

# **NiemanReports**

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## **The Story of the IAPA Lee Hills**

### **The Sage of Emporia**

W. L. White

### **A Proxy from the Public**

Roger Tatarian

### **Press-Bar Moratorium Urged**

Clayton Kirkpatrick

### **The Reporter and the Power Structure**

Peter B. Clark

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—Dwight E. Sargent, Editor—

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## Press-Bar Moratorium Urged

By Clayton Kirkpatrick

I would like to urge a moratorium on the great debate between editors and lawyers over "Free Press-Fair Trial." It has been raging for five years. It has caused the outpouring of millions of words. It has created countless sources of irritation between news reporters and the courts.

In addition to a moratorium, I would like to suggest a project, a joint project by press and bar to improve the quality of justice. The latest available statistics from Cook county suggest that this project should have a high priority. More about this later.

The debate over free press-fair trial has corrected some abuses. It has encouraged others. Whatever constructive results that might be expected to come from it have been accomplished. To continue it further would simply invite full-scale warfare between the news media and the bench and bar.

The news media—a notoriously diverse group—have become pretty well united in resisting attempts to limit constitutional guarantees of free expression.

The American Bar Association first started firing its barrages against newspapers and broadcasters thru its Advisory Committee on Free Press and Fair Trial headed by Justice Paul C. Reardon of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in 1966.

The first reaction from the press was a partial plea of guilty and a promise to do better. Editors acknowledged that some sins had been committed against fairness and justice in some criminal cases. There was no glossing the excesses of the first Sheppard trial of 1954.

Following the publication of Justice Reardon's preliminary report there was a multiplicity of court orders, executive directives, and official guidelines designed to restrict information about the administration of justice. Judges attempted—and frequently succeeded—in suppressing news

(Continued on page 20)

# The Story of the IAPA

By Lee Hills

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**Mr. Hills** is president and executive editor of Knight Newspapers, Inc., and immediate past president of the Inter American Press Association. He is also a former president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Delta Chi, and the Associated Press Managing Editors Association.

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We journalists in the United States are often tempted, I think, to believe that the fight for freedom of the press is over and that we have won.

Consistently, these days, our courts are ruling in favor of concepts of press liberty freer than ever before of legal shackles and restrictions. More and more states are adding laws to protect newspapers and reporters against coercion, intimidation and source disclosure. Even the campaign for greater freedom of information is progressing, though much remains to be done.

So the temptation to conclude that the war is over is understandable, but it must nevertheless be resisted. Perhaps Chicago will be valuable for the memory it leaves with us: Proof that freedom of the press, like all freedoms, exists only so long as we are capable of defending it.

Despite the Chicago experience, freedom of the press exists in the United States to a greater degree than virtually anywhere else in the world. In this atmosphere, it is not surprising that few of us are familiar with the Inter Ameri-

can Press Association, known to its friends as IAPA or "Yapa."

Perhaps the best introduction to I-A-P-A is to acknowledge to you that there are newspapermen in the Western Hemisphere today who are indebted to IAPA for their newspapers, their freedom and, in some cases, for their very lives. If that sounds dramatic, let me assure you that it is no more than the truth.

Despite its relative anonymity, IAPA has an impressive string of accomplishments.

1. IAPA is beyond doubt the most effective international group fighting to maintain and advance freedom of the press.

2. IAPA originated the concept of an inter-American professional organization, self-sufficient, unencumbered by government, and living off its own resources. No other profession has tried this and made it work so well.

3. IAPA is largely responsible for the fact that the Western Hemisphere is the one region of the world whose people—96 percent of them—have been living under varying conditions of press freedom. When I say "varying" I have in mind that less than 45 percent of the people of the world enjoy any real vestige of freedom.

4. IAPA has openly fought for the freedom of newsmen tyrannized by dictators such as Argentina's Peron, Trujillo of Santo Domingo, Colombia's Rojas Pinilla, Haiti's notorious "Papa Duvalier," and many other enemies of liberty.

5. IAPA created a Technical Center, a Scholarship Fund and other services to help raise the newspaper standards, mechanical and editorial, of Latin America. As standards rise, so does the independence of the press.

The achievements of the Technical Center alone are worth special mention.

Created as a non-profit organization almost seven years ago, the center is the forum for the exchange of information, ideas and friendships which form the core of IAPA's efforts. Its chief task is to bring together working newspapermen from throughout the hemisphere to share equally in the development of newsgathering techniques and production technology. Seminars and round table meetings have been held in the United States and eight Latin American countries, in which more than 800 news executives have participated. The center offers a consulting service for Latin American newspapers and has published a series of books, monthly bulletins and the only complete Spanish language style manual available.

Growth of the IAPA has been slow. Could you imagine the Associated Press Managing Editors Association or the American Society of Newspaper Editors enduring, much less existing, if they had the bitter opposition of a militaristic national government?

When, however, IAPA's General Assembly met last October in Buenos Aires, I was happy to report that we had more than 1,000 publications and individuals on our membership rolls, a gain of 200 in one year and of 400 in five years. Certainly these inter-Americans cannot be intimidated.

Taken together, these publications have a circulation of 50 million copies daily. Most of them espouse freedom. This is a powerful voice.

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Yet we must look at the dark side of our rediscovered moon of hemispheric liberty. So soon after the exhilaration of the Argentine meeting we find freedom under attack on new fronts. Three of every four Latin Americans now live under some kind of military rule, sometimes benign but in theory always potentially repressive. Anyone can tick off the countries. But in every one of them the IAPA presence for freedom is being felt.

Since 1930 there have been 39 military coups in Latin America. Some of them have been engineered by officers trained—supposedly in democratic ways—by the United States. A third of these coups have occurred since the Alliance for Progress got shakily off the ground in 1961, leaving behind it a doubt that now is growing because of suspicions of the Alliance's eventual failure.

We cannot judge Latin America, if indeed we should sit in any kind of judgment, by our own standards. A good

example is Brazil. President Arthur da Costa e Silva, who ousted the extreme left wing Goulart in 1964, is a moderate who in December, 1968, lost control to radical, hard-line younger officers. They forced him to suspend congress, arrest political critics and some journalists, and introduce the trappings of dictatorship without, perhaps, fancying them himself.

These hard-line officers fear the press and are in awe of its power. They have confiscated newspapers and jailed their editors. They currently enforce an enigmatic "self-censorship" that has destroyed the freedom of the press in Brazil.

Leading Brazilian editors who oppose military dictatorship are considered "subversive." They have been arrested and subjected to prolonged and repeated interrogations. In the course of the interrogations the officers conducting them have often displayed a tragically simplistic view of the press. "In the past year your newspaper has published one or more editorials generally favorable to . . . the U.S. . . . West Germany . . . Israel . . . Russia. Were you paid to publish these editorials by . . . the U.S. . . . West Germany . . . Israel . . . Russia?"

When I talked with President Costa e Silva in Rio de Janeiro in late October he assured me there would be no infringement of press liberties. Yet that has occurred as the military dictatorship lets itself be drawn into political excesses alien to Brazil.

In Argentina, a nation of such great economic potential that its lack of leadership moves one almost to tears, there is yet no real recovery from the rapacious dictatorship of Gen. Peron. To a degree, however, Lt. Gen. Juan Carlos Onganía has brought the country back from ruinous inflation and is establishing some stability. So far, he has tolerated a free press and open criticism, something relatively rare among the outcroppings of military dictatorship in the last decade.

The Argentine press is free, but cautious. And the warning flags are flying. A recent law decreed by the Onganía regime despite widespread opposition from responsible public opinion calls for prior censorship of films.

Under the guise of protecting the public from "immoral" movies, government-appointed censors can ban any film on moral, social or political grounds. The editorial comment of one Argentine magazine was typical of press opposition to the law. The magazine termed the law "a bold and dangerous advance against the freedom of expression."

In Peru, too, the press lives under the cloud of a military dictatorship born last October even as we were meeting in Buenos Aires. Criticism of the government is tolerated in Peru, but not encouraged. An example comes from the editor of a moderately left magazine who was jailed for twitting the generals and questioned by a military officer.

"I tried to talk about the importance of a free press, the



press as the fourth branch of government," the editor said after his release. "He reminded me that now Peru has only one branch of government."

Last October's second coup occurred in Panama, where the National Guard overthrew an elected government on its 12th day in office. One of the Guard's first actions after taking power was to crudely, and completely, censor the press. The Panamanian press now functions under "Guidelines" published by the National Guard. One of the "guidelines" warns editors "there shall be no insinuations that there is censorship." Editors are "asked" to observe the "guidelines," and one of the "guidelines" says: "This is the last time you will be asked to cooperate."

In much of Latin America today—too much—freedom of the press is as vulnerable as democracy. Newsmen in a number of countries ruefully share the views of a Peruvian editor who observed "It's easy to militarize the civilians. It takes longer to civilize the military."

Cuba, of course, is a special and most tragic case of its own. Avowedly a Communist nation under Castro's dictatorship, its control of the Cuban press is complete. Ten years after Castro's ascendancy, many Cuban newspapermen still languish in Cuba's jails. Against the absolute tyranny of Castro, pressure from IAPA seems to be of little help but the task of rallying and maintaining public opinion against his oppressive measures continues to have top priority in our efforts.

These are just examples of what is happening in Latin America, and particularly in South America. People seem to be willing at length to accept limitations on their democratic freedoms in return for some economic well-being.

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In Latin America as elsewhere when you come right down to it, the best test of a working democracy is freedom of the press. Or, as American newsmen are more fond of calling it, freedom of information—the people's right to know.

The conservative and strongly nationalistic military regimes of Latin America believe they must maintain the status quo, protecting it against the discontent of youth who are reacting there as elsewhere in the restless search for some special identity.

The dangers to a free press in this kinetic atmosphere thus are obvious. Even in Chicago, newsmen were clubbed. It is no surprise that they are the first to be jailed in any political uprising. It was the elimination of press censorship by Alexander Dubcek in Czechoslovakia that, paradoxically, led to the Soviet occupation. Far from lying down, the Czech newspapers lambasted their Soviet neighbors and compelled the Kremlin to move against them.

We all know that the Russian game in the East is a

loser. When young Czechs immolate themselves by fire, we sense the depths of the desire for freedom and the certainty that it will be achieved.

The urge for freedom is even stronger in Latin America. That is why I want to tell you the story of the Inter American Press Association which I mentioned in the beginning.

Bear in mind that IAPA was not always robust, or effective, or independent. At the outset it was pitifully weak.

One of the most inspiring stories in the book of journalistic freedom is how it became, overnight, sinewy and strong. That transformation is one reason why I believe that other Latin American countries will not go the way of Cuba, and why I think that the flourishing new military regimes south of the border are less likely to follow the totalitarian footsteps of the Perons and the Trujillos.

Mary A. Gardner in her book on IAPA tells how the "First Pan American Congress of Journalists" meeting in Washington in 1926 called for creation of a permanent inter-American organization.

Sixteen years later the Mexican government organized and financed the next meeting, in Mexico City in 1942, with Communists trying to manipulate the sessions. Few journalists attended from the U.S.

A permanent organization was established at the Second Pan American Congress in Havana in 1943, and it was given the Spanish name we still carry, Sociedad Interamericana de Prensa.

From its very start the old SIP was infiltrated by Communists. They were particularly strong in the executive committee.

Only 12 United States publications sent delegates. These included Tom Wallace, Julio Garzon, Eugene B. Mirovitch, William P. Carney, Herbert Corn, Ralph McGill, Robert U. Brown and myself.

We were fascinated but dismayed by the proceedings. Cuba and Mexico were then the centers of Communist power in Latin America, and between them sent delegates from 130 publications. The Cuban government paid all the bills. Delegations sat and voted by countries. Many of the delegates were not journalists, but simply propagandists.

Numerous resolutions were strictly political, having nothing to do with the press. The Communist thrust was openly directed at the United States. The enthusiasm of Latin American newspapermen for an inter-American organization was obvious, however, and the dedicated work of Tom Wallace, Farris Flint, Joshua Powers and a few others made possible the new IAPA which later emerged.

The reaction began in 1945 at the Caracas congress against the way the SIP was constituted—political, non-professional, government-subsidized, Communist-infiltrated. The revolt grew at the 1946 Bogota meeting and jelled into action in Quito in 1949. With the aggressive backing of North Ameri-

cans and a group of influential Latin American publishers, the Quito congress voted to reorganize the association.

This was done at an historic meeting in New York in 1950 which changed the basic character of IAPA, made it totally independent, sustained entirely by dues of its own members. For the first time it occupied itself predominantly with freedom of the press. This marked the end of government-sponsored congresses. The freedom of the press report that year denounced repressive measures against the press in 15 nations in the Americas.

