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Nieman Reports

VOL. XXIV, No. 2 | Louis M. Lyons, Editor Emeritus | June 1970

—Dwight E. Sargent, Editor— —Tenney K. Lehman, Managing Editor—

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

The Education of an Educator

By Louis M. Lyons

James B. Conant: My Several Lives,
Memoirs of a Social Inventor
Harper & Row. 701 pp. $12.50

Reviewing his diverse and crowded career, Dr. Conant chooses to focus his autobiography upon what he calls his inventions. The Nieman Fellowship program is listed as one of a dozen innovations, chiefly in education. He could have claimed more. But he is equally open about his schemes that didn't work and the views that time and events forced him to change.

His book might have been titled "The Education of James B. Conant." It was on-the-job training nearly all the way. He had to learn about being a university president after abrupt transition from the chem lab. In that process he backed into learning about the public schools, first through discovering the deficiencies of college entrance tests, and finally of the deficiencies of the schools themselves. His own private school, Roxbury Latin, had given him no insight into the experiences of public school pupils. He came to college from an elite and he long considered university education as for the training of an elite. The leadership principle, he would say, applied whether in public affairs or in the fire house.

A pragmatist and tough-minded realist, he believed in success and had little time or patience with failures. He was

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Wallace Beats the Press

By Ray Jenkins

Mr. Jenkins is Editor of the Editorial Page of the Alabama Journal in Montgomery. He was a Nieman Fellow in the class of 1965.

One would not ordinarily think the citizens of Headland, a dreary agricultural village of some 2,000 inhabitants in what is known as the Wiregrass region of Alabama, would be terribly concerned over the news and editorial content of The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, or The Guardian.

While there are no reliable statistics, it's a safe bet that the combined circulation of all those publications does not exceed 25 in Headland.

On the contrary, the leading daily newspaper serving Headland is The Dothan Eagle, published some 15 miles down the road and carrying each day under its masthead a slogan which warms the hearts of its Bible readers:
For I heard them say, 'Let Us go to Dothan.'—Genesis 37:17

And of course there is The Headland Observer, "Henry County's most widely circulated newspaper," which each week informs 1,490 subscribers on the condition of the peanut crop or tells them the county Grand Jury has suggested that a light fixture in the bathroom at the county courthouse is in need of repair.

But Headlanders nevertheless *are* interested in The Guardian and other weighty journals because they vaguely suspect in their hearts that these publications are (1) saying something about Headland and (2) it isn't very flattering.

They have reached these conclusions because their hero tells them it is so, and if George Wallace says it in Alabama, by golly, it's *got* to be so.

Any student of Southern politics knows well that Wallace is hardly the first to war with the press. Jim Folsom of Alabama and Earl Long of Louisiana were ranting against "themlyingnewspapers" when George Wallace was still a page-boy in the Legislature.

Huey Long, Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, and Jim Ferguson of Texas were only a few who saw fit to start up their own newspapers so that the readers could get "the truth."

But none ever used the press more effectively, more relentlessly, than George Wallace.

When one thinks of George Wallace without the press, one is reminded of the words of the New York lady in the film "Midnight Cowboy" who had hired the services of a young male prostitute only to find that he could not perform. "It's like a bugler without a horn, a policeman without a nightstick. The possibilities are endless."

Take away references to the press in the Wallace campaign speeches and they are cut by one-third to one-half. More importantly, they are devoid of the rock 'em, sock 'em Wallace rhetoric. The press is without question the most convenient and inexpensive whipping boy at Wallace's disposal. It is as if there were a tacit understanding between the adversaries, Wallace and the press establishment: he provides good copy, they provide a traveling entourage of demons to point out to the crowds gathered in the decaying

courthouse squares of the "branch-heads"—as small towns are called in the Alabama political lexicon.

Perhaps only the privileged few reporters who have felt the full fury of Wallace's scorn on the campaign trail can fully appreciate how effectively he uses the press. One must hear him in a place like Wetumpka, where the fiddle and the guitar are as much a part of politics as fiery oratory.

To get the campaign in the mood for Wallace's what's-wrong-with-the-country speech, Johnny Dollar and his country string band arrives a half hour ahead of the candidate, mounts a flatbed truck that serves as a portable platform, and begins twanging away at their instruments. One song always included in the repertoire, at Wallace's request, deals with a credulous country boy from Oklahoma who doesn't like the things he reads about in the newspapers.

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee,
And we don't take our trips on LSD,
We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street,
Cause we like livin' right and bein' free.

We don't make a party out of lovin',
But we like holdin' hands and pitchin' woo,
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do.

I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee,
A place where even squares can have a ball,
We still wear clothes down at the courthouse,
*White Lightnin's still the biggest thrill of all.**

The proper mood established (to the special discomfort of those traveling reporters who may have beards), Wallace begins:

"We got the Newsweek and the Time travelin' with us today. And The Washington Post, The New York Times, The Detroit Free Press, The Los Angeles Times. And the Life Magazine has a big spread this week which says 'Wallace fights for his political life'."

He holds aloft the magazine featuring Wallace in a large photograph of himself in typical campaign pose.

" 'Course, Wallace is not fighting for his political life. He's fighting to keep the voice that you started in this state, that spread throughout the United States, that resulted in the President adopting what he called 'a Southern strategy'.

"Yes, we see writers here from all over. I can see 'em out here from where I stand now. They're lookin' us over. Smile and look pretty today, because you may wind up on national television. . .

"There are Governor's races in California, and in New York, and in Ohio. But the big coverage has been in Alabama, not because of George Wallace, but because George Wallace has had the opportunity to speak to millions of people in the country.

"And so what happens on election day tomorrow, as Stewart Alsop of the Newsweek has said, and as NBC said just last Sunday, is going to affect the Nixon Administration. . . "

At this point Wallace spotted me in the crowd and, as he often does, added a little personal touch to his talk:

"You know, The Montgomery Advertiser and the Alabama Journal, they said in 1966 that the people of Alabama didn't have enough political maturity to vote on a succession bill. . ." (A reference to his attempt to rewrite the state Constitution in order that he could succeed himself, a measure opposed overwhelmingly in the press.)

"They said, 'We've got to change our image.' You know, these Harvard-educated sissy britches editors of big newspapers that sips tea at the country club with their little fingers stuck up in the air, they always look down their noses at the average Alabamian. . ."

(This prompted me to write an editorial later saying the Governor obviously knew little about the drinking habits of newspapermen.)

"They think like the other big newspapers of the country that we're rednecks and racists and bigots. And I told you in 1962 that you wanted someone to speak for *you,* to tell *your* side of the story. You used to say, 'If only they understood us.' Well, you gave me that opportunity. I've been on Meet the Press, and Face the Nation, and Issues and Answers many times, talking to hundreds of millions of people all over the country. And I can recall when I first got on these programs, they were downright rude and crude and discourteous to me because I was the Governor of *Alabama.* But if you don't mind me bein' a little immodest, I took 'em all on and when we got through with them, they found out we knew just as much about what was goin' on as they did."

For the first time, the crowd erupts into wild cheering.

"And they are more respectful now. They say MISTER Wallace. And when they say that, they're sayin' MISTER Alabamian, and MRS. Alabamian, and MISS Alabamian. . ."

More cheers. He takes a moment for another dig at the local press.

"You know, The Montgomery Advertiser and Journal, one of its reporters wrote, 'Well, Wallace is drawin' big crowds, but they're not enthusiastic.' So let us hear it for The Montgomery Advertiser and Alabama Journal."

Raucous cheering, and many in the crowd scowl at the newspapermen in the entourage, who are always readily identifiable because of their dress and, sometimes, hairstyles.

"You know, I fed a copy of the Alabama Journal to a goat yesterday—and the pore goat died."

*Lyrics from OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE, Copyright ©1969 by Blue Book Music, Bakersfield, California.

(Never willing to let Wallace get in the last word, I later wrote that we had arranged to have an autopsy performed on the goat to determine the cause of death. It turned out that the goat had indeed died after eating the Journal, but the cause of death was strangulation. By striking coincidence, a page from the Journal which featured Wallace's platform had lodged in the goat's throat. "It would be scientifically impossible," our veterinarian concluded, "for either man or beast to swallow that document.")

Then he goes back to the two main strings on his violin: playing upon Alabama's collective inferiority complex and baiting the national press.

"Well, I was in Seattle and got on this program with three commentators that had melodious voices and long hair. And you know, they knew all about Alabama, although they'd never been here. And they were talkin' about the redneck state of Alabama. And I said well, if you're talkin' about people who don't mind gettin' their necks red for doin' an honest day's work in the sun, then we got a lot of those in Alabama. But they weren't talkin' about that. You know what they meant. Finally one of 'em said, 'You sound like you're the smartest man in the country.' And I said, no, I'm not the smartest man in the country, or even the state of Alabama, but I do know this: I'm the smartest man on this television show."

More cheers.

"These reporters recognize the importance of this election, or they wouldn't be here. The vote in Alabama will be a vote for the whole Southland. The NBC and the Newsweek and all of 'em say you are very important. In The New York Times on Wednesday morning, they're not gonna write anything but 'Wallace Wins' or 'Wallace Loses'. They could care less about who's governor of Alabama, just as long as the special interests and the utilities and the big banks and the monied interests and the large newspapers and every big Republican in Alabama . . . and every Humphrey-Muskie Democrat, including the militants, have joined together to defeat Wallace."

He holds aloft The Wall Street Journal which devoted its No. 1 front page spot to the Wallace race. "That shows how important The Wall Street Journal thinks you are." (He neglected to mention the fact that the story began: "George Wallace is in trouble.")

He then lapses into a discussion of his proposed program for the state—a free-spending program to be carried out with no new taxes. If the crowd begins to grow impatient and restless at the tedium, he throws in an occasional reference to the press, such as:

"We're gonna make Alabama the biggest tourist state in the South outside of Florida. Already I've brought enough newsmen to Alabama that we're gettin' a lot of money from them."

Applause. Newscasters frequently get surly responses when they approach Wallace supporters for on-the-spot interviews, although not always.

Now he ties in the state's press with the "monied interests."

"If the Advertiser and Journal had fought high utility rates in the last 10 years as hard as they have fought George Wallace, they'd have saved you folks hundreds of millions of dollars . . . (applause)

"You know, you pick up The Birmingham News or The Birmingham Post-Herald or the Advertiser-Journal and they've got a big ad on the back page that says 'Alabama Power Company Builds Alabama' or 'Call Your Loved Ones By Telephone.' You know why they run those ads? They're monopolies, they don't have to run ads. . . That's just a good way to give newspapers hundreds of thousands of dollars and then when the utilities want a 25 or 50 million dollar rate increase, they don't raise a single objection in the newspapers because they're gonna get some of that money themselves. During the next four years, when I'm Governor, if they're gonna advertise, they're gonna take it out of their budgets and not charge it to the people of Alabama.

