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Nieman Reports

VOL. XX, NO. 2 JUNE 1966

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

Our Man Not In Havana

By Aaron Segal

There are certain logistical problems involved in traveling to Cuba. There are no scheduled passenger boat services and the only regular flights are from Madrid, Mexico City and Prague. Mexico is the only Latin American country which has not broken diplomatic relations with Cuba and the only place in the Western Hemisphere where it is possible to obtain a Cuban visa.

The Cuban Embassy in Mexico City looks like nothing less than a functioning fortress. A massive villa is secured by stone ramparts etched with barbed wire and constant Mexican police surveillance. The inner courtyard is laced with sleek American cars bearing diplomatic plates and proletarian statues strewn carelessly about. There is one splendid mural of Lenin and Fidel addressing the Cuban workers. It is alleged that through this Embassy pass scores of revolutionaries from Latin America, Africa and Asia on their way to and from the Cuban sanctuary of training, inspiration, and cash.

I first applied for a Cuban visa in September 1965 fully aware that the bureaucratic "tramites" (a particularly apt Spanish word) would take some time. As the holder of an American passport and British press credentials my case was certain to cause confusion.

American passports bear the grave message that travel to "Communist controlled portions of China, Korea, Viet Nam, Albania or Cuba" is not permitted under Section 1185, Title 8, U.S. Code. The minimum penalty for transgression is forfeiture of a passport and a famous Supreme Court decision several years ago upheld the State Department refusal to grant a new passport on the grounds that there was no constitutional right to a passport. I had no desire to provide another test case for the Court.

Hence I was overjoyed when several letters from London succeeded in obtaining special State Department permission "for one round trip to Cuba." I was in no hurry about my Cuban visa since my first commitment was to visit the Central American countries, all mortal enemies of the Castro regime. Indeed several Latin American countries will not grant visas to anyone who has traveled in a Communist country, presumably on the grounds that communism is like an infectious disease for which there is no known safe vaccine. I had already undergone a severe struggle convincing the Nicaraguans that the German stamp in my passport came from the Federal Republic and I was content to leave Mexico City without Cuban blessings.

Several months in Central America thoroughly whetted my appetite to visit Cuba. Everyone from the Guatemalan guerrillas in the hills to the most ardent anti-Castro priest had a violent opinion about Cuba but few had actually been there. Did Cuba really represent an alternative to the semi-feudal autocratic regimes of Central America? There was only one way to find out and I hastened back to Mexico City in early January hoping to make it to Havana in time for the tricontinental revolutionaries conference. After all if nudists, papermakers, travel agents, and even journalists have conferences then why not revolutionaries and what better place than the former Havana Hilton, now known as the Havana Libre?

On arrival in Mexico City I dashed to the Cuban Airlines office on the majestic Paseo de la Reforma. A forlorn neon sign outside showed Viscount routes from Havana to Miami, New York and Nassau. Shunned by all other non-Communist airlines the Cubans have abandoned such frivolity as timetables (what need when there are 3 international flights and only 1 in the western hemisphere), and reservations (there are always spare seats). An affable clerk assured me after seeing my British press credentials that I

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Misinformation About Algeria

By Peter Braestrup

The joys and punishments of being one of the handful of American newsmen assigned abroad vary from place to place. Moscow is claustrophobic, mostly rewrite from Tass, but usually Page One at home. Paris, since the end of the Algerian War in 1962, has become a lumpy diet of fitful NATO crises, predictable Gaullisms, and Common Market trouble, but Parisiennes are still pretty and the restaurants are still superb. Viet Nam is tough for serious reporters, a Godsend to self-appointed heirs of the late Ernie Pyle, and, belatedly, a front page story.

Far from the major "news centers" are other places, which rarely make big headlines save in times of strife or coup d'etat, where American newsmen are few and harassed, and where they must be interested in the local scene for its own sake, or turn to drink.

In such places, foreign newsmen are widely regarded as spies; sometimes they must operate, willy-nilly, like spies to dig up information which in Washington comes to newsmen in the morning mail. The telephone is tapped, the outgoing Telex interrupted in times of crisis, and expulsion a matter of intermittent debate within the regime. Cars and typewriters are hard to get repaired; official sources disappear without explanation; and even unreliable statistics on farm revenue are officially regarded as "an internal political matter." The government-run newspapers shriek against Western "imperialism" and its "retrograde press"; incoming foreign journals which offend are promptly seized. The rumor mill works overtime, personal feuds count more than ideology, and diplomats cannot visit the hinterland without special permission.

Such was Algiers under President Ahmed Ben Bella (1962-65). Such is much of the Arab world, Africa, and Asia.

In Algeria, like our brethren elsewhere, we had periodic diversions: the impressive fables broadcast or published as "fact," "inside dope," or "analysis" at home. Sometimes the nonsense consisted simply of cut-rate punditry manufactured in New York or Washington.

The modern "stay-at-home" analytic approach to foreign news has undoubted cost-cutting advantages. It is an approach sanctified by Walter Lippmann, Le Monde, the Economist, editorial writers, and a good many campus eggheads. The man in New York, London or Paris can give the reader more drama, bold prophecy and "significance" than the cautious paragraphs of his fellow countryman on the scene, who, eyeing the forest, sees dead trees and zig-zag movements in the underbrush. But in Algeria the resulting hash of misinformation made it difficult for local Americans to be 100 percent self-righteous over the neo-Marxist fantasies of Ahmed Ben Bella's press. "You mock our newspapers" an Algerian official would say. "But what about yours?"

Ben Bella's press, though profoundly distrusted by its Algerian readers, gave the State Department the jimjams. Its Communist and "progressive" editors ferociously attacked "American imperialism," swooned over Castro and the industrialization of Bulgaria, and accused the CIA (a bogey-man inherited from the French) of playing water boy to Ben Bella's "counter-revolutionary" foes.

Major U.S. publications showed, often enough, equal imagination, using it as a kind of cement between pebbles of fact plucked from old newspaper clippings. The themes applied to Algeria were traditional: "The Red Menace," "Impending Bloodbath," and, adapted to the 1960's, "The Yellow Red (Chinese) Menace." That old Middle East special, "Nasser Expands Hegemony," faded somewhat after the *Rais'* less than triumphal trip to Algiers in early 1963. Thrown in for good measure were usually a few Good Guys and Bad Guys, and Men Behind the Scenes, apparently anointed on impulse. Each of my colleagues in Africa, no doubt, has his favorite collection of stateside punditry stashed beside a dog-eared copy of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*. I have my favorites from Algiers.

Combining several of the basic themes was a think-piece appearing in my beloved alma mater the New York Herald Tribune on November 11, 1962. The writer, a

free-lance (who shall, like the authors of other works cited here, remain nameless), had last visited Algeria the previous July, three chaotic months prior to the formation of the Ben Bella government. His prophecy began as follows:

> Two months, one month, perhaps less, perhaps more. That's the timetable (sic) of tragedy for the inevitable showdown between Algeria's nascent totalitarian government . . . and the pro-democratic, anti-Communist forces headed by short chunky Belkacem Krim, the most powerful dissident in the country . . . The piece concludes: It is doubtful that even a miracle could prevent this looming confrontation.

Theodore Bernstein would have fun with this prose as prose. For us, the lead is clearly Old School: "Impending Bloodbath" plus "Good Buys and Bad Guys."

The "inevitable showdown" between the Ben Bella regime and Krim did not occur. To pick Krim as Algeria's "most powerful dissident" in November 1962 was like naming William Miller as the Republican strong man of 1966. Krim, after vainly opposing Ben Bella's march to power in the summer of 1962, stayed out of active politics. He made a speech from his haven in Switzerland against Ben Bella in 1964. He never claimed publicly to be "anti-Communist" (nor did any of Ben Bella's foes), and he never commanded what the Trib's analyst said was "15,000 armed soldiers." When Hocine Ait Ahmed led the Berber Kabylia highlands into brief, largely verbal defiance of the regime in late 1963, then into secret bargaining with Ben Bella, then into inclusive hit-and-run partisan warfare, the "powerful" "pro-democratic" Krim was nowhere to be seen.

In the same piece, the Trib writer finds us a "Man Behind The Scenes," who is also a Bad Guy as Algeria becomes "another Cuba" (a favorite theme in U.S. puditry about the more unruly African states). To wit:

> . . . alongside (Ben Bella) as his Che Guevera is a shadowy figure, Maj. Kaidi Slimane, described by one informed observer as the most powerful influence pushing for a Castro-form of government and foreign policy . . . Maj. Slimane, and his nominal superior, Colonel Houari Boumediene . . . are regarded as the real powers behind Ben Bella.

Among resident newsmen and diplomats in Algiers, this elevation of Major Slimane (real name: Ahmed Kaid) to rank of *eminence grise* provoked some hilarity. First, Major Kaid was far from "shadowy." He was a *bon vivant,* a lady-killer, later a jovial organizer of boar hunts for diplomats as Tourism Minister, and a flamboyant orator. He was regarded as a hopeless bourgeois by Ben Bella's Marxist counselors. His advice was seldom heeded by anyone, even when it made sense.

As for Colonel Boumediene, he was hardly Kaid's "nominal superior." Kaid, under the Ben Bella regime, held no army job. The colonel firmly commanded the army. With its backing, he ousted Ben Bella (1965) and named Kaid, an old wartime associate, Finance Minister.

Lastly, the Trib specialist moved Algeria right into the Soviet orbit, and explained:

> The Ben Bella regime has *deliberately precluded any possibility* of French or U.S. assistance by launching a series of actions which can only be regarded as calculated affronts to the two countries . . . . (italics mine)

The Trib did not divulge what these "actions" were. In any case, throughout his reign Ben Bella continued to seek and depend on French aid (perhaps $2 million a day during 1962), and U.S. relief food, while allowing DeGaulle to maintain nuclear test bases, oil interests, and Foreign Legion garrisons in the Sahara. "Cooperation" with France was the cornerstone of Ben Bella foreign policy; economically it had to be.

Alert Newsweek was reading the Trib. In one of several unhappy lapses from reliance on its able field hands, Newsweek served up the Red Menace in its special "THE HOUSE IS BURNING DOWN—maybe" style, usually confined to the Periscope section. Titled, inevitably, "The Road to Cuba" (September 30, 1963) the piece began:

> Algeria may become the first avowed Soviet satellite on the African continent: this was the alarming gist of reports from diplomats and intelligence officers who are convinced Ahmed Ben Bella now has a definite timetable (see above) for establishing a Castro-type dictatorship . . . Algeria's formal alignment with Cuban domestic and Russian foreign policies could come on the ninth anniversary of the revolution, Nov. 1 . . .

The piece concluded:

> . . . Ben Bella's prospective defection—if that is what it turns out to be—could cause the Kennedy Administration acute embarrassment (a double *maybe*) . . . after the recent fiasco in Viet Nam, an out and out Algerian-Russian alignment might well destroy the last vestiges of bipartisan foreign policy . . . (third *maybe*).

Presumably, few of Newsweek's hardened readers held their breath waiting for Ben Bella's "formal alignment" with the Kremlin on Nov. 1, 1963. It did not come then, or ever. In his lengthy Nov. 1 speech, Ben Bella did not even mention Cuba, for a change. Thus, happily, the last vestiges of U.S. bi-partisan foreign policy were not threatened.

Honors in the "Red Menace" category properly go to

U.S. News and World Report (Aug. 31, 1964) for an analysis by a writer billed as a retired "foreign service officer for the U.S. Government (sic)" who did Army duty in North Africa during World War Two and "was on the staff of the U.S. embassy in Havana when Castro seized Cuba." In other words, an expert.

The two-page spread was entitled "The Communist Takeover of Algeria." There was no Behind the Scenes Influence, or even an Impending Bloodbath. It was pure Red Menace in the solid U.S. News tradition:

> "We have been confronted with a fait accompli quietly and skillfully executed by the Communists although it is not certain that we realize what has happened. . . . Algeria is now beyond question the newest soviet satellite and will spearhead the Red drive into Africa . . ."

To be fair to U.S. News, there was a good deal of hope among Soviet bloc, Algerian, and French Communists in mid-1964 that Ahmed Ben Bella would stop his public denials that he was a Communist, lift the ban on the local Party, and live up to his billing as the African Castro. Similar hopes had been raised over Sekou Toure of Guinea and Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana; disappointments ensued. Khrushchev optimistically gave Ben Bella the Lenin Peace Prize in May 1964 and began equipping the Algerian army—the same army that was to overthrow Ben Bella and jail local Communists 13 months later.

U.S. News did not mention the Lenin Peace Prize, curiously enough, or the influence of Communists or pro-Communists in Algeria's press, radio, and student organizations. Nor did the magazine mention the intermittent undercover wrangling between the Ben Bella Marxists and the Army. U.S. News stayed clear of the underbrush; a Red Takeover is a Red Takeover the world over. Here is what it saw as Ben Bella's steps leading "to conversion of the country to a Communist state," a thin mixture of pebbles and cement:

"(1) "one man dictatorial rule" (2) "outlawed all political parties except one" (true, but the "one" didn't really exist) (3) "suppressed all freedom of public opinion" (true, but let U.S.I.S. operate three big busy "cultural centers") (4) "ordered all non-Communist newspapers banned" (sometimes) (5) "nationalized practically all business, industry, and farms" (untrue; French and U.S. Sahara oil companies continued operating, French banks remained French, only ten percent of Algeria's peasants worked in the Socialist sector; most retailing except big department stores remained private—in short, a chaotic but a mixed economy, dependent on French aid.) (7) He has publicly declared he will convert Algeria into a Castro-type "people's democracy" (true; Ben Bella also declared he was not a Communist, largely to soothe Moslem conservatives; he played genial host to a visiting U.S. National War College group, and set a period of official mourning after President Kennedy's assassination. Ben Bella's words as the Communists learned were hardly an infalliable guide to Algerian reality).

(8) He signed agreements with Red China on co-operation in the fields of culture, information, the arts, and sports. (true: so have France and other non-Communist regimes.) (9) He visited Havana in the fall of 1962, where he hailed Castro as his brother and agreed that the United States should hand over its Guantanamo naval base in Cuba. (true) (10) He has turned Algeria into a main base of dissident political exiles and nationalists from other African countries, promising them arms, training facilities, and "volunteers" to free Africa from the remnants of colonial rule. (true; but as the languishing Angola, Mozambique, and Congo rebellions showed, Ben Bella's promises weren't much help.)