Thus the Western Hemisphere learned a classic lesson in the frustration of Communist intrigue. The reorganized IAPA, its treasury empty and limited in membership, had a tough new start from scratch. The struggle against Communist infiltration had sapped its strength.

It needed the prestige and financial support of United States publications, and most of them were not interested. Clearly, IAPA needed a cause.

Suddenly, it was handed one by Juan Domingo Peron in 1951. Peron harassed, closed and finally expropriated the great newspaper *La Prensa* in Buenos Aires. Its widely revered publisher, Alberto Gainza Paz, escaped into exile in Uruguay.

A number of leading United States newspapers joined IAPA and helped rally public opinion in the hemisphere against Peron. As a result, IAPA gained enough strength to hand Peron his first defeat in the international field.

This came at the annual meeting of IAPA in Montevideo in October, 1951, only a few months after *La Prensa's* confiscation. Peron sent a delegation of 53, more than half the total attendance. Only 16 came from the United States.

The Peronistas applied for membership and tried to take over the meeting. Many of them wore guns into the meetings. The Board of Directors refused to be intimidated. It rejected all but 10 of the Argentine applications on the grounds that their newspapers were not democratic.

With that, the Peronistas stormed out en masse along with eight other Latin Americans. They announced that they would form a Latin American Press Association, but it never got off the ground.

Press freedom was at a low ebb in Latin America during this period, and dictators were riding high. The re-born IAPA took them on, in country after country. It marshalled public opinion with a vigor that caused growing alarm among the dictators. They reacted with violent attacks on the IAPA.

After their defeat in Montevideo, Peron's bully-boys wrote a 437-page book assailing IAPA. The late Demetrio Canelas, of *Los Tiempos*, Cochabamba, Bolivia, saw his newspaper destroyed by government-inspired mobs, and then he was thrown in prison and threatened with execution

as a traitor for not bowing editorially to the government. IAPA protests saved him.

Canelas thus expressed his gratitude: "I owe not only my freedom but my life to the Inter American Press Association." And so we have our theme.

IAPA has helped extract other editors and publishers from prison. It has fought to reopen newspapers closed by tyrants. It has aided in restoring confiscated newspapers to their rightful owners. Perhaps it has saved other lives.

Besides *La Prensa* of Argentina and *Los Tiempos* of Bolivia, the successful freedom campaigns include those for Pedro Joaquin Chamorro of *La Prensa* of Managua, Nicaragua; the late Hernan Robledo of *La Flecha*, also of Managua; *El Intransigente* of Salta, Argentina, and its editor-publisher David Michel Torino, also dead now; *El Tiempo* and *El Espectador* of Bogota; *El Comercio* of Quito; *La Prensa* of Lima and *El Imparcial* of Guatemala.

The IAPA cannot take credit for Peron's fall in 1955, but it has played a major role in creating the public opinion that helped topple dictatorships, and it can take credit for the return of newspapers to their legitimate owners.

The association protests every restriction of freedom of the press. This may consist of suppression of free newspapers, their direct or indirect control by a government, the imprisonment or arrest of newspapermen, official subsidies, discrimination in the release of news, the existence of official news agencies, any interference in the management's freedom to run a newspaper, discriminatory taxes, government control of newsprint imports or sales, or any other restrictive measures.

It is difficult for a North American to have the same appreciation of these efforts as do the Latin Americans. And the courage of our Latin colleagues in fighting for the principles of freedom is something we are not called upon to match.

As one friend said, "If they are willing to go to jail for freedom of the press, the least we can do is to give them moral and financial support through the IAPA."

Pedro Beltran of *La Prensa*, Lima, who was thrown into Peru's equivalent of Alcatraz and was freed through the help of IAPA, put it this way:

"I wonder whether those of you who have not seen this sort of thing at close range understand the great significance of IAPA and the place it will hold in history when the story of the democratization of the Americas is told. When a government stamps out liberty, when it closes newspapers and denies freedom of expression, the voices from the outside, the voice of an authorized institution like the IAPA, open up new possibilities of hope; we have seen this clearly in Peru.

"I would even say . . . that if it had not been for the

invaluable help of the IAPA there would not be a regime of freedom today in my country, nor would I be here addressing you." Sr. Beltran is former prime minister of Peru, and a former president of IAPA.

While the IAPA's front line has been in Latin America, it does not hesitate to skirmish in the United States against recurrent attempts to muzzle the domestic press.

For example, it opposes the Reardon report and other proposals which would unduly restrict crime and court reporting. It fights vigorously against secrecy in governmental operations and any move that would deny citizens the right to information.

Perhaps the most powerful, and certainly the most newsworthy, arm of IAPA is its Freedom of Press Committee. Today it is opposing the resurgent censorship in Brazil, the confiscation of newspapers—including *The Miami Herald* and *The New York Times*—in Panama, a proposal to punish legislative reporters in the Bahamas if their stories are not to the liking of parliament, the harassment of reporters by travel restrictions and deportation, and censorship in Cuba and Haiti.

IAPA's Freedom of the Press Committee is keeping an eye on recurrent proposals to tax newsprint, printing machinery and other instruments of a free press. One of the new weapons of this committee, initiated in my term as IAPA president, is what might be called the task force operation. The task force is sent into countries where there is a press

freedom problem. It investigates the dimensions of this problem and consults respectfully with the authorities. Commissions have visited Guatemala, Honduras, which restored freedom of the press shortly after the visit; Panama, Brazil, and Paraguay, where long-time restrictions on the press recently were lifted.

In the meantime the committee operates through a regional vice chairman and members who immediately notify our New York headquarters at the first sign of censorship or violation of the freedom of the press. Often the Freedom of Press Committee takes over from there and the matter is quickly ended without fanfare.

For North Americans complacent in the freest society in the world, few stop to think that this takes courage. The honor role of Latin Americans who have gone to jail and even to torture for their beliefs is long. The honest North American cannot but admit that the dedication of these brave men is almost beyond belief.

Sometimes suffering much, they have accomplished even more. Inch by desperate inch, the Western Hemisphere is yielding to the fact of life that only truth can make and keep it free.

We have far, far to go in the quest with the brave banner, "The People's Right to Know." But it is being held strongly aloft. It is the guidon of freedom. In good time it must dominate the battlefield of the human mind.

# The Reporter and the Power Structure

By Peter B. Clark

This paper will make some blunt assertions and broad generalizations about the content of American journalism. I cannot expect you simply to accept them. Some may anger you. But the purpose of education, after all, is not to convince but to stimulate each person to develop his own convictions. If my remarks produce some debate among you, and cause your convictions to be formed a trifle more independently, then I shall have achieved my purpose.

The basic argument can be quite simply stated: The writings of most American journalists are informed by explicit or implicit criticism of powerful men and powerful institutions. We often blame them for our troubles. But in the last two decades, some of the wrong men and institutions have been labeled powerful, while some really powerful ones went unnoticed. We have missed real targets as we flailed away at stereotypes. Thus, I submit, our journalism has misled parts of the public as well as ourselves. On the political left, we have encouraged substantial doubts about many American institutions. On the political right, we have caused an angry minority to distrust all journalism.

## I

We must start where we shall end, with the newsman's perceptions and attitudes.

Each time an editor decides that an event merits assigning a reporter, each time a reporter asks a question, each time a writer emphasizes one fact over another, we say that a "news judgment" has been made.

Many news judgments are of the man-bites-dog sort. That is, if an event is unusual, if it is statistically improbable, it

is by definition "newsworthy." The more improbable, the more newsworthy. (A reporter who consistently writes up routine events will become either unemployed or a sociologist.)

But we suspect that, when making a news judgment, a newsman also often asks himself: Is subject A *more important than* subject B? Will ignorance of subject A *injure people*? Is group X treating subject A *wrongly*? These questions all imply value judgments; they are guided by some *moral code*.

Often a triggering event violates somebody's moral code—either the newsman's moral code or the community's moral code. Something happens which is believed to be dangerous, or evil, or wrong, or unfair. That is news. It might be called the man-kicks-dog variety. (An opposite and less frequent story form is triggered by an event which is believed to be congruent with someone's moral code: an event which is beautiful, or honorable, or otherwise good. It might be called the man-pats-dog story. One could learn much about a society by studying the comparative frequency of the two forms over long periods of time.)

This kind of news judgment, with a clearly implied moral content, usually takes the form of criticism of someone or something.

Morally charged criticism is both humanly necessary and journalistically desirable. Some of the most forceful and most readable reporting has been done by enthused, angry, even passionate writers criticizing some aspect of society. This was certainly true of the "muckraker" era of reporting. It is still true today, when we work in an atmosphere

of extravagant criticism of all institutions, and when "the establishment"—whatever that is—is everyman's whipping boy.

One fundamental American moral premise is that any power over the destinies of others is always subject to question and that excessive power is evil. This is also a moral premise of American journalism. We believe it is good to criticize power and the powerful. Moreover, the public relishes exposés and critiques of men it supposes wield vast economic, military, or especially nowadays, political power. Popular journalism and the moral code reinforce each other.

Journalism which criticizes power and the powerful is essential to a free, open society. One of free journalism's basic political functions is to provide a supra-constitutional check upon power-holders, public and private. To identify and, when appropriate, to criticize or even to ridicule the man of power produces a degree of humility that might not otherwise exist. To describe the man of power in all his human detail (and hence all his possible moral ugliness) prevents excessive awe and adulation. The child who saw and reported that "the Emperor wore no clothes" was in the best tradition of American journalism.

But I submit that since World War II many journalists have been criticizing false emperors, while the real ones got away unscathed. Many journalists have assumed a power structure and populated it with characters appropriate to the 1930's. While our country—and the distribution of power in it—has changed significantly since World War II, many of us continue to think and write in the social clichés of the 1930's.

Thus, the critical journalistic microscope continues to focus mostly upon business tycoons; celebrities from entertainment, sports, and politics (these categories sometimes blur together); high ranking military officers; police officials; certain elected politicians (especially those remaining few with "machine" backgrounds); and to a growing extent in this decade, labor leaders, and that new group, "the military-industrial complex."

Such people are obviously not powerless. In many cases, they may be the most powerful people (in whatever sense you wish to define power). However, this list is a grievously incomplete constellation of powerholders. It is not enough to permit us or our audiences to understand what is going on.

Basic changes have occurred in the past twenty years and have raised to power entirely new categories of Americans. The most significant new categories include: 1) college and university professors, 2) career government officials in all levels of government (I shall call them bureaucrats), and 3) certain journalists themselves, notably television commentators, TV producers, TV news editors, magazine editors, and newspaper columnists.

## II

In the time available, I cannot prove these changes in power. I can merely assert that both social science and journalism exaggerate the power of what I shall call "the men of old power" (my first list). Conversely, the growing power of "the new men"—as C. P. Snow has called some of them—has been overlooked.

The basis for the new power is information, not money or force. As governments expand in size, in budgets, and in technical and administrative complexity, more and more detailed decisions are delegated to career experts with specialized training. Bureaucrats, in Max Weber's ideal-typical sense, possess near-monopolies of indispensable information. Nobody except the bureaucrats knows how to run the government anymore. In a sense, only they know where the switches are. They control the flow of information inside government. And they know the special bureaucratic skill of delaying or vetoing decisions that other people want—in order to bargain for decisions they themselves want.

Power based upon information is shared by other "new power men" as well. While the bureaucrats control the detailed application of knowledge, professors generate much of the new knowledge, and newsmen distribute it to the public and influence the relative popularity of this or that aspect of it.

People rely more upon newsmen's perceptions in an increasingly impersonal and divided society in which they rely less upon each other. For millions of people, television has stimulated a consciousness of news for the first time.

During the last twenty years, the professor, the journalist, and the bureaucrat have gained moral influence while the formal church has lost it. Taken as a group, the men of new power establish the fashions in ideas. All now enjoy substantial social status.

By the same token, the men of old power have probably declined in moral influence just as they have lost legal-formal power. Occasional journalistic barbs have spurred this trend along.

Notice that the men of old power head hierarchical organizations. Whatever power they may possess rests largely upon the idea of legal authority over, and through, their organizations. Nowadays the idea of formal authority is much corroded. The power of property has also been strikingly constrained even since the 1930's. The propriety of simple physical coercion has been so greatly reduced that—when it occurs, as at the recent Chicago Democratic Party convention—the public is astounded and deeply shaken.