"Yes sir . . . 'call your loved ones by telephone' . . . Well, I want the Washington Post man, he's here today, to know that we've been callin' our loved ones by telephone for a long time. We got telephones in Alabama just like they got 'em in Washington, D.C. The only difference is that they're not as many tapped in Alabama as in Washington, D.C."

(This might be a debatable point. Early in the first Wallace administration state Atty. Gen. Richmond Flowers, a Wallace adversary, discovered that his official private telephone was tapped.)

"So, if this race wasn't important, why are all these newsmen here from all over the world? Why is the British Broadcasting System and the Canadian Broadcasting System here? It is IMPORTANT.

"And here, the newspapers say 'If you elect Wallace, he'll make us embarrassed, he'll make us ashamed of Alabama. The idea of an Alabama Governor, goin' out and runnin' for President.' You know, they've got an inferiority complex, the Advertiser-Journal has. You can just look at their editors and tell by the shape of their head. (Cheers) But I want to tell you, I never had an inferiority complex, and I never set out to change our image. (More cheers)

"They said we couldn't get on the ballot (for President) in 1968 except maybe in Mississippi or Georgia. But we got on the ballot in all 50 states. We showed 'em it could be done, with your help. We even got on the ballot in Alaska, and we had an Eskimo club for Wallace. But up there I found out they'd never heard of The Montgomery Advertiser and Alabama Journal. (Cheers) But they had heard of Alabama and they had heard of George Wallace.

"Yes my friends, they're down here to write one of those two messages. They can write that you didn't see fit to sustain your own effort, that Alabamians gave up and repudiated George Wallace, even though he walked through the mob that spat on him and assaulted him, they've repudiated the movement. But that's not the message The Atlanta Constitution wants to write. You know they're here today and they endorsed another candidate for governor—that Georgia newspaper did, and when they came out against me I lost so much sleep that night, I didn't sleep but 12 hours.

"And when The Montgomery Advertiser came out against me, I got so upset I didn't even wake up the next morning. But the message they're gonna write is that Alabamians aren't gonna surrender, they're never gonna give up, they're not gonna quit, they're not gonna stop until you give us back that which is rightfully ours, our school children and some of our money.

"Wallace is still here. And I might tell The Advertiser-Journal that I've got a little 10-week-old grandson and they may have to worry about us for a long time."

When the speech was over, he had made 47 specific references to newspapers, TV networks, and individual journalists—plus uncountable references to the press in general.

What are the personal relationships of a man who so relishes beating the press and the individual newspapermen who cover him?

Clearly Wallace wants to maintain his communication with the news media, not only because they serve the need of publicizing him nationally, but also because he seems to enjoy needling them in private as much as in public.

He always has certain newspapermen whom he calls frequently. During his first governorship and in the 16 months in which he was *de facto* governor while his wife was the titular head of state, hardly a day passed—including weekends—that he did not telephone Grover C. Hall Jr., then editor of The Montgomery Advertiser and now a syndicated Washington columnist. Often he would show up unannounced, driving his own Thunderbird, at Hall's home for cocktail parties (even though Wallace doesn't drink) or for intimate Saturday luncheons that Hall liked to hold for his key staffers.

He maintained this warm relationship even after Hall began to write sharply critical editorials, including one which sadly concluded that his friend had "gone wild" when Wallace called out State Troopers to prevent school desegregation after a local school board had approved it. Later, Hall opposed Wallace when he successfully ran his wife for Governor, but the calls kept coming.

Hall felt these conversations probably were profitable to Wallace. He had the impression that when Wallace was on uncertain political terrain—let us say, the war in Vietnam or the gold outflow problem—he relied on newspapermen, friendly or otherwise, to give him informational briefings.

As for myself, I occupy a unique position insofar as Wallace is concerned. He would have to be illiterate not to know that no other newspaperman in Alabama has opposed him more strenuously or stridently than I. And yet I am at times on the receiving end of his calls.

A year or so ago my mother was visiting, and we took her to see the place where Lurleen Wallace, who died of cancer in 1967, was buried. As we approached the gravesite, we found George standing there alone. I introduced him to my mother. During their chat, my mother spoke warmly of him and told him that he enjoyed great support in her section of the state of Georgia. She stopped just short of saying whether she voted for him, but it was close enough for him to draw that inference.

Some days later, when he held a press conference at which I asked some pointed questions, he brought up the meeting with my mother and said something to the effect, "Well, you may not be for me, but your mother is."

I was more amused than annoyed—having felt the Wallace lash too many times to fret over such a small matter as this one—but that evening I got a call from Wallace apologizing for bringing the matter up at all. "I don't want to use anybody's family to embarrass them," he said.

I assured him I had taken no offense, and then we got down to what he called about. He was about to depart for Vietnam the following day and he wanted to test out a few ideas on me. "What would happen if I advocated saturation bombing of the North, mining of Haiphong harbor, and possibly even an invasion of the North, if it took that to win the war and get us out?"

Before I could realize what I was doing, I found myself advising him on the perils of such a hawkish course.

But I occupy a larger role than merely the editorial writer for the small afternoon Capital daily, in Wallace's eyes. For a good many years I have written articles on Wallace in The New York Times Magazine, The Christian Science Monitor, and other national publications. This has given me something of a reputation as the resident anti-Wallace expert. Wallace knows that when newspapermen from all about the world come to interview him, they rarely leave town without seeing me as well. Without me around, his Jesuitical dexterity at making his segregationist policies more plausible would be infinitely greater.

To use a single example, he once liked to boast to visiting newsmen that Negroes lived "within 75 feet of the Governor's mansion." He stopped using this line when I began taking the visitors to see those places—sad sidestreet shacks which were put between the splendid thoroughfares to serve as living quarters first for slaves, later for servants of

the whites who lived in the mansions like the one Alabama Governors occupy.

A few newsmen have so incurred the Governor's wrath that he holds a permanent grudge. One is Jack Nelson of The Los Angeles Times. Nelson has written so sharply about Wallace, has pressed uncomfortable questions so relentlessly at press conferences, that Wallace is given to making savage jabs at him in public as well as private. And he will never forgive "the Newsweek" for once having reported "that I spit in trash baskets and pick my teeth with a dirty toothpick."

But for the most part, Wallace is far more accessible to the national press than to the Alabama press, even during a gubernatorial campaign. (In fact, during the last campaign he studiously shunned the local press altogether in order to avoid questions on charges raised by the Advertiser-Journal that his brother, Gerald Wallace, had profiteered handsomely by selling asphalt to the state at inflated prices during the Wallace administration.)

A reporter representing any large national newspaper or television network could arrange to ride in the car with Wallace as he scurried from rally to rally. But often they were dismayed at the price they had to pay for these intimacies.

As Wallace's speech reported above indicates, he made his interview with Stewart Alsop a permanent line in his campaign speech. Once, after Ken Reich of The Los Angeles Times had ridden with him, Wallace announced to Reich's chagrin at the next campaign rally that "Mr. Reich of the Los Angeles Times just told me he thinks this is the most important race in the whole country."

Some reporters take it even harder on the chin. Once a Washington reporter with a pretentious-sounding name—let us substitute Farnsley Chowder—told Wallace privately that he sent his children to a private school. At the very next stop Wallace announced, in words dripping with scorn and sarcasm, "Mr. Farnsley Chowder of the ------ magazine says he wants our chillun to go to integrated schools, but he admits it's too dangerous to send *his* chillun to the public schools in Washington."

Once in a while Wallace makes a comic flub. After he met a reporter from The Manchester Guardian, he announced that we've got "a New Hampshire Yankee with us in the press corps today." When told by the man that he was not a Yankee at all, Wallace sought at the next stop to correct his error by revising his remark to say: "We have the Manchester, New Hampshire, Guardian with us today." He finally got it set right at the next stop when he announced, "We've even got a man here from Manchester, England."

But if the representatives of the national media feel they have to take it on the chin, they perhaps will be comforted to know that the Alabama newspapers—nearly all are critical of Wallace—are the ones who must take the real body blows.

During the bitter fight over his succession measure in 1965, the Wallace Administration saw to it that liquor advertising was cut off in every newspaper which opposed his succession bill while the ads remained in those few which were neutral or supported him.

The Advertiser-Journal, by far his most persistent critics, lost their liquor advertising for almost the duration of the Wallace Administration. Harold Martin, the Pulitzer Prize-winning editor and publisher of The Advertiser and Journal, estimates that the newspapers lost $220,000 during the Wallace drought. (Alabama is a liquor-monopoly state and while the state has no legal controls over advertising, no distiller would dare advertise if the Governor told him not to.)

Not a few Alabama reporters have expressed concern that when "the foreign press" goes home, we must stay here to take the heat. When a veteran wire service reporter complained about this, Wallace retorted: "I'll issue armbands to distinguish the good guys from the bad guys."

At one rally during the recent governor's race Milo Dakin, a Montgomery Advertiser reporter, found himself suddenly surrounded by an uncordial crowd of Wallace supporters. "He came over and told them to leave me alone," Dakin related.

Other newspapermen have not been quite so fortunate. During the Presidential campaign of 1968 Sam Donaldson of ABC-TV had some film confiscated—at Wallace's direction, apparently—after his crew allegedly filmed Wallace shaking hands with a Ku Klux Klansman.

In general, few if any states have a record of as much physical violence against the news media as Alabama in the past 20 years.

If Wallace likes to have the press to kick around, one who certainly didn't was his defeated opponent in the recent Governor's race, Albert Brewer.

Unlike Wallace, Brewer is accessible and cordial with the local press, but he has no time for the national press. Obviously incensed over the way Wallace attracts the national press, Brewer made an uncharacteristically inhospitable remark when Flora Lewis, the Newsday syndicated columnist, asked him what national significance he thought the campaign had.

"I don't know," Brewer said, "but I wish you folks from the foreign press would get out of this state and stay out until this campaign is over—and then come back and visit us as tourists."

Later in that same press conference, when Jim Wooten of The New York Times sought to press Miss Lewis' point, Brewer responded sharply: "Don't lecture me."

Clearly the press is being used by Wallace, but the question arises, is it avoidable?

Most newspapermen who cover the flamboyant candidate, both in his home state and in his forays about the country, are philosophically opposed to everything he represents. And yet when the speeches are over, the stories have been filed, and the weary writers have adjourned to the nearest tavern, it is not uncommon to hear a journalist admitting that things would be a bit duller without Wallace to kick around, to borrow a phrase from another celebrated political figure. "You know," a leading CBS television correspondent related to me not long ago, "you can't help but like the little cuss."

The press shows its appreciation in other touching little ways. For instance, during the 1968 Presidential campaign they dubbed the press plane which hustled after Wallace about the nation "Swaydo I"—a term arising from Wallace's proclivity for mispronouncing "pseudo-intellectuals."

