack of responsible reporting or untainted opinion; the same constant struggle to exist under the threat of suppression on circulations of no more than a few hundreds, the same contempt by authority for the press and the same justification for it in the press which authority itself has made.

Newspapers and editors are casualties in revolutions. With no choice but to support the government in power, they disappear when heads of government are executed or exiled. The occupational hazard of newspapermen is not ulcers but “sudden death.” The new government licenses new newspapers, promulgates new press laws, answers questions of reporters from other countries that Iraqi reporters, made

accustomed to and dependent upon official "handouts," do not ask.

The Iraq *Times* seemed to be an exception, seemed to bear a charmed life, with a history of about 50 years. With no editorials of its own—it published translations each issue of editorials from the Arabic-language dailies—it was a carrier of government news which it supplemented by selected foreign news and features. But in 1964 the *Times* was supplanted by the Baghdad *News*, with essentially the same staff—but with Khalis Azmi of the Ministry of Guidance as its editor-in-chief.

The *Times* had survived both 1963 revolutions, in February and November, when all other newspapers had gone under. *Al-Arab*, whose license had been revoked November 5, 1963, regained its license and celebrated:

... its come-back, with its strong arm, intelligent heart and proud spirit, to resume the struggle for the goals of the Arab nation, namely, unity, liberty and social justice. . . . The spark of *Al-Arab* now flashes once again to illumine the road of the bitter Arab struggle . . . The arbitrary measure of cancelling *Al-Arab*'s license was taken when the system of the Ministry of Guidance was overtaken by incurable nervous fits.

But late in the summer of 1964 its license was again cancelled. Early in the year its circulation was the largest of the six dailies, 8,000. *Al-Jumhuriyah*, regarded as the organ of the Council of Ministers, had 7,000; *Al-Manar*, 6,000; *Al Fajar al Jadid*, and *Al Balad* (which has ceased publication), 3,500 each; and, the *Times*, 3,000. New in 1964 was *Al Thawra al Arabiya* (the Arab Revolution). This, owned by the Arab Socialist Union, is the pace-setter with largest circulation and a jazzy, Egyptian-style make-up.

Total circulation of the five dailies may now be as much as 40,000, in a city of about 900,000. Among the factors accounting for this are: 1) low literacy rate and low living standards—1960-62 data in 1964 Unesco World Communications cited 1947 illiteracy figures, presumably the latest, as 89 per cent; 2) dependence on the government-run radio—transistor radios are a common sight on Rashid and Sadoun streets—and on TV, to be seen in clubs and coffee shops, with an estimated 150,000 radio receivers in use, 50,000 TV receivers; 3) newspaper circulation limited to street sales; 4) the lack of advertisements, for the business economy is that of a socialist state combined with the ancient small shops of *sugs* or bazaars. The only two department stores, these being small by American standards, advertise regularly but on a limited budget. There is no chain of supermarkets to boost advertising revenue.

The one hopeful sign for more advertising revenue is that there were only five dailies to divide it in 1964, compared to eighteen in 1952. This and the realization that

newspapers should develop their advertising departments and advertising agencies should do more than write copy and make layouts are balanced, or overbalanced, however, by the nationalization in 1964 of thirty-one major enterprises, of local and foreign banks and insurance companies.

Previously an enemy of socialism, President Arif embraced it, to win support of President Nasser of the United Arab Republic, to gain from him a token military force and a host of technicians. Dana Adams Schmidt wrote in the New York *Times*, January 15:

Iraq is favored with natural resources and opportunities for investment, but President Arif needed the support of domestic Nasserites to offset the pressures of his opponents—the Baathists, whom he forced out of power in November, 1963; the Communists, whom the Baathists had suppressed; political moderates, who have been suppressed since 1958; Kurdish nationalists in the north and religious dissidents in the south.

The increasing Nasser influence affects journalism, as the largest circulation daily, a newcomer with Egyptian flavor and makeup, attests. And as is evident from the political emphasis in a course for working newsmen in the spring of 1964, and the appointment of a Cairo University professor to head journalism instruction at the University of Baghdad.

Two changes in the Press Law of 1964 suggested a slight extension of freedom to "political periodicals": 1) Suspension of a newspaper has to be approved by the Council of Ministers, cannot be done by an administrative order; 2) licenses are not to individuals but to a board of five, including two with university education, two newspapermen, and the owner of a printing press or "a person of financial standing which enables him to take part in administering the periodical." Perhaps there will be "safety in numbers"?

Welcoming these changes, *Al-Arab* called for free and constructive criticism to enlighten both public opinion and the government:

The Iraqi Press has been deprived of the blessing of self-criticism and constructive criticism. At the time of the exterminated regimes, the ruling cliques used to launch aggressive war on the freedom of the written word using the Press Law as a sword drawn up over the heads of the leaders of thought . . . [Under] The party rule under which Iraq has been groaning, [the Press] fared no better than in the days of downright reaction. The party regimes were reckoning with the Press as a docile tool in their hands. Any newspaper which dared defy the regime in power risked immediate suspension.

And suspension was the fate of *Al-Arab* whose editor, Nu'man al Ani, practiced what he preached. As it had been the fate of other Iraqi editors, one of whom, in an hour-

long interview, predicted "a dark future" for Iraqi newspapers because of instability in the government; declared that the standard of journalism has not attained a point where strict regulations can be dispensed with; expected the political character of the news to continue, with extreme ideas of parties ruling, parties unable to agree, parties with little capacity for compromise; saw newspapers so affected by devotion to party principles, and their own interests, that they would not try to *inform* their readers or try to serve the public interest; foresaw no early economic independence of newspapers, the readers not being advertising-minded; detected as yet little direct effect of schools in raising the literacy rate, this causing dependence on radio and TV, both government controlled; thought that only one of the then six newspapers was making its own way without subsidies.

This long-time editor "emeritus" said that the four obstacles, listed in Tom J. McFadden's 1952 *Daily Journalism in Arab States*, to the press playing a more socially useful role were more powerful in 1964. The obstacles: curbing of intellectual freedom, ignorance, universal poverty, weakness of morals.

First poverty will be considered, then the curbing of intellectual freedom that results from the 1964 Press Law.

Iraq is one of the underdeveloped countries, though it has "a huge income from its oil fields." But, wrote William and Paul Paddock in *Hungry Nations*, the Kassem (Qasim) regime "killed off the nation's carefully prepared development plans that were in steady progress toward fruition. Here of all countries, it ought to be possible to make long-range plans and to hope that living standards and modern comforts and an abatement of hunger can be achieved. Yet the stormy winds of politics have not allowed this."

An Associated Press story early in 1965 told of the government signing a contract for a five million dollar 1200-foot tower "to soar above Baghdad and the Tigris River," to be a TV station and tourist attraction with two revolving restaurants. The story ended: "Some Iraqis complain the tower will use money that could be spent on development projects."

"Curbing of intellectual freedom" seems to be a major purpose of the Press Law. Both publisher and editor must have "an efficiency certificate from the Iraqi Journalists Association," proving that he possesses journalistic talent and is "efficient in press experience." The IJA is a government-approved group, its members under obligation to the regime. Certificates it would issue would be to "safe" persons.

For daily newspapers a bank guarantee of \$1400 is required by the Ministry of Culture and Guidance and to it must be sent ten copies of each issue, and, "two copies shall be supplied to the Public Prosecutor." The editor "shall publish free of charge the refute received from the person

who has been libelled in his periodical, and "all refutes which the Government sends to him . . . in the same column and in the first number after receiving them . . . on condition that such refutes and denials shall not occupy a space more than twice the space of the said libel."