But the power of information and its control continues to increase. It is not clear whether Mayor Daley, his police, the demonstrators, or the television industry "won" or "lost" the "battle of Chicago." But network television was the



single most powerful factor there, in the sense that it caused the greatest long-run change in attitudes and behavior. Part of television's new power results from the worrisome fact that it is not just an observer of events. As the civil rights movement, the urban riots, the Kennedy and Johnson governments, and the Vietnam War all demonstrate, television has itself become an unintentional but nonetheless direct participant in American public affairs.

Recall one of the most startling events of our time. The American President elected by the largest majority in history was not broken by businessmen, generals, machine politicians or labor leaders. He was forced to abdicate by the continuously applied critical power of his opponents. And who were they? In the beginning, they were some professors, some students, some television people, and some newspapermen. Who held the power there?

Recall that Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson have each testified, almost plaintively, to the obstructive power of the federal bureaucracy. That bureaucracy was almost as impervious to the (quite various) policy changes the Presidents urged as it appears impervious to any average citizen who must do business with it? Who held the power there?

Recall some local events: A tragic riot that no one intended nor could stop, a variety of strikes that many labor leaders wished to avoid, and the quite modest achievements of the highly motivated New Detroit Committee, composed of our top business leaders. Who held the power there?

Consider the "power elite" types who sat as trustees of the great universities, but who were unable either to silence or to satisfy campus unrest. Who held the power there?

Consider the several billions of dollars Congress appropriated to treat urban problems, but whose impact was lost somewhere between the President and the ultimate recipients. Who held the power there?

Yet in many such cases, journalism has criticized the men of old, not new, power.

### III

If I am correct, what difference does it make? I believe it makes a lot of difference. First, excessive or misdirected criticism of government may satisfy the critic and amuse the reader, but it can paralyze government. Second, imbalanced criticism of all institutions may further polarize or fragment American political life.

Excessive criticism is especially unwarranted when it is simply incorrect—that is, when the object of criticism does not have, and cannot get, the formal authority required to solve the problem at hand. Sometimes government fails to achieve results because it *lacks* sufficient power. When we criticize the presumed power-holder for failing to produce, the effect may be to reduce his power still further.

Off-target journalistic criticism can exacerbate problems rather than solve them. For example, many write as if the federal government, or state government, or local government, or big business firms, or *somebody*, has it within their power promptly to "solve" what we call the urban crisis.

Certainly each of these institutions must do everything it can to help.

But given even the best of intentions, the largest of budgets, and the most skilful of executives, it may just be beyond the capability of all these institutions to "solve" the problem in a reasonable period of time. (Our ability to "solve" the problem depends heavily upon what we define the problem to be.) Continuing criticism of the men of old power may simply arouse false hopes and add new and spurious resentments to old and genuine ones.

But I am not arguing here that journalists should let up on the men of old power. *I am arguing for better balance. I am urging that we begin to analyze and, when necessary, to criticize the men of new power.*

We have left many important stories about them unwritten.

How many careful newspaper readers have seen challenging critiques of the immense emotional impact upon millions of Americans (many of whom never regularly read a newspaper) of the daily barrage of television news films showing demonstrations, riots, bloody jungle warfare, disorderly university campuses, and which convey a general atmosphere of chaos?

How many television documentaries have diagnosed that industry's own influence upon American attitudes and political behavior? What have we read of the backgrounds and policy preferences (perhaps biases) of the network television news men?

Who treats the social and political consequences of the enormous postwar college expansion? What newspapers have forcefully discussed what it means to the nation's behavior when we encourage an ever-growing number of professors legitimately to challenge the long-accepted moral values of an ever-growing number of college students?

How many stories trace important government decisions through the bureaucratic labyrinth to expose the frequent gulf between original intent and eventual outcome?

Where are the hard-hitting critiques of the new breed of Defense Department civilian analysts and their decisions? About the men and the premises behind the unsuccessful War on Poverty? About the academic theorists who made the bricks for the foreign policy critics to throw? News-men have treated these subjects, but seldom with real moral force.

Journalism's general failure to challenge the men of new power may have contributed to political polarization. Con-



sider that the men of old power—business executives, military officers, police, and so on—tend to be the folk heroes of the political right and the targets of the left. The men of new power—professors, bureaucrats, writers—tend to be the folk heroes of the left, but targets of the right. When we criticize the first group but simply report the second, the left gains some legitimacy.

On the other hand, the “new” left now joins the right in challenging bureaucrats, media, and, occasionally, professors. In this respect, the “new” left may be, as it claims, more perceptive and more “relevant” than the American left of, say, the 1930’s.

Some readers and viewers have become vaguely aware of these facts. In my opinion, long before Governor George Wallace’s campaign focused and hardened far right-wing resentment against us, some sensible people had become mildly distrustful of much written and electronic journalism. Our sympathies and our antipathies were showing.

Some saw that we do not always practice what we preach.

Some saw that we claim journalistic objectivity, yet while we parsed each Lyndon Johnson sentence for consistency and candor, we seldom did the same to his critics. (How many newspapers have analytically tracked the foreign policy positions of Senator Fulbright, the late Senator Kennedy or, indeed, Walter Lippmann, James Reston, or David Brinkley?)

Some saw that we claim journalistic completeness, yet while we fully reported each urban disturbance, campus happening, and contrived incident, we seldom reported in detail the histories of the people and organizations involved.

Some saw that we claim journalistic license to criticize, but that we were highly selective about whom we criticize. The bias of American journalism is shown by one exception that proves the rule I have suggested: The only bureaucracy that has been widely challenged with genuine passion is the CIA.

Thus, the polarization grows. The left is somewhat reinforced by our journalism. The right is increasingly suspicious. Are we certain that we are serving the center?

#### IV

If I am correct that we have sometimes failed to identify and challenge the men of new power—why have we failed? There are several reasons of differing significance.

1) We are all, to some extent, the prisoners of habit. For example, in college we were told who held the power and many of us have never bothered to ask the question again. The Lynds, and several generations of sociologists who followed, asserted that businessmen held the power. Only in the 1950’s did a few professors, less captivated by sociology but more respectful of history, begin systematically to de-

molish this rather tortured idea. The ideological habits of the 1930’s persist in many places.

2) We are all, to some extent, lazy. It requires disciplined work precisely to define the concepts of power, diligently to gather empirical data about actual cases, and dispassionately to draw conclusions. Few have done this work.

But it is much harder to write a story under severe deadline pressure which traces even a simple government decision through bureaucratic complexity.

It is simpler, and we are more likely to capture our busy audiences, if we explain events in terms of highly visible “bad guys” (and “good guys”) already known to everyone.

But when we personalize stories we risk overlooking complex processes, basic social changes, and the relatively unknown individuals who may be vital to an understanding of government actions. Besides, some bureaucracies are so huge they defy close coverage by even the largest newsgathering organizations.

Thus, reporting bureaucratic processes and placing them in perspective is generally among the things we do worst. (The great success of columns like “Action Line” and “Contact 10,” and interest in the ombudsman idea, show that a method of relating average citizens to the impersonal bureaucracy is very welcome. So far, these deal mostly with local bureaucracies.)

3) We are all, to some extent, deceived by the rhetoric of good intentions. As writers, we tend to attach as much importance to words as to deeds (deeds are harder to discover and report than words—but they are certainly far more important). As practicing moralists (and as idealists who try unsuccessfully to appear cynical) we attach great importance to good intentions. Good intentions are seldom sufficient conditions for good results and may not always be necessary conditions.

The men of old power rarely talk about their good intentions; we should ask ourselves why. The men of new power, however, are often engaged with us in the most earnest discussions about the good works they intend. Why?

4) We are all, to some extent, influenced by the national newsgathering and interpreting system. In the past, before national newswires and then national television networks became so influential, a large number of highly individualistic local newspapers provided a great variety of exclusive facts and unique interpretations.

Now, hard as we work to maintain local initiatives, the networks and the wires and the biggest city newspapers slowly incline American journalism toward a single point of view. The old journalistic diversity—in which the *Emporia Gazette* could swing some weight—has been replaced by the more monolithic perceptions emanating from NBC, CBS, ABC, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, AP, UPI, some news magazines, and the interests and in-

sights of a talented corps of New York and Washington newsmen.

5) We are all, to some extent, more likely to criticize strangers than friends. All college-trained journalists (myself included) are far more likely to have professors, government employees, or other newsmen as close personal friends than corporate presidents, labor leaders, generals, or police chiefs.

The new professions are far more like each other than like the old professions. Our backgrounds, educations, experiences, life-styles, tastes, and basic values are more like those of the new men of power than the old. Thus, we write favorably about our friends (or their friends) but we continue to pick away at the men of old power—armed perhaps with tips, leaks, and insights provided by our friends the men of new power. It is fun to have powerful friends.

But is it good journalism?

(One may speculate that American journalists began their unrelenting criticism of "machine" politicians about the same time that a new generation of college-trained reporters replaced a generation of reporters from a quite different background who had grown up with the "machine" men and were often their close personal friends.)

6) The younger members of our profession are, to some extent, the captives of a consensus. Many young newsmen share a point of view—an unstated similarity of attitudes—about what is good and what is bad, about how people are likely to behave, about how public problems should be defined, and about how best to solve them. This consensus is the understandable product of shared backgrounds and similar experiences. It is the viewpoint of the urban-bred, college-trained, confident of "progress," urbane, mildly idealistic, slightly optimistic, blandly liberal (as that word is used today).

Described in regional terms, the consensus is somewhat more the attitude of the East and North than the West and South. It is more intellectual than practical. It is surely more a reformist middle-class or philanthropic upper-class viewpoint than a skeptical working-class perception.

The consensus seems to assume that we can solve all our problems with: good intentions, education, university trained expertise, rational analysis, earnest conversation, peaceful efforts, and sophisticated compromise.

I do not wish here to challenge the substance of these assumptions. As a purely personal matter, I hope that they are correct, for all of my formal training rested upon them (although not a great deal in my experience has confirmed them). It would be far worse for the nation if our profession shared a pessimistic, cynical, oppressive consensus.

What must be challenged is the very existence of *any* consensus in our profession. Ideally, there should be intense

*disagreement* about fundamentals. There should be no general agreement among us—for A) the newsman's consensus is *not* necessarily the present American consensus, and B) agreements among ourselves can cause us to overlook the obvious.

Consider some cases:

Some journalists expressed surprise at the apparently growing internal disunity within the American political parties—with splinter groups seeking ideological purity rather than electoral victory. Yet James Wilson's book, *The Amateur Democrat*, provides both empirical description and theoretical explanation of party fragmentation in a very rich society which no longer rewards professional politicians.

Some journalists seemed surprised when the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia or when it re-equipped the Vietcong and the Army of North Vietnam. Yet, Adam Ulam's brilliant book, or Nathan Leites' older treatise, or Robert Conquest's recent, impressionistic book, and many other scholarly works, give excellent insights into that complex combination of Russian motive and Bolshevik zeal which explains much of the behavior of the Soviet Union. Is it not troubling that, since 1917, several generations of American journalists have been taken by surprise by repeated cycles of Soviet aggressiveness?

Some journalists seemed surprised at the amount and intensity of the support for Governor George Wallace. Yet a substantial body of academic survey research literature shows that the attitudes he exploited had long existed, waiting for a candidate to come along.

Why did some journalists miss these and other insights? They were available from many sources. I believe the answer is that even within the scholarly world, these particular insights were not part of the general consensus. They did not correspond to what journalists or professors (or bureaucrats) wanted to be true. They were largely overlooked.

## V

The thrust of my argument is that much journalism *has* overlooked the obvious.

The most important events of recent years cannot be understood merely in terms of the men of old power. Nor can urban disturbances, university turmoil, violent opposition to long-standing policies (and in turn the growing reaction against each of these phenomena) be explained merely by hinting that the men of old power "failed to run the system properly" or that they "failed to remake the system." After all, the "system" has endured for many decades. What is new, and what must be explained, is the discontent, the growing strains. The men of old power may have unsuccessfully resisted the strains but they did not produce them.

We cannot understand these trends unless we understand: 1) what happens to motives and expectations when, for the first time, millions of Americans experience unbroken prosperity and assume that it will continue; 2) what happens to established traditions, values, and authority when, for the first time, millions of Americans are exposed to academic speculations and take them seriously; and 3) what happens to behavior when, for the first time, millions of Americans are shown daily news films of the greatest possible emotional power.

Most especially, we can neither understand nor properly report recent events unless we analyze the growing power and specific actions of professors, bureaucrats, and the media itself.

Some general propositions may suggest the kinds of specific stories I believe we have overlooked.

The country cannot expect order, if we convey the impression that socially-established regulations may be selectively violated with impunity.