Also, the press corps thought it would be fitting to give Wallace a little personal memento at the end of the campaign. All through the campaign, Wallace had answered hecklers at his rallies by telling the hippy-types, "Come on up here and I'll autograph your sandal." The reporter for the Chicago Tribune turned up an old sandal with a hole in it, arranged to have it autographed by the traveling press, and presented to Wallace in a farewell ceremony.

Does this press preoccupation with Wallace's rhetoric and political histrionics result in his receiving undue coverage, all out of proportion to his importance?

One study indicates that in 1968, he got a far larger percentage of the newspaper coverage than he did votes.

Guido H. Stempel III, a journalism professor at Ohio University, studied the space accorded Wallace in the prestige press and found that he got 20 per cent of all lines devoted to the campaign—in other words, about half as much as Nixon and Humphrey got. Stempel found, for instance, that The New York Times gave Wallace a total of 2,072 inches of space during the campaign—including 121 inches on the front page. Further, he discovered that at least four of the prestige press—The Atlanta Constitution, The Chicago Daily News, The Christian Science Monitor, and The Louisville Courier-Journal—gave Wallace about as much space as they did the major candidates.

Even though the 20 per cent figure was not far out of line with what the public opinion polls indicated Wallace might get in votes, when the results were finally tabulated Wallace had received only a little over 13 per cent of the vote—and had exercised little influence on the election itself.

No doubt about it, Wallace is a colorful figure who makes hot copy. Perhaps we of the press should ask ourselves if this is not a perverse preoccupation, like fire engine-chasing, which serves Wallace's needs and suits his purposes?

Does it not demonstrate that law of physics which says that observation of phenomenon can sometimes change the phenomenon itself?

Although it is speculative and perhaps even irrelevant, I have concluded that Wallace owes his victory on June 2nd largely to the intense coverage he received from the national press, particularly television. This coverage justified to the Alabama voter what Wallace was telling them—that Wallace is extremely important.

Victor O. Jones, 1906–1970

By Louis M. Lyons

Pearl Harbor cut off Victor Jones' Nieman Fellowship. The Boston Globe called him back to become assistant night managing editor, which led on to his appointment 20 years later as executive editor.

This was in the cards when he applied for a Nieman Fellowship. His executive talent was recognized as larger than required for sports editor. He had been the Harvard correspondent and was graduated in 1928 onto the sports staff. Within five years he was sports editor, handling the copy of a stable of rare characters whose names had been household words in New England for a generation. But their own words had often to be hung together and made to parse by strenuous effort and astute divination on the copy desk, a chore gladly done to preserve the color of their language and their extraordinary knowledge of sports.

It was said of Vic Jones that he introduced English to the sports pages. His own English had verve, style and whimsy. In the college era that followed raccoon coats, when all undergraduates seemed to be wearing Oxford gray, Jones reported a stadium response to a touchdown:

"The Harvard stands rose like 10,000 undertakers."

Jones was the first Harvard man to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship. Jerome Greene, the formal and elegant chairman of the Nieman Committee, said to him: "Mr. Jones, the Nieman Committee has a natural reluctance to educate a Harvard man twice." "I can understand," Jones responded. "But Harvard hardly had a fair chance the first time. I was baseball manager and on the Crimson." Mr. Greene accepted that, although he told me, after Jones had undraped his cadaverous length from the couch and departed, that President Eliot never would have. Greene had been secretary to President Eliot years before, and in the interval had been European chief of the Boston financial house of Lee, Higginson, executive of the Carnegie Peace Foundation and had managed the Harvard Tercentenary. "President Eliot asked one day 'What kind of rowdy is Mr. Brown?' Brown was a Harvard instructor. 'He passed me last night in a herdic, slouched on the small of his back.'"

The Fellows of Jones' year jointly published a book of essays on journalism, "Newsmen's Holiday." Most of the pieces dealt with reporters' attitudes toward publishers and other limitations to reporting. But Jones contributed an article on the origin of the baseball box score.

The sports world in Jones' time as sports editor was in transition and he expedited the change. The Globe editors were nearly all Harvard men. Sports had been dominated by the traditional Harvard-Yale rivalries all their lives, with Princeton and Dartmouth accepted. Jones' more contem-

porary view pulled the Globe sports department out of its long era of Harvardiana to recognize the new powers of Boston College, Boston University and the rest.

After a little over a year as night editor, he went to Europe as war correspondent and kept on with the 9th Army across the Rhine. The Nazi surrender found that army halted 30 miles short of Berlin that the Russians had taken. He reported the disappointment of the generals to be balked of their ultimate target, but noted, "It is OK with the GI's not to keep on to Berlin. The strategists figure a final drive on Berlin would have cost another 20,000 casualties."

Jones was a bachelor. Those of us who had families couldn't persuade the Globe to assign us to the war. But with the Nazi surrender I was sent over to cover the postwar chaos and picking up the pieces.

The business of getting cleared in Washington took several days. Jones had been relieved. It was after midnight when I was dropped off a bus a few blocks from the Scribe Hotel in Paris, toting a barracks bag and with nothing to eat since breakfast. My orders indicated a billet at the Scribe. But this meant nothing to the sergeant at the desk. There just wasn't any room. No food either at that time of night.

As I sat stranded on my barracks bag, Victor Jones appeared. "I thought you might be getting here about now." He spoke to the sergeant, then took me to a black market eating place. Next day he introduced me to the officers who cut orders for correspondents to go wherever the C-47 shuttle planes would get to. Then he went home to be night editor.

Aplomb is a word to describe Jones as night editor. The most unexciteable temperament, he could establish an atmosphere of relaxation even in the midst of late news tension. Everything was always under control. His desk was clear and probably his feet up. He always had time to show an evening visitor around the shop. But they said that on a late-breaking big story he could have the front page reshaped faster with less fuss than anybody'd imagine. After one such crisis, managing editor Winship left him a note of congratulation. "How in the world did you do it?" "Just normal for the night side," Jones responded.

Winship proposed the title of night managing editor but Jones said night editor was all the title he wanted. It was the title Harry Poor had for 34 years. Poor had become a legendary figure by the time Jones joined the paper. To follow Harry Poor was enough. He later had to move up, first to managing editor in 1955—he was the last managing editor of both morning and evening papers—then in 1962 executive editor. But his health, always frail, failed him and he resigned, but on gaining some recovery returned as a columnist and contributed for his last five years a three-times-a-week column, "Notes on the back of an envelope" that made some of the easiest reading in the evening paper.

The Globe owed those final years to Elizabeth Weiss who married Jones in 1961 and devoted herself to nursing him back to life and then literally keeping him alive. She shared all his interests in sports and news and Harvard and made their Memorial Drive apartment a hospitable rallying point for Harvard alumni and newspaper friends after football games and other strategic occasions.

Right across the river from the stadium, Jones could poke his head out the fourth floor window and hail returning spectators until he had a roomful, that would include some of Libby's children and grandchildren, who had adopted Vic into a warm family unit.

He died April 21. At the Memorial service in the Harvard church April 27, the minister departed from the service to explain the reason there would be no eulogy but only scriptural readings and familiar hymns was that Victor Jones asked it be that way.

The Age Of Distrust

By Osborn Elliott

We have all heard this troubled age of ours described in many ways, none of them pleasant. Some talk of a yawning generation gap, others of an insidious technological trauma. It is an age when man can push a button and obliterate mankind, an age of revolution, alienation and rejection. Only a fool, it seems, would describe it in kindlier terms—as an age of restoration, for example, or of re-awakening or of reason.

And so, having thus defined the fool, what shall I call this tumultuous era? The age of distrust will do.

Distrust: it is all around us. Between black and white, north and south, east and west, uptown and down, young and old, rich and poor, the educated and the uneducated—even, now, an increasingly angry distrust between male and female. Men seem to be standing on either side of the chasm, yodeling incomprehensible slogans at one another—words that bounce and echo through the canyon but are not really heard on the other side.

"One nation indivisible" is the way the old Pledge of Allegiance reads. But how hollow ring the words today. "One nation divisible" would be more like it as the Sixties slide into the mists.

What lies behind all the distrust and division in this wealthiest and most powerful of nations? Why all the turmoil and the rancor? I would like to explore some of the causes, as I perceive them; pinpoint some of the culprits, as they appear to me; and even suggest some first steps that some of us might take to heal the divisions in our society.

Since this talk is supposed to deal with the press, and how it relates to the current human condition, it is obviously fitting that I should first address myself to that ancient art and pseudo-science known as journalism. And indeed, the practice of journalism today points up many of the difficulties that we are now living through, or that are being thrust upon us—or that we are thrusting upon ourselves.

Listen to a voice or two from the right, talking about the press: "Pointy-headed intellectuals . . . Eastern press establishment . . . small band of commentators who never were elected by anyone."

And now hear a voice from the left—a voice heard not so long ago by a correspondent assigned in Cuba. This angry voice went like this: "You work for Newsweek, and so you work for the pig media. You're a pig, man." The speaker in this case was a radical in the Venceremos Brigade, that band of mini-skirted coeds, Trotskyites, SDS-ers, hippies, yippies and romantic revolutionaries who went to Cuba to cut cane for Castro.

Finally, hear an angry voice from the middle: "The media just stir things up. These things wouldn't happen if the media didn't play them up. All you do is report the bad news."

And so the press, which serves as ombudsman of the people in our democracy, comes under attack from those it is supposed to serve and protect. This is the quintessential example, it seems to me, of this anxious age of distrust.

As I will try to illustrate later, the distrust and divisions that now rend our society can be traced to a number of quite identifiable sources. But what bothers me particularly, and what I think should concern us all, is how this distrust and

these divisions are being used by certain of our public figures for political gain. One result is the growing evidence, of late, of a disregard or even contempt for the functioning of a free press as an essential institution in our democracy.

I have in mind, in particular, the recent spate of subpoenas that have issued forth from the federal government, claiming the government's right of access to any and all materials the press may possess—from reporters' notes to what are known in the electronic medium as "out-takes," or the unused film footage of television journalists.

The First Amendment, we need not be reminded, established the principle of a free press in this country—and it is not open to serious question that the First Amendment protects not only the free dissemination of the news, but the gathering of the news as well.

And yet in recent weeks and months, we have seen the government take actions that are bound to impinge on the press's ability to collect the news in an atmosphere of freedom. Various organs of the press—Newsweek among them —have been arguing, with some success, that a reporter's confidential sources must be kept sacrosanct. And indeed they must be. But we at Newsweek have come to believe that this definition of privilege is far too narrow and too limited. We believe that it is a half-way measure that should be rejected. We believe, in short, that nothing less than a full and unqualified privilege to newsmen, empowering them to decline to testify as to *any* information professionally obtained—only this kind of absolute privilege will truly preserve and protect the news-gathering activities of the media.

Anything less than this absolute privilege must necessarily leave informants uncertain as to whether their confidences will be respected—and hence will inevitably "dry up" the press's sources of information.