(11) . . . the frontier skirmishes with Morocco . . . provided a logical pretext for a Soviet-aided military build-up . . . furnished an excuse for Algerian press and radio propagandists to attack Moroccan king Hassan personally and to call for *in Communist terminology* (sic) the overthrow of Morocco's "feudalistic" and "neo-colonial" system. (true and untrue; the 1963 Moroccan border war was helpful in shoring up Algerian unity, but it was a minor disaster militarily. It was less a pretext for a military build-up than a spur. Algerian propaganda indeed let loose, Arab-fashion, on Hassan Two but calmed down immediately after the ceasefire, Arab fashion.) (12) He signed a long-term Soviet-Algerian trade agreement on Nov. 4, 1963 which ties Algeria firmly to the Soviet-bloc economy. . . . (Not quite. France still accounts for roughly 80 percent of Algeria's trade; the Soviet bloc less than 10 percent.)"

"How much more evidence do we need?" U.S. News asked.

Somewhat more, it would seem.

Time, which slipped badly behind U.S. News and Newsweek in the Red Menace competition, made a come-back when it came to applying the "Impending Bloodbath" theme. It took care of the Red Menace in the title, "Cuba of Africa," for the story (Oct. 18, 1963) but the lead concerned Hocine Ait Ahmed's Kabylia revolt (see above):

> For a while, at least, Algeria was back at war last week. In the rugged mountains and deep canyons of the Kabylia region where guerrillas had fought for independence for 7½ years, new guerrilla fighting erupted that was almost as bitter as the war against France. . . .

Time's writer was perhaps influenced by the traditional wire-service dispatches ("Massed government armor"

"Berber uprising" "Kabylia redoubt," etc.) instead of by Time's own able man on the spot. As a matter of fact, despite much posturing and menacing talk, face-to-face gunfire was avoided by both the war-wise Kabyle dissidents and the government troops. The latter, led by three light tanks, finally occupied Ait Ahmed's home town after a minor brush; the Kabyles faded back and undercover dickering began. The Moroccan border war, beginning Oct. 7, 1963, gave everyone a temporary "out" in the sacred name of national unity. To the delight of photographers, TV, and, doubtless, the Kabylia's population, Time's "bitter" war was more Cecil B. DeMille than Ho Chi Minh. In 1964, the Kabylia became nasty indeed but it did not then make many headlines.

Time faithfully held to the Impending Bloodbath theme again when Colonel Mohammed Chabani, the Sahara military commander, took to the hills from Biskra on July 1, 1964. There was no Time correspondent in Algeria from Paris that week, so the New York chap could let himself go. He did ("The Man on the Mountain," July 10, 1964):

> Into the saharan oasis town of Biskra rolled a cautious column of half-tracks loaded with olive-uniformed Algerian troops. Spears of sunlight flashed from the lenses of binoculars as nervous officers searched the streets for signs of the enemy. But the town was empty of armed opposition and all eyes lifted to the sere sawback massif that reared beyond. Up there, among the blue defiles of the Aures Mountains, waited (Chabani) and with him were 9,000 well-armed veterans ready for resistance, rebellion or death . . .
> His men . . . are equipped with armored cars, tanks, and artillery, thus representing a more serious military threat than the 2,000 Berber rebels . . .

A week later, Time briefly, and somewhat reproachfully, reported the demise of Colonel Chabani's "serious military threat":

> Treachery last week ended the short-lived revolt of (Chabani). Guided by informers to an oasis where Chabani and 87 followers were resting, government troops surrounded the overconfident rebels and forced them to surrender without firing a shot. . . .

True to Algerian political tradition, Ben Bella let no outsiders see Chabani after his capture; nor was there any sure way of knowing how he was taken. One thing was clear however; Colonel Chabani had something less than 9,000 followers ready for "resistance, rebellion, or death." And no one ever saw his tanks and armored cars. They may have been tucked away in the blue defiles of the Aures, reflecting no spears of sunlight.

President Ben Bella's ouster by Colonel Boumediene last June provoked a brief orgy of stateside punditry and inside dope. The New Republic, which had been neglecting Algeria, went all out on "Who and What Is The Real Boumediene?" (July 3, 1965). Embedded deep in the punditry, like the almond in Danish rice pudding, was a bald admission—"Boumediene remains an unknown quantity." But, one had to say something: "His name is a wartime pseudonym, and the real identity of this rough bluff Oranian with the deepset staring eyes has never been made public . . ." (the thin, shy Colonel Boumediene's given name, Mohammed Ben Brahim Boukarouba, and his birthplace—not Oran, but the faraway Guelma area—had been printed by the AP and the French press months before). Boumediene was also "as zealous a student of Marx" as his semi-educated predecessor, whom the New Republic curtly labelled "Bella," dropping the "Ben."

A special intellectual Good Guys and Bad Guys touch was added as the New Republic learnedly turned to the "Casablanca bloc." With "Egypt, Mali, Ghana, and Tanzania," the NR explained, "Algeria is a 'permanent' member of the Bloc. Countries like Congo-Brazzaville, Barundi, and Dahomey come and go . . . two founder members—Guinea and Morocco—have since quietly rallied to African orthodoxy. Bella since 1963 has been *primus inter pares* in the Casablanca bloc . . ."

Sad but true, the Casablanca bloc no longer existed except in the New Republic's crystal ball. The "bloc" countries met once, in 1961, at Casablanca. In early 1963, King Hassan II of Morocco thought he would revive the group—and his prestige—with a meeting at Marrakesh. Ben Bella rudely asked for indefinite postponement; no one else seemed interested. The "bloc" didn't meet at Marrakesh and hasn't met since. Thus, Ben Bella was apparently a "permanent member" and *primus inter pares* etc. without anyone being the wiser until the New Republic came along.

On such varied fare, much of our reading and viewing public faithfully feeds. The risks for the purveyors are low; the Food and Drug Act does not apply to publishing or broadcasting. And if a professor or two complains, who cares?

Those of us on the spot are hardly blameless. Punditry is not confined to stay-at-homes. Any reporter who thumbs through his own clippings should find it a humbling experience. But it can be adequately demonstrated that when it comes to leading the reader merrily astray, the correspondent overseas usually lags well behind the deep-thinkers at home. Before the fatter cats of the Fourth Estate howl again over Washington's "managing the news" they might well first examine carefully what they manage to put into print. That, too, should be a humbling experience.

Mr. Braestrup is now in Thailand for the New York Times. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1959-60.

A Quarter Century of Science Reporting

By Frank Carey

In this day of Oscar awards for the movies and Emmy awards for television, it is customary for the gushing winners to rush to the stage and immediately disclaim any credit to themselves for winning.

They owe it all, they say, to the third assistant director, the hair-dresser, the electrician, and the guard at the studio gate.

And so, not to be outdone, I'd like to thank those individuals, human and otherwise, who really were responsible for my winning the Grady award.

First, there was my often-times tyrannical city editor on The Lowell (Mass.) Sun who nearly every morning used to write this deathless line in the assignment book:

"Shake a foot—get something off the beaten path!"

I consider that advice which should be the creed of every reporter, science or otherwise.

I owe much to Shirley Temple, the child movie star, whose bad case of tonsilitis, one night in Boston in the late 1930's, was the subject of my first AP "science" story, such as it was. The vigil I kept on the marble stairway at the Ritz-Carleton Hotel where Shirley lay sick was to stand me in good stead years later in Washington where covering the ills of the mighty is one of the more nervous tasks of the science man.

I owe much to a dump-truck driver in Princeton, N.J. who helped me get an interview with Einstein one day in 1942 when I was a fledgling science reporter. Pressed for time to keep my hard-to-get appointment with the great man, but unable to flag a cab, I thumbed a ride from the truck-driver to Einstein's house, got the interview—and found out early in the game that the giants of science are not so rough.

I owe much to one of the janitors at the staid halls of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington who used to go out and get hamburgers and coffee for the newsmen in the early days of the space age. The rockets were fired at Cape Canaveral, but the news—good or bad—as to what happened to the satellite, came out of the Academy. During many an all-night vigil, the janitor gave solace to the newsmen as they sat around electing one another officers of the mythical "National-Association-of-Space-Writers-Who-Have-Yet-To-See-A-Rocket-Fired."

And I owe at least part of my Grady award money to "Ham," the space monkey, who blazed the trail for the Mercury astronauts by being the first living creature to ride a Mercury space capsule in sub-orbital flight.

I was the "pool" reporter representing the world's press aboard a Navy LSD craft that recovered Ham from the Caribbean. But I ran into navy double-talk in filing my copy by radio off the ship—and my story was delayed for hours as an immovable chief warrant officer in the communications shack kept telling me: "Sorry, sir, it's electronic interference—northern lights, you know!"

I felt like leaping into the ocean until, just by chance, as the ship ploughed through rough seas at night, I came across Ham.

Hours earlier, he had been piped aboard with all the honors usually reserved for high-brass admirals, as the ship's full company stood at attention in dress-whites and cheered mightily for the little monkey astronaut. But now, with what looked like tears in his eyes, he was shivering in a cage that was lashed ingloriously to the "head"—toilet to landlubbers—near the skipper's cabin.

True, it was a safety measure in a badly-rolling ship—but I concluded that Ham was a lot worse off than I was.

But now, having paid all my debts, let's to the business at hand which, according to what the program says, is "A Quarter-Century of Science Reporting."

Perhaps a more appropriate title would have been: "From Atom-Smashers to Presidential Gallstones,"—because that's the range of activity for the science writer in Washington, which has been my beat for almost 25 years.

And, without even stirring from his office in the nation's capital, such a science man can find himself involved in such far-away events as the explosion of a nuclear device in Red China . . . the launching of a flying dog-house by the Russians . . . the birth of quintuplets in South America . . .

Sometimes, the science man even winds up on the sports pages as happened recently when I wrote a story about one of the Westinghouse science-talent whiz-kids who is using an electronic computer to try to improve the strategy of big-league baseball managers. And so far, according to this kid, it looks as though the robot is smarter than the Casey Stengels and Leo Durochers of this vale of tears.

Have no fears that I intend to regale you with a review of all the major scientific developments of the quarter-century behind us because the big ones are familiar to all of you. Indeed, I daresay many of you chemists and chemical engineers participated in some of them.

But, if you're interested at all in what makes a science writer tick, and the variety of his work, consider this:

It's true that during the last 25 years we were privileged to have front seats in chronicling such events as the development of atomic energy, the virtual conquest of polio, the discovery of umpteen wondrous antibiotics, the near-cracking of the genetic code.

But you might be inclined to forget that it was during that same period that science writers were also moved to report that:

Scientists found that even the mighty dinosaurs had rheumatoid arthritis . . . Researchers came close to isolating the sex-lure chemical by which the female German cockroach calls her boy-friend to a date . . . Proof was established at long last that women are broader in the derriere than men . . . Gout sufferers could take heart in the finding that their ailment apparently is a hallmark of genius . . . Wise men at a famous laboratory ran a six-day cocktail party for mice and found that, as with men, there are "social drinkers" and teetotallers among them, not to mention a few real souses . . . Parts of Il Duce Mussolini's brain were studied and given a clean bill of health by army scientists . . . Dr. Paul Dudley White recorded the heart-beat of "Olga, the lonely whale of Kodiak Island, Alaska" . . . the planet Jupiter was found to have 13 moons instead of 12—a "baker's dozen," as it were . . .

And finally, the period saw researchers at Beltsville, Md., develop not only the "fatherless turkey" but the "grandfatherless" one.

There have been big changes in science writing in 25 years, from various angles—even including the tools of the trade.

"Way back when," the science writer would carry only a pencil and notebook on an assignment. Today, on a major medical assignment—such as the last days of General MacArthur at Walter Reed Hospital—you'll find me lugging a small library, ranging from *Merck's Manual* to something called "The Human Body and How It Works."

The vocabulary has not only expanded and changed, but there are changes within the changes. The micro-micro curie of the radiation world had only a short life in the laboratories and headlines before it became the "picocurie," and now we even have the "nonocurie." And researchers seek grants, NOT in terms of millions of dollars, but in "megabucks."

Years ago, the science writer might occasionally have been involved in some more or less polite scientific controversy, such as whether the earth is 4 billion years old, or only 3 billion.

Today, he's constantly handling—or should be if he isn't—such hot potatoes as fluoridation, Rachel Carson versus the bad guys, the surgeon general versus the tobacco warehouses, Medicare, and even the atomic bomb versus the Eskimos.

The Washington science writer used to write occasionally about elephants becoming pregnant at the National Zoo, or the hippopotamus getting a tooth pulled. Now, we're writing about radioactive reindeer near the Arctic Circle.

These reindeer are the latest headliners in the long and ticklish-to-handle news story of the radioactive fallout from nuclear bomb tests—of which those stamped with the Red China brand constitute the newest headache for the science writer. He virtually has to ride herd on the fallout clouds, in concert with pals at the weather bureau.

And it's been a story that's made particular demands on the Washington science writer—calling for a balance somewhere between the utterances of the Cassandras who find strontium-90 under every rug, and those of the Pollyannas who have insisted at times that the radiation from the skies is no worse than that given off by the radium dial of a wristwatch.

Time was when the science man's mode of travel was limited to bus, cab, subway and, on occasion, the airplane. Today, he might sometimes be snatched from the fantail of a destroyer by a helicopter; ride scared-stiff on the swaying "highline" between pitching ships; go bumping in a jeep across the Nevada desert to cover a nuclear test; or chug across the Antarctic ice in a snow-cat tractor. But, as you might expect, the glamor assignments are only occasional—there's plenty of prosaic, but nonetheless important, routine.

As general news reporters, many of us used to chase fire engines. Now, we often chase Russians.

Russia's space spectaculars not only touched off the space race—which at times is as good as the World Series—but they also generated interest in how we stand vis-a-vis the Soviets in everything from prowess in cardiac surgery to the incidence of alcoholism, and from skill in coralling the sub-nuclear neutrino to the comparative stage of development of baby teeth between the East and West.

Press agents used to try to get me to cover some meeting having only marginal news possibilities by saying reporters from United Press International and the New York Times

had already committed themselves to come—although I knew they also used the AP as a lure for the UPI and Times brethren.

Today, these same press agents, government and otherwise, are apt to say:

"Better come out, Frank—we're gonna have a couple of Russian osteopaths there!"

I'm looking forward to the day when we find out whose ballerinas leap the highest—Russia's or ours.