The country cannot expect tranquility if we promise rapid improvements to new urban millions, then fail to deliver.

The country cannot expect campus stability if we teach students to expect to participate in all vital decisions, then realize that this is impossible and prevent it.

The country cannot expect peace if our national security policy explicitly displays a preference for limited wars over global wars, but then we fail to support a limited war.

The country cannot expect people to do necessary things when we tell them mostly about popular things.

The country cannot expect orderly progress when we subsidize growing numbers of social critics, popularize their criticisms, but fail to question how their good objectives are to be achieved.

If my diagnosis has any accuracy, then the prescription should be evident: as newsmen, let us break old habits, regain our energy, by-pass statements of good intentions, resist the New York and Washington viewpoints, challenge even our friends, and question any consensus.

Let us understand our own backgrounds, viewpoints and preferences so well that we can rise above them when analyzing and reporting.

If we fail to do this, then our journalism will fail to comprehend and communicate the world in which we live.

Public faith in our journalism is not limitless. Nor is our political system infinitely elastic. It can tolerate only so much turmoil and factional fury. In the interests of preserving the governmental system of which free journalism is both a guardian and a beneficiary, we should always struggle to balance power, no matter who wields it. This requires tough-minded questioning of all factors and all participants. I trust that we will do it.

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Mr. Clark is publisher of the Detroit News. The above is the text of his Journalism Day Address at Wayne State University in Detroit.

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### **Price Waterhouse Foundation To Sponsor Another Nieman Fellow**

The Price Waterhouse Foundation has announced that it will sponsor a Nieman Fellowship for a business and financial writer for the academic year 1969-70.

Newspapermen seeking this award must file the regular application provided by the Nieman office at 77 Dunster Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138, and be chosen by the Nieman Selection Committee appointed annually by Harvard University. Since 1966 two Nieman Fellows have been sponsored by the Price Waterhouse Foundation: Robert H. Metz of the New York Times and Allan T. Demaree of Business Week magazine.

## A Proxy from the Public

By Roger Tatarian

Conventions such as ours are inevitably reflective sessions. The things we talk about are dictated by the events that have taken place since last we met, and by the problems that these events have bequeathed us. One of these is the intense assault that is now being made on the credibility, the believability, of our profession, whatever the medium we may employ.

It is quite true that the press has been under great assault before. It is also true that a press that is never under assault must surely be a docile and ineffectual press. But I think it would be quite wrong to conclude that we are simply in another cycle of hostility that is a normal hazard of our profession.

I believe this to be a rather extraordinary period of hostility. And I believe it important to recognize that our professional problem really is only a side effect of a much larger problem that grips our nation as a whole and which is bound to occupy us deeply for years to come.

There can be no doubt, I think, that our central problem is the deep division that the racial crisis has caused in our society, and that our most urgent task is one of national reconciliation—of halting and reversing the tide of alienation between a black minority and a white majority without subjecting the country to more of the violence it has already endured. It is this conflict, much more, I think, than our differences over Vietnam, that is the genesis of our deep divisions. Vietnam has contributed its share, but it can hardly rival this massive confrontation of the races as the root cause.

Our great dilemma is compounded by the fact that this is more than a two-way confrontation. There are also deep divisions within the side where power lies. So we have a white majority that is so divided that it cannot move. There is thus a state of paralysis in the central government in attacking what is generally agreed to be the greatest domestic crisis since the Civil War.

To the black minority, this failure or inability of the majority to move is regarded as a *refusal* to move—a refusal to redress generations of grievances. To some elements within the white majority, it also appears to be a refusal—a refusal by fellow whites. So passions and hatreds grow, not only between black and white, but between white and white.

This is not the only clash between the few and the many that confronts our society today. In some, as in the racial conflict, it is the minority which is restive in the face of what it holds to be intolerable grievances. In others, it is the majority which is beginning to become restive at finding itself more and more facing coercion from militant minorities.

In the resolution of these questions, as in all great national debates, the journalist will play an important part.

We in journalism have to be many things. Some of us must follow the work of the painter or the physicist so that we can describe his work to the doctor or factory worker. Others must understand the language of the doctor to make him comprehensible to the others. This is in keeping with the journalist's traditional role of bridging the various currents in a community, of fostering general awareness, of



making available, in other words, the knowledge without which our society could not function.

But of all the areas of human endeavor the journalist must cover, none is more basic or more important than the field of political science—the functioning of the political organs and institutions of our society. The journalist carries a proxy from the public when he observes the workings of these entities. It is the information that he provides that makes for the interaction between government and people, people and government.

Our country is not yet 200 years old as an independent entity, but it is hard to believe how much has happened in that time to us as a nation. It is even harder to grasp what has happened to us as individuals.

Consider what *has* happened to a people who began as a band of rugged individuals fiercely proud of their own self-sufficiency—individuals who could hew their own wood, bake their own bread, grow their own wheat or spin their own wool.

Today we can no longer provide ourselves even with the water we drink. We can drink only if people who are utter strangers to us do their appointed tasks every day at places unknown to us.

We are being clustered together more and more every day in a manner that makes our interdependence, our reliance on each other ever more acute for services and products that men not too long ago provided for themselves.

Put another way, all of us every day are becoming more helpless to cope for ourselves in a society that steadily becomes more complex and more sophisticated.

We tell ourselves that ours is the highest standard of living on earth, and this is true. But it is also true that we are more closely locked together, more completely prisoners of each other, than any other people on earth. And as this interdependence intensifies, as it most inevitably will, so will one of the great challenges to a democracy—how to reconcile the rights of the many and the rights of the few.

As far back as we can remember, we have been taught that one of the fundamental principles of the democratic system is that the many must not make helpless pawns of the few. But we are finding ourselves too often today in situations where it is the few who are making helpless pawns of the many—where tiny minorities are imposing great hardships and suffering on large and often helpless majorities.

This stems directly from the growing helplessness of the individual citizen in a society as complex as ours.

And so things like this can happen: In New York, 37,000 transit workers by withholding their labor can seriously disrupt the lives and livelihoods of from eight to 10 million other individuals who are no more than hostages in a contest over which they have no control.

And again in New York, and much more recently, we have seen a union of 55,000 teachers shut down for weeks a school system that accommodates more than 1,000,000 students.

This is simply symptomatic of an unconcern for the public welfare that has produced strikes or slowdowns by some police and fire and sanitation departments and recently led an international association of firemen to remove a no-strike provision from its constitution.

My purpose here is not to make public servants appear to be the enemy of the public. But it is to point out that as our society grows more complex, it becomes more imperative that we work out safeguards to prevent the many from becoming the victims of the few.

We are in need of enlightened debate to help us become more proficient in maintaining services that are vital to the many. Our definition of essential services will of necessity grow wider rather than narrower as time goes on and as even the last traces of our self-sufficiency grow fainter. I believe we are going to have to develop new attitudes toward the right to strike in institutions or industries that are vital to the general welfare—hospitals, schools, police, fire departments, public transport, electricity and so forth.

There are precedents here to show the way. Americans who work for the Federal Government already are required to sign no-strike pledges. And about 15 states have adopted legislation prohibiting strikes by state employees. But these federal and state employees can hardly be said to be providing services more essential than workers in the gas, electricity, transport, hospital, law enforcement and similar activities. These are the services that must be provided to the public without interruptions.

But the banning of strikes without safeguarding the welfare of the individuals involved would provide no solution at all. What is needed, it seems to me, is a system of labor courts which would provide compulsory arbitration of all disputes in these essential industries. Their findings would be as binding on private managements or local governments as on the workers involved. Both the right to manage and the right to strike must give ground in these few vital areas for the common good.

This is not going to be a popular avenue because both sides are reluctant to surrender any of their basic rights. But the individual helplessness of the great majority to do without these services demand that this be done.

We do not have to look very far back to see other examples of how despotic some minorities can be toward majorities.

Frequently during the past political campaign we read how a few hecklers were able to prevent thousands of other persons from hearing the person they had gone out to hear.

We have seen small but militant minorities paralyze the normal processes at large universities.

And we have seen, not for the first time, a minority in the U.S. Senate resort to the filibuster and thus frustrate the majority in a legislative body that is supposed to symbolize the democratic process.

These exercises in tyranny by small minorities are conducted chiefly under the banner of free speech or the right to dissent. But it seems to me that these rights are becoming confused with obstruction and coercion, and that minorities are using obstruction and coercion to claim for themselves power that is denied even to majorities under our system of government.

No majority, however large, can prevent Citizen X from hiring a hall and saying what he pleases on a subject of his choice to an audience of his designation. And yet Citizen X feels he can go to a meeting arranged by others and prevent the others from listening to a person of their choice. This is a corruption of the First Amendment and should be treated as such.

A majority of students at Columbia University could not have decreed in September that a minority of their students not be allowed to register. But that minority, under the banner of dissent, did not hesitate to use coercion to halt the registration processes for all. That too is a corruption of a right.

These militant minorities operate on both the right and the left of the American political spectrum. Though they differ in objective, they have identical contempt for the rights of others.

The Students for *Democratic* Society are wholly *undemocratic* in their disregard of the rights of their fellow students. They are blind to their own inconsistency. And so, unfortunately, is the U.S. Senator who today excoriates the SDS as undemocratic, and tomorrow, by the filibuster, thwarts the will of the majority with no concern at all.

A columnist, whose politics I leave to you to guess, wrote these words after the nomination of Justice Abe Fortas was talked to death in the Senate.

"Like many other filibusters," he wrote, "this one has been no scandal, but a public benefit." This is rather a candid admission that some filibusters are scandalous, but this writer does not call for the abolition of an institution that gives rise to scandal. Instead, he hails it because it happens to serve a purpose that meets with his personal approval.

This is something you would more naturally expect from the partisans of extreme right and extreme left, who have much more in common than they realize. First, of course, is their utter intolerance. Both, in different ways, are arrogant monopolists. The far right believes it has a monopoly on patriotism and old fashioned virtue. The far left feels it

alone possesses intellect and compassion. So zealous are they that they also have a convenient ability to accept evil if it suits their purpose—except that when it suits their purpose or their cause, it is no longer evil. This political schizophrenia accounts for much of the abuse the press is getting today and manifests itself in most of the hate mail that we receive. Let me read one letter we got that expresses a typical viewpoint but is untypically short:

"I want to congratulate UPI for their years of leftist, one-sided reporting of the news. The American people are becoming aware of your techniques. Government censorship and control would be better than this type of performance. Where do your reporters get this type training which enables them to see only one side?"

I have absolutely no doubt whatever that this gentleman, if asked, would declare himself to be a strong and uncompromising foe of big government—unless of course, it served his special purposes—in this case, the censorship of anything he would regard as "left wing." He would not, of course, want his own views subject to censorship by anyone.

This attitude is utterly typical of many of those who today heap abuse on press, radio and television and often react to the mention of "media" as though it were a dirty word.

In an era of growing intolerance and rigidity of views, it is hardly surprising that reactions are violent and angry when the media convey tidings that question, challenge or contradict cherished viewpoints, attitudes and prejudices. The fact that the media simply report these events and do not cause them is a distinction that fewer and fewer people seem able to make. And so people want to smash the mirror because they do not like what they see in it.

In talking earlier about the despotism of minorities I referred several times to situations that had arisen in New York where the few had imposed great hardship and privation on the many. This was not because I regard New York in any sense as the be-all or end-all of creation. The same situations arise in other cities, too. But I think New York is particularly appropriate for a discussion like this because it is a frightening example of what can happen to all of us unless we can find new ways of financing our cities.

Although I work in New York and prize many things it has to offer, I am convinced that it is really not a workable proposition. There are still cities that can sustain themselves and solve their own problems by taxing their own citizens and their own industries to raise the funds needed for civic purposes. New York's problems are no longer civic problems. New York today is a repository of national problems.

Ghetto and slum though some sections of the city may be, these areas are still found preferable by many black citizens to conditions they encountered in other places in other states. So until the problem of these people can be solved, they



have become New York's wards and it is New York's responsibility to provide them the basic services, the basic protections that it must provide all citizens, rich and poor. And the poor in New York are many. The number of people on relief rolls has reached one million. In other words, about every eighth person in this vast metropolis is a public charge.

It has been recognized of course that our cities do need some federal assistance to attack their problems. But the Federal Government provides help much in the way of a rich and erratic aunt who sends a check when she feels like it but not always, and not necessarily in relation or response to an urgent need. I believe we cannot delay much longer some new and orderly system whereby fixed portions of federal revenues are allocated back to the states—regularly and immune from partisan whims or caprice.

