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True Role of Today's Newspaper

By Malcolm Bauer

The American press, in many important respects, is in a pretty bad way. This is not just my idea. Herbert Brucker, the esteemed editor of the *Hartford Courant*, asked in the *Saturday Review* earlier this year: "Is the Press Writing Its Obituary?"

"Already," he wrote, "there are indications that the newspaper may have to go the way of the horse and buggy, the trolley car, and the American citizen who worked for himself instead of The Organization," if (he implied) the newspaper does not mend its ways.

Other reputable newspapermen have said much the same thing in *Nieman Reports* and other journals of the profession.

Many of these critics, including Mr. Brucker, direct a good part of their fire at the press's antiquated mechanical processes. We are still, it is sad to say, doing many things behind the composing-room door that differ little from the things done by Gutenberg. And this fact unquestionably is a major factor in the trend toward newspaper monopoly, and in the growing frequency of obituaries of individual newspapers.

Production cost was the shotgun that forced the marriage in San Francisco between the *News* and the *Call-Bulletin*.

But it is not the economic ailments of the press about which I want to talk with you tonight. They are sore ones, but they will be solved—in time. There are, in the works, photo-typesetters, teletypesetters and other devices that will lead to greater production efficiency.

Much more critical than any production or economic

question is that of the news and editorial performance of the press. And here, it seems to me, there is evidence of what a doctor might call lesions serious enough in themselves to lead to the obituary of the newspaper as you and I have known it.

The printed page is entering a new era, and on the way it has been jostled and battered by some upstart newcomers, hellbent to play as big a role as possible in the future of mass communications. Dazed by the mutation by which "journalism" has become "mass communications," the newspaper has not yet got its bearings.

Now, I do not for a moment want to encourage the alarming notion that electronic journalism is going to supplant the printed page. For it is not—for as long as the printed page does not write its own obituary.

The newspaper can live very well with radio and television, if each understands and makes the best of its role. The newspaper has already tacitly acknowledged that in some things it cannot beat the broadcasters. The newspaper extra is virtually as extinct as the hard-boiled city editor. Nobody any longer expects a newspaper to bring him the first word of a presidential election or a world series baseball score.

The newspaper knows all right that radio and television have arrived as members of the family the Madison Avenue fraternity likes to call the mass media. But the press as a body has not yet seemed to realize that the newspaper's role in the new, larger, noisier family is markedly different from its role in those good, old days before the first crystal set.

To a large degree, the newspaper press has continued to cover the city hall, the police station and the baseball park as though its audience were the same, with the same needs and the same tastes, as its audience in the days when William McKinley used to saunter into the press room and exchange a few harmless jokes with his personal friends among the first members of the White House press corps.

There is a woeful lack of appreciation, except among such contemplative editors as Herbert Brucker, of the consequences of or the opportunities in the current electronic revolution in mass communications—yes, of the opportunities that that revolution has created for the newspaper.

The newspaper cannot best television with the picture of the President of the United States speaking on the State of the Union. *But* it is all alone in its ability to bring to the people the President's words in a form for study and reflection and to interpret for its readers the developments and problems behind those words.

The newspaper is always a poor third with the scores of the college football games. *But* it could not be beaten—if it would really try—in bringing to the American people

(Continued on page 38)

*Reporting from Hong Kong***Snaring the Dragon from Afar****By Stanley Karnow**

In Hong Kong not long ago, a group of correspondents and diplomats were studying a recent photograph of Mao Tse-tung and his aides, measuring rank by position in the line-up. "Wait a minute," one reporter interrupted, "Mao's wart is on the right, not the left side of his face. That picture has been reversed."

There was a dramatic moment of silence as everyone mentally turned the picture around. The significance was obvious. Premier Chou En-lai would now stand at Mao's right, and thus Liu Shao-chi, the supposed heir apparent, had been moved down a notch. Lively discussion ensued, reportedly followed by some speculative stories on the "new changes." Later, someone complimented the perceptive reporter—who shall remain anonymous—on his astonishing knowledge of Mao Tse-tung's facial features. "To tell the truth," he confessed, "I haven't a clue where Mao's wart is. I just tossed that out to see what would happen. How was I to know anyone would take it seriously?"

