

# **NiemanReports**

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December 1966

## **Why a Newspaper in an Electronic Era?**

**Otis Chandler**



## **Mr. Jones and the Tiger**

**Jonathan Daniels**



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# NiemanReports

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## Mr. Jones and the Tiger

By Jonathan Daniels

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On September 20, 1870, startled citizens read and then  
reread a long editorial in the New York Times. Its punch  
was packed into one paragraph.

We should like to have a treatise from Mr. Tweed in  
the art of growing rich in as many years as can be  
counted on the fingers of one hand. . . . You might  
begin with nothing and in five or six years you can  
boast of your ten millions. How was it done? We

wish Mr. Tweed . . . would tell us. The general  
public says there is foul play. They are under the im-  
pression that monstrous abuses of their funds, corrupt  
bargains with railroad sharpers, outrageous plots to  
swindle the general community, account for the vast  
fortunes heaped up by men who sprang up like mush-  
rooms.

In the bulging city, where some were so suddenly rich  
and many others liked the spectacle of such possibility, the  
surprising thing about the passage was not seeing the  
words, which almost everybody had been saying privately,  
in print. More amazing was the man behind them, George  
Jones, publisher of the paper. His was a name so common-  
place as to be easily forgotten, and as a figure in American  
journalism he has been neglected. Elmer Davis, historian  
of the New York Times, found that less had been written  
about George Jones, during or after his lifetime, than  
about any other newspaper proprietor of the period. That  
would have suited George Jones.

When the 'Times' attack on Boss Tweed began, Mr.  
Jones was a conservative, ponderous-appearing gentleman.  
An ample beard seemed to mark rather than to mask his  
mildness. He peered at the world around him through  
the thick lenses of gold-rimmed spectacles. He liked the  
company of successful and not always too scrupulous men  
in the better clubs. Certainly, in September 1870, he seemed  
the last man likely to upset a corrupt and contented  
metropolis and to take as his target William Marcy Tweed.

Tweed, Sachem of Tammany Hall, was boss of city and  
county. In Albany the Governor was his political creature.  
Bankers bowed to him. Poor men praised his charities.  
Behind an air of benevolence he embodied the Tammany  
Tiger. That cat was no kitten. Almost anyone could have  
told George Jones that behind its purring—its parades  
and picnics—it was a man-eater. As the 'Times' publisher  
quietly entered his sixtieth year, he set out on his safari  
in the jungles of power and politics of America's Gilded  
Age.

Mr. Jones had become editorial director of the Times  
by accident. He was probably the least conspicuous figure  
at the funeral of his partner, the brilliant, dashing Henry  
J. Raymond. At the funeral in Green-Wood Cemetery in  
Brooklyn in June 1869, among the pallbearers was Greeley,  
whose competitive Tribune Raymond had helped protect  
in the draft riots. Another who attended the coffin was  
James Watson Webb. He strutted even in the graveyard  
as the elegant "Brimstone" Webb he had been in his  
younger, dueling, cowhide-swinging days as editor of the  
Courier and Enquirer.

Others present recalled the first roaring days of news-  
paper competition for mass circulation. Raymond's death

(continued on page 21)

# Keys to Better Labor Relations

By Miles P. Patrone

I am pleased to be with you on the occasion of your 108th convention. It is always an honor to be offered the use of this podium. However, I must confess to mixed feelings—not that I do not enjoy being with you, but rather because of the present state of labor relations in our business. This is my fifth appearance at one of your conventions, and each time we have met when publisher-union relationships were somewhat strained.

It is my sincere wish that given long enough in my present job and if the invitations to appear are still forthcoming, I can one day say to you “Gentlemen, we have finally found the key to the peaceful solutions of our differences.

This may sound like a plea to ANPA to grant me life tenure, but it isn't really. I can think of nothing finer than to observe my tenth anniversary with ANPA next year—I hope—in the knowledge that we have made true and complete progress in the betterment of our relationships.

While I am disappointed that we have not made complete progress, I am not disillusioned nor am I completely disheartened. I know that we will eventually find the answer. We will find it because, very simply—we have to. But in order to find a common ground, we must want to do so. And we have got to find the solution before deep and ineradicable scars are left on us as constant bitter reminders of our self-inflicted wounds.

When I first spoke to you in Long Beach in 1962, my maiden speech before the ITU, incidentally, we were then deeply concerned with the possible impact of new technology on job opportunities in the newspaper business. This seemed to be basic to our then current problems and we attributed most of the blame for those problems upon this unknown factor. However, you must agree that the feared results of so-

called automation have not been felt in our business to any discernible degree. We are managing to weather that immediate storm and accommodations have been reached. You see, when we have sat down and really tried to understand each other's needs, we were able to reach livable solutions.

And yet, other sources of irritation erect hurdles over which we are stumbling much too frequently. So much so that others, many of them not in our business, look with horror and dismay at our apparent inability or unwillingness to cope successfully with our problems. The present situation in New York gives added ammunition to our critics.

Last year at your Washington convention I said “Our failure is yours. When a union or unions attempt to outpace the economic growth of a publisher by its economic demands or by withholding efficient use of new equipment, it contributes to the weakening of a publisher's competitive position. An improper collective bargaining contract can destroy the fine balance between profit and loss.” In retrospect, these were prophetic words.

We cannot much longer enjoy the luxury of inter-union rivalry with one union vying for the role of pace-setter in negotiations only to have other unions go to the well with even larger dippers to be filled. In some cases the well runs dry.

Whether you like it or not, you must accept the fact that your employer bargains with many unions and only chaos results in using an employer's back for a game of leapfrog. It's the dreary and dangerous game of a publisher trying to find the end of the hoop.

In some cases the bent or prone body of a newspaper does not, after this treatment, have the strength to rise. Attrition will be a fighting word until you realize that it ultimately means growth for your union and advances in your

living standards. But if gradual, humane attrition is not the answer, because attrition is stagnation in terms of union growth, I submit that complete and ultimate attrition due to the death of a newspaper is definitely more stagnating in terms of union growth.

There are those who bewail and condemn the mergers of newspapers. One union in its recent convention called for legislation regarding newspaper merges. No newspaper likes to merge. No newspaper wants to disappear or lose its original identity any more than you like to lose a local. Past ANPA President Gene Robb referred to this at your last convention in Washington, when he said, "Only a profitable newspaper enterprise can be expected to publish responsible papers. And even the profitable newspaper groups have to drop or merge their losers. The costs of carrying them are too enormous."

In a sense this condemnation of newspaper mergers is ironic when our newspaper unions are talking merger. Indeed, in some cases, have merged. Now these mergers are ostensibly for some good and valid reasons. Could it be for mutual benefits and possibly added strength that might flow from such a merger?

Now you as a union, particularly the local unions, desire to achieve as much as you can for your members. This is commendable. And your willingness to defend your members when you think an injustice has been done is commendable. But it is not commendable when these desires are pursued to an extent that a newspaper is strangled or weakened, or if alleged defensive actions are taken in all cases, sometimes capriciously, when no real merit lies at the base of a claimed grievance.

I urge you to pause and re-examine the ultimate results of some of your activities and your philosophies.

The imposition of stifling work rules may give you some temporary benefits, but history has shown and will show that they are illusionary and have never contributed to the long-range benefits of either the employer or the employees.

You and other newspaper crafts are among the elite in terms of hours worked, real wages and fringe benefits. Re-examine your goals. If the aims and goals of your philosophy have been directed at correcting intolerable conditions, which, in my opinion, never existed in the newspaper business, they are not valid in today's climate.

We do not ask that you roll over and play dead any more than you have a right to ask the publisher to roll over and play dead. All we ask is that you approach collective bargaining, militantly if you wish, but with practicality and responsibility. A good contract is good only as long as the publisher is in the position to discharge his obligations under it. The New York contract is only nostalgic reading to printers of the Herald Tribune.

When you demand of a publisher concessions that you believe are good for your members, you must evaluate your

demands and balance any possible achieved concessions against what is also good for the publisher.

An inflexible approach to labor relations leads to rigidity in bargaining positions, making it extremely difficult if not impossible to strike an equitable compromise. An overall, all-encompassing approach to bargaining, regardless of local conditions, can do irreparable harm to a particular publisher and, I might add, in some cases to the union involved.

Sit down at the bargaining table we must, and arrive at a contract we will. But a strike intervening between those two moments only injects side issues and emotional postures that inhibit and delay agreement on a contract of the same nature that could have been reached absent the strike.

And where union gains are won through strike activity the gains are of insufficient value to warrant the hurt to both sides.

I have discussed in past years the broad spectrum of our relationship. But local conditions which make up the broad spectrum in many cases are destructive to harmonious relations. I refer not only to the leapfrogging of various unions to gain more than fellow unions in terms of new contracts, but to the day-to-day administration of a contract between local management and local union. One thing that is abhorrent to me and should be to you is the too-frequent use of self-help in trying to solve a problem. I am referring to unauthorized chapel meetings used in lieu of regulated grievance procedures. I am not only pointing the finger at you—I am pointing it at any other union that has engaged in this activity.

I say to you, follow the Joint Standing Committee procedures in the contract. It is most difficult to think of any management decision to which you object that would be of such disastrous or everlasting import as to resort to a chapel meeting to solve it. I know I'm getting into sacred ground as far as you're concerned, but what I say or am going to say needs saying. I am not saying this irreverently or cynically. If a union officer or chapel chairman is God to his union, then the foreman is Caesar to his publisher, so I say to you, remember the Bible story as to rendering unto Caesar what is his, etc.

I think it would be comparatively simple to erase these areas of conflict if the local parties would communicate with each other more effectively.

It has been my experience that these unpleasant incidents occurring during the life of a contract invariably lead to a stiffening of attitude by one or the other or both sides at the bargaining table.

You, as local officers and chapel chairmen have great authority at the bargaining table. I urge you to exercise at all times the responsibility that goes hand-in-glove with that authority. If we cannot eliminate the pattern of useless strike activity that seems to be our hallmark, then I fear something will happen to us that neither one of us wants: government,



rather than free collective bargaining, will write our contracts. Need I remind you of the railroad situation a few years back and the very recent airline strike? I wonder what might have transpired had this latest strike occurred subsequent to November 8 of this year, which happens to be election day.

Let me quote from an interview that Mr. Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of Labor, conducted recently. This newspaper story stated that Mr. Reynolds predicted there will be appropriate measures taken to minimize the impact of strikes that "injure the health and welfare of great many people." This comment was made when he was asked if he thought there would be a strike law next year.

While upholding the right to strike as a "very real and proper right protected by law" and expressing the wish that the public would be more tolerant, it should be also noted that there is growing disenchantment with strikes by a relatively few workers that inconvenience a great many people. If this should occur, would Congress be content with the one bite of the apple covering "the health and welfare of a great many people?"

In view of the hundreds of our contracts that have been signed in a comparatively peaceful atmosphere, I suppose I could be accused of concentrating too greatly on the unsuccessful ones. I suppose it would be easy to shrug off New York and say that this is a special circumstance, but what about Boston, what about Detroit, what about Sioux Falls, what about Norwich (Conn.), what about Newark, what about Charleston, ad infinitum, ad nauseum? What about the 16 strikes we have had this year affecting 22 newspapers? What about the 108 strikes in the last five years affecting 107 newspapers? What about the 243 strikes affecting 281 newspapers in the last 10 years?

What really puzzles me is that in successfully negotiated contracts, are publishers good guys wearing white hats? Yet in a strike situation are they always the bad guys wearing black hats? Why is it that we have strikes at newspapers with almost century-long contractual arrangements with unions?

I say it is wrong.

It is much too easy to pass off a certain strike as an isolated situation and say it was because of a recalcitrant publisher.

In many instances I submit you wear the black hats.

This business of ours which has an inordinate number of

strikes reminds me of the movie star who made many spectacular but abortive attempts to do away with herself. Finally a friend told her "You'll have to cut this sort of thing out, you're ruining your health."

So we have a choice. Continue the course we are on and inflict on each other deliberate, debilitating injuries, where you, I might remind, can also get hurt. Unions have been known to lose strikes, as the record will attest. Or do we revert to a maturity that will win gains for you and for the publisher that will be profitable to both.

The ANPA and its Labor Relations Committee is pledged to the pursuit of the goal of easing strains. We have told you and we will tell you again that we will be, and have been, on the job at any time of day and night when requested to avert strikes and to promote peaceful settlements. We will be on the job to attempt to improve daily working relationships between management and union members, all to the end that newspapers meet their responsibility of dealing fairly with their employees and of uninterrupted service to the public, and that local unions share this responsibility.

