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Stanley Walker: the Retread Texan

By Jay Milner

Mr. Milner is a professor at the School of Journalism at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, and the author of *Incident at Ashton*. For several years he was an assistant editor on the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

The Stanley Walker you usually read about was a living legend during U.S. journalism's juiciest era—the Prohibition and Depression years. The Stanley Walker I knew was a retread Texan who raised white faced cattle and black faced sheep on 300 hilly acres in Lampasas county and somehow had achieved what he called "the illusion of freedom, or what passes for it." You sensed this about him almost immediately. Perhaps it had to do with the fact that Stanley had been away to the Big City and done very well thank you, then come back home by choice. It bothered many of his fellow Texans, this illusion of freedom; though it was not manifest in pushy independence. Stanley did not come home to march in parades, but human fires burned high inside the man.

Texas Liberals and Texas Conservatives had wanted to claim Stanley when they heard he was back home. He was noted as an icon buster and had been city editor for New York's Republican newspaper. But Stanley insisted on busting icons on both sides of the fence, something dogmatic Liberals detest as much as dogmatic Conservatives do.

"They are sore," Stanley told me, "because I've captured the illusion of freedom; if anything burns them up it is the spectacle of a free man who eats well and isn't tortured by the thought of the conflict between the predatory plutocrat and the predatory underdog."

I asked Stanley one day why he thought writers these days got together so seldom, why there were no traditional panels now such as the famous "round table" of his New York days

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The State of Book Reviewing

By Herbert Kupferberg

Mr. Kupferberg, formerly Lively Arts Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, is associate editor of Parade, and the author of *Those Fabulous Philadelphians,* published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Back in a previous incarnation, I used to run a department full of critics on what is known in the trade as a large metropolitan newspaper. At various times over the years I myself have variously reviewed books, music, plays, movies —even ballets. So I can honestly say, like Iago in Verdi's opera *Otello: "Io non sono che un critico"*—I am nought but a critic.

Lately, however, I have passed over the divide that separates the critics from the criticized—one is tempted to say the boys from the men—by being guilty of a small book myself. Instead of writing reviews of others' works, I have lately been reading their reviews of mine. And the shift in perspective, while somewhat less startling than I expected, has nevertheless raised some considerations that hadn't previously occurred to me, and has made me ponder anew some of the problems and pitfalls of the critical trade.

Perhaps I should begin, with such modesty as I can muster, by saying that the book in question, which is a history of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has been favorably reviewed by nearly all critics (never fear, reader: we shall return to that *nearly* shortly) and that my publisher, after reminding me that it is, after all, a book about a symphony orchestra, reports that it is selling "beautifully."

Let me note right here that one of the most surprising revelations to me, thanks to clippings forwarded by my publisher, is the extent to which the art of book reviewing is practiced through the United States. When The New York Times, both Sunday and daily, reviewed my book, I was pleased but not astonished: that, I reasoned, is what The New York Times is for. But when reviews turned up in such literary outposts as the Anniston (Ala.) Star, the Bradenton (Fla.) Herald, the Elyria (Ohio) Chronicle-Telegram, and the Riverside (Calif.) Press-Enterprise, I could only conclude that the cultural contagion had spread further in this country than I had previously realized. Few newspapers seem to be without resident critics of some sort these days.

I even find myself taking a far more lenient view, now that I am an author, of those reviewers whose notices consist of nothing but an exact replica of the jacket copy or publicity material provided by the publisher. When I was an editor myself I used to scorn such practices, dismissing them as merely a device of lazy or incompetent critics. But as an author, well, you learn to appreciate the other fellow's point of view. Time, after all, is valuable; a reviewer often has lots of other chores to attend to; the baby may be teething and have kept him up all night—some degree of tolerance is clearly called for. I must admit I read such reviews, of which there were not a few, with a degree of indulgence that surprised me.

In fact, honesty compels me to acknowledge that the more I sifted all the reviews, the more sympathetic I felt to the ancient Roman dramatist Plautus who, doubtlessly after reading the notices of one of his less successful plays, remarked that, on the whole, he rather preferred an insincere compliment to a sincere criticism. I was also reminded of an encounter many years ago with that fine writer and noble spirit A. J. Liebling. He had recently written a book about World War II which I had reviewed; and he recounted to me with great gusto how he had read a sheaf of reviews forwarded to him by his publisher while seated in a rural French sanitary facility. The favorable reviews he had kept,

he said; and he also told me what he had done with the others. Mine, I am glad to say, he still had.

Because of its subject, my particular book fell under the purview both of book reviewers and music critics. Now, in my day as an arts editor, I always was wary of critics who over-specialized. True, there are perils in following the example of the blank-minded gentleman in *The Pickwick Papers* who, assigned to do a thesis on Chinese metaphysics, simply read in the encyclopedia under C for China and M for metaphysics, and combined his knowledge. But there are equal dangers, to my mind, of bringing a tremendous burden of advance knowledge and, especially, of preconceived ideas to the subject at hand. I always remember that when George Gershwin's now universally admired opera *Porgy and Bess* had its New York premiere in 1935, the town's music critics lambasted it for its flouting of traditional approaches, while the supposedly tin-eared drama critics responded eagerly to its marvelous blend of lyricism, drama and atmosphere.

Most distressing of all are those specialists in a field who instead of reviewing your book for the benefit of their readers either denounce you for attempting it in the first place or, worse, try to rewrite it for you. Perhaps the most recent example of this treatment accorded to an important book were the attacks of academic reviewers made upon William L. Shirer's history *The Collapse of the Third Republic*—not that that excellent work seems to have suffered overly much thereby in public response.

In the case of my own book, one literary supplement decided, without realizing it, to give it to review to a music critic who had been attacking the Philadelphia Orchestra and its conductor in print for years. The result was a review which went to great lengths in enumerating the reviewer's complaints about the subject, and consequently dismissing the book itself as a work of no consequence. A Southern newspaper decided to ask the conductor of the local symphony orchestra to review the book, and he responded with the one virulent attack it has received, both on musical *and* literary grounds (". . . like a cartoon, one-dimensional and ultimately lifeless," etc., etc.) Confronted by these experts, I take refuge in the thought that, while a little learning may be a dangerous thing, an overdose of it can be positively fatal.

What, then, should an editor look for in a review? Heaven forfend that I should disparage knowledge and authority in a given field—obviously a music critic should know one end of a symphony from another, and a book reviewer should have a feeling for words and ideas, his own no less than others'. But the cult of the expert can be—and in some newspapers is being—carried too far. Traditionally, and especially on big city newspapers, most of the movement is from the specialized field into the general. I do not propose that this traffic be terminated (after all, the supreme American music critic of our time, Virgil Thomson, was a composer, and Igor Stravinsky's recent prose is more stimulating than his recent music), but I am suggesting that there may be benefits to be found in a little more movement in the opposite direction, *from* journalism into criticism, whether of music, books, or art.

The general assignment reporter may or may not be the noblest work of God, but it is surprising how adaptable, competent and understanding he can become when he takes up a specialty in which he has an intelligent interest and a basic background. I remember the late Geoffrey Parsons, the wise and experienced chief editorial writer of the New York Herald Tribune, being asked, "Where do you get your editorial writers from?" and responding, "Why, from the best men on the city staff."

I have always thought that the same source offered excellent prospective material for the critical side, too, and re-reading some of the reviews accorded to my book (a deplorable habit one falls into all too easily) serves to confirm my opinion. I'm impressed by the number of orderly, informative and shrewdly appraising notices that have come from newspapers in the middle circulation range. They may be no models of literary elegance or epigrammatic pith, but they manage to convey essential information to a reader and—let me admit—to a potential customer in a very businesslike and readable manner.

This may not be exactly what Anatole France had in mind when he said that "the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces," but masterpieces, alas, cross a reviewer's desk all too rarely, and are not invariably recognized when they do. I am ready to settle for such prosaic comments as that of a critic for a popular magazine who remarked of my own endeavor: "A useful music book is one that provides within the binding all the cover promises. This one does that."

Certainly these aren't words that will live for their eloquence or wit, yet I admit they gave me more satisfaction than many another more fulsome and flowery testimonial, and reinforced my belief that, despite occasional outbreaks of critical overkill, it's still possible for books today to get a fair hearing and a professional appraisal. In fact, encouraged by the general state of literary criticism across the country, I am going to make the only sensible response: write another book.

"Only One Truth"

By Sylvan Meyer

Mr. Meyer, editor of The Miami News, was one of 10 U.S. editors who visited the Soviet Union on an exchange tour with the Union of Soviet Journalists. The Americans paid their own expenses in the USSR.

Several times our delegation of U.S. editors conferred, around brandy, sweet carbonated drinks, mineral water and fresh fruit, with groups of Soviet editors.

They were visibly tolerant of our obvious ignorance of how they operate and of our inability to judge their publications' content for ourselves, since we couldn't read Russian.

They tolerated our constant probing for evidence in the Russian press of some dissent from government policy. When they attacked us, they hit crime reporting, sensationalism and attempts for balance in reporting.

"There is only one truth," they said repeatedly. "When you print what you call both sides, one side is untrue and you spread the untruths."

The Izvestia board of editors, presided over by Yuri Filonovich, assistant editor in chief, defined the policy of his 8.7 million circulation newspaper succinctly:

"Izvestia is the organ of the Supreme Soviet. It is our duty to support the policy of the government."