Numerous proposals for so-called revenue sharing have been introduced in Congress, but any realistic assessment would have to describe as unlikely the chances for anything being adopted in the near future. This in itself is unfortunate because it is going to delay that much longer the type of assault that is going to be needed to solve the problems of our cities.

I apologize for invoking statistics but I think a few percentages can explain our problem more eloquently than a thousand words: In 1930, 56 per cent of the nation's population lived in urban areas. In 1960, it was almost 70 per cent. And in 1970—a bit more than a year from now—that figure is expected to be about 75 per cent.

The fact that three out of four Americans are or shortly will be urban creatures makes it imperative that a proportionate share of the available resources be devoted to their well-being. And I think it even more imperative that the eventual allocation of these federal dollars be based substantially on the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote principle. In other words, that the states basically be required to allocate these funds to cities in relation to population. This would eliminate the political log rolling that has too often prevailed in the past, and neutralize the hostility that state governments have too often shown toward their largest cities.

The principle of tying federal revenue directly to each individual citizen would guarantee reallocation of resources as populations shifted. This might, among other things, discourage any temptation to overlook problem populations in the hope they would go away and become someone else's problems.

I have tried to indicate a few of the internal problems, all involving the relationship of our own numbers, that we both as citizens and journalists are going to have to deal with in the years ahead. There are many other kinds of domestic problems, too. What can perhaps comfort us as we catalogue them is that since they are of our own making, their solutions cannot be beyond our capability.

But to find these solutions is going to demand national effort far greater than any we have ever had to put forth without the spur of a declaration of war.

The need for information, for understanding of grave and complex issues, was never greater. For editors whose forums permit exhortation and advocacy there is much to occupy their attention. And for the reporter who must not advocate, there is much to be explained and explored so that the discussion and resolution of these problems can proceed in an informed way.

A press that is active on these fronts will certainly run the risk of encountering even more criticism and greater assault than it does today. But the journalist who seeks to avoid such risks will render little service to the public, and less honor to his profession.

If criticism and attack are inevitable in the honest pursuit of journalism, then it becomes an honor to be attacked and a humiliation to be universally applauded. That is a sentiment that I know all members of Sigma Delta Chi share with me and which must be kept alive in the critical time ahead of us.

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**Mr. Tatarian** is vice president and editor of United Press International. He made these remarks at the Sigma Delta Chi convention in Atlanta.

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# Ralph McGill

By Eugene Patterson

Ralph McGill took comfort in the loss of his friend Adlai Stevenson because of the manner of his passing.

"What a good way to go," he said of Stevenson's death—"quickly, on a pleasant street in London, on a walk with a beautiful woman."

The end came as swiftly for McGill Monday night, in the living room of friends, after dinner and good talk, with his pretty wife beside him. He would have been 71 years old today.

The people who knew Ralph Waldo Emerson McGill can scarcely conceive of an American South without his powerful presence at its center.

He may well have been the most influential newspaper editor who ever wrote in a region rich with Wattersons and Gradys.

He neither had nor wanted wealth, or position, or ownership of the newspaper he made great, the Atlanta Constitution. His source of power was his character. From the great well he drew plain truths and stated them with courage. His was a guiding example for a generation of liberal Southern writers.

A simple man of rural Tennessee origins, he was always surprised and touched to find that he had affected other lives. But he did affect them, profoundly. The power of his rebellious example set new directions for a segment of America that once looked back.

He grew ahead of his region and beckoned the bold to break silence—the self-destructive silence that held so much of the South in thrall. He spoke for the Negro, the one-crop tenant, the linthead of the Chattahoochee Valley and the children in the threadbare schools. By starting the conversation he broke paths for progress. The bourbon establishment

dreaded him as a shinkicker. The segregationist politicians who felt the lash of his derision called him Rastus McGill and he replied that he was proud to bear that name.

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He was not an indirect man. "If you're going to be a newspaper writer," he said, "you've got to put the hay down where the mules can reach it." And while he was a deeply peaceful man who disliked conflict, he would not temporize. "Sometimes you have got to walk out into the center of the ring and hit them right square in the nose," he said. Some mighty thumps resounded across McGill's South in the near half-century of his practice.

Enemies bruised by the hammer of his eloquence found it hard to credit, but McGill wrote out of abiding affection for the land and his people, even the contrariest. "No Southerner, knowing the path his people have come through these generations and what they have met along the way, can condemn them wholly," he wrote in his autobiographical "The South and the Southerner."

"He can be against their prejudices and he can disagree. He has contempt for the hypocrisy and the falsehoods. But knowing how, and across how many harsh years, the twig was bent, he feels a compassion even for those whose meanness and abuses he most detests."

Indeed, he said, "one of the charms of the more preposterous Southern demagogues had been the utter irrelevancy of much of their shouting."

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The tougher primitives of Georgia politics returned his grudging regard. Eugene Talmadge, McGill's target of the

1930's and 40's, late in his life asked him to do the Talmadge biography. Talmadge even proposed a name. "Eugene Talmadge, by His Enemy, Ralph McGill." McGill chuckled and declined.

But the man's public work is known. He won the Pulitzer Prize. He held the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Harvard, Columbia and a dozen or so other universities gave him honorary degrees. McGill, the private man, was an American original.

He wasn't tall but he was powerfully put together. He played right guard on Dan McGugin's football team at Vanderbilt while learning to recite poetry. A Marine in World War I, he also was the gentlest of men.

Burdens of grief were frequently with him—the death of an infant child, then of a 6-year-old daughter, and finally of his first wife, Mary Elizabeth. But he took up the burdens of others without number, giving counsel, sympathy, understanding and—to all whom he could push it on—money, even in his years of thin wallets.

No drifter, drunk or bum ever fell low enough to lose his helping hand. He liked flower-sellers, taxi drivers, teachers, poets and roustabouts, and reserved a special admiration for footsore waitresses. The simple virtues moved him most deeply—an autumn sky, a quiet wood, and honest, primitive painting.

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The schoolteachers and indigenous artists of the South found him as much an ally as the Negroes. He would go to North Carolina and sit on the porch with the late Carl Sandburg and drink goat's milk and sing.

Another day he would get someone to take him into the North Georgia mountains (he never learned to drive a car or smoke cigarettes) for a visit with the fragile poet Byron Herbert Reece, or down to Milledgeville for a visit among the peacocks with the late Flannery O'Connor. Carson McCullers, Erskine Caldwell, Margaret Mitchell, Lillian Smith were his friends. He looked upon them as resources of the South as well as admirable achievers.

Children were his particular love. A tot in Hong Kong, a youngster in Heidelberg, a girl on an Indian reservation received his regular gifts. Scores of young people, white and Negro, got a quiet helping hand from him on their way to educations. Last year his only son, Ralph Jr., became the father of his only grandson, Ralph 3d, and the old newspaperman's pleasure was boundless.

Long ago he came to the conclusion that speechmaking was a sterile pastime unless the audience was young. No schoolhouse or campus was too out-of-the-way to receive a visit from the famous man if the young people asked him to come. But of civic club speeches, he said he sympathized with the late Atlanta Journal sports writer, O. B. Keeler, who

boycotted Rotary because he "never learned to trust men who could get together in the middle of the day and sing songs cold sober."

McGill was a rumpled man with a shock of unruly hair. He never quite caught up with the mountain of mail and paperwork on his desk. After all, the typewriter beckoned—and out in the streets and countryside were new ideas to explore, new people to meet, new battles to join. He knew the heart fibrillation he had experienced in recent years was a signal to him. He took off weight, and lived temperately, but he never could slow down. The walls of his office were covered with signs of his catholicity—a string of beads for which a slave was once bought, a hornet's nest, a gaggle of plaques stuffed in shelves, books everywhere, a friendly letter from Dwight Eisenhower complimenting him on a book, a penciled note from Robert Kennedy, letters from Harry Truman and Richard Nixon, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Few newspapermen have been more widely known, within the profession and outside it. The range of his friendships sometimes astonished him. He never fully sensed that it was a returning of his own freely-given affection.

Sentimental but irreverent, earnest but antic, McGill's company was most often convivial. But a combination of Calvinist ancestry and Welch moodiness sometimes settled upon him, and gave him a bleak hour.

He was a warm man, possessed of an infinitely generous heart and a hugely adventurous spirit. He wrote a column seven days a week until the day he died, and the years never dulled his curiosity and combativeness.

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It's altogether fitting that his funeral today will be held at the All Saints Episcopal Church in Atlanta instead of the great Cathedral of St. Philip where he worshipped until recent years. When St. Philip's declined to place as much pressure as he thought necessary to desegregate the Episcopal private school, Lovett, McGill quietly moved his membership to less fashionable but more forward All Saints. He was forever stating his beliefs, and acting upon them.

Now those beliefs are a legacy, and action upon them falls to the Southern writers he encouraged and the Southern people he loved. He lived fully and was loved greatly, and died as he would have wished.

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*This column was written February 5th, two days after the death of Ralph McGill. Mr. Patterson worked for many years on the Atlanta Constitution before becoming managing editor of the Washington Post last fall.*

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## Press-Bar Moratorium Urged

(Continued from page 2)

of proceedings in open court. Policemen and prosecutors veiled their activities in secrecy under the cover of "Reardon" rules.

The offensive against the press reached a sort of climax early in 1968 when the bar association refused to delay formal action on the Reardon report. A delay of one year had been proposed to allow time for a study to determine what effect newspaper reporting could have on a fair trial.

It is my belief that this refusal—interpreted by many editors as an arbitrary decision—served to strengthen the resolve of the news media to resist the bar association's campaign. I think it also aroused some second thoughts among lawyers about the advisability of suppressing news.

At any rate, I sense a slowing in the campaign. Instead of rushing ahead with plans to have state bar associations implement and try to enforce Reardon's rules, it has switched to a campaign to gain voluntary cooperation with news media.

Most reporters and editors would like to see it slowed much more. There is good reason to believe the public interest would be better served if it were.

The multiplicity of restrictions—some of them unconstitutional—that have sprung up since Reardon have created ideal conditions for corruption, incompetence, and indifference among policemen, prosecutors, and judges.

They put a muzzle on the watchdog which serves as the proxy observer for all citizens in the courts. This is a greater hazard to justice than so-called prejudicial publicity. Publicity can never affect more than a tiny fraction of defendants in criminal cases. Fewer than one percent in Cook County, for example, who pass thru courts on criminal charges ever are mentioned in the news media.

The goal in the management of our legal processes relating to crime should, then, be free press *and* fair trial rather than free press *or* fair trial. We can have both. In fact unless we have both we shall have neither. Fair trial can be assured only when all processes in the administration of justice—investigation, prosecution, judgment—are open to complete and relentless review and inspection by citizens. This is the only safeguard against the dishonesty, indolence, ignorance, and arrogance which tend to infect public business when it is not carried out openly.

The role of the press here is not that of a privileged snooper with a license to read other people's mail just for

kicks and to sell titillating tidbits for a profit. The press, instead, stands as the trustee for the citizens, gathering information they do not have time to collect personally and delivering it in a manner that will faithfully inform them how public business is being conducted. The courts *do* conduct public business. They are not private preserves for judges and lawyers.

It is equally true that free press could not survive without the protection of basic law fairly administered in the courts. Lawyers, if they were united and were supported by public opinion, could put us out of business. I see no possibility that lawyers would unite for this purpose, altho there may be some significant numbers who would like to control the press. At any rate, the framers of the Constitution understood that the best guarantee of liberty for all was an unabridged right to free expression and they gave that guarantee in the First Amendment. It has been challenged many times. It has been chipped away here and there, but it still stands.

Probably the most constructive consequence of our great debate with the bench and bar has been the opening of some additional avenues of communication. There is a better understanding of and appreciation for the efforts of conscientious judges to protect the right of a defendant to be tried in an atmosphere of dignity and good order and to have judgment rendered upon the basis of evidence legally presented.

We editors know that trial judges are not motivated simply by caprice or hostility when they impose restrictions we must resist. These judges are looking ahead to the appeals courts and to the Supreme Court. They hope they are following doctrine sent down from above no matter how difficult it may be to interpret because they do not want to be spanked publicly by their upper echelon brethren.

There is a high degree of dedication to justice as an ideal among judges and lawyers also. We editors become aware of this in our dialog over free press-fair trial. It helps balance a common preconception that judges are petty tyrants elevated to rule by political deals and that lawyers are more interested in money and power than in justice.

There is quite a bit of folklore about editors, too. And many judges and lawyers believe it. They believe, for example, that the newspapers hunt for sensational crime news and exploit it to sell papers. They believe that editors take an interest in trials in order to exert influence and demonstrate power.

