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Nieman Reports

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The Role of the Editorial Page

By Louis M. Lyons

In so old a city as this you would expect to be confronted with relics and antiques. In an absent-minded moment I let myself be induced to illustrate this aspect of our fair city.

But let me point out that Boston is also old-fashioned enough to provide the reader a choice in newspapers, between a liberal and a conservative paper.

Since you have a sex problem coming up, it may be of interest that the Boston Globe has just appointed its first woman editorial writer since Florence Finch in 1884. Ann Wyman graduates from five years as travel editor. As she has clocked many thousands of miles in some 40 countries, her appointment will evidently add some dimensions to the page. Charlie Whipple says it will make Afghanistanism legitimate.

In the generation since Anne O'Hare McCormick contributed her wisdom and lucid style to The New York Times editorial page, women editorial writers have remained as scarce as women copy editors, and the one scarcity is as unaccountable as the other. But that's your funeral. As a reader, I can relax and see how you make out.

For my part, I make no pretense of being contemporary. That is an obligation I felt free to shelve on retirement six years ago. I haven't lately been writing anything but history, if you don't count book reviews. There's comfort in writing history if you find the present incomprehensible.

But I find that in my old age I have become interested in editorials, *as a reader,* and the problems of the editorial page, and I am prepared, *as a reader,* to contribute some of the sympathy I think you need.

This is a change for me. When I was young, a reporter, I had a condescending, resistant attitude to editorials. I thought that intelligent readers should be able to find the

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The Death of Centrality

By Grady Clay

Mr. Clay, a Nieman Fellow from The Louisville Courier-Journal in 1949, is editor of Landscape Architecture Quarterly, and consulting editor to Spindletop Research, Inc. He is a member of the Visiting Committee of the School of Design at Harvard University.

Contemporary big city newspapers and journalists are captives of an old image of the city. This image has less and less coincidence with the reality of today's new settlement patterns. Those who cling to the old image are increasingly out of touch.

Generations of men who run most big city newspapers have succeeded by identifying themselves with the old centrality. They helped organize committees for Downtown Progress, Inc., or Central Business District Corporations and other centrally-oriented entities. Since the 1950's they have had considerable success in "saving" parts of the old cities, in rallying old sources of money behind such central-city ventures as civic centers, cultural clusters, medical complexes, convention plazas and other concentrations of energy (i.e. money and busy men's time) into new configurations.

The accepted wisdom from city planners in the 1950's and 1960's was: subsidize new developments close to the core, using urban-renewal funds and other imported capital. Then the core would "take care of itself."

But these downtown men are now anchored to an image that no longer has reality behind it. They continue to assume, although many of their best reporters offer daily evidence to the contrary, that he who owns the center controls the periphery. They continue to treat the day's events, in reportorial stance, in editorial opinions, and in news play, according to yardsticks which automatically give top Page one position to news related to the geographic center of their own metropolitan area.

What a lovely, symmetrical and totally unreal concept this has become! There was a time when he who controlled the center controlled the area; when the key to regional growth was held by a couple of powerful bankers, a railroad president and a newspaper publisher. There was a time when all government emanated from City Hall, and a reporter (or platoons of them in bigger cities) stationed close to the Mayor could keep in touch with all the news. There was a time when a good reporter could walk around the block in his city's financial district and get the whole picture, the inside stories, the information to unlock a region's secrets.

But no longer—as we shall see. Yet newspapers continue to structure themselves around the centrality fixation; even the new metropolitan desks, suburban beats, urban affairs editors, are anchored to a traditional center-fixation, spending their time and spinning their wheels in the same old spot.

Because of this fixation, publishers, editors and newsmen respond in primitive fashion to the idea that if anything happens at the center, it's "news" to everyone in the metropolitan region. This is in turn based on the outdated construct that most people in a metropolitan region identify with the center because it is *theirs;* it "belongs" to them.

Yet increasingly a larger portion of the American people do not work in the center, do not shop at the center, and spend weeks, months or years without going to the center. One quixotic result is the man who told me the last time he "went downtown" in his own city was to attend the national trade convention of his own association.

While the eyes of the old-fashioned press have been fastened upon the remnant activities oriented to the old center, forces which once made centrality inevitable now make decentralization workable. The old center, in which

all functions were once concentrated, now handles a decreasing fraction of all jobs. Retailing, warehousing and manufacturing are moving out into new patterns. The multi-nuclear region takes shape everywhere and downtown becomes a limited-purpose district, one among many. This process has produced a new framework for a continually-decentralizing American society.

Three significant studies show this decentralizing process clearly. Professor Brian Berry of the University of Chicago, Department of Geography, in a study of commuting patterns revealed by a sample of the 1960 Census, discovered the realities of the new structure of U.S. population. He found that all but about 5 per cent of the U.S. population could be included within 163 daily movement systems, which comprise the geographic regions within which most people commute to and from their work places. These systems have radii of 70 to 80 miles, an average area of some 20,000 square miles, and include 4,300 areas of concentrated places of work.

In another study the Greek city planner Constantinos A. Doxiadis, published in the May issue of Ekistics magazine, has identified the "daily urban system" as the key to understanding the way metropolitan life is reorganizing itself around multi-nuclear kinetic fields. And, writing in the Journal of the American Institute of Planners, John Friedmann and John Miller in November 1965 identified the same sets of forces as comprising an "urban field."

Within this field or system, with its kinetic multi-nuclear fields of management influence and communications, an increasing percentage of jobs and people are re-locating. They are doing so outside the traditional central-city's political reach, and further and further beyond the old Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area, on which are festooned so many generalizations about "the city."

This is a new ball game. It has new rules, and the old-style base running has disappeared. Under this new conception and within these new definitions, the city "is no longer a physical entity but a pattern of point locations and connecting flows of people, information, money, and commodities."

It was quite true, as the late Catherine Bauer wrote in 1962, that:

"Modern metropolitan trends have destroyed the traditional concept of urban structure. . . ."

But it is no longer true, eight years later, that (as she said in the rest of that sentence) ". . . there is no new image to take its place."

There *is* now a new image, a new identity, "a community of shared interests" that journalists would do well to come to intimate terms with. It occupies far greater geographical space than the familiar city and the anachronistic Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area.

It has various names, such as "functional economic area," invented by the Iowa economist Karl A. Fox. It comes in many other guises, some of them invented by chambers of commerce and reflecting old centrist tendencies—"Megacity, USA," invented by a Cincinnati adman to describe the Cincinnati-Dayton-Columbus region in which one-day deliveries by truck is now feasible via interstate highways; it is "Metrolina," a coinage of the Charlotte, N.C. Chamber of Commerce; and "Kentuckiana," a newspaper promotion phrase for the Kentucky-Southern Indiana region centered on Louisville.

But other terms are now appearing to represent the larger-scale geographical context of the future. The Piedmont Crescent, extending some 136 miles across North Carolina from the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill triangle to Charlotte, is a region interacting in many ways like the old city extended to mega-scale.

On the one hand the Appalachian Region, with its interstate governmental commission, is acquiring some of the abilities to provide communication and decision-making which cities once monopolized, and is seen by the Nixon administration as a model for other new regional devices for concept-forming which, also, cities once monopolized. And such low-density regions as the Finger Lakes of New York, and East Central Florida (Orlando-Cape Kennedy) take on more functions once associated with the older high-density center.

Such a community of shared, recurring interests now extends far beyond Exurbia, that territory identified in a book, "The Exurbanites," by A. C. Spectorsky in 1955. Exurbanite country, you will recall, was the belt of commuting territory beyond suburbia, some 25 to 50 miles deep around New York City.

But today's urban field runners, those footloose and mobile people, operate on a broader scale. They may be rock-festival swarmers, or turned-on-young executive families, cruising the far countryside for group experience, or for "sleeper situations"—still remote towns within commuting reach, but still undiscovered by the mob. Like all good broken-field runners, they make the most of an unstructured situation.

The unstructured situation, it turns out, has decreasing connection with the old structure tied to downtown life. The Downtown Rotary Club luncheon is now only one of a dozen such weekly rituals, and Rotarians chant their creeds at noon in a dozen restaurants and dining rooms. Metropolitan trade associations now include members who live 50 or 100 miles apart and "know" each other only as faces seen vaguely at annual meetings. Powers once held tightly by

19th Century political cabals in the old city are now dispersed among powerful suburbs and rising anti-city coalitions in State legislatures. Thus centrality is losing not only its unity but its votes.

Because the old image was one of an all-white, upper-middle class powerstructure (even when those who held power refused to use that term), city journalists were slow to recognize the rise of new power groups within the old city—blacks opposing whites, second-generation Poles, Italians and other ethnic groups. According to the old city image, these were only obstreperous upsetters of an established city society. Anyone who clung to the old images saw minority groups as a threat. Journalists whose early lives were shaped by the courthouse beat, city hall beat, downtown-luncheon circuit found themselves increasingly uptight in covering a metropolitan creature whose shape was taking such unexpected dimensions.

Look at the way most big city journalists handle news about young people as another clue to the insularity of those who cling to old images. Compare the coverage given the 1969 Woodstock Festival and its subsequent events by big-city newspapers and the far more comprehensive and perceptive stories in Rolling Stone and the underground media. It is clear that the big-city press has, on the whole, withdrawn further into its own insulated, uptight, defensive we-versus-they position.

Even less have big-city journalists been able to cope with changes in "non-metropolitan America." These are taking place in the outer fringes of metropolitan regions, out where big-city newspaper circulation drops off, where low population density offers none of the high visibility which city journalists have come to equate with The Action.

Consequently urban journalists have been among the last to deal with the source of many big-city troubles—with the depopulation of the hinterland, with the emptying out of vast regions within the continental United States. This is where the concentration of poor blacks and whites into urban ghettos began—in the sluicing away of people from the "back forties" of the nation.