It would have been more accurate if Mr. Filonovich had conceded that Izvestia and the government are one and the same. An editor does not dissent from himself and it never occurs to the editor of a house organ to attack his own house.

Izvestia and Pravda differ little in basic approach. Izvestia is more closely identified with the government (The Council of Ministers) rather than the Communist Party, as is Pravda. They rarely differ in editorial viewpoint. Both Izvestia and Pravda use remote plants, fed by facsimile transmissions, to achieve simultaneous publication across the whole breadth of the USSR's 6,000 mile expanse. The papers read in Siberia are as fresh as those posted on Moscow bulletin boards.

"We dissent," the Soviet journalists protest. "We criticize various bodies and ministers . . . we 'polemicize' about the functions of ministers."

Soviet journalists belong to a union with 45,000 members. Upwards of 200,000 are employed by all media. The secretary of the board of the union is Vyacheslav Chernyshev, who came up through the working ranks.

The union holds a congress every four years and names a 125 member elective board which, in turn, elects a chairman, vice chairman and 23 secretaries. The secretariats deal in various fields including a secretariat for each of the republics in the USSR.

The union handles more than representation of the workers. It is the professional certification agency, is engaged

in teaching and setting of standards and determines the journalist's qualifications. Its aim is to build a better Communist society, it says.

Principal universities teach journalism and two have special professorial chairs in the field. Students interested in journalism compete through exams for admission to the schools while in the final grades of high school. More than 6,000 took part in the examinations last year. The 50 top students enjoy special privileges, can select the school of their choice and may be eligible for subsidies in addition to their free education.

Part of the upgrading process described by union officials includes training for journalists in other fields, such as agronomy, engineering and space. Seminars are frequent, we were told, and deal in substantive information as well as philosophy. Leading journalists are pretty well filled in on the main line of national policy, apparently, and are briefed anew as the line shifts and coils.

The union is not interested in protecting, or even identifying, individual unorthodoxies.

"If a man does not want to stay in step with life," said Secretary Chernyshev, "that's his problem."

I am no scholar in the total Soviet press, of course, and must write only on the basis of our reporting efforts on this trip. Dealing with Soviet journalists, the American editors were cordial and interested. We were greeted as colleagues and the Soviet journalists said, whether they believed or not, that we shared with them a mission to inform our people.

Since the name of the game in the USA is dissent, opposition and suspicion where government is concerned, the ASNE directors repeatedly probed the Soviets on the matter of dissent in their press. Our hosts were not able to relate to our view of the press as a critic of basic governmental policies.

Moreover, they think they do dissent in areas where disagreement is meaningful. Izvestia, as a case in point, receives 1,000 to 1,500 letters to the editor a week and uses a 50-person staff to screen them. Letters on foreign policy invariably support the government's position but other letters frequently attack the bureaucracy for inefficiency, debate highway location and zoning decisions, insist on more and better kept parks, criticize the operation of public transportation facilities, demand more air pollution prevention or complain about favoritism in the allocation of apartments. Letters often complain about the quality of merchandise in stores or the management of a particular housing complex.

Frequently letters criticize the newspaper itself. When a writer criticizes a governmental agency, Izvestia sends the letter to the agency concerned in sort of an Action Line process.

Many of the letters are anonymous. Izvestia does not require that they be signed. The U.S. editors, who would be delighted to receive a fraction of the number of letters from readers that Izvestia draws wondered (1) how they'd do with unsigned letters and (2) how many Izvestia staffers are moonlighting as letter writers.

Izvestia runs four to six pages daily and charges the reader accordingly. Newsprint is scarce and the idea is to reach people, not publish fat journals.

The Soviet Union has about 8,000 newspapers, including community weeklies and special organs, and 4,000 magazines. The magazines hit special fields and seem to substitute in content for what in the States would be simply departments of a daily newspaper. As a case in point the Soviet's Women's Journal is delivered by mail to 11 million subscribers. Its editor, with whom the U.S. group talked about the situation of Soviet womanhood, would make a great U.S. woman's department editor for a circulation hungry newspaper.

The Soviet editors disdained American coverage of crime. In the first place, they claim crime is decreasing in their country because all citizens have a means of subsistence. They have no social problems, they maintain, other than alcoholism and it is to alcohol that they attribute their "hooliganskis," meaning juvenile delinquents and vandals. They deny that a drug problem exists.

They are probably correct. The Soviet Union would offer little opportunity to the criminal, organized or independent. It is a society of low independent mobility since there are few private automobiles and few roads. The nature of the society means that the comings, goings and spendings of a citizen would be instantly known to officialdom. And there would be little to buy with ill-gotten gains as money alone means next to nothing in obtaining better housing, fancier food or wider diversions.

Izvestia prides itself on being older than the revolution. It started with 35,000 copies daily following the overthrow of the Czar and published in the headquarters of Bolshevism, the Smolny Institute building in what is now Leningrad, as the direct handmaiden of I. L. Lenin himself.

The U.S. editors visited provincial journalists in the USSR and discovered the pattern of editorial-governmental management fairly consistent. In Kiev, Ukranian journalists hammered at our coverage of crime but revealed indirectly they do not have access to arrest records even if they had an interest in printing them.

In Minsk, a deputy editor told the Americans of his readers' conferences. Attendance is open to anyone and the people can lodge complaints and make suggestions about the operation of the newspaper. Complaints usually concern what readers consider insufficient coverage of their factory

or failure to note some development in science or industry.

The American editors found it impossible to debate fully questions involving writers and journalists who have either defected from the Soviet Union or claim to have been driven underground by repression. Neither could accusations against Soviet press censorship be pursued. The Soviets either dismissed charges with a sentence or changed the subject.

Of Anatole Kutnetsov, who defected to England, the Soviets asserted: "Any person who would leave his wife and family is bad to begin with. His personal morals make his work valueless."

Of the charges of repression, a journalists' union guide said: "I am in Moscow radio. With my contacts wouldn't I know if someone were taken away? I tell you I know of not one Russian who is in jail as these writers charge."

On international affairs, editors at every level told us the government knows more about what's going on than they do. "Why should I distrust our government?" was a typical comment.

Deputy Premier Nikolai Baybakov, asked about the jailing of writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky in 1966 for anti-Soviet agitation, told the U.S. editors we didn't have the facts. "They violated Soviet laws and this cannot be passed by. It wasn't that they criticized leaders. There were actions as well as words. They did things that would be punished under your laws, too. This led to stories of repression. I categorically deny it."

Officials of the Soviet Novosti Agency heard an American urge more open coverage of both countries by their respective correspondents as a means to better understanding. The Novosti editor replied, "But we can't have correspondents writing dishonest things about us."

Dishonest, in Soviet terms, includes any indication that Soviet enemies have a point. Publishing both sides in stories on the Chinese-Soviet border confrontations, for example, drew this comment from the Soviet journalists: "There is only one side that is the truth. It is not good to publish both sides. This only gives an opportunity for Mao to spread his lies."

The Rules Have Changed

By Robert J. Donovan

Mr. Donovan is Associate Editor of the Los Angeles Times. The following remarks were made in a commencement address at the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

Until recently, those of us in journalism could view the turbulence of the campus from rather safe sanctuaries. While some students were out cracking heads, is was we who could observe from the sidelines.

But then, suddenly, our domain was beseiged. Along came Vice President Agnew, and now you and we are all in the same boat, sailing in foul weather under the guns of President Nixon's own "great silent majority."

That Voltaire of the Potomac, Sen. Eugene McCarthy, remarked the other day that he agreed with much of what Mr. Agnew said about television news, but denied his right to say it.

In his droll style the senator was suggesting that it was a form of intimidation for an official as highly placed as the Vice President to criticize television news in the same breath that he reminded the networks that television stations are licensed by the government.

The press is not licensed and, therefore, is not vulnerable to the power of the government in the sense that television is, although the government could inflict economic harm on the press, mostly to small newspapers, by manipulating postal rates.

I do not believe that the Nixon Administration ever intended to try a frontal attack on the press and television, employing harsh measures like censorship, suspension of television licenses or increase in postal rates. However much some officials in Washington might secretly desire to curb freedom of the press, they know they could not get away with it.

Neither do I believe, on the other hand, that Mr. Agnew was sent forth as the apostle of the Nixon Administration in a noble cause, seeking simply to offer intelligent and constructive criticism of journalism, which we would be stronger and better for.

Instead, what we saw, I believe, was the old case of peevish politicians who resented what some television commentators were saying and what some newspapers were writing about them and who used the forums of their high office to try to turn certain elements of the country against these commentators and newspapers.

In his speech attacking television news the clue to what was going on lay in the Vice President's appeal to people to register their complaints by writing to the networks and telephoning their local stations.

In his speech attacking the press the clue was manifest in the focus of his fire on the two newspapers—The Washington Post and The New York Times—readily identified

as critical of the Nixon administration. To deliver his attack furthermore Mr. Agnew flew to Alabama where the people had long been prejudiced against the Post and the Times by the vituperation of George Wallace.

The Vice President was spectacularly successful in arousing many people to attack the press and television. Television stations were, upon his appeal, inundated by telephone calls. Mail poured into the networks, the newspapers, the magazines and the offices of individual writers and commentators.