The list of materials whose publication is forbidden is long, including:

"Ill-faith persecution against the Arab and friendly states";

"Whatever injures the Republic and its establishments and whatever may spread the ideology of imperialism, reactionary, regional and shoobite, the instigation to disturb the internal and external security of the State";

"Instigation of hostility and animosity, stir up dissension between the people and their different religious sects";

"Discussion or decisions of the Council of Ministers or other official secret decisions, unless with the permission of the departments concerned";

"Procedures of criminal investigations, unless with the permission of the investigating judge";

"Any matter which may lead the *judges* to be biased concerning the cases submitted to them" (emphasis supplied);

"Any matter which may mislead the public prosecutor, advocates, investigating magistrates, witnesses and *public opinion* concerning a case under trial";

"Whatever may touch the esteem of individuals, their personal liberty, or what contains the revelation of a secret which might sustain a damage to the wealth of a person, his reputation, his commercial name or any other matters which is intended to blackmail him or force him to pay an amount or offer a benefit to others or deprives him of his business liberty."

The chief editor, editor and the writer of the article are held responsible for crimes, under penalty of fines and imprisonment, and the newspaper is subject to suspension. And, "Courts shall not hear cases in respect of procedures and administrative punishments taken in accordance with the provisions of this Law."

The press of the eighteenth century in England, before "it could break the hold of bribery and intimidation," Lord Francis-Williams wrote, "and reach out to economic independence and through it to political independence had to establish its right of access to information of public interest. This was the one key that could open the door of its prison."

Censorship was abolished in England in 1695. "But this negative freedom of censorship, although vital," Lord Francis-Williams wrote, "was not in itself sufficient to pave the way to independence, any more than it is today. For that the positive right of access to news and information was necessary. Only through freedom to report could newspapers hope to win such public interest and circulation as would make economic independence possible."



A "dangerous estate" in England now, how long will journalism in Iraq have a "dark future?" The fight for press freedom in eighteenth-century England once seemed hopeless, but there were fighting editors who won it, and used it for the public interest.

Mr. Waldrop, former head of the University of Colorado School of Journalism, was consultant to the University of Baghdad, on a State Department grant, September 1, 1963, to February 28, 1964, to help set up a journalism department. A third edition of his *Editor and the Editorial Writer* is planned for 1966.

## A Code of Ethics is no Cure

(continued from page 2)

middle of the road, unless circumstances force me to float in the mainstream. For the recent political campaign and the election conclusively demonstrated that the middle of the road and the mainstream are eminently desirable places to be, despite all previous human experience to the contrary.

The chief trouble about being a moderate in the middle of the road is that the unexpected popularity of that identity and that location has caused the middle of the road to become quite crowded with moderates. The middle of the road is now occupied by those Republicans anxious to avoid dangerous proximity to extremism on the right. The middle of the road is also the refuge of those once known as liberals, leftists, socialists, members of the A.D.A. and just plain Democrats, all of whom have seized on moderation as a newly discovered virtue and who shun extremism as a cardinal sin.

Among other curious transpositions of the times is that radicalism and extremism, once associated with the left, have miraculously been moved over to the right. Another striking change is found in the novel doctrine that the way to preserve the two-party system is for both parties to travel together in the middle of the road, arm in arm, a mutually protective embrace that prevents slippage of either one to the right or the left. Another odd development is that the most solicitous advocates of rebuilding the Republican party and the most generous in their advice on how to do it are the Democratic organs who hitherto devoted their energies to its destruction.

I mention these things because it seems to me that we of the "media" have indulged ourselves, during the past campaign, in an unusually violent exercise in semantics—with some confusing results.

New meanings have become attached to old terms. New values have replaced older values. Public figures are automatically tagged with labels, to identify the good guys

and the bad guys; the moderates and the extremists. Appropriately tagged, they are then consigned to the harmless middle, the benign left of middle, or to the iniquitous right.

Excessive use of labels with which to tag men and issues in public life has one unfortunate effect. It tends to obscure the desirability of men who wear no man's tag; men whose decisions and actions cannot be predicted by the coloration of the tag they wear but who are motivated by earnest search for the wisest solution of a pending problem, even though the solution defies established patterns.

Independence of thought and action is still a virtue. It should not be lost sight of in our preoccupation with labels and tags with which to differentiate between those we associate with something temporarily popular or unpopular. We of the media should be careful lest in tagging others, we—the selectors and interpreters of the news—do not tag ourselves and thus raise doubt as to the detached independence of our judgments.

But the media seem to have survived the trials of the past campaign and election in pretty good shape—a marked change from 1948. If I remember correctly, proposals were being advanced for your consideration 16 years ago for setting up some kind of supercommission, composed of virtuous citizens, charged with postmortem examination of the performance of the "one-party press", perhaps exposing the evil influences which convinced so many newspapers, in that by-gone era, that Mr. Dewey would make a better President than Mr. Truman.

We haven't heard much about the one-party press this time. I hesitate to think about what we would be hearing today had the election gone the other way. Even the publishers have escaped condemnation this time, along with the noblemen of the working press. The only people who have been singled out for specific censure have been the editorial writers, columnists, television and radio commentators—these sinners being criticized chiefly for resorting



to extremism in their choice of the extremists whom they labeled as being too extreme in the wrong direction.

The election returns—proof of the pudding—have never been gathered before with such amazing speed and accuracy, the result of intelligent and imaginative pooling of effort in the public interest by The Associated Press, United Press International and the three great networks. Their cooperation was confined to the purely statistical business of gathering and tabulating the returns. As an example of the increased speed achieved, The AP, using the cooperative Network Election Service, was about two million votes ahead of its own 1960 tabulation on election day at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard Time; nearly fifteen million ahead of its 1960 midnight tabulation.

This pooling of effort and resources by the news media is an important change from the past, forecasting a future that is ripe for many other changes. One of them may take form in legislative attempts to regulate the opening and closing time of the polls across the country in a manner designed to prevent citizens yet to vote in California from knowing how their fellow citizens voted in New York. But this precaution would not affect another significant development—the demonstrated accuracy of the pollsters in informing the electorate of its decision days before *any* votes are cast.

The Department of Justice has indicated some interest in the substitution of pools for competitive activities of the news media in tabulating returns. Any agreement between competitors invites scrutiny against the background of the antitrust laws. The lawyers may be expected to examine the pooling machinery in detail, weighing its purpose in the light of the public interest served.

It would be a mistake, however, for anyone to conclude that because the pooled election service produced excellent results in adding up the votes it foreshadows other agreements between competing news media to eliminate inherent and expensive duplications of competition in order to speed collection of other types of news.

The media are fully aware that the principle of competition in the gathering and reporting of news is fundamental in preserving the integrity of the news and that principle cannot be compromised. That principle, happily not involved in the Network Election Service, underlies the concept of a free press.

The increasing importance and significance of the electronic media—radio and television—received added emphasis, along with stomach acid, elimination of body odors and relief of a congested sinus, in the past campaign.

Sol Taishoff's excellent Broadcasting magazine estimated, at the close of the campaign, that the money spent in purchase of radio and television time reached a total of forty million dollars, about evenly divided between the two political parties. This is almost three times the comparable expenditure only four years ago.

We glibly talk about our "free" elections. But they are becoming fearfully expensive when forty million dollars are spent with the broadcast media alone to catch the eyes and the ears of the voters. Paul Porter, a former chairman of the F.C.C., calls this a "literally obscene expenditure". The size of this expenditure and the often viciously misleading and unfair tone of purchased spot announcements, reducing to an ugly absurdity the aim of creating an informed electorate, will doubtless renew efforts to suspend or abolish the equal-time requirement. The effect would be to place the responsibility for fair treatment of candidates with the broadcasters, where it ought to belong. How many of them really want that responsibility—and prefer that it remain with government in the clumsy form of the equal-time requirement—is another question.