But just such trifles as Mao's wart and its location are serious business for the thirty-odd correspondents covering Red China from Hong Kong. Few reporting jobs in the world, I believe, are more important, and not many are as fascinating. Yet none that I know can be so chronically frustrating.

Like a good reporter anywhere, the Hong Kong operative must be studious without being academic, patient but not docile, imaginative yet not dreamy. Above all, he must be skeptical and humble. But in Hong Kong, he must use the tools of his craft in a particular and peculiar manner. He cannot apply them to a subject he can see, touch, or smell. He is forced to observe by intermediary, like an art critic attempting to judge paintings from second-hand description. With this handicap, he must estimate, calculate, synthesize, and speculate. Sometimes he is wrong; sometimes he is remarkably accurate. But he never enjoys the satisfaction of working with his own senses.

Whether he begins at midnight—as do correspondents trying to meet New York deadlines—or at eight in the morning, the Hong Kong man's day starts with the file of

Hsinhua, the New China News Agency, monitored by Reuters and *Agence France-Presse*. This material, usually thirty or forty pages of single-spaced prose, can be as tedious as, say, *Pilgrim's Progress*. But it is essential reading. Here one follows the movements around China of Mao, Chou, and other Chinese leaders. Here are the lists of Cuban, Congolese, Algerian, Japanese, and assorted other African, Asian, and Latin American delegations which seem to be visiting China with significant frequency. Here is "news" of mining developments, apple production, steel output—some of it, through protestations of success, perhaps denoting economic setbacks. Here is Peking's version of foreign news, usually couched in irritating stereotypes (e.g., "The US propaganda machine, UPI, in a Washington dispatch yesterday . . ."). And equally important is what the daily radio transcript omits. Khrushchev's warning against war, made in Bucharest last June, was all but ignored by the Chinese who have been speaking out against "peaceful coexistence."

One of *Hsinhua's* most important contributions to the world's knowledge is its broadcast of editorials from *Red Flag* or the *People's Daily*, which in effect lay down the Party line. Scanning an editorial requires special skill that can be acquired by anyone with perseverance and grade school competence in grammar. The method consists of first getting the gist of the article—usually apparent by the fifth or sixth paragraph. Then run the eye quickly through the rest to find the conjunction—the inevitable "but" or "however" or "nevertheless"—that introduces the oppositional passage, or "nullifying amendment." Examples abound. On last spring's summit meeting, to take a random sample, the Chinese considered it "a good thing that the heads of the governments of the USSR and the USA have decided to call upon each other." Only deeper in the editorial could the oppositional passage be found: "But one can no more hope to get the US to give up its policy of creating tension than one can expect a cat to keep away from fish." Hence the safe and significant conclusion that Communist China was cool to a summit meeting in which she herself would not participate.

It is desirable to follow a couple of hours with the *Hsinhua* by a short but intensive session with the "Survey of China Mainland Press," an admirable collection of translations from Chinese Communist periodicals, compiled by the United States Consulate in Hong Kong. Here are

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articles from Chinese magazines and provincial newspapers covering almost every imaginable subject. Some are fanciful tales of the exploits of Mao Tse-tung, evidently aimed at creating a cult around his infallible personality. Others are labyrinthic ideological expositions, and there are pieces on child care, illiteracy and its cure, grain production in Hunan province and poems for Ho Chi Minh's birthday. However tedious the task, keeping up with this background is necessary. For into it, daily reports may fit like moving figures against a broad landscape.

Peking's sources, however ample, are never enough. Just as a doctor follows medical journals, the conscientious Hong Kong reporter feels it necessary to keep up with specialized publications—the *China Quarterly*, the *Problems of Communism*, *China News Analysis*, the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the annals of various academic societies—and he can hardly afford to ignore the vast bibliography on China, from the *Selected Works* of Mao Tse-tung to the latest first-person-singular report by a visiting writer.