Some of these letters were moderate and fair. Some were much more constructive in their criticism than Mr. Agnew. Some put their fingers on practices that needed remedy. The press and television can only benefit by this kind of criticism. If we do not always welcome it, we ought to.

Messages of this nature, however, were but a ripple in the flood. Overwhelmingly, from what I know of it, the thrust of the criticism was that newspapers and networks were on the side of youthful protesters, that we were on the side of dissident blacks, that we condoned violence in the streets, that we approved the running up of the flag of Hanoi, that we "slanted" the news toward Communist causes and all the rest of it.

There are many people in this country who think too much is being done for the blacks. There are people who still think we should bomb Haiphong. There are many people who loathe campus protest. There are many people who still blame the crime wave on the rulings of the Warren court. There are many people who cannot abide antiwar demonstrations. There are many people who oppose gun control.

These people, taken together, form a very large company out of which an assault on the press and television can be recruited, and I think the Vice President knew exactly where these recruits were to be found.

The truth of the matter is that the problems of the press today are very difficult and go far beyond the points raised by Mr. Agnew. Our problems on newspapers, indeed, are remarkably similar to yours in the universities. They, too, spring from the fact that we are living in a time of unparalleled revolution in nearly all aspects of society.

Changing mores, the crumbling of old standards, the discard of long-accepted conventions, the challenge to old rules create for us many of the same problems posed for the academic world.

In his criticism of television, for example, Vice President Agnew was incensed that Eldridge Cleaver is treated, or so he implied, as a more newsworthy figure than Roy Wilkins.

According to old attitudes in editorial rooms, Wilkins would deserve the more attention. Yet in view of currents now stirring among blacks, it is not certain that the old attitudes would lead to the right conclusion today about the relative importance of Wilkins and Cleaver. Without trying to answer the question, I cite it simply to indicate the problem.

Old rules are no longer necessarily an adequate guide to what is news or what is important or even what is printable. Until recent years it was not difficult to decide that obscenities should be excluded from newspapers that are read by families in their homes. But now it is questionable whether newspapers can truthfully convey the nature of conflict and provocation in the streets without quoting obscenities.

Like other institutions, the press is under the stress of these revolutionary times. You are all familiar with the debate going on over the proper role of the universities today. Should they remain sanctuaries of learning and independent thought set apart from the hurly-burly? Or should they participate in events and actively try to shape society from within?

A similar debate is going on in journalism. Should the press be merely a chronicler, a mirror of yesterday's affairs? Or, through advocacy journalism, as it is called, and through the kind of investigative and crusading reporting that moves public opinion, should we, too, try to shape events?

The gravitational pull of the times, it seems to me, is dragging both the universities and the press in the latter direction. In some ways this is a good thing, if it is not carried too far. The danger to the universities, as I understand it, is that they may become excessively politicized to the detriment of learning and of independent thought.

Similarly, the danger to newspapers is that they might lose the reasonable objectivity that tradition rightly requires and that they might sacrifice their role of consistently providing day-to-day information for the people.

The problems of the press have been complicated by the coming of television. When I joined the old New York Herald Tribune in the mid-1930s, the Herald Trib and the New York Times used to pit their best writers against each other every year in covering the St. Patrick's Day parade. It was a colorful event. If one did not see it, the only way one could learn about it was through the newspapers.

Years later, I covered President Kennedy's funeral. I will never forget the despair I felt at sitting down at a typewriter afterward to describe the tragic pageant in a news story. Every person who would read my story already had seen the event for himself on television in every imaginable detail.

In 30 years, in other words, the newspapers' role in portraying an event had been drastically reduced. What was true of the Kennedy funeral was also true, for example, of the Democratic convention in Chicago and President Nixon's inaugural address. As our role as a portrayer of events has

diminished, therefore, we have had to enlarge our role as interpreter of events.

We must, where we can, add a dimension that television lacks. Often this will involve—even outside the editorial page—drawing conclusions, expressing judgments, taking a critical look. Furthermore, newspapers are doing more investigating; they are dealing in larger themes; they are reporting on more controversial subjects—homosexuality, for instance. Hence newspapers are more controversial than before, and the area in which they are apt to conflict with public opinion as well as public officials grows.

Another difficulty that plagues the press, as it plagues other institutions nowadays, is the deep mistrust that is peculiar to these times. Not always with cause, we, too, are caught in the crossfire of suspicions between black and white, young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated.

Last month, a man I do not know telephoned me from California to deplore a story I had written about the Nov. 15 peace march on Washington. He felt that my article deliberately lent encouragement to demonstrators. When, in the course of questioning me, however, he learned that I am 57, was an infantryman in World War II and have a son who will be commissioned in the Army in June through ROTC, his whole attitude toward me and the article changed.

If only, he said, readers knew that I was not young and not unpatriotic, they would read my stories in a very different light. In other words the facts and the writer's interpretation of them, as in this case, were not enough. The reader's confidence was undermined by suspicion about the writer and the writer's motive.

As with other institutions, the problem of mistrust in an anarchic age is the greatest we face. The solution is at once simple and not simple. We counter mistrust by integrity—that is simple enough.

But how do we establish our integrity? That is not so simple. It is a never-ending process subject to error and setbacks. Still, most Americans, I believe, will recognize fairness when they see it.

Journalism is far more professional today than in the past. While it has limitations, professionalism in any field can guarantee high standards. This is true of journalism where a dedication to fairness is a specific requirement of the profession. To be professional is to be fair—that is the ideal before us and our best hope of maintaing our integrity.

Our task is made no easier by the fact that many people deeply resent the space we devote to racial disorders, militant leaders, war demonstrators and student protesters. Many readers condemn us almost as if we were responsible for the conditions they despise.

This attitude helps explain why there was a ready following for Mr. Agnew to rally against us. But whether the silent majority likes it or not, an honest press cannot avoid reporting on the fundamental changes through which American society is passing irreversibly.

Finally, the role of the press, which inspired the constitutional guarantee of freedom, is to be the watchdog over government at all levels—as it were, to be the loyal opposition.

Decidedly, we should not be bound by the wishes of the silent majority, which at times might prefer to see certain events go unreported. Some newspapers knew of plans for the Bay of Pigs invasion before the attack was launched, but withheld the news supposedly in the national interest. Had the news been published, the invasion would have been debated publicly and disaster might have been averted.

Even when the press is wrong or sensational or biased, its watchdog function is essential to a democracy. There is no conceivable substitute for it.

Despite our errors, our abuses, occasional bias—despite many of the allegations against us—we are, I submit, much more likely to serve the interest of the public, and with much less bias, than any other form of communication that has ever been suggested. A government-controlled press would be the worst of all solutions because it would establish a bias that could not be offset.

As it is now, no city or town anywhere in America is so sealed off that its citizens cannot get contrasting opinions and varying news reports. This is because there are too many other nearby newspapers, too many magazines with different viewpoints, too much television and too much radio to shut off the whole flow. The only people who are completely uninformed, or who have not been exposed to contrasting opinion, are those who wish it that way.

To return to the reasoning behind the First Amendment there is no known substitute for a free press, except a kept or controlled press, which is infinitely worse.

It's (Not So) Cold Outside

(Reprinted from The Washington Post)

Last Sunday, pulling out all the organ stops of editorial language at our command, we came out four-square against the weather. Since then, we have received a communication from Mr. Ray Price at the White House, which has done us one better in every respect. As a former editorial writer himself (for the New York Herald Tribune), Mr. Price has a fine ear for the editorial writer's favorite formulations, and he also has a gambler's instinct, knowing full well that the spirit in which his views are offered may not be that in which they are everywhere received. Nevertheless, with his consent, we reprint his communication as a Guest Editorial on an extremely vexing public issue.

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Your Sunday comments on January were a significant contribution to the national dialogue. However, you neglected to mention that the future lies ahead.

In approaching the future, we must do so with a clear sense of where we have been, where we are, and where we want to go.

We can only meet the challenge of the future if we surmount the crises of the present. Clearly, the mounting accumulation of January days (up from four only a week ago to eleven today) confronts the Nation, and particularly its Capital, with a crisis of massive proportions. The situation calls for a sense of urgency that has so far been lacking. However, we should not let ourselves fall into the traps of extremism either of the Left or of the Right.

Some—in pursuit of the notorious Upper Great Plains strategy—would plunge us backward into the darkest December. But the well-intentioned demonstrators for "June Now!" are equally unrealistic, ignoring as they do the inflationary impact of a year without an April 15. The burden of inflation, after all, falls most heavily on those least able to withstand the cold in the first place: the aged, the ill-housed and the threadbare.

The best long-term solution offered so far appears to lie in the proposal by Rep. Omar Kayak (D-N.Y.) to reduce January to 14 days and return the remaining 17 to the states on a straight snowfall-per-capita basis. For the present, however, we may as well steel ourselves to the orderly progression of the calendar, while hoping for more aggressive leadership from the administration in requiring that the sun set before evening each day. We should all recall the wisdom of a great President who once said: "If you can't stand the cold, keep your cotton-pickin' hands out of the refrigerator."

The Battle of Britain's Libel Laws

By J. Clement Jones

Mr. Jones is the editor of the Wolverhampton Express and Star.

The difficulties experienced by the British press both in respect of the law itself and attempts to obtain modifications in it, have seldom been better exemplified than in the career of the Freedom of Publication (Protection) Bill in the British House of Commons in recent years.