The self-satisfied complacency of the well fed computers, following their miracles of projection in the last election, is quite vexing to many old hands in the newspaper business who used to fancy themselves as political experts in interpreting trends by the voting in selected precincts. But the computers are casting long shadows before them in other areas of the newspaper business.

The substance of one such shadow has already been under examination by Dean Wayne A. Danielson's Univac 1105, housed at the University of North Carolina journalism school. This monster is cooperating with The Associated Press in testing the readability of AP dispatches.

One such test was to determine the frequency of irritating clichés. Some 375,000 words of AP copy were fed into the insatiable computer. That good old headline word, "Hailed", came out on top. "Violence flared" was a runner-up. Other pet clichés caught by the computer included "racially-troubled", "voters marched to the polls", "grinding crash", "no immediate comment", "limped into port" and "tinder-dry woodlands". I do not know what happened to "pool of blood". But it was reassuring to find that "gutted by fire" was present and accounted for. The computers are thus helping us displace old clichés with new clichés. It may also prove feasible to teach a computer to blow a whistle when it smells libel or sees a four-letter word that a not always unintentional composing room accident can, by the change of a letter, be disastrously distorted in meaning.

Your program and the report of your president reflect a continuing interest by Sigma Delta Chi in some old questions, like freedom of information—always with us—and some new ones raised in the Warren report, including increased attention to the alleged collision between two important guarantees of the Bill of Rights, the right to a fair trial and the right of a free press to report the news of crime and criminal trials.

These subjects, if one chooses so to interpret them, imply certain criticism of our communications media. And newspaper people, in particular, have gained a certain reputation of being unduly sensitive to criticism. But it has been grat-

ifying *not* to find, in the newspaper press, any reactions to the Warren Commission's suggestions that in spectacular violence approach the dramatic explosion of that usually imperturbable public servant, J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. Newspaper people are not the only ones who are sensitive to trespass on their own bailiwick.

Even the proposed study by the Brookings Institution of that formidable subject—"Mass Media Coverage of Governmental Processes"—much of it directed to the influence of crime reporting on the conduct of fair trials, has produced no visible backlash of defensive ridicule of the project by responsible spokesmen for the media.

Nor should it. If the highly respected Brookings Institution can, at a cost of only \$393,000, throw more factually clarifying light on how the newspapers and the broadcast media can improve their performance in serving the interests of our increasingly complex society, its efforts should be welcome.

There are more important subjects, in my opinion, than proposed codes of conduct or the spelling out of ethical behavior. In a licensed industry, such as broadcasting, such codes may conceivably be enforced by government. In a free press such codes are enforceable only by what Thomas Jefferson called the "punishment of public indignation",

backed by "the censorship of public opinion"—unless the courts should turn back the pages of history and resort to criminal contempt for punishment of non-conforming editors.

Two highly important subjects on your agenda relate to renewed effort for advancement of the professional standards of journalism, and attracting capable men and women to journalism. These two undertakings have a common goal: To improve the caliber and the availability of those charged with the awesome responsibility of conducting a free press in a free society.

Such responsibilities are not discharged by mere adherence to codes of ethics. They also include the responsibility of refusal to adhere; the responsibility of deciding to run against the herd, instead of running with it, if the public interest may be better served.

These responsibilities are most apt to be discharged by those who have a real understanding, amounting to reverence, of the obligations imposed by the concept of press freedom and who are blessed with the mental and the spiritual equipment required to fulfill them in a world of continuing change; a world that never has been and never will be the same.

---

## Why See America First?

(editorial from the Boston *Herald*)

The State Department has ordered all passport offices to take down their travel posters. The order was in compliance with President Johnson's effort to ease the dollar drain. The idea is that Americans who visit the offices therefore will not be encouraged to go abroad and spend their money on foreign soil.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, falling into line, made a See-America-First speech the other day. "Look homeward, Americans," he told a group of businessmen in New York. "Americans who have visited the memorable monuments of Washington will better understand the real meaning of Trafalgar Square and the Arc de Triomphe."

While we are all in favor of solving the balance of payments deficit, this sort of thing is just plain silly. If an American citizen visits a passport office it is because he already intends to go abroad. He is not likely to wander in and suddenly be inspired by a poster to zoom off to Paris or Rome.

And Secretary Udall's reasoning comes out better if you turn it around. From a historical point of view it makes more sense to visit Europe first. That, after all, is where American began.

We might fall into line to the extent of recommending that, where possible, Americans should travel on American planes and ships. But obviously, since Americans do most of the traveling from here to Europe, they could not do so exclusively.

A better way to help adjust the balance of payments deficit would be to make a real effort to encourage the *Europeans* to see America first. The West Germans, French and British (though the latter are similarly worried about their balance), are richer than they used to be.

And if we cannot succeed in getting the Europeans over here, we could save about \$2.6 million by not spending the money the U.S. Travel Service now appropriates to advertise the wonders of America overseas.

# Matters of Principle

By Thomas M. Storke

The following are excerpts from a speech made by Mr. Storke at the dedication ceremonies of the Storke Students' Publications Building, Stanford University, last November.

*To these students of today I should like to speak directly for a few minutes.* You stand where I stood 70 years ago. From your numbers will come the writers, the editors and publishers of tomorrow. In your classes, and your experience on campus publications, you will learn much about the technique of writing and editing, about printing, and the business side of publishing.

In your university courses you will learn much about the world of yesterday and today, about the society in which you will play your part.

These are important. But of greater importance is the fact that you will discover yourself. If you are fortunate, you will discover that you must respect yourself, and deserve that respect. You will find that honest thinking, and honest writing, are the only possible basis for self respect, for a journalist.

You will find that you must look beneath the surface appearance of things to understand what is going on. And when you have gained an insight, you will feel compelled to share this with your readers. You will develop honest convictions—not just prejudices or inherited attitudes. And you will feel compelled to express these convictions, whether they are popular or unpopular.

*There have been giants, and heroes, in the newspaper history of America.* Some have risked and lost their lives, in defense of the truth as they saw it, and in defense of their right to publish the truth. Such men are worthy of the Constitutional provision that guarantees the freedom of the press. We have great men in editorial chairs today—men of honesty, wisdom and courage, men of integrity and conviction. Some of

them I may disagree with on some questions, but I honor them for their sincerity and their courage.

I am sorry to say that we have many more who stand aside when the big issues come along, the issues too hot to handle. They may know the score, but they are too timid or cautious to print it. They lack the guts that a real newspaper writer and editor must have. They lack the guts that a man must have, if he is to live with himself.

There are good reasons why a journalist must have both honesty and courage. A newspaper or magazine is a commercial enterprise. It must show a profit, or die. But if it is only a business, it loses its main reason for being.

*The printed word, as we all know, carries an aura of authority, even if it does not always deserve it.* We who are engaged in journalism have an obligation to our readers, to our craft, and to ourselves. It is an obligation to use the printed word for purposes that will serve the needs of the people.

They need to know the facts about our society, as accurately as we can discover and report them.

They need to know the significance of these facts, as clearly and honestly as we can evaluate it and express it.

They need to hear the opinions of men whose views are informed and sincere—on all sides of public questions.

They need to see falsehoods exposed for what they are. They need spotlights, and floodlights, of knowledge, truth and integrity, to help them recognize essentials in an age of change and confusion.

# Everybody Is to Blame

By Irving Dilliard

A TIME TO SPEAK. By Charles Morgan, Jr. New York: Harper and Row. 177 pp. \$3.95.

Some 25 years ago—more or less—Houghton Mifflin brought out two exceedingly valuable collections of spirited and perceptive addresses and prose writings of Archibald MacLeish. The first, published in the Pearl Harbor year of 1941, was called *A Time to Speak*. The second, issued in 1943, bore the even more imperative title, *A Time to Act*.