Chasing one particular Russian marked a temporary disappointment in science news coverage. That was when I was again a pool reporter for the world's press—this time to record the first words uttered at the historic first encounter between America's John Glenn and the Russian Cosmonaut Gherman Titov at a pretty private session at the National Academy of Sciences.

My notebook was poised to record some memorable quotes as the two eagles of the rival nations met. But, sad to relate, I was only able to report to my disappointed colleagues that Glenn's first utterance was "Hello!"—and that Titov countered only with "Zdravstvuite ochen rad!," which is Muscovite for "very pleased to meet you."

True, they warmed up later—even had a couple of scientific arguments—but the "great moment" was something of a washout.

The working pace of the science-writer—especially one who works for a wire service—has changed substantially in the last 25 years.

The blast of the A-bomb over Hiroshima, compounded by the beep-beep of the first Russian Sputnik, did more than help shift science stories in general from the Sunday-supplement section of the newspaper—or the doldrums of the classified advertisement section—to some proximity to the Olympian heights of Page One, sometimes even on it.

They did much to put the science reporter back into a telephone booth, just like he operated when he was a police reporter.

That is, when a story is good enough, you don't take a cab back to the office and write it. You dictate it, in finished (you hope) story form, just from your notes. And God help you, and the dictation girl, when you have to use terms like "myocardial infarction," and "peritoneal dialysis."

And you don't just say "myocardial." You spell it—and it goes like this in the argot of the dictating newsman: "M for Mike; Y for yesterday; O for Oscar; C for Charlie; A for Arthur; D for Dan; I for Isaac . . ." and so on.

And this brings me to the domain of news coverage that is, for better or worse, virtually the exclusive realm of the Washington science reporter—covering the ills of the mighty in government.

I might quickly add that there are times, when such stories break, that the science man wishes he had selected an easier profession—like a lion tamer, maybe.

Meaning no lack of respect or sympathy for anyone involved, I tick them off in my nightmares sometimes:

Eisenhower's two heart attacks, his "regional ileitis" (try dictating that one fast), his cerebral stroke; the late President Kennedy's backache and the medical aspects of his assassination; Senator Robert Taft, stricken with incurable cancer, secretly checking into a New York Hospital as "Mr. Jones" and bravely but vainly submitting to trials of a new drug; Secretary of State John Foster Dulles felled by a cancer of a type so devastating that a doctor friend not associated with the case, whom I phoned for an evaluation based only on the announced diagnosis, immediately said, "it's curtains for him!" . . .

Baby Patrick Kennedy and his fatal hyaline membrane disease . . . Richard Nixon's knee injury, complicated by a tough staph infection, which some say may have cost him the presidency in the 1960 election, since it hospitalized him for 10 days before the great television debate with Senator Kennedy, and left him wan and gaunt for the TV encounter . . . President Johnson's "cold that was heard 'round the world," and his recent attack of gallbladder disease.

The catalogue even includes the late Senator Joe McCarthy's case of "tennis elbow" . . .

When a president even shows up with a tiny bandage on his hand, as Johnson did not long ago for some wart-like, benign growths, it's Page One news. When he's stricken with serious illness and enters a hospital, the newsmen, TV and radio commentators, and cameramen move in with him in a logistical maneuver almost as complex as anything on a battlefield.

And, there are effects on the homelife of science-writers, aside from the hours of work involved.

I mean only respect and concern for former President Eisenhower when I say that, thanks to him, I may never do any more housepainting—lest something happen to him.

I was painting my kitchen one Saturday afternoon in 1955—a real fancy job, with white mop-boards trimmed with black—when the office called, and the tense voice of my news editor crackled:

"Ike's had a heart attack out in Denver. Get going kid, this is a big one!"

Again, last fall, I was painting my back-porch when another tense call came. You guessed it: Ike had another heart attack down in Augusta, Ga.

I might add that the "Get going, kid!" of the first call didn't mean get-out-to-Denver. It meant dropping the paint brush, 'phoning cardiac specialists among my sources, digging quickly into a couple of handy-dandy reference books to freshen my memory on the whys-hows-and-wherefores of a coronary—and then dictating to the office what we call an interpretive "sidebar." That is, a what's-it-all-about medical story to go along with the "spot" story out of Denver.

Nothing illustrates the changes in science and medical reporting of the last quarter century more vividly than do stories like these.

When I covered the story of Shirley Temple's tonsilitis years ago, those million dollar tonsils were just passed off with a word or two—the rest of the story was about how little Shirley felt.

Today, medical stories about prominent people are blow-by-blow dissertations on anatomy and surgery—with charts and diagrams by the artists yet!—and for a wire-service reporter, it's literally anatomy-on-the-run.

When a president, or a great national military hero, is wheeled from the operating room and the first sparse medical bulletins are given out, the wire-service man doesn't sit down at a typewriter to compose a masterpiece.

He dictates a running story to his office for immediate transmission via telegraph and cable throughout the world —throwing in any medical interpretation needed (and there usually is!) from the top of his head, so to speak.

Sometimes, the dictation is given in muffled tones through a telephone plugged into the floor near you as the medical bulletin is being repeated in the hospital auditorium temporarily made over into a news-conference room. That was the case frequently during President Johnson's gallbladder episode.

Fortunately, I didn't get the separate kidney, ureter and gallstones mixed up, but I must admit the dictation girl and I had a rough time with the dictation of "parenchyma," or main body, of the kidney. Even Johnson's doctors admitted they couldn't spell it when they related that that was where the President's remaining stone is lodged.

Well, this sort of brings things up to date.

I suppose a Grady medalist should have some sort of "message" to convey. Frankly, I'm not much of a hand at that, but I'll offer this, beginning with a question:

Are we science writers doing any real good for the public?

It says in the ACS news release I won the Grady award for "increasing the public's knowledge of chemical progress."

I hope that's true, but I must admit I thought all the science and medical writers were going to get fired when CBS came out with results of the first round of a quiz it gave TV viewers—presumably including readers of the output of our science-writing lodge—on their knowledge of health matters.

The folks, as you recall, didn't do so well on the exam. But they scored much better on the second go-around—and, in general, made out pretty well as regards things like heart disease and lung cancer. The latter are subjects on which science writers turn out copy by the country mile. Maybe we've helped.

However, I don't think it's our function to try to make medical experts out of the public, any more than I think a science writer should consider himself a medical expert or a chemistry whiz just because he happens to write about such things.

I think our function, and duty, is to inform the public as to what's going on in the world of science and medicine —and make sure we cover all the major bases. This includes tackling and trying to interpret as objectively as possible all the issues involved in the big scraps such as smoking-and-health, fluoridation, medicare and fallout from nuclear tests.

How much of this information the public absorbs and retains, how it acts on the big social questions in which science is increasingly involved, is up to the public itself. Our job is to make sure we lay it on the line, and don't avoid the toughies.

And what matter, for example, if we don't succeed in having the public remember how many strains of influenza virus there are as long as we succeed in having mothers take their kids down to the clinic to get 'flu shots?

But beyond that, I think we can do something more—and I hope we're doing it—by the way we write stories. And that's the transmission of some of the excitement, drama—yes, even the beauty and wonder—of science and research to the reader.

If I could be sure that any stories I wrote over the years helped lead a few youngsters to become astronomers, or chemists, or engineers, or school teachers, I'd be very happy. And it's something I think we should all keep in mind when we write.

Indeed, failing that, I think a science writer can do a service if he can open up for the reader—just for wonder's sake—the wonderful world within the nucleus of a living cell. Or, give him an idea of the vastness of the universe by telling him that the light he sees on a given night from just the nearest star beyond our sun began streaming earthward before Columbus discovered America.

So, to bring this to a close, that's how life goes with a science writer—and I've found it a good one.

But, if a kind of silver anniversarian in the field can venture a few words of advice to a youngster who might want to know how to become a science writer, I'd say this:

"Go out and cover a fire. Learn first to be a good reporter—and never forget you are one."

Mr. Carey made these remarks at the 151st national meeting of the American Chemical Society, where he was honored as the recipient of the James T. Grady Award. He is a science writer for the Associated Press and a former Nieman Fellow.

Freedom's Market Place — The Newspapers

By Gene Robb

Mr. Robb is publisher of the Albany Times-Union and Knickerbocker News and has been president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association for the past two years. These remarks were made at the Annual Convention of International Newspaper Advertising Executives.

There are, of course, other ways to advertise. That is why I want to emphasize the superb climate for advertising in newspapers; that is why I chose as my subject, "Freedom's Market Place—the Newspapers." This puts the accent where it belongs in the minds and hearts of our advertisers as well as our readers—on freedom. I would be the last to suggest that any of the other advertising media believe any less strongly than we do that America's political, social and economic freedoms must be preserved. But I wish to be among the first to declare that the newspapers represent the most invincible and essential strong line in the practice of our freedoms and in their resolute defense.

For this is, in fact, the high purpose of American newspapers: to provide for the free exchange of ideas, for the uncontrolled presentation of the news, and for the honest advertising of goods and services—all at the point of action in every community throughout the country: the checkout counters at the supermarkets, the polling booths in the precincts, the PTA meetings at the schools. Who, and only who supplies the material on which all of these important daily decisions depend? The newspapers, and only the newspapers.

Is there any other organism in the entire community for the dispensation of ideas, news and advertising that the people feel belong entirely to them? Is there any other private agency devoted to information or entertainment or both on which the people believe they must depend or on which community progress must rely? Why is "the newspaper" invariably the only answer?

It is, I suggest, because in truth the newspaper is freedom's market place. And it is big enough and bold enough to use its news columns as well as its advertising space to tell its readers how else to spend their time and money—besides a dime every morning and evening and usually a quarter on Sunday for the daily paper. TV and radio logs, movie timeclocks, baseball games and bowling leagues, benefit concerts and college dances—all costing cash funds, all competing for the readers' time and attention, all are freely and excitingly described in our newspapers. A few people still believe the printing of this news is a form of free advertising given away to the detriment of the newspaper. I cannot agree. Of course there can be abuses but I am sure you in this audience will rise to prevent them. I am convinced the virility of the American newspaper today is due in large part to the fact that reader interest ranks first in considering what to put in the paper.

Newspapers can, must and will continue to appeal to people who think and act rather than to those who simply sit and watch. And as we print every day the complete list of competing activities for our readers to choose from, we are displaying to all who read that we are in fact freedom's greatest market place.

While much of the news space every day is thus given free to a broad variety of invitations to our readers for their money and time, adjacent columns display in advertising the ever-broadening scope of goods and services available in the supermarkets and department stores, in the discount houses and the specialty shops, downtown and in the shopping centers.

But today in the post-war marketing revolution, so graphically described by Walter Kurz, the advertiser must depend as never before on the power of the newspaper to inform and educate the public about the legion of new products now crowding the miles of shelf space; he must rely on the kind of newspaper advertising that people shop with to offset the absence of sales personnel in what has become a largely self-service form of buying almost everything; he must associate himself with those qualities of dependability and reliability that connote the people's trust in newspaper advertising as he gives his

own special push to another great nation-wide trend toward trading up.

At the action level where the newspapers work hardest and best, the nation's retailers have demonstrated the amazing capabilities of newspapers to perform all of these marketing functions. And the giants of retailing, some new, some older, can measure their relative success in most instances by a judicious combination of the amount and the quality of the newspaper advertising that they use.

Still the newspapers are facing an ingenious batch of competitive jackals and a few are beginning to look as big as wolves. Most of them can be quickly shot down.

Television advertising, for example, is the prisoner of prime time. Even when advertising spots intrude upon movies at the rate of one every three minutes and stretch a feature out to three hours, there is a limit—now often exceeded—on any effectiveness of ads that interrupt a program to such an extent. The contrast of newspapers is refreshing. The advertising supplements rather than interrupts; it adds further appeal to the newspaper as it beckons for attention at the reader's convenience and waits there to serve his or her needs throughout a 24-hour time cycle and frequently longer. The fact that the volume of advertising has grown faster than the amount of non-advertising space in a newspaper since World War II only serves to measure the popularity and success of the newspapers. It isn't volume of words in news columns but the quality of the editing that measures their service. If all the news in the average newspaper were read only once over a radio or TV station it would take all day; would it mean any more if we doubled the number of words so it would take all day and all night?

Some of our competitors contend that our biggest customers—the big retailers—so dominate the newspaper that other advertisers, such as national accounts wishing to run a thousand-line schedule, are overwhelmed. They overlook the fact that the only kind of advertising in newspapers that has grown even faster than retail linage are the classified advertisements. And the only reason to run and re-run those piles and piles of little want-ads, although many are not so small, is the immediacy of good results. The power of this, the newspaper's own people-to-people program, brings more dramatic emphasis to our accomplishments at the action level that I have been talking about.

We also are being visited by the effort of the big national magazines to localize advertising in regional or metropolitan area editions. This is a device by which they hope to circumvent what they cannot equal—the shopping markets of the different and individual daily newspapers. These regional editions carry no local news or pictures. There is simply the insertion of advertising into a portion of a national publication without roots in that area or any other identification with it. Any time you want to prove the emptiness of this kind of footloose advertising, ask your clients if they've ever had their pictures in a national picture magazine or their names in any of the others. You don't even need to ask if they've sometime been in the local paper, the answer is so self-evident.

Soothsayers of the slick books now are peddling something called demographic profiles, arguing that the thinner the slice the more selective it must be and, therefore, the more of any given product can be sold thereby. Jim Gediman has shown me the quickest way to explode this kind of argument. Just consider the value the reader attaches to the particular advertising medium in question. For the cost of buying a newspaper one month you can take advantage of special offers and get most of the national magazines for a year. And George Gallup has found that 8 out of 10 readers today would pay 50 percent more for their daily newspaper if they had to.

Each year presents a new threat, some different angle that an ingenious competitor tries to exploit. Each year also is bringing new evidence of strong progress by newspapers, improved printing, better color inks, all manner of technological advances which now are coming into the newspaper business with a rush. But because we are more than 1,700 strong, and because we are a complicated kind of animal, we move somewhat jerkily as we forge ahead. We face our own batch of special problems, many in the field of labor relations where we are peculiarly vulnerable to strikes. Here especially we need your help as advertising executives to convince your fellow employes in the union shops that a strike in our business deals a unique and permanent injury to the golden goose, destroying advertising revenue that never will be regained for payrolls. Even more important, strikes chase the advertisers and their revenues into other media where they have neither unions nor strikes.