We have been trying to accomplish this. In conjunction with your officers and the officers of the other three craft unions, the ANPA has established a system to be called into play should either or both parties reach an impasse and should they both request it. We have been using such a system with your Executive Council and other unions. Not in a formal sense but by constant communications with one another. That we have failed in some instances is obvious. Not so obvious is the fact that we have succeeded in many other less publicized situations.

We must accept, and soon, the fact that the continued well-being of the newspaper business and your union and all other unions who have a stake in this business requires constant communications and searching for solutions to the explosive program. We must recognize the need for practicable and equitable accommodations. We must break through the parochial curtain that blocks a view of the farther horizon, bigger and stronger newspapers and a bigger and stronger ITU.

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**Mr. Patrone**, chairman of the Labor Relations Committee of American Newspaper Publishers Association, gave this address before the 108th International Typographical Union Convention September 6 in Colorado Springs.

# Why a Newspaper in an Electronic Era?

By Otis Chandler

The national elections are over and they generated considerably more excitement than most of us anticipated. Mr. Reagan's election in California was partly the result of the way his charm and good looks came across to the voters on television, and Mr. Brown's defeat was also partly the way the tiredness of his administration was seen by television viewers. Television was one of the major contributors to that election. The effective use of this medium by professionals such as Mr. Reagan is a political fact of life today.

Although there is no mob today against which we must defend our presses as Elijah Lovejoy did in Alton, Illinois, in 1837, there are several threats to the press today of serious implication. One threat, or challenge, is that of the dynamic new technologies in the world today, particularly in the area of electronic communications. Of all the dynamic technological and sociological changes taking place today, none will affect our entire future social order as much as the electronic revolution which began to creep into our lives two decades ago. It has gained an awesome momentum that makes yesterday's discoveries obsolete by tomorrow. The influence of electronic data processing on our culture is already beginning to emerge in specific areas.

In the communications industry, we have recently seen examples of what is called the hardware-software lash-up. Several publishing companies and electronic companies have merged, possibly promising a totally new concept in what has been called, up to now, publishing. Most opinions on the future of publishing have one common conclusion: the printed word will never cease to exist, in spite of all the changes in technology. The real enigma of the future is how that word will be transmitted.

One possible oracle of the future is Marshall McLuhan, a University of Toronto professor, whose theories have produced a cult of worshippers. Even if I were not professionally concerned with his prognosis, it would be difficult to

completely dismiss his philosophy as merely an academic dissertation. McLuhan, in his current book, "Understanding Media", strongly suggests that our entire culture is changing because of electronic mass communication. His basic theory is that most of us today, and generations before us, grew up in and are conditioned by print media. All that has changed, he says, because now, for the first time in history, one entire generation has been nurtured by electronic media. He maintains that the predecessors of this electronic era, who cut their teeth on print, are literate, visual or eye-oriented people. But our children, who have been glued to television and transistor radios for years, are completely and emotionally *involved* with their new medium; they want to participate, to be inside. Very simply, he says that print *contains*, while electronics *involves*. He suggests that this generation, brought up in this electronic environment, is more ear-oriented and less literate, responding less and less to the printed word.

One of Mr. McLuhan's predominant theses is that the "medium is the message", rather than the content of the medium. His justification for that idea stems, in part, from the effect that each medium since the stone age has had on society. One cannot disagree with the argument that civilization's transition over a period of several million years from stone to papyrus to parchment to paper to tubes and circuits has affected each succeeding generation's entire economic and social lives. Power structures have emerged, changed and died in an unending cycle as one and then another medium became predominant.

McLuhan sees content in any medium as a distraction which affects our conscious minds, while the medium itself puts us under a hypnotic spell that imposes a pattern of thinking of which we are not even aware . . . the so-called subliminal input. It is his contention that television, radio, the telephone and computers, as media, make up a new en-

vironment that develops the auditory sense and a sense of involvement. Much of his "probing", as he calls it, does make a great deal of sense to me. It has a certain logic.

His ideas take on even greater import to me since the Los Angeles Times is situated in the largest television market in the United States, and the second largest radio market. There are 73 radio stations, nine VHF and three UHF television channels in Los Angeles County, which is only a part of the Los Angeles marketing area. Most television homes in Los Angeles can receive a total of seventeen stations, and this figure does not include any CATV stations. Our situation in Los Angeles is obviously unique when one considers the competition a newspaper there has from electronic media *alone*. If Professor McLuhan's theory is correct, that print media will someday become extinct, and electronics will dominate our entire culture, then possibly Southern California newspapers, particularly the two metropolitan Los Angeles dailies, may be the first in the country to feel the impact of this transition in communications.

The basic point on Mr. McLuhan is that any publisher today, in my opinion, would be stupid *not* to carefully examine his ideas. His general theory is not happily prophetic for today's print media, *if* one agrees with it. I believe that he has overlooked some basic characteristics of man in developing his theory. He has, in effect, programmed our entire culture into a computer on the theory that our five senses are accountable for all of man's emotions. Specifically, I think he has overlooked man's acquisitiveness.

A book publisher has noted that you cannot sell a book wrapped in cellophane. The buyer wants to feel it, to turn the pages, and then he wants to *own* it. I suggest the same theory applies to newspapers. Readers want the intense identification they have with their newspapers. McLuhan admits that people don't *read* newspapers, they get into them every morning like a hot bath! I do disagree with his concept that the medium itself is all-important, that content is not really the primary product in communications. In my opinion, content in any medium *is* the message, *is* the essence! The medium is, after all, nothing more than a carrier. Some carriers are more effective and more efficient than others.

I believe so strongly in content that I am convinced that the quality of content will determine the future for all print media, regardless of the form in which that content is ultimately delivered. One example of the importance of content can be found in book publishing, where 75% of the industry is devoted to textbooks and educational materials. It is conceivable that electronic data processing, together with the multimedia approach of films, tapes and cartridges, could revolutionize that instructional portion of the industry. The infinite possibilities for updating classroom materials, for supplying research materials instantly, for storing

and retrieving all manner of facts could dramatically change teaching methods. Electronics, generally, will affect, even more than it does today, our entire communications system. There is a distinct possibility that the public library could become obsolete as books are made available on a home scanner by dialing on one's telephone the particular text desired.

A new communications satellite now in orbit over the Pacific will permit live television coverage of the war in Viet Nam by next year. The Viet Nam conflict is the first major conflict in the world to have been covered by television at all. Shortly, television will bring it into your living room *as it is happening*. Even further in the future, you may receive information from electronic impulses projected directly into the mind perhaps during sleep. How a book or a magazine or a newspaper will be ultimately transmitted to its user is one of the great question marks in the future of communications. But there *never* will be any question that the content of any medium must be supplied by a creative person. An electronic brain cannot initiate original material. The commercial success of print media in the future will therefore be in direct proportion to the quality and usefulness of the contents therein, rather than how that material is transmitted and displayed.

If content alone *will* dictate success, or failure, what ingredients must go into that content if newspapers, for example, expect to hold or increase their share of the consumer's attention in the future? More and more readers of newspapers are becoming specialist readers who demand specialized writing. The explosion of knowledge in this decade has made more people informed on more subjects than ever before in history. Schools, newspapers, television, radio, magazines, books and all other instruments of information have provided today's consumer with a diversity of subject matter that only serves to give him an insatiable appetite for even more information. Knowledge in every field from the sciences to the humanities is increasing so rapidly and the audience that is being trained to use this knowledge is multiplying so fast that publishers are hard pressed to meet either demand.

The growth of the audience just on the college level is staggering. Ten years ago there were 2.7 million students enrolled for degree credits in colleges. Last year, there were 5.8 million students. By 1975, total college enrollment is forecast to be around 9 million — some experts predict as high as 9.5 million. These figures mean that by 1975 over 50% of all those between 18 and 21 years of age will be working for college degrees. This does *not* include part-time students who are not seeking degrees. This suggests that *all* media face a vastly expanded audience of college-educated young men and women in the next nine years and an even more expanded audience of this calibre in the years beyond 1975. This audience will also be more affluent than

today's and will have more leisure time in which to pursue intellectual and casual pursuits.

We also face an audience of the *immediate* future that will be much more sophisticated than is our present audience. I believe, again contrary to Mr. McLuhan's theories, that these college-trained readers will continue to be conditioned to the printed word — although not exclusively, nor possibly even predominantly, but I suggest they will demand a vastly superior product as far as content than is generally available now. Although the medium itself will be important, it will be the *value*, the quality of that word that will ultimately determine whether or not the reader will buy our product and use it. Newspapers, then, must put a totality of emphasis on achieving a higher and higher quality content.

We faced this fact several years ago on the Los Angeles Times. Today we concentrate on being a daily encyclopedic center of learning, not only to satisfy those relatively few sophisticated present readers in our area, who will not settle for less, but even more important to our future growth, we are preparing for the predictable arrival of this new electronic-oriented generation into the media consumer market of Los Angeles.

Despite my constant reiteration that the *form* in which the printed word is transmitted is secondary to the *quality* of the word, I have given a great deal of thought to the whole subject of how electronics could affect the physical form that the newspaper of the future might adopt. At The Times, we are in a constant atmosphere of research and development on this subject. We investigate and analyze the endless possibilities of a newspaper in a totally new and different form. We take the position that almost every major revolution in communications in the past seemed, at the time, improbable, even immediately prior to its general acceptance and application. We listen to incredible ideas on facsimile, microfilm and other "instant" newspapers of the future, always bearing in mind that Gutenberg's great marvel, the printing press, could one day be as obsolete in the wake of electronics as the quill pen became with the development of movable type. Someday there will be a breakthrough in newspaper production and delivery that could make the newspaper as we know it today somewhat obsolete.

Even today, there are many possible forms in which your morning or evening daily newspaper might be electronically transmitted to you, although it would not look the same, or have the same bulk or feel as it presently does. However, no present electronic process has sufficient economic merit to outweigh the advantages of a newspaper in its present form. But I would not be surprised to see some major developments in this area within the next five years. I doubt that a large Sunday metropolitan newspaper will ever be delivered electronically directly into your living room. Can you imagine five hundred pages each Sunday spilling out on the

living room rug? I suggest the Sunday newspaper is a different breed from the daily — it is an institution that may well survive in its present form for a long time.

How are newspapers *doing* today against the chief product of our electronic age: television? Television certainly has values that newspapers cannot match. It has the advantage of allowing the viewer an experience that is not vicarious, but first-hand. Time Magazine labels television as *the* most intimate medium. It is the transmission of experience in its rawest form, whereas newspapers try to transmit facts. For example, when you watch the actual lift-off of a space capsule or the Pope addressing the United Nations, you are listening to and seeing and participating in an original experience with which you can identify. Television has the advantage of the camera-on-the-spot. When it shows, for instance, the launch of a Gemini capsule, it has a high credibility or believability factor. What one sees and hears, one usually believes. Conversely, when television does *not* use the camera to record an experience first-hand is often when television is most shallow. It seldom does as good a job in telling a story as do newspapers.

Another advantage of television is the ease with which it can display its best talent. Television began solely as an entertainment medium and it has used the star system of the entertainment world to enhance its comparatively recent entry into news broadcasting. Everyone who watches the constantly expanded evening network television news coverage has his favorite personality. Everyone recognizes Mr. Huntley or Mr. Brinkley or Mr. Cronkite. They have become known as "personalities" and their audience, over a period of time, comes to feel they personally know them.

A rapport develops between this "news personality" and individuals in his audience; a relationship of confidence and believability by the viewers toward *their* newscaster. Time Magazine says Walter Cronkite is the single most convincing and authoritative figure in television news. His audience believes what he says because of his authoritative presentation, despite some lingering aspects of show business. The result is that Cronkite has become one of the most influential molders of public opinion, though he is quoted as being convinced that television newscasting can never replace printed news. He says that television newscasters do such a slick job that they have deluded the public into thinking that they get all they need to know from a TV newscaster. He further maintains that the people need a flow of bulk information which he says TV cannot give them.

Improvement in color TV is an additional challenge to newspapers. Television is also still primarily an entertainment medium, and human nature being what it is, this is an advantage for television, as opposed to newspapers which require that the reader exert an effort. Television is a very easy, relaxed way to skim the news, see sports as they are played and enjoy Jackie Gleason. It creates a pleasant es-



cape for anyone who has the energy to push a button. In addition to competing with print media in telling the news of the day, television's entertainment programs take reading time away from all print media, particularly general circulation magazines, and books, to a certain extent.

But television has many disadvantages and chief among them may be its lack of depth and flexibility. Television gives you the Dow Jones averages, but it will not allow you to study the stock tables. It will give you a sprinkling of local news, but not the complete details of today's city council meeting or of an important court case. On the other hand, the flexibility factor of a newspaper has long been one of its chief assets when compared to radio or television. Newspapers have always had the advantage of having a product that can be taken apart, section by section, and passed around the breakfast table. The gap between this flexibility and television's lack of flexibility has been one of newspapers' chief attributes.