Because we believe this so strongly, Newsweek argued a brief as amicus curiae in the case of Earl Caldwell and The New York Times in the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of California. This brief argues in detail, and in my opinion conclusively, that anything less than an absolute privilege is inadequate, ineffective, and quite likely self-defeating.

Despite the current atmosphere of distrust, we hope that the courts will see the wisdom of this stand—and thus help to restore some trust in the function and purpose of the free press as servant of the people.

An age of distrust—an atmosphere of suspicion—a nation divided against itself. What has brought us to this unpretty pass? The war in Vietnam was one cause, of course. It long ago became the focal point of dissent. But would our troubles go away if the Vietnam war did? I rather think not. Surely the tensions would be eased, at least temporarily. But what we are witnessing today is a discontent that goes far beyond the bloody war in Southeast Asia. All around the world we are witnessing a revolt against established forms and structures and institutions. All around the world, in every field of man's endeavor, the old order of things is under attack. People are even making bombs, and setting them off, in our old home town—at least in mine!

It took no Vietnam to send the students to the barricades in Paris—and yet the violence of their passions did as much as anything else to topple Charles de Gaulle from power. It took no racial tensions to fill the streets of Tokyo with rampaging youths. Women are rebelling—in recent weeks we at Newsweek have become intimately aware of that! In literature, in films, on the stage and in the arts the revolt is in full cry—here expressed in four-letter words, there in the rejection of any recognizable artistic form (except, perhaps, the unclothed body)—and always the attack is against values and perceptions long woven into the fabric of society. Even the Pope in Rome sits bemused in his synod, listening as the princes of his church attack his conduct of the papacy.

What's going on around here?

It's a small world, so they say, and in many ways it seems to be shrinking ever smaller as the jets multiply in size and increase in speed—that is, when they finally get in the air!—and the President of the United States can step up to the telephone and dial M—for Moon. So why aren't people feeling more at home as they gather around the glowing tubes in their global video village?

Part of the answer, I think, is that as the world itself grows smaller, its institutions perforce grow bigger. Population multiplies, information explodes. Technology outruns the mind of man. People, places and events are interlocked as never before—and often, it seems, events are in the saddle.

The disaffection is multifold, and omnipresent, and has its roots in many sources. And not the least of these, it seems to me, is the sheer bigness of things, and the frustrating impersonality that bigness so often brings with it.

Nowhere has this been more sharply etched than in our universities—and let's not forget that the first headline-making evidence of the student revolt, at Berkeley a few years ago, was aimed at just that kind of impersonal bigness. Our amazing affluence brought millions of additional students to the college campus—at the very time when too many professors were themselves being lured into the affluent society by high-paying consultancies in government and business. The result, of course, was to spread too few professors too thinly among their students, and more and more, as their classes mushroomed into regiments, the students began to feel they were mere cogs in some giant educational machine. "Do not fold, spindle or mutilate—I am a human being," went one wry sign of the times. Another ironic story is told about the professor who was called to Washington, and left behind him a tape recorder to deliver his lectures. When he returned to his lecture hall, he found his own tape

recorder lecturing from his desk to a classroom that was empty—save for an array of student-owned tape recorders drinking in his words.

But the student revolt has not simply been against bigness and impersonality. There was the war, of course, so clear and present and pervasive an issue that it need not be dwelt on here. And there was the growing realization, as the civil rights movement reached crescendo, that this fantastic economic system of ours had somehow failed to deliver the goods to millions of Americans, particularly those whose faces happened to be black. Why was it, the young people asked, that racism persisted? And why is it that America, alone among the industrialized nations of the world, allows poverty to continue in such a devastating degree? Is there something wrong with the system, something wrong with our whole scale of values? Many of the young concluded that indeed there was, and suddenly fathers who had worked all their lives to send their children to colleges they could not themselves afford, found their own sons turning against the very standards by which they lived. A pretty frustrating and infuriating experience, to say the least!

Hair sprouted, beards grew, guitars twanged, flower children blossomed in the streets. Emotions waxed—and, too often, reason waned. The student revolt was on.

While all this was happening, a number of other factors combined to raise the level of unease in the land. There was the frightening acceleration in the pace of life itself—and also, tragically, the pace of death, as three frightful assassinations left their imprint on an entire generation. There was the increasing unpleasantness of the surroundings in which life itself had to be lived. Water pollution, littered streets and parks, an atmosphere acrid with the wastes of the machine age—it was enough, literally, to make you cry. Last summer, at a little town called Truro on Cape Cod, a group of picnickers were tramping off the public beach, leaving beer cans, paper napkins and half-eaten hot dogs strewn behind them. A little old lady, a year-round resident of Truro, asked if they wouldn't mind cleaning up a bit. "Wake up, lady," said one of the visitors in the incredible logic of the times, "this is 1969!"

The cities exploded, crime statistics soared, and discontent spread far beyond the student generation. The legitimate complaints of black America are by now well known to most. Here was an entire segment of the American population for whom the age-old promise of equality was meaningless. But what has only recently been coming to light—thanks in part, if you'll excuse the commercial, to Newsweek's recent survey of The Troubled American—is the long list of gripes that white, middleclass America has been totting up. Mr. Nixon calls them the silent majority, the forgotten Americans—and that is what they are coming to call themselves.

These middle Americans find themselves besieged on every side these days. Economically, they are hard pressed to make ends meet, with prices rising every day. The government estimates that is costs at least $10,000 a year for a family of four to maintain a moderate standard of living—yet 26.3 million white families fall below that level. $10,000—that used to be a lot of money. But today, as one professor says, "middle-class people look around and say, 'We've entered paradise and it looks like the place we just left. If this is paradise,' they ask, 'Why am I so miserable?' " One reason is that they feel powerless to do anything about anything.

They feel threatened by Negro gains, believing that it is *their* jobs that may disappear, *their* neighborhoods that may deteriorate, *their* schools that may suffer as the blacks move in. They are not *necessarily* racist. But out of ignorance, or perversity, many have come to believe that the black man has a better chance than they do these days—and they resent it.

With high prices at one end, and high taxes at the other, many have even come to question the work ethic that has so long been the taproot of middle-class strength. They're fed up with black militants, distrustful of politicians, disgusted by the rich kids tearing up the schools they couldn't afford to attend themselves. And they're concerned about what they consider to be the erosion of moral values ranging from sexual behavior to simple, old-fashioned patriotism. Even their churches seem to have changed in alarming ways. "I used to go to church," says one Middle American in Minneapolis, "and the preacher would talk about God, Jesus and the Bible. Now he tells me why I shouldn't buy grapes."

All of this is quite a litany of woe—and given the extent of the bitterness and disaffection, the surprising and heartening thing is that so many people still seem to think that for all its imperfections, the American system can be made to work. I remember spending a day with a young black activist in the slums of Atlanta last spring. In his day, he has been in the forefront of just about every civil rights organization. Now he is working as a union organizer, and as a kind of free-lance community worker. And he hasn't lost his sense of humor. "Look at me," he says, "I don't wear beads or sandals or a dashiki. Hell, it costs more to *dress* for the revolution than to run it these days." Then he adds thoughtfully: "This system can be made to work. And when people learn to work within the system, that's when the real revolution will come."

Here and there around the country, the frustrations have welled up and overflowed at the polls—with the election of a tough cop as mayor in one city, for example, and the defeat of many needed bond issues elsewhere. But last fall's elections, it seems to me, gave reassuring evidence that the nation's voters have not lost their sense of balance or proportion. In Cleveland, a black man won enough white votes

to be re-elected mayor; and in New York, a white man who was given not a prayer a few months before, won enough black votes to do the same.

People do believe in this system; for all their apparent gloom at the moment, Americans at heart are optimists.

If there's something wrong, many Americans seem to be saying, why we've got to set it right—a pretty healthy can-do attitude from which to start to heal the nation's ills.

I promised at the beginning of this talk that I would suggest some ways in which we might all begin to cure these ills, heal the divisions, and re-establish an atmosphere of trust in this age of distrust. And the first thing to do, it seems to me, is to pinpoint exactly what is wrong. We must begin by separating the myths of our society from the realities.

One of the biggest myths, in my view, is the concept of the melting pot. The fact is that the melting pot has never really operated as advertised. As Jesse Jackson, Chicago's black preacher, has pointed out, our society is more like a pot of vegetable soup than a melting pot. Americans tend to retain their ethnic identities far longer than commonly assumed. Once we have accepted this as the reality, I think we are in a far better position to understand the conflicting demands and needs and perceptions of the various groups, and to begin to reconcile them.

Beyond that, I would suggest a few specific recommendations for a few specific segments of our society.

To our educators, I would suggest a return to first principles—namely, that their primary job is to teach, and the more contact they can maintain with their students the better. Who knows, they may even learn something themselves that way—such as the students' craving for a greater role in planning their academic curricula and their way of life.

To our students, I would suggest a similarly radical thought—that their primary job is to learn. This is not to say they should be discouraged in their idealistic passion to reform society—far from it. But wouldn't it be refreshing if they could bring a little more reason and a little less emotion to their crusade? One hundred years ago, President Eliot of Harvard had this to say about the goals of a university education: "The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility." Humility—now *there's* a thought for the day!

To our public officials, I would suggest a continuing campaign to encourage involvement by the people in the business of government. New methods and forms must be found to bring government closer to the people, and vice versa—so that the average citizen will no longer consider himself the forgotten man. I would also suggest that politicians really *do* what they say they want to, in the way of bringing people together—and resist the easy rhetoric of division that calls thinking people "pointy-headed intellectuals," the rhetoric that suggests that large numbers of our citizens are either "impudent snobs" who should be separated from society and discarded like so many rotten apples, or "kooks and demagogues who should be brought in with butterfly nets."

To our businessmen, I would suggest that they listen to the criticism of our society, ponder whether indeed their values are in order, and figure out ways and means to bring more meaning and true rewards to the workaday life. People *want* to be involved; what energies would be released if they felt they really were!

To our churchmen, I would suggest that they seek to understand the strains of love, mysticism and spirituality that infuse so many members of the younger generation—the kind of feeling that made a town called Woodstock into a symbol of the late sixties. "The challenge Christianity faces," says theologian Harvey Cox, "is how to embrace this spiritual renaissance without crushing it, how to enrich it without polluting it, how to deepen it without mutilating it."

Finally, as long as I am ladling out free advice, I suppose it is only right that I should apportion some to the breed of which I am a member. And so, *to our journalists,* I would suggest a tempering of the self-righteous arrogance that too often leads to the all-knowing opinion, to one-eyed reporting, and to sanctimonious speeches such as this one!

Lord knows, we have our problems and we have our divisions in this land. But we also, as it happens, have the world's greatest reservoir of talent, brains and money. It has become a cliché to say that any nation that can reach the moon can surely solve its problems on earth. Happily, some clichés happen to be truths. I, for one, have no doubts about our *ability* to solve our problems, heal our many divisions, and restore that essential element of trust to the fragile workings of our democracy.

The only question is, can America muster the will?