I hope we are going through the last horrible examples of the devastating effects of the excesses of a few over-zealous unioneers. No other efforts by ANPA and the responsible group of national union leaders we now are working with are so vital to all newspapers as those devoted to resolving our labor problems without interrupting regular daily publication.

These remarks already have ranged over a broad field of subjects related in one way or another to the defense of freedom's market place—the newspapers. But just how much do our advertisers really care about this much-vaunted freedom? I say to you they care greatly; they will care a lot more if we will occasionally remind them, as we must, about the consequences of losing it. Let us remember, and let them remember, that unlike our electronic colleagues in TV and radio, the newspapers are not regulated or otherwise interfered with by any arm

of government. It is only we who do not have to go to any government agency for periodic license renewal who can freely defend the freedom we espouse.

I find also that our advertisers are deeply interested in personally reviewing what your paper and mine is for and against, what we all are doing on behalf of these freedoms we are talking about. Last month the Bureau of Advertising Board entertained the leading agency executives in Detroit in connection with our annual automotive meetings there and I was asked to make some brief remarks. I found that these very important men who place so much newspaper advertising are more deeply interested in the editorial achievements and objectives of newspapers than in anything else. And we have so much to talk about.

Take the case of Francis X. Morrissey. It was the head of steam generated by the newspapers that kept this pleasant but unqualified fellow from getting an exalted lifetime position in our federal judiciary. The bar association furnished the facts but it was the newspapers that did the job.

Move back a little to Billie Sol Estes as symbolic of what a courageous reporter and publisher can do to kick the rascals out. Few exposures of graft and corruption in high places have occurred, or will occur, without the active collaboration and participation of the newspaper in the affected community.

Take that code-like headline, 14b, as another kind of example. Most newspapers (though not all, proving our strength lies in diversity) even though dealing with closed shops in their own labor unions, are fighting vigorously to support the continuation of those state laws which say you don't have to join a union to get or keep your job. This takes strength and it takes character.

Check into the running debate concerning free press and fair trial in which some vocal members of the bar seek to restrict what newspapers may print about crimes and criminals. Our ANPA committee that has spoken up for newspapers in this controversy has insisted that the public's right to protection against criminals preying upon the people in the streets and in their homes is paramount. We have declared that reporting the news in a manner that will assure this protection does not violate, nor should it, the right of any arrested person to a fair trial. This is not sensationalism to get circulation; it is simply responsibly printing the news.

Never before has it been more necessary than at the present time to maintain our vigilant watch over the freedoms of the people to speak and worship freely and to print and publish without governmental restraint or intervention. This is why ANPA has joined with other newspaper groups in missions to Washington to protest government management of the news especially when it involves concealment of the truth. We have made other pilgrimages to the White House to emphasize the need for the people to have independent reporters on the scene whenever and wherever an international crisis may occur. We have affirmed that only when our government's man-made news is related fully and promptly, and subjected to the scrutiny of independent reporters, can any administration—at national, state or city levels, achieve the credibility of the people that alone produces public confidence. Alsop, Krock, Lippmann and Reston constitute a broad cross-section of reputable commentators whose recent articles suggest that this age-old problem of government-manipulated news may be with us again. Once again it will be the newspapers who will come to the aid of their country.

These are the same newspapers that in their vastly different communities are facing up to different solutions to their differing problems. The papers here in the south, for example, will have drastically different points of view on racial matters than we hold in the north. But the newspapers in every city will have their own reasons for reflecting as they do—and in the way it is done—the spirit, the viewpoint, the conscience, the soul—if you please—of the community they serve.

Time precludes my telling you any personal experiences concerning what happens to independent newspapers in a boss-ridden city like Albany. We are persecuted quite regularly in one way or another simply for printing the news. We have, however, earned the respect and confidence of the people—our readers and our advertisers. They may still vote the other way on election day but on all others they vote for us when they buy the morning and evening paper in larger numbers than ever before and place the record-breaking volume of advertising we are carrying in our pages. I am sure there are scores of other cities in which the dedication of the newspapers to the public interest is just as great even though the signs of corruption, I hope, are much less.

My reason for alluding to what we are doing in Albany and what many of your papers are doing in your own cities is to emphasize again that our advertisers want to know all about the newspapers that are out there on the front firing lines defending our freedoms and theirs; the newspapers that are fighting sometimes lonesome battles for the integrity of local government which is so basic to our republic; the newspapers that are struggling to expose greed and corruption when it exists among public office-holders; the newspapers that are engaging in the everlasting conflict with the bigness of cities and business, of unions and government, to uphold the individual and his dignity. This, thank God, is what it means to be a salesman in freedom's market place; this is what it means to be a newspaperman.

A Statement

JOHN HAY WHITNEY

Editor in Chief and Publisher
New York Herald Tribune

I bought the Herald Tribune eight years ago because I believe deeply in the value of articulate, intelligent discussion of our world. I wanted it to continue to be what in fact I always thought it was: a lively companion to a wide circle of friends. I did not buy it to make myself wealthy or famous or powerful. You cannot buy the traditions and principles of this newspaper, you can only lend them a hand toward survival.

That effort has not been completely successful.

Newspapers are a business and businesses need a profit to survive. The problems are easy to say and hard to solve. The competition was fierce, the turn-around was hard to make, the strikes were each an enormous setback, the settlements were hard to live with, the cost of each part of doing business rose while the price of the newspaper could not and circulation always lagged a little behind expectation. And always, the fruits of automation and modern practices were kept beyond reach.

My own clearest aim was to keep this voice alive in our community; to make it survive. The last thing I wanted to do was sell it or merge it.

But the Herald Tribune is not a child. It's not a toy or a whim of one man. It is an institution that has something to say to our times and it is an institution on which many people depend. It must have a stable future independent of my pocketbook.

I decided to go into this merger because its organization can keep the Herald Tribune's voice alive into a long and healthy future. It will do so because of the value of bigness in distribution and circulation and advertising; because the savings possibly are great and the continuing costs can be matched with increased revenues.

I decided to go into this merger because in the study of how these papers could survive, individually or separately, it became clear that the Herald Tribune in the morning was vital to a group success.

Yet, we three merging papers are now, incredibly, facing one of those newspaper labor disasters that keep swinging through New York faster and faster.

In the past, management's side has always been modestly withheld for fear of offending the negotiators and labor has had its say effectively so that we always appeared either mean or incompetent—and sometimes both. Lord knows, in our history we have been both. Standing at this point and looking backwards it is all too easy, and too painful, to see that the villains were in both camps and many of the ills we suffer are the result of stupidity as much as ill will.

But this is not the past and we are not trying to right those wrongs by fighting the old battles, crying over the money that was lost or the benefits that went unachieved. This is here and now when we are trying to make a new start and we find that we can't. The unions won't let us.

The truth is that, like some frightening game of follow-the-leader, they seem to have concluded that they don't need us, that we are weak and not worth saving. Maybe they think that in this pale stone there is another drop to be squeezed out. There isn't.

The newspapers of this city, for all the fact of the competition among them and the ancient work practices they are forced to follow, have the most expensive union contracts in the country.

We never thought that this merger process would be easy. We fully expected that there would be bargaining about a number of problems involved in the transition including the human problem of displaced employees, and we knew that the opinions of the unions would have to be heard.

But where have we gotten? We don't even have a clear idea of what they want except that it's a lot more than what has so far been offered, that it's going to cost enough to cripple us before we begin. The threats and the recriminations of the previous bouts of our labor sickness are gone, but the bludgeon is still there.

Our hope was to start fresh, and it is being dashed. Our need is to be reasonable, and reasonableness is being cast aside.

Tomorrow, there will be the final daily edition of an independently owned, proud, good Herald Tribune. On Sunday, we will give you for the last time the unique newspaper we have tried to create in New York and that others are beginning to imitate around the country.

These are my last papers and this is my last statement as owner of the New York Herald Tribune. If, by some miracle of labor and management statesmanship a new light dawns and our merger becomes reality, this Herald Tribune will continue as a six-day-a-week paper, owned jointly with a separate afternoon and Sunday paper.

If we are crippled by a long strike, the future will be even more bleak than the recent past.

We are now at a crucial moment in the history of this newspaper. It is 125 years old and many men and women have given their best to it. I write this because here and now I want to put on the record how I feel and how I share their pride.

This statement was published in the Herald Tribune on April 22.

Free Press AND Fair Trial

By Lee Hills

Ever since the assassination of President Kennedy more than two years ago, the press and the Bar have been wrangling over what has come to be known as free press vs. fair trial, with the Bar accusing the press of making a fair trial all but impossible and we accusing the Bar of being the black pot in the first place. We have heard it described as everything from a "conflict of competing constitutional claims," in the words of Mr. Justice Harlan, to a "collision course," in the terms of Clifton Daniel, managing editor of the New York Times.

To me it is no such thing, and I am here tonight to bury the idea, not to praise it. The proper role of both the law and the press is to see that we maintain both free press and fair trial, as shining and untrammeled as when they were written into the Constitution.

As Chief Justice Thomas Kavanagh of the Michigan Supreme Court said earlier this year, "There is an affinity between our two professions. We deal in a common purpose—the protection of individual rights so that the collective democracy can fulfill its commitment to equality under law for every citizen, in every place, at every hour of the day or night."

This is not to say that a problem doesn't exist. It does, but it is not a large problem. It is minute, in fact. What we are talking about is the exceptional criminal case of great public interest, in which publicity before the trial makes selection of an impartial jury difficult, and publicity during the trial increases the danger of a mistrial, a successful appeal or a miscarriage of justice.

Few such cases come along. The vast majority of criminal prosecutions are tried by judges without juries.

Of the cases that go to juries, only a handful are reported. Clifton Daniel noted that in January, 1966, 11,724 felonies were committed in New York City and of these only 41 were mentioned in the New York Daily News, which pays more attention to crime than any other newspaper in the city.

A recent study indicates that in the past two years there have been only 51 cases in which prejudicial pre-trial publication has been cited as influencing a verdict, and that of these only three reversals ensued.

The cases of pre-trial publicity which come to mind are flagrant cases, and I hold no brief for the press in them.

The first is the case of Leslie Irvin, an Indiana case of 11 years ago. Irvin was arrested for murder, and shortly afterwards the county prosecutor and the Evansville police chief announced that he had not only confessed to that murder, but to five others as well.

In the six months before he came to trial, the media had a Roman orgy. Opinions, not only as to his guilt but what sentence he should receive, were solicited by a local radio station. The Supreme Court, on appeal, also noted a "barrage of newspaper headlines, articles, cartoons and pictures," and television stations covered the area with stories, including Irvin's offer to cop a plea in exchange for a 99-year sentence.

It was small wonder that he was found guilty and sentenced to death, and even smaller wonder that the Supreme Court in 1961 voided his conviction for lack of a fair trial.

The second has come to be known as Rideau vs. Louisiana. There, in 1961, a man robbed a bank, kidnaped three employes and murdered one of them.

A few hours later police arrested William Rideau, and the following morning a 20-minute movie was made of Rideau being interviewed by—and confessing to—the local sheriff. The film was telecast over the Lake Charles station that afternoon, and was rebroadcast twice in the next two days.

The Supreme Court in 1963 also voided this conviction, and said that the television film, seen by thousands of people including some of the jurors, "in a real sense WAS Rideau's trial."

Finally, there is the Sheppard case, which the Supreme Court is still considering. I would concede that no matter what its decision, this was not one of the press's finest hours. One Cleveland newspaper badgered the police, called Sheppard a "proved liar," demanded that the DA bring him in, and as Federal District Judge Carl Weinman wrote, "screamed for petitioner's conviction."

Yet in even so flagrant a case, it should be remembered, the Sixth Circuit Court, in a divided decision, rejected Sheppard's specific charge that he didn't have a fair trial. The Court said that Judge Weinman's order for a new trial was "tempting" to affirm, but that judicial restraint required the Court to refuse unless some constitutional infirmity existed. "No such infirmity infects the famous trial of Dr. Sheppard," the majority said.

Further, even the dissenting opinion, by Judge George Edwards, put the onus not on the press but on the trial judge. Judge Edwards did have hypercritical words to say about the press, but he also said, "It was not just abuse of freedom of the press which accounted for violations of due process in the trial; it was failure of the judicial process also. This case provides no argument for repeal of the First Amendment."

So the case that has gone to the Supreme Court may well settle the fate of Dr. Sheppard, but it isn't likely to be on the basis of a conflict between fair trial and free press.

There, then, are three flagrant examples of prejudicial reporting which come to mind, but they are only three of hundreds of thousands of criminal cases, and arrayed against them are dozens of cases in which careful, diligent investigative reporting has freed someone wrongly accused and wrongly convicted.

Thus the scope of the problem itself is small, but since the principle involved is so great there are, it seems to me, some conclusions which should be drawn.

First is that both a free press and a fair trial are fundamental rights, one not tempered by the other or one subservient to the other. And for this I would cite two authorities, about as divergent as two could be.

One is New Jersey Superior Court Judge W. Orvyl Schalick, who in a recent decision said:

"Saturation of homes with news is part of an era in which we live. Along with that saturation comes enlightenment for people, enabling them to make a judgment of events . . . The mere fact that people are informed cannot be construed to mean that they cannot make a fair and impartial determination of guilt or innocence. . ."

The other is Hugh Dillion, a prisoner and associate editor of the prison newspaper at Southern Michigan Prison. Last year he wrote that, from his point of view, "it might be better to be spotlighted momentarily than to be abused in darkness.

"My stand is basically: I'd rather be at the mercy of a newspaper than to take the chance on the conscience of a police officer who knew he would not have to account to newsmen for his actions in my case."

The second conclusion is that we should stop beating ourselves over the head on this issue. We are both occasionally guilty and we are more often innocent. If we of the press are accused of printing prejudicial pre-trial information, we answer that we got it from the attorneys, and prosecutors who are officers of the court and the police.

If we are accused of sensationalism for the sake of circulation, we reply that circulation is no more important to us than a vote is to a district attorney or a winning verdict to the lawyer for the defense.

My third conclusion, and possibly the most important, is that the jury system is not only the best system we have for protecting the rights of a defendant, but that jurors themselves are more intelligent and less liable to prejudice than we give them credit for being.

As the Sixth Circuit Court said in the Sheppard case:

"We are not prepared now to hold that American citizens have so far forgotten their traditional heritage of 'fair play' that such shabby reporting would irretrievably infect the minds of an entire metropolitan community. Our jury system cannot survive if it is now proper to presume that jurors, selected with the care taken in this case, are without the intelligence, courage and integrity necessary to the law's command that they ignore the kind of publicity here involved."