That gap is now closing somewhat, unfortunately, for newspapers because of two developments. One is the invention of a video tape recorder which can store any television program. Working on the principal of a conventional tape recorder, this device enables the owner to view any program at his convenience. Second, television will eventually present, through CATV systems across the country, all-news, all-sports, all-weather, all-financial and even all-classified—advertising channels, each one devoted exclusively to these subject areas on a 24-hour basis.

Newspapers' flexibility would be diminished considerably, too, if newspapers eventually were forced by costs and competition to adopt an electronic format, such as microfilm or facsimile delivered into the home. If someday your newspaper is transmitted and stored automatically in your home computer, you could later recall it electronically — page by page, or article by article — for viewing on a special screen, or you could call for a facsimile print-out, as desired. This instant newspaper concept is certainly possible and indeed probable.

My own feeling is that newspapers will still be here twenty years from now. They may not be as large in size as today's. They certainly will be produced differently. They may be distributed differently. Some will have very large circulations and most will be very profitable. They may look quite different, editorially; and they may not be printed on newsprint. There will be fewer metropolitan papers than there are today. The metropolitan papers of the future will not dominate their markets as they have in the

past, but will probably continue to be the single most important voice in their own communities. Suburban and small city newspapers will continue to grow, although even they will face severe competition from television, particularly from a vast CATV system that will soon blanket rural as well as urban areas of our country.

The metropolitan newspapers that will serve the great population centers twenty years from now may be produced by several area production facilities. In addition, the news gathering facilities of these papers will produce various types of information for libraries, schools, businesses and for the home for television viewing and for facsimile print-outs for those who desire it. This concept envisions that newspapers will play a dual role: they will publish and distribute a newspaper and they will also distribute information electronically.

In summary, the electronic revolution *has* affected newspapers tremendously in the past two decades, providing competition that has forced us to research and restructure our product. Electronics may well supply the technological breakthrough that I mentioned earlier, which could change the present concept of a newspaper entirely. It has already given us increased productivity in the form of computerized typesetting, billing and other data processing. It has convinced some of us that newspapers will only survive so long as they are willing to meet and master the challenges of electronic communications. The future will bring remarkable innovations in new technology.

We will be challenged more and more by electronic media, and we will make greater use of electronic technology ourselves. But I am not personally fatalistic about the future of the printed word. I cannot subscribe totally to Mr. McLuhan's theory on electronics versus print.

I have previously described to you the most competitive electronic media market in the United States . . . and yet the Los Angeles Times is today moving forward at a record-setting pace in all areas of economic success. Neither television, nor any other electronic device, in my opinion, will deprive good newspapers or good magazines or good books, for that matter of an expanding audience adequate in size to assure an important place in the American culture.

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**Mr. Chandler**, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, gave this lecture before the Lovejoy Convocation at Colby College in Waterville, Maine on November 10. Mr. Chandler is the recipient of the 1966 Elijah P. Lovejoy Award.



## October 1932

### By Vermont Royster

One of the pains of growing older, so it's said, is a growing feeling that the world is going to pot. Maybe so. But what can be just as trying is the repetitive monotony of the way the world gets there.

After a certain number of decades have passed you can't pick up the morning newspaper or a current magazine, all chock full of laments on the decline of just about everything, without feeling that you've been there before. The word is not so much despair as boredom.

The immediate cause of this lugubrious thought is a somewhat faded and muchly tattered copy of a campus literary magazine that arrived in the morning mail. Unearthed by some sardonic scholar it bears the date: October 1932.

The masthead of *The Carolina Magazine*, published these years ago at the University of North Carolina, has itself a certain antiquarian interest. Foreign Service colleagues of Robert W. Barnett may be interested to know that he was a literary editor before he became an Old China Hand and took to writing books on Asiatic economics.

His associate editors were one Don Shoemaker, now known to the citizens of Florida as editor of the *Miami Daily News*, and an E. C. Daniel, better known to New Yorkers as Clifton Daniel, managing editor of their local *Times*, the "Elbert" which hid behind the initials now having disappeared altogether.

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But it's the magazine's content that fascinates. There is, for example, an article by a Joseph Sugarman commenting on the New York theater and the state of its drama critics.

In 1932, it seems, the New York stage could be described as stagnant and infertile. Producers could be condemned for offering what "appeals solely to the

box office" and playwrights for lack of originality. Even the audiences were pummelled because they were "moronic, sex-struck and incapable of artistic appreciation." Sound familiar?

Young Mr. Sugarman also took dead aim at the drama critics, who it appears wrote more in haste than in thought. None escaped unscathed, Brooks Atkinson, Percy Hammond, George Jean Nathan or Burns Mantle. But Mr. Sugarman had a thought of his own. Why not, he asked, have the critics review from the dress rehearsal to give them more time for reflection?

Thirty years later his idea was given a try—under Clifton Daniel at the *Times*, no less—only to come a cropper. And today Yale professors make headlines with comments on the stagnant state of the theater and the sins of the drama critics.

In those days, incidentally, Mr. Daniel wrote Swiftian satire. In the guise of fiction ("Steve sat in his room, laboriously knocking out on the typewriter one of Senator White's stock interviews") he flayed politics as a dirty business and journalism as a grubby one.

The magazine had poetry too, including one by Vermont Royster that begins "For forty cents I bought the soul of Keats." Its meter is impeccable, and that young man could turn a phrase. Its sentiment, moreover, is durable, for here the poet slays the Philistines for their bourgeois getting and spending instead of more properly tending their souls.

So it goes. The young writers of 1932 lay about them at just about every aspect of American life, its culture, politics, sexual mores and its aspirations. Hardly an icon is left unsmashed.

From the vantage point of 30 years it's plain they didn't always know what they were writing about; you can't help but be amused at a 19-year-old's dramatic rendering of middle-aged adultery. Yet some of the shafts thrust home, and any of them might have been fired day-before-yesterday. The campus writers of 1966 are as fresh as ever; the weariness is in the reader who's read it all before.

This is the dreadful part of having a long memory. Thirty years ago the elders were upset because a university sociologist, famed in his day, was advocating premarital sexual relations and there was some suspicion some students were taking the advice. The campus peace movement,

later to flower into the League Against War and Fascism, was equally upsetting, especially since the leaders who hung around the bookshop wore dirty corduroy trousers and didn't bother to shave.

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Off campus the situation wasn't any better. The stock market—remember?—was in a slump and the elders, if not the students, were wondering when it would bottom out.

In October 1932, a younger Franklin Roosevelt was belaboring the reckless fiscal policies of the Government and vowing that if he were elected President all that would be changed. President Hoover, for his part, was vowing a war against poverty and promising that the Government would spend whatever was necessary to keep the country prosperous.

Around the country there were paralyzing strikes and disorder in the streets; a mob of a thousand people descended on Washington to demand a \$2 billion handout from Congress. Across the seas there was unrest in Europe, aggression in Asia. An international conference was being called to deal with the problem of world currencies.

What lesson lies in all this nostalgia is difficult to fathom. But the burden of it is boredom. The trouble with the "new economics" is not that it's new and untried but that it's wearily old. What troubles the peace of the world is not new madness but one bent with the weight of age.

Or make your pick at random: The decline of the arts or the decline of the Supreme Court, race riots or labor riots, gogo girls or economic nostrums, bourgeois mores or avant-garde revolt. Stick around long enough and you'll meet yourself coming back.

Pretty soon you begin to wonder if anybody learns anything. And begin to wish you could pick up next month's campus magazine to find that the new campus rebels had thought up some fresh foibles, just for the novelty. But then you realize that this is one area in which the young can hardly improve on their fathers.

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Mr. Royster is editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. This piece appeared in his column, "Thinking Things Over," October 18, 1966.

# Twenty Years Before the Masthead

By Dwight E. Sargent

A policeman on Times Square nudged a man with his night stick and said, "Keep moving if you want to stay here." This was the spirit of those who founded the National Conference of Editorial Writers as a prod to the conscience and a stimulator of higher quality.

Twenty years ago, those editors at the American Press Institute brought forth a new organization, conceived in public service, and dedicated to the proposition that editorial writers must keep moving if their pages are to stay in a position of leadership.

Looking back at that remarkable event in the history of journalism, we see those founding fathers as editors possessed of vision and elements of statesmanship as well. Lesser men would still be arguing over who should have the honor of being the first president, or conspiring to get a place on the ticket. They somehow managed to elect Leslie Moore as president, the late Ralph Coghlan vice president, John H. Cline secretary and Robert H. Estabrook treasurer.

A camel, as all right-thinking people know, is a horse put together by a committee. But that committee elected each other to office without benefit of a constitution, and planned and executed the first convention in Washington without benefit of precedent. If this feat was not akin to the founding of our colonial government, at least it was a tour de force marked by extraordinary enterprise and unity of purpose. As the late Senator McCarthy once said, "That's the most unheard-of thing I ever heard of."

I do not wish to be extravagant in attributing nobility to the founding fathers, but we are here today, and the NCEW is here to stay, because they practiced the kind of professional selflessness that editorial writers are always preaching about to politicians. American newspapers will forever be indebted to the pioneers gathered at that API session.

We are all aware of the folly of discussing "the American editorial page" as if it could be viewed as a composite entity. In our world of daily newspapers, there are nearly eighteen hundred editorial hearts, no two of which beat as one.

What may be wise for the Chicago Daily News may be absurd for the Sacramento Bee. A thoroughness that is second nature for the New York Times is impossible for the Cedar Rapids Gazette. In presidential elections, the Wall Street Journal avoids endorsements. The late New York Herald Tribune believed in endorsements, even when, as in 1964, it abandoned the Republican party for the first time since Horace Greeley invented the word Republican. The Democratic Citizen-Advertiser, of Auburn, New York, in 1952 endorsed Mr. Eisenhower, then decided it would rather switch than fight for Ike, and endorsed Mr. Stevenson in mid-campaign.

Each of these newspapers was honest. Each was following its conscience. Each was influential. Each was right and responsible in the exercise of its freedom of choice. Each of our newspapers has a personality of its own, and a mission peculiar to that personality. What is in good taste for one newspaper to say, can be in bad taste for another. With newspapers, as with people, one man's meat is another man's *poisson*.

There are, however, common denominators, common goals, common requirements if newspapers are to win and keep the confidence of readers. The words integrity and courage and duty are important to every newspaper, whether published in New York City or Ashtabula, and will remain so. Some of the ingredients of successful journalism are constant.

The lady from Texas said, "Isn't it wonderful to have a President who does not speak with an accent?" The National Conference of Editorial Writers, like the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers Association, has prospered because its members do speak in common accents. Although conscience and quality on an editorial page would not be described in the same manner by any two people, they constitute basic English for every editorial writer.

In that first year, 1947, the night stick of conscience hit us

on two memorable occasions. First, Ralph Coghlan good humoredly but incisively examined a stack of editorial pages and found them sadly wanting. The second blow came from another mover and shaker of intellectual loiterers, the late Henry L. Mencken, whose appearance in the presidential room of the old Statler was a moment to be remembered. An editorial writer, said the great critic of America's "booboistic" is a reporter whose legs have given out and whose mind is deteriorating.

We winced at Ralph Coghlan's bluntness. We accused Mr. Mencken of hyperbole, which wasn't the first such indictment to come his way. But, even as the successful life of the National Conference of Editorial Writers was started by those editors at the American Press Institute, the pattern of successful NCEW conventions was launched by the Coghlan-Mencken invasion of our complacency. They set tones of candor and self-criticism that in twenty years have never left our private critique sessions or our public podia. As Burke remarked, "He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skills. Our antagonist is our helper."

These two decades have been filled with variety as well as consistency. For variety's sake, we have met in eighteen cities, each of which has contributed something unique to the growth and usefulness of the NCEW. Editorial writers can fall into regional ruts. The Times of London, a supposedly sophisticated journal with a global outlook, once ran the following headline over a weather story: "Heavy fog over Channel, continent isolated." The changing convention scenes have been good sights for myopic eyes. Our visits to eighteen cities are eighteen important chapters in the record of this organization. Exposure to multiple views and viewpoints refreshes the editorial soul.

From the inaugural meeting in Washington, we went to Louisville, to New York, to Des Moines, thence to Cleveland, Denver, Boston, and points east and west, north and south.

Deciding what city to grace with our presence each year was not easy. In Des Moines, even the wives became embroiled in a heated post-midnight controversy over whether the 1952 convention should be in Cleveland or Asheville. Smoke billowed and bourbon flowed until a pro-Asheville wife upbraided her pro-Cleveland husband: "You have had too much to drink. Your face is getting blurred." Although in the harsh light of the morning, after Cleveland won by a single vote, the family squabble of the night before was solved three years later when we did indeed find ourselves in Asheville.