Mr. Elliott, Editor-in-Chief of Newsweek, made the above remarks as the fifth participant in the Riverside (Calif.) Press-Enterprise lecture series in cooperation with the University of California at Riverside.

Previous Press-Enterprise lecturers have been Louis M. Lyons, Curator Emeritus of the Nieman Foundation; John B. Oakes, Editorial Page Editor of The New York Times; Wes Gallagher, General Manager of the Associated Press; and Denis Hamilton, Editor and Chief Executive of Time Newspapers Limited in London.

First Nieman Research Fellow

For the first time in history, Harvard University appointed a Nieman Research Fellow. This category was created to make it possible for distinguished journalists beyond the age of forty to participate in the Nieman program.

The first appointee was Mr. Louis L. Banks, Managing Editor of Fortune magazine. The following is his report, written as a letter to the curator of the Nieman Foundation, Dwight E. Sargent.

February 2, 1970

Dear Dwight:

When friends ask me—and they all do—"How was it?," I can tell by the expression whether they will understand or they won't. If the lips are tight in a half-smirk and the eyes are amused, I give my occupational answer: my discovery of the force of the Business School, of the unusual kinds of kids who will soon be corporate managers and *Fortune* readers, etc. I name-drop my friends Larry Fouraker, Stan Surrey and Don Turner. And usually get at least a flicker of interest, and perhaps a friendly hand on the shoulder, "Well, I was afraid that you had turned into a damned intellectual." But if the eyes bore tunnels into mine, and the brows wrinkle in concentration, I know I have a real pigeon, and we talk excitedly until our wives are bored stiff, and I can see this guy figuring in his mind how long it will be until he gets through the kids' tuitions and how he can sell the whole thing to the boss. "Gee," he says, "I can see how it would be the best thing possible for the bank (or the paper or the corporation) and the family *and* me if I could get away like that . . ." And it's then that I start to help him with the occupational rationalization.

For you see, Dwight, your adventurous invitation to me, as the first Nieman Research Fellow, has not only bought you a more thoughtful journalist—in classical Nieman tradition—but a kind of erratic (not erotic, alas) middle-aged evangelist who wants to save his contemporaries before it's too late. Save them from the ever narrowing corridors of smugness, from the myopic certitude that arrives with a measure of prosperity and power and, perhaps even more important right now, from the deepdown fear of the college young, who seem from afar to be menacing not only because they are so damned young (as ever), but because they have the audacity to live their lives with some disdain for virtue, barbers and the Gross National Product.

All of which is by way of indicating, I guess, that there are many unexpected aspects to an appreciation of the first Nieman Research Fellowship. And the most important have to do with removing a man of maturity and seniority (ah, lovely euphemisms!) from the lines of force that have guided and directed his career judgments, and plunking him into a magnetic vortex where his compass spins wildly. President Pusey referred to my kind of experience the other day as "the pause"—that's surely part of it, but it's more than just "getting away." It's reassessing the time-honored "givens" at a critical point of life, and perhaps discovering that they are neither right nor wrong, but just obsolete. It's gaining a new kind of confidence in other areas of conviction because you find to your surprise that your back-of-the-envelope conclusions stand up remarkably well in some of the high winds of the Academy. It is, above all, gaining a free glimpse of the future by borrowing young people's eyes: the world as perceived by the bearded youngster sitting next to you in Erikson's "Life Cycle" course who smilingly tells you that he is a "Spock baby"; the serious poet at Quincy House who flounders through the gloom of excess introspection and then admits that he didn't worry half so much about the world when he was working as a mailman last summer; the dogmatic radical who, on second conversation, confesses to total uncertainty and asks tentatively for some guidance about his future; the chillingly determined M.B.A. candidate who admits that he is taking the fastest possible way to the levers of national power so that he can make big social changes—and, oh very much yes, the younger fellow Nieman Fellows who bring Harvard as much as they could possibly take away and offer convincing proof that our world of journalism has a very sound future indeed.

I confessed at the beginning that I sometimes divide my Nieman experience into the occupational and the subjective, but that is a contrived distinction, for talking purposes only. For we know that the best of journalism is only the best of *all* that we are as editors *and* individuals. I thank you, my co-Niemans, President Pusey, the Selection Committee and those legions of "friends of Niemans" for sending me back to the world of *Fortune,* smog and the New Haven railway with a slightly higher sum total of "all" than I could count last autumn.

Sincerely,
Louis Banks

The Education of an Educator

(Continued from page 2)

ready to give up on the Divinity School and the University Press which both flourished after him. But he revitalized the School of Education in a new concept; one of the inventions he claims is its program for the Master of Arts in Teaching.

Though a distinguished chemist, it was his hobby of history that he felt fortified him for coping with faculty and diplomats. He had long concentrated his reading on the age of Cromwell, which coincided of course with the rise of the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He makes no claim that this had any relevance to current affairs, but says that it taught him about the actions of men under pressure. His strong feeling for history led him to install counsellors in American history in all the Harvard Houses in 1937. Studying and reading with them was to be voluntary. But after a couple of years he announced it a complete failure and gave it up. Harvard students had too heavy a dose of required reading to take on an extra load. Later he abandoned the view that history provided an appropriate base for "a unified coherent culture suited to a democratic country in a scientific age" and went even further: "I have silently thrown overboard my assumption that a unified coherent culture was possible in a democratic country. . . . I long since became convinced that a pluralistic ideology must be the basis of a democracy."

It was not as a scientist that the Harvard Corporation picked him as president in 1933, but for his economic theory about education. Facing depression, he told them that Harvard could not sustain the extensive tutorial system. The legion of young tutors it required could not be placed in the higher permanent ranks and to keep them permanently at lower levels was incompatible with the principle of scholarship. Further the necessity of recruiting them in numbers brought in too large a factor of mediocrity. Their numbers would have to be phased out.

As soon as he applied his principle it blew up with the non-reappointment of two young economics instructors whose activity in the teachers' union made their dismissal suspect. The Walsh-Sweezy issue in 1937 brought on a faculty revolt which Conant frankly says threatened to end his presidency. He credits the advice of a wise old faculty friend to admit error at a crucial faculty meeting and accept a reform of the tenure system, one of his inventions that he admits was mothered by necessity.

This candor refreshingly illuminates the record. He brought to the presidency also a notion about fluidity and mobility—two favorite words of his early years at Harvard. They proved incompatible with a system of tenure. But he viewed them more broadly as essential to a dynamic society. In this he was evidently influenced by a brief early experience working for the Du Ponts, whose family control limited mobility at the top. A glimpse of his social philosophy in his early years as president of Harvard came out in an article in the Atlantic Monthly of May, 1943: "Wanted, American Radicals." He rejected as alien the communism and socialism of Europe but he welcomed the spirit of native American radicalism and undertook to define a program for it that included the use of taxation for "a complete redistribution of property every generation . . . to make American society fully mobile." This he never later pursued and doesn't even mention it in his 701 page memoir except in the terms with which Senator Taft, ten years later, defended him for it when it was brought up against him in the Senate hearing on his appointment as High Commissioner to Germany. When I noted in a review of an earlier Conant book that he abandoned his embrace of radicalism after it must have given the jitters to potential Harvard donors, he wrote from Germany to correct me. The reason he dropped the idea, he said, was simply that it failed to yield any response and he wasn't interested in pursuit of futility.

Conant does not claim as inventions the General Education Program at Harvard which he incited and to which he contributed innovative ideas. He insisted on teaching one course himself, "On Understanding Science," so that the the non-scientist would understand what he called the tactics and strategy of science, that is, how it worked. One of his inventions was the university professorship that freed a distinguished scholar to go outside his department to lecture to a larger segment of the college. Conant had a strong belief in the value of inter-department relations and had high hopes of such a development among the departments of social relations, the Business School and the Littauer School of Public Administration. But after some years he ruefully admitted in an annual report that it hadn't worked. He says he didn't invent the reform of the college admissions testing system when he realized its built-in discriminations. But he incited it and became its most effective promoter.

He was one of the first and most consistent in promoting the two-year college as meeting the needs of large numbers for technical, semi-professional and industrial careers. Well before everybody and his brother were crowding the colleges, Conant became convinced that the liberal arts college had been over-sold. He seemed almost to wish it could be limited to preparation for the professional schools and professional scholarship. Yet with his national scholarships and other

devices he sought to make Harvard more diversely representative of the nation. His invention of the ad hoc committee for faculty appointments aimed at preventing departmental inbreeding by obtaining outside counsel to insure that the whole field had been surveyed for the most distinguished appointment.

His elite principle led him to establish a school of dentistry that was keyed to research to advance the profession while leaving the production of dentists to other places. This proved too far out for acceptance by the dentists; but he devised a means to salvage the continuance of the Medical Schools's relations with the teaching hospitals.

His commitment to the public school was deep in him long before his exploration of the public school systems. He believed it was the very cement of democracy and he passionately resisted its erosion by subsidy to parochial and private schools. He persuaded his friend Roy Larsen to organize the Citizens for the Public Schools, to bolster public support of education. Out of the chaos he found in public education he devised the Education Commission for the States. Another invention was his "academic inventory" for evaluating high schools.

He believed American institutions the most favorable for a good society and American education unmatched by other systems. His studies of European and Australian education confirmed his conviction about the superiority of the American way. He was describing himself in 1940 as "a cultural nationalist" even as he was serving as William Allen White's vice chairman of the interventionist "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies." In his historical perspective he saw America as the natural heir of the British Empire and his instinctive reaction as the second World War opened was that he didn't want America robbed of this heritage.

But this optimism did not blunt his sense of dismay at discovering the enormous discrepancy in educational opportunity between the pupil in an affluent suburb and the one in a city slum. The Negro graduate of a vocational high school in Harlem had as much chance of getting into the plumbers' union as a rich man to go through the eye of a needle, he wrote in his 1961 book, Slums and Suburbs.

Conant developed his own rationale about communists as teachers when the McCarthy hysteria attacked the university. Again, as in the Atlantic piece, Conant sought a dual result, to defend academic freedom and to define the limits of tolerance of nonconformity in a university scholar. His conclusion was that one committed to communism was not a free mind and so inappropriate in an institution committed to freedom of the mind. He said he would not knowingly appoint a communist to the faculty. A difficulty with this was this was pointed out to him from a quite unideological area, that it might deny the university an outstanding engineer or other technologist. Conant was in Germany when the ultimate crunch came at Harvard, on the so-called Furry case. It remained for Provost Paul Buck and Boston lawyer Charles Coolidge to define a cut-off point beyond which, in their view, an honest man of intellect could not have remained a communist. Their date as I recall it was 1946. Prof. Wendell Furry came just inside it. But the key to their statement was their conviction that Professor Furry was an honest man, if an illusioned idealist. They saved him.