Certainly the system is not perfect. As long as jurors are humans they will always make mistakes. But they do have a long and sturdy heritage, and we of the press are convinced that most of the time they will come to the correct conclusion.

If you go behind the recent debate you find that the courts of this nation themselves—taken as a whole—have been strong defenders of freedom of the press, and they have expanded its application.

Today in America there are no restrictive laws or regulations that bear directly on the press in its coverage of crime news. There are no limitations (save in juvenile courts) on what it may publish at any time, including the period between arrest and trial, except the degree of restraint the news organ itself may wish to apply. A series of Supreme Court decisions over the last two decades has ruled out, all but completely, the contempt power as a punishment of the press for publication of prejudicial matter.

And yet, with few exceptions, the press today exercises a sober restraint in the handling of crime news that testifies to its maturity and sense of responsibility.

The most sensational recent murder trial in America was the Mossler case in Miami. I have a letter from the trial judge to the Miami Herald. Judge Georgie Schultz wrote:

"This is an expression of my sincere sentiment, particularly in view of the fact that the Court allowed the jury to separate during the progress of the trial, and the Herald did not see fit to publish any matters pertaining to the trial that would in any way influence the verdict of the jury if they had accidentally read any of its accounts. I thought the press conducted itself in an exemplary manner."

It is the citizen we both should keep in mind. It's his free press and his fair trial that we are talking about—not yours and mine. He wants both of these freedoms.

Thus, for my part, I will accept no code of ethics proposed by any panel of lawyers and journalists. A code is only as good as those who accept it, and those who accept it in good faith have no need of it.

I will accept voluntarily no laws trying to establish a code, not only because they would, in my opinion, be unconstitutional, but because they could open the door to further abuses. A year ago Attorney General Katzenzach laid down a set of rules for the Justice Department to follow, and the press in general found them reasonable. But the next man might proscribe more, until the public's right to know the public's business became a dead cliche.

I will take my chances on the legal profession's code of ethics and our own codes of accuracy, responsibility, fairness and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. I will take my chances with the remedies already available —the press's burden under the laws of libel, and the assorted judicial remedies of change of venue, change of venire, voir dire, the ability to sequester a jury, and the authority to tell the jurors what they may and may not read.

Finally, I think there are other problems facing the Bar and the press which surpass this one in importance. This debate during the past 30 months has served a worth-while purpose. It has made us all more conscious of the Bill of Rights; it has caused us both to examine and reexamine our roles and our responsibilities.

But now there are other things to do. There is the administration of justice to improve. There is the need to guarantee counsel to indigents. There is the need to reduce the backlog of cases clogging the dockets of this land, for it is even more certain today than ever that justice delayed is justice denied.

There is the need to study the full impact of the current controversy over the rights of an individual when they seem to be in conflict with the rights of society.

I would like to enlist everyone in these causes as well as in the cause of the people's right to know the people's business. I would like to remind you once again that constant vigilance in the pursuit of truth is the duty of both the press and the Bar.

It seems self-evident that justice is more likely to be done in the light of day than in the dark.

Mr. Hills is executive vice president and executive editor of the Knight Newspapers. This address was given at the Oklahoma City University School of Law, his alma mater.

Our Man Not In Havana

(continued from page 2)

could be on the mid-day flight. When I mentioned the matter of my American passport he looked doubtful and referred me to the Embassy.

The Embassy still had had no reply from Havana to my request 4 months previous for a visa. I was joined in my vigil by two dapper American journalists, correspondents for the Associated Negro Press of America and a chain of negro radio stations, and a pitch-black Cuban baseball player in the Mexican Legaue. My American Negro colleagues had also secured State Department permission to travel to Cuba and had already invested a small fortune in cables and telephone calls to Havana. I envied them their thick overcoats, stout shoes, and expensive pullovers. Coming in from tropical Panama I had forgotten that it was winter in Mexico City at 7,500 feet. I at least was dressed for Havana. My fellow journalists bore all the modern tools of the trade including international credit cards, tape-recorders, and cameras with the latest flash attachments. The Cuban baseball player turned out to be a voluntary exile from his homeland who left when Fidel abolished professional sports but was anxious to retain his Cuban passport.

Our first collective gesture was to induce the Cubans to call the Ministry of External Affairs in Havana to inquire about our visas. Havana could not locate our documents nor the one man besides Fidel authorized to grant visas to journalists but promised that they would call back.

Meanwhile my colleagues placed a personal call to Robert Williams, an American Negro fugitive from North Carolina justice who has been resident in Cuba since 1960. Williams has become an unofficial propagandist for the Cuban government, particularly in their attempts to organize support among American Negroes. He was an organizer of the tricontinental conference and supposedly a close friend of Fidel. When reached the Havana Libre Williams assured us that our visas had been granted and that cables were on their way from Havana to Mexico City authorizing our entry.

We passed a dreary and drizzly Friday in Mexico City taken up with further telephone calls and cables to Havana which failed to produce any responses. Infuriatingly the Cubans would neither give us a yes or no and would not let us board the airplane without a visa. Exasperatingly we were only asked to return to the Embassy the next day for more telephone calls to Havana.

Saturday seemed even wetter and colder if possible than the desolate Friday. Havana on the line still had not acted on our visa requests and the revolutionaries' conference was rapidly slipping away, the bearded figures packing their plastic gelatine, toothbrushes, tracts, and submachine guns, and preparing to slip back into battle.

My Negro colleagues were determined to make one more try. They cornered the Cuban Consul, a pleasant and very pale young man who spoke little English, and requested my services as interpreter for a "dialogue." Lawrence, the younger journalist, elegant and soft-spoken, had me ask the Cuban Consul whether he knew where Mississippi was. "Would you please tell the Consul that we have never received such treatment in Mississippi as we have gotten from the Cuban government." The crestfallen Consul visibly seemed to shrink into the floor at my Spanish rendering of this remark. He feebly replied that Cuba was at war with the United States and that his government had to make sure that visitors were really journalists and not some kind of secret agents.

The other journalist, older and heavier-set Milton, lashed into a furore at this reply. He waved about receipts of airline tickets, telephone and telegraph bills, and hotel reservations, and wanted to know what more documentation could be needed. "I have a degree in law from Yale University in 1950 and am a practicing criminal lawyer. My friend Lawrence is an ordained Minister with a degree in communications from Penn State. These are the masks that we wear in order to function as revolutionaries in American society. Of course we are going to Cuba as journalists, this is the only way that *they* would allow us to go." . . "We, as American revolutionaries have a dialogue with our African brothers but not with Cuba. You tell us that your struggle is our struggle and that you want to help us but we see the way that we are treated. When one of our brothers deserted from the American Army on political grounds and asked for asylum from your Embassy here in Mexico City you did nothing to help him. Now he is serving time in a military prison. When Fidel visited New York in 1961 and wanted to tour Harlem the official Negro leadership would not lift a finger to help him. We organized a special honour guard to protect Fidel and you can be assured that there were many persons in Harlem out to get him."

Suitably translated into Spanish this seemed to have a pronounced effect on the Cuban Consul. Although he was three shades lighter than me and several more than my black colleagues he launched into an eloquent appreciation of the Negro struggle in the United States and its support by the Cuban people.

Lawrence was unmoved by this reply. "All your leaders and diplomats tell us the same thing; that the racial and the revolutionary fight in the United States and Cuba are one and the same. We hear these fine words and then we see how we and others of our brothers are treated and we know that it is all not true. We have no communication, no real dialogue with Cuba, you don't know how we think and you won't let us in to talk to you. We have no choice but to tell our people how we have been treated and what they can expect from the Cuban government. We represent a chain of over 60 radio stations and newspapers which serve Negro people in the United States and that is the only message that you are willing to let them hear."

As interpreter I was by now intimately involved in the dialogue that was being established in Mexico City. However it was not a dialogue which was likely to get me with my totally non-revolutionary credentials to Havana. Gently, almost as an aside, I asked the Consul what the prospects were. "Because of the revolutionary interest of my government in the cause of the American Negroes it should be possible to arrange for these men to get to Havana although it may take some time. In your case Fidel took offense at his coverage in the American press three months ago and froze all visas for American journalists with very few exceptions. Although you have British press credentials because of your passport you have been put in the same category as other American journalists and the chances for a visa are very slim. If you had a British passport no visa would be needed and you could be off immediately for Havana. We are very anxious for good relations with England, particularly commercial relations."

Lawrence, Milton and the Consul were beginning to enjoy their conversation and I hated to break it up. Unfortunately the state of my wardrobe and finances would permit no further delay in Mexico City. I said a wistful goodbye to my revolutionary comrades and booked a seat on the first flight to Los Angeles.

Mr. Segal wrote this article while he was a correspondent for the Spectator, in London. He is now with the Center for Latin American Studies at the University of California in Berkeley.

Apples, Oranges and Bananas

By Palmer Hoyt

Mr. Hoyt is editor and publisher of the Denver Post. This is the text of the 20th Annual Allen Memorial Lecture at the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association.

I feel deeply honored to be chosen to give the 20th annual Allen Memorial Lecture. This is a significant occasion for me. I was one of Eric Allen's students and like the rest, I was very fond of him. It was Dean Allen who gave the principal address at a dinner in my honor at Portland upon my elevation to the national presidency of Sigma Delta Chi. And it was I who was called on to speak for the newspaper profession at the memorial services here at the University at the time of his death in 1944.

This, then, is not my first memorial tribute to Dean Allen. But I can repeat now what I said 22 years ago, that his memory "will ever live brightly with us." Eric Allen taught us to be true to ourselves, just as he was true to himself, and to cherish service to mankind. He conveyed to us his faith in the role of newspapers and his desire to improve them so that they might always be true servants of the people.

Dean Allen was a friendly, constructive critic of the press. He never hesitated to say what he thought. And we Oregon newspapermen in turn developed the habit of seeking his opinion and advice.

So it is today, in the spirit of Eric Allen, that I shall discuss newspapers and their critics.

I have chosen to call this address "Apples, Oranges and Bananas." The reason is simple, for the title characterizes what I think is wrong with much criticism of the press today. Far too much of this criticism is stereotyped and meaningless. It doesn't deal with the practical realities. The critics too often seem to me to be comparing apples with oranges—and with an occasional banana thrown in.

This school of criticism is exemplified by an article November 29 in the Press Section of Newsweek magazine entitled "What's Wrong With Newspapers?" The magazine chose to discuss the shortcomings of newspapers as Newsweek saw them against a yardstick of the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal. At least the magazine left out the Christian Science Monitor. Most of the professional critics of the press usually include it with the Wall Street Journal and the Times in their list of the ten best newspapers.

Let me emphasize that I yield to none in my admiration for these three great journals as examples of the kind of publication they are trying to be and are meant to be. But I submit that they cannot properly be called newspapers to be used as a standard in judging the American daily press.

The New York Times is more than a newspaper. It is an encyclopedic news publication. The New York Times covers its sins by printing everything available. New York newspapermen have called it, with a combination of awe and amusement, "The best *un*edited publication anywhere," and students in the city have chided its slogan with the gentle lampoon: "All the news that fits we print."

The Times is unique in the dictionary sense. There is only one New York Times and it is extremely unlikely that there will ever be another. The Times caters to a relatively small and cosmopolitan segment of the population of the city in which it is published, as do other papers in New York City. America's largest city is big enough for such a pattern. But the bulk of America's newspapers are published in cities much, much smaller than New York or even Denver or Portland. To expect them to adopt a pattern of catering to a small segment of their communities is to invite them to consider bankruptcy.

The Christian Science Monitor is in fact a sectarian publication. It addresses a special audience, and is an excellent daily magazine rather than a daily newspaper.

As to the Wall Street Journal, I don't dispute that it does a great job. But it is a special interest publication devoted first and foremost to the world of business. While the Journal does many worthwhile things, general circulation newspaper just could not operate that way and hope to stay in business.

It should be borne in mind that the Wall Street Journal has no weddings to cover, no police reporters to worry about, no local elections to be concerned with and no church news to print. And I might add that if the New York Times paid a little more attention to New York City crime or racial news and shady political practices, New York City just might be a better place to live in.

Thus the implication of the critics that all newspapers

be like these three is an expression of the death wish.

You simply cannot compare them meaningfully with the great regional dailies or with the vast array of hometown papers with small staffs who must cover everything from the county fair to the war in Viet Nam.

At each level a constructive critic will find strengths and weaknesses. But the various types of papers should be appraised on their own merits.

Too many critics are still talking as if there were just one kind of newspaper and just one standard of performance. For example, right here in Eugene, Oregon, you have a first class small daily which could not fairly be compared with the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, and the Christian Science Monitor.

In addition to the judgment that newspapers generally don't measure up to the Times, Monitor or Wall Street Journal, these are the main criticisms that are made shotgun fashion:

1. That a dulling conformity has set in amongst papers, brought about in part by dependence on the Associated Press and in part upon syndicated features.

2. That newspapers in their drive to exploit local news leave their readers in intense ignorance of the affairs of the world.

3. That newspapers are more concerned with circulation figures and the advertising rate card than with content.

4. That newspapering is no longer an attractive career to the young.

I said that part of the trouble with what the critics say is that it is not discriminating enough. It is the blast of the shotgun rather than the sharp crack of the rifle. My first response to such criticisms is to ask which newspapers the critic is talking about.

Are they talking about The Denver Post? I happen to think we are not just like any other newspaper—and I have *un*solicited letters in my files from all sorts of people, including journalism professors, attesting to this fact.

We do use the Associated Press, but we also use United Press, the New York Times Service, The Washington Post-Los Angeles Times Service, the Herald Tribune and Chicago Daily News Services, many dependable free lance writers, and our own staff people who often go on assignment outside our area—to Watts, to Little Rock, to Washington, to Viet Nam, or wherever things are happening.

We do use syndicated features, like the columns by Walter Lippmann or William Buckley. But we use them not to fill up space or because we are afraid to express our own opinions on our outspoken editorial page, but because we wish to share with our readers the work of writers of standing whose views are not necessarily the same as ours.

We do try to cover local news well, but we do not do so at the expense of regional, national or international news.

We are interested in circulation growth and advertising revenue, but if we weren't, I don't see how we could very long remain as an effective medium of information and opinion.