The circuit riding has given everyone some unforgettable moments. For some, it was Lauren Soth in Denver pointing his finger at Senator Eugene Millikin and shouting, "Nonsense Senator." For others it was Oak Ridge, or the Oklahoma oil wells, the Mayo Clinic or the ride along the spine of Trail Ridge when we were caught in a Rocky Mon-

tain snowstorm in November. And there was the editor who sent a telegram to his wife after an especially gay evening, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were her."

Some remember Charles Morton, associate editor of the Atlantic, and one of journalism's truly civilized men. An old Boston Transcript hand, Charlie told us how he started out as bicycle editor, "in charge of all bicycles," and then, quite logically, was promoted to automobile editor. In that post he received news releases about new models from automobile manufacturers in Detroit. Other newspapers threw them out, or rewrote them. Not the Boston Transcript. "We printed those releases verbatim," said Mr. Morton, "thus scoring a technical scoop." Here in New York we enjoy reflecting upon the variety of events that have enlivened and enriched the last twenty years.

Consistency as well as variety has spiced the life of the NCEW. Consistency, despite Mr. Emerson's caveat, is not necessarily the hobgoblin of small minds. I speak of the critique sessions. A program of self-examination, which if intelligently carried out leads to self-improvement, was inherited by the NCEW from the American Press Institute and remains, after all these years, the great strength of this conference. Every convention of every professional or business group has as its goal, to some degree, the edification of its membership. No similar organization, however, allots as much time to the critical examination of its own work as the NCEW. This is the best witness to its sense of responsibility to the nation's newspaper readers, and to the nation's newspaper publishers. The critiques have been singularly successful, not only in making editorial pages more attractive typographically, but in expanding their role as a source of influence in our society.

A contributor to the summer Masthead wrote, "The Milwaukee session of the NCEW and my attendance at an American Press Institute seminar resulted in a broad revision of The Commercial Appeal's editorial page in March 1966." This is not an isolated testimonial. Nor is the word revision, as it relates to change on The Commercial Appeal and other newspapers, limited to improving typography. Good looks do not a good editorial page make. It is the researching, the thinking, the writing of prose that provokes and persuades, that separate the great pages from the others.

The NCEW's success in improving the writing of editorials, although harder to measure than revised makeup, is a fact of newspaper history.

Having spoken kind words for both variety and consistency, I am pleased to note that for the twentieth year in a row, the NCEW program directors have imposed variations on the critique theme. But the theme is as constant, as pervasive, and as central to this organization's mission, as it was when Ralph Coghlan sneered at our clichés in Washington, and old H. L. Mencken kicked our tender shins. It is the basic, and the valid, justification for every

dollar our newspapers have spent on plane fares, hotel rooms and cold green peas.

Like the Congressmen we sometimes praise for not sponsoring legislation, the NCEW deserves praise for a few things it has not done in its first twenty years. A couple was driving west on the Pennsylvania turnpike when the wife took out a map to get her geographical bearings. "Dear," she said to her husband, "we are going in the wrong direction." "I know it," he replied, "but I hate to turn around because we are making such good time." Happily, the NCEW has had a core of reactionaries who have kept us in the right direction, even though good time could be made, not to mention a lot of free liquor had, by going in other directions.

Its officers have been careful about accepting favors. Government sponsored junkets have been rejected. Any hints that the organization be concerned with wages and hours were quickly dismissed. Suggestions that we give prizes to each other for editorial page excellence have been thrown out. Sponsorship of contests of any kind is not a legitimate goal of this group. Even my attempts to form a drinking club of past presidents have met with self-righteous scorn from my pure-minded colleagues.

Just to prove that we are not too stuffy, however, we did vote once to see a football game—Michigan vs. Minnesota—but we told ourselves that that was educational. We rationalized and said it contributed to our professional knowledge, if lovers of Big Ten football will pardon the expression. Despite a few digressions, the NCEW has adhered rather firmly to pursuing its original goal of producing better editorial pages.

What does all this say about the future. Except that, as an editorial writer once said, it lies ahead?

We are sure of one thing: the job of trying to improve the American editorial page will never be completed. Therefore, the critique session will never be outmoded.

In reading dozens of editorial pages in the past few months, I still found plenty of tired old phrases, like: "serious consideration must be given"; "it would seem"; "something must be done"; "the political pot is boiling"; "sober second thoughts"; and, "Senator Jones is in trouble, politics-wise." The latter crime against the English language has grown in popularity.

We all chuckled when the New Yorker published a cartoon showing the open door of an operating room, through which could be seen the feet of a patient. One doctor said to the other, "Livingwise, how is the patient doing?" It was a good cartoon, reminderwise, because expressions like dollarwise, businesswise, weatherwise, and similar linguistic atrocities have gained wide acceptance among citizens who are cultured, otherwise.

A master at St. Paul's School, tired of having wise added to all manner of locutions by his students, wearily said to

one of them who spoke up in class, "Sequiturwise, what you have just said is a non." An editor friend, satiated with this lack of discipline in speech, whimsically asked me after the past election, "How did your newspaper stand, Gold-waterwise?"

John Fischetti, a great cartoonist who treats the mother tongue with reverence, listened to all he could stand of this disorderly grammar, then drew a cartoon showing the mother owl, pointing to baby owl, while asking father owl, "How is the little fellow shaping up, wisewise?"

If we expect newspapers to be read intelligently, they must be written intelligently. Readers are better informed. Gone is the day when, as once happened, an editor short of type, filled the hole with the Ten Commandments, with no editorial comment whatever. A reader wrote: "Cancel my subscription. You are getting too damned personal."

Part of the fault for the cliché-ridden paragraphs on our pages lies with the editorial writer who forgets that good literature is part of a good editorial. For best results, the English language must be used with precision and sensitivity.

Fault also rests with the publisher who does not give his editorial writers weapons proportionate to the battles they must fight. Just one example: the one-man editorial page. The publisher who can afford the manpower, but who insists that one man do everything on the page, is as guilty of cheating the public as the filling station operator who waters his gasoline. The worst possible combination is an editor who is sloppy, wordwise, and a publisher who insists that the editor answer the telephone, edit letters to the editor, help out when the Sunday editor is sick and write editorials in whatever spare time he has left.

The NCEW has helped both editors and publishers to recognize the practices and policies that weaken an editorial page. It has led to corrections of faults which justify optimism as we look toward tomorrow.

My prophecy for the next twenty years is that editorials will be better written; they will be more influential; they will conform ever more faithfully to the traditions of leadership that go back for decades. They will improve in literary style. Editorials will continue to be the heart and the soul of our best newspapers. They will not be replaced by the radio or television editorial in literacy or influence. There will be fewer one-man editorial pages.

I said that this is a prophecy, but that is a careless choice of words. I should have said this is a conclusion—and not mine alone—based on the history of the last twenty years, a twenty years in which the National Conference of Editorial Writers has contributed to the momentum of editorial page progress.

We do not have to look far for the evidence. The Wall Street Journal, which did not have a great page twenty years ago, has a great page today. It is the best written page



in the country, and one of the most influential. The Los Angeles Times is vastly improved, and so is the Cleveland Plain Dealer and many others.

The Boston Globe, a paper I have never seen listed among the best ten in the past twenty years, won a Pulitzer Prize for preventing an incompetent judge from being promoted. Courageous editorials played a part in winning that prize. Some of my liberal friends were disturbed by an article by Mr. Eugene Pulliam in Nieman Reports in which he called the federal government "the natural enemy of the people."

In the case of the Boston Globe vs. Judge Morrissey, the federal government—meaning the Kennedy family and Mr. Johnson—was indeed the enemy of the people, if we take our courts seriously. In the Morrissey case, if it were not for the Boston Globe, the enemy would have won.

The New York Times has done the best job in the country of exposing the scandalous conduct of Adam Clayton Powell. Editors like Jack Kilpatrick of Richmond and Vermont Royster of the Wall Street Journal have raised banners of style and force to which their colleagues might repair. Examples of excellence are multiplying.

Editorial writing will remain a noble calling on every newspaper whose proprietor recognizes its potential for service and preserves it as an instrument of community leadership. A moment ago, I placed the guilt for mediocracy on editors and publishers. Similarly, I would give the credit for the trend toward better editorial pages to editors and their publishers.

Let us not forget that the American publisher is the one who made the NCEW possible. In the beginning, some publishers wondered why their men should be "wasting" three days in Des Moines when they ought to be earning their salaries at home. Few of those publishers today, looking at their editorials, would say that their money has been wasted. The publishers see the tangible return on their investment. Editors deserve much credit for the great editorial pages of this country, but these pages would not be possible without publishers devoted to building greater newspapers.

Old Charlie Moran, the famous American League umpire, once explained how he umpired: "Some of them are

balls, and some of them are strikes, but they ain't nothing until I calls 'em." The publishers of America's newspapers have a similar capacity to create. By calling them with confidence and conviction, they transform a blank page into an organ of constructive controversy.

Those who talk of the fading American editorial page are those of fading memory. Never in history have newspapers been healthier, financially. Never in history have newspapers been better equipped to fulfill their obligations. Never has the opportunity for the editorial page to contribute to the public good been brighter. This is the stage on which the future is being set.

The American editorial page moves on, and because of this movement, stays anchored ever more securely as a forum for advancing new ideas and defending old principles.

The printed word is just as strategic in molding the future of this nation as it was when journalists Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton used it to shape this country's destiny. The power of that word will never be lost so long as readers of editorials have faith in it. That is the disquieting responsibility entrusted to all who are privileged to call themselves newspapermen.

If some of these thoughts sound idealistic, let one further thought be added: writing editorials is one occupation where idealism is the only practical way of life.

John Adams wrote: "I must study politics and war, so that my children may study industry and commerce, and their children may study science and art."

What NCEW members have studied in the past twenty years frees their successors to study new sources of excellence, and their successors to study even more effective ways to stimulate the conscience and the quality of the editorial page.

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This speech delivered in New York City, October 6, 1966, on the twentieth anniversary of the National Conference of Editorial Writers. **Mr. Sargent** has been Curator of Nieman Fellowships at Harvard since 1964, and before that was editor of the editorial page of the New York Herald Tribune.



# The Southern Courier:

## A Study of Civil Rights Journalism in Alabama

By Alfred J. Alcorn

A junior high schooler quits the football team because he is black and his teammates are white; a Negro announces for sheriff in a county election and explains why; human scavengers in a city dump voice fear that the city will close it and deprive them of part of their food supply; and an old man who voted during Reconstruction gets to vote again after waiting 75 years—these are some of the stories contained in a six-page weekly that leaves Montgomery, Alabama, every Thursday morning for distribution all over the state—to sharecroppers' shacks and sheriffs' offices as well as to black politicians running for the first time in local elections.

The weekly is the *Southern Courier*, and if it is not the voice of the black man in Alabama, then it provides a reasonably good echo, an echo that often gets muffled on the "Negro page" of the southern press.

The idea of a weekly that would report civil rights news in depth the year around in the South was originated by Peter Cummings and Ellen Lake, editors of the *Harvard Crimson* and during the summer of 1964, workers for the SNCC oriented COFO project in Mississippi. During that summer, Lake and Cummings published a house organ for all the civil rights workers in Mississippi—a single, mimeographed sheet that reported the outbreaks of violence and the peaceful demonstrations. The importance of their information sheet dramatized for Lake and Cummings the need for such a year-round publication in the deep South.

Armed with this idea, they returned to Harvard and proceeded during the school year to work out the needed, practical details of the newspaper that was to be called the *Southern Courier*. By the following Spring they had collected \$43,000 in donations and advance subscriptions, had received many more gifts in the form of used typewriters and cameras, had rounded up a staff of volunteer

reporters and were preparing their journalistic march through Georgia to Atlanta, the site of the home offices.

Much of the militancy of the COFO project pervaded the first months' operations of the *Courier* office in Atlanta that began in June. Afraid of being hounded and persecuted as civil rights workers, the *Courier* reporters preserved the watchfulness, the ready legal aid, the travelling-in-pairs at night, and the checking-in characteristics of a SNCC operation.

Due to diminishing funds and volunteers, the group decided to concentrate on Alabama, which next to Mississippi seemed to be in direst need of civil rights coverage. By July the first edition of the *Courier* for Alabama was printed in Atlanta.

In September the offices were moved to Montgomery, and the change proved more than locational. With the change in cities, Robert Smith, on a leave from the *Detroit Free Press* and a former *Crimson* editor, took over editorship of the *Courier* and added a touch of professionalism that had theretofore been lacking.

A number of purposes for which the *Courier* was begun have been mentioned—a house organ for the civil rights movement and a voice for the Negro in Alabama. In attempting both of these aims, the paper is also attempting to fill a news dearth left by the daily press in Alabama.