The 1960 census revealed some 6400 urban places that had lost population since 1950. The 1970 census is beginning to show that those trends continue. Whole regions are dotted with counties that are "losers" in the population game: parts of the Great Plains, the mined-out or mechanizing coal regions of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky; the new pulpwood-and-quail empires behind barbed wire in the pinewoods belt from Carolina to Texas. All these regions find their villages and scattered farm settlements drying up, and new low-density institutions trying to fill the gap. It may well turn out that the increase in special-purpose districts (school, road, water, etc.) across the country is a response to the need for coping with low-density settlement patterns in the outer reaches of non-metropolitan America.

Many of our so-called urban problems in fact result from our old system of using forced migration to siphon population surpluses around the country. We have welcomed technical innovations—from the cotton gin to the cotton picker—that shunt people from field to factory, from row crops to production lines, with little thought for the social consequences. Consequently platoons of federal and presidential advisers now agree that something should be done, as William G. Colman put it in 1969, "to stem the flow of the poor and the disadvantaged who have clogged up the central cities and destroyed their fiscal capacities."

Thus with eyes firmly fixed on Downtown Day, too many urban journalists have neglected the regional basis of downtown's decay. Failures in one region support the booms of another, but such deeply rooted processes produce few local stories in the metropolitan papers. Our system of exporting surplus populations from one region to another has been the mainstay of many a local economy: how could western railroads have been built without cheap Irish labor from New England? Or southwest crops harvested without Mexicans? Yet, except for occasional horror stories, these are seldom subjects to which big city journalists have been assigned.

Yet increasingly it is the story "out there"—at the outer metropolitan fringes, in the low-density regions lacking in traditional news sources, names or pegs—that will determine the fate of many an urban region.

Centrality, as we once knew it, is dead. Some functions still concentrate in some cities of course and nothing has emerged yet to replace the need for face-to-face encounter, conference, interview, and confrontation on which so many transactions and negotiations depend. Yet an increasing percentage of transactions, once thought to take place only face-to-face, now occur between machines.

Information, which city men once thought "belonged" to them as a possession to be doled out reluctantly, is now freely or cheaply flung about electronically via computers and other telecommunication nets. Libraries are about to be revolutionized and in a decade will be generating information remarkably like newspapers' current output. Jobs in libraries may offer the real sleeper control functions of the 1980's.

All this requires that journalists hang loose in new ways so as to maintain contact with new patterns of human dispersal, and with the fast-changing nature of informational flows on which journalism depends. Increasingly the place to look is "out there."

Hodding Carter: A Profile in Courage

By Jay Milner

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

I was packing to move to Greenville to be managing editor of his newspaper when Hodding Carter was officially voted a liar by a heavy majority of the Mississippi House of Representatives. A northeast Mississippi representative named Eck Windham had composed the resolution, which referred specifically to an article by Carter in LOOK magazine. I have forgotten what the article was about. I do recall, however, that the resolution's outrage was not limited to that one piece of Carter's writing. No apparent effort was made to hide the fact that the document, and all who voted for it, meant to cast doubt across the entire works of the delta editor.

Hodding was in a small boat fishing in an isolated backwater of the Mississippi River when he got word that the Mississippi House had voted him a liar. A wire service story about the Windham resolution was dropped into the boat from a low-flying plane by Bill Caraway, then mayor of nearby Leland. Hodding read it and immediately scribbled an editorial response on the back of an envelope. The editorial ran on the front page that afternoon. The last sentence went something like this: "But what more can we expect from a man whose name starts with 'Wind' and ends with 'ham'?"

The state legislature's lopsided approval of this resolution caused some of my friends in Jackson, and several mere acquaintances, to urge me to stay where I was. Everybody up there in the delta hates Carter's guts, they assured me, and if you go to work for him they'll wind up hanging you right along side him.

I was very young in 1954, even for my age, and admit to having a few uncertain moments. There were no crusading fires burning in me that I knew of, but I was scratching the itch of a growing conviction that newspapering was too important to be practiced in the way I had to practice it where I was. I knew very little about Hodding Carter then, but what I had heard and read gave me the feeling that he probably believed that newspapering was important too. So, I shrugged off the warning and moved to the Delta Democrat-Times. It turned out to be quite a move.

Indeed Hodding does take newspapering seriously and, therefore, so do his readers—one way or another. And, although not a hair on my head was harmed in the four years I worked there, threats became more or less commonplace, usually by anonymous phone callers, and one pitiful little cross of sticks was burned in my front yard one night while I slept.

On the other hand, what I learned in those years probably changed the direction of my life drastically, and my association with the man who was voted a liar by his state's legislature still opens doors for me.

I often try to put across to students an essence of the "involved" journalism I learned from Hodding Carter. It isn't easy. Hodding never actually sat me down and taught me anything in the usual sense. He was out of town a great deal of time during those years.

But at the Democrat-Times, you sat at your typewriter with a sharp sense of purpose and place. Rather than feeling restricted, as on some newspapers, there was a constant challenge. In the first place, you knew that Hodding would read what you wrote carefully. You soon learned, if you didn't know when you came there, that this boss did not bow down to any sacred cows, and would not tolerate it in his newsroom. If you were writing an editorial, you knew that most readers would assume that Hodding himself had written it. Again, instead of being restrictive, this urged you to extend yourself.

Years before the term became popular, Hodding Carter and his newspaper were "involved". As one old-timer told me, Carter and the Delta Democrat-Times have been smack dab in the middle of every important hassle in Washington County since the '30s. Drive along any street in the town of approximately 40,000 and every few blocks you see another public building, school, community theater, playground, or housing project conceived in the columns of the Democrat-Times. Beyond these not entirely unique achievements however, is an astonishing record of stands taken by the newspaper on the side of constitutional, legal, and human justice when no one else saw fit to stand with it. Hodding's Pulitzer Prize for editorials urging racial harmony, for example, were written in the mid-40s, not the late '50s or early '60s. Throughout the "Silent Fifties", the Delta Democrat-Times was yelling its head off about such gut issues as black voting rights and equal justice in the courts.

Yet not one advertiser has been lost by the Delta Democrat-Times in all those years—surely a lesson for publishers who stay clear of controversy for business reasons. In point of fact, not many years back something occurred which must have shocked those who predicted a violent end for Hodding. When Ross Barnett was governor, one of those professional ex-commies who testify for a living was called to Jackson where he earned his bread by implying, in that by now familiar oblique manner, that various past activities "proved" Carter was a Communist, or "unwittingly followed the Communist line." When the story appeared, a group of Greenville citizens, many of whom had enthusiastically opposed Hodding's viewpoint on nearly every local issue for 35 years, bought space in a Jackson paper and ran an ad which said, in so many words, that Carter might be an SOB, but he was *not* a Communist, and it was an insult to the entire state to try to make people believe he was.

Perhaps two characteristics of Hodding's "involved" journalism sets it apart from today's "advocacy" journalism of the far left. One is his sense of humor. The other is his effort to maintain communication lines with the "other side." His kind of involvement transcends his role as incorruptible editor and publisher. In Hodding's mind, the newspaper belongs to the community. When referring to the paper's policy he always says, "the Democrat-Times" instead of "I". He uses personal pronouns when discussing his books and magazine articles, but not the newspaper.

"The newspaper ought to be the community's conscience," he instructed me. "It should never let the people rest on their laurels for long. Its job is to dig up a community problem and kick it out in the open where the people can deal with it properly. When this is done, the paper can move on to another problem."

This is not a philosophy designed to win popularity contests. However, he never has worn the role of crusading editor like a crown of thorns. I remember being told angrily in New York that "Hodding Carter is a phony liberal!" What the speaker did not consider was that Hodding has never claimed to be a liberal. Most of the time he identifies himself as "a damn good reporter who married Betty Werlein."

One evening he told me: "Betty and I have tried to get to know as many people here as possible. We volunteer for Chamber of Commerce committees, go to church, and such as that; not only because we want to, and because we feel better doing our part, but also because when you've worked with a man on some community project he may disagree with your editorials but he'll stop and think before he joins a mob that's out to lynch you."

Hodding's intense, yet optimistic, involvement as reporter, editor, and author are natural parts of his love affair with life in general. Although he couldn't be called a "thrill seeker", he has never been one who walked away from an opportunity to experience honest excitement, particularly the kind related to American folklore. He once swam across the Mississippi River to win a five-dollar bet. When he was 54, blind in one eye and not much better off in the other, he and a New England businessman about his age sailed across the Atlantic in a 42-foot schooner with only a short-range auxilliary motor to backstop the sails. The only crew besides the two landlubbers, was the college age son of another friend. Hodding's answer to the anxious protests of his family and friends was that this was something he'd dreamed of doing ever since he was a boy, and now that he had the chance he couldn't see why being a grown man ought to cause him to miss it. He is a strong believer in boyhood dreams.

Hodding may be the world's least cynical newspaperman, although he is far from naive. His lack of cynicism may be

a major reason that he is a great newspaperman. It allows him to see many good stories that others walk right by. If a newsman can keep from putting on airs for the benefit of friends and colleagues, he told me, he can always tell if something is newsworthy or not by gauging his own interest in it.

"If you are interested, others will be too. Too many reporters are so busy trying to figure out what somebody else thinks, they miss half the stories that come their way."

In addition to being voted a liar, Hodding probably has been described in unclean language as often as any editor, north or south. He used to be accused periodically of harboring most every low, mean motive in the book. The editorial enthusiasm which has prompted most of this name-calling, his detractors might be surprised to know, comes from a deeply moral sense of Americanism. His editorials can sting hard because his outrage is real, and his enduring optimism believes that the worst culprits are capable of salvation, if only the right words can be selected for this editorial. If Hodding had been called by the church instead of whoever calls newspapermen, he would have been one hell of a preacher. [My wife says that if anybody goes to heaven, Hodding will.] Or he would have been a dandy teacher. He once told me that most good newspapermen he knew were frustrated school teachers. Until a couple of years ago, he commuted several hundred miles every week to the Tulane campus in New Orleans to teach a journalism class and serve as advisor to the student newspaper there. All for free, as a contribution to his alma mater. He also has served on the Tulane board of trustees.