The second World War was a watershed in Conant's life. His M.I.T. neighbor, Vannevar Bush, brought him into collaboration in managing the development of the atom bomb. This brought him close relation with the military and government and early contact with the Soviets. It led on to his post-war role as adviser on nuclear policy and shifted his primary concern to the danger of "the divided world" that became a familiar phrase in his post-war speeches and in one of his books. The post-war letdown in American military posture preoccupied him to the point of organizing in 1950 The Committee on the Present Danger. Even twenty years later he counts this one of his most important inventions, right along with the war-time National Defense Research Committee.

It was the last of his several lives that brought the impetus and resources for this book. The suggestion came first from John Gardner, then head of the Carnegie Corporation that had staffed and financed Conant's studies of the public schools. It now staffed and financed the production of Conant's memoirs. This was to prove a negative factor in the autobiography, if one expects a revelation of the personality and reflections of the author, his essence of the sense of living a considered life. For the team of researchers produced such a massive record—one earned his Ph.D. from his researching of just one phase of the Conant career—that it must have been a wearying task to winnow through and translate the vast documentation. It squeezes much of the vital juice out of the lively years of the Harvard presidency. Over and over Conant ends a chapter by letting the record speak for itself. He could hardly have had the energy left to reflect upon the oppressive record. Three times he comes up short to say he must deal with that situation in another book. Of course one activity crowded so close on the heels of another as to leave little time for reflection and it is understandable that the later years of public life came to narrow the perspective on the earlier period. But how much brighter Conant's book could have been had he been freed of over-organization can be judged by those parts in which he could have had no help. Here he writes out of the flavor of remembered experience—his boyhood memories of the trolleys and three-deckers of Dorchester, of the strong in-

dividuality of his grandfather and grandmother Bryant, of his home chemistry experiments under the encouragements of a great teacher at Roxbury Latin, of an ill-considered mountain climb in the High Sierras that frightened him to death. One has a glimpse of Conant humor in the happiness with which he seized upon a college joke that the war-time merger with Radcliffe was "coeducation only in theory, not in practice" to defend it to his alumni. When in a Senate hearing he was charged with calling private schools "divisive" he said he knew he hadn't: he never used the word because he wasn't sure how to pronounce it. He recalls with gusto his adventure when, as High Commissioner, escorting Chancellor Adenauer on a visit to Washington, the sudden death of the president of the Bundestag required the Chancellor's instant return. But the urgent trip was balked by an incredible series of flight delays, equipment breakdowns, finally foul weather that shut down the German airports. Conant steered them through each of these crises in turn and had the satisfaction of watching the Chancellor stride down the cathedral aisle at the imperative moment to deliver the funeral oration.

My own close-ups of Conant impressed me with the administrative asset of being a strong "No" man. "Let's not complicate it," he would say. He had high resistance to what he felt were peripheral undertakings and little time for such ornamentations as rare book collections. He had to learn public relations the hard way after becoming the victim of a scamped job of it when he wasn't paying attention. Thereafter he was very negative about it. "The thing is to see there are no headlines in it," he told me the first time he asked me to look over a major speech. This I ascribed to his chemist's outlook, though it was also in the Harvard tradition he inherited from A. Lawrence Lowell. Conant was never fully at ease with the press though he became more sophisticated about it, partly out of association with the Nieman Fellows. But he had basically a shrewd sense that satisfactory public relations must flow from a sound policy and without that public relations is just cosmetics.

E. W. Tipping, 1915–1970

By John L. Steele

Edmond William (Bill) Tipping, who died of cancer in Melbourne, Australia, on April 29, came to Cambridge in the fall of 1951, with a very specific plan. It was to gain such insight into "you American blokes" that he could conscientiously convince his publishers that he was the man to open a Melbourne Herald office in Washington. It took Bill sixteen more years to fulfill this ambition, but that he would do so never was in doubt. The business of understanding this country involved a magic carpet of things for this reporter (he eschewed the term "journalist" as just a bit high-falutin), because it carried him from all sorts of people to the world of ideas, from history to the exercise of military power, and from politics to the state of youth. And, when he left Washington a few months before his death, his one request was to let his friend, Louis Lyons, know that he thought he had succeeded because of Harvard and the Nieman program.

But, of course, that understates in typical Tipping fashion his own ability to grasp the multiplicity of bits and pieces of American life and from them to weave a truly comprehensive understanding of the country in which he culminated his career. Bill's all too brief tour of duty here came at a moment when this country's relationship with Southeast Asia, which he regarded as Australia's own front door, came under violent controversy. And it was a time of deep schisms involving a costly war, youth, the academic community, and our black citizens; all of them facets of the American scene which were high on his personal and professional interest list. It perturbed him, but it didn't depress him because Bill was a brave optimist. The last time I saw him, late on an October afternoon, we drank some Australian beer as a beautiful sunset turned the muddy Potomac below our window to an orange ribbon. He thought this country would pull through its current turmoil because of its traditional strengths, and perhaps to ease his visitor's anguish, he expressed belief that perhaps he'd return sometime to see the country healed.

Tipping's Nieman year marked the first fortuitous occasion on which British Commonwealth newsmen joined U.S. reporters at Harvard. And Bill made the most of it; in lecture halls with the late Arthur Schlesinger and Frederick Merk, at Law School seminars, in the busy round of social and academic activities, in the quietude of Widener Library, and even at a re-enactment of the Battle of Lexington which he witnessed from the village green with a child perched on each of his tall shoulders. This because Tipping was a talented generalist who grasped the whole picture of things.

He studied law at Melbourne University, but a legal career dimmed as he became campus correspondent for the Herald at four pennies the line and edited the University newspaper. Sir Keith Murdock, chairman and part owner of the Herald, hired Tipping full-time for the paper in 1939, when noted Australian-born composer Percy Grainger came home for a visit. Tipping interviewed him, the only interview the ec-

centric Grainger granted an Australian newsman. Bill's professional career was off winging after World War II, in which he served overseas with the Australian infantry and air force. He became the Herald's Chief of Staff, a position similar to that of news editor on a U.S. paper, in 1950. After his year at Harvard, Tipping wrote his "In Black and White" column which he conducted until 1965. The column, plus his work with his newspaper's radio station, made Tipping almost a household commodity in Australia. The daily column was wide in scope—four Olympic games, politics, four months of the Vietnam war after Australia sent its first troop contingent, coverage of the 1960 South African Sharpeville Massacre which won him a Walkeley Award for the best reporting of that year, an equivalent to the Pulitzer prize in the United States.

An abiding interest for Bill was the care of mentally retarded children. He began writing about the subject in 1953, when he told the story of "Michael," a little boy whose parents sometimes tied him to a stake in their backyard for his own protection rather than send him to Kew Cottages, a public institution. His readers contributed 24,000 pounds, a sum which the government matched, to improve the institution. A fortnight before Tipping's death, his friends established the E. W. Tipping Foundation for Mentally Retarded Orphans. Bill's American friends may honor his memory by contributions to the fund, care of the Herald, 44 Flinders Street, Melbourne, 3000, Australia.

The Washington tour of duty for Tipping was terribly short, but marked by intensive coverage of our 1968 presidential campaign, the first moon landing in July, 1969, and Australia's continuing interest in an American presence in Asia.

Bill Tipping died at 54. He is survived by his wife, Marjorie, who has done much to encourage the arts in Australia, and by two fine sons, Paul, 25, and Tony, 23. Wrote his colleague, Robert Coleman, in the Herald:

"He was a newspaperman to his shoelaces. He always did his best work when the deadline was close. And he was never happier than when exposing an injustice or helping to make somebody's life a little better. He hated hypocrisy and intolerance. He always tried to use his talents to help the underdog—to break down the issues which divide people socially and economically."

Thus he will be remembered by his many American friends who knew him as a man of very great compassion and of infinite understanding for his fellow man. The warmth of his friendship remains with us and all those who knew him are grateful for it.

Mr. Steele, senior correspondent for Time-Life in Washington, and Mr. Tipping were Nieman Fellows in the class of 1952.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thou Shouldst Be Living At This Hour

By Wallace Carroll

Mr. Carroll is the Editor and Publisher of the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel.

The myths and illusions of the Age of Innocence are going fast. We Americans have now found out that bigger is not really better: life in our cities would be so much better if we had kept the cities from growing so big. We have discovered too that education is not wisdom: too many of our professors and students have learned to argue before they have learned to reason. Even our image of the American soldier as a kind of universal ambassador, a friend of children and a welcome visitor beloved by all, has now been shattered by the events in Vietnam.

One of our cherished myths, however, has endured. It is Emerson's law. There may be some dispute about the words, but the popular version is authentic enough: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Emerson undoubtedly was right in his day, but does his wisdom still hold true? I doubt it. In fact, something like Emerson's law in reverse now seems to prevail in our country.

—If a company can build a flashier car that will burn more premium gasoline to go a shorter distance than most others, Americans young and old will beat a four-lane path to the showroom door.

—If some enemy of the human race can concoct something even less toothsome than the roadside hamburger, businessmen will bid for a franchise, neon-lighted shacks will tout the stuff from ocean to ocean, and the stock of the reprobate's company will go up, up, up on the New York Stock Exchange.

—If an artist of sorts can paint something even less fascinating than a can of tomato soup, the Guggenheim will give him an exhibit, Life magazine will hail him as a folk genius and millionaires will hang his pictures on their apartment walls from Park Avenue to Nob Hill.

—And if a playwright can turn out a play about a romance between a scrofulous lady acrobat and a homosexual chimpanzee, Broadway will put his name on the marquee, Hollywood will pay millions for the film rights, and Jack Valenti, the arbiter of everything true and beautiful on the screen, will give the picture a "G" rating and release it for the Christmas season so that all the family together may enjoy its wholesome message.

Let us pursue this depressing realization to a point nearer home—to the realm of words and images.

Here, too, Emerson is in full retreat. All of us know that if an obscure man can take two clear, simple words like "hot" and "cool" (words that cannot be misunderstood even by a retarded four-year old), and if that man can so twist and mangle those words that everybody in his right mind will wonder what in the name of McLuhan he means by them—if a man can do this he will be hailed as a genius in "communications"; foundations will shower grants upon him and a university chair will be richly endowed for him so that he can perpetuate his befuddlement among succeeding generations.

The farther we go on from this point and explore what is happening to spoken and written English, the more we see that Emerson has become obsolete. Emerson's law has in-

deed become *Nosreme's* law. And if you wonder who this Nosreme is, he is, of course, only poor old Emerson in reverse. Thus we can confidently state Nosreme's law as it applies today to the use of the English language:

> "If a man can write muddier prose than his neighbor, if he can arrange words in ways that befuddle the brain and grate on the ear, he will never have to monkey with a better mousetrap."

Do you want to be recognized as an authority on reading in the public schools? Then you have only to write like this:

> "Perhaps the task of developing proper motivation is best seen, at least in a nutshell, as limiting the manipulation of extrinsic factors to that of keeping homeostatic need and exteroceptive drive low, in favor of facilitating basic information processing to maximize accurate anticipation of reality."