A story in a February, 1966, issue provides a good example of how the *Courier* turns up almost exclusive in-depth reporting of civil rights news. The issue's lead story had a head that reads: "Rights Leader Is Injured In Crenshaw County." Directly below the lead is a close-up photo of the battered face of Collins Harris, a local Negro leader. Were it not for the *Courier*, few people outside of the area would have heard about this beating allegedly administered by local peace officers.

Aside from reporting civil rights news, the *Courier*

particularly attempts to reach the rural and urban poor. Trying to appeal to this readership has much to do with the paper's style and content.

As Smith, the editor, puts it: "The writing is aimed at the poor, their problems and their level of reading. We are trying to reach people who don't generally read papers every day."

In following this policy, the *Courier* has dealt with subjects of direct interest to the poor and uneducated, such as federal poverty programs and how to take advantage of them. Included are educative stories that explain what the duties of the governor are or what an individual's rights in court are. In the South, topics such as these carry their own civil rights significance.

The style of the *Courier* tends to be purposely repetitious and often forgoes the clichés that would be understood by the average reader. Noticeable in *Courier* stories is the use of the quote, not in dialect, but simple straight language. Part of the price paid for this approach is the note of condescension and cajolery that creeps into some of the articles. But how obvious this is to a sharecropper is another question.

If one is to go by the standard fare in the letters column, the appeal to the poor of Alabama is getting through. Here is a typical example:

Dear Editor:

The so-called ministers are guilty of what Ralph Featherstone says on the air. All of them who are involved are guilty. He said they did not visit the sick and visit those in prison. And he said the truth.

All they are after is money and robbing the poor. All of them have gone money crazy.

They weren't called to preach, I don't believe. The Lord called only half of them.

When we go to church we don't hear anything but about money.

I want this in the paper.

Name withheld  
Montgomery, Ala.

Beyond giving the individual in this case a chance to air one of the many mundanities of poverty—preachers and their money—the significance of the *Courier* letters column is that for the first time the not so invisible poor of Alabama are given a public forum in which to voice their gripes. Of more note, perhaps, is the fact that they are using this forum.

Again, a note of explanation must be entered in defense of the state's dailies. Traditionally, they have not gotten involved in this aspect of Negro life. The Negro page of the dailies along with the Uncle Thomas journalism of the Negroes themselves usually deals with social news, deaths, and ads for bleaching powders or wigs.

The *Courier's* growing independence of the civil rights movement is apparent from its relationships with the active Negro groups. According to one staffer, the workers of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference treat the paper in a professional manner—they use it for publicity, openly criticize it when differences arise—in short, use it the way any public relations office would.

On the other hand, there are members of SCLC who have praised the paper. Here is a remark of SCLC's Junius Griffin speaking at a conference in Atlanta:

"The *Courier* reports the truth about Alabama. They (speaking about the *Courier* staff) are all young, but they are professionals; they are movement oriented, so get to know them."

If the paper is movement oriented, it is still held suspect by SNCC, the militant group that works mostly in Mississippi and the tougher counties of Alabama. SNCC workers complain that the *Courier* is too moderate and that it should concentrate on exposing violations of civil rights laws, not on explaining them.

An obvious question at this point is how does the *Courier* go over with the powers that be in Alabama—the white power structure and its lower echelons, the sheriffs and county officials? While anything associated with civil rights in Alabama, particularly if it hails from along the Charles River, is suspect, a number of sheriffs and local officials subscribe to the *Courier*. Some have said it is objective, and others probably read it to see what's going on in their backyards.

Unfortunately, however, most of the whites who subscribe to the *Courier* live outside of Alabama—in Cambridge or New York.

An example of how objective the *Courier* can be is apparent in the following account of a demonstration by Scott De Garmo, a reporter who has since left the paper. This writer covered the same incident with De Garmo and can attest to the veracity of the latter's reporting.

The lead in De Garmo's story read:

"When a demonstration erupts into a shouting, cursing, brick-throwing mob, is it still a rightful protest for 'justice and equality?'"

An editorial in the same issue said in part:

"The lack of direction has already produced one incident of needless and stupid violence—last Saturday in Greenville. Whatever the provocation, the marchers' conduct was childish and probably criminal. Throwing bricks and bottles will not bring an end to segregated justice."

On the other hand, such reporting and editorial writing is the exception. The *Courier* calls most of its shots from a civil rights point of view, and this is a view as alien to the South as a cold winter.

Another indication of the *Courier's* relationship with

the civil rights movement is the fact that it usually gets tips on Negro news before the regular dailies. No less an authority than Rex Thomas, AP's bureau chief in Montgomery, has complained that the "new" Negro leadership is not as cooperative with daily press as the old.

In this sense, the news shut-out has worked both ways. The big city dailies don't particularly like to run civil rights events, and Negro leaders in some cases will try to get national or Courier coverage rather than that of the local press.

On a lower level, it is frustrating for a county reporter from one of the dailies to keep up with purely Negro news. A Courier reporter has all week to write his story and can afford to spend the day waiting for a demonstration. Such is not the lot of the reporter from the dailies.

Any present definition of the Courier would have to rest on what the individual reporters do. Because of its loose organization, the territory it covers, its dependence on volunteers and its low wages, the paper has little control over either the content or the style of the stories that are turned in, despite the aims outlined above.

A typical issue will have reporter Mary Ellen Gale aptly describing Lieutenant Governor Jim Allen's face as that of a benevolent hawk, Mike Lottman covering one of the murder trials in Hayneville, a picture of girls from one of the local Negro high schools in a homecoming parade, a summation of a sermon at one of the Negro churches and David Underhill reporting from Mobile about courtroom procedures.

Underhill, incidentally, comes from Seattle and may make Mobile his permanent home. At present, he remains there full time as the Courier correspondent and has become a regular part of the town. Both Mobile dailies have tried to hire him, and at Christmas time, he received invitations to both the Negro and white debutante balls.

But not everyone on the Courier staff gets invited to the local debutante balls, particularly in the back reaches of the state.

In some of these small, agricultural counties where there is a large Negro population that is just beginning to be organized by militant civil rights groups, the welcome is less than friendly.

Open harassment has been rare, but a few, such as photographer Jim Pepler, have had experiences all too often associated with county sheriffs and their concept of the law.

Pepler, an easy-going Pennsylvanian, was arrested in Helicon, a small community about 50 miles south of Montgomery. The local sheriff's deputy arrested Pepler for trespassing on school property during a boycott. Court action and a jail term and \$200 fine followed. Both are under appeal, and Pepler is out on bond.

Increasingly, the staff is being taken over by white

Alabamians. The Tuscaloosa office, for instance, is represented by a team, Warren and Daphna Simpson, both of whom attend the University of Alabama. Another white southerner, Terry Cowles, writes under a pen name and works out of the home offices in Montgomery.

Most of the Negroes working for the Courier are in clerical or distributive positions. It is in the circulation department that the paper receives most of its operational support from black southerners. Without this support, Smith says, the paper would collapse overnight.

One of the Courier's big problems is finding Negro reporters to work at wages of \$20 to \$30 a week, plus transportation and board. Should more grants and contributions be forthcoming, or should the paper find a full-time business manager, its editor says there would be enough money to pay decent salaries.

Thus far, advertising has contributed little to defraying the cost of printing the Courier. The one consistent ad since the paper's inception has been from the Alabama Exchange Banks, a Negro-owned business in Tuskegee.

Other ads show the special flavor of the Courier that combines something of the older Uncle Tom journalism with the present thrust of the civil rights movement. Side by side in the same issue appear these two ads:

"Mother Brown . . . Spiritual Healer and Reader and Advisor, The House of Prayer . . . Mother Brown removes all pain. Full Consultation, \$1.00."

On the other side of it, there appears a Negro modeling a denim suit over a caption that reads:

"Order your freedom suits from the We Want Freedom Club, Greenville, Ala., \$16."

As far as Smith is concerned, the future of the Courier depends in large part upon the extent to which it will fill a need in the elections among the growing Negro electorate. To the extent that the Courier appears to have influence, Smith believes it has a reason for being.

Beyond politics, as has been mentioned, the Courier has a number of directions in which it can move—as a house organ for the civil rights movement, as a statewide liberal weekly for both blacks and whites, and as a paper for the state's poor.

This last prospect appears as the most likely. Smith has said more than once that as the demonstrations recede in importance (as most people expect them to) the paper will concentrate on the more durable problems of poverty.

To survive the Courier needs money; to thrive, it will have to reach the poor, become a liberal weekly, or a new brand of Negro journalism. Whichever way it develops, it will merit watching.

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## Free Press and Fair Trial: Some Predictions and Suggestions

By Claude R. Sowle

The Cincinnati Enquirer, in celebration of its 125th anniversary, has concluded publication of a comprehensive series entitled "Headlines of the Future." In connection with the installment in the series dealing with "Crime and the Law," I was asked to describe significant developments in the administration of criminal justice which I thought would occur by the year 2000.

One of my predictions, I suspect, will be of some interest to this Convention. In making this particular observation, I stated that if the present trend continues, we will, within the next ten years, see in this country the imposition of an almost total pre-trial news blackout in criminal cases similar to that now existing in England.

Such a drastic resolution of the free press—fair trial controversy would be, in my opinion, not only unnecessary but also unwise. Moreover, it is my fervent hope that time remains in which steps can be taken to avoid such an unfortunate and extreme result.

Therefore, I shall attempt to analyze briefly the problems as I see them and, in addition, offer a few proposals aimed at avoiding the news blackout which, absent a change of course, may be no more than a few years away.

Although perhaps unnecessary in the case of this sophisticated audience, it nonetheless may be desirable for me to state briefly the problems and issues before us.

As all of you know so well, the Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of the press in this country. This same Constitution, however, also grants to every defendant in a criminal case the right to a fair trial before an impartial jury.

In recent years, all of us have heard, with increasing frequency, charges that the press, by virtue of its extensive coverage of criminal matters soon to be tried, callously is denying fair trials to many criminal defendants.

These miscarriages of justice occur, so the critics say, because the press regularly poisons the minds of potential jurors in advance of trials by widely disseminating inflammatory and prejudicial information, much of which ultimately may not be usable against the defendants in court. Among other things, the critics point with alarm to pretrial press disclosures of confessions (which later may be declared involuntary and hence inadmissible), of tangible evidence (which may have been illegally seized and hence subject to suppression at trial), and of details of defendants' prior criminal records (which rarely are admissible at trial).

These critics further contend that existing legal methods calculated to cure the ills supposedly created by the press—changes of venue, continuances, challenges to the competency of potential jurors who may be prejudiced, and cautionary instructions—simply do not provide defendants with adequate protection. They also are disturbed by the reluctance of trial courts to use their contempt powers to punish the press when it appears to have interfered with trial processes, as well as by the general unwillingness of most appellate courts—somewhat less pronounced of late—to reverse convictions where pretrial press coverage might have affected the jury's decision.

Because of widespread dissatisfaction with the current situation, a number of corrective measures have been proposed. Indeed, some of the critics have gone so far as to push for enactment of legislation authorizing the courts to impose criminal penalties upon police officers, prosecutors, defense counsel, and others who disseminate to the press in advance of trial certain enumerated types of information which ultimately may prejudice a defendant's right to a fair trial. Some also have urged that these same criminal penalties—imprisonment, or fine, or both—like-



wise should be imposed upon the press should it publish such information.

These corrective measures proposed by those aroused by current press practices are—even to them, I suspect—quite extreme.

We must, therefore, ask ourselves this question: Has this supposed war between the concepts of free press and fair trial reached such proportions that it is now either necessary or desirable to take corrective steps of the magnitude proposed?

Before proceeding to give you my answer to this question, let me first make a confession. Some years ago, in the early stages of my concern with the problems of criminal law administration, I shared with many of my legal brethren the view that stringent limitations upon pretrial press coverage were sorely needed and long overdue. With the passage of time, however, I have changed my mind. Although there clearly have been some press transgressions and room for improvement doubtless remains, I have abandoned my original view that pretrial publicity has reached the point where it is generally harmful to our system of criminal justice. Moreover, during this same period of careful observation, my basic confidence in the wisdom, effectiveness, and good taste of a free press has grown considerably.

Against this background, then, I should like to offer five observations which I believe reflect a common sense view of the free press—fair trial situation in this country:

(1) In any year in an American city of any size, one can probably count on the fingers of one hand the cases in which harms—either real or imagined—of pretrial press coverage can seriously be raised. Unless the nature and circumstances of a crime are highly unusual or the persons involved enjoy a special position in the community, it is unlikely that the press will devote much, if any, attention to a particular case in advance of trial.