Truly the early 1940s were times to speak and act. All those, Nieman Fellows included, who do not know these books by the distinguished first curator of the Nieman Foundation, will be beneficiaries if they make it their business to hunt up the MacLeish collections and read them even after this lapse of time.

Now there is a new book called *A Time to Speak* and there can be no question that again the choice of title is most appropriate. For this, too, is a time when men who care about their land cannot stand by in silence. Again it is a time to speak. The one who does the speaking in this new book tells his own "story of a young American lawyer's struggle for his city and for himself."

He is Charles Morgan, Jr., 33 years old. His city is Birmingham, Alabama, where on Sunday, September 15, 1963, a church was ripped open by dynamite at morning worship time and four young girls were killed as they attended Sunday School in a Baptist Church. The next noon the young lawyer, in his ninth year of legal practice and a resident of the South's self-styled "City of Churches" for more than eighteen years, went, as he regularly did, to the Monday luncheon of the Young Men's Business Club.

The future leaders of Birmingham were there—the second-echelon of executives, lawyers, engineers, architects, merchants, newspaper men, most of them in their late thirties. When the business session opened the floor to "new business," a member introduced a resolution condemning the violence which had brought the deaths of the children. Then another member deplored the damage inflicted on the community's "image."

Charles Morgan recalls his reaction: "And so it was to be one more verbal condemnation of bombings, one more attempt to transfer guilt, one more chest-thumping resolution to hold together our city's image. Many times in recent years I had joined in such resolutions, helped draft them, argued for their adoption. But the time for where-

ases and wherefores, for the group therapy of resolution making—that time had run out. The time had come for someone to place the guilt where it had always belonged—not on the 'outsides' or the 'hostile national press' or the Negro leaders or even the white supremacist extremists alone."

Then young Charles Morgan stood up and delivered the short speech which was so widely reprinted that it caused this book to be written. He had put it on paper during the morning in his office. It came from anger and despair, from frustration and empathy. And from years of hopes that had been shattered and crumbled with the dynamiting of that church on Sixteenth Street.

"Four little girls were killed in Birmingham yesterday," Charles Morgan began. "A mad, remorseful, worried community asks, 'Who did it? Who threw that bomb? Was it a Negro or a white?' The answer should be, 'We all did it.' Every last one of us is condemned for that crime and the bombing before it and the ones last month, last year, a decade ago. We all did it. A short time later, white policemen kill a Negro and wound another. A few hours later two young men on a motorbike shoot and kill a Negro child. Fires break out and, in Montgomery, white youths assault Negroes. And all across Alabama an angry, guilty people cry out their mocking shouts of indignity and say they wonder 'why?' 'who?' Everyone then 'deplores' the 'dastardly' act."

From that point on Charles Morgan was as plain as words could make it. He continued:

"But you know the 'who' of 'Who did it?' is really rather simple. The 'who' is every little individual who talks about the 'niggers' and spreads the seeds of his hate to his neighbor and his son. The jokester, the crude oaf whose racial jokes rock the party with laughter. The 'who' is every governor who ever shouted for lawlessness and became a law violator. It is every Senator and every Representative who in the halls of Congress stands and with mock humility tells the world that things back home aren't really like they are. It is the courts that move ever so slowly and newspapers that timorously defend the law. It is all the Christians and all their ministers who spoke too late in anguished cries against violence. It is the coward in each of us who clucks admonitions. We are ten years of lawless preachments, ten years of criticism of law, of courts, of our fellow man; a decade of telling school children the opposite of what the civic books saw. We are a mass of intolerance and bigotry and stand indicted before our young. We are cursed by the failure of each of us to accept responsibility, by our defense of an already dead institution. . . ."

The temptation is to quote even more of this historic self-indictment. For it went on to point out that there were no Negro policemen, no Negro sheriff's deputies; that few Negroes served on juries, that few were allowed to vote; few allowed to accept responsibility or granted a simple part



to play in the administration of justice. A half dozen more sentences will suggest the argument and closing of this uninhibited message:

"Birmingham is a city in which the major industry, operated from Pittsburgh, never tried to solve the problem. It is a city where four little Negro girls can be born into a second-class school system, live a segregated life, ghettoed into their own little neighborhoods, restricted to Negro churches, destined to ride in Negro ambulances to Negro wards of hospitals or to a Negro cemetery. Local papers, on their front and editorial pages, call for order and then exclude their names from obituary columns. And who is really guilty? Each of us. . . . What's it like living in Birmingham? No one ever really has and no one will until this city becomes part of the United States. Birmingham is not a dying city. It is dead."

When Charles Morgan finished there was applause. Following the applause another member stood up and suggested that a Negro be admitted to the club. No action was taken and the meeting was adjourned. From blocks away came the strains of "Dixie" played on a carillon of which Birmingham was proud.

This is a short book, barely 175 pages, but it has a big message. The message reaches into practically everything—education, law and order, politics at all levels, transportation, religion, courts, justice and punishment. It tells of the threats that came to the author, following his speech, and to his wife and boy. But time is dimming the echo of the late-night calls, the days of trial and violence. For all its ugliness, the Birmingham that Charles Morgan remembers also will have another side of more pleasant things: "Football on the weekends, the friends they made, the nice homes, springtime, and the happiness of their children when they were young."

This review began with references to Archibald MacLeish. Let it close with the poem which appears on the

final pages of *A Time to Act*, reprinted here with permission of Houghton Mifflin. It may not apply in every particular but without changing "East" and "West" to "North" and "South," the stanzas of the first Nieman curator bear hard on the Birminghams *all over America*. Archibald MacLeish called his poem "The Western Sky." He described it as "Words for a Song" and addressed them to composer Roy Harris:

Stand Stand against the rising night  
O freedom's land, O freedom's air:  
Stand steep and keep the fading light  
That eastward darkens everywhere.

Hold Hold the golden light and lift  
Hill after hill-top, one by one—  
Lift up America O lift  
Green freedom to the evening sun.

Lift up your hills till conquered men  
Look westward to their blazing height.  
Lift freedom till its fire again  
Kindles the countries of the night.

Be proud America to bear  
The endless labor of the free—  
To strike for freedom everywhere  
And everywhere bear liberty.

Lift up O land O land lift clear  
The lovely signal of your skies.  
If freedom darkens eastward, here  
Here on the west let freedom rise.

---

Mr. Dilliard is a lecturer in journalism at Princeton and was formerly editorial page editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.



## High Adventure In the Caribbean

By John M. Harrison

A CERTAIN EVIL. By David Kraslow and Robert S. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1965. 346 pp. \$5.95.

*A Certain Evil* is at once a cracking good adventure story and a disappointing novel. Good reporters that they are, David Kraslow and Robert S. Boyd have concocted a fictionalized version of yesterday's crisis (it could be today's by the time this review appears) in the mercurial affairs of a Caribbean island republic whose popular revolution has turned sour.

The authors have skillfully reconstructed the events of a few crucial days in the affairs of Navidad (one part Cuba, one part Haiti, one part Dominican Republic)—days in which the downfall of President Umberto Aranja is accomplished, with Washington's covert aid and overt blessing. Their tale is topical as today's headlines. Teetering on chair's edge, the reader is rushed breathless from high-level, super-secret conferences in Washington to deep-in-the-forest meetings in Navidad between Joe Warrack, reporter for the Miami *Sentinel*, and Ricardo Vara, rebel leader of the Tados, who may prove to be another Fidel Castro, and then again may not. The last shots fired, the remaining quirks of plot and counterplot unraveled, the reader is able to relax, settle back, and perhaps to observe that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

*A Certain Evil* is not to be sneered at. This is a first-rate tale of adventure and derring-do—Twentieth Century style. It tingles with excitement and suspense. The authenticity of plot detail is never questionable. This is how it happened, the reader keeps telling himself. Or could happen. He pushes on to the end, literally unable to put the book down until it has been finished.