Do you want to become a professor of the behavioral sciences in a great university? Then you simply need to express yourself in this way:

> "If the correlation of intrinsic competency to actual numerical representation is definitely high, then the thoroughly objective conclusion may inexpugnably be reached that the scholastic derivations and outgrowths will attain a pattern of unified superiority."

Do you want to become the chief of a government bureau? Then learn to write and talk like this:

> "The Board's new regulatory goal is to create a supervisory environment conducive and stimulative to industry adaptation to its fundamentally altered markets. We will give you the options to restructure both sides of your statement of condition, but the decision-making and the long-range planning function is management's. . . . We will look to you for input of information which we shall rely on in making our decisions."

Or do you want to become an expert on business management and go around lecturing to leaders of industry? You can if you will learn to talk like this:

> "The focus of concentration rests upon objectives which are, in turn, centered around the knowledge and customer areas, so that a sophisticated awareness of these areas can serve as an entrepreneurial filter to screen what is relevant from what is irrelevant to future commitments."

This bastardization of our mother tongue is really a disaster for all of us in the news business. The English language is our bread and butter, but when ground glass is mixed with the flour and grit with the butter, our customers are likely to lose their appetite for what we serve them.

Our job is to interpret—to translate. Yet our translators—that is, our reporters and copy editors—find it more and more difficult to do this basic job of translation. To begin with, they reach us from universities that are tending to become glorified jargon factories; and for four years or more they have been immured in a little cosmos where jargon is too often mistaken for knowledge or wisdom. Besides, no matter what their beat may be, their ears are battered every day with the specialized jargon that each branch of human activity now uses to glorify or disguise its handiwork.

Thus, if we take the reporter on the school beat, we find that he is likely to be writing about under-achievers, environmental deprivation, innovative teaching techniques, and restructured curricula. And if we skip from him all the way to the man on the White House beat, we find him wallowing in escalation and de-escalation (just use the prefix "de" to get the antonym of any word), nuclear proliferation, viable alternatives, dichotomous jurisdictions and meaningful dialogues.

I shall come back to this matter of jargon. But before I belabor outsiders any further for what they are doing to the language, I want to deal with some of the barriers to good news writing that we erect against ourselves. Some of these barriers take the form of unwritten laws handed down by anonymous oracles long before William Randolph Hearst was running around San Francisco in short pants.

One day when I was with the Washington Bureau of The New York Times, our Supreme Court reporter, Anthony Lewis, came in with a story that he thought would require an unusual touch. The "story," as he saw it, lay not in the majority opinion but in an unusual dissent by Justice Black. So after we had talked it over, he wrote a story which, after recording the majority opinion in the first paragraph, went on something like this:

> "In a passionate and despairing dissent, Justice Hugo Black rejected the majority opinion."

Somehow or other this sentence escaped the copy desk gnomes in New York but it did not escape a reader in Seattle, and he wrote to the editors of the Times.

> "I worked for the A.P. in the 1930's and I know that 'passionate' and 'despairing' are editorial words and you can't use them in a news story. Shame on the Times for letting adjectives like these get into its news columns."

This letter was forwarded to me with a succinct note from two of my betters in New York saying: "We agree."

It never pays to argue with your masters, but in this case I wrote back:

> "It is possible that this alumnus of the A.P. in Seattle has a better 'feel' for the story than we had in Washington. But before I cleared the offending passage, I read

> Justice Black's dissent—all 16,000 words of it. And what impressed me from beginning to end was the passionate and despairing tone. And because passion and despair are seldom encountered in a judicial opinion, I thought this was news and worthy of noting in the Times."

There are all kinds of these taboos involving words or ways of writing on every newspaper. Today no one knows how they started and no one asks whether they still have validity. And then there are all the awkward ways of saying things that originated in the Dark Ages and that we keep on using without ever asking why. Take the "breech-delivery lead"—the story that comes at the reader rear-end foremost:

> Washington (AP)—Although one-third of some 600 citizens hadn't heard about Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's much-publicized dispute with the television networks, he's "a household name" now, the Republican National Committee reported Friday.

". . . . the Republican National Committee reported Friday." There are at least a half-dozen other ways to write that lead, and all of them better than this. But way back in the previous century, some one got the idea that the lead had more punch if you reversed the natural order of a sentence and put the source at the end. And, of course, the journalism schools concluded that this must be the way to write a news story because all the newspapers were doing it. So we have been doing it that way ever since.

Another way to make writing "punchy," according to our newsroom folklore, is to eliminate the "the's" and "a's" at the beginning of a sentence. So when the reader picks up his paper, he finds paragraphs starting like this:

> "Biggest manpower reduction comes in the Pacific command, where . . ."

Did you ever hear any one talk like that: "Biggest manpower reduction comes. . ."? Of course not. No one has talked like that since Julius Caesar, and he, poor fellow, only talked that way because his Latin language did not have the definite and indefinite articles. But it is these little words that give English some of its grace and lilt, and we throw them away only at the risk of erecting an unnecessary barrier between ourselves and the reader, who is accustomed to them.

There is another construction more Latin than English that has also been favored since ancient times by lazy writers and lazy deskmen. That is, putting a participle or verb at the the beginning of a sentence, thus: "Killed in the three-car collision was Hyman J. O'Connor . . ." That way of writing or talking also went out with the Caesars. Can you imagine calling your wife some day and saying: "Brace yourself, dear. Dead on arrival at Baptist Hospital was your Aunt Agatha, 57"?

But that's the way we talk to our readers. Are we kidding them, or are we kidding ourselves?

Another fad—a more recent one—that is making much of our news writing hard to savor is the elimination of prepositions. No one ever writes any more, "The Governor of New York" or "The Senator from Massachusetts." No, it is always "New York Gov." or Massachusetts Sen." And this same fad, a product of sheer laziness, also brings us the piling up of identification in front of a name and the creation of bogus titles: "Belgian-born United States Army turncoat Albert Belhomme," or "Philadelphia Symphony tuba player Adrian Klotz."

All of these ancient shibboleths and latter day fads conspire, then, to make the writing in our papers about as juicy as a Beltsville turkey (another proof, by the way, of Nosreme's law). And that is bad for newspapers and bad for the people who make them.

Now let me go back to jargon.

It was only a week or two ago that I became aware of the explosive new issue on the campuses—"visitation" and "inter-visitation." What these terms mean—for the benefit of those of you who live in cloisters—is that the boys and girls want to be allowed to spend the evening hours in each other's dormitory rooms.

No sooner had I learned about this new issue and taken steps to cope with it than one of our woman reporters, who happens to write quite well, came in to see me.

"I've been told," she said with obvious signs of distress, "that you don't want us to use 'visitation' and 'inter-visitation.' But that's what everybody's talking about on all the college campuses, and how can I write about what is happening right now on the Wake Forest campus if you won't let me use those words?"

"Well," I said, "if I understand the word 'visitation,' it usually has to do with a metaphysical happening in which saintly personages are involved. A visitation occurred, I believe, when the Virgin Mary made a call on her sister Elizabeth and announced that she was expecting a blessed event of a rather unusual nature.

"Now, if the boys and girls at Wake Forest University are contemplating something like that, then by all means use 'visitation.' But if, as I suspect, they are only proposing to exchange visits in their bunk houses, then 'visit' or 'visiting' will do the job for the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel."

There is another especially irksome example of jargon that has almost become—I'm afraid—a part of the language. This is "escalation" or "de-escalation" in all of its deadly malformations. This word, or non-word, is not even good French. It comes from a trade name, "escalator," that in

turn is derived from *escalier,* a French word for staircase or ladder. It was coined by a deservedly anonymous bureaucrat, and no sooner did he set it in motion than every aspect of the war in Vietnam had to be described in terms of "escalation" or "de-escalation." Did the B-52's go out today? Yes, so the war was escalated. Did they not go out? No, so the fighting was de-escalated.

Gibberish like this can reduce anything to an absurdity. Can you imagine General Washington pausing on the banks of the Delaware on that frosty December night and saying, "To escalate or not to escalate—that is the question." Or can you imagine a reporter of another day putting the question to Abraham Lincoln: "Mr. President, we have heard that General Grant has advanced into the Wilderness. Is this an escalation of the war?"

There is just one historical situation in which the use of "escalation" or one of its variants is justified and I pass it along to you for use if such a situation should ever again occur.

Every December the good Swiss citizens of Geneva commemorate an event in their history that is known as the *escalade.* This commemoration has been going on since 1602, when Geneva was a Calvinist stronghold surrounded by the Catholics of Savoy. On a dark December night in that year, the Savoyard troops quietly moved their ladders *(escaliers)* to the city walls, hoping to take the Genevese by surprise. But they reckoned without a Genevese housewife, the Mother Royaume. At that moment Mother Royaume was making a big pot of soup in her kitchen, which was perched on a segment of the city wall. Perhaps just by chance, she glanced out a window, saw the glint of starlight on armor and realized that the Savoyards were climbing up a ladder to her very kitchen window. For a moment the horrible alternatives may have lingered in the mind of this thrifty Swiss housewife: "My soup or my city?" But then she acted, took her pot of soup and dumped it on the Savoyards.

What followed, my friends, *was* a de-escalation. And if a lady in Saigon should use similar tactics one of these days against the Viet Cong, we would all be justified in saying that a de-escalation had occurred on that day.

Now, what practical lessons can we draw from all this rambling?

First, we must resolve to check the alarming depreciation of our currency, the English language. We must nurture the talent we already have in our newsrooms and bring in more of those talented young people who have managed to go through college without acquiring a tin ear. And when we have brought them in we must not drill the talent out of them as we have done with so many before them: tone deaf editors and deskmen have always been the curse of our business.

Out the window must go the shibboleths, the taboos on fresh and apt words, the awkward ways of writing leads and paragraphs. We must encourage our people to observe with a fresh eye, listen with a receptive ear and write with a sensitive touch. I do not go along with those who now say, "Objectivity is out"; I do believe that *sensitivity* is "in" and sensitivity must come into play all along the line—in observing, in writing and in editing.

Second, we must instill into all our reporters, deskmen and editors a holy hatred of jargon. At every passgate there must be a watchman to keep it out of our columns. And while we stand on guard against the barbarisms of others, we must be still more vigilant against our own. You know many of these barbarisms—they are the pets of the lazy writer and lazy deskman. I shall list only a few. The lazy writer always:

—puts "today" or the day of the week in front of the verb.

—piles up identification in front of the noun—"Former North Carolina State basketball star, Larry Duggan," "Old-time square dance master, Sam Queen."

—says "burgeoning" when he means "growing" or "diminutive" when he means "little."

—indulges in "elegant variation"—the vice that makes a house a "structure" and gold "the yellow metal" and any university "the Baptist institution" or "the California institution."

—uses "hike" when he means "rise" or "increase." (The other day we even had an "increase hike" come over the wire from Raleigh.)