Although isolated diplomatically, Communist China is still very much a part of this world. Viewing it in the international context is also part of the job. An eye must be kept on Moscow and other Communist capitals, and not long ago, in the midst of the running Sino-Soviet ideological dispute, many of us devoted an inordinate amount of time to reading the Russian and Eastern European press, available in translation through diplomatic channels. Equally important is China's impact on the under-developed countries. Many Hong Kong correspondents travel frequently into Southeast Asia, where China's shadow looms large. At the same time, we try to maintain some familiarity with trends in Africa and Latin America, where Peking is attempting to exert influence.

Getting honest human reaction, feeling, and information on China is another task. The opportunities in Hong Kong for picking people's brains or taking their pulse are limited by time rather than opportunity. There are European or Asian businessmen who travel in and out of mainland China. There are diplomats who may have reports from Peking. There is, occasionally, a British or Italian or Swiss journalist who has been "inside." There are ordinary Chinese—the friend's houseboy who has been visiting his relatives in Shanghai or the refugee fisherman lately landed in Macao. If one wants sterile clichés, there are Communist "public relations men" available. Chinese Communists of any importance, however, shun the Western press.

No single one of these people is, naturally, able to reflect more than his own narrow, subjective vision has seen. The businessman who returns from the Canton Trade Fair may be knowledgeable on the subject of Chinese export goods, but it's a fair bet that he's totally ignorant on, say, a textile

worker's diet. The diplomat's information, never totally imparted if at all valuable, is often conjecture picked up at a cocktail party in Peking's "ghetto" of non-Communist embassies. The lucky journalists who have seen for themselves are often as divergent in their impressions as a group of witnesses at a police court. Individually, however, each of these sources contributes a quote or a sentiment or a figure. The bits and pieces may fit into a pattern which must be checked and double-checked against a general trend. And the "general trends"—the drive for urban communes, increasing the militia, or backyard steel production—must themselves be constantly referred back, if possible, to what people may have seen inside China.

Each reporter in Hong Kong may have his special pipeline, his private tipster. Some believe that Chinese Nationalist intelligence in Taipei is helpful. Others claim that the Japanese, some of whom visit the Mainland, are good sources of information. But by and large, nobody comes up with news about Red China that is not available to his rivals. Victory, in the form of a more accurate and well-balanced story, goes to the patient, dedicated, and reasonably imaginative student of the subject. There are no spectacular scoops in store for the correspondent covering China from the outside. A famous gentleman-journalist who arrived in Hong Kong recently and announced that he was going to "do the job nobody has yet done" finally produced a well-written series of articles. But nothing in them had not been said before.

Because the Hong Kong press corps cannot intimately cover China with its own five senses, there seems to be a tendency in some editorial offices back home to question or perhaps minimize the authority of its copy. Obviously there are shortcomings in what might be called "reporting by proxy." But it is also important to consider the limitations of covering China from Peking. The two Western correspondents there—Bernard Ullman of *Agence France-Presse* and Ronald Farquhar of *Reuter's*—are heavily restricted in their travel, limited in their relations with the Chinese, and if not actually censored, very much at the mercy of a sensitive Communist Establishment. (Despite coverage generally sympathetic to the regime, for example, Frederick Nossal of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* was expelled last June.) Peking-based reporters even have great difficulty obtaining Chinese periodical literature, a problem they solve by having packages of translated press material sent to them from Hong Kong. For all the glamor of a Peking date line and the veracity of an eyewitness account, day by day reports out of Communist China are perhaps likely to contain less real substance than better-documented, more reflective stories from a more liberal vantage point. The *New York Times*, to take the best available barometer, has noticeably reduced its use of *Reuter's* files from Peking

in favor of its own correspondents' "second-hand" stuff written in Hong Kong.