Several graduates of the Hodding Carter School of Journalism are on university faculties now. Others have distinguished themselves as editors and star reporters for other newspapers, wire services, and television. A list of distinguished old grads would include: David Brown, chairman of the Journalism Department at Western Kentucky; Harry Marsh, of the Baylor faculty and formerly with the Herald Tribune; Lamar Falkner, NBC News; Bob Brown, Hodding's first managing editor, who won a Pulitzer Prize in connection with his part in the cleanup of gambling operations in Phenix City, Alabama, and on and on. That list of distinguished grads also would have to include Hodding's two sons, Hodding III ("Little"), and Philip. "Little" Hodding, almost a head taller than his heavy-shouldered dad, is now editor of the Delta Democrat-Times. The younger Philip writes for the Washington Post and has been on the staffs of Newsweek and the late lamented New York Herald Tribune. Incidentally, when Hodding III was named a Nieman Fellow in 1965, he became the only son of a Nieman Fellow ever selected, before or since.

Countless student journalists through the years have worked at the Democrat-Times for token pay, or less, and the experience of writing for Hodding Carter's paper—because they consider it a "safe" base from which to study the highly touted Southern Way of Life. When I was there, a bright young man from Antioch stirred up quite a ruckus by innocently trying to push Karl Marx on an elderly couple he rented his room from.

Celebrities from several worlds used to stop over for some of the famous Carter hospitality when they were within a few hundred miles for one reason or another. In the early '50s, a well-known black writer came through when the Carter guest beds were already all booked by earlier arrivals. After a few drinks, Betty and Hodding fashioned a towel turban for the black visitor and escorted him to the Greenville Hotel where he was treated like a visiting sultan, which the hotel clerk no doubt assumed he was.

Concerning Hodding's surprising lack of cynicism, I remember how surprised I was when I first realized that he was a name-dropper of a most unusual kind. That is, he is forever proudly dropping names that are much less well known than his own. On the other hand, some really big names who have been closer friends of his for years do not seem to impress him in the same way.

A few weeks after I moved to Greenville I was at the Carter house one evening and looked around and discovered that in various stages of relaxed conversation were John Steinbeck, Elia Kazan, Budd Shulberg, Hodding Carter, and a couple of other celebrities whose names I have since forgotten. My contribution to the conversation that night was less than memorable. It was such gatherings as this in the warm house in the cypress grove off the highway between town and the Mississippi River bridge that started me thinking hard about a kind of journalism I'd not known before.

It wasn't only celebrities from out of town who caused me to decide to start educating myself on the side. Despite an M.A. degree, it didn't take long in that atmosphere to learn how little I knew about most of the things I had believed I had been reporting adequately for four or five years. Besides Hodding and Betty, there was Ben Wasson, who had sold his friend William Faulkner's first novel and seemed to have read every good book published since. Bern Keating, a Black Star photographer who lived in Greenville, was starting to sell to the New Yorker.

Even the manager of a department store played in a chamber music quartet and wrote Gothic novels he stored in a trunk. Shelby Foote, a Greenville native who returned now and then from Memphis, was beginning his astonishing project—a four-volume, narrative history of the Civil War. One year, during Library Week, the librarian sug-

gested that a stack of books by Greenville authors might make an impressive Page One picture. Even the librarian was surprised when the stack included 47 volumes. That was in 1957, and a number of Greenville books have been added since. Most published Greenville writers at one time or another worked at the Democrat-Times.

William Alexander Percy, the poet-planter, and several Greenville citizens got together in the early '30s to find a man who would give the town a lively, intelligent newspaper. They recruited the brash young editor-publisher of a tiny daily in Hammond, La. Young Hodding's Hammond newspaper was going under for the third time because he would not knuckle down to Huey Long's regime. The Percy group put up the money for a new Greenville paper and let Hodding buy it as fast as it succeeded. Details of that success story are now journalism history, the best version being Hodding's own in his book, "Where Main Street Meets the River."

Last summer, for the first time in ten years, I stopped over in Greenville with my wife and daughter, Carter. The old building at the foot of the levee was empty. A brand new Delta Democrat-Times plant is located somewhere across town, I was told. The ancient press that had survived the '37 flood and other catastrophes of God and man had been replaced by clean new offset equipment. [I once got the old press running by hitting it with a baseball bat.] The paper is a lot neater now and easier to read than the old nine-column horseblanket used to be.

On Sunday morning, over the masthead, there was an "Exclusive" story out of Jackson, written by Ed Williams, a young reporter described to me as "very promising." The story was picked up by both wire services and the weekly news magazines. It informed the people that six of the state's largest banks had in their wisdom seen fit to lend $600,000 to the White Citizens Council's private, segregated school experiment.

And over breakfast I heard how a George Wallace campaign worker had screamed across a crowded restaurant that both sons of Hodding Carter were "traitors to the Southern way of life!"

Maybe it wasn't the same as being voted a liar by the state legislature, but both boys are still young.

The People's Right to Know

(Editorial from The Los Angeles Times)

The role of the press in reflecting the reality of American life is a continuing subject of controversy.

So is the relationship between the individual's right to a fair trial and the people's need to know what is going on and how the law-enforcement process works.

Both these controversies have arisen again in connection with the Tate-LaBianca murder trial.

Just about everybody knows the sequence: The President suggested that the press was glamorizing defendant Charles Manson and his followers and commented he thought Manson guilty. The defense immediately moved for a mistrial. The judge denied the motion. The President retracted his statement. The next day Manson flashed a Times headline to the jury about Mr. Nixon's remarks. The judge gave the attorney who brought the newspaper into court three days for contempt. A congressman said he thought the press and the networks shouldn't have broadcast what the President said in the first place.

In light of these controversies, and because The Times is specially involved, we thought the policy of this newspaper on these subjects might be of interest.

As to the question of free press vs. fair trial: The essential point in securing an impartial trial is to keep the jurors free of influence, so they can judge on the facts alone, the guilt or innocence of the defendant. In a trial of great public interest, many judges adopt the practice of the judge in the Manson case: they sequester the jury and censor the news it gets.

On the whole this practice works reasonably well. The defendant is protected; the public informed.

We thought it preposterous of Rep. Charles W. Wiggins (R-El Monte) to charge that "the press in this case has done its very best to prejudice the Manson jury." It was after all a defense attorney who took the newspaper into the courtroom, and it was Manson who showed it to the jurors.

Maybe, though, newspapers shouldn't print accounts of unpleasant trials or a President's comments which might have harmful consequences. It's a notion we encounter a good deal: if bad news weren't reported, bad things wouldn't happen.

Suppose the media follow this practice. Suppose when a President says something a news editor thinks untoward, the President's words are censored from a newspaper or blipped from a broadcast.

Suppose a dreadful murder is committed, and suppose the prosecution contends that it was committed in obedience to a cult of drugs and amorality; suppose the media, finding the whole subject too horrible, decide the public shouldn't hear about it.

In the one case the media would be keeping from the people the words and actions of their elected leaders. In the other case the media would be suppressing news of an event touching on some of the deepest concerns of a nation struggling to preserve an orderly society.

No. We believe that a democracy can be effective only if the people know what is going on. The obligation of the press is to let them know.

We in our business make errors. We overstress here, understress there. But we think that on the whole the American press meets its responsibilities.

We shall continue to do so.

The Quest for Objectivity

By Eric Sevareid

We are all here for and because of Elmer Davis. We all wish he were still around, not just for our own fellowship and relaxation but because he would be busy, in his deceptively easygoing way, relaxing some of the tensions of this turgid and humorless period in the American story. Elmer would probably admit that he wasn't young enough to know everything, but he would acknowledge that Armageddon and the Apocalypse *are* just around the corner—right where they've been for centuries.

The reason CBS hired the owlish looking fellow, the Indiana country boy cum classical scholar, was that we did seem to be turning that corner. The great war had started and a few men like Ed Klauber and Ed Murrow and Paul White saw immediately that among the potential casualties of war were truth and the language. We needed somebody who knew in his bones that the only way to confront a wild world was, as Churchill later put it, with tolerance, variety and calm. The country needed Elmer then. It needs him now. If we keep alive his memory and his example, that may help a little.

I went through those Joe McCarthy days in Washington with Davis. Rougher days than now, though not quite so ominous. A senator is not a vice president or even an attorney general. But the pressures were terrible from the un-silent majority and the charge was treason, no less. Some people in our business *were* intimidated; some men were driven off the air and out of the press. I remember another very powerful senator, chairman of the committee that could do the most direct damage to free broadcasting, who issued an ultimatum to Frank Stanton—get rid of Murrow and that fellow Sevareid, or else. Though I didn't know about that at time because Stanton never mentioned it. He still hasn't. Many remember the climactic and winning battles, when the Army issued its challenge to McCarthy and simultaneously, though quite independently, Murrow and Friendly drove their ten-ton tank into the narrow salient of freedom still open. But it had been kept open, if just barely, for a long time by a few lonely, half-exhausted guerrilla warriors of whom none was more battle-scarred than Elmer Davis.

We are told now that this country is being run by minorities and that the President is going to put an end to that. This, I don't fully understand. Minorities have always wielded the cutting edge of history; it is the conflict of minorities that makes history, that is, change. Not always well or wisely, to be sure. But that is the process and we are bound to report it, and by a higher law than the law of habit or the law of the box office.