On several occasions this Bill, with modifications and with different sponsors, has come before the House but has invariably been "talked out." This really means that it has been rejected by the House of Commons on a technical point of procedure, not on its merit.

On the last occasion the Bill came before the House it fared considerably better until it reached what is known as the third reading stage. Then a Labour back-bencher prevented a vote being taken on it by continuing his speech until the time limit for consideration of the Bill had expired.

Before this happened a great deal of time and effort had been spent on the Bill, not only in the House of Commons, and in Committee Stage, but also in preparing memoranda and assembling evidence, which work was undertaken by various sections of the press.

There were angry protests in the House when the Bill was talked out in this way because a great many people felt that it was a serious waste of time to allow something to get as far as this, and then for it to be defeated on a technicality. The sponsor of the Bill, Mr. Reginald Eyre, moved very quickly, and succeeded in getting the Bill entered into the lists again and at the head of the queue. The Government, however, once again scuppered his efforts by deciding to give priority on that day to the Divorce Reform Bill, with the foreseeable result that there would not be enough time for consideration of the Freedom on Publication (Protection) Bill.

Nevertheless the Bill itself is of interest even if only of an academic nature. Had it been accepted it would have gone a considerable way towards helping British newspapers in respect of contempt of court, official secrets, and libel.

While it is agreed on all sides that the laws of libel and contempt in Britain really need a complete overhaul, the Bill would have performed a valuable patching operation. Detailed reform is planned by the British Law Commission which has been charged with looking at all our laws and making recommendations for reform when necessary, but it will be four or five years before they are likely to get round to dealing with contempt and libel.

In the House of Commons recently the Attorney General said that the Government had completed a thorough examination of the question of the release of official information in the course of which they had considered what advances had been made in recent years, what more could be done in the future, and what safeguards would continue to be required. A White Paper showing the results of this examination and setting out the Government's policy has been published, but most journalists consider it was something of a damp squib.

It is worth, however, examining the Freedom of Publication (Protection) Bill in the light of various attempts to

harmonise the laws of various European countries in this connection.

Clause 1 of the Bill attempted a redefinition of contempt of court and stated that no proceedings should be taken against newspapers or broadcasting authorities except with the consent of the Attorney General, the Government's chief legal officer. This is to free the press from the ever-present fear of irresponsible or vexatious proceedings. It is accepted that the decision whether or not to take proceedings could safely be left in the hands of the Attorney General. In a sudden emergency it would be open to a judge to direct any alleged breach to the Attorney General for consideration.

In defining contempt the Bill said it should not be an offence, save where the effect of such publication was likely to influence the fair conduct of a trial or judicial proceedings. This made the test an objective one, not a subjective one. It is what the effect of publication is likely to be and not what was the effect of the publication intended to be by the publisher. This removes from the field of contempt of court attacks on the conduct of individual judges or on the administration of courts where it is calculated to bring the judge into contempt. The judge can still have recourse to an action for libel if he feels he has been defamed.

The Bill did not, unfortunately, succeed in resolving the question of the time at which contempt began and when it was contempt to publish anything calculated to interfere with the fair conduct of proceedings which were pending or imminent. The British press still awaits a cast iron definition of how "imminent" is "imminent."

The second clause of the Bill was intended to prevent silencing writs, the writs issued merely to prevent a newspaper repeating accusations irrespective of the accuracy of the accusations. At present it is possible for someone engaged in defrauding the public to issue a writ when he knows that a newspaper is about to publish an article exposing his actions and warning its readers. The newspaper then has the alternative of going ahead with the publication and running an inevitable risk and cost of a libel action or keeping quiet. It may well be that the newspaper could win the action but if the person instituting it has no financial resources, the newspaper could still be left with a very heavy burden of legal costs for very little purpose.

Indeed, it has happened that on the day upon which an action alleging libel against a particular newspaper has come up for hearing the person complaining was sent to prison from another court for the very offenses which the newspaper article had said he had been committing! The present law adequately protects the innocent person who is defamed, but it works against newspapers and hampers them in their duty to warn and protect readers against people who are engaged in trying to defraud them.

The sections of the Bill which dealt specifically with libel sought to alter the defense of justification and to provide that in an action for libel that the words in a publication should be considered as a whole and not merely a limited section. In this section the sponsors of the Bill accepted an amendment, suggested by the Attorney General, which would have had the effect of allowing the defendant to rely in mitigation of damages on the truth of other allegations made on the same occasion but not complained of by the plaintiff. The advantage of this was that the plaintiff's remedy would be based on the injury to his reputation done by the publication taken as a whole.

The clause which related to official secrets sought to make publication no offence if the journalist could establish that the publication of which he was accused was not prejudicial to the public interest. While no one doubts the need for an Official Secrets Act where matters affecting the State are involved, the present Official Secrets Act in Britain covers communication of *any* information by a servant of the Crown to anyone who is not authorised to receive it. So what is a necessary provision to safeguard the security of the State can be used to stifle criticism and suppress information which it is in the public interest to know. The Attorney General was strongly opposed to this clause when the Bill was discussed in Committee but when a vote was taken there was a majority in favour of its retention.

Another clause sought to amend the present rules so that the judge alone would decide the amount of damages awarded in a successful action. In recent years there have been excessive damages awarded by juries against newspapers, and it was felt that judges are more realistic and more knowledgeable than juries about newspaper economics and the financial value of any damage likely to have been inflicted on an individual. Opponents of this clause however argued that judges could be capricious too, and that though at the present time it might be fashionable for judges to award lower damages than juries, the fashion could change and at a later date newspapers might find that judges were more severe.

A further valuable clause which succeded in getting through the Committee stage was one which extended the reports protected by qualified privilege to a fair and accurate report of any proceedings in public of a central or local legislature in any territory outside Her Majesty's dominions.

It was a great pity that the Bill, having got so far, did not reach the House of Lords, when the views of a number of Press Lords would have been heard. Nevertheless, those Members of Parliament who have been behind this Bill in the past, assure me that it will come up again in the next parliamentary session, albeit modified slightly in the light of the valuable experience so recently gained.

Paul Kendall Niven

A Eulogy by Daniel P. Moynihan

The funeral service in Washington for Paul Niven on Jan. 10 was crowded with friends of the late broadcaster, including high government officials. Niven, a native of Boston whose parents now live in Brunswick, Me., was a correspondent for National Educational Television. He was killed in Washington during a fire in his home Jan. 8. At his funeral at Washington's Navy Chapel, his longtime friend, Daniel P. Moynihan, counsellor to President Nixon, gave the eulogy that follows.

I rise to celebrate the life of Paul Kendall Niven. It was not, in the received sense, a happy life. Those of us who owe him so very much owe him first of all that standard of truth telling which he set himself, and which left us not untouched, much as a vital quality might flow through the permeable membranes of joined but separate lives.

Happy, no. But joyful, merry, mocking, teasing, laughing: it was that life. So much so, on so grander a scale than any of us contrive that it ought now at the end be acknowledged for what it was: an experience which Paul created and we shared, and which was unlike any most of us have ever known, or any we are likely ever to know again.

If we are lessened by his death, we were so much enlarged by his life as to make it unthinkable that we should do anything now but celebrate him. And so I rise.

Paul Niven was a journalist. That most underdeveloped, least realized of professions. Not a profession at all, really. Rather, a craft seeking to become such out of the need to impose form on an activity so vastly expanded in volume and significance as desperately to need the stabilizing influence of procedure and precedent and regularity. Events have overrun this quest, and the result is an occupation no longer the one and not yet the other. More singular then, more of consequence, is a man who in his work reflected both.

Paul's apprenticeship was prolonged and demanding, and in the hands of masters. First his parents, Paul and Dorothy, later John Beavan of the Manchester Guardian, then Edward R. Murrow and Howard K. Smith of the Columbia Broadcasting System. At CBS he moved from the age of radio to that of television, where of a sudden the potential and demands of technology altogether outreached the simple if arduously acquired disciplines of the written word and printed column. It became necessary in an instant, as the second hand swept past the hour, for him and a handful of other men like him to impose the standards of an older craft, on the swirling chaotic, unformed and unfathomable phenomenon which technology had let loose upon an unsuspecting and too welcoming public. More specifically, a phenomenon which was to penetrate and reshape the innermost processes of democratic society; a phenomenon with the capacity to create, and the capacity to destroy, and a destiny none knew, and even now none knows.

Yet it has gone well so far. Well enough. That this should be so was, to repeat, the work of Paul Niven and that small number on whom a most solemn trust developed without either they or those who depended upon them ever quite realizing it.

A journalist's life revolves around stories, and stories of Paul will be heard so long as any who worked with him, or knew him, gather in those barrooms around the world where the day's brutality is somehow surmounted with laughter and a comradeship of equality and honor.

Paul was indeed forever bounding, barefoot, up pagodas in quest of some deliquescent Oriental prime minister. His insurance agent in Brunswick did indeed finally give up the account when a claim arrived for the loss of the most recent portable typewriter, this one alleged to have cascaded from the back of a donkey in a mountain pass near Kabul. His depiction of Sir Winston abed of the morning, replete with long Jamaica and short Scotch, added not a little to the dwindling store of rakishness in this demented purposeful time.