This is, of course, no argument against entering China. The ideal, many of us in Hong Kong think, would be to visit the Mainland frequently, as some of our British colleagues were able to do until two or three years ago. We—and the US public—are victims of blunders that are too familiar to rehash. But whatever the State Department's past rulings in prohibiting American correspondents into

Communist China, the present block to entry lies in Peking. Late last year, Washington removed the sanctions against travel from the passports of thirty-one correspondents. Not a single one has been given a Chinese visa, and there seems no likelihood of visas being delivered in the foreseeable future. But—here I am, making the mistake of predicting what Peking might do, when experience should have taught me that only Peking's unpredictability is predictable.

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The Booming Regional Papers

By John Strohmeier

The 1960 census tells us a few things about what has been happening to newspapers. It seems that with the decline of population in the cities, newspapers in metropolitan areas have lost circulation or at least certainly have failed to get their share in the nation's overall population growth. For example, New York city lost 3 per cent of its people between 1950 and 1960 and its newspapers lost a total of 2,794,144 circulation during these same 10 years. Now there are a number of reasons for this decline in New York, such as mergers, price increases and so on. Others know more about this than I do. I'll confine my remarks to the things I've seen happening around me.

When people move out into the suburbs, they tend to buy the local paper, no matter how bad it is. They want to see what is happening to their tax rate, their schools, neighborhoods, and so on. They want to know as much as they can about the town they've settled in. Thus, the effect of this rush to the suburbs means that almost overnight some little country newspapers have grown into flourishing regional dailies. And a number of the regional dailies have blossomed into papers with metropolitan size circulations. For example, in the same 10 years that New York circulation took a two million plus nosedive, the morning suburban papers in Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York grew by 32 per cent; the evenings, showed a 42 per cent circulation gain and the Sundays boosted circulation by 49 per cent. These are *Editor & Publisher* figures. This, to me, is one of the greatest changes that has come to the newspaper business.

One of the things that ought to concern us most in this profession is whether these booming regional dailies are

living up to their responsibilities that go with profiting from a free press. As some of these pastures turn into towns and grow into small cities, millions of dollars of public money go into new schools, sewer systems, water supplies, public buildings and so on. The pressure of growth often permits for much extravagance and wasteful planning in school building while teacher salaries tend to come out second best. There is good engineering and bad engineering of streets and developments. There is zoning that is passed in the community interest and there is zoning that amounts to serving special interests. There is indecision, misuse of public money, and contract rigging in this big boom to catch up on the times.

Are these regional newspapers taking their logical role as watchdog and community leader during all of this? You might ask, in effect, are they helping to shape the new face of America.

Coming from a state that has the largest number of regional dailies in the country, I can report these typical attitudes:

1. A number of regional papers are doing their darnedest to tell themselves that nothing has changed. Their policy is still to keep the heavy emphasis on reporting golden wedding anniversaries, births, obituaries, Little League results. The rule is, don't challenge anything. Don't pick a fight with the school board if it closes its doors to let a \$2 million contract. Life can be profitable, pleasant, and serene without controversy. The publisher or the editor, and often both, bury themselves in the local power clique. You don't rock my boat and I won't rock yours.

2. A large number of newspapers are going through a period of reappraisal. They know that to do the kind of job they ought to, it is going to take the spending of money, the changing of some old concepts of the newspaper business. Up to now, it has been safe for them to hire people out of high school and train them "our way."

Running a regional newspaper himself, **John Strohmeier** is editor of the Bethlehem *Globe-Times*. Former staff reporter on the Providence *Journal*, he was a Nieman Fellow in 1953. This paper was a talk at a Nieman reunion seminar this June.

A lot of latitude in that, I suspect. They know that no longer can this be good enough. They've got to turn to colleges for young men who've been exposed to a book on government, history, and the meaning of the words, Public Interest. Before they can challenge a wasteful bond issue floated by a water authority, they ought to know how an authority is constituted and what limits there are on its power to spend public money. Before they can write a series on zoning, they have to be able to determine the frame of reference. What this means is that the regional press will have to start competing with the metropolitan papers in pay. And if the mergers continue, and metropolitan papers dwindle in number, I hope some of the dislocated newspapermen won't overlook the opportunities among the regional press.