The erroneous conception of the lawman and the erroneous conception of the newsman had their roots in the past when they may have had some color of validity. These concepts are now obsolete.

Perhaps I should define more explicitly why this concep-



tion of the newsman's role is obsolete. First, there has been a steady de-emphasis on crime news in newspapers. We have fewer police reporters gathering crime news. The day of the sob sister reporter is gone. Our readership studies show crime news far down in reader preferences. Our circulation studies show that sensational crime stories have very little effect on newspaper sales.

Modern newspapers regard the assembly and dissemination of information desired by citizens with an active interest in public affairs as their primary mission. Entertainment, once considered part of a newspaper's mission, has pretty well been surrendered to television. We don't cover crime for sensation and scandal but because it is a serious social problem.

I assure you that the great majority of editors today are as dedicated to the cause of justice as the great majority of lawyers. The bar association has a code of ethics and so does the American Society of Newspaper Editors. It enjoins us to a high minded search for truth, to fairness in presenting it, and to positive action to promote the general welfare.

The imperative to live up to this code is growing stronger as our audience becomes more and more sophisticated and informed and critical. We cannot by law become public prosecutors and the public reaction — as the Cleveland Press found in the first Sheppard trial — when a newspaper tries to become the public persecutor is disastrous.

Both the press and the lawyers and their courts must stand trial every day before the bar of public opinion. Events of recent months suggest to me that it is very obvious that the public has turned thumbs down on letting newspapers and broadcasters run the courts. There is mounting evidence that public opinion will not support attempts by lawyers and judges to edit the news media.

The great debate has crystalized these issues. It has made editors more aware of their responsibilities. It has focused public attention upon them. It has inspired a counteroffensive which should improve the performance of lawyers and judges and law enforcement agencies.

For an example of this I suggest that you obtain and read in the October issue of *The Quill*, the magazine for journalists published by Sigma Delta Chi, an article entitled "The Budville Murders: Reardon Rules in Action."

This is a carefully documented account of an erroneous arrest and detention of an innocent man for 18 days. Full disclosure of the circumstances surrounding the arrest were suppressed under a local version of the Reardon rules in New Mexico. Discrepancies that would have been obvious to newspaper readers who had some contact with the case and the existence of an air tight alibi were concealed under the cloak of official secrecy. A publicly appointed defense attorney and the prosecutor played commendable roles in digging out the truth, but the long delay and the very real

possibility that it might not have come out at all constituted a harrowing experience for the falsely accused man and an offense against justice.

This is an example of the kind of risk the courts and the bar take when restrictions are placed on free expression. The legal establishment as well as the news media has a credibility problem. You yearn to be believed and respected. You will be frustrated if justice is balked by a series of incidents like the Budville murders case. They are bound to come in profusion as restrictive rules throw criminal investigation and prosecution deeper into the shadows of secrecy.

Furthermore the rules are unnecessary in most cases. The laws of libel and slander are powerful weapons against irresponsible and untruthful reporting. Prosecutions for obstructing justice and for contempt of court are potent threats to news media. An even greater restraint upon responsible editors and reporters is the stigma courts may fix upon them if a mistrial is declared or a conviction reversed because of unfair and prejudicial reporting.

To be effective and to thrive, a newspaper must project the image of the good citizen—concerned with the public welfare, fair in all judgments, dedicated to the truth. We bleed when the courts can demonstrate that we have been false to these principles.

It is hard to think of anything that could be more damaging to the public image of newspapers and broadcasting stations than the Supreme Court opinions in the Sam Sheppard and the Billie Sol Estes cases. The courts had all the tools they needed before Reardon. With Reardon they run the risk of a reaction, a public reaction, that will be as painful to them as Sheppard was to us.

I would like to suggest that some of the time, money, and talent that you have devoted to restraining the press be dedicated to a new project. The need seems so compelling to me that I think the press would join you. This is the problem of improving the quality of justice in the overwhelming majority of criminal cases in which publicity is not a factor.

The latest issue of the annual report of the Chicago Crime Commission offers a measure of the magnitude of this problem.

It reports that in 1967 there were a total of 50,361 burglary, robbery, and murder offenses committed within Chicago. Of these 18,771 were "cleared by arrest" by the Chicago police department. Numerous other burglary, robbery, and murder offenses were reported in Cook county outside Chicago. Yet for the entire county of Cook only 1,825 indictments charging these offenses were returned by grand juries. The indictments named 2,690 persons as defendants. Of 1,840 defendants to these charges tried in the Criminal courts only 728 were sentenced to the penitentiary.

The figures are not exact enough for precise calculation of percentages, but the chances of committing burglary-

robbery-murder in Cook county and escaping jail are better than 50 to 1. I submit that this is a shocking indictment of our whole system of criminal investigation and prosecution.

The 1 in 50 who is caught and punished could almost plead cruel and unusual punishment since so many of his fellow offenders slip thru the net.

The victims of this criminality must feel an enormous sense of fear and frustration because they are so insecure in their persons and in their property.

Here is a problem worthy of the best efforts of lawyers, judges, and policemen. It is growing worse. The national crime rate went up 21 per cent from 1967 to 1968 and there were 3.8 million serious crimes reported in the United

States in 1967. The curve has been rising sharply. From 1960 to 1967 the national crime rate went up 89 per cent.

I recommend these figures and thousands more available in crime reports for your thoughtful study. I think you will find in them a far richer lode of defects in justice than in the few highly publicized cases which gave rise to the present tensions between the press and the bench and the bar.

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**Mr. Kirkpatrick** is editor of the Chicago Tribune. The above is the text of an address he delivered to the Chicago Bar Association.

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## Newspapers' Future

Editorial from The Cleveland Plain Dealer

There is a bright future for quality newspapers in the 1970's according to Lord Thomson of Fleet.

The Plain Dealer concurs in his assessment. It also is in agreement with the condition he attaches—that in order to be successful, those who print the news must understand the role of the press in the electronic age and "shape it so that it is complementary to and not just competitive with news media."

The fast advance of higher education requires the quality newspaper to be published for a more intelligent readership, and it must be written and edited by ever-better educated and trained persons.

The medium of television continues to whet rather than satisfy the human appetite for news. Not only does it create demand for thorough explanation of the events it bulletins, it presses upon the newspaper industry to speed up its own technological advance. In Thomson's view, and ours, that

which brings about more efficient production and distribution of a better product has obvious benefits both for newspapers and their readers.

Thomson sees room for new newspapers to be started in local areas where population shifts occur. He also sees a need for the established press to lend a hand to the development of newspapers in developing countries.

Those are not the words of an enthusiastic newcomer to newspapering. They are from a man who heads one of the world's largest publishing empires. At age 74, Lord Thomson continues to demonstrate his tremendous capacity for thinking ahead.

Lord Thomson's view of newspapers in the 1970s is wide-angle, not limited in focus or scope to Great Britain and Canada where his enterprises are best known. He is especially qualified to include the American scene because among his extensive holdings are more than 50 newspapers in the United States, several of them in Ohio.

The press and the public it serves can profit from his forecast.



# The Sage of Emporia

By W. L. White

We Whites have one strong hereditary trait; in my knowledge none of us has made any attempt to follow in his father's footsteps. My father had deep love and the greatest respect for his father, Dr. Allen White, and they had many character traits in common. But had he made any effort to follow in his father's footsteps he would have died 24 years ago as Mayor of El Dorado, Kansas, and the owner of its leading hotel and drug store.

I had one advantage over my father, in that his father died when his son was 14 years old. In our case, our lives overlapped by 44 years and during them I came to know what made him tick—far better, I am coldly sure—than any of his biographers. During my teenage years we had the normal father-son conflicts with which the average family is all too familiar. But in the decade, after college, that I spent in Emporia we became very close to each other, enormously enjoyed working together, pooling information and coming to a common judgment. To us Whites, looking out at the world, our father's public image was our private joke. "Would the Sage of Emporia," we might ask him, "care to pass the potatoes?" or, "Has the Small Town Philosopher noticed that he has gravy spots on his vest?" or, "Hadn't the Voice of Main Street maybe better button his fly?" There were also the "Bill" people. My mother and all his old friends called him Will. New friends whom he really liked, he would always ask to call him Will. Their number was not large. Our family joke was those who called him "Bill." He had never asked them to, and the "Bill" people were pretending to an intimacy we knew they did not have. Our

family was fairly close to the family of the first Roosevelt, whose old friends called him "Theodore." Comparing notes later, we found they also had their "Teddy" people. My father did not mind his "Bill" people; it was one of the unimportant prices you pay for national fame; in fact a proof of it.

But back now to the "Sage of Emporia"; this was all planned, and I did not know how carefully until I was out of college and considering what I would do; among other things, maybe take a job in the East. Even then I had a strong hunch that it might be best for me to strike out on my own, for there could be a chance that Emporia might get overcrowded with "Sages."

Looking back on this, I realize that my father, watching me, was reading my mind, and one summer afternoon he called me to come out on the porch, where he was lying in the hammock. It was for that Father-and-Son talk which happens, in this period in life, in every family. Every father desperately tries not to interfere with his son's decisions as to his career. But the father never lived who does not privately want his son to stay with him and finally take over his business, whatever it may be.

I was sitting in the hickory rocker next his hammock, and after the first few sentences of this talk, I realized it was so well-organized that he must have been thinking it over for weeks.

He knew, he said, even better than I, what I was going through; that after the stimulus of college, life in a small Kansas town was very lonely; there were so few people I

could talk to about the things I cared about. And that in Washington or New York, if I took a job there, in a way I could be happier.

But I should give some thought to the long pull. Emporia and Kansas had advantages which maybe I had not carefully weighed. The East was fun, but highly competitive. In New York or Washington there would be a hundred, maybe more, writers as good as I—some of them better.

If I stayed in Kansas, well, you could call it the big frog in the little puddle if you wanted to, but there was something in it. Because out here, where the population was thinner and competition in writing not so keen, my name would probably be the best known. Editors of magazines or syndicates, when they wanted to know what the Middle West was thinking about, would turn to me for an article.

And I should remember that, with *The Gazette*, I could write what I wanted when I was ready to write it. Syndicated columnists, for instance, had to write 500 words five days a week. If I would study them, I would see that often the pressure of this deadline forced them to push into print ideas they had not thought through, which would have been much better had they been allowed to mellow and then get a little polish.

Maybe the most important advantage of all—far more important than the big-frog-in-the-little-puddle aspect of it—was the fact that on *The Gazette* I could write without any boss looking over my shoulder, and this was always a deep satisfaction to any writer. I would not be chained to the desk, however comfortable, of any boss. I could take time out to write whatever books I wanted to, whenever I was ready to write them. But these were things he only hoped I would consider; he did not want to influence my decision: this should be mine alone.

If that scene on our front porch is worth bringing back to you over more than 40 years, it is only to show you how consciously and carefully his own career had been planned. This is not to detract from it. The Sage of Emporia was no accident. No successful career ever is. I think he began planning his when, on the *Kansas City Star*, he was writing editorials at the dictation of old Colonel Nelson whom he greatly admired. Yet a time might come when he would not agree with the old Colonel, or when someone he did not like might be sitting in the Colonel's chair: the answer was to strike out early—at age 27—to become his own boss.

Lying in his hammock my father could give me the design on which his own career had been built. What he could give to no one was his own capacity for organizing his work. Many of you, reading this, are literary craftsmen, and this any of us would envy. In my boyhood he was down at the office by nine, slitting open his mail and dictating

answers to his stenographer. Then he wrote his editorials for the next day, after which he read proofs of editorials he had written the day before. There were then a few office or town problems, before it was time to go home to lunch. Then came his nap but by 2 o'clock he was up and in his work room, out at the house, busy on a magazine article or a chapter in a book.

At about five o'clock he would come downstairs and either play the phonograph, if a new record had come in, or read from the stack of new books which came to the office every week in the hope that he would review them. In his later years there were galleys from the Book-of-the-Month Club—maybe 20 a month—more of course than anyone could read through, but most could be culled out by reading the first chapter and then skipping through. My mother would help in this, and the top five or six they would both read carefully.

Occasionally I wonder which of the various contraptions which have come along since his death, he would really enjoy: I can think of only one. He never rode in an airplane or saw a television show. I doubt that he would care for either. I am sure that, as a reporter, he would marvel at the wondrous power of television as a reporter's tool, but it takes some great national calamity, such as the assassination of a president, before it can shake off the chains of its commercials and show what it can do.