But it is not so much for the practice of his calling as for the evolution of its form that he is to be treasured, and for which he will be remembered. He was perhaps the best television interviewer of his time. He helped create the mode, and in doing so I think can fairly be said to have added a dimension to American democracy. The ancient right of the people to judge their leaders grew immeasurably more significant when of a sudden the ability, the opportunity to do so was vastly enhanced by the extended television interview. Sam Rayburn was of an instant no longer a legend; he was, rather, an old gentleman in one's living room, talking of past Presidents and giving the viewer as much opportunity as any ought to have to speculate what he might be thinking of the newest one.

This did not just happen. Men such as Paul, and Paul especially, enabled it to happen by their determined effort to master the new technology, and their unflinching insistence that it embody the ethical standards of the old craft.

He paid for that insistence. As others have. But he forgave those responsible, and so henceforth shall we. The truth of his life was not failure, but achievement. And so I rise to celebrate it.

Charity was for him more than a personal quality; it was a belief. Paul was in the largest and most useful sense a liberal. He believed in truth, not as an inheritance, but as a legacy, something to be acquired through effort and transmitted with pride. He had a simple hatred of injustice, and an altogether sophisticated sense of evil, of how evil is never absent anywhere, and is at times and places pervasive.

He had a sense of fairness and of curiosity, such that his circle of friends was, if not more numerous, perhaps wider than any man or woman I, for one, have known, and I think this would be the judgment of many of us. He loved The Gaiety, and the Connaught Lounge, Lockport, N.Y., and The English Speaking Union; the 1789, Bowdoin College. He even managed not to dislike Moscow. But this I suspect simply reflects the fact he was there, and that meant that a measure of merriment was in the air.

If journalism was his calling, friendship was his art. And how rare it was. Not acquaintanceship, not interdependency, not mutuality of interest or activity, but friendship. Nothing absorbed him more. A few intervals of intense love affairs, perhaps, but such were the nature of his friendships that to separate them from love would be altogether not to understand.

His circle of friendship centered in his parents, and his brother. Their foibles, their provincialisms, their relish in the unexpected and new fangled, delighted him to the last moment of his life. At Christmas he presented his parents with airline tickets for a February trip to the Caribbean, confident he would be rejected with the scornful insinuation that having left Maine he had lost touch with virtue as embodied in endurance, or alternately that the tickets just might be used, but that the trip would be made in July when Jamaica could be counted upon to be uncomfortable. To his delight, the gift was accepted with the greatest pleasure and anticipation.

Our regrets at this moment are many, but I suppose what I regret most is that I shall not hear Paul speculating on what hidden springs of sensuality, what prospects of antic orgy, were aroused in the minds of those decent citizens of Brunswick by his wicked and calculating temptation. For so it always was: and never of course without a touch of truth which made all that wild delight a form of plain speaking that each of us recognized and treasured, and by which we have been enlarged.

And so I rise to celebrate my friend, and, not for the last time, but simply for this special time, to think of him. Each of us will have special thought. Mine for some reason go back to Berlin in 1953 and the Hotel Kempinski. The abortive, crushed revolt of the workers of East Berlin had just occurred. Paul was there, as he would always be. The hateful thing, in the form it took for that time and that place, was on the other side of the Brandenburg Gate. Journalists were forbidden passage. That for Paul simply delineated the difficulty to be overcome.

A British friend offered a small car. Paul got hold of a tape recorder, stuffed it under the seat, and pinned the microphone to the back of his suit lapel. Over they crossed into the East Zone, where they drove about for an hour or so recording for the Western world the first news of what East Berlin was then like. Nothing interferred until they returned to the Brandenburg Gate when, of a sudden, a Volkspolizie stepped into their path, submachine gun at the ready. It was a moment of the gravest danger. The policeman-soldier came round to the driver's side and stuck his head into the car. The Briton rose to the moment. "Sir," he barked, "I am your conqueror." "Drive on," said Paul.

And on and on he drove.

Book Review

By Louis M. Lyons

THE MAN WHO MADE NASBY, DAVID ROSS LOCKE. by John M. Harrison
University of North Carolina Press, 335 pp. $8.75

Petroleum V. Nasby, like his contemporary Artemus Ward, so outshone his creator as practically to consign him to oblivion. John Harrison has undertaken to rescue David Ross Locke from this fate by following him through his career as an Ohio newspaperman both before and after he made Lincoln laugh with his grotesque character, Nasby, a savage lampoon of a southerner.

Locke had trekked West like Charles Farrar, creator of Artemus Ward. Their peculiar streak of genius for caricature flared in the Civil War and evidently needed that passion and crisis to keep it alight.

Locke and Browne had their first success as they were turning 30 during the war—as Mark Twain did. Twain alone went on from his Jumping Frog to greater heights. Browne lived only to 1867, his fame with Artemus Ward complete at 33. Locke lived on and kept his fictional character going to the end of his life in 1888. But Petroleum's post-war years were anti-climax, as Mr. Dooley's in a later time, after Teddy Roosevelt, "Alone in Cuby" had taken his target away.

Locke used the profits of Nasby to get control of the Toledo Blade and make it a great success. He then went to New York as managing editor of The Mail, to launch a weekly to compete with Greeley's weekly Tribune. But he returned after being taken in, like his friend Twain, by the typewriter and the washing machine. He went in for prohibition with the Blade and Nasby. He supported women's rights and other rights that a right-minded Republican editor of 19th century Ohio would be expected to support. He left the Toledo Blade a good heritage which was to flower into later distinction. John Harrison wrote editorials on the Blade in that later day and has turned back to burnish its first bench mark.

Stanley Walker: The Retread Texan

(Continued from page 2)

in the Algonquin Hotel. "People don't have enough confidence now in their conclusions to test them with people who disagree," he said, "so they associate with people who agree with them, or people they can bully."

The "preoccupation with the masses" that was popular in some circles rankled Stanley. He saw it as another protective affectation of the insecure. "It is interesting," he said, "how the most articulate underdog-lovers are usually well-heeled and sound off in places where it costs a bunch of money just to sit down. They seem to love the underdogs en masse only, or as a general principle. But watch their noses wrinkle when they come face-to-face with the stink of real poverty."

Symbols did not interest the Baron of Black Sheep's Retreat; people did. Neighbors said he was too sympathetic toward outcasts of the community. As a member of the Lampasas County grand jury, he once filibustered until felony charges against three "poor whites" and two Latins were reduced to misdemeanors. The county prosecutor complained that "we'd never indict anybody if Walker was on the grand jury every session."

Stanley had the hardnosed country-Texan's knack for making judgments that were free of popular influences. He had met Will Rogers, for instance, and didn't like the man. "Will Rogers was a terrible phony," he told a startled friend of mine one night, "and I could outrope him. Did outrope him once, as a matter of fact. Won ten bucks betting that I could." H. L. Mencken, on the other hand, was "one of the kindest men" he ever knew.

Stanley chose friends carefully, but those he chose were never friendless. His reporters contributed to the downfall of the Tammany regime of Mayor Gentleman Jimmy Walker (no relation), but Stanley refused to judge Jimmy harshly. "Jimmy was a great man and never boring. Never." James Thurber was Stanley's friend. They corresponded fairly regularly after Stanley came back to Texas. The one time Stanley returned to New York after his 1946 departure, Thurber was the only friend from the old days Stanley contacted. He flew to New York and testified at a labor hearing involving a Herald Tribune printer and returned to Texas the following day. This was in 1956. Thurber visited him in his Algonquin Hotel room. "He told me it was good to see me," Stanley said. Thurber, you recall, was blind by then.

When he shed Manhattan, Stanley was already something of a legend in U.S. journalism, although he was only 47. Ogden Reid, the Herald Tribune publisher who believed that newsmen ought to run newsrooms and gave Stanley a free hand in the city room, was dead. Stanley never got along with Mrs. Reid; not professionally. He tried running a newsroom in Philadelphia and was managing editor of the New Yorker for a while. But Harold Ross, dead or alive, owned the New Yorker, and after you have owned Manhattan, Philadelphia is no fun.

New York itself had undergone a dispiriting change, according to Stanley. "The glitter remains, but is is a garish Coney Island glitter. A surging ambition remains and permeates everything, and this may be a fine thing. But it seems to be dominated by a repellent hardness. . . . Graciousness, repose, courtesy, high romance, noblesse oblige, urbanity, sportsmanship—the very juices of good living—somehow the fabled city has lost some of all of them. . . ."

Stanley denied that ranch life was lonely after living 25 years in the eye of Manhattan's human storm. "There is no time for loneliness here. Too much is happening, all of it interesting and some of it as fresh and new to me as a great newspaper just off the press. Loneliness must be a strange malady that afflicts only those who are inwardly impoverished." Also, he claimed, living on the ranch greatly improved his health. "In a quarter of a century in New York I had pleurisy at least a dozen times, pneumonia three times and was one of the great sniffers and snuffers of history."

To Stanley, civilization had to do with people, not appliances. "I have a well-to-do friend who fancies himself highly civilized. He has two bathtubs and no books in his apartment; I have no bathtubs and two thousand books. Which of us is more civilized?"