3. The third group of editors are those that see their role and are doing all they can to live it. I was glad to see that Marya Mannes in her talk before the ASNE in Washington this spring singled out a number of regional papers along with five or six first rank dailies as exceptions to her charges of "What's wrong with the American Press." I can document dozens of examples of how the regional press is serving the public good with courage.

And the encouraging thing is that more and more of the regional press is leading attacks of secrecy among school boards, municipal bodies, police stations. These stories don't make national headlines, but they take courage and often involve savings of far more public money than the salaries of a nephew on a congressman's payroll or the \$90-a-night Persian Room tab on the expense account of a junketing congressional investigator.

Not only is the regional press shaping the face of America, but it is gaining a large part of the sphere of influence. The problem, as I see it, is how do we get more of these regional dailies to respond to their jobs in the community. How do we get them to stimulate their readers with something more than canned editorials? How do we get them to stimulate their readers into thinking about issues?

The American Press Institute does a good amount of missionary work but has no way of reaching papers that reject exposure to new ideas. Schools of journalism can help, but I believe real assistance must come from the enlightened people in the community. Step up and tell an editor his paper does a poor job and be prepared to document it. That hurts. If complaints come from enough people with a sense of civic conscience, it should help.

Nomenclature and Race Relations

By Adelaide Cromwell Hill

Recently the troubles of South Africa have dominated American newspaper headlines and disturbed American readers. Even the most casual reader may have noted the frequent use of the term, "Negro," to describe those persons in the Union of South Africa who certainly could easily and accurately be described as "African." That this has occurred with little or no public reaction reflects the acceptance by American readers of the idea that racial terminology developed in our country has universal applicability.

However, it is important to remind ourselves that the term, "Negro," is not used consistently in the reporting of African affairs; news dispatches on Ghana, Nigeria, and the Belgian Congo rarely, if ever, refer to black Africans as Negroes. The infiltration of the word, "Negro," has been most frequent where the relations between the races has been most strained and where the white population has expressed the greatest determination to dominate the affairs of the country, namely in Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa.

Undoubtedly, a large share in developing the American readers' understanding of modern Africa rests with the ability of American journalists to report objectively and accurately. For some years this writer has observed with alarm the tendency on the part of American journalists

to use the term, "Negro," to describe the racial situation in the Union of South Africa, and five years ago she addressed some remarks on this question to Mr. Alban Ross, then covering Africa for the *New York Times*. As Mr. Ross was writing for a highly influential American newspaper and was, even then, preparing American readers to understand African affairs, it seems appropriate to introduce the subject with some excerpts from that unanswered letter:

... It would appear to me that if the term African, if need be qualified by black or colored, is not sufficiently descriptive of and applicable to the vast majority of the people who inhabit the continent of that name, what 'nationality' description is ever valid? ... The readers of the *London Times* are never so confused. ...

I am wondering whether you, unconsciously perhaps, might not be translating an American confusion in the definition of a situation into an area where it is not only confusing but inaccurate. ...

This problem of nationality versus racial, religious or tribal affiliations is not new, nor is it limited to Africa. And the importance of establishing a legitimate right to nationality status as the basic equalizing factor in society is obvious. Israel occurs to me as a modern case in point,

for while religious and ethnic differences are strong in Israel itself, never once have I read in the New York *Times* any term other than Israeli to describe the individuals of that country.

The analysis of acceptable or customary nomenclature can be a fascinating inquiry. At this stage of world history the nomenclature related to the color groups of the world reveals many significant overtones. Within the scope of this paper I am purposefully calling attention to the function of nomenclature in describing persons of African descent. It is my belief that the use of a name which had its sociological definition developed in America implies a commonality in the problems of Africa and America. It is my further assumption that few persons have considered the development of the use of the word, "Negro," and the relation of this development to the state of race relations in this country at any given time.