(2) In that very small percentage of cases each year where the problem of pretrial prejudice legitimately might be raised, it is likely that one would find that many of the defendants involved are beyond the help of corrective measures of the type proposed. Men such as James Hoffa and Tony Accardo have been in the headlines for years. Can anyone seriously contend that a brief, selective, legislatively or judicially imposed pretrial news blackout would be meaningful in cases involving such men?

(3) Who can come forth with any satisfactory proof of harm to defendants resulting from pretrial publicity? Frankly, I have yet to see such proof provided by the proponents of restrictions on the press in this area. In fact, to the extent that proof may be available, it seems, if anything, to go against the press restrictionists.

Prior to moving to Cincinnati last year, I spent seven years in Chicago as a law teacher. During that period, I

observed that there were four notable cases repeatedly pointed to by the Chicago press critics as examples of "flagrant abuse." And yet, in each of the four cases frequently cited, the defendants were acquitted!

I happen to be just old-fashioned enough to believe that when a juror takes the oath and states that he is capable of rendering a fair verdict, he will generally do everything within his power to follow the judge's instructions as to the law and return a verdict based on the evidence presented in court. Do the fair trial oriented press restrictionists doubt this? If so, they would do well to forget about the press and turn their attention, instead, to the basic question of trial by jury, the foundation upon which our system of criminal justice rests.

(4) In those cases where pretrial press abuse is claimed, what is the source of much of the information which is published?

Some of the material, of course, is ferreted out by the press itself. The police also lend a helping hand. But much of the information, in my opinion, is provided by prosecutors and defense counsel. As we all know, the men on both sides of the counsel table, in an attempt to gain either tactical advantages or personal publicity, have from time to time sought to try their cases in the press unfettered by evidentiary standards applicable in the courts.

Such conduct by these officers of the courts is a clear breach of the existing canons of legal ethics. And yet the Bar has taken no direct, effective steps to curtail their activities. Why, then, should we of the Bar attempt indirect sanctions by curtailing the press which, I assume, certainly owes no higher duty to the courts than the courts' own officers. If the Bar sincerely believes that changes must come, then let the Bar first put its own house in order.

(5) The proponents of press restrictions sometimes state that even if the dangers of pretrial publicity cannot be clearly proved, stringent limitations nonetheless are desirable because the only purpose of such publicity is to pander to the baser interests of our citizens and thereby sell more newspapers.

In my opinion, pretrial reporting can and often does serve a useful purpose; indeed, your Association has produced valuable documentation on this point. If, however, the press restrictionists could make a decent showing of prejudice to defendants, perhaps their "no useful purpose" argument would hold water in many cases. But in the absence of such proof of harm and, indeed, in light of some evidence to the contrary, I must recoil from these proposals of censorship.

If harm cannot be established, why not give people the news they want? Some direct community good may accrue and, even if that is not the case, one ultimate result, I assume, will be a financially sound press. And a pros-



perous press is usually a strong press. And a strong and free press, in my opinion, is every bit as essential as a sound court system to the preservation of our way of life.

At the outset of my remarks this morning, I stated that, in my opinion, if the present trend continues, we will, within the next ten years, see in this country the imposition of an almost total news blackout in criminal cases similar to that now existing in England.

I said also that, in my opinion, such a drastic resolution of the free press—fair trial controversy would be not only unnecessary but also unwise. I then proceeded to make some observations aimed at demonstrating what I believe to be a fact—that the press restrictionists have greatly overstated their case, and that the corrective measures they have propped are, therefore, excessive, and indeed dangerous, once the problem itself is viewed in a realistic context.

As we know, recent interest in the free press—fair trial problem has generated untold hours of talk and mountains of written comment. Countless organizations, including your own, have sought to shed light on the difficult problems involved. In a number of cities, the Bar and press have met in an attempt to clarify the issues and develop meaningful guidelines.

All of these efforts, although doubtless well-intended, have, in my opinion, produced very little. I have failed to observe, as a result of these dialogues, any noticeable shifts in either position or procedure. This heartwarming interlude of fraternization began as a stand-off between opposing views, strongly held, and, in my opinion, remains a stand-off today.

Nor should this lack of progress come to us as any great surprise. Problems of this dimension simply are not, and cannot, be solved in the course of semi-public seminars, divorced from the realities of hard cases and populated by sometimes ill-informed and often less than candid advocates fettered by the obligation to build a strong record on their side of the issue.

Although obviously it is presumptuous for me to do so, I should like to suggest to you what I would do were I a publisher eager to do my part to ward off the pre-trial news blackout in criminal cases which I have suggested may be just over the horizon.

First, I would review with care the roster of the Bar of my community in an attempt to pick out a member of that group recognized for his intelligence, judgment, competence, and independence.

Second, I would go to this man of stature and ask him to become a consultant to my newspaper in the area of

free press—fair trial problems. I would insist that he accept compensation from the newspaper for his services—not so much compensation that it might cast a cloud over his independence, but enough compensation to guarantee to the newspaper the required share of his professional talents.

Third, I would ask the lawyer selected to work closely with the newspaper's decision makers in developing a sound and reasonable policy with respect to the coverage of criminal matters, particularly at the pretrial stage.

Fourth, once the policy guidelines have been established, I would ask the consultant to monitor continuously the paper's adherence to the approach agreed upon.

Fifth, I would insist that my staff consult with the adviser whenever difficult questions might arise with respect to the specific application of the guidelines previously developed.

As I see it, several significant advantages would accrue to any newspaper which might provide for such an arrangement. It would, of course, force the paper to develop a definite policy to replace the drift and uncertainty which I suspect, now exists on most newspapers today with respect to this problem. Hopefully, the new policy ultimately would reduce in number the transgressions which, in large measure, have spawned the unfortunate controversy we observe today. Also, the newspaper would have available for consultation on short notice an independent adviser trained in the law and sensitive to its purposes and demands who, at the same time, through close contact with the press, has gained a liberal education with respect to the problems and frustrations of those who, working against incredible deadlines, must regularly produce a readable and interesting newspaper. And, of course, such programs of self-analysis and self-policing under the guidance of lawyers of great stature in their communities, if at all widespread, could not help but have considerable impact upon those sitting in the courtrooms and legislative chambers of this country. Indeed, it might be just the thing to stem the tide which, in my opinion, is running strongly against you at the moment. In any event, that is the thought I had in mind in offering this suggestion to you today. I hope some of you will give it a try. Good luck!

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Mr. Sowle is Dean and Professor of Law in the University of Cincinnati's College of Law. This talk was made at the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association held in New York.

## Mr. Jones and the Tiger

(continued from page 2)

seemed to mark a sort of mellowing pause in current journalism. James Gordon Bennett, of the lively snarling Herald, had retired two years before in increasing feebleness. The second Bennett had not yet matured in eccentricity. William Cullen Bryant of the New York Evening Post, saddened by his wife's death, was relaxing as editor and seeking to rid himself of depression by translating Homer. Certainly no newspaper explosion was suggested when Raymond's death brought Jones to responsibility for the policies as well as the profits of the New York Times.

Raymond had been the dramatic journalist. Even his death, had later gossip been gathered, might have made sensational copy. Found dying at his doorway of a cerebral hemorrhage, it was reported that he had been left there by companions who thought he was drunk. Then there were whispers that the stroke had been brought on by "an emotional crisis" involving a celebrated young actress. No such dangers or whispers threatened Jones.

Jones was nine years older than his departed partner. He had been safely, happily married for thirty years to a sensible woman from Troy, New York. Solemnly he read the plaudits for his partner, whose charm and powers were not forgotten in the grave. Greeley doubted editorially "whether this country has known a journalist superior to Raymond." The erudite Edwin L. Godkin, then editor of the Nation, declared that Raymond's Times had brought the American press "nearer the newspaper of the good time coming than any other in existence." Even the serpent-tongued Herald, while taking credit for the kind of news journalism which Raymond had perfected, said that "the Times will go on as before."

That seemed highly doubtful. The dash, the drive, the drama had departed with Raymond. There was little to suggest that Jones was more than the dependable business-office drone. He had had no editorial experience in his life. He had no literary talents. He had been a grocer's boy when, in Poultney, Vermont, he had first known Horace Greeley as printer's devil on the East Poultney Northern Spectator. Later Greeley had asked him to become his partner, in 1841, in the founding of the Tribune. But with less money than even Greeley then had, he took a job in

the business office instead. There he met Raymond, whom Greeley was reluctantly paying \$8 a week.

While Raymond rose as a newspaperman, first with Greeley and then on Webb's Courier and Enquirer, Jones moved to Albany, where he made money as a "free banker" dealing in the fluctuating and varied currencies of the time. Jones and Raymond met in the New York capital and talked of an idea they had discussed earlier of starting a newspaper of their own. They heard rich reports of Greeley's profits. Raymond was becoming restive under Webb, who never was happy with his subordinates long, nor they with him. And Jones' profits as a banker were threatened by a proposed law to "reduce the redemption rate on country money." The law was enacted.

With the help of another banker, Edward B. Wesley, in whose office Jones had desk space, \$70,000 of the \$100,000 capital they sought was secured, largely on the basis of Raymond's reputation. That was opulence compared to the shoestring on which Greeley had started the Tribune or the "plank across two flour barrels" upon which Bennett had produced the first issue of the Herald. Between the sensationalism of the Herald and the sanctimonious semi-socialism of the Tribune, the Times announced in its prospectus that "its main reliance for all improvement, personal, social and political, will be upon Christianity and Republicanism. . . ." Its determination was to be "the best and cheapest family newspaper in the United States."

Enough readers believed it was. But the paper's prosperity reflected Raymond's performance. Jones, as the first big newspaper publisher in editorial command, initially regarded himself as a sort of trustee for the Raymond family, which owned thirty-four of the hundred shares of Times stock. Jones himself held only thirty. It soon became evident, however, that young Henry Warren Raymond, who had graduated from Yale the year his father died, was not qualified to take his father's place.

Jones began as caretaker, not crusader. Indeed, if he had wished to strike at the corruption all around him in the year after Raymond died, he could have been both embarrassed and encumbered. One of the directors of the Times was James B. Taylor, Boss Tweed's partner in the New York Printing Company, one of the mechanisms by which Tweed drew off his loot. The New York Printing Company did most of the public printing as well as that of railroads, ferries, and insurance companies which wanted to stay in business in New York. At one time it had more than 2000 employees, all busily setting type for the power and glory of Tweed and his favored friends.

Taylor died in September 1870. Perhaps it was only coincidence that the Times began its editorial attack that same month. At any rate, the assault was long overdue. An historian of the Times reported that every newspaperman in town had long known that the Tweed Ring was "up to its hairy elbows in municipal thievery." So did

elegant gentlemen whose carriages took them to the most exclusive clubs. Already Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, Jr. had found Tweed and the Tammany judges he controlled useful in looting the Erie Railroad and other properties. More respectable rich men were sharing behind the scenes.

It was time to tackle the Tiger. A younger Tweed, rising in politics as head of the volunteer fire company *Americus No. 6*, had taken that beast as his symbol. Its head was painted on the fire engine. In derision and defiance, it was to be the Tammany symbol ever after. Jones went after it. His chief aides in the fight were not native to the American jungle. His editor was a brilliant Englishman, Louis J. Jennings, who had learned his business on papers in London and India, and had come to the United States as Washington correspondent of the *London Times*. Jennings had a gift for the sharp word and the barbed phrase. Working with him as reporter was John Foord, a Perthshire Scot, who could array facts in telling fashion.

Jennings began with his request for a Tweed treatise on how to get rich quick without any visible honest means of accumulation. Tweed's accumulation, however, was visible to every naked eye. The *Times* undertook to illuminate it even for the blind. Only a few years earlier Tweed had spent his last dollar fighting his way to power in Tammany. In power, he quickly began to recompense himself. He was a lawyer with little legal training, but he paid almost no attention to the law he knew, and collected huge fees for legal services. Gould and Fisk got their money's worth when they paid him more than \$100,000 for help in looting the Erie Railroad. Money rolled in from the New York Printing Company's business. Kickbacks flowed from public employees and contractors. Mr. Tweed was glad to help the city and county get the marble for their public buildings. He picked up \$40,000 in stock on the Brooklyn Bridge project. By such thrifty and industrious methods, by 1867 he had provided for his transition from the lower East Side to a mansion in Murray Hill just off Fifth Avenue. He had a glittering yacht. He and his family moved in custom-made carriages behind prancing horses. Police and plutocrats saluted when they passed.

In the midst of such riches Tweed, as Meyer Berger said in his *The Story of The New York Times 1851-1951*, was only "mildly startled" by the *Times*' attack. True, the *Times* might only have been flexing its Republican muscles for the upcoming election. But the Grand Sachem's reaction suggests no mildness. A month after Jennings' impertinent questioning a mass meeting was held in and around Tammany Hall to demonstrate faith in Tweed and his associates. Perhaps the thousands in the streets included the "band of thugs" the *Times* said it was fighting.