Elmer Davis was a minority. He always reminded me of the nineteenth century commentator, William Hazlitt, who once wrote a kind of political credo for himself. He said,

> "I am no politician and still less can I be said to be a party man; but I have a hatred of tyranny and a contempt for its tools; and this feeling I have expressed as often and as strongly as I could. I cannot sit down quietly under the claims of barefaced power, and I have tried to expose the little arts of sophistry by which they are defended. . . . I deny that liberty and slavery are convertible terms [perhaps Hazlitt anticipated Hitler, Stalin and Professor Marcuse] that right and wrong, truth and falsehood, plenty and famine . . . are matters of perfect indifference. That is all I know of the matter; but on these points I am likely to remain incorrigible . . . it needs no sagacity to discover that two and two make four; but to persist in maintaining this obvious position, if all the fashion, authority, hypocrisy and venality of mankind are arrayed against it, would require a considerable effort of personal courage, and would soon leave a man in a very formidable minority."

Davis was a formidable minority. A major minority.

I think there really is an ingredient called common sense. It is born of experience; it takes some living. I think Davis knew that the older cannot transmit experience to the younger—nature's secret arrangement for man's creativity. And that the young cannot transmit their agonies to the old—nature's secret arrangement for man's survival. The generation gap in viewpoint would have seemed perfectly natural to Elmer, but he would have doubted that men and women grow progressively more ignorant from the age of eighteen on.

What else would he be saying now, were he around? At the risk of taking liberties with his name, one can make a few rough guesses at the least.

I would guess that he would say about this war that nations are like persons in at least one respect—when a big nation makes a big mistake it can't expect to avoid paying a big price and it better face up to it, and stop the posturing and the pretending.

He would have said yes, dissent *is* right and good, but doubted that therefore the more dissent the better. He would have said that an increase in personal political passion does not equate with an increase in personal virtue. He would have questioned a sociological ideology which states that all those who are poor or in slums, or in a state of addiction or in prison, are the innocent, and that everybody else, who do their work and protect their children and obey the law, are the guilty.

He would have observed that public apathy as the trouble source is mostly a myth, that the difficulties come from the very un-apathetic, indeed the fierce conflict of intensely alert individuals, groups and interests.

He would have suggested that our freedom is in danger only in the second instance. That there has never been so much freedom. It is our public order that is in immediate danger and that if that breaks down in a massive way, both freedom and justice will surely founder. Elmer was saturated in history, knew it was no certain guide, but one of the few we have, and he would have noticed that people, given no other choices, always prefer tyranny over anarchy, because anarchy is the worst tyranny of all.

I suspect he would have pointed out to certain among the impassioned young, who are so contemptuous of the past as any kind of guide, that an individual cut off from his memory goes mad and that a society so amputated would also lose all sense of direction. He would surely have pointed out that what both successful and unsuccessful revolutions do is to increase the power, not of the person, but of the state, the power they hate the most.

Some among his hearers would surely sneer at Elmer Davis as a tired liberal, as a moderate. And he would have said, yes, he often did get tired and among the things that tired him was a repeated phenomenon, the fact that it is not only the old who perpetuate worn out ideas, but often the young who repeatedly confuse their own newness with the ideas'. And yes, he was a moderate because he had figured out that the Greeks were right—ultimately, no personal or collective life is worth living in the absence of moderation. He had come to agree with Burke that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

Suppose Davis were a network broadcaster today, caught in these present alarms and excursions. It goes without saying he would refuse to be intimidated. He would even manage a chuckle or two. At the very idea of professional political propagandists telling him *he* was a propagandist. At those in the printed press who said we were "over-reacting" when we hit back immediately and hard at the Agnew speeches which not only constituted a threat of censorship but constituted an attempted *act* of censorship. At those in the press who then turned right around and said we were intimidated, but offered no serious evidence to that effect.

Elmer might have had a little dry fun with this assault from the right wing to the effect that broadcast journalism is much too preoccupied with minorities and conflict, after years of assault from the left wing to the effect that broadcasting is simply a reflecting mirror for comfortable, established, middle class values and interests. He might have concluded that maybe we weren't doing so badly, after all.

He would have failed to see the logic in a legal situation which holds that the most pervasive, if not necessarily the most persuasive, medium of information and ideas is not protected by the First Amendment while less pervasive media are so protected. And he would have said to his colleagues—act always as if you *were* so protected. If you act otherwise, it will *be* otherwise. Liberties can be defended only as long as we still have them.

He would have wondered at some in the printed press who said to him, "Your end of our boat is sinking."

He would have agreed with Gallagher's Law. It was formulated by the Associated Press' Wes Gallagher as follows: "Criticism by the government rises in direct proportion to the amount of news printed or broadcast which reflects unfavorably on government policy. Criticism by the public rises in direct proportion to the amount of news read or heard that does not fit the reader's or listener's preconceived ideas of what the news should be."

And Elmer might have added something which, because he is gone, will hereafter be known as the Sevareid Stipulation: we will consider alteration of our adversary relationship when two things begin to happen—when political leaders complain when they are overpraised and when they

admit policy mistakes of a serious nature. That will be the day.

Davis had a skeptical, not a suspicious nature. Mine is less virtuous. I profoundly suspect that the reason for the sudden assault by the Vice President last fall was not merely to right what he was entitled to believe were imbalances in the news; not merely to mute the antiwar criticism and win some domestic elbow room and time for his President's policies. This President had carefully studied his predecessor's credibility gap and understood its fatal nature. I deeply suspect that the deepest reason for the assault on the press had to do with this. What better way to forestall your own credibility gap than to assign it elsewhere in advance?

If that is it, as I believe, then it is exceedingly clever. But it will not work in the long run. In the long run, most people will place the blame for policies gone wrong on those who make the policies, not on those who report and try to explain them. Most people know, if the Vice President does not, that in the last generation it has been the power of government that has grown the greatest, not the power of the press, and within government, the power of the Presidency. They know that we have reached the chilling point where the more fateful the decision to be made, the fewer the men who make it.

Davis was quite aware that journalism, like war and generals and politics and politicians, is too important to leave to journalists. He knew that to be a regular reporter or commentator on a nationwide network is so different in degree from writing for a publication with a coterie of readers who read it because they find it generally agreeable —so different in degree as to be almost different in kind. It is the difference between riding inside the stage coach, however hot and bumpy, and riding shotgun, exposed to the endless hailstones and the pointed arrows.

His life was too short for our common need; but long enough for him to know that broadcast journalism, like printed journalism, has immensely improved in scope, in knowledgeability, in responsibility over his earlier days of the twenties, or the early thirties. But he would have been the first to acknowledge that the process is by no means over.

Those who would improve our practices in questionable ways come not only from the outside in the form of powerful politicians. Some come from the inside. Militant young men and women, in both newspapers and broadcasting who argue that even the *quest* for objectivity is a myth, that the prime purpose of the press is not to report the world but to reform it, and in the direction of their ideas. We have all read the learned articles that tell us objective news accounts in the hard news columns or broadcasts tend merely to deceive the reader or hearer, obscure inner truths that the reporter perceives. He must therefore personalize the news, infuse it with his own truth. They would not leave this to the editorial writer, columnist and commentator, whose work is clearly marked away from the hard news. They believe this will give a true integrity to news columns and news broadcasts. I believe it will ruin them. There is nothing new about this idea. In fact, this is the way it was done in the days of the yellow press and the screamers of radio's first faltering years. This is the way it is still done in many countries. The result there is that one must read many papers, hear many broadcasts, then try to piece together what really happened in any given occurrence. Inevitably, this becomes the journalism of polemics.

What Yale's Kingman Brewster said is true for a university is true for the press. "Cynical disparagement of objectivity as a myth," he said, "seems to me both naive and irresponsible. Any claim of novelty to the observation that men are fallible at best, corruptible at worst, is naive. Its irresponsibility lies in the conclusion that, since the ideal is unattainable, it should not be held up as a standard to both practitioners and critics."

I have sounded, thus far, rather complacent, and Elmer would hate that. It may be that the best defense is a strong offense, but that is not good enough in this realm of the press, which makes the community weather, sounds the notes of the day. I think I know about our failures and blind spots because I live with them all the time and I had been raising my voice among my colleagues and bosses long before Mr. Agnew kindly offered his own assistance.

The news as presented in both broadcast and newsprint *does* tend to give a startling, not a balanced presentation of the day's events, as James Reston has put it. The television camera or the newspaper headline focuses, like a flashlight beam in the darkness, at what has just moved. All else is lost in the limbo. Three campus demonstrations simultaneously give the impression that American higher education is collapsing. But two thousand other colleges are going about their business. Two ghetto riots and a whole nation seems to be going up in smoke.

These things are news, important news, and must be reported. Think for a moment what would happen to our credibility if people came to feel we were *not* reporting many of these things because they were violent.

And it is true that people are so constituted that they will remember the news that has excited or enraged them long after forgetting all the rest of the day's report, with its routine, moderate or constructive news. Nevertheless, we do have a severe practical problem. It is to put these events into better perspective, *as* they happen when possible. Judgment on the information and explanation cannot run as fast as the information, but they need not lag so far behind.

It is not precisely our fault that everywhere in the world human problems are now being created faster than human institutions can solve them. Even the smallest, most remote African societies are producing more history than can be domestically consumed. So we cannot really help it if much of the most important news tends to be news of violence.

It is our physical formats, as much as anything, that have not adjusted to these new realities. Consider the evening news programs of the major networks, from which millions get most of their information. Suppose instead of television, there were just three national newspapers with the same level of readership. Suppose they consisted of Page One only, tabloid size. One can imagine the popular pulling and hauling they would get. Every living soul would know exactly what should not have been printed and what should have been printed in that constricted space.