Words reflect ideas, ideas reflect values. This is no less true in describing race relations in the United States than in the Union of South Africa. In the American context, the term, "Negro," has always meant far more than mere biological difference. It has been a term bestowed by white Americans upon persons of African descent as a badge of inferiority and subordination. Therefore, the use of this term, "Negro," *which is not used in Africa* in the reporting of news on Africa certainly prejudices the facts.

It is useful to examine how "Negro" has been used sociologically in America. In contrast to the non-Negro portion of the population, the Negro members are more than different in color—they are different in respect to status and rights. These differences are institutionalized by describing this class of people as Negro. That we are trying to improve the status of Negroes is, for the moment, not the point. Nor is it particularly relevant to consider alternative names. The point is that American journalists, turning their attention to those sections of Africa where whites wish to settle and where there are seeds of racial conflict, automatically define the non-white group as "Negroes"—by implication, then, as inferior. These journalists, for some reason, never employ meaningful terms, such as a nationality name, a tribal name, or the all-encompassing and ever-correct continental designation, African.

In the settlement of this country, which virtually eliminated the indigenous people and included the Negroes as the involuntary immigrants, it was never customary to employ the usually odious term, "native," to describe the Negro. Indeed of all the so-called colored peoples of the world, the American Negro, I suspect, is unique in not having been described offensively at some time in his history as "native." The explanation is obvious. With the con-

venient omission of the American Indian, to Americans who are immigrants and strangers, the word, "native" has always had a connotation of great prestige. It cannot, however, be forgotten that in any general discussion of nomenclature and race relations the term, "native," must be considered as the most universally used and the most applicable term in defining the relations between the "white" and "colored" races on this planet.

The earliest name for the American Negro, as for all persons coming to these shores, was based on the "country" of origin. The Negro is listed as African not only in the early census of slaves but in the first censuses of men of color in the North. White America's first social image of the Negro was that of an African. Though the term, "Negro," has been a part of the English language since the 16th century, its usage in the American context did not emerge until social conditions demanded it. As Gunnar Myrdal pointed out, "from one point of view the entire Negro problem in America hinges upon the social definition of race."

The American Negro has long known that the power of establishing meaning for racial nomenclature in this country has seemed to rest with the interpretation offered by the white community. Considerable energy and discussion, however, has been exerted by the Negro community to influence such choices in nomenclature.

In the earliest days, as the American Negro interpreted his place among other strangers on this continent and lacking for the most part both the information and curiosity about his country of origin, the term, "African," became a meaningless word perpetuating a separation from the mainspring of American life and values, it conjured up only the most negative and detrimental concepts.

With the growth of slavery and until the Emancipation, the Negro was socially and legally defined as either a slave or a non-white free man. More precisely, by the 18th century he was regarded as either a slave (as there were no longer white slaves) or as a free man of color. Freedom had clearly become the single most important status factor.

"Free men of color," while not entirely an equalitarian appellation, did for many years suggest dignity and status. This served to distinguish one group of Negroes from their brothers still in chains and their African kinsmen, living, it was thought because it had been taught, in a state of barbarism.

When American Negroes during this and later periods gathered to discuss their common situation, they referred to themselves as "Free Men of Color" in the Conventions of the early 1830's in Philadelphia and at the Niagara Movement Conference in the early 1900's. The name, National Association of *Colored* People, chosen in 1909 by many of

the Niagara group indicates a rejection of the term, "Negro."

A further historical expression of rejection of the term, "Negro," by American Negroes may be seen in the names given the two most important institutions in the life of the Negro community, the church and the press. While "outsiders" may refer to this or that building as the "Negro Methodist" as opposed to the white Methodist Church, all members and knowledgeable persons know that this is an African Methodist Episcopal Church or the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, etc., but never a Negro Methodist Church. The same is true of the press. The titles of newspapers may vary from place-names such as the Boston *Guardian*, and the Atlanta *Daily World*, to such protest-names as *The National Protest* and *The Peoples' Advocate*. It never was "The Negro" anything. The highly successful *Afro-American* is the only newspaper published in this country the name of which is racial in character.