The phonograph is something else. In his time records were not electrically cut, so all low tones and high tones were out. The violin was a squeak and the bass notes of a piano did not exist. This is why, I am sure, he so loved Pablo Casals on the cello, an instrument fitted to the sound range of the phonograph of his day. Also in his time no record played more than five minutes, and I can remember him jumping up on his stubby legs 12 times an hour to change the record. How, I often think, he would love the glorious full sound of the new records, on which you can reproduce, without condensation, an entire movement of any symphony. The rest of the so-called advances of our recent decades I think he would regard as the glittering chrome playthings of a mechanistic age.

Now for some trivia: he had not the faintest interest in sports, a trait he passed on to me. And he was utterly unmechanical: I have no memory of seeing him with even a screwdriver in his hand to tighten a loose screw on a screen door. He could manage a horse and buggy if the horse knew where it was going, but always he had to be chauffeured back and forth to the office either by my mother, me, or by our cook.

I remember one day when he rebelled against this dependency, and asked me to teach him to drive. I put him behind the wheel, showed him the starter button, the clutch,

the gear shift and the brake, all of which he seemed to understand, and then showed him how to twist the steering wheel to turn a corner. So then he pressed the starter button, shifted gears according to the lesson, and we began to roll. Presently we came to a corner. Again, according to the lesson, he cramped the steering wheel. The car turned, but he did not seem to realize there could be any need to turn the steering wheel back. So we kept on turning, jumped the curbing and ended up against an elm tree on a neighbor's lawn, which didn't greatly matter because I had managed to get my foot on the brake. That ended his first driving lesson; he never asked for another, nor did I urge him to finish the course.

More trivia: he loved good food, had no taboos whatever, and any new dish fascinated him. In my childhood breakfast was a full meal. It would start off with grapefruit sprinkled with powdered sugar, and the main course could be veal kidneys with half the fat left on, and delicately charred from the coals of our old iron cook stove. Maybe it would be sweetbreads, also broiled and smeared with hollandaise sauce, or maybe T-bone steaks; or buttermilk waffles and maple syrup with sage-flavored pork sausages on the side, or it could be hash made from steak-tails of the evening before, chopped with boiled potatoes, green peppers and onion, left to swap flavors overnight and then, after it had been browned in the big iron skillet and brought to the table, garnished with catsup.

For dinner he loved good sirloins. They were never less than two inches thick and always he picked them himself—going past the butcher's block into the cold room where the quarter beeves hung, and pointing to what he wanted. He also wanted good age on them, by which he meant not less than a month, by which time they had grown long, green whiskers of mould, which were brushed off just before they went into the big iron skillet, the steak then to be slowly pan-broiled until it was black outside but dawn pink within and, just before coming on our table, would be doused with little canned mushrooms served up in a sauce made of real cream.

He was also a wonderful carver, priding himself on being able to slice every shred of meat off one side of a turkey to feed amply twelve people at Thanksgiving dinner. If, in order to give second helpings, the bird had to be turned at the same meal, this was a reflection on his skill.

He loved voluptuous, baroque deserts—jam cakes, three-decker walnut layer cakes, and strawberry shortcake for which the inner berries had been let to soak overnight in a couple of cups of sugar, and then at table covered with thick cream and more powdered sugar. In those years our test for cream was to scoop up a teaspoonful of it, turn the spoon upside down and, if any fell out, it wasn't cream.

This joyous life continued until, some time in his fifties, he had to go to Mayo's for a check-up, and they found sugar in his urine. The wonder to me is that they didn't find it pouring out of his ears.

Anyway they clamped down on him, made him lose 20 pounds and put him on saccharine tablets and gluten bread, leaving him only with his golden memories of those three-layer cakes.

But he loved good eating, and was blessed by the fact that he was the pampered child of two women—his wife and his mother, who vied with each other in turning out the things he liked. Our only serious family rows revolved about food. My grandmother, who lived next door, but who had dinner with us, would about half the time show up with some covered dish, a "surprise" she had prepared "because Will likes it so much." Inevitably, this "surprise" wrecked the dinner menu my mother had ready to go on the table. If father did not eat the "surprise," grandma's feelings would be deeply hurt. If he did, then he could not do justice to my mother's dinner, and she would be on the verge of tears.

Now for my mother; the best marriages are those in which the people complement each other, in strength and in weakness. Here, instinct does the planning. My mother had little formal education; like many of her generation she had started teaching school when she was sixteen. I remember, when I was a college freshman, being both surprised and a little angered when a college classmate remarked to me what a beautiful woman she was; surprised because I had never thought of this before, annoyed because it was none of his damned business.

In a way she was less stable than my father; she had ups and downs. She would be sparkling and gay, and then could follow periods of depression. In another way she was more stable. She had hard common sense, and a deep sense of fairness. She also had, herself, some talent for writing, and shrewd literary judgment. These things he needed and depended on. He never wrote a piece of any importance without their going over it together. Usually she read it aloud to him. Her pencil marks are all over his manuscripts; any top editor would agree that her suggestions for cuts or revision were highly professional.

She had been the oldest of a large family of children, spread so widely apart in age that she herself had been practically the mother to the younger ones of this brood. So she was accustomed to running things and to mothering; my father, I think, wanted both. As a child I remember few spankings in our family and most of these deserved; all were administered by my mother.

In 1924 when my father was running for Governor against the Ku Klux Klan, a country editor, passing through town,

inquired at a garage what people thought of these Whites and was told, "Well, they say his wife wears the pants in that family."

To a degree that was true. But she wore them almost entirely in matters of the family, the house and our yard; seldom did she directly get into *The Gazette* or politics, although always they talked things over every night; we could hear it all coming up the stairwell over the banisters.

She was a steadying influence and kept him out of trouble. During the 1928 campaign when Al Smith was running against Herbert Hoover, Father made a trip alone to New York where some strategist on the Republican National Committee passed to him something they thought he could handle. It was a record of the vote cast by Al Smith in the New York legislature, against a bill purporting to abolish prostitution. In that period, the Republican picture was that Al Smith represented the Tammany Halls of America, the corrupt political machines of the big cities in which vice and alcohol were entwined. Who better than a Mid-western prohibitionist to throw down the gauntlet to this menace?

But as the whole story presently came out, it became clear that the bill in question was a silly one, so loosely drawn by a fanatic that, under its terms, any hotel in the state could be permanently padlocked if it could be proved that one of its rooms had been occupied by an unmarried couple.

So the nation's liberal press came down with its heels on the Sage of Emporia, charging that he had been party to a smear campaign. His family? We were with him, of course. So was most of Kansas, a loyally Republican state. And I am happy to say that most of his biographers have either ignored or sloughed over this brief and unimportant episode. However much it deserves to be forgotten, I revive it now because it completes the picture of my mother, who in this painful crisis told me that, had she gone with Father on that New York trip, she would never have let him do it.

Knowing both, I know she was right. True, he had made headlines, which he loved to do (who does not?). But in this instance, at what cost, both to justice and himself? And my Mother, as I have said, had a deep sense of fairness. As he well knew, he needed her. In this instance he did not have her.

By any measure, he was truly great, and, as ever with the great, after death, legend takes over. It is like George Washington and the Cherry Tree. In his legend, there is the benevolent, patriarchal small-town editor, universally beloved by his people. The truth is, he was a fighter. No fighter ever is or wants to be universally beloved, as who should know better than I who, from the early twenties to the early thirties, fought by his side. Today they reprint, almost with reverence, his first Pulitzer prize editorial: "To An Anxious Friend."

Now let's roll back time to the summer of 1923 when I, working on the paper, was covering the Santa Fe shopman's strike. Call it, if you like, a hopeless strike: maybe it was. But what moved him (and later the Pulitzer Prize Committee) was the Civil Liberties issue. The strikers had got out placards, for merchants to put in their shop windows, which read "We are for the striking shopmen 100%. We favor a living wage and fair working conditions." Forget politics now, forget civil liberties, and come back to the average merchant in any town, big or small. First and foremost, he wants to keep friends and make a living. If he refused to display such a placard from the strikers, he would make the Santa Fe men sore, and these were many of his customers. If he put up the placard, he would make the other merchants and the farmers sore, and these were even more of his customers.

So the town's business men—all of our advertisers—were delighted when the governor, a close friend of my father, got out an injunction prohibiting such placards. This took them off the hook. This way, nobody got sore. This way, everybody would continue to love them, and business on Commercial Street could go on as usual.

But when my father, on the abstruse issue of civil liberties, took the position that this injunction was illegal, and put up a slight modification of this placard in *The Gazette* office, inviting arrest, the verdict up and down Commercial Street among his advertisers was, "Well, he's gone crazy again." Of course he had supporters. The striking shopmen, but they were a small minority. Among the white collar people, a number of college professors, who could think about abstract things such as Civil Liberties, a few preachers, and a few of those thick-and-thin friends most men always have. But respectable Emporia thought he was out of his mind. I know, for I was fighting with him, covering that strike, hearing the angry protest on Commercial Street.

It was almost, but not quite as bad when, next year, he ran for Governor as an independent candidate against the Ku Klux Klan. This time we had a somewhat better break with local public opinion; more than half the town was with us. The morning after election, the Eastern Seaboard press was hailing William Allen White for having swept the Klan from Kansas. Back home we had another view. In his race for Governor, he had run third. We had a Klan-endorsed Mayor, and had elected a Klan-endorsed sheriff. And my father had lost his own county—the deepest humiliation a politician can have.

I forget what, that morning, we had for breakfast, but I remember my mother telling him that he must walk to work as usual, must gaily say hello to people on Commercial Street as though nothing had happened; advice which he really did not need for he was as resilient as he was brave. But regardless of the glowing editorials written by



Liberals across the land, we in the family knew that it had been a bone-crunching defeat, that in the State, the County and the City, all had been lost save honor and that, as practical politicians, it would take us several years of hard work to pick up the pieces of this Noble Victory and stick them together again.

An important part of my father's work which is lost to history is his comments on the passing scene, usually picked up from Gazette editorials by the Associated Press and often spread across the nation. They are lost because most have little meaning today, for they are shrewd comments on minor events now forgotten. But they mattered then, and kept his name alive across the country. And as a practical newspaperman, he knew how to play the A.P. as skillfully as David Oistrakh knows how to play the fiddle; he gave them exactly what he knew they could use.

Working under him on The Gazette's editorial page, if I had a complaint it is that he seemed overgenerous in his praise, and too sparing in his criticism, which I really wanted except on one point. He would bring back a piece I had written and say, "Bill, this is really *very* good but it's too long."

"We have plenty of space tomorrow."

"That's not the point; it's almost a column and nobody will have room to reprint it. If you could cut it down to 300 words, I think the A.P. would take it."

"But I can't say what ought to be said in any less."

"Well, it's your funeral."

"I'll be glad to attend it."

One thing he taught me early, was to use strong, short words. It badly needed to be taught for I was fresh out of college, and like all college kids had picked up from my textbooks a ponderously Latinate vocabulary. The Ph.D.'s who write these things may know their subjects, but they know little about writing and the polysyllabic gobbledygook such windbags use somehow rubs off on the kids.

Time passed, and in the middle thirties, I left Emporia. Why? Somebody back East at the time asked me the question and my answer got into print. I said that I felt Emporia was getting a little overcrowded with Whites. My father didn't oppose my leaving, but it was equally clear he didn't want us to go. That he felt somehow that he had failed. And maybe he also feared that I would fail, which he didn't want to happen, for he was very proud of me. I had the feeling that maybe I was pretty good. But so long as I stayed in Emporia, how would anyone find it out?

Well, in a way we were both right and both wrong. A few years after I left Emporia he mailed me a book gotten up by some scholar who had come to Emporia to make a compilation of Gazette editorials. With the book was a note, saying that he rather thought that some of the editorials in it had been written by me. Reading through it,

I found that, in the period when I had been actively on the editorial page, about two thirds of those editorials picked by this scholar as The Gazette's best actually had been written by me. Nobody was at fault here. If there was blame it was on *me*, for not having left Emporia sooner. Yet that decade in Emporia after college was not lost. If I contributed something, I took away far more in experience.

But some rough years followed. I had no literary reputation of my own, yet editors, particularly unsure or inexperienced ones, were eager to hire me on the theory that they were buying a slice of the Sage of Emporia at a substantial cash discount. When I tried to tell them I was an entirely different person with other talents and another viewpoint, they wouldn't listen. When I proved to be right, they felt I had swindled or betrayed them. The period was, I think, more painful for my father than it was for me, for no man wants his son to fail, and when the son of the Sage of Emporia is floundering around, this can hardly be kept a secret within the trade.