As for point 4, that a newspaper career no longer attracts the young, I want to say:

The Denver Post today has the brightest collection of young people on our reporting staff that it has ever been my privilege to be associated with. They are well-educated, intelligent, alert and ambitious. I would stack them up against any comparable group of young employes in any business in America.

Moreover, we have a list of applicants of similar caliber who would like to come to work for us right now. We have had no trouble getting the people we want.

We have competed successfully for people with firms like General Motors and Underwood, as well as with newspapers like the New York Times and St. Louis Post-Dispatch. We scout potential talent, and our personnel manager goes to college campuses to recruit.

We put our new employes through a training and orientation program. We follow them through their careers with evaluations of their progress.

I have heard it said again and again that our major personnel problem in the newspaper business is money. We are told that we lose the best people because they can get so much more money in public relations, advertising or television. I am wary of such bald statements. They just don't square with what I know.

I know, for example, because we make periodic checks, that our employes at The Post are getting paid more than they would in comparable jobs in other businesses in our community.

This may not be a new development, either. When I was a copyreader on the Oregonian nearly 40 years ago, I was getting about $190 a month. One evening, at a party at my house, a bunch of my former classmates from the University were kidding me about the low pay of newspapermen. After a few drinks, someone suggested we write down our salaries and compare them. And what do you know: Mine was the highest, by about $50 a month.

There is one characteristic about newspaper salaries these days that is worth remembering. Some other professions may start higher, but their ceiling is often lower.

The Newspaper Fund reported last year that the average newspaper starting salary for June 1964 journalism graduates was $94 a week. At the Post, our minimum starting salary is $100 a week, or $5200 a year, and our six-year minimum for reporters is $162 a week, or more than $8400 a year.

But these figures don't tell the whole story. They are, after all, only minimums. I had a survey made of our newsroom a year ago to find out what our men were

actually making. The survey of all reporters in our news department, taking into consideration the cubs as well as the journeymen, showed that the average figure was $8800 a year. The minimums have gone up since then, so the average is much higher now. Paul Swensson, director of the Newspaper Fund, recently said that on the basis of his studies, the *competent* journalism graduate of today can expect to be making about $10,000 a year after he has been on the job five years. At The Post now, we have several reporters whose annual salaries are in the five-figure bracket.

In addition, anyone trying to calculate what we pay should take into account the value of our fringe benefits such as insurance, health and welfare, pensions, holidays, vacations, and so forth. Our business department made a conservative calculation that these fringes add 15 to 20 per cent to the base pay of the employee. It should also be borne in mind that I have said nothing about the salary increases that go with promotions and increased responsibilities. Yet any ambitious young person ought to consider that his chances of growing professionally and taking on additional responsibility in the newspaper business are excellent.

Unfortunately, newspapers have gotten a bad image as far as pay is concerned because people outside the business —even professors who ought to know better—tend to look at what the poorest papers are paying, or to look at the minimums and consider them maximums.

But maybe we are giving too much emphasis to this question of money. Money wasn't the main reason I got into the business, and I don't think it is the main reason for any good man. The ablest men want the satisfaction of knowing they are doing something worthwhile. They want to know that they will be able to take pride in what they are doing and that they will be able to maintain their individuality. On any good newspaper of whatever size, these things will be true. And as a matter of fact, if an applicant for a job seems primarily interested in the money—ahead of factors like challenge, opportunity, satisfaction—then I don't want him, because I don't think he has what it takes to succeed as a newspaperman.

I can understand how journalism professors would despair at seeing what they consider their brightest graduates oftentimes going into some work other than newspapering because of starting salary. But we may be worrying too much about this phenomenon when it happens. I know from experience that school performance alone is not a sufficient indicator of how a man will do in his profession. We have to know more about his motivation and his ambition. And this is often revealed by his first choice of job. I want the people who want the challenge; Phi Beta Kappas and cum laudes if we can get them (and we at The Post have our share), but intelligent men and women with desire and drive, first of all.

As for losing our good men to other businesses because of money, I question that. As I prepared this talk, I tried to think of the names of men we have lost because of money that I would want to re-hire. I could think of very few.

On the other hand, we receive many applications from men who went into public relations or television or insurance because of the lure of money—who now want to work for us at whatever figure they can get. We have hired a few such people and for the most part they have worked out well.

To sum up on this question of talent, we are getting good people, very good people. Bright young people say they want to come to work for us, and we are glad to get them, and I know this is true of many good newspapers.

The good young people want decent salaries of course. But money is not their first consideration. The number one item is pride in the organization, in our case The Denver Post. This boils down to management, the kind of paper you run.

As for the rest of the criticisms, what I have said about The Denver Post could fairly be said about a great many American newspapers, including a number represented in this audience.

But that doesn't mean that criticism isn't warranted. In the first place, criticism is a healthy thing. It can keep a man or a business from becoming fat-headed. In the second place, newspapers, of all institutions, ought not to be thin-skinned about criticism. We do plenty of it ourselves—if we are doing our job. In the third place, there are many newspapers that richly deserve any criticism they get.

What I am pleading for is criticism that fits the offender and the offense. Let's have *more* criticism that takes into account the differences in circumstances and functions between papers. But, let's have *less* of the "Why Can't They Be Like the New York Times?" variety.

I think it is safe to say that there are newspapers that definitely lack a sense of responsibility. Every editor ought to ask himself, "What is my responsibility to my community?"

Grove Patterson, long-time editor of the Toledo Blade, often said that to have an impact a newspaper editor must have a sense of responsibility to his family, his city, state and nation. Today I would add to that formula one more dimension: the world.

What you do in Denver, Colorado, or Eugene, Oregon, today makes waves that are felt on far distant shores. When The Denver Post was conducting a campaign against the warden of the state penitentiary some 15 years ago, many prominent and upright citizens came in to protest to me.

It seemed to make no difference to these people that

we had evidence to show that the warden was misusing state funds and operating the state penitentiary as if it were his private business.

Finally, I said to the leader of one protesting group, "George, I have been at the Rotary Club and heard you and your kind sound off about mink coats and deep freezes in the Truman Administration. Yet what is going on at home doesn't seem to bother you.

"Political immorality doesn't start in Washington. It starts right here at home, in places like Denver, Colorado. If we tolerate graft and corruption in our own back yard, then we and nobody else are responsible for what is going on in Washington."

The point is, that one must renounce graft and political corruption at home if he is to be effective in denouncing graft and political corruption in Washington, D.C.

There are still newspapers today that don't live up to their responsibilities. Too often they don't cover their field adequately. The field of the Littleton Independent—an outstanding semi-weekly in the suburbs south of Denver—is different from the field covered by The Denver Post. But they are equally important. They should cover their circulation areas so the people living in them know what is going on—and can do something about it if they wish to.

The newspaper, if it is to be realistic and effective, has to be like a mirror. In the sense of its coverage and responsibility, it should reflect public life. A paper like The Denver Post has to reflect public life the world around.

It has to be an accurate mirror, truly reflecting community life at every level. If the image shown is distorted, the mirror is like those in a fun house, which can make you look ten feet tall or two feet tall. Such mirrors are not very useful. You don't get a true picture from a distorted mirror any more than from a rigged mirror.

When I first came to Denver, and when I first took over direction of the Oregonian at Portland, people would complain to me that there was too much crime in the paper. My answer was that if there was too much crime in the paper, it was because there was too much crime—and that it was important for the people to do something about that. But such a response is justified only if the mirror accurately reflects what is going on.

It has never been my intention to make an apology for the hectic days of yellow journalism. Having served their purpose, they are gone.

The press has had its lapses, when it overplayed crime. During the trial of Bruno Hauptmann in 1935 for the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, some 90 per cent of all the textual material received on the Associated Press wires in the Oregonian newsroom was devoted to that case. I strongly objected to the AP and surprisingly enough, they cut down. What I am trying to say is that AP was irresponsible in this instance and so were the member newspapers that went along on the overplaying of the case.

If an educated European had come to New York in 1955 when the Serge Rubinstein murder case was going on, he would have gotten a picture of a nation entirely preoccupied with crime, corruption and sex. So complete and detailed was the coverage of this gangland killing, including that of the New York Times.

But if it is irresponsible to overplay crime, it is just as much a distortion of the newspaper's function to underplay it. As a matter of fact, some very sound authorities believe that the tread-softly attitude toward crime has contributed materially to the burgeoning crime problem facing the nation today.

I think it is pretty clear that newspapers have been improving over the years and that they will go on doing so. Some newspapers have died, but for the most part those that died did not deserve to live. And most of those that remain have grown better and have prospered.

They will continue to do so as long as those who operate them remember that the basic business of a newspaper is to print the news fairly and objectively; that they have a responsibility to comment on the news intelligently and with perspective on their editorial pages, and that they have a duty to keep the two separate.

Despite what some critics say, the American newspaper is far from a fading or declining medium. As long as the people know they can trust their newspaper, they will depend on it.

This is what Dean Allen taught us here at Oregon so many years ago, and for me it is a conviction that has remained unchanged through 43 exciting, wonderful, rewarding years of experience.

This is my tribute to Eric Allen, and it is my creed as a newspaperman. He kindled in us the spirit of duty and fulfillment that was a part of being a newspaperman.

Hyphens After The War

By William M. Pinkerton

Man has a custom of measuring his time by his wars. The 19th century American dropped easily into thinking with nostalgia of prerevolutionary or ante-bellum days. Men today date their era from World War II. After 20 years, however, they cannot decide whether they live in a post World War II (Education U.S.A.), a post-World War II (Harper's), a post World-War II (Commonweal) or a post-World-War II (New York Times) era.

The confusion began, I think, before the war when we started piling up descriptive bits in front of the person or thing we were talking about—"a sort of adjectival sea serpent," Gowers calls it—and piling up other bits in front of the object acted on. Back there, a person in Time was "hen-shaped, bumble-headed, haystack-haired, buck-toothed, bald-domed, kinky-bearded, moose-tall, beady-eyed, hot-eyed, Mawr-schooled, pain-prickly, snaggle-toothed, frog-green, cloudily-understood, kraut-liveried, leather-faced, milky-mild, moon-placid, plush-plump, purse-potent, rock-honest, saucer-eyed, stark-white, taw-eyed or thug-belabored." And technical writers, as William Gilman has noted, began writing ambiguously of "high strength steel filament" or "low pressure mist spray."

In this frame of mind, "ex" "pre" and "post", "pro" "anti" and "non" became wedges for getting a thought in front of the onrushing noun: "pre-World War I Social Democrats" (S. M. Lipset), "the non-Batista democratic anti-Castro forces in exile" (Theodore Sorenson), "pre-Federal community antipoverty programs" (Ford Foundation).

The hyphen as hook makes other kinds of descriptions for all kinds of writers: "the iron-curtained, bureaucracy-bedeviled world. . .the riddle-wrapped-in-an-enigma set" (Charles Poore), "classy, deep-hulled, clipper-bowed, gaff-rigged sloops" (Boston Globe), "a desert-war exercise" (The New Yorker), "the modern police-cum-prosecutor technique" (Harvard Law Review), "the CBS-presented David Wolper-produced film" (Columbia Journalism Review).

The case of Mr. Wolper, the producer, introduces a complication which Fowler spotted at its worst in "the Lloyd George-Winston Churchill government." Nobody tries to correct a big business combine like Twentieth Century-Fox. Instead, journalists occasionally try to match its telegraphed complexity: "a slum school-community center" (Harper's), "small town-agrarian South" (Commonweal). The hyphen, of course, draws only two words together. Fowler considered getting into an elaboration such as "the Lloyd-George-Winston-Churchill government" but thought "the government of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill" better.

The fun of it tempts a writer on to the wait-a-second hyphen which grammarians call suspensive: "one- and two-story houses" (Harper's), "a 33- to 43-year-old married electrical engineer" (Newsweek), "7- to 13-year-olds" (Education U.S.A.), "children from middle- or high-income families" (The Reporter). Are the scholars more apt when they speak of "late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century thought" or when they discuss "the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century university,"?

You might think ours an overhyphened generation. Not so. To get these samples, I have been dropping hyphens into my pocket for two or three months. In truth, because we insist on thinking in hyphened phrases without quite feeling easy at hyphening, we regularly suffer the ambiguities of a shortage of hyphens. We read without flinching about "non-college bound students" (Washington Post), "a high school-educated nation" (This U.S.A.), "this *Time*-English written scene" (Harper's), "Ex-White Plains Surgeon" (New York Times), "anti-jay walking law" (Boston Globe), "pro-test ban" activities and "anti-cold war students" (a student magazine), "the prolongation of infancy theory of John Fiske" (a young scholar's essay), "low Nielson-rated efforts" of CBS (Newsweek), "pre-small pox vaccination times" (Newark Star-Ledger), "Chicken Pox-Ridden Jail" (New York Times), "131 thin transparent light and dark-striped zebras" (Boston Globe). The writer plunges into hyphens, and stops short: "a gold-covered, motorcycle-handled two-wheeler with an imitation leopard skin covered banana seat"; "knowing-what-one-is-talking about". A science writer talks about "extra high voltage lines to carry massive amounts of power." A feature writer relates how "from the innards of his car he pulled a deflated lemon and lime colored plastic lift raft. A headline writer, on New York divorce, reports "Criticism of Adultery Only Rule Voiced at Hearing." An editor tells us the Times "makes less than half the profit of the poorer quality papers."

Perhaps we can mark a little progress. The Times which like everyone else talked last year about five dollars million ($5 million) in 1966 has made it dollars five million ($5-million).

A footnote on newspaper names: In the New York merger, the simple style of the Herald Tribune won out over the hyphens that had spread with consolidations: The World-Telegram and Sun and the Journal-American joined with the Trib to form the World (space) Journal (space) Tribune. "Three-Paper Merger," said the Trib's head.

Mr. Pinkerton, Nieman Fellow 1940-41, is News Officer of Harvard University.

Nieman Fellowships 1966-67

The President and Fellows of Harvard University have announced the recipients of Nieman Fellowships for the 1966-67 academic year. Thirteen journalists have been appointed to study at Harvard and receive grants established under the will of Agnes Wahl Nieman, in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of the Milwaukee Journal. The newspapermen are:

Dana Ripley Bullen II, Supreme Court reporter for the Washington Evening Star. Mr. Bullen, 34, was born in Boston and attended the University of Florida where he earned degrees in journalism and law. He is a member of the Supreme Court bar and has covered that court for the past four years for the Star. After serving as news editor of his college newspaper and executive editor of the university's law review, he worked briefly on the Gainesville, Florida, Daily Sun, the Washington Post and the Northern Virginia Sun. Mr. Bullen joined the Star in 1959 and has covered suburban affairs, Washington's municipal court, federal courts and the Supreme Court. He won an American Bar Association Gavel Award for the Star in 1964. He plans to study constitutional law and American history and politics during his year at Harvard.