And yet, with all its virtues, *A Certain Evil* is a less than satisfactory novel. Like so many of its predecessors in that not quite adequately defined genre—"journalistic fiction"—dating back at least to the novels of David Graham Phillips, it demonstrates why these attempts to dramatize today's headlines have failed so often. The reviewer is not familiar with Kraslow's and Boyd's reporting. But he is

willing to wager they have written better prose than this. For the essential difference between literature and journalism is neither style nor subject matter. It is in the presence or absence of those refractive elements which the novelist adds to the mirrored reflection of good reporting. Thus, while the authors of *A Certain Evil* have told an exciting and timely story—worth reading for these qualities—they have produced only the skeleton of a novel.

The narrative passages are, for the most part, wooden. There are exceptions—notably the vivid description of the evening ritual parade of Umberto Aranja's "Zombies." Much of the dialogue is painfully contrived. The characters—with one exception—are cardboard figures, so lacking in depth and individuality that one must turn back to the text for their names. Joe Warrick is every newspaper reporter, but no particular one. Zack Caldwell, the heel turned hero, is all the cads whose consciences ever drove them to one last noble act, yet his name might as well be Sidney Carton. Andrew MacNaughton, President of the United States, remains a campaign poster—even after a confidant has described the hair on his chest and MacNaughton himself has revealed the early indiscretion which almost wrecked his political career before it was well started.

Ironically, the single successful characterization is that of John Howard Foscue—the senator whose political scheming almost derails Project Neptune (CIA code name for Washington's part in the efforts to depose Dictator Aranja). The reader gets to know Foscue, to understand him, even to sympathize with him when he is blackmailed into silence by President MacNaughton. But Foscue is a lonely man among all these puppets.

A final disconcerting element is the authors' half-hearted effort to explore the consequences of what has been described loosely as "news management." Joe Warrick and the *Sentinel* have agreed to cooperate with the State Department in expediting this American adventure in the Caribbean. They get a couple of noteworthy news beats in the process. But they must surrender repeatedly—to something called the "national interest"—their freedom to decide whether to publish what Warrick learns in Navidad and in Washington.

The problem needs exploring. Perhaps it can be done in fiction. If so, it must wait on another attempt. Warrick and his bosses devote some time to lamenting, theorizing, and philosophizing about news management. Far from resolving the problem, their mooning only gets in the way of the more compelling business at hand—freeing the Tados from dictatorship.

---

Mr. Harrison is associate professor of journalism at The Pennsylvania State University and was a Nieman Fellow in 1952.

# The Right to Snoop

By Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

THE NAKED SOCIETY. By Vance Packard. New York: David McKay Co., 1964. 369 pp., \$5.95.

Mr. Packard's calling is that of a Viewer with Alarm. He stands at the head of his profession. He has Viewed with Alarm, and soaring sales, such unpleasant and possibly malignant social ulcers as high pressure advertising, planned obsolescence and social climbing. This time he has set out after bigger and uglier game—the increasing ability and proclivity of government (state and federal, executive and legislative), employers, the press and the schools, not to mention a horde of private Nosey Parkers, to snoop into what is none of their business.

The latest volume in Mr. Packard's series is vulnerable to criticism in a good many places and I intend to have some whacks at its more inviting protuberances. But I must say at the outset that, all things considered, I wish it success as solid as its predecessors'; for its author's topic is of vast importance and his heart generally in the right place.

Whatever success *The Naked Society* may have will not be due to the beauties of its literary style, for it has none. Each chapter consists of a string of facts, near-facts and sometimes, I regret to say, non-facts more or less related to the thesis of that chapter inadequately connected by paragraphs of platitudinous moralizing. I am left with the impression that Mr. Packard has seized on a suggestion once thrown off by Edgar Allan Poe—i.e., he had composed his opus by hiring a clipping service, covering a large sheet of paper with mucilage, and blowing the clippings in the direction of the page. Moreover, he writes with a total lack of humor and more than his share of naiveté. He solemnly reports, for example, that the lack of privacy in modern families and houses has driven young people into using parked cars for their sexual experiments. I yield to no man in resistance to the repulsive modern phenomenon known as "Togetherness," but I doubt that it is a substantial factor in the causation of such harm as there may be in vehicular venery.<sup>1</sup> I can bear witness that it was popular thirty years

1. Mr. Packard seems somewhat opposed to sex, apparently on the ground that it involves a crossing of "the last frontier of privacy" of the participants. The point is incontestable; worse, there seems to be no avoiding the danger, except possibly in the cases of earworms and oysters.

ago and more, in an era blessedly innocent of Togetherness, and no doubt it flourished in other forms in antediluvian times. Mr. Packard is guilty, in short, of a certain lack of selectivity and proportion in the things he Views with Alarm. This leads to chronic overstatement and consequent weakening of a case which is intrinsically extremely strong.

Mr. Packard seems to assume that respect for the individual's privacy is innate and natural, and interference with that privacy degenerate. Primitive societies, he supposes, are marked by respect for privacy. But the truth is that in most such societies the individual's every action is regulated by tribal mores, and policed by the rest of the tribe, with a thoroughness which would seem oppressive to a denizen of Communist China. The Inquisitive Society is the aboriginal model. It may be that *homo sapiens* is beginning to develop an instinct for privacy. But the instinct to snoop is of his very essence, for he belongs to the ancient and noble order of Primates. The cause of that order's preeminence is to be found above all in its insatiable monkeylike curiosity about everything and everybody, including itself.<sup>2</sup> Among

2. The gorilla, it must be admitted, seems deficient in the urge to snoop; stately and aristocratic beast that he is, he shrinks equally from exposing himself to publicity and from intruding upon the privacy of others. And where is he? Marching, not without quiet dignity, towards extinction.

other animals, even other mammals, the faculty of inquisitiveness is comparatively feeble or non-existent. Take cats: a deplorable zoological ignorance is implicit in the proverb about curiosity and the cat. Man's excessive curiosity about the insides of the atom if it does not lift him to the stars, may at least blow him to hellandgone; but no such instinct ever troubled the *felidae*. A race of civilized cats would no doubt make respect for privacy the first article in its Decalogue. But there will never be a race of civilized cats, for they lack the first prerequisite, which is a consuming urge to stick their noses into what does not concern them.

Given this ineradicable and on the whole simian instinct, it should be clear to any reader of *The Scarlet Letter* or *Main Street* that the itch to learn our neighbor's secrets, to explore the recesses of his personality and police his private morals, is hardly a modern phenomenon. What is modern, of course is the enormous progress in techniques for the gratification of the itch. The explosive proliferation of relatively simple and efficient devices for eavesdropping, spying, and probing personality has made the preservation of privacy exceedingly difficult. Mr. Packard describes these devices at some length, including a piece of fiendish Russian ingenuity—originally reported by *Time*—a martini whose olive was a tiny transmitter, the toothpick serving as antenna.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Packard favors more and tougher laws to

3. But *Time* subsequently sneered at gulls foolish enough to believe such a story; anyone, it said, should know that the liquid would deflect sound waves and that Moscow bars are lavishly equipped with conventional bugs. *Time*, March 6, 1954, p. 55. The article failed to mention the source of the original report of bugged martinis.

regulate and restrict the use of such devices, but I suspect that in the long run the answer will prove to lie in improved methods of defense. At present, Mr. Packard notes, defensive techniques are too expensive for anyone short of the United States Government or the holder of a Texas oilfield, but the demand is great, and it is very likely that comparatively cheap methods of detecting and neutralizing wiretaps and all the other contraptions for electronic eavesdropping will be developed. After which, of course, as with battleship shells and armor,<sup>4</sup> superbugs will be developed, then new

4. There was a fascinating formula: one inch of armor would turn a one inch shell at one thousand feet; two inches would turn a two inch shell at two thousand feet; and so on up to sixteen or eighteen shells and armor. It seems a pity that battleships faded away before we had a chance to learn the upper limits, if any, of their development. The same thing happened with the armed and armored dinosaurs.

counter-techniques and so on.