But his worries and heartbreak ended, I think, in 1939. I had set off to Europe as a war correspondent, and in addition to my column for 50 papers, had wangled myself a job with CBS, was holding down for them the Russo-Finnish war single-handed, and had got for myself one of those mushrooming radio reputations in almost every living room in the nation five nights a week. I had also won radio's equivalent of a Pulitzer prize for the best foreign broadcast of the year, against such competition as Bill Shirer, Ed Murrow and Eric Sevareid. I bring in these things only because my father was now enormously proud of me, even telephoning me in Helsinki from Emporia. In the years that followed, he would watch my books rising on the best-seller lists, and buy them by the arm-load, paying the full retail price, to send out to his friends. He was very happy. I also liked it because intensely well-meaning people had quit asking me if I thought I was a chip off of the old block.

In that period I was mostly working in Europe, but able to come back for a few weeks or a month to spell him on The Gazette. During this time he achieved what was probably his pinnacle of fame, when he became head of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Up to this point his reputation had been purely American—none of his books had been published abroad or in translation. But now he was known throughout the free world.

His Committee of course locked horns with its opposite number, the America-First Committee. But presently his own committee exploded in a row, which ended with his being heaved out of leadership, although this was phrased more politely. Books have been written about this, which I shall not summarize here. The nut of it was that my father had been picked to head this committee because, as the Sage of Emporia, he spoke from the heart of the tradi-

tionally isolationist Middle West. Although the Committee purported to favor helping the Allies short of war, a majority of its rank and file and probably of its directors, thought we should get in. But my father really believed what he said. He was strictly a "short-of-war" man, so, on the showdown, they rolled him.

I was in England during this noisy purge, and let me confess that, while I now believe he was right, at the time I did not agree with him. I was a victim of "localitis." In England we really believed (we were wrong) that there was danger of invasion, and that only American entry could save the British Isles. During the height of the row in America the British Ministry of Information, knowing how I felt, got in touch with me to ask if I would care to give an interview setting forth this opinion. Of course I refused. I said anything in print now from me would be only a stab in the back to a father when he was in trouble, that when I got back to America, there would be plenty of time to set out my own views in magazine articles or a book, but in a way which would not be insulting to him. They understood, and were very decent about it. But word of my private disagreement with my father leaked out among the correspondents and much later, going over my clippings, I found that one of these, a crook employed by a leading Chicago paper, had cabled what he said was an authorized interview with me. It correctly quoted what I thought, but angled it as an attack on my father. I was very angry. I still am. I hope he never saw it. If he did, he never mentioned it.

In his final years my father became, in Emporia, an almost universally revered institution. In my day there, the reverence had been considerably short of universal. If an Emporian, on vacation, ran into someone who said "Oh, that's William Allen White's town!" about half the time the Emporian would explode, and inform the stranger that there were, in Emporia, a lot of people more substantial than that noisy fellow White.

In the 1940's, there were shifts. His fame had reached the point that any state convention of barbers or morticians, meeting in Emporia, felt swindled if William Allen White did not appear briefly to say a few words. It would be like coming to Niagara without getting a glimpse of the Falls. As a patriotic Emporian, he was amenable to this, but as a lover of good food, he hated (who of us does not?) hotel banquets. My mother told me the compromise had been that he would eat at home but, just before the main speaker, he would be swiftly driven down to that head table to say a few words, so that the returning delegates could tell their families that they had heard Niagara roar, however briefly, just following the lemon pie.

His local enemies? Most he had triumphantly out-lived. The rest were silenced in part because he had now become

an acknowledged civic asset, and also because, being in his middle seventies, he could not be around much longer to infuriate them.

So now for the death-bed. We Whites, following as we all carefully do, in our father's footsteps, chips, as always we are, off the old block, are a cancer family—part of our proud heritage. So it was no surprise to any of us when at age 75, he ran into trouble in the late fall of 1943. Without using that frightening word all of us, of course including him, knew what it was before he went on the table for that "exploratory" operation at Mayo's.

But on that last evening before they went in, took that quick look, then sewed him up and sent him home to die, again I marveled at how carefully he had planned things. Sitting there on the edge of the hospital bed, swinging his toes and talking to us, he said he felt fine but, just in case he did not come out of the ether tomorrow, there were a few things we might go over. His will we would find in the office safe. He owed nothing except current bills. His letters, he had promised the Library of Congress. If we would let them know, they would come to pick them up.

Then, (turning to me) there was his autobiography. I would find it in the library at home. Of course it was only in rough first draft, and he had only got a little beyond 1920. It needed cutting, particularly for repetition. The last thing he wanted to do was to impose on me. I had my own work to consider, my own life to lead. If I was too busy to bother with it myself, I could get one of those fellows working on a Ph.D. to take it over. Because he really thought the material was good. And if he came out of the ether the next day, he would do the work himself.

He came out all right, with an unofficial estimate of three more months, but the work he could never quite do, although there were a few days when, back home, he could get dressed and go into his library to make a stab at it. Then, that waiting period, as the flame flickers lower, and everybody tiptoes around, but we Whites will tell you there are worse ways to go. There was time, for instance, to read those telegrams which came in from all over the nation when it had been announced he was going to Mayo's, for everyone from the White House down knew what this meant. Time, in fact, for him to answer most of them. Time for his only grandchild, our little daughter Barbara, to come on from our home in New York for a few days during her Thanksgiving vacation, when he insisted on coming down to sit at the head of the table, to carve as he always had. He was proud that he could bring that off for her. Time for my mother to talk it over with me in half whispers in the upstairs library, where the autobiography lay.

Cold realist that she was, and loving him as she did, she said she thought, on the whole, it was better this way. Because father had always so much loved being a part of things



—in the center of them. And she could not bear to think of him as an old man, slowly getting feebler, with all of his friends dying off, and ignored by the young. Having always been so much in the current of national life this, she knew, he could not bear. Nor could she bear it for him. So it was better, coming now.

There is little else to tell except of that waiting—boring of course to all of us but most of all to him, who was so little accustomed to being bored. Then suddenly at four o'clock in the morning it happened—the nurse running in to tell us that he was gone—at first she had thought he was only trying to hold his breath, as she said he sometimes did, trying to end it. Several times she had scolded him about this. But now he had really gone.

For days the U.P. and the A.P. had been discreetly calling—we would promise to let them know, so a flash would be put on the main wire? So now, being of a newspaper

family, a chip, if you like, off the old Sage of Emporia block, I found myself hastening to the phone to call, not the undertaker as any sane family would, but the A.P. and the U.P. Both, I knew, had brought up to date their biographical sketches. Four o'clock would be just right to start moving them out on the main trunk wires, so that the Sage of Emporia's last big story could get full-dress treatment and page one play in the papers across the land. Only after I had hung up, did I remember the undertaker. Stupid, isn't it? My father would have laughed.

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**Mr. White** is editor and publisher of the Emporia Gazette. This speech was delivered at the University of Kansas School of Journalism during the William Allen White Centennial observances.

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# Nieman Notes

1944

**Lawrence Fernsworth** is bureau chief for a group of five Tennessee newspapers and columnist for the Sacramento Bee and other McClatchy newspapers in California, specializing in national and foreign affairs. He conducts the Fernsworth News Service.

1946

**Robert J. Manning**, editor in chief and vice president of The Atlantic Monthly, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Foreign Policy Association.

1949

**Grady E. Clay, Jr.**, editor of *Landscape Architecture*, has been appointed a member of the Overseers' Committee to Visit the School of Design at Harvard University. Clay is a former trustee of the American Planning and Civic Association, and a past president and chairman of the board of the National Association of Real Estate Editors. He was Visiting Lecturer in Urban Design at the University of Kentucky in 1960, and during 1961-62 he served as Research Associate at the Harvard-M.I.T. Joint Center for Urban Studies.

1950

**Mel Wax** is now the director of an experimental television show on Station KQED-TV in San Francisco. It is called NEWSROOM, and Mr. Wax is the editor and master of ceremonies for several newscasters who sit around a table discussing the day's events.

1951

**Bob Eddy**, editor and publisher of the Hartford Courant, has been elected president of the New England Society of Newspaper Editors.

1952

**John L. Steele** has been appointed senior correspondent of Time, Inc. For the past ten years he was chief of the Time-Life news service in Washington. In his new position he will be traveling to all parts of the world to report for all of Time, Inc. magazines. His successor as bureau chief is Hugh Sidey, former White House correspondent and deputy chief of the Time-Life news service in Washington.

1953

**Robert E. Lee** has resigned as Special Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, and will devote the next several months to overseas travel. Lee has been with the Department of Commerce for a year. Earlier, during the Johnson and Kennedy administrations, he served for four years as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations.

1954

**Richard Dudman** has been named chief of the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He succeeded Marquis Childs, who was appointed contributing editor and will continue his thrice-weekly column. Dudman was graduated from Stanford University, and began his newspaper career on the Denver Post.

## 1955

**William J. Woestendick** has been appointed editor of "This Week" magazine, the Sunday supplement. He previously served as editorial director and assistant to the publisher of Newsday, assistant executive editor of the Houston Post, and recently as editorial director of publications for International Business Machines. On "This Week" he replaces John J. O'Connell who is now associated with Famous Artists' Schools.

**Henry Shapiro**, chief of the Moscow Bureau of the United Press International, has been in the United States on home leave. He conducted a graduate seminar on problems covering the Soviet Union at the School of Communications, Stanford University, and the School of Journalism at the University of California, Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Shapiro visited with their daughter, Mrs. Irina Corten, who is a member of the Slavics Department at the University of California.

## 1956

**Hisashi Maeda** has received a Doctor of Laws at the Law School of Kyoto University. He has just completed a book, a History of Disarmament Negotiations 1945-1967, which has been published by the Tokyo University Press. He is now doing writing, research and lecturing as a member of the staff of the Institute of International Relations for Peace and Development in Asia, which has been established at Sophia University in Tokyo.

## 1959

**Norman A. Cherniss**, associate editor and editor of the editorial page of the Riverside California Press and Daily Enterprise, was Visiting Lecturer at the University of Southern California for the fall term. He conducted a senior colloquium on "the press and national policy."

## 1961

**Joseph A. Loftus**, for many years a labor reporter for The New York Times, has been named special assistant for communications to Secretary of Labor George P. Shulz. Mr. Loftus will advise the department on external and internal communica-

tions, participate in policy formulation and work with the White House on communication matters. Before joining The Times, he was with The Scranton (Pa.) Tribune, International News Service and the Associated Press.

## 1962

**Gene L. Roberts**, former chief of the Saigon Bureau of The New York Times, has been named director of national news for The New York Times.

## 1966

**Wayne Woodlief** of the Norfolk Ledger-Star received the Virginia Press Association's 1968 Award for the best feature writing in Virginia newspapers.

**Robert H. Giles** has been appointed assistant to the executive editor on the Akron Beacon Journal. He was city editor for two years, and before that was chief editorial writer.

**Jack Bass**, Columbia correspondent for the Charlotte Observer, was named South Carolina's Newspaperman of the Year by the Sigma Delta Chi chapter at the University of South Carolina. The Chapter gives the award annually to the newspaperman working in the state who has made the biggest contribution to journalism.

## 1967

**Anthony Day** has been appointed chief of the Washington Bureau for the Philadelphia Bulletin. He succeeded Robert Roth, who will keep the title of correspondent and write a column.

## 1968

**Jaehae Nam** has been promoted from reporter to editorial writer on the Chosun Ilbo, Seoul, Korea.

## 1969

**George Amick**, associate editor of the Trenton Times, received first prize in the New Jersey Press Association's annual contest. The Press Association judged an editorial advocating a state income tax for New Jersey as the state's best editorial of the year.

### **April First is Deadline for Nieman Fellowship Applications**

Applications for Nieman Fellowships for 1969-70 must be in the Nieman office by April first. The Nieman Selection Committee will award about twelve Fellowships for the academic year opening in September.

The Fellowships provide for one year of residence and background study for newsmen on leave from their jobs. Applicants must have at least three years of newspaper experience, be under forty, and agree to return to their jobs.

This will be the thirty-third annual group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University. The Fellowships were established in 1938 under a bequest by Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of The Milwaukee Journal. Members of the 1969-70 Nieman Selection Committee are the following:

Roy M. Fisher, editor of the Chicago Daily News  
Paul Ringler, associate editor of The Milwaukee Journal  
Davis Taylor, publisher of The Boston Globe  
William Liller, Wilson Professor of Applied Astronomy at Harvard  
William M. Pinkerton, news officer for Harvard  
Dwight E. Sargent, curator of the Nieman Fellowships