I do not quite see how we are to do a markedly better job of it, how to get the better balance, unless these programs go to an hour's length. Many of us have wanted, and worked for this. In that hour, we could do what we should be always doing, in my long sustained opinion; we could provide room for rebuttals to our practices from ordinary listeners; letters to the editor, if you wish. For years the situation has cried for this and had we been doing it for these years, perhaps much of the accumulating gas of resentment would have escaped from the boiler in a normal fashion.

But while we can think free, write and speak free, we in television cannot act free in all respects because of our anomalous legal position. The federal government apparently is about to make a full hour of network evening news a practical impossibility, with a new rule removing a half hour of evening time from network usage. I very much wish local stations had the resources to report the whole nation and the whole world. But they do not; so here we stand, twisting about in our straitjacket, doing the best we can.

It remains a question whether a press form that is not fully free can long endure. I believe that it will. But it depends upon others, even more than upon ourselves who work in this form. It depends upon whether or not this society, too, surrenders to what has been called the politics of hysteria, the social curse of this astounding century. And that depends very much upon our constituted leaders, whether they choose to divide the people for short run political gain or try to draw the people together and heal our divisions.

I said I think most people will apportion credit and blame where they belong, in the long run. But you don't get a chance for the long run unless you survive the short run. We are all in this together, so we had better stick together.

I can hear it now, that twangy, salty voice from Indiana. Elmer said:

> "The first and great commandment is, don't let them scare you. For the men who are trying to do that to us are scared themselves. They are afraid that what they think will not stand critical examination; they are afraid that the principles on which this republic was founded and has been conducted are wrong. They will tell you that there is a hazard in the freedom of the mind, and of course there is, as in any freedom. In trying to think right you run the risk of thinking wrong. But there is no hazard at all, no uncertainty, in letting somebody else tell you what to think.
>
> "That is sheer damnation."

The above text is the Fourth Annual Elmer Davis Memorial Lecture at Columbia University. It was delivered by Eric Sevareid, correspondent in the Washington Bureau of CBS.

Are Press Councils Desirable?

By Alejandro Miro Quesada Garland

"El Comercio"
Lima, Peru

It is a fact of modern society that journalism has become the most potent force in the creation of public opinion, and that its influence grows steadily greater as radio, television and other new technologies lend further strength to it.

The journalist today has in his hands a social instrument of enormous power. What he does with it is watched closely by many interested parties—government and police, sectional social and political groups, commercial interests—all anxious to exert what pressure they can in pursuit of their own objectives. Governments in particular can always be expected to try either silently or publicly, to apply controls. The power we hold obliges us as journalists to resist these pressures in recognition of the duties and responsibilities we owe our profession and our readers, who have made us custodians of their trust. Thus we have to deal with both moral and practical questions of the greatest importance to our daily work.

In these circumstances it seems clear to me that some agreed measurement of performance—a code of ethics, let us call it—and some machinery for the application of these rules—a press council—can be of enormous assistance in steering a course through such troubled waters. Let me emphasize immediately that I am speaking of a system of our own making and not something forced upon the profession from outside. Indeed, perhaps the strongest argument in favour of self-control within the profession lies in the fact that if we do not face up to the duties and responsibilities implied in such a program, then we will be forced to accept a system created and enforced by others.

It may be useful to consider the experience of those countries already employing such programs. An International Press Institute pamphlet published eight years ago concluded that results available by then were most favorable. Friedrich Herzog points out that in Germany the press council has "accomplished its technical and professional aims and nobody has objected to its status nor its usefulness."

Concerning Austria, a Press Council was created there by a voluntary agreement between editors and journalists and so far seems fully to have justified its existence. In Britain the 15th annual report of the British Press Council (1968) demonstrated the utility of the Council through a total of 403 cases adjudicated. Outside Europe, South Korea and Turkey are good examples of the usefulness of Press Councils and related codes of ethics. In Turkey the Code was signed at a special ceremony on behalf of forty-eight newspapers, five press agencies and seven professional organizations.

Apart from their functions as regulatory bodies within the profession, press councils have many other more positive advantages. They can act as a focus for the defense of the liberty of the press. They can work to ensure access to sources of information. They can observe the evolution of journalism in each country, representing journalism before the government and the citizens. Something rarely pointed out: they can help to guide journalism toward its higher cultural and educational functions to the benefit of the development of the society it serves.

This reasoning induced me to present a project for a Code of Ethics to the directors of the newspapers of my country in July 1965. It was based on the unilateral and autonomous imposition of rules of conduct which by the method of self-

control would contribute to the development of the profession and serve as a first step for the future creation of a press council.

With a view to what could happen later, it was pointed out in the drafts that "if the freedom of the press is not to suffer in the future attacks from those who being afraid of this freedom want to reduce it, it is necessary that journalism itself must remember that each right has its obligation. If this is forgotten, we can see in our journalism a dangerous tendency toward the sensational press. This can provoke, as a reaction, actions or laws against free information. In accomplishing his public mission every journalist must remember his obligation to respect the truth, the morals and the private life of the common man."

Peruvian Press Code of Ethics

1. To inform with truth.
2. To rule the information, in its contents and its form, with a social respect.
3. To opine with liberty and honesty not accepting imposed judgments but those of his belief.
4. Not to accept any recompense when doing his work.
5. Not to injure, not to defame, not to calumniate or hurt the honor of people.
6. To fight against all kinds of obscenity, pornography or any degrading graphic publication, which could be talked, written or broadcast, to protect the spiritual health of the people.
7. To defend the free expression, the constitutional, individual and social guarantees and denounce any direct or indirect attack which will lessen the force of the democratic line that directs the Peruvian society.
8. To keep secret the source of information and respect the confidence of those who gave the journalist confidential data.
9. To maintain a straight line of conduct when practicing the profession.

Although the project was not accepted by all the directors of the newspapers, the National Association of Journalists did adopt it and it has since been adopted by the other guild in the country, The Federation of Journalists of Peru.

There now has been created by law a "Committee of Professional Journalistic Ethics" which consists of the presidents and general secretaries of both organizations. It also has two counsellors, one a professional journalist and one an active lawyer. This committee will be able to apply only moral sanctions against those who violate the code, but it is possible that in the future more effective sanctions may be considered.

I am describing the Peruvian experience at some length because we now have a situation in my country which will test the validity of some of the basic conceptions mentioned earlier. On December 30th last year, the government enacted a decree—the Law of the Liberty of the Press—which, under the cover of protecting these liberties, may in fact seriously threaten them.

There is no doubt in my mind that if we could have gone further with the formation of a press council we would today be in a better position. It is my hope that ultimately we can return to this solution.

In the end, journalists must stand or fall on the principle that it is their job and their duty, to offer the community—without official intervention—a responsible, ethical and well conducted Press.

Lincoln Versus The Press

By Art Buchwald

There has been a lot of talk about news management in the government these days, but if you go through history you can find that every presidential administration tried to manage the press in one way or another. I found an old transcript the other day of a press briefing between Abraham Lincoln's press secretary and White House reporters, which shows that even in those days atttempt were made to bottle up vital news of interest to the public.

Here are a few excerpts from it:

Question: Mr. Nicolay, yesterday the President gave a speech at Gettysburg, and he started it out by saying, "four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation." Sir, would you mind telling us the names of the fathers he was referring to?

Secretary: I'm sorry, gentlemen. I can't reveal the names at this time.

Question: The Saturday Evening Post, which is published in Philadelphia, said he was referring to Washington, Jefferson and Franklin. It that true?

Secretary: That's just conjecture. The President is not responsible for everything written by his friends.

Question: The President said yesterday in the same speech that the country was engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. He didn't say how he intended to win the war. Does this mean he has a no-win policy?

Secretary: The President in his speech was only concerned with the battle of Gettysburg, which incidentally we won. The Department of War will give you full details on other battles.

Question: The Department refuses to give us any information. We don't know how many troops were used at Gettysburg, who commanded them, or how many casualties there were. All we were given were some lousy photos of Confederate gun emplacements. How can we be sure the Confederates still don't have artillery hidden in the hills around Gettysburg?

Secretary: We have constant surveillance of the hills. To the best of our knowledge, all southern artillery pieces have been removed.

Question: What about Confederate troops? There are an estimated 17,000 in the area.

Secretary: We have the South's promise they will be removed in due course.

Question: Mr. Secretary, why didn't Mrs. Lincoln go with the President to Gettysburg?

Secretary: Mrs. Lincoln feels that her place is at home with her children. But she did send a telegram.

Question: In talking about the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, did the President have any particular group in mind?

Secretary: Not to my knowledge, gentlemen. But I'll check it out just to make sure.

Question: Mr. Secretary, didn't the President in his speech yesterday indicate he intended to manage the news?

Secretary: In what way?

Question: He said, "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here." It seems to me in the phrase he was intimidating the newspapermen who were there.

Secretary: I don't think you have to interpret the speech in that manner. The President's remarks, written on an envelope, were off the cuff, and he felt there was no reason to be quoted. An official version of his speech will be made available to the press in due time, as soon as the President has a chance to go over it again.

Publisher-Sailor Learns the Hard Way

By Harold Kaese

The following report is reprinted with the permission of The Boston Globe where Mr. Kaese is a sports columnist. Mr. Weld is a publisher of newspapers in Gloucester, Newburyport and Beverly.

There were 305 miles to go and it was still a race. The fifth and final leg of the Round Britain sail would take the craft through the Straights of Dover, down the English Channel and to the finish line at Plymouth, where the race had started on the Fourth of July.

The only American entry was in fourth place, but still had a chance. Trumpeter, owned by Philip S. Weld of Gloucester and co-skippered by him and Robert B. Harris of Great Neck, N.Y., was 20 hours behind the leader, Ocean Spirit, but that 71-foot ketch faced a 12-hour penalty for late reporting and inadequate accommodations.