There was a bar on West 40th Street in New York where Herald Tribune people gathered to drink and talk after working hours. I rarely stopped in there that I didn't hear a story or two about Stanley Walker, although he had been gone from the Herald Tribune for more than a decade. They talked as if he had left the month before. Tom O'Hara—rated a better Herald Tribune reporter than his novelist brother—knew many Stanley Walker tales. So did L. L. Engelking, who hired me and was Stanley's night city editor in those golden years of New York newspapering. I remember thinking that the Stanley Walker of those hearty tales was, of course, dead. But he was not dead, I learned, and when I came home to Texas, Mr. Engelking wrote a letter of introduction ahead to Stanley, and I hadn't been home long before I wrote him myself and went to visit the legend.

Lampasas County is rolling hill country, approximately halfway between Waco and Austin. Stanley gave me these directions to Black Sheep's Retreat in his prompt answer to my first letter:

". . . the way to get here is to drive down Highway 281 through Hamilton, Evant, and then a poor little place called Adamsville. About eight miles south of Adamsville, almost at the top of a long rise in the road, you will see a mailbox labeled 'Cox' on the left hand side. Well, that ain't me, but turn in there anyhow and drive three miles on a dirt road. Rather suddenly you will perceive a beautiful valley, a veritable paradise. Straight ahead will be the old cabin, green with red roofed outbuildings. And to the left, across a little stream, is another house, partly hidden back of some live oaks. This second house is the one to aim for. We live there most of the time. It is sometimes called The Culture Club. The old green cabin is known as the Pioneer Museum, and I live there part of the time. The hardier type guests also like it."

He continued:

"Be sure to let me know a day or two ahead of time when you intend to arrive. Also, please fetch me at least one bottle of bourbon, for which I shall pay you. We are in dry territory, and I use every device to run liquor in. . . . I'd advise you to spend more than a few hours. You may want to settle for a month, or a year, or forever. On the other hand, I have known visitors who couldn't get away fast enough. The joint is remarkably comfortable from my point of view, but some persons find it a little primitive. You can quickly size up the situation when you arrive. . . . We have some fruit flies. Also house flies, horn flies, screwworm flies, bottle flies, horse flies, and so on. At the moment we seem to have aphids in rather alarming numbers. We have humming birds, great horned owls, rattlesnakes, and many other wonderful things."

I had written that I might drive on to Austin after visiting the ranch.

"When you drive off to Austin," he wrote, "there is a possibility that I may hitch a ride, for I'm due an Austin visit. I do not drive a car—not that I can't but when I came here I saw those signs: IF YOU DRIVE DON'T DRINK; IF YOU DRINK DON'T DRIVE! Never did a man make an easier decision."

That was my first letter from him. It was signed:

"Yours, Stanley, Cattle Baron (Third Class), Patriot, Thinker, and Admirer of Grover Cleveland and Jack Johnson."

I answered that I would arrive at the ranch on Saturday, and Stanley replied:

Dear Col. Milner:

Very well, we'll be looking for you sometime between 3 and 4 o'clock next Saturday. Count on having dinner and casing the joint. You'll probably yield to our entreaties to spend the night. We'll try to have something fit to eat, simple and filling, and will spare you such things as armadilla Tetrazinni, raccoon chili, and squirrel Divan.

Mrs. Walker, a former music critic, is an excellent cook. Her time for the last three or four years, however, has been taken up largely by so-called cultural activities. She is, in effect, the cultural boss of several counties. She also runs the Lampasas Public Library. Last year, in addition to a lot of other nonsensical works, she was saddled with the vice-chairmanship of the Republican Party in Lampasas County. She failed to carry the county in the recent election, and even failed to vote, not having paid her poll tax. I voted for Tower, however, on vague general principles. Lyndon Baines Johnson, I fear, has turned me against almost the whole reigning hierarchy of the Democratic Party in Texas. I have a strong stomach, and have always been known as a notoriously slow puker, but Lyndon is too much for me. I view him with the same distaste that the Lord God Jehovah views the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale.

Just as well the Austin trip is out for me this time. I have no real business down there. My absence of more than a year, however, has caused the management of both the Commodore Perry and the Driskill to bombard me with letters (and in the case of the Commodore, at least one telephone call) asking me what is the matter. They profess to miss me. I suspect business is tough, even with the Legislature. My visits to Austin for years have been on more or less the same pattern. I get a good room, lay in some liquor, and then send out a low bird call. Soon old pals begin flocking in. These seances last for sometimes three or four days. Without leaving the room I can obtain information that otherwise would require weeks of sweaty leg work. And there are many laughs.

For your convenience I am enclosing a check for $12, which ought to cover the liquor you have promised to bring. I'm not fussy, but would suggest Weller's. We have been doing right well lately, however, on ordinary Greenbrier and Walker's Private Club. Do as you like. See you Saturday.

Pax Vobiscum & A Half,
S. Walker
First White Poet Born West of the
Mississippi to rhyme "chrysanthemum"
With "Piss Ant, Be Mum."

Until you adjust to its presence, a living legend can rattle your nerves. You expect too much too soon, for one thing, and probably fear that you will stack up poorly. It was like that when I met Stanley that first time, although his greeting at the picket gate was ordinary enough. We sat awhile on the front porch of the Culture Club and watched the sun go down and the rain clouds roll in, as we both tossed out test lines. Stanley paced a lot and concentrated on swatting flies with an old fashioned flap swatter. We soon got around to newspaper talk, and it was very late when Ruth made us call it a night. No matter where you find newspapermen, they will talk shop as long as you wish.

The next morning Stanley showed me around the ranch. He said it was the worst corner of his father's ranch, that his father had left it to him only because he feared Stanley would contest the will if he left him nothing. Stanley had paid the taxes through the years. He was proud of what he and Ruth had done to the land. Juicy pasture grass waved all around, and two small, clear streams converged between the Culture Club and the Pioneer Museum. Sun-bleached stone fences stood white on the hillsides. The fences were about waist high and fifteen or twenty feet long. Stanley said he built the fences himself, selecting each stone carefully, so the wind and water wouldn't erode. I asked what the fences were good for.

"Well," he said, "they help stop soil erosion some maybe, and the stock like to stand behind them in stormy weather. Mainly, they're beautiful."

On a later visit Stanley would offer to deed one of his grassy hills to me for $10, if I would build a cabin on it and live there at least part of the time. At that time the offer was not particularly appealing, although I have wished often since then that I owned that hill.

The Baron's cattle were sleek and fat and surprisingly tame. So were his sheep. He sold stock only to those people he felt would appreciate the high quality of the meat. A wealthy gourmet friend in Houston bought one heifer a year. But the ranch had begun to show a profit, Stanley said. The Walkers appeared to live a Spartan life there on their ranch, but they ate like discerning millionaires. They grew most of their own vegetables and drank good wine with their meals. It was a good life, greatly simplified and lacking little that was really important. It seems that many Americans these days long for the simplification the Walkers had achieved, although few actively seek it. In recent American literature there has been a growing interest in those times just gone by when our physically remembered forebears struggled with the simple life. Wild West stories always have been popular here, of course, but now the serious younger writers are looking back beyond urban America for something. For causes, probably. Or just uncluttered space maybe, although Stanley did not believe it was anything so obvious. One night very late we decided that America's preoccupation (obsession?) with its own frontier times probably grew out of guilt from having too many body comforts and too many choreless hours. This was not only a Bible Belt characteristic, although the fear of Idle Hands does strike deeper in people who are only a generation or two off the farm. Texans, for example, are constantly apologizing for their city successes. A sophisticated Dallas stock broker will boast that he is "just a country boy at heart," and insist that you believe him.

"Our daily life here hasn't been easy," Stanley said, "but it is pleasant to feel that you are making something out of nothing."

He and Ruth had cleared the brush and most of the rocks off the land, built three dams and many terraces, built stone outbuildings, drilled a new well, and planted fruit trees. The house called the Pioneer Museum had been there when the Walkers arrived from New York City. They bolstered its rotting walls, evicted the rats and snakes and squirrels, and lived there while they built the other cabin, The Culture Club, with cement blocks. Stanley now did most of his writing in The Pioneer Museum, which was unpainted, and many of his thousands of books were shelved there. He had put a new mantle piece on the huge, old fireplace. It was made from the trunk of a large oak tree, stripped of bark and polished so it appeared to be a relic of pioneer times. Stanley sometimes slept in the Pioneer Museum when he was writing. The fireplace provided the only heat in the drafty old house, but Lampasas County winters are not ordinarily severe.

I visited Black Sheep's Retreat often in the following months. I was trying to put together my second novel—the one that they say separates the sheep from the goats—and was feeling goatlike much of the time. Those far-into-the-night sessions with Stanley restored my feeling of competence somehow. Mostly, I listened.

A slightly built man with a hawk nose and a pipe forever in his teeth, Stanley paced a lot and puffed a lot as he talked. It was never difficult to see him as he must have been in the Herald Tribune city room in the '30s and '40s as he helped some of U.S. journalism's finest; newsmen like Joseph Alsop, John Lardner, Joe Mitchell, Alva Johnson, L. L. Engelking, Tom Waring, Don Wharton, Joel Sayre, St. Clair McKelway, Lucius Beebe, Tom O'Hara (John O'Hara had the ability, Stanley said, but never really got interested), Beverly Smith, James T. Flexner, and others. Gene Fowler had called Stanley the "last of the great New York city editors." Maggie Higgins, who came from Chicago to work for the Herald Tribune, devoted a chapter to Stanley in one of her books.