Ken W. Clawson, labor reporter for the Toledo Blade. Mr. Clawson, 31, was born in Monroe, Michigan, and attended Western Michigan University. His early newspaper experience included stringer work for the Detroit Times, the Chicago Daily News and the Monroe Daily News. On the latter paper he worked in the advertising sales and classified departments and served as deskman as well as doing general assignment reporting. He joined the Blade in 1963 and covers the labor field on the local, state-wide and national levels for the paper. Mr. Clawson will study American history, labor government and politics.

Anthony Day, of the Washington bureau of the Philadelphia Bulletin. Mr. Day, 33, was born in Miami and graduated cum laude from Harvard College in 1955. He joined the staff of the Bulletin in 1957 where he did general assignment and police reporting and rewrite work. In 1960 he was sent to the Washington bureau and there has covered Congress, the White House, the Supreme Court, the State Department, Philadelphia regional news and general governmental and political news, as well as foreign affairs. Mr. Day will concentrate on American history, especially economic and political history.

David Herbert Hoffman, Washington correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Hoffman, 33, was born in Coral Gables, Florida, and attended the University of Florida where he earned a degree in political science and did work in the law school. His early journalistic experience was with the County Citizen of Rockland County, New York, and Aviation Week in New York. Mr. Hoffman became the aviation editor for the Herald Tribune in 1962 and has been based in Washington as a science writer for the past year and a half. At Harvard he plans to study the sciences, French, European government and American legislative process.

Leamon Dewey James, Jr., city editor of the Florence, South Carolina, Morning News. Mr. James was born in Horry County, South Carolina, and is 34. He attended Columbia Commercial College and earned a journalism degree at the University of South Carolina. He served briefly as news editor of the Georgetown, South Carolina, Times and in 1961 began publishing his own suburban weekly, the West Ashley Journal in Charleston, South Carolina. His newspaper career includes eight years with the Florence Morning News. In his studies at Harvard Mr. James plans to emphasize American political and social structures and international political thought.

Walter William Meek, assistant city editor of the Arizona Republic in Phoenix. Mr. Meek, 31, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and graduated from Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania. Before joining the Arizona Republic in 1962, he was with the Bergen Evening Record in Hackensack, New Jersey, and edited the weekly Gateway Times in Sierra Vista, Arizona, while as news editor and information specialist at the U. S. Army Electronic Proving Ground in Ft. Huachuca. In Phoenix Mr. Meek has done general assignment reporting, science writing, investigative reporting and has served as night city editor. He will concentrate on studies in the field of urban development.

Philip Edward Meyer, reporter in the Washington bureau of the Knight Newspapers. Mr. Meyer, 35, was born in Deshler, Nebraska, and earned degrees from Kansas State University (B.S. in technical journalism) and the University of North Carolina (M.A. in political science). His early newspaper experience was in Kansas with the Clay Center Dispatch and the Topeka Capital. In 1958 he joined the Knight Newspapers and began covering education for the Miami Herald, also covering metropolitan government, race relations, science and medicine. Since 1962 Mr. Meyer has been in Washington for the Akron Beacon Journal. He will study economics, history and government and concentrate on political behavior.

Joseph Emile Mohbat, member of the Washington bureau of the Associated Press. Mr. Mohbat is 28, was born in New York City and graduated from Middlebury College in 1958. He began his newspaper career with the Register-Mail in Galeburg, Illinois, and joined the Chicago bureau of the AP in 1960. He has been in Washington since 1961 and has covered regional news for Illinois, Michigan and Indiana, served on the general staff and the night desk. He now covers the Department of Justice, the Supreme Court, Civil Rights Commission, the FCC, ICC, Tax Court and the Post Office Department. Mr. Mohbat plans to study in the Law School and take courses in American history and government.

Alvin Shuster, assistant news editor of the Washington bureau of the New York Times. Mr. Shuster, 36, was born in Washington, graduated from the George Washington University and attended Maryland University. He joined the Times in 1947 and has worked in both reporting and editing capacities in the Washington bureau since that time. He plans to focus his studies at Harvard on international affairs, American diplomacy, modern European history, the Soviet government and China.

Richard Henry Stewart, city editor of the morning Boston Globe. Mr. Stewart, 35, was born in Framingham, Massachusetts, and graduated from Northeastern University. He has worked with WREB in Holyoke, Massachusetts, the Springfield (Massachusetts) Union, and the Daily Hampshire Gazette in Northampton, Massachusetts. Mr. Stewart worked for the Boston Globe when he was a student at Northeastern and returned to that paper in 1960, first on the reporting staff, then as assistant city editor and, since, 1965, as city editor of the morning edition. He will study urban renewal, urban government, civil rights and education.

Remer Hoyt Tyson, reporter in the Washington bureau of the Atlanta Constitution. Mr. Tyson, 31, was born in Statesboro, Georgia, and attended Georgia Southern College and the University of Georgia, where he earned a degree in journalism in 1956. Mr. Tyson's newspaper experience began as a student when he edited the weekly campus newspaper and continued in the Army when he edited the weekly base paper. He has served as reporter, state news editor and governmental affairs reporter for the Columus, Georgia, Ledger and city editor of the Valdosta, Georgia, Daily Times. He joined the Constitution in 1963 and moved to their Washington bureau in 1965. Mr. Tyson will study social relations, economics and government at Harvard.

James Robert Whelan, United Press International, manager for Venezuela. Mr. Whelan, 32, was born in Buffalo, New York, and attended the University of Buffalo and the University of Rhode Island, Extension. He began his journalism career with the Buffalo Courier-Express and joined the UP in 1953. He has served in Buffalo, Boston, Providence and Latin America. Mr. Whelan's study plans include courses in the areas of international affairs, Sino-Soviet relations and Latin America.

William Franklin Woo, feature writer for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mr. Woo was born in Shanghai, China, and is 29. He graduated with honors from the University of Kansas in 1960. His journalism career includes working for the Kansas City Star, as Newsweek correspondent in St. Louis, and feature writer for the Post-Dispatch, which he joined in 1962. Mr. Woo's studies at Harvard will center on American civilization and will include courses in English literature.

The Nieman Fellows were selected by a committee of six, including: Malcolm C. Bauer, associate editor of the Portland Oregonian; Bruce Chalmers, professor of metallurgy at Harvard and master of Winthrop House; John H. Colburn, editor and publisher of the Wichita Eagle and Beacon; Eugene Patterson, editor of the Atlanta Constitution; William M. Pinkerton, News Officer of Harvard University; and Dwight E. Sargent, Curator of Nieman Fellowships.

Wellington Wales

Wellington Wales, a member of the editorial board of the New York Times, died April 10, 1966, apparently of a heart attack, in his home at 236 East 32d Street. His age was 48.

His son, Samuel G. Wales, 19, a junior at Harvard University, was killed late Friday night when he was struck by a train leaving South Station in Boston.

The father, known as Duke Wales to his friends, had a diversified career as a journalist, publicity man, soldier and businessman.

He rejoined the Times last July, after an absence of 16 years, to become a member of its editorial board. He wrote editorials on city and state political affairs and interviewed candidates for public office to help determine Times editorial policy about them. He also studied health problems.

Mr. Wales, a husky, friendly man with an air of quiet elegance, was described by a friend as a person with widespread interests "who became fully involved with life wherever he might be."

He was born in Hollywood. His father was Wellington E. Wales, business manager of Famous Players-Lasky (later Paramount Pictures, Inc.), and his mother was an actress. Duke Wales received an A.B. degree from Dartmouth College in 1938 and an M.S. degree from the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University in 1940.

While at Columbia, he became an assistant picture editor for Acme Newspapers. In 1942 he joined the Army as a private. He served four years, two of them in the European, Pacific and China - Burma - India theaters. He was a combat photographer and later a photo officer. He was discharged as a captain.

He returned to Acme in 1946 and soon joined the Sunday staff of the Times, where he did captions, rewriting, makeup and editing.

In 1949, after a brief sojourn as a copy editor on the Reporter magazine, he became editor of a small daily newspaper, the Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen-Advertiser. In 1950-51 he was a Nieman Fellow in journalism at Harvard, specializing in the study of city government. Twice he was a Pulitzer Prize juror. He remained with the Citizen-Advertiser until 1954.

That year he became a reporter for the Boston Herald. Mornings he taught journalism at Boston University. Then he went to the Boston bureau of the United Press. Next he was managing editor of Woman's Day magazine from 1955 to 1957.

In 1957 Mr. Wales was appointed publicity director of the State Commerce Department.

In August, 1958, he went to the Virgin Islands to establish a venture that included spear fishing, glass-bottom boat tours and deep sea fishing. He also taught water skiing and sailing. Next he bought and operated a bulldozer on the fast-developing island of St. John. He expanded and founded a road-building concern, Wales Roads, Inc. He also started a liquor business. He was news director of a television station and then associate editor of the Daily News of the Virgin Islands. In 1962 Mr. Wales became chief editorial writer for the Knickerbocker News in Albany, N.Y. A year later he became editor of the editorial page.

Surviving are his widow, the former Helen Woolsey; another son, Heathcote W., and a daughter, Miss Jane MacGregor Wales.

(From the New York Times)

Louis Lyons Award

Wilson F. Minor, Jackson, Miss. correspondent for the New Orleans Times-Picayune, has been selected as the third recipient of the Louis M. Lyons Award for Conscience and Integrity in Journalism.

The 1965-66 class of Nieman Fellows, who made the selection after receiving nominations from Nieman alumni, cited Minor for "sharply perceptive investigative reporting of political and racial affairs (which) has consistently blown open the doors of a closed society." His subjects have ranged from Ku Klux Klan's infiltration of the State Highway Patrol to the inequities of educational funding in Mississippi.

The Nieman Fellows awarded a special citation to Ralph Nader, author of "Unsafe at any Speed," whose thorough investigation of automobile design and safety standards was, essentially, conscientious journalism of the highest order.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I always read the Nieman Reports with pleasure, and I don't think newspaper men are to be held to the strict accuracy of a scholar. Still, I read on page 7 of the March issue that newspapers must be centers of learning. But somebody should have stopped you before you printed the sentence on page 4 in Mr. Myburgh's otherwise excellent story about South Africa.

The sentence (or rather sentences) is: "Even the four greatest reporters the world has ever known, whose words are read by millions of people every day, could not agree when describing the identical contemporary scene. I refer to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

(a) The gospels are not reports but histories; (b) they are assigned to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John on virtually no evidence; (c) the crucifixion occurred in either 29 or 30 A.D.. (d) The gospel according to Mark was probably written about 65-67 A.D., the gospel according to Luke was probably written about 60-70 A.D.. the gospel according to Matthew was written in 70 by a man who probably didn't know any Hebrew and possibly no Aramaic and wasn't present; and the gospel according to John was written some time between 90 and 117 A.D.

I fail to see any connection between Mr. Myburgh's sentence, even as a piece of humor, and accuracy in newspaper work. Any encyclopedia will give you the facts, so far as they are known, and very little is known.

Howard M. Jones

To the Editor:

One comment on your March, 1966, issue if I may. In his review of "Canada: the uneasy neighbour" by Gerald Clark, Ralph Hancox touches on the ignorance of most Americans concerning Canada. He casts darts at "the early editions of the New York Times" and United States newspapers in general for their lack of coverage of Canadian news. It is obviously a feeling that many American journalists share. John Hohenberg in his "The New Front Page" refers to a survey of 14 American foreign correspondents (p. 134). The correspondents felt that the coverage of two nations in particular was 100 per cent inadequate in the American news media —the nations were the Soviet Union (U.S.S.R., I suppose) and Canada.

I am a naturalized Canadian who, until last month, was an American. Perhaps the reason that the American news media devotes so little time, space or money to Canada is because the Canadian news media is largely engaged in "legitimizing power" (i.e the establishment) and that this establishment differs only slightly from the people who govern the United States. Where then is the difference in politics which will be the first thing to attract the attention of the foreign reader or news service? (The Times has its offices in Ottawa, the federal government seat, and Toronto, the Ontario provincial government seat.)

Peter N. J. Calamai

To the Editor:

When I read Eugene C. Pulliam's piece, "Our Natural Enemy, the Government," in the March, 1966, Reports a curious thing happened. I was transported in time 35 years back to my childhood. Then I was abruptly jostled and moved up to 1952, to the classroom of John M. Gaus at Harvard.

At first, after reading quickly through the darkness of the United States Mr. Pulliam lives in, I could think only of Eeyore, the friend of Winnie the Pooh. What dire prophecies. What unhappiness. What troubles. Mr. Pulliam, like Eeyore, lost something. And, like Eeyore, Mr. Pulliam can only bewail his state. As I recall, Eeyore looked about him and remarked unhappily about it all, "How like them."

But then I reread the piece:

". . . government is always the tyrant of the people, never its friend. Government is the natural enemy of the newspaper."

"Washington bureaucrats care not for law or constitutional rights."

". . . there are powerful forces aligned against the press. . . ."

"With taxation and other forms of government intervention. . . ."

At Harvard in the early 1950's we heard talk all around us of this sort. I remember a newspaper, now in unmourned death, the Boston Post, which carried editorials of this sort.

I remember Professor Gaus's distress at the consequences of this fundamentalist political thinking. I am also reminded of a book he suggested we read, "The Public and Its Government" by Felix Frankfurter. In a chapter headed, "The Demands of Modern Society," Justice Frankfurter wrote:

"The paradox of both distrusting and burdening government reveals the lack of a conscious philosophy of politics."

Mr. Pulliam sees our times as dangerous for freedom of the press because of a tyrannical government. I know few newspapermen who would agree with him. The concern of most of them is not that the government prefers to operate in darkness but that few newspapermen are willing to penetrate the darkness. Too many of them find it pleasant to sit near the throne. Not enough of them are climbing the stairs, as Joe Liebling described the reporter's job.

Melvin Mencher

Art Buchwald

Airline Rate War

The U.S. airlines have been promoting all sorts of special fares lately and it's very bewildering when you're planning to take a trip, particularly since there are so many restrictions involved.

I discovered this when I called an airline the other day and said I wanted two seats to California.