Given the right kind of weather—well, in a race like this one, you never knew. Under ideal conditions, Trumpeter could fly. After time-wasting repairs in Lerwick, she'd flown 541 miles down the East Coast of England in 51 hours. Another such leg and she might even win.

It was not to be. Off Dover, a head-on gale hit Trumpeter and her competitors. She was lucky not to be dismasted.

"It was the most exciting moment of the race," said the 55-year-old North Shore newspaper publisher. "I was at the wheel when the rod furling jib headstay let go. The jib's 410 square feet of sail and the 40-foot stainless steel rod were thrashing wildly from the masthead. How were we going to get it down?

"Harris was great. He got hold of the clew, and we were able to twist the sail on itself inch by inch until we could lash it to the mast.

"Then he climbed the mast and dropped the jib to the deck. We used our spinnaker halyard as an emergency headstay, put on the working jib and kept going for Plymouth."

The going was so hard that three times the Trumpeter had to heave-to. Once they drifted to the coast of France. Once they sought shelter in the lee of Cowes. For 36 hours they faced force nine winds (50-60 miles an hour). They pumped constantly.

They finished at 8:29 a.m. July 27, after 23 days of sailing. Ahead of them were only two boats:

1. Ocean Spirit, biggest fibreglass ketch afloat; 20 days, 8 hours, 10 minutes.

2. Snow Goose, 40-foot catamaran; 22 days, 9 hours.

On the toss from Lowestoft, they had gained one place. Apache Sundancer, a catamaran, had capsized. Said crewman Peter Ellison of skipper Mike Butterfield: "my fine mustache friend Mike, he does like to carry sail."

Why would a man in his mid-fifties inexperienced in ocean racing, enter so testing a contest?

"I wanted to learn about ocean racing," said the lank and lean Weld. "I'd been only a day sailor, starting in small boats on Buzzard's Bay when a boy. I'd never been in an overnight race. Well, I picked the right place to go to school."

When the first Round Britain race was held in 1966, its terms intrigued Weld. Any kind of boat could enter. Only two people could sail her. The course was simple enough: keep Britain to starboard. On ending each of the four long legs, each boat had to lay over for 48 hours, for repairs, rest and rehabilitation.

"The race was conceived to develop boats and gear for shorthanded offshore sailing and racing," said Weld. "I made up my mind to enter two years ago. I wanted a boat that could win, so a year ago, my wife and I spent two weeks in England and I picked it."

Six years ago, Weld got a crush on multi-hulled boats. The one he picked, then, was a 44-foot trimaran (a main

hull and two outriggers) with a 26-foot beam, designed by Derek Kellsall whose trimaran had won the 1966 race.

His best decision, according to Weld, was not picking the boat but picking the man to sail with him—48-year-old Bob Harris, a Long Island naval architect and designer, a good seaman and a competitive guy who had Block Island, Bermuda and Transatlantic races under his safety harness.

At 55, Weld was second in age to the 63-year-old Don Robertson of Snow Goose, a noted English deep water sailor.

The combined ages of Weld and Harris, 103, was the oldest for any of the 28 boats that entered.

They stood up so well under the punishment of four-hour watches, cold weather, makeshift meals that Weld described the whole experience as "a great catharsis." This grandfather of five lost 20 pounds and four belt holes at his waistline as his weight dropped to 180 pounds, but he said, "I never felt better."

Whereas Harris, the gourmet, managed to have an egg every morning for breakfast, Weld's cooking limited him to an eggless toast and coffee.

Sail-handling, pumping, steering, navigating were necessary duties, sleeping and trying to keep warm were off-watch objectives. Weld learned to sleep one-hour snatches.

"It was cold, especially North of Scotland," said Weld, "like sailing off Marblehead in late October. On some legs we were wet from start to finish. You could not get anything dried out."

They wore woolen gloves, with rubber gloves over. They wore some wonderful one-piece Norwegian underwear, Norwegian coveralls, two Shetland sweaters and woolen hats under parkas, an inflatable vest and safety harness, a Shetland rain coverall and rubber boots to the knee.

The man on watch kept one hand on the wheel and every 15 minutes used the other hand to pump the outriggers, and every four hours pumped the main hull.

They felt they were lucky in their boat, despite various mishaps.

"In all the 23 days, we never took a sea over the main hull," said Weld. "We sailed prudently and were quite safe. The multihulls have proved their worth. In anything but a gale, we pulled away from Ocean Spirit beating and sailed away off the wind. Reaching we would beat anything but a fast catamaran. I'm quite sure we could beat a 12 meter over a triangular course.

"Marblehead, the seat of yachting conservatism won't buy it, but multi-hulls are the boats for safe and fast offshore sailing."

Weld admitted there were times when he was discouraged and in a mood to chuck it, but Harris said always, "We've got to finish."

"Harris was wonderfully even-tempered and patient with me," said Weld. "If I'd been him, I'd have wanted to slug me. I'm an irascible guy, but not once did we have an angry word.

"Before the race, he felt it would stress light sail-handling, while I felt it would be a survival test and a case of getting the crew back to Plymouth. He conceded I was nearer right."

Trumpeter won three prizes: winner of the first leg; first trimaran to finish; third boat to finish.

Weld and his wife, Anne, had sailed Trumpeter from Kent to Cowes, then entered for the Crystal Trophy as a shakedown. She was a close second when her steering gear broke and she had to withdraw. There was criticism that Kelsall had built too light a boat, but Weld said, "I didn't crab. I wanted a light boat, for speed."

Four days before the Round Britain start, the entries gathered at Plymouth for what would be called an inspection here, but there it is called a "scrutineering." Over beers, the crews became acquainted.

The race was sponsored by two newspapers, The London Observer and Daily Express, and was conducted with professional perfection by the Royal Western Yacht Club.

The start was won by Trumpeter, which was first to Eddystone Light, the first turn. Groping around Land's End in the fog, Trumpeter did not know where she stood as she arrived at Crosshaven, outside Cork, Ireland, at 5 a.m.

"How many ahead of us?" shouted Weld to a young fellow cursing.

"Sure you're the first," he answered.

A big thrill. Behind by 15 minutes was Ocean Spirit, sailed by the expert Robin Knox-Johnson and Leslie Williams. When this ketch tacked, they had to handle Genoa sheets 150 feet long.

It was an easy leg, except for the fog, leakage in the main hull around the centerboard box, and a faux pas in port. Trumpeter flew the British Red Duster as a courtesy flag, which the Irish protested. Then an Irish ensign was borrowed from Dr. Richard Warren of Boston, and they were again in good graces with their hosts.

The second leg, up the Irish Coast past Bantry Bay and the Aran Islands to Castle Bay on the Island of Barra, found Trumpeter getting lost in the fog and wasting five hours rounding Fastnet Rock, then finishing in a gale that to Weld seemed more like a hurricane. Their hands and fingers were so cold they lost time reefing. First at Crosshaven, they were fourth at Castle Bay.

The leg to Lerwick was cold and wet. During the entire race, Trumpeter saw the sun only seven hours. Weld's sextant never left its box. Navigating was by radio beams.

The fourth leg, 470 miles to Lowestoft, ruined Trumpeter's chances. Two hours out, Weld noticed the leeward outrigger nearly awash. Bolts had worked out because locking nuts had not been used. Weld was furious. They limped back to Ledwick for repairs, but sat around five hours waiting for the fibreglass expert, who was small-boat racing. Then he worked all night to put them back on course with 20 hours lost. A tremendous reach left them still 20 hours behind Ocean Spirit at Lowestoft, two hours behind Sundancer and five hours behind Snow Goose.

It was a race again, but then came the gales in the Channel and crisis with the jib stay. This, they were later told, was the kind of weather that sank the Spanish Armada.

Weld and his wife were two months in Great Britain. During the race, she travelled overland to their layover port, where rules required competitors to sleep aboard. She was most nervous waiting for them at Plymouth.

"We were treated royally everywhere," said Weld. Whenever we were in trouble, help was never refused."

The Round Britain race will next be held in 1974. Weld doesn't know if he will be there. Trumpeter will either be sailed to the Caribbean by an English crew, or he will have her shipped here by freighter.

In June, 1971, Trumpeter and Weld probably will answer the gun for a multihull race from New York to Bermuda. Americans are learning why long offshore, shorthanded racing so excites the British.

(Editor's note: The following is a statement of the mission of Nieman Reports, a quarterly founded by the Society of Nieman Fellows in 1947. The statement was written by Louis M. Lyons, Curator of the Nieman Foundation from 1939 to 1964, and Chairman of the Society of Nieman Fellows, in his book, *Reporting the News*. This is a Belknap Press Book, published by the Harvard University Press in 1965.)

"It is intended to publish a quarterly about newspapering by newspapermen, to include reports and articles and stories about the newspaper business, newspaper people and newspaper stories.

". . . It has no pattern, formula or policy, except to seek to serve the purpose of the Nieman Foundation 'to promote the standards of journalism in America . . .'

". . . It was the one place a speech or lecture could be published, and, if important enough, published in full. To provide full texts, if significant, was accepted as one of its functions."

The Role of the Editorial Page

(Continued from page 2)

facts in the news and make up their own minds and didn't need to be told how to think.

The change, I think, is not wholly from softening of the brain.

The facts aren't what they used to be. The confusing welter of facts every day is indigestible, unassimilable, from our universal instantaneous reporting of everything. We are bombarded by facts. Even a scientist has to use a computer to find his way through the facts of his own field, to sort out what has any meaning to him.

The facts, if you can sort them out, present such a confused mess of frustrations and irrationalities as defy recognition as reality.

No accepted pattern of international relations any longer exists. The very tenets of humanity and the fabric of civilization are sabotaged and violated with piracy in the air, anarchy on the campus and the incapacity of the greatest powers to enforce the most minimum security anywhere, or to sustain their own societies on any rational performance, to keep their people at work, to check the decay of their cities and the collapse of tolerable patterns of civic behavior.