Most of Stanley's stories about his newspapering days

began: "It was a hot Sunday afternoon in the newsroom." When he hired Lucius Beebe, for example, it was a hot Sunday afternoon. Stanley was at his desk, looking around at his coatless, sweating staff. "I was thinking, 'What a grubby bunch,' and this young man in formal morning clothes walked up and spoke to me. He carried a fat scrapbook under one arm. He said his name was Lucius Beebe and he wanted to apply for a job. I told him he was hired. Well, this kind of threw him, and he asked if I didn't want to read his scrapbook first. I said, 'No, you'll add class to the joint!'" It was Stanley's idea that Beebe should cover the New York society beat dressed formally. Stanley called him, "The Sandwich Man for the Good Life."

Stanley tried to cure a reporter named Solomon of using too many semicolons. "Solomon was a first rate reporter, but he insisted on using semicolons indiscriminately. One hot Sunday afternoon, when Solomon was not working, I decided to file the semicolon off his typewriter. Well, I did, and the sonuvabitch started putting them in with a pencil."

In the spring and summer of 1962, I traveled a lot, getting re-acquainted with my home state after an absence of nearly a dozen years. I had purchased a used hearse—a 1949 black Cadillac of Classic lines—from a friendly used hearse dealer in Dallas and converted the vehicle's business-end into mobile sleeping quarters. I travelled out of Austin then and wrote for The Texas Observer. Willie Morris, now editor-in-chief at Harper's Magazine, was editor of the Observer then and had persuaded me to fill in until a new Associate Editor completed a Fulbright year. (Robert Sherrill, the previous Associate Editor, was leaning against the back wall on the floor of the Texas House of Representatives one day when Willie walked by. Sherrill stopped him and declared: "Willie, I can't stand one more minute of this. I resign.") Another Austin friend was Jim Leonard, who was serving a season as executive director of the reorganized Texas Republican Party. I thought it would be interesting to take Republican Leonard and Liberal Morris to Black Sheep's Retreat for an evening with icon buster Walker; so, I wrote and asked Stanley for the invitation.

He wrote back:

Out Yonder
The Ides of March
1962

Dear Col. Milner:

Good to hear from you, and thanks for the clipping. No harm done, I guess. Main point about my thinking, if that's the word for it, is that I'm both a religious and a political agnostic. I simply try to be as free as possible, realizing that this also is something of an illusion. Mencken once said that, as he was an agnostic, as was his father before him, he was devoid of hate. And a kinder man never lived. He did not say he was devoid of either pity or contempt, or disgust. But we digress.

By all means come up some Saturday or Sunday, bringing a bottle and of course the puissant Willie Morris—if indeed there is such a person. You may, if you like, also bring Ronnie Dugger. I frankly do not believe there is such a person as Ronnie Dugger, but if there really is, I'd like to examine him. Better notify me before you come so I can thaw out some meat, put in my teeth, etc.

What in hell became of the volume I loaned you, the life of the terrible Oklahoma lawyer, Moman Pruiett? I really want it back.

I hear little from the strange new Herald Tribune. I still do book reviews for them, but the special articles seem to be out. The paper is not a newspaper but a sort of daily magazine. Maybe they are on the right track, but damned if I get it. You can fool around with typographical boondoggling all you please, but (from my point of view) a good story is still a good story. Remember what the great Mr. Dana said, in answering some idiot's question about the nature of the newspaper business—"It is buying paper, putting some words on it, and selling it for a profit."

I am eager to see your hearse. May I shoot a local Ku-Kluxer and give it a workout?

Carry on, jabbing sharply with the left and then ducking.

Yours for G. Cleveland & Sound Money,
S. Walker
Consulting Editor, "The Lay Brother,"
official organ of the Central Texas
Association Opposed to Artificial Insemination

P.S. Better make the trip fairly soon. I think I am entering my THIRD childhood and there are weevils in my cortex.

It was during this visit that my friend Jim Leonard was told that his idol Will Rogers was a phony and a second rate roper. It was a month or so later when Stanley invited me to the ranch for the last time. He asked if I would drive my hearse into Lampasas and park it in front of the county courthouse for a while. He said he would meet me in town this time. It seems a local undertaker was campaigning for a county office and Mrs. Walker thought a hearse parked at the courthouse would cause a few chuckles. Also, Stanley wrote that he wanted to ride in my hearse. He said he had never ridden in one. I arrived about the middle of Saturday afternoon. Stanley and I talked and sipped hot coffee in a downtown cafe until Ruth closed the library at five. The

library was in the courthouse then. She drove on out to the ranch, which was about ten miles north of the town, and we were to follow in the hearse.

But the hearse wouldn't start. Stanley and I stared tight-lipped into the motor for a while and fiddled with wires and did other useless things that people who don't know the first thing about cars do. Then we telephoned for help. It was growing dark when the young man from the service station rattled up in the ancient green pickup. He stared, tight-lipped, under the hood a while, then announced that he'd have to give us a pull. He frowned at the hearse occasionally, but apparently decided against asking questions. He said that the hearse had "fluid drive," so he'd have to pull it pretty fast to start it. It was too heavy to push, he said.

The green pickup was leading us rapidly through the Lampasas business district when Stanley noted that our caravan seemed to be attracting uncommon attention. Saturday evening sidewalk strollers were doing double-takes and pushing to the curbs to watch us rattle by. "You'd think they'd never seen a hearse before," Stanley said. It was about then that we first noticed the smoke curling up through cracks in the floorboard. We were whipping right along and now some of the people were shouting at us, although we couldn't make out what they were saying. They were waving their arms a lot. Stanley leaned out the window, then plopped back down and said, "We're on fire!" I looked out, and sure enough we were on fire. Flames were licking out from beneath the hearse as we flew along, picking up speed and snapping the umbilical chain. I tried the horn and it wouldn't work. We both leaned out and yelled at the young man in the pickup. We were half-a-mile past the city limits sign when he looked back to see why I was stomping on the brakes. He saw the flames and stopped.

When we had put out the fire with ditch water, the hearse started easily. Stanley and I drove on toward Black Sheep's Retreat, leaving the young man beside his old pickup scratching his head.

We had driven maybe a mile when Stanley started laughing. He said he supposed we'd caused the most excitement they had in Lampasas in many a Saturday night. "Must have been some sight," he said. "A flaming hearse being pulled down Main Street. Folks'll speculate about that for quite a while."

We had turned off the highway, and the lights of Culture Club were visible through the trees at the foot of the hill. Stanely said, "Well, that's an experience that'd cause any man to ponder his fate—having his hearse catch on fire. It almost as if the devil were rushing things a bit."

I never saw him again after that weekend. In November he took his own life with a shotgun. It turned out that the "weevils" in his cortex he had mentioned in the letter was cancer of the larynx. He had told his wife that he didn't believe he wanted to go along with God's little joke. He was 62. She'd thought he was kidding, of course.

When I read of Stanley's death, I wrote to Ruth. I don't remember what I said. About a month later she answered:

> Your note following the Nov. 25 event is stacked with those of such eminent newsmen as Pegler, Mason Walsh, Engelking, Dick West, Ed Barrett, E. B. White, Allen Merriam, Bill Attwood and Nunnally Johnson—at the top of the pile to go into the future scrapbook. It will take even longer to make the scrapbook than it has taken to answer letters. The letters from the gentlemen of the press did me more good than anything, and I bet the clippings make the most impressive collection a newspaperman ever had. When you get too cold in Lubbock, come see them sometime. I'll be here with the cows.
>
> Best regards and thanks,
> Ruth Walker

(Reprinted from The Arlington Quarterly)

Britain Still Balks at University Training

by Tom Hopkinson

Mr. Hopkinson, former Fleet Street editor and the man who launched the International Press Institute's training program in tropical Africa, has just spent two years designing what was to have been Britain's first attempt in 30 years to provide university training for journalists. Here he tells how all the plans and hopes came to nothing, leaving British journalism training at university level behind not only almost every other developed nation, but also behind numerous undeveloped ones, too.

Once again the attempt to establish a scheme of journalism training within a British university has broken down, and Britain remains one of very few among the prosperous and developed countries of the world in which no direct training for journalists is available in any university.

The last attempt to establish such training was the two-year course at the University of London. Established in 1920 just after the first World War, reorganised in the thirties under a distinguished former Fleet Street editor, Tom Clarke, it petered out during World War II when the students had to move out of London.

A number of well-known journalists—including Sydney Jacobson of IPC—were trained under this course, and speak highly of it. Efforts made to revive it, however, after 1945, did not succeed.

That course of 1920-40, besides being the latest in Britain, was also the first. In Tom Clarke's words, it marked "the pioneer attempt of any British university to cooperate with the press in giving special, and authentic, attention to the education of the future journalist."

More than a quarter of a century then slid by before any second effort was made. This came about as the result of talks between two able and energetic men, John Dodge, recently resigned Director of the National Council for the Training of Journalists, and Asa Briggs, Vice-Chancelor of the University of Sussex.

I was at this time Director for IPI of the training of journalists in Africa, working with Frank Barton in Nairobi, and our other school in Lagos was being run in cooperation with the University of Lagos, which later took it over.

I was therefore one of very few British journalists who had experience of training journalists in a university setting, and I was asked if I would come over and spend two years as Senior Fellow in Press Studies at the University of Sussex, in order to work out a practical and economical scheme for training journalists at this—and possibly in course of time at other—British universities.