—uses "warn" as an intransitive verb. (Why do news sources never *say* anything; why do they always "warn"?).

—strains to work in fad words—"relevant," "confrontation," "meaningful" and the haphazard "hopefully."

—says future events are "upcoming."

—discovers that plans and projects are always conceived in the cellar (somebody must always "come up with" them).

—delights in coining new expressions—"a piece of the action," "telling it like it is," "up tight."

You can add many more. For all such hideous and overworked bromides and barbarisms, we should have only hatred and contempt.

Third, we must—all of us—require better performance from our news services. The bad currency drives out the good, and the bad currency is slipping into our news rooms

every day over the press association wires. You may try as you will to improve your own standards, but unless we can do something about press association copy, you will be left standing there like little Peter with his finger in the dike with the chill waters rising all around you.

Now, I myself have been a press association hand and I know the pressures and handicaps under which the services operate. But I also know that I would have turned out better copy if one or two gentle editors had occasionally given me a well-directed kick in the pants. So I urge you to go over your wire copy with a gimlet eye and make your sentiments known.

For a start, you might look at your sports wires, taking as your inspiration this comment from the editorial page of The Wall Street Journal: "Why does anything that interests so many inspire such lousy writing?"

In Winston-Salem we take the A.P. sports wire, so I will make this bet: that if you will scan the week-end reports on the A.P. sports wire, you will agree with me that there cannot possibly be any more cluttered, awkward, hard-to-read writing on the face of the earth, not even in Pravda and Izvestia.

What all this comes to in the end is pride—pride in our craftsmanship and pride in our craft. If we will take this kind of pride in our news writing, the prose in our newspapers will be clean and lean and limber—which is the way it should be. And then there will be joy in the land, and people will actually read newspapers for pleasure. And in the fullness of time, Nosreme's law will in turn be reversed, and somewhere out yonder, old Ralph Waldo Emerson will be heard to say: "Those ink-stained idiots—they really are making a better mousetrap."

Nieman Notes

1939

Frank S. Hopkins, retired and living in Washington, reports he is spending much of his time on the World Future Society, an organization of long-range planners and other persons professionally interested in and concerned about the national future. He is the Washington chairman of the Society (450 local members) and a regular contributor to its magazine, The Futurist.

1941

Alexander Kendrick, CBS News, won the Overseas Press Club Award for radio interpretation of foreign news on his program, "Alexander Kendrick Commentary."

1942

Victor O. Jones, former executive editor of The Boston Globe, died in April. (See page 9.)

1943

Edward J. Donohoe, Managing Editor of The Scranton Times and Sunday Times, has completed a term as president of the Pennsylvania Society of Newspaper Editors. He is also senior ranking member of the panel known as "News Conference" on the ABC outlet in Scranton, Channel 16.

James P. Etheridge, Jr., Cabinet liaison for the Attorney General of the State of Florida, was given the sixteenth annual John Kilgore Headliner Award by the Capitol Press Club of Florida. Etheridge, who is credited with bringing educational television to the foreground in Florida, was honored as a man who gets little recognition while making a major contribution to the people's right to know.

1946

Frank Hewlett, of the Salt Lake Tribune, led the ticket when new members were elected to the Standing Committee of Congressional Correspondents for 1970-71. The committee supervises the Senate and House press galleries and has charge of accreditations for the working press at the national political conventions and presidential inaugurations.

1949

Grady Clay, editor of Landscape Architecture, has been elected a director of the American Society of Planning Officials for a three-year term.

1951

Roy M. Fisher, editor of The Chicago Daily News, won the 1970 Sigma Delta Chi award in the category of Newspaper Public Service.

1952

Edmond W. Tipping, Washington correspondent for the Melbourne Herald, died last April, a few months after his return to Australia. (See p. 19.)

1955

Sam Zagoria has been appointed director of the Labor-Management Relations Service of the United States Conference of Mayors, National League of Cities and the National Association of Counties. The service is an information and education program financed by a Ford Foundation grant. Mr. Zagoria finished a term as a member of the National Labor Relations Board in December.

1958

Tom Wicker, an associate editor of The New York Times, delivered the commencement address at the University of Texas.

1959

Wallace Turner is the new manager of The New York Times Bureau in San Francisco. He succeeds Lawrence E. Davies, who came from the Times home office in New York to establish the Bureau, and who retired in March. Mr. Turner won a Pulitzer prize in 1957 when he was with the Portland Oregonian.

1960

William Lambert of Life Magazine won the 1970 Sigma Delta Chi award for magazine reporting.

John G. Samson, a reporter for the Associated Press in Albuquerque when he was a Nieman Fellow, has been appointed managing editor of Field and Stream. Prior to this appointment he was radio news editor of station KGGM in Albuquerque.

1961

Robert C. Smith, a former associate editor of the Charlotte News, has been appointed director of planning for the Manpower Development Corporation in North Carolina.

1962

John Hughes, Far Eastern correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, has been appointed Managing Editor of the Monitor. He won a Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for stories about the Communist coup in Indonesia and the purges that followed.

1965

Ronald J. Ostrow of the Los Angeles Times won a Sigma Delta Chi citation for excellence in the category of Washington correspondence. He shared the prize with Robert Jackson, also of the Los Angeles Times.

1966

James F. Montgomery is now the correspondent for The Wall Street Journal in Atlanta. Previously he was a business and financial writer for the Atlanta Constitution.

Se Hyung Cho has been promoted to bureau chief and senior correspondent, Washington bureau of the Hankook Ilbo and Korea Times. Mr. Cho has been in the United States since 1968 as a Washington correspondent for both of these Korean daily newspapers.

Wayne Woodlief is a member of a three-man Washington News Bureau recently established by Landmark Communications, Inc. Don Hill, a former Washington writer for the Virginian-Pilot, is the bureau chief, and the other member of the staff is Larry Cheek, former Washington writer for the Greensboro, North Carolina papers. Besides the Greensboro papers, Landmark publishes newspapers in two Virginia cities, Norfolk and Roanoke.

1967

Alvin Shuster, of The New York Times London Bureau, will start a new assignment in August as Bureau Chief, Saigon.

Richard H. Stewart of The Boston Globe has been elected to the standing committee of Capitol Press Galleries.

Walter W. "Bill" Meek, Assistant City Editor of the Arizona Republic, was the recipient of the first Virg Hill Newsman of the Year Award. He was cited by the Arizona Press Club as the best journalist during the past year. The award was named after the Phoenix Gazette's political editor who died last year. Mr. Meek collaborated with M. Stanton Evans of the Indianapolis News on a twelve-part series about campus revolt.

Philip Meyer gave the Crosman Memorial Lecture to the School of Journalism in Boulder, Colorado in April. Mr. Meyer is doing research at the Russell Sage Foundation in New York while on a leave of absence from the Washington Bureau of Knight Newspapers.

Joseph E. Mohbat, after ten years with the Associated Press, has become press secretary to Lawrence O'Brien and the Democratic National Committee.

1968

Floyd McKay, state capitol reporter for the Salem, Oregon Statesman, has joined the KGW news staff as news analyst and political reporter. He will also moderate "Viewpoint," KGW-TV's weekly discussion program.

1969

Paul Hemphill is the author of THE NASHVILLE SOUND: BRIGHT LIGHTS AND COUNTRY MUSIC. It was published in April by Simon and Schuster.

Nieman Fellowships 1970–71

Harvard University has awarded Nieman Fellowships to 13 journalists for the 1970-71 academic year. Four Associate Fellows also have been appointed from South Africa, Japan, Korea and the Philippines.

The 1970–71 Nieman Fellows are:

James F. Ahearn, 38, editoral writer for The Record in Hackensack, New Jersey. Mr. Ahearn, who holds a degree from Amherst College, plans to study urban and suburban affairs.

Frederick V. H. Garretson, 35, reporter for The Oakland Tribune. He is an alumnus of Stockton College and the University of California at Berkeley, and will study American history and international law.

Jerome G. Kelly, 39, reporter for the Baltimore Evening Sun. An alumnus of Baltimore Junior College, he plans to study the legal and political aspects of conflict of interest in public life.

Michael J. Kirkhorn, 32, reporter for The Milwaukee Journal. Mr. Kirkhorn has his degree from the University of Wisconsin, and will study social history, social psychology and sociology.

Gerry C. LaFollette, 37, reporter for The Indianapolis News. Mr. LaFollette was graduated from Amherst College, and proposes to study American history and political process.

John R. Pekkanen, 31, Midwest Bureau Chief, Life Magazine. He is an alumnus of St. John's College, and plans to study the history of American social and political movements.

Richard J. Pothier, 30, science writer for The Miami Herald. Mr. Pothier has degrees from Northeastern University and Columbia University, and will study ecology and the science of genetics.

Daniel Rapoport, 37, reporter in the House of Representatives for United Press International. He was graduated from the University of Illinois, and plans to study American and English history and political philosophy.

Jack Schwartz, 31, editor and reporter, Newsday. Mr. Schwartz has his degree from City College, and will study psychology and urban affairs.

James D. Squires, 27, City Editor of The Nashville Tennessean. He holds a degree from George Peabody College, and will concentrate on the history of relationships between government, politics and constituents.

Josephine D. Thomas, 26, reporter for the Cincinnati Post and Times-Star. Mrs. Thomas has degrees from Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina. She is the first to hold the Nieman Fellowship for behavioral science supported by the Russell Sage Foundation. At Harvard she will study political science, economics, psychology, sociology and statistics.

Ronald R. Walker, 35, Managing Editor, The San Juan Star. Mr. Walker was graduated from Pennsylvania State University, and proposes to study foreign policy, government, and Latin American history.

Jerome R. Watson, 31, reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times. He holds degrees from Northwestern University, and plans to study government, history, minority groups and the development of social and political thought in America.

The Associate Nieman Fellows are the following:

Hyuck In Lew, 36, Political Editor, The Dong-A Ilbo in Seoul. Mr. Lew was graduated from Seoul National University, and will study American history and government.

Eddie B. Monteclaro, 41, Congressional and provincial reporter, editorial writer, The Manila Times. He has his degree from Far Eastern University, and plans to study environmental control.

Itsuo Sakane, 40, science reporter for Asahi Shimbun in Tokyo. Mr. Sakane holds degrees from Tokyo University, and his study proposal is based on the behavioral sciences.

Theunissen Vosloo, 32, political correspondent for Die Beeld in Johannesburg. He is an alumnus of Pretoria University and plans to concentrate on political science, international relations and sociology.

The Fellows were nominated by a six-man committee whose members are the following: M. William Armistead III, President and Publisher of The Roanoke Times and World-News; Robert J. Manning, Editor in Chief of The Atlantic; Warren H. Phillips, Vice President and General Manager of The Wall Street Journal; Ernest R. May, Dean of Harvard College and Professor of History; William M. Pinkerton, Harvard News Officer; and Dwight E. Sargent, Curator of the Nieman Foundation.