Our economy looks upside down, inflation and unemployment rising together. Bank interest is at an all-time high while recession deepens. This reverses all economic theory and experience. In the great depression of the '30s, interest fell and the unemployed could be put to work catching up with all civic needs. The treasurer of Harvard won distinction by keeping up a four per cent return on the endowed investments. Cities could often borrow for under two per cent. There was a great catching up.

It is the facts that have become repellent, irrational. It is comforting, or at least relaxing, to sit down and read what somebody is thinking about the human condition. It is a desperate time to try to offer wisdom in editorials. But any thoughtful discussion of the irreconcilable and imponderable present is welcome. It is the more welcome of course when it speaks in low key and does not claim infallibility. The under-statement was never more appreciated.

I spoke of my sympathy for the editorial writer. Not only is he confronted with the impossible task of translating or transmuting the irrational into meaning. But he is surrounded, if not overwhelmed, by colleagues who are one up one him. At one side the columnists, free to express their individuality and opinions with a fervor and dynamic that is denied the anonymous voice of institutional consensus. On the other side, the specialists of the staff, in increasing variety and competence, each of them more specifically informed in his field than the editorialist can be in all the fields he must cover. They intrude on and usurp his authority.

Beyond this, the new theology of the journalism of advocacy, or commitment, that is challenging the old ideal of objective reporting, finds dedicated disciples of Norman Mailer among the neophytes of the news staff who don't recognize the traditional demarcation between news and editorial, and often leave little for the editorial writer to mull over.

The editor of the Boston Globe, Tom Winship, on a public television panel with Fred Friendly and others this Spring, made an observation that I wrote down when our public TV station ran the program a second and third time.

"The newspaper editor," he said, "may be going the way of the college president. There's a striking similarity in their jobs. Should the newspaper be the advocate for social and political change? Our brand of city room Weathermen say 'Yes.' I say 'Yes' too. We've learned an awful lot from our city room Weathermen. We can't any longer be merely observers. We have to be concerned with the underprivileged. But participatory journalism is terribly hazardous. We have got to maintain the integrity of our news columns if we are to keep our credibility and achieve reform at the same time."

This suggests that the revolution we read about has somehow crept into the newspaper, despite the alleged statics of publishers and the rigors of the copy desk that in my day was charged with wielding a heavy pencil to repress any challenge to the status quo.

We all know, without an Agnew, that journalism is in flux and transition. The editorial page is involved in change like everything else.

We see the New York Times finally recognizing an Op Ed page. But with a new dimension. It is not just an assemblage of syndicated columnists. It opens to a variety of opinion not limited to journalists. The first couple of days carried Walt Rostow's rationalization of the Vietnam War, Pat Moynihan deploring the cult of pessimism and old Gerald Johnson contrasting those two Baltimoreans, Agnew and Mencken. When Mencken drove his readers to the dictionary, Johnson recalled, they found some meaning there. Such an opinion page strikes me as better than maintaining a house radical to shock the natives.

The Boston Globe editorial page, one day, devoted practically the whole page to a photograph of the bomb-cratered surface of Vietnam; at other times has spent it all on one compelling subject. Recently an editorial repudiated

one of the local columnists as unfair to President Pusey of Harvard. When an editorial opposed a moratorium on highway building, a dozen specialists revolted against it and demanded the right to reply. The editor gave them a full page on a Sunday and opposite it a page to the transportation editor, and wrote himself an explanation that the road issue that divided the community had also divided the Globe staff.

The Washington Post editorial page similarly discloses these eruptions and divisions within the office. The Wall Street Journal recently collected the most vivid of them. These three papers, which happen to be available to me daily—Times, Globe and Post—that stimulate Mr. Agnew, may not be typical, but they suggest a vitality on the page and throughout the office.

And they find a response, or reaction. The Globe editors tell me they get some one hundred or so letters a day, whereas a few years ago they'd have fewer than a dozen. They have taken to printing chiefly those that disagree with them or critize something in the paper. This creates a forum, which has always seemed to me a most desirable dimension of an editorial page.

Their own writers criticize what's in the paper. And criticize journalistic sins. When the Kennedy juveniles were in court on Cape Cod, the Globe refrained from using pictures of them and their families, and their reporter wrote a piece for the editorial page decrying the melee of the swarm of photographers competing in rudeness in harassing and exploiting the families.

When a member of a local medical faculty testified for the big cereal companies in defense of their corn flakes and wheaties, a Globe medical writer in a column deplored the loss to the public of the impartiality of such an expert who could be co-opted by industry. The Globe quietly dropped the doctor's column that they had been the first to run. The same Globe writer a little later had a column criticizing the bad taste of exploiting in a whole page Sunday feature, as the Globe had, the girl witness who saved herself by turning State's evidence in the gruesome Tate murder trial.

Her return to her former home in New Hampshire was taken as occasion to give her the attention of a local celebrity. In deploring the bad taste, the absence of any sense of proportion, Carl Cobb was echoing Christopher Morley's Religio Journalisti when he quit the old New York Post in 1924: "A little dignity, gentlemen," Morley asked of the press. "For God's sake, a little dignity."

Half-way between Morley and Cobb, old Professor Hocking in his "Framework of Principle," a supplement to the Hutchins Commission Report, charged the press with debasing standards of public taste. In that, the press has been scooped by TV commercials. Flagrant lapses of taste are a good deal less frequent than in Morley's day, or Hocking's.

I am told of another newspaper that plans to make a regular assignment to an office critic as the postmortem editor, and to disclose its grosser sins through his autopsies. Very interesting, Watson. It seems to question the vice president's competence in his chosen field.

Such evolution as one can detect on the editorial page, as of the whole newspaper, reflects the flux of all communications, and parallels, if laggingly, the rapid and radical change in a society in transition, if not—and an optimist may hope not—in dissolution. The question is whether change can keep ahead of the dissolution.

This makes it an exciting time to discuss, as you are, some of the dilemmas of our baffling times.

From way back, there has been a question whether to have editorials at all. Ochs would have preferred not to, lest it seem to influence the news columns. That sounds strange now when nothing is sacred to the news columns that seem often to be devoted to the naked exposure of what anybody does or thinks.

General Charles Taylor, the most innovative of journalists when he launched the Boston Globe almost one hundred years ago, even before Pulitzer started his World, used to disinfect the editorials of any incriminating ideological specifics, even when he was running what Mr. Agnew would call a radical-liberal paper. Later he introduced an essay type editorial to avoid the bitterly divisive ructions over the silver issue.

His editor of the time, James Morgan, defended this:

"His instinctions did not play him wholly false," Morgan wrote, "when he revolved against the editorial as it still was at that time: stereotyped stupidities, its assumption of infallible omniscience, on the one hand its damnable reiteration of party cries, and on the other its holier than thou arrogance, 'making virtue repellent' as Joseph Choate said of one of the ablest of editorial pages, the New York Post under Godkin."

Newspapers have largely put the epoch of partisan political editorials behind them. We remember Adlai Stevenson's cry of the one-party press of 1952. But by 1964, when even leading Republican papers abandoned Goldwater, this was rather an index of the public shift in that campaign, than of any pretense of guiding the readers. They must have lost much sense of that in the New Deal period when most publishers were going one way and their readers the other. In Massachusetts the state went for Roosevelt all four elections. Only two smaller papers editorially joined their reader majorities—the Berkshire Eagle and Springfield News. But a change of generations has closed much of the gap between publisher and reader.

I had occasion to mark that in 1966 on the 50th year of the Pulitzer awards. At opposite ends of the country, the Boston Globe and Los Angeles Times, Pulitzer award winners that year, reflected a change of generations, new contemporary men coming into control. This isn't yet universal, but it's increasing. Mr. Agnew has to pick his locations—North Dakota and Utah this week, I notice.

I sometimes wonder what is going to be left for the editorial writer, with columnists, specialists, interpretative reporting, even if our news departments don't succumb to a journalism of advocacy.

Reflection is one thing that is appreciated. Nobody of course is wise enough to be the community philosopher. But if he refrains from pontificating and doesn't take off too big a bite at once, just thinking it over out loud is a contribution. This on days when there's nothing really worth an editorial in the news.

Another is filling in the gaps in the news, even if a few days behind the news. And adding things up that the reader may have forgotten, to give the background, to provide a continuity and so, one hopes, more meaning to events. And keeping a steady course. Walter Lippmann once told me that a columnist should write in such a way that his readers would not be too surprised at events. A large order then and perhaps now impossible.

Lippmann also held that one could not do a column every day and put enough thought into it.

You need enough staff to provide a chance for some reading and thinking about things, and for a staffer to take off and explore a situation for a piece that doesn't have to run tomorrow. Diversity of background and outlook on the staff should keep the page from a monotone. And there should be a real editorial conference where ideas are batted around, issues explored and debated, so that, if short of consensus, there is understanding of the various sides of the issue. The conference should have top priority with the editor.

It adds something of variation, and maybe some authority, to ask a staff reporter who's finished an important assignment to do an editorial on it. And I'd hope the editorial writer would occasionally do an article or review outside the page, to keep him from becoming too monastic.

We probably need to bring in younger men than on most pages. We look for experience. Fine. But you need to try to be contemporary, never more than now.

Just as our university trustees—I am one—find a need for student or young graduate representation on the board, so with the Ed Page. Most are made up as a kind of graduate school of the staff, which makes for informed editorials, but possibly sometimes a little dated in outlook. Even if the junior draws only minor assignments, having him in the conference adds a fresh element. And I think I'd go for some rotation, to move the arts editor or science writer or urban affairs specialist on to the page for a stint and let one of the editorial writers do a hitch on the news side or as critic. I think involving the community of the paper in the page as much as is feasible guards against a stereotype, besides helping establish community in the office, which is a plus of itself. To exchange with another paper would vary the diet more, and no harder to do than for college faculties.