The funds for this enquiry has been raised by John Dodge through an approach to the provincial press. The university had undertaken to provide facilities and the necessary status for the enquirer; and the understanding was that, when a programme had been worked out acceptable to both the

newspaper industry and the university authorities, an approach would be made to the national and Sunday newspapers for the considerably larger sum required to set the new course up. General assurances of interest had already been received.

I am aware, of course, that there are a number of newspapermen who regard any form of university training with abhorrence, just as there are many academics who regard newspapers and newspapermen with contempt. But the fact that representatives of the two sides were prepared to cooperate in the new scheme seemed to show that both attitudes were now recognised as equally foolish and out-of-date. At the same time the increasing proportion of graduates being taken on—particularly by the larger groups—argued the belief among managements that a higher standard of education among journalists is essential to meet conditions in the modern world.

This is not the place to go in detail into why journalists of the 70s have to be better educated than men of the 40s and 50s. It is enough to mention the tremendous expansion of modern knowledge, and the dramatic rise in standards of education of the ordinary man and woman. Whereas not long ago his or her interests were confined to sport, politics, sex and scandal, they now take in science and technology, all manner of social problems, with the whole field of the arts and of leisure activities. In addition the growth of foreign travel has made a large part of the world into Britain's doorstep. A reporter or sub-editor today needs to keep himself informed over a range of interests which would have been thought excessive for an editor of "The Times" 40 or 50 years ago.

At the beginning of 1967 I took up my duties in Sussex, and spent the first few months visiting every NCTJ training center to study the kind of training available for new entrants into journalism in Britain. At this moment the rather ineffective system of "day release" was being replaced by the less ineffective system of "block release," but the much more practical development of a one-year pre-entry course had not yet been launched.

During my years in Africa I had several times visited the United States and seen the kind of training available to young Americans in their university journalism schools. However these visits had been made for other purposes, and I thought it essential to study the American system much more closely before deciding what recommendations to make for Britain. Since the funds available did not allow of a prolonged study tour, I approached the Ford Foundation—which had supported our work in Africa throughout—and was awarded a special grant to enable me to travel around American universities for two months, and acquaint myself thoroughly with their different methods of training.

I asked the American Press Institute to advise me which universities to visit, and suggested I should see, not the eight or ten best and largest schools, but rather a complete cross-section of the whole. This two-month tour confirmed opinions I had previously begun to form, and so instead of waiting till December 1968 for my two-year period of enquiry to end, I put forward my proposals at the beginning of March.

What I suggested was a one-year post-graduate course in Journalism Studies. This has obvious advantages, among them:

1. It allows students with all kinds of academic backgrounds to enter journalism.
2. Students do not have to make up their minds about their careers on entry into the university. (Figures show that the great majority only reach a decision in their final year.)
3. It involves the least possible disturbance of other schools within the university.
4. It makes possible an intensive year of training in which normal academic terms can be disregarded, and which can include two periods of attachment to a newspaper, radio or television newsroom.
5. It parallels the one-year pre-entry course for school-leavers, giving both types of entrant the same period of training, and facilitating temporary exchange of staff or students.

Universities cannot of course make up their minds in the rapid way firms or individuals can do. The proposals had to be examined by several committees. One of them asked to see a much more detailed curriculum than had originally been worked out, and during July-August 1968 an *ad hoc* committee from the newspaper and academic sides held regular meetings to hammer this curriculum out. Final approval, however, was only given by the university committee most concerned in February 1969.

Since the original two-year grant would run out before this date, I had accepted an offer from the University of Minnesota to become their visiting professor in journalism for a year from September 1968, but arranged to leave in March 1969 instead of in June, so as to be able to get things moving in time for the new course to be launched at Sussex in autumn 1969. Accepting this position also gave me the unusual opportunity to work inside a leading American university school of journalism which I had previously only been able to see from the outside.

In the meantime, however, something had happened.

This was the setting-up of an Industrial Training Board for the Printing and Publishing Industry, which came into existence at the end of May, 1968. These boards, instituted for virtually all important industries, have power to order

levies on their own industry for purposes of training.

By a curious paradox, the institution of this training board has paralysed any new developments in training. No doubt this state of paralysis is only temporary, but it is enough to put paid to the Sussex project. Newspapers and groups are naturally unwilling to find sums of money for training purposes beyond the obligations the board is going to impose, at lease until they are certain exactly what these obligations will be.

The Board itself—fifteen months after coming into existence—finds itself unable to do anything more decisive than to permit the NCTJ to operate on the same level during the next twelve months as it has done for the past. After that its very existence is uncertain.

Since no funds are available, no course can be started at Sussex this autumn, and it seems improbable that any course can be started next year either. The money raised by the provincial press has been lost. An opportunity to bring the press and the universities together has been let slip. John Dodge, who as Director of the NCTJ did more than anyone has ever done for journalism training, has resigned to take up other work. So ends the second attempt to establish direct training for journalism within a British university. Will it now be another quarter of a century before a third effort is made?

One who is not likely to worry over this possibility is Mr. Norman Fisher, Chairman of the Industrial Training Board. In reply to questions at a press conference on the advisability of using university courses in journalism to augment the present system, he replied: "A good general education plus instruction in shorthand and other vocational subjects is of more use to journalists than a formal training for the craft."

If this means what it appears to mean—that a young man or woman should obtain a university degree and then pick up his knowledge of "vocational subjects" as he goes along—Mr. Fisher is to be congratulated. He has arrived at a clear-cut decision on an extremely complex issue without the necessity for personal experience or detailed investigation.

But then it is possibly easier to make decisions affecting the future of newspapers if you are not a newspaperman yourself: you can see the woods far more clearly when your view isn't interrupted by the trees.

Nieman Notes

1942

Harry S. Ashmore has been named president and chief executive officer of the Fund for the Republic. He was formerly executive vice president.

1947

Ernest H. Linford, head of the Journalism Department at the University of Wyoming, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the American Forestry Association.

1948

Rebecca Gross was the first editor to participate in the Editor-in-Residence program at Kansas State University in Manhattan. The Association for Education in Journalism, the Newspaper Fund, and the American Society of Newspaper Editors are sponsors of the Editors-in-Residence program. Miss Gross is the editor of the Lock Haven (Pa.) Express.

1958

David N. Lawson has been appointed director of Ord-Oliver, Ltd., Communications and Marketing Consultants, with headquarters in Auckland, New Zealand. He previously was editor of Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd., New Zealand's largest book publishing firm, and is a former president of the New Zealand Publisher's Association.

William F. McIlwain, editor of Newsday, has been named Writer-in-Residence at Wake Forest University. He joined Newsday 15 years ago, and was granted a leave of absence starting Feb. 1st.

1960

William Lambert, associate editor of Life magazine, won the 1969 American Newspaper Guild Heywood Broun Award. He was cited for the article that led to the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas. Lambert's story on Mr. Justice Fortas also won the George Polk Memorial Award for Magazine Reporting. Mr. Lambert and Wallace Turner (a Nieman Fellow in 1959) shared the Broun Award in 1956 when they both worked for The Portland Oregonian.

1963

Patrick J. Owens of Newsday in Garden City, Long Island, spoke to journalism students at the University of Illinois about Newsday's special section on the Vietnam war dead. He is a former associate editor of the Arkansas Gazette and labor writer for the Knight Newspapers.

1965

Smith Hempstone, Jr. has succeeded John H. Cline as chief editorial writer of the Washington Star. He has been a foreign correspondent for many years. His latest book, an Arab-Israeli war novel, IN THE MIDST OF LIONS, was published last year.

1966

Rodolfo T. Reyes has been appointed executive editor of The Manila Chronicle after a year as news director of the ABS-CBN Broadcasting Corporation.

1969

John Zakarian has been made associate editor of the Boston Herald Traveler. He was editor of the editorial pages for the six newspapers in the Lindsay-Schaub chain in Illinois.

Pedronio Ramos, formerly city editor of The Manila Chronicle, has been named news editor.

Larry Allison, who was city editor of the Independent and Press-Telegram in Long Beach, California, has been made managing editor.

Nieman Fellowships Will be Announced in June

The names of recipients of Nieman Fellowships for the 1970-71 academic year will be announced early in June. The list in recent years has included about twelve Fellows from the United States, three to seven Associate Fellows from foreign countries and, in the current class, the first Nieman Research Fellow.

Candidates for Fellowships have been asked to file their applications by March 15th, but all applications received prior to April 1st will be given full and equal consideration. Committee members who will read applications and nominate candidates for appointment by the President and Fellows of Harvard College are the following:

Moss William Armistead, III, President and Publisher of the Roanoke Times and World-News; Robert Joseph Manning, Editor in Chief of the Atlantic Monthly; Warren Henry Phillips, Executive Editor of The Wall Street Journal; Ernest Richard May, Dean of Harvard College, and Professor of History; William Moss Pinkerton, Harvard University News Officer; and Dwight Emerson Sargent, Curator of the Nieman Fellowships.

Each applicant must obtain a leave of absence from his employer, promise to return to his newspaper at the end of the 1970-71 academic year, and refrain from professional writing during his stay at Harvard University.

The next class will be the thirty-third annual group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard. The Fellowships were established in 1938 under a bequest from Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of The Milwaukee Journal.