On the platform sat Horatio Seymour, former Governor

of New York and recent Democratic candidate for the Presidency against Ulysses S. Grant. Beside him was current Governor John T. Hoffman, Tweed's creature who gave the Boss control of state as well as city. The hit speaker of the evening was Jim Fisk, who had impudently survived the Black Friday on the Stock Market which he and Gould had brought on the preceding year. To a cheering multitude he announced that though he had never voted the Democratic ticket, now for Tweed he would vote it happily, and often, and bring 25,000 men with him to vote it, too. Most remarkable figure on the platform, however, was the then chairman of the Democratic State Committee, the rich railroad lawyer Samuel J. Tilden, who later was to get—and deserve—much credit for Tweed's prosecution.

The monster meeting was not Tweed's only quick answer to the *Times*' campaign. In October he called in six of New York's richest respectables: John Jacob Astor, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, George K. Sistar, E. D. Brown, and Edward Schell. They were shown city accounts by Comptroller Richard ("Slippery Dick") Conolly. And they solemnly emerged with the announcement that "the account books . . . are faithfully kept. . . . We have come to the conclusion, and certify that the financial affairs of the city . . . are administered in a correct and faithful manner."

It was later charged that in return for this courteous cooperation these gentlemen were relieved of taxes. On the other hand, it was alleged that they were threatened with a sharp increase if they did not make the report. Certainly they were a significant company in the situation. It was, historians have concluded, difficult to believe that any of these men were "unaware of the gigantic frauds then being committed." Astor, the third of that opulent name, was noted for his acquisitiveness as an investor in real estate. He preferred for whole blocks of his houses to burn down rather than pay insurance on them. Moses Taylor, banker and railroad investor, was the son of a confidential agent of the first Astor and himself had become a partner of Cyrus W. Field, remembered for his part in laying the Atlantic Cable. Cyrus was also brother of David Dudley Field, later Tweed's chief lawyer. Edward Schell, banker, was one of four rich brothers, the most prominent of whom, Augustus, succeeded Tweed as head of Tammany.

Jones on the *Times* may have taken particularly bitter note of the fact that among the "whitewashers" was Marshall O. Roberts, one of the owners of the *New York Sun*. Roberts' activities in chartering and selling steamships to the Union during the recent Civil War constituted profiteering which set a pattern for the "greedy" or "shoddy" postwar years.

None of this helped Jones of the *Times*. The respectables had spoken. Further, prodded by Tweed, big advertisers

and smaller ones pulled out of the paper. Questions were raised about the title to the land on which the Times building stood. Other newspapers, including the Sun (part-owned by Marshall Roberts), scolded the Times for slandering the good and the mighty. The New York World demanded, "Why does that journal (the Times) so stultify itself?" Jones accepted the cold shoulders turned to him by Wall Street men in his clubs. He took his advertising losses. He told Jennings and Foord to fight. They did.

It did little good for Jennings to point out that reputable accountants declared that it would have taken three months for the respectables really to have examined the books they had approved after a few hours. Perhaps it even hurt for the Times to charge that such gentlemen were guilty of a breach of faith toward the public. Tammany swept the city in the elections of 1870.

Jones looked at the results through his thick lenses. He ordered his editors to hit again and harder.

Jennings wrote: "No Caliph, Khan or Caesar has risen to power or opulence more rapidly than Tweed I. Ten years ago this monarch was pursuing the humble occupation of chairmaker in an obscure street in this city. He now rules the State as Napoleon ruled France, or the Medici ruled Florence. . . . His immediate personal followers are a more despicable and unclean herd than has ever surrounded the paltriest Asiatic despot. . . . And there he sits today, pocketing our money and laughing at us."

Foord carefully prepared an article about Tweed's payroll padding. Within six weeks the Boss had put 1300 new names on the city rolls. With a less objective attitude than the Times later came to cherish among its newsmen, he described them as "rowdies, vagabonds, sneak thieves, gamblers and shoulder-hitters." Tweed, he said, bred adherents on a diet of whiskey and black cigars. More work was made for hoodlums by painting park lamps on rainy days so that the work would have to be done over again. Taxpayers, he wrote, were paying the bill to support the criminal population in idleness and debauchery.

Tammany had more than toughs behind it. The Sun, then under the editorship of Charles A. Dana, sneered at the Times and slandered its editor.

"The decline of the New York Times in everything that entitles a newspaper to respect and confidence, has been rapid and complete. Its present editor, who was dismissed from the London Times for improper conduct and untruthful writing, has sunk into a tedious monotony of slander and disregard of truth, and black-guard vituperation. . . . Let the Times change its course, send off Jennings, and get some gentleman and scholar in his place, and become again an able and high-toned paper. Thus it may escape from ruin. Otherwise it is doomed."

The situation did indeed look dark. Jennings was damned not only because he was an Englishman but also because his wife was an actress—the word, of course, being used

to suggest an older profession. He had never been fired by the London Times. Later his reputation in Britain was to be demonstrated by his election to Parliament. Now, as he wrote with vivid vituperation, he had the steady, courageous support of Jones, who stood to lose most in the doom prophesied by the Sun.

The words were written by Jennings but the determination behind them came from Jones when the Times said: "Forbearance has no place in a fight like this. We are battling with a band of thugs supported by the freebooters of the press. It would be worse than useless to go into such a fight armed only with rose water."

Nevertheless, the Times needed luck as well as acid ink. Death provided it. The Grim Reaper had seemed almost a welcome visitor when, in 1870, he removed a Times director who was a Tweed partner. In January 1871, a fatality served the paper again. In a blinding snowstorm a sleigh pulled by a \$10,000 horse collided with another at Harlem Lane and 138th Street. In the accident James Watson, the County Auditor, was fatally injured. That made only an insignificant news item for the Times. The aftermath provided the paper's biggest news of the year.

Tweed made his fatal mistake in appointing Watson's successor. The job went to a man who at the time was working secretly for a Tammany insurgent, former Sheriff James O'Brien. Head of the Young Democrats, O'Brien was completing a prosperous term in his fee-paid office. He wanted a bigger cut of the graft and also, it was said, even Tweed's place as Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. O'Brien's grasping hand was restrained, but, through his agent, O'Brien had his hand on the County Auditor's incriminating accounts.

Evidently Tweed was fearful that the Times had more to tell. Early in 1871 Henry Raymond's widow, who held thirty-four Times shares, asked Jones for a general accounting. He gave it to her. But soon afterward a Times editor passing through City Hall chanced to hear a snatch of conversation between two of Tweed's aides.

"I think that deal with Mrs. Raymond will go through."

The remark illuminated rumors that Gould, Tweed's old associate in the Erie Railroad and other matters, and Cyrus Field, brother of the lawyer who was to be Tweed's own chief attorney, were eager to help the Boss by the secret purchase of control of the Times.

In March Jones fully realized the danger. But this time, standing visible and vigorous before his writers, he wrote on the editorial page that "*No money*"—he put the words in italics—could persuade him to sell any of his Times stock to Tammany "or to any man associated with it or indeed to any person or party whatever until this struggle is fought out." He added that if he lost control he would "immediately start another journal to denounce these frauds which are so great a scandal to the City." In the con-



tinuing crusade he would have Jennings and Foord by his side.

Tension mounted. Quite possibly Tammany heard that Sheriff O'Brien had offered his incriminating figures to the New York Sun, which declined to touch them. There were rumors that he approached other papers. It was still a surprise when on a hot night in early July the Sheriff came casually into Jennings' office in the Times on Printing House Square. Times historians report the conversation.

O'Brien mopped his sweating forehead. "Hot night," he said. In an envelope he carried fiscal dynamite. He handled it uneasily.

"Warm," Jennings agreed.

O'Brien allowed that the Times had had a tough fight.

"Still have," the editor admitted.

"I said, 'had,'" the insurgent Sheriff announced. With what a Times chronicler described as "a damp, bediamonded fist," O'Brien thumped Jennings' desk.

"Here's the proof to back up all the Times has charged. They're copied right out of the city ledgers."

Still sweating, O'Brien got up and left. Only after he was gone did Jennings eagerly snatch open the envelope.

The Times was ready to move with roaring confidence now. But a frightened Tweed and his friends were moving, too. Mrs. Raymond had inherited the stock, not the paper's tradition. Separated from the former editor, she had lived abroad before she was reconciled with him, more in form than in fact, shortly before his death. Her eldest son lacked the talents to become his father's successor. She had three younger children. Gentlemen like Gould and Field had ready money.

Gossip, conjecture, and intuition warned Jones of the danger. He wired Colonel Edwin B. Morgan, one of the original stockholders in the paper. Morgan, then sixty-five, was a founder of the Wells Fargo Express which brought him wealth as it roared to California with stages and ponies. Now he rushed to the rescue. From retirement in Aurora, New York, he hurried to the city. Jones told him the situation.

"The old Colonel," said an Irishman who was a Times office boy then, "was angry right down to his woolen socks."

Next day, armed with his checkbook, Morgan called on Mrs. Raymond. But Jones and his writing assistants did not wait to learn the result of his visit. They began to let loose the O'Brien ammunition on July 8. Another disgruntled Tammany man added to their store of evidence. Jennings began the disclosures.

"We lay before our readers this morning," the Times said, "a chapter of municipal rascality which in any other city but New York would bring down upon the heads of its authors such a storm of public indignation as would force them to a speedy accountability before the bar of a criminal court, or compel them to take refuge in flight and perpetual exile."

Pardonably the editor gloated a little.

"We apprehend that no one will complain of a lack of facts and specifications in the articles to which we now call the reader's attention; and that not even the Tribune or any other of the eighteen daily and weekly papers that have been gagged by Ring patronage will be able to find an excuse for ignoring the startling record presented here, on the ground that it is not sufficiently definite."

This specific sneer at the Tribune of Horace Greeley, who regarded himself as master of reform, and Whitelaw Reid, who had become Tribune managing editor, could not have pleased them. Other editors were more surprised than applauding. New York's editors and New York's readers were amazed at the articles by Foord which followed. That hard-hitting Scot listed small saloons and shabby stables for which the city was paying enormous rentals as city armories. The charges for "repairs" and furnishings were even more staggering. Shocking, too, were the prices for arms for the National Guard paid to a Tweed firm.

The Times was in no hurry. Its pace was as ponderous as Jones appeared to be. It waited ten days to release more news about the ramshackle armories. Then it promised to prove that not less than \$90 million a year passed through the hands of Tweed's stooges "and that they and their fellow conspirators steal a large part of the money." Two chief aides, handling the warrants on the new County Court House, it bluntly described in its headline as TWO THIEVES.

The Times not only had the facts; Jones had won its security. On the same day the paper spoke of the two THIEVES and indicated it was ready to uncover forty thieves or more, it carried an announcement by Publisher Jones:

It has been repeatedly asserted that the Raymond shares were likely to fall into the possession of the New York Ring, and it is in order to assure our friends of the groundlessness of all such statements that we make known the actual facts.

The price paid in ready money for the shares in question was \$375,000. Down to the time of Mr. Raymond's death the shares had never sold for more than \$6,000 each. Mr. Morgan has now paid upwards of \$11,000 each for thirty-four of them, and this transaction is the most conclusive answer which could be furnished to the absurd rumors sometimes circulated to the effect that the course taken by the New York Times toward Tammany leaders had depreciated the value of the property.

In terms of its value or danger to desperate Tammany leaders and their friends, the Times was soaring. Its stories about the phantom armories went on to show that the fraudulent repair bills amounted to almost a million.



The "cost" of carpentry came to \$431,164, plastering \$197,330.24, plumbing \$142,329. Chairs, for which Tweed as a onetime chairmaker seemed to have a special fondness, amounted to \$170,729. These sums, the Times said, went "to meet the expense of the Ring in the matter of fast horses, conservatories, handsome houses and newspaper editors."

The Times was especially sharp in its comments on the other papers which either defended Tammany or long delayed forthright attack upon it. The paper's contempt for its journalistic contemporaries in this fight seems justified. Indeed, almost the only effective and consistent periodical support Jones and his editors received in their fight was from Harper's Weekly—particularly its great political cartoonist, Thomas Nast.

The young artist's war pictures were so effective that near the close of the war Lincoln declared, "Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant." He showed little of Lincoln's charity in his cartoons of the South in Reconstruction. But he saw clearly that not all was pretty in the Reconstruction period in the North where native civilians and not outside politicians and soldiers were in control.