But as of now there is surely a problem, for nobody can doubt that the snoopers are abusing their advantage. Mr. Packard is right to ring the tocsin loud and long. His trouble, as I have suggested, is indiscriminate condemnation. Some invasions of privacy are desirable, or at least necessary. Thus, despite Mr. Packard's indignant objects, an employer has a perfectly legitimate reason for finding out facts relevant to a job-seeker's probable performance. God Himself did it, in the well known case of Gideon's Army,<sup>5</sup> by observation

5. Judges 7:4-7.

of the candidates' reaction to a contrived situation, or, as some psychologists would label it a controlled two-variable experiment on naive subjects. Bank officers who treated as a cashier's private affair his dedication of his spare time to the theory and practice of the three horse parlay would certainly be subject to criticism and possibly to liability. The valid point is not that employers have no right to pry into employees' affairs, but simply that they ought to confine their prying to those matters which are actually relevant to the performance of the job, they ought to limit themselves to methods which are actually likely to produce relevant information. It probably doesn't matter if a prospective shoe salesman is a homosexual, unless he is the blatant sort of fairy who might irritate heterosexual customers, in which case it doesn't take an FBI investigation to ascertain the fact. The lie detector (a cause of particular offense to Mr. Packard) is objectionable not because it is wrong to interfere with the right to lie, but because polygraphs, and still more their operators are not really very good at telling liars from the merely nervous.

Similarly I decline to register either surprise or shock when I am told that banks install hidden cameras to shatter the privacy of the bashful bank-robber or that other enterprises, instead of relying on the honor system to hold down

shoplifting and employee pilferage, resort to closed circuit television and plainclothes detectives. I can think offhand of only one sizeable business, Exchange Buffet Corporation, which relied entirely on its customers' honesty; it recently went into bankruptcy. Such industrial spying and the need for it again go back to Old Testament times: it is written that a technique of clandestine surveillance devised by the prophet Daniel broke up a ring of three score and ten priests of Bel, who were stealing the King of Babylon blind.<sup>6</sup>

6. This instructive tale is contained in the first twenty-two verses of the Apocryphal History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon. The King, an old fashioned employer, slew the offenders on the spot.

Likewise, Mr. Packard's lengthy report on the investigative activities of Credit Bureaus arouses my indignation not at all: if you want to keep your finances private, you can always pay cash. Nor do I beat my breast and rend my garments in mourning for the Bill of Rights when Mr. Packard hands me the stunning information that the Bureau of the Census every ten years requires every fourth householder to spend thirty minutes filling out a questionnaire. I feel no urge to rush to the barricades even when I am told that a securities salesman, resident in Briarcliff Manor, was fined \$100 for refusing to comply; and I most certainly do not believe that "his offense, apparently, was that he wrote a sizzling article saying why he balked." I note with some amusement that the said sizzling article appeared on the asbestos pages of William Buckley's *National Review*, whose editors and contributors were never known to share Mr. Packard's indignation at the really objectionable inquiries of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, or any of the other road-company Torquemadas, professional and amateur, who have infested the republic for the past thirty years. But for some reason they regard the Census Bureau's relatively innocuous questions about the number of your TV sets, radios, air conditioners and children as intolerable "bureaucratic harassment." I am less amused by the fact that Mr. Packard seems to have bought another favorite grievance of the Birchers, Buckleyites and similar Saviors of the Republic, for he denounces compulsory medication in the form of fluoridation of water. How he manages to condone chlorine while condemning fluorine I can't tell you, but it is a fact that he does.

Mr. Packard sheds tears (and so drags in a little marketable dirt) for Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and other poor hams whose privacy has been invaded by the press. Any reporter could have told him that they and their congeners have no more use for privacy than a fish has for fresh air. Whenever the interest of the press in their private lives shows the slightest sign of flagging, they commonly resort to frantic mugging and capering, and if the inattention con-

tinues they perish. I do not go so far as a theatrical lawyer of my acquaintance, whose considered opinion is that his clients ought to be compelled to seat from the rear in buses and otherwise be classified as sub-human; but I am not profoundly concerned about their struggles with the naughty news media.

In short, Mr. Packard's recognitions that there may be two sides to the privacy question are few and somewhat grudging. The law is not so certain of the merits. Although the Warren and Brandeis article of "The Right to Privacy" has been called "probably the most influential law review article ever written," today, three quarters of a century later, not many jurisdictions go much beyond protecting an individual's right not to have his name or picture exploited commercially, and perhaps imposing liability for the more outrageous and gratuitous exposures of the secrets of people who have neither a craving for publicity nor legitimate news value. Obviously, the right to privacy has in such cases to be reconciled with the invader's no less important right to freedom of speech, and equally obviously the line is very hard to draw, as the decisions demonstrate. Cases in which damages have been awarded for pure invasion of privacy, such as electronic eavesdropping or other trespassory prying, not accompanied by publication are still rarities. Here, of course, there is no collision with the first amendment, and the fact that the judges are so far behind the professors in protecting privacy in such cases is probably attributable to reluctance to sanction damages for purely emotional injury.

The problem is, of course, much more serious and much more difficult in the criminal context. Mr. Packard is not quite one of those who believes that it is unconstitutional to introduce evidence against a person accused of crime. But he does appear to believe that the prosecution of murderers, extortionists, narcotics magnates, Mafiosi and similar human sharks is a sport, rather like dry-fly trout fishing, whose object is to exact the greatest possible skill from the hunters and to give the hunted the maximum chance of escape, by labeling as unfair and illegal such efficacious, if unsporting, equipment as worms and wiretaps. "Wiretapping," he says, "is a form of unreasonable search that should put in under the prohibitions of the Fourth Amendment," and he criticizes the Supreme Court severely for failing so to hold. It is true that the present state of law on electronic eavesdropping, which is based on the pharisaical reasoning that there is no search or seizure unless there is some sort of physical trespass, and a somewhat strained and artificial construction of Section 605 of the Communications Act of 1934, produces distinctions so fine-spun as to be preposterous. The fact is, of course, that wiretapping, like other varieties of electronic eavesdropping and like other tech-

niques of clandestine surveillance (such as mail covers and stakeouts with binoculars), is essentially a form of search and seizure. So far Mr. Packard<sup>7</sup> is right. But, though

7. Or, more probably, the lawyers who educated him in this area. They included such able defenders of civil liberties as Morris Ernst, Frank Newman, Joseph Rauh and Harriet Pilpel.

such eavesdropping may be peculiarly susceptible to abuse, it is not *ipso facto* unreasonable, and there is no reason to suppose that it is beyond legislative ingenuity to devise controls under which its use would be reasonable within the meaning of the fourth amendment. Even Mr. Packard concedes that Congress could constitutionally authorize wiretapping and microphoning, pursuant to court order, in "cases involving espionage, sabotage, or treason." He is probably right, but it seems to me that these three do not by any means exhaust the catalogue of crimes against which we need all the protection we can get.

On this question of the constitutional limits on wiretaps and the like, Mr. Packard has talked to well-informed people, and his treatment of the problem, however tendentious, is reasonably thorough and informative. This is not true in other areas. He has a habit of dragging in problems which are only remotely related to his major thesis. Even "the right to have unfashionable opinions" is not so much a question of the right prudently to keep such opinions to oneself as of the right to express them freely without being penalized. This and some of the other problems over which Mr. Packard flies at a considerable height and with great rapidity, such as sterilization of the unfit and the right to travel freely *in partibus infidelium*, are great and complex issues. Others, such as the diagnostic methods employed by the more Freudulent psychologists, and the increase in the amount of hide which motion picture actresses are expected to expose, have more entertainment value than real importance. But all alike are treated in a manner which may charitably be described as sciolistic.<sup>8</sup>

8. One of Mr. Packard's bits of doubtfully relevant information is, however, worth the price of the book. Any transistor radio within a "few feet" can be put out of action by dialing your own set (sliently) to a point 460 kilocycles below the wave length of the station broadcasting the offensive noises. P. 339.