"Very well. We can give you a special rate if you fly between Monday and Friday and promise not to smoke over Salt Lake City."

"I promise. What rate can I get?"

"You don't happen to be an American Indian, do you?"

"No."

"That's too bad, because if you were an American Indian and left at four o'clock in the morning and returned at three o'clock the next morning, we could give you 33⅓ per cent off."

"Gee, that's too bad," I said. "Do you have any other special fares?"

"We can give you 20 per cent off if you've been married for 50 years to the same person, provided you fly to California on your anniversary and return on the same day."

"That doesn't fit me. What else have you got?"

"There is our special weekend flight fares. If you're a practicing neurosurgeon going to or from a brain operation, you're entitled to a 10 per cent discount."

"Neurosurgeons get all the breaks," I complained. "Don't you have any other special fares I could take advantage of?"

"Here's one," she said. "It's good from Monday evening till Wednesday noon. If you're an American ambassador to any Scandinavian country and you're on home leave, you're entitled to first-class meals in the tourist section of the plane."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't qualify for that. Incidentally, I'm traveling with my wife."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" she said excitedly. "Is she under 21 years of age?"

"I'm not sure," I replied.

"Well, if she was and you both left on a week day and neither of you had sinus conditions, you would be entitled to a discount."

"That sounds good."

"Of course, if she was pregnant and you both came from a state that didn't have an "O" in it, you could get an extra 5 per cent, unless this happened to be your first child."

"I guess that eliminates us."

"You give up too easily," she said. "Are either one of you students?"

"No."

"If you were and happened to be studying animal husbandry at a land-grant college, I could give you each 45 per cent off, if you flew on Friday the 13th."

"I can't qualify for that one."

"We still have some other special discount flights," she said. "If you're a Rhodes scholar majoring in the humanities and you have a draft-deferred status and two children, you can take our coach service any time after midnight on the Fourth of July for one-third less."

"Couldn't you just make out two tickets to California at the regular rate?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "I've never made out that kind of ticket. You'll have to talk to my supervisor."

Book Review

Let's Not Be Afraid Of An Honest "I"

By Wayne Woodlief

BETWEEN THE LINES: A reporter's personal journey through public events. By Dan Wakefield. New York: The New American Library. 274 pp. $5.95.

Dan Wakefield's trip through his first decade of writing answers a question that has plagued me as a daily journalist: Why is the best reporting of our time being done in magazines and books?

Some may say that just isn't so, and I refer them, for a start, to the consistently superior reporting in the New Yorker (including Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring"), the New Republic's persistent muckraking, Ralph Nader's auto safety investigations and a thorough examination of hallucinatory drugs in Playboy Magazine in November, 1963—more than two years before the topic became such hot daily copy.

To partially defend my own tribe, the pressures of deadlines and the lack of manpower in many city rooms force us to look for the "meat" of an event or a bright feature angle that will catch the readers' fancies. We seldom surround a subject and properly penetrate it.

A more significant reason why we too often fail to measure up to the reporting of the magazines—and the reason is suggested by Wakefield's collection of his own free-lance magazine articles—is that most daily stories simply lack a point of view.

Wakefield, 33 years old and a Nieman Fellow in 1963-64, demands some fresh thinking on the use of the "I" and the concept of objectivity in reporting. "We journalists," he writes, "are trained by the customs and conventions of our craft to remain out of sight, pretending not to be there but simply to *know*. This technique is called 'objectivity' and is generally held to be sacred. . . . I am writing now for those readers—including myself—who have grown increasingly mistrustful of and bored with anonymous reports about the world, whether signed or unsigned, for those who have begun to suspect what we reporters of current events and problems so often try to conceal: that we are really individuals after all, not all-knowing, all-seeing Eyes but separate, complex, limited, particular 'I's."

Wakefield wouldn't whisk us back to the purple personal journalism of the 19th century. "There are pitfalls and dangers in the 'I' approach," he warns and quotes Murray Kempton on "those English journalists who start their pieces with 'yesterday I walked one hundred yards up Mount Everest and met Tenzing and Hillary on the way down."

Rather, he illustrates, in these articles on jazz, drugs, coal miners in Appalachia, "Reform" politics in New York, the Emmett Till murder trial and other subjects, that a good reporter can display both objectivity and a point of view, a way of seeing a story whole and presenting his notion of how it looks.

He begins "In Hazard," perhaps the best of his collection, with this sentence: "I would just as soon forget about Hazard, Kentucky, a desire I share with a number of its unemployed residents, the large U. S. coal companies, the United Mine Workers of America and the federal government."

There it is—mood, cast of characters, attitudes—set up straight away, with the help of that honest word "I."

Wakefield ties his pieces together with a running commentary on the events, habits, values and moods which have influenced his writing. He seems honest about himself and his work to the point of confessing that, though he tried not to, he probably has left out some things that are "terribly important and terribly painful" to him.

He gives us the writer between the lines as a rejected fraternity pledge, a Columbia University student coming under the influence of C. Wright Mills and William Butler Yeats and as a disillusioned "liberal." The party he would join, as Camus wrote in the fifties, is one composed of men who are not completely sure they are right. "When it appears," writes Wakefield, "I'll be willing to join."

Objectivity to Wakefield, then, is not a mass of facts or the scrupulously "fair" presentation of opposite viewpoints. It is a human being trying to be honest about what he sees and hears when he tells it, in print, to other human beings.

It also is personal insight into the facts. For instance Wakefield's diagnosis of the fight between the Village Independent Democrats and Carmen DeSapio in Greenwich Village not as shining young reformers out to uproot an evil Boss, but as warfare between two tribes. Or, his concise examination of the judicial danger in calling a Negro woman "Mrs." in a Mississippi jury trial.

Wakefield probably wouldn't argue that a good reporter can't tell some stories as well or better without the "I." Clifton Fadiman, in an introduction to John Hersey's "Hiroshima" in the recent "Fifty Years" Knopf anthology, calls Hersey "a master journalist who can feel and think as well as see, but who knows perfectly how, by concealing them, to give added force to his feelings and thoughts."

Indeed, Wakefield himself, after a critique on the "rigid and ritualistic" formulas of daily newspaper writing and the group journalism of the weekly newsmagazines (pp. 182-188), gives us, 17 pages later, a detailed, incisive view of "The Prodigal Powers of Pot" without once using the "I."

What he does tell us is to beware rigidity and to recognize that if we are going to be really honest with our readers we must first try to be honest with ourselves.

Mr. Woodlief, of the Norfolk Ledger-Star, is a member of the current class of Nieman Fellows.

Book Review

Scandals in The Drug Industry

By Howard Spergel

THE THERAPEUTIC NIGHTMARE. By Morton Mintz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 590 pp. $6.95.

The public's faith in American corporate conscience has been shaken in the last few years by well-written attacks on some of the nation's sacrosanct social, political and commercial institutions.

Books such as Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring" and Ralph Nader's "Unsafe At Any Speed" have made the public aware that corporate growth and individual welfare often have been incompatible.

These books and others like them have served a vital function in journalism by candidly revealing unholy alliances between private industry and federal agencies which have not guarded the public's interests.

In the spirit of quality muckraking, Morton Mintz has written a carefully documented report on the dangerous, slipshod development, marketing and regulation of prescription drugs. "The Therapeutic Nightmare" is another valuable contribution to a mounting journalistic force that could lead to a healthy, searching re-appraisal of the nation's values and goals.

Relying on official records of congressional investigations of the drug industry as well as medical and scientific journals, Mintz describes examples of bureaucratic bungling by the Food and Drug Administration.

He attacks the American Medical Association's unwillingness to support legislation to protect drug consumers. On the record, also, are the deceit and fraudulent advertising methods used by drug companies seeking larger profits at the consummer's expense.

"I write as one who hopes that the Food and Drug Administration will be helped and strengthened." Mintz states in the book's preface. "I do not write as an antidrug faddist . . . I do write as a reporter who believes that there has been insufficient reporting in an area of the most profound importance to us all."

Mintz's cautious, almost academic writing style clearly shows that he has attempted to produce a sensitive, fair, fact-filled report on a sensational subject—the economic waste, personal injury and death which can result from the faulty testing and marketing of prescription drugs.

Mintz, a reporter for the Washington Post since 1958 and chairman of the 1963-64 class of Nieman Fellows, has written about drug abuses regularly for at least four years.

On July 15, 1962, the Washington Post broke his story which told how Dr. Frances Kelsey of the FDA prevented the marketing of thalidomide. For his reporting of the thalidomide controversy, Mintz received the Heywood Broun, George Polk and Raymond Clapper national memorial awards as well as the Washington Newspaper Guild's first prize for public service reporting.

Unfortunately, as Mintz points out, the reaction of the nation's newspapers and magazines to reports of drug marketing abuses has been painfully slow.

The thalidomide story, for example, developed in November, 1961, when the drug was taken off the markets in Australia and West Germany.

"Immediately the issue became top news in European newspapers, magazines, radio and television" Mintz says, quoting Arthur E. Rowse of the Washington Post in the December, 1962, issue of Nieman Reports. ". . . But for some reason, American mass media did not pick it up."

Except for a Feb. 23, 1962, article in Time magazine and a brief reference to thalidomide in Time on March 30, Mintz contends the story of the baby-deforming drug escaped the American press until the public read all about it in the Washington Post.

Although Mintz believes that some news organizations had legitimate reasons for missing the thalidomide story and other reports of drug marketing abuses, he says ". . . one is struck by the frequency with which news that might adversely affect powerful business interests encounters indifference and lethargy.

"The doings of Elizabeth Taylor are routinely reported from London or Rome . . . In Washington there is an army of reporters, and they cover obvious events in regiments and platoons. The reporter concerned with how a regulatory agency is meeting its responsibilities to consumers . . . need not be overly worried about competition. In writing about the problems of pesticides Rachel Carson, I venture, had no fear that she would be scooped."

Even when the press has written about drug abuse, with the exception of a few major newspapers and magazines, its performance has been less than inspiring.

In the past, inexperienced reporters and unwary editors have allowed themselves to be victimized by drug companies who saw the public appeal and publicity value in sensational stories about new wonder drugs.

"For some in the (drug) industry the temptation to exploit this opportunity, sometimes viciously, by withholding from reporters literally vital facts, by distorting, and even by lying, was irresistible," Mintz declares.

He also says the press has been less dedicated in reporting negative news about therapeutic drugs than it has in reporting the success of drugs.

The superficial reporting of drug news can have two bad side affects, according to Mintz. Doctors sometimes are pressured by their patients to prescribe drugs they have read about in the lay press. Also, sensational stories about new drug discoveries can have an effect on stock market speculation.

To protect the public in the absence of corporate conscience and to overcome the journalistic weaknesses which Mintz has described, newspapers and magazines will have to hire and develop more specialists who can tell the real story behind drug developments. The coverage of regulatory agencies such as the FDA must be extended and editors should at least start thinking twice before printing sensational medical stories which lack objectivity.

Unfortunately, it is doubtful that most American newspapers will be able to do the kind of reporting that is needed in this field. Most are too small or too short-sighted to develop specialists in medical

affairs. The crisis-oriented demands of covering civil rights, Viet Nam and local issues that must be reported in most daily newspapers will leave most of the responsibility for medical affairs reporting to large urban newspapers, syndicates and magazines.

Fortunately, congressional pressure and increased public awareness has started to encourage the kinds of drug marketing and evaluation reforms that Mintz advocates.

On Jan. 17, 1966, Dr. James L. Goddard, a Public Health Service official, was named new commissioner of the FDA, succeeding George P. Larrick, a career bureaucrat who lacked formal medical education.

The New York Times reported March 8 that the FDA had banned the manufacture of hundreds of brands of antibiotic lozenges on the ground that they had not been shown to be effective against sore throats, as their manufacturers claimed.

On March 19, the FDA announced that all drugs it had approved as safe from the start of its screening program in 1938 to the institution of new procedures in 1962 would have to face rescreening.

The New York Times also reported March 19 that "officials at the agency expect that a number of drugs unlikely to pass such tests will be quietly taken off the market."

At least one magazine, the New Republic, has given Mintz partial credit for some of the administrative changes which already have taken place within the FDA. But these reforms, as Mintz points out, are only a few of the many that are needed.

The FDA may develop stricter control of drugs and their distribution, but the governmental agency will find it difficult to create desirable changes in the drug industry's corporate morality. This is a role in which the American press must take a leading part.

As Mintz concludes:

". . . It is foolhardly merely to assume government agencies and officials are doing all that they can in regard to federal drug issues. I think it is also a reasonable assumption that the greater interest expressed by the public, the better the surveillance and performance will be. If the only voices heard, particularly by FDA, are those of the industry, the American Medical Association, and other special interests, the people of the United States might well be fearful of the consequences."

Mr. Spergel, education writer for the Houston Post, is a Nieman Fellow this year.

Nieman Notes

1940

Weldon James has resigned as associate editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and will go on active duty in the Marine Corps, as testimony to his belief that U. S. policy in Viet Nam is right.

The members of the White House Correspondents Associations have elected **Carroll Kilpatrick,** of the Washington Post, as their vice president.

1942

Robert Lasch, editorial page editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing.

1947

The Wildlife Society has presented the 1965 National Conservation Education Award to **Ernest H. Linford,** editorial writer for the Salt Lake Tribune, for "disinguished work in the field of wildlife preservation and improvement."

1949

Peter Lisagor, chief of the Washington bureau of the Chicago Daily News, has been elected to the executive committee of the White House Correspondents Association.

1951

Bob Eddy has been appointed editor in charge of news and editorial pages of the Hartford Courant. He has served as assistant to the publisher of that paper since 1962.

1955

Arch Parsons is now serving as public affairs consultant for the Volunteers in Service to America.

1956

The Pulitzer Prize for Disinterested and Meritorious Public Service was awarded to the Boston Globe for its part in the Morrissey controversy. **Robert Healy,** assistant executive director and political editor, was part of the group that handled the story.

1960

Ralph Otwell has recently been named assistant managing editor of the Chicago Sun-Times.

1962

David Kraslow has been appointed news editor of the Washington bureau of the Los Angeles Times.

1963

The Chicago Daily News has assigned **Bill Eaton** to its Washington bureau.

1965

James Doyle, Washington bureau chief for the Boston Globe, was a member of the Globe team that covered the Morrissey case and won this year's Pulitzer Prize for Disinterested and Meritorious Public Service.