The Times had prepared the way when Nast turned his pencil on Tammany, but those not moved by figures of looting were stirred by his tough satire of the looters. He made Tammany the tiger—and the man-eater. His caricatures of Tweed were devastating, yet so accurate that the Boss was later identified as a fugitive in Spain from one of them. Nast drew him with a great belly and a moneybag head. He aroused laughter and indignation. In the whole Tweed tale Nast emerges as the best-known figure of the crusade.

Yet behind him, as behind Jennings and Foord, was a new type of fighting publisher. Perhaps there was a closer relationship between the Times and Harper's Weekly than has generally been noted. Meyer Berger, in his history of the Times, wrote that in 1856, under owners Raymond and Jones, Fletcher Harper, Jr., was publisher of the paper. Fletcher Harper, who had established the Weekly, was sixty-five at the time of the Tweed fight. A contemporary of Jones, he showed the same sort of stamina. Harper & Brothers, publishers, were vulnerable to political attack. That gave Tammany its target when Nast's cartoons pilloried it.

When politicians retaliated on Harper's textbook contract, the book firm wavered, though not for long.

"Gentlemen," Fletcher Harper is reported to have said in rather strange formality to associates composed principally of his brothers, "you know where I live. When you are ready to continue the fight against these scoundrels, send for me. Meanwhile, I shall find a way to do it alone."

His brothers stood by him, and all backed Nast. Nor was that stubborn sharp-penciled Bavarian to be shaken

though his life was threatened. He was contemptuous when a Tammany emissary came to him to say that he had great talent and some hundreds of thousands of dollars could be made available for his art studies abroad. Such generosity was declined. He was, Nast said, going to be too busy "for some time getting a gang of thieves behind the bars."

The drumbeat of the Times' disclosures continued. Astounding item after astounding item appeared. The figures the Times had obtained showed that the total for repairs and furniture for the new County Court House in 1869 and 1870 amounted to \$5,663,646.83. One obscure carpenter, C. S. Miller, was supposedly paid \$360,751.61 for one month's work. The Tweed government paid \$2,870,464.06 in the same years for plastering—of this \$394,614.57 was listed as paid to one plasterer, Andrew J. Garvey.

"As C. S. Miller is the luckiest of carpenters," the Times said, "so Andrew J. Garvey is clearly the Prince of Plasterers. His good fortune surpasses anything in the Arabian Nights."

Obviously the plasterer and the carpenter were not getting all this money. A detailed supplement of the Times, issued in 500,000 copies, was grabbed up by eager readers. Reporters went looking for the workmen supposed to have received vast sums. They had disappeared. And as the election of 1871 approached Tweed men were frantic.

"If I were twenty to thirty years younger," Tweed is supposed to have said about this time, "I would kill George Jones with my own bare hands."

The hairy fist no longer sufficed. Instead Tammany sought in Jones the greed that had bred corruption not only among politicians and plasterers but among some plutocrats—even newspapermen, as the Times kept saying. One afternoon while the disclosures were appearing, a lawyer who had offices in the Times building asked Jones to come to see him for a few minutes. When Jones went he met not only the lawyer but also City Comptroller "Slippery Dick" Connolly.

"I do not care to see this man," Jones told the attorney.

But Connolly begged, "For God's sake, Mr. Jones, let me say a word or two. Listen for just a moment. Wouldn't it be worth, say, five million dollars, to let up on this thing? Five million dollars, sir."

Jones admitted later that he was appalled at the sum. But he shook his head in distaste and disgust. Connolly persisted.

"With that money, Mr. Jones, you could go to Europe—anywhere—You could live like a prince. . . . You could—"

The publisher's eyes were cold within the frames of his spectacles.

"True, sir," he broke in. "All true. But I should know while I lived like a prince, that I was a rascal. I cannot

consider your offer—or any offer. The Times will continue to publish the facts.”

It did. But afterward Jones looked back on the incident with some humor as well as indignation.

“I don’t think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me,” he said.

But now the respectables who had stayed silent so long were emerging in the armor of righteous civic indignation. On September 4, 1871, a few days short of a year after the Times had begun its lonely crusade, a great meeting was held in the Cooper Union. Joseph H. Choate, conservative Republican and lifelong foe of Tammany, served as chairman of the committee on resolutions which called for the creation of a Committee of Seventy to clean up the corruption. The active figure in leading the cleansing job was Samuel J. Tilden, Democratic State Chairman, who less than a year before had sat beside Tweed on the platform at the rally showing confidence in his municipal government. Tilden’s later nomination as Democratic candidate for President in 1876 was based in large part on his successful prosecution of the Tweed Ring.

Tammany was badly beaten in the elections of 1871 soon afterward. Strangely, however, in his home district, where there was much affection for him, Boss Tweed was re-elected to the state senate. But at noon on December 16, 1871, one of the Boss’ old friends and appointees, Sheriff Matthew T. Brennan, came nervously into Tweed’s richly furnished office. The Sheriff twisted his hat. He laughed in embarrassment. Then he touched Tweed on the shoulder.

“You’re the man I’m after, I guess,” he said.

Tweed went with him, though not to jail but to a suite in the Metropolitan Hotel, which he owned. Next morning a friendly judge was found who fixed bail. Tweed’s fixing days were dwindling. He still had money for a magnificent array of attorneys headed by David Dudley Field, described by the *Dictionary of American Biography* as a “law reformer,” and including young Elihu Root, then in his twenties, who later became U.S. Senator and Secretary of State.

Tweed’s lawyers’ fees cost him more than half a million, but the attorneys got him off with a \$250 fine and twelve months in the Tombs and on Blackwell’s Island. Then, while under \$10,000 bond in connection with a civil suit, gentle jailors let him visit his Madison Avenue mansion. He slipped out a back door. He hid while waiting for a secretive schooner. In disguise as a common sailor he made his way to Spain. Identified there, he was brought home, a tired, disheveled old man though only fifty-three.

In 1876, he pled only for “the shortest and most efficient manner in which I can yield an unqualified surrender.” He submitted freely to all sorts of questioning, but nobody could ever quite figure out how much had been

stolen. Estimates varied from \$50 million to \$200 million. Tweed himself did not know.

He died suddenly in prison. Though he thought, as he lay dying, that he had tried to do good by everyone and that God would receive him, moralistic preachers held his sins high. Edwin L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation*, noted that poor people in New York felt that he was less a villain than “the victim of rich men’s malice.”

“The odium heaped on him in the pulpits last Sunday does not exist in the lower stratum of New York society. . . .”

And much of the higher stratum had found him odious only after the Times, with little support and no applause, uncovered the civic danger which Tweed only symbolized. He was buried in Green-Wood Cemetery, where Raymond’s burial had attracted so many of the leaders of the press little more than half a dozen years before.

Lewis Jennings had already left his post as Times editor when Tweed died. So he was not editor when the great election contest between Tilden and Rutherford B. Hayes had its inception in the Times newsroom. There was a final irony in this story. When other papers were conceding the election of Tilden, who admitted he had killed the Tiger, John Reid, managing editor of the Times, persuaded the Republican National Committee to claim victory for Hayes. George Jones seems to have had no part in that incident in newspaper history. It led to what Democrats called the “crime of ’76,” by which Carpetbag governments in the South helped national Republican leaders steal the Presidency of the United States. In comparison perhaps Tweed was a piker.

George Jones was already almost forgotten. He did not cry for more credit than he got for bringing Tweed down. Quiet and retiring, it was hardly noticed in his lifetime and has been little remembered since that he was the prototype of the modern business-office newspaper proprietor. Some moderns have not recognized all the necessary qualities of courage and determination which he put into that pattern. Certainly few later understood George Jones’ pride that while he controlled the Times no man was even asked to subscribe to it or advertise in it.

He went his own way with editors of his own choosing. That brought him troubles as well as satisfaction. Respectables in the Union League Club, of which he was very fond, turned their backs on him again when the Republican Times bolted to support Grover Cleveland in 1884. Again subscriptions and advertising were canceled. But Jones advanced happily and quietly into honored old age.

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**Mr. Daniels** is editor of *The News and Observer* of Raleigh, N.C.

## Red Holland

To Red Holland, the noblest of all things was the human mind, the intellect. It was a vast, indefinable, unchartable expanse where the spirit could soar or sink, depending on the will of its owner; and it was at the same time a precision tool to be applied to the ailing mechanism when the machinery of life—individual or global—seemed on the brink of collapse.

He treasured the powers which God gave him to reason, to probe for truth or, at the very least, to recognize reality. He respected those who sought to apply their own minds honestly and intelligently in the search for answers to questions, which plague them and us, whether their conclusions agreed with his own or not; and he had little use for those who allowed others to draw their conclusions for them or who, through laziness or lack of honesty, settled for less than their own best-reasoned answers.

Almost exactly 25 years ago, E. L. Holland, Jr., joined the staff of The Birmingham News. He soon left for World War II service in the Army in the Pacific. But from the time of his return until the time of his resignation six months ago, he was a vital force in the formulation of the editorial policy and the expression of the editorial opinions of this newspaper as editorial writer, as associate editor and, from 1960 until his departure to join the staff of Progressive Farmer-Southern Living magazine, as editor of the editorial page.

He wrote, it goes without saying, during a period of almost incomprehensible—even now—change. He contributed beyond any question to his beloved Birmingham's, Alabama's and South's success in moving to do what was required of them.

He did so out of an understanding of the enormity of the disaster which loomed for a region unable to live with others or with itself; but he did so also out of a concern for the integrity of human life and human spirit.

He had an abiding faith in the American system of government and a genuine affection, even though he did not always agree with them, for those who make it work—the politicians. He respected those who gave of themselves, sometimes at considerable sacrifice, to seek the responsibility of public office; and he detested the

phony, the charlatan, the dishonest who abused the public trust.

Red Holland also had a love of and pride in the profession he chose and the professionals who shared with him an urgent sense of the importance of the people's knowing, and understanding.

He had a respect for education and educators, and he sought tirelessly to encourage the latter to give more of their special knowledge and special talents to the problems of the world beyond their classrooms.

Precision and orderliness were of particular satisfaction to him, whether in the clean lines of architectural design or the pattern of a fallen leaf, and he sought ever to be precise and orderly in his own thoughts. Often he was able to clear away the layer of confusion which hid it to reveal a flashing nugget of comprehension.

His magazine work would have added a new dimension to Red Holland's career and would have helped bring new insight and new approaches to the challenges confronting the South.

His death would be tragic on those grounds alone, in that it removes from us at a time when he is sorely needed a man who had much to give.

(from the Birmingham News)

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| G. Total .....   | 1,800  | 1,500                                     |

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Dwight E. Sargent,  
Editor

## Nieman Notes

1945

**Houston Waring**, editor emeritus of the Littleton (Colorado) Independent, received the annual Whitehead Award of the Colorado branch of the American Civil Liberties Union in October.

1946

**Ernest H. Linford**, editor of the editorial page of the Salt Lake Tribune, received Wyoming University's 1966 Distinguished Alumnus Award.

1950

**Sylvan Meyer**, editor of The Daily Times, Gainesville, Georgia, is one of twenty-five newsmen selected to attend the seminar on "The Soviet World Today" on December 6-9 in North Carolina, sponsored by the University of North Carolina and Duke University.

**Dana Adams Schmidt** of the New York Times London Bureau received an honorary doctorate of letters from his alma mater, Pomona College in Claremont, California.

1957

**Tom Wicker**, Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Times, has taken over Arthur Krock's column, "Finis," upon Krock's retirement.

1961

**Henry Raymont**, general assignment reporter for the New York Times, has married Wendy Marcus, youngest daughter of Neiman-Marcus President Stanly Marcus and a press aide to Lynda and Luci Johnson in the 1964 campaign.

1965

**Robert H. Giles**, city editor of the Akron Beacon Journal was among thirty participants who attended the first Training Conference for Young Newspapermen arranged by ANPA from Oct. 9-12 at Oak Brook, Illinois.

### **Nieman Fellowships for 1967-68**

The deadline for Nieman Fellowships for the 1967-68 academic year is April 1, 1967. About a dozen Fellowships will be awarded by the Nieman Selection Committee, appointed for that purpose by Harvard University in February.

Men and women who wish to apply must have had at least three years of newspaper experience and be less than forty years of age. They must secure consent of their employers for a leave of absence for a college year, September to June, and agree to return to their newspapers when the year at Harvard has ended.

The purpose of the Fellowships is to provide an opportunity for studies to add background for newspaper work. All departments at Harvard are open to Nieman Fellows. They may select their own courses and pursue them through courses or in more informal ways. The Fellows are not candidates for degrees, receive no credit for courses, and are therefore free of the usual degree requirements; but each Fellow must fully satisfy the requirements in at least one course.

Applications blanks and further information may be obtained by writing to the Nieman Fellowships, 77 Dunster Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02138.