All the same, I am glad that Mr. Packard picked these topics, and particularly the Bill of Rights, for the latest in his string of best sellers. If the gap between *The Naked Society* and the polemics of James Madison is as the Grand Canyon, be it remembered that Mr. Packard's useful and unpretentious volume is aimed at a mass audience which, if it lacks the wit and education to read and understand the prose of the founding fathers, is nonetheless allowed to vote, and on whose understanding depends the survival



of our ancient liberties. The defense of the first ten amendments has been too often left to eggheads, while such masters of the popular style as the late Joe McCarthy systematically downgraded them to a point where millions of honest, if not overly bright, citizens regard as subversive contemporary advocacy of the ideas contained in the first, fourth, fifth and sixth amendments. If Mr. Packard can help to reverse that trend, he deserves well of the Republic.

Mr. Bishop is a professor of law at Yale University, and his review originally appeared in the *Yale Law Journal*.

## The Story of Our Times

By Ray Jenkins

PORTRAIT OF A DECADE. By Anthony Lewis and the *New York Times*. New York: Random House. 322 pp. \$6.95.

SNCC. Howard Zinn. Boston: Beacon Press. 246 pp. \$4.95.

The late W. J. Cash, in his incomparable *Mind Of The South*, concluded 25 years ago that the basic flaw in Southern character was "too great attachment to racial values and a tendency to justify cruelty and injustice in the name of those values."

These two new documentaries on the civil rights struggle are a testimony to the soundness of Cash's prophecy. But further, they reveal another dimension of the South which even the perceptive Cash failed to discover; that is, a determination on the part of the Negro of sufficient intensity to prevail against overwhelming adversity.

The two books are essentially the weaving together of countless acts of personal courage—sometimes small, sometimes great, often unnoticed—which all add up to "the Second American Revolution," the appropriate subtitle of Lewis' book. No one can fail to be moved by such examples as a little girl making her way to school through a corridor formed by a jeering mob, an aged sharecropper in Mississippi risking his last shred of security in the twilight of his life merely to assert his right to vote, a white judge whose reward for upholding the Constitution is having garbage dumped onto the grave of a beloved son.

Anthony Lewis, who covers the Supreme Court masterfully for the *New York Times*, has compiled the major news stories of the civil rights struggle from 1954 to 1964.

Interspersed in the running news accounts are illuminating commentaries on the subtleties of the racial conflict by such figures as Martin Luther King, Jr., Hodding Carter, James Baldwin and James Silver.

Lewis adds to this skillful editing job his own brilliant analysis of the legal aspects of civil rights. He gives special attention to what he calls "the lawless course of the law"—illegal arrest on contrived charges, denial of bail, inordinate fines and sentences which the Southern establishment has found so useful in recent years as a device to maintain segregation.

The result of his efforts is the first comprehensive work which binds together all the legal, moral and human problems of desegregation into a single, neat package.

Lewis concludes that the tenacity of Negroes coupled with the resoluteness of the federal judiciary has produced major gains in freedom not only for Negroes but for all citizens. He sums it up this way:

The efforts of Alabama to discover the membership of the NAACP and suppress its activities led to landmark decisions in support of freedom of association. South Carolina's refusal to let Negroes carry on a protest march outside the legislature brought new safeguards for free speech.

The award of five hundred thousand dollars by Alabama jurors and judges in the *New York Times* libel case resulted in a historic advance of freedom of the press—a new rule that a newspaper (or anyone) may criticize public officials without fear of libel unless the criticism is deliberately malicious.

Finally, he suggests, the Supreme Court's invalidation of an Alabama law designed to gerrymander Negro voters out of the city of Tuskegee was the first step which eventually led to the historic decisions on apportionment of state legislatures.

Dr. Howard Zinn's *SNCC* is a nice complement to the Lewis book in that its author, professor of government at Boston University, explores in depth the driving motivations of the young men and women of the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee—civil rights activists who have taken the struggle to the remotest outposts, the farms and hamlets of Mississippi.

Zinn uses excerpts from the diaries of SNCC members much as Lewis uses the news stories. The students relate in intimate terms their personal experiences in sweatboxes of Mississippi jails, beatings at the hands of mobs and law-enforcement officers alike, withering barrages of vilification and hostility from intractable segregationists.

Lewis and Zinn are in harmony for the most part, but they part company on the role of the federal government in the civil rights struggle. Lewis believes the federal government is genuinely sympathetic to the Negro and is committed to improving his lot. Zinn, on the other hand, sees the



Justice Department as "a bottomless, bucketless well" which is often more solicitous of segregationist politicians than Negro rights.

Dr. Zinn and the SNCC workers are understandably outraged when Southern sheriffs routinely make illegal arrests before the very eyes of Justice Department lawyers and F.B.I. agents. But his despair leads him to advance radical approaches which are socially questionable (such as the establishment of a federal police force), politically naive (such as scrapping the system of senatorial recommendation of federal judges) and legally revolutionary (such as enjoining the Attorney General to require him to take vigorous legal action in the civil rights field).

Moreover, his disillusionment is not fully justified by the facts as revealed in Lewis' book.

There is little reason to believe that Negroes will not win their struggle within the basic framework of our political and social institutions. One can take much comfort in the knowledge that reporters of Claude Sitton's stature are daily relating on the front pages of our nation's press the events that transpire in the dark hinterlands of Mississippi. The cry for justice is heard throughout the land and America is responding—perhaps not to the satisfaction of all, but surely with more resolution than ever before in our history.

---

© Copyright 1965. *Hadassah Magazine*

---

## Nieman Selection Committee 1965-66

Harvard University has appointed its Selection Committee for Nieman Fellowships for 1965-66. The committee:

Henry R. Gemmill, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*.

Sylvan H. Meyer, Editor of the Gainsville, Georgia, *Times*.

Paul Ringler, Editorial Editor of the Milwaukee *Journal*.

John U. Monro, Dean of Harvard College.

William M. Pinkerton, News Officer of Harvard.

Dwight E. Sargent, Curator of the Nieman Fellowships.

They will award up to 12 fellowships to news men from applications received before April 15. The fellowships cover the academic year opening in September.

The Nieman Fellowships provide for one year of residence at Harvard University for news men on leaves from their jobs for background studies. Applicants must have at least three years of news work and be under 40.

This will be the 28th annual group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard. The Fellowships were started in 1938 under a bequest from Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of the Milwaukee *Journal*.

## Roy W. Howard: A Fighter for What He Believed In

By Louis B. Seltzer

(from the *ASNE Bulletin*)

Roy Howard reminded me of a preacher. He used the same words usually delivered from the pulpit. He rearranged them, however, to suit his own purposes.

In one other respect Roy resembled the sky pilot. He invariably had both chapter and verse upon which he based his eloquent sermon.

I know. I was on the receiving end of many. They burned into my very journalistic soul. As they were intended to.

You don't talk back to the average minister. You could always talk back to Roy. If you didn't you lost stature with him.

My first meeting with Roy was in the Cleveland *Press* office. He came to town with E. W. Scripps, the founder of *The Penny Press*, from which ultimately the Scripps-Howard Newspapers blossomed.