I would applaud any effort to make the Ed Page less predictable. Whatever enlivens its appearance, small cuts of persons in the news, a cartoon, a daily item of humor, as lively a type as you can get, and provocative letters. I think I tend to read the letters first in nearly all the publications I take—at least to scan them to see if there is something different there.

Timing is a tactical matter. Old Geoffrey Parsons, of the Herald Trib's editorial page, had a suggestive piece about this in Joe Herzberg's book, "Late City Edition." Parsons' point was that you want to catch the peak of interest in the subject. To fire off before most people have begun to think much about it, is to waste your shots. To catch them at the crest of conversation about it, is to register your fullest impact.

And if the issue matters, a one-shot editorial isn't enough. It needs to be driven home. Variations on the theme can keep it alive. On our public TV here we repeat important programs. We're still running the Forsythe Saga for I guess the fifth or sixth time. We ran one of the earliest Pugwash Conference programs four times, and even after that a concerned old lady asked me when we were going to run it again, she'd heard so much about it. Eleanor Roosevelt told the Nieman Fellows 30 years ago she thought newspapers underestimated the intelligence of their readers but overestimated their information.

We have to try to resolve profundities into direct discourse. Language is worth respect. To try to salvage it from the bureaucrat's finalizing and the commercial's flaunting of bad grammar and vulgarization. Beyond that, as custodians of what we call public opinion, we have an obligation to use the language with precision and clarity, with simplicity and flexibility, and on occasion with eloquence of feeling.

Philip Gibbs, in his Adventures in Journalism, held that the essential for the journalist was an ear for the quality of words. That was in England and 40 years ago. It is a difference in national traits that we more often go for the facts and let the style fall where it may. But we can have both. It is important that a piece read pleasantly and say just what it means in simple clear terms. Keep E. B. White

and S. J. Perelman where you can read bits of them now and then. Your enjoyment of them will force you to perfect your sentences.

Finally, if one needed an excuse for an editorial page, or to try to define the primary role of the page, I think it would be to express the tone of the paper. This even more than the policy of the paper. It's a chance to represent the institution itself, as a thoughtful person, a good neighbor, one who cares. The tone reflects the character of the paper. Whatever else, whatever encroachments, this remains your charge. Some would think it enough.

Mr. Lyons, curator of the Nieman Foundation from 1939 to 1964, made the above remarks in Boston at the annual convention of the National Conference of Editorial Writers.

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(signed) Dwight E. Sargent

Book Review

By Louis M. Lyons

WHITETOWN U S A by Peter Binzen. Random House, 305 pp. $6.95

Peter Binzen was one of the new breed of education writers when he came to Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship from the Philadelphia Bulletin in 1961. From covering the schools his beat has been enlarged to that of urban affairs editor. This book reflects the expansion of his concerns. Moving from the problems of the old schools of an old city, he has explored the source of the problems in the community around the neighborhood school. It is a blue collar ethnic area rooted in traditional ways from immigrant days, ways that have hardened in the harshness of the struggle of descendants of immigrants, who have fought their way against surrounding hostility, have kept off welfare and, on union jobs, stayed above "the poverty level," own their small homes, pay taxes and take care of their own. This is the anatomy of the Hard Hat culture. These are the parents of the unruly unmotivated pupils who are the despair of teachers and the frustration of modern educators. They fiercely resist integration, resent reform and are suspicious of change. All they ask of school is that it keep discipline and produce conformity to their own ways. More of them prefer the authoritarian indoctrination of the parochial school. The rest feel a right as taxpayers to expect the same schooling for their children that they knew.

Beyond that they evince no interest in parent—teacher activity but they are readily aroused against innovation, to vote down a bond issue for modernization, to respond to the politician who attacks any educational change as communism. They vote for George Wallace or his local models.

It is a grim book describing a bleak condition, in school and out, and a dim prospect. But Binzen's is a sympathetic study that tries to understand and account for such a lump in the melting pot. The district he explores, Kensington, is in Philadelphia, but he has told this Philadelphia story, he says, "because it relates to the entire American problem of Whitetowns and Blacktowns." He traces the roots of present resentment to the immigrant background of Kensington. There was no welfare, no headstart program, no Federal grants to their forbears; no union recognition, no housing programs, when they were struggling for decent jobs and decent homes. They or their parents had the Protestant ethic of Wasp schoolma'ams imposed on their Catholic heritage. There was no ethnic history for them, no rent subsidy, no community action program, no ethnic teachers, no busing to better schools. They resent being neglected, both historically and in the present. They have protected their own way of life in islands of ethnic isolation. They fiercely resist black penetration of their enclaves. They have managed through privation to self sufficiency; they are impatient of the "pampering" of those on welfare. They have never made it to the affluent suburban life, but they see the policies of their schools and welfare and urban renewal directed by those who live remote from the conditions that menace their way of life, their taxes expended on those who pay none, their own needs unheeded. So they live in an attitude of siege against a society that has ignored them.

This Binzen can understand when he looks far enough into it. And it needs, he insists, to be understood. For Kensington is also Charlestown, Massachusetts, the East Side of Chicago and many another ethnic enclosure with a total population, he figures, of some 35,000,000 Americans.

"Clearly it is time for a much closer look at the mechanics of social change and at the forces working for and against change. The workingman's way of life has been threatened by inflation, automation, high taxes and many manifestations of the sociological revolution which have thrown his way of thinking and acting into question . . . If progress toward meeting the genuine needs of these groups is not made, then the poison that is infecting our national life, the hatred of race for race, will continue to rage unabated . . ."

Nieman Notes

1955

William J. Woestendiek, Editor and Publisher of the Colorado Springs Sun, has been elected to membership in the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

1958

William F. McIlwain has resigned as Editor of Newsday, Garden City, Long Island. He plans to write novels and magazine articles and to remain in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where he has been a writer in residence at Wake Forest University for the past year.

1959

Phil Johnson, WWL editorial voice and Director of Special Projects of WWL-TV in New Orleans, has been named News Director of the station.

1961

John Herbers is the author of THE LOST PRIORITY: What Happened to the Civil Rights Movement in America? published in October by Funk & Wagnalls.

1962

Jack Nelson, investigative reporter for the Washington Bureau of the Los Angeles Times, is co-author with Jack Bass (see 1966) of THE ORANGEBURG MASSACRE printed by the World Publishing Company in Cleveland.

1965

James S. Doyle, former Bureau Chief of The Boston Globe in Washington, D.C., has joined the national staff of the Washington Evening Star.

1966

Jack Bass, Columbia (South Carolina) Bureau Chief for The Charlotte Observer, was co-author with Jack Nelson in writing THE ORANGEBURG MASSACRE. (See 1962.)

1967

Philip Meyer has completed a year's leave of absence and has returned to the Washington Bureau of Knight Newspapers. He devoted his year to writing a book on the use of social science techniques in newspaper reporting. He was sponsored by the Russell Sage Foundation.

1969

J. Anthony Lukas, reporter for The New York Times in Chicago, has written THE BARNYARD EPITHET AND OTHER OBSCENITIES: Notes on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. It was published in October by Harper & Row.

1970

James N. Standard, formerly a reporter for the Daily Oklahoman and Oklahoma City Times, has been made Political Editor.

Subscription Rate Change

When Nieman Reports was first published in February 1947, the yearly subscription rate was $2. Nine years later, in 1956, the cost was raised to $3.

Until now, there has been no additional increase, although the costs of postage, printing, paper and ink have risen. For example, printing expenses alone have multiplied 100 per cent in the past ten years.

Nieman Reports is a non-profit publication and carries no advertising. It must now announce a subscription price of $5 a year. All subscriptions received before December 31st will be processed at the current rate of $3. After January 1, 1971, the yearly subscription cost will be $5.00 for U.S.A. and possessions; and $5.40 for foreign countries.

1971-72 Nieman Selection Committee

Three newspapermen and three officers of Harvard University will serve on the Nieman Selection Committee for the next academic year.

The President and Fellows of Harvard College have appointed the following to select the 1971-72 Fellows:

Robert Carlton Bergenheim, Manager of The Christian Science Monitor Publishing Society. Mr. Bergenheim, a graduate of Boston University, is a former City Editor of The Christian Science Monitor and was a Nieman Fellow in 1954.

William Block, President and Publisher of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. Mr. Block was graduated from Yale University and is treasurer of the American Committee of the International Press Institute.

Howard H. Hays, Jr., Editor and Publisher of The Riverside (California) Press-Enterprise. Mr. Hays was graduated from Stanford University and Harvard Law School and is a director of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

Ernest Richard May, Dean of Harvard College. Mr. May, who did his undergraduate and graduate work at the University of California, is Professor of History at Harvard University. He was a member of the Historical Section of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1952-54, joined the Harvard faculty in 1954, and was appointed to a full professorship in 1963.

William Moss Pinkerton, Harvard University News Officer. Mr. Pinkerton was a Nieman Fellow in 1941. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and is a former Washington correspondent for the Associated Press.

Dwight Emerson Sargent, Curator of the Nieman Fellowships. Mr. Sargent was Editorial Page Editor of The New York Herald Tribune. He was graduated from Colby College and was a Nieman Fellow in 1951.

Newsmen wishing to spend the academic year in background studies at Harvard University must apply by March 15th, 1971. Applicants, who are required to return to their employers, must have had at least three years of news experience and must be under 40.

About twelve Fellowships will be awarded for 1971-72. Each grant provides for a year of university residence and study for newsmen on leave from their jobs.

The current class includes thirteen Fellows from the United States and four Associate Fellows from foreign countries.

The 1971-72 class will be the 34th annual group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University. The Fellowships were established in 1938 under a bequest from Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of The Milwaukee Journal.