To meet one was enough. To meet both of these celebrated journalists was more than a novice in the business could tolerate in a single working day. And both talked to me. It was like Jupiter and Thor descending from their ethereal altitude to talk to a mere mortal. Both asked me questions ordinarily reserved for a prosecuting attorney. They both looked sharply into my cerebral receptacle. I never did know what they found. They both wore poker faces. But I did have a feeling I was being "cased." It turned out I was right.

In the 36 years during which I have edited the Cleveland *Press* the number of occasions when Roy Howard and myself (as was true of virtually every other editor in the concern) stood toe to toe was infinite.

Allowing for prudent editing, out of consideration for the ineffably tender sensibilities of ASNE Bulletin readers, Roy would start out by inquiring, tenderly and solicitously:

"Have you suddenly taken complete leave of what might pass for your mind?"

That would start it. He would then document the initial assertion by citing either a questionable display, a trend in the paper's typography, some oversight, some journalistic inadvertence—something that his perspicacious mind had detected but which you and your associates had left uncovered. Like, for example, first base with the pitcher throwing the ball right at it.

You were lucky if you had a plausible explanation. You were out of luck if you didn't. If it was a matter of judgment and you stood up to it, he would, after he got off of his chest some language as brilliantly matched as his sartorial habiliments, listen attentively. If he felt you were right, he would say so, and say it with a broad smile. If not, he would stay hitched to his original premise.

What I am trying to say in the space

allotted to me, and I wish it were much more, is that Roy Howard was a fighter for what he believed in, in or out of our profession, on big matters and small matters—an all-out, no-holds-barred fighter, and you had better be prepared for it.

When it was all over, and Roy had had his say, and you had had yours—as always you did—he called it quits, went on to another subject just as sweetly and serenely as if nothing untoward had happened at all. He never held a good fight or a good argument against you. He wanted to say what he had to say. He wanted you also to have that same opportunity.

Thus, what I really want to say in tribute to Roy Howard is that, I, like everybody else who ever worked alongside Roy, for, or with him, is the better for the experience. He brought out of you the utmost within you. He put something into you by that process—which I always suspected was the reason for employing it.

Roy Howard compelled me to reach way down inside myself for everything I had. I needed it. He did it often enough so that it became a lifetime habit.

Everybody who ever brushed with Roy could say the same thing. The RWH alumni, seared, scarred, goaded, is a fiercely loyal and proud alumni because he strengthened, disciplined, put sand in your soul, and made you a better man for it.

## Kent Cooper: Mr. AP

(New York *Herald Tribune* editorial)

To some it may seem strange that a newspaperman should be a dreamer, yet the secret of the success of Kent Cooper, one of the journalistic giants of our time, was that "he dreamed dreams; then he made them come true." That was the judgment of another towering figure of journalism, the late Roy Howard. The stories of the two great news agencies of the United States and the world can be told in good part in terms of the lives of these two rival, yet friendly, fellow Hoosiers.

It was Kent Cooper's lively imagination which kept him ahead of the news (and, he liked to think, ahead of the United Press) so that when it broke, his organization was ready to move it with the speed of sound to the four corners of the world. And it was Kent Cooper who carried The Associated Press to the four corners of the world. He raised it from a small

agency, originally dependent for its domestic news on member American papers and for its foreign news on a British agency, into the vast, independent enterprise that it is today.

While occupied with building an empire, linked by the new techniques in communications he introduced, "KC" never lost sight of the central heart of his profession—the news story—and the newspapermen who got it and wrote it. On these and through these the imprint of Kent Cooper, Mr. AP, will endure.

# Nieman Notes

1940

At the thirty-first annual meeting of the Associated Press Managing Editors in Phoenix, **William B. Dickinson** of the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, *Bulletin*, moved up from secretary to vice president of the association. Dickinson was instrumental in proposing and developing the Associated Press Staffer Awards, the first of which were awarded at this November's convention.

1941

**Alexander Kendrick**, has returned to the United States from his post as correspondent in London to be correspondent and news analyst for CBS radio and television.

**William J. Miller**, formerly a staff writer and editor at *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* and one time Editorial Page Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has been named vice president for public relations of Federated Department Stores, Inc.

1942

**Neil O. Davis**, publisher and editor of the Auburn, Alabama, *Lee County Bulletin*, has purchased the Tuskegee, Alabama, *News*.

1945

**Charles A. Wagner** is the newly elected executive secretary of The Poetry Society of America, in which position he will be putting out the Society's monthly *Bulletin*.

1949

**Peter Lisagor**, Washington bureau chief for the Chicago *Daily News*, has been awarded a special "Lyndon Johnson purple heart" for injuries sustained during a Presidential press conference last Fall. Lisagor walked into a lamp post.

1953

Associate Nieman Fellow **Ross Sayers** has been appointed editor of the Auckland *Star* on the eve of a three months' trip to the United States, beginning in March.

1954

**Douglas Leiterman**, executive producer of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Toronto, is now producing a public affairs program every Sunday night from 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. **Robert Hoyt** is a frequent contributor of commentaries and special interviews for the show.

1955

**Mort Stern** has been promoted from editor of the editorial page to assistant to the publisher of the Denver *Post*.

1957

*Portrait of a Decade: The Second American Revolution*, by **Tony Lewis** and the New York *Times*, has recently been published by Random House. It is reviewed elsewhere in this issue of *Nieman Reports*.

1959

**Norman A. Cherniss**, editor of the editorial pages of the Riverside, California, *Press* and *Daily Enterprise*, has been appointed lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles for the Spring semester. He will conduct a graduate seminar in the university's department of journalism.

**Howard Simons**, of the Washington *Post*, has been awarded the 1964 American Association for the Advancement of Science-Westinghouse Science Writing Award for his stories on the Samos satellite, cybernetics in Russia and the Planet Jupiter. Simons is the second person to receive the \$1000 award twice, having previously won it in 1962. He also won a 1964 Aviation-Space Writers Award and received honorable mention in the 1964 Raymond Clapper Memorial Award.

Houghton Mifflin is publishing **Wallace Turner's Gamblers' Money** this month. It is an exhaustive study of gambling in the United States, especially in Las Vegas. Turner is head of the New York *Times* San Francisco bureau and winner of a Pulitzer Prize and two Heywood Broun Awards.

1964

**Roy Reed** has been appointed New York *Times* southern correspondent, taking the place of Claude Sitton. Reed was formerly with the Arkansas *Gazette*.

## Louis Lyons On Tour

In the course of their travels in Asia, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lyons have had occasion to meet with a number of Niemans and Associates. They report the following Asian reunions:

January 6, in Delhi: Selig Harrison, G. K. Reddy of the *Times* of India, K. R. Malkani of the *Organizer*, and Chanchal Sarkar, the director of the India Press Institute;

February 5, in Singapore: Francis Wong of the *Straits Times*;

February 13, in Saigon: Keyes Beech, Pepper Martin, Nguyen Thai, Mrs. Thai, François Sully, and Stanley Karnow;

February 15, in Hong Kong: Mr. and Mrs. Karnow, Sully, Pun, and Pang;

February 27, in Tokyo: Mr. and Mrs. Gerold Shechter, Mrs. Keyes Beech, Mrs. Pepper Martin, Hisashi Maeda of the Ashi Shimbun, Kasuo Kuroda of the Manichi Shimbun, and Michinobu Shieakawa of the Kyodo News Agency.

## Letter to the Editor

Sir:

University of North Carolina Journalism School Wayne Danielson *did* work on a newspaper. He was a reporter on the San Jose, Calif., Mercury and News. It was not long, because his academic career, going from A.B. to Ph.D. and up to professorial ranks to Dean at the age of 34; but the News and Observer's editorial comment that Danielson hasn't worked on a newspaper is not correct.

Yours,

Pete Ivey

Director

News Bureau

University of North Carolina

coming in June *Nieman Reports*

# Most Books Aren't Worth Reading

By Hoke Norris

Literary Critic, Chicago *Sun-Times*