Many persons may be familiar with the in-group controversy over what should be acceptable nomenclature. In 1913, in his extremely interesting two-volume work, *The African Abroad*, William H. Ferris contributed his own suggestion of "Negro-saxon." He stated well the feelings of Negro intellectuals of the period toward the use of the word, "Negro." Stressing the mixed "blood" of most American Negroes, he wrote: (vol. I)

I regard the term "Negro" to characterize a mixed race in whose veins flow Negro, Caucasian and Indian blood, as a misnomer. It is an opprobrious, disingenuous epithet into which has been packed all conceivable and imaginable hatred, venom, disdain, contempt and odium. . . . The colored man who brands himself as a Negro thereby . . . labels himself as being one who is outside of the pale of humanity. . . .

. . . Our destiny is to become American citizens. Let us call ourselves . . . Negrosaxons or Colored Americans instead of Negroes.

Whether or not one follows this suggestion or even finds it a useful debate, it does bring into focus the problem that is the crux of the case against the American press, when Mr. Ferris says:

. . . Words have a history. In the course of time certain associations and traditions become attached to the word. Immediately the Negro is mentioned, certain suggestions are called up by the word. Now the word 'Negro' originally referred to a native African black, who was a barbarian and a savage. . . .

Many Negroes at the turn of the century refused to drop Africa as a part of their designation. Mr. Ferris was, in a

sense, caught in his own trap with the term, "Negro-saxon"; one wonders why he did not prefer "Afro-American." But the name Afro-American was going against the tide; people in this country were rejecting the idea of hyphenated Americanism. It was beginning to be exceedingly unpopular to be called an Irish-American or an Italian-American, etc. The American Negro is truly a product of American culture and accepts almost without question its values. He too wished no nationality identification other than that of American.

The dimensions of the sociological development in the use of "Negro" are indicated by the Negro (small "n")—Negress—"Nigger" line of thought. While the earliest of slave auctions did describe those human beings about to be sold as "Africans," very soon this connotation apparently did not seem to enhance the marketable value of the commodity. It did not suggest an agreeable communicative, docile, albeit strong, and healthy individual. Quite the contrary was the case. Therefore, smart slave traders soon substituted "Negro" (small "n") as the necessary biological description of the likely, strong, capable, useful human being they wished to sell. In the Southern context where, after all, the racial pattern has always been most rigid, the term, "Negro," was never successfully rejected by whites or Negroes. After Emancipation, Southern white opinion seemed determined to maintain a racial tag for that section of the population which previously had been so effectively encompassed by the term, "slave."

Freed slaves in the South were Negroes. They were neither free persons of color, nor Afro-Americans, nor colored persons. "Negro" was the only term relevant in the American context which could provide a permanent label, biologically determined, rooted in the past and intended to be irrevocably meaningful in the future. In the post-Reconstruction South, such a word was needed to bolster and enforce the way of life. But for the eternal vigilance of Negroes and many whites the word would have established for itself an equally permanent position in the North.

After 1865, it became the custom in the South to make the designation of "Negro" a common, not a proper, noun by popularizing the spelling of the word with a small "n." This was meant to connote a species-designation similar to cat, horse, dog. This preference was further elaborated by adding the feminine form—"Negress" to the masculine "Negro." It is perhaps not relevant here to explain arguments often made against what was called supersensitivity on the part of Negroes who attributed attitudes implied in the use of "Negress," as being more comparable to tigress than, say, to duchess. Nor, is it now important to explain why the awkwardness and inconsistency in writing capital "N" in Negro but not capital "W" in white seemed so unimportant to the Negro community. Such arguments can

and must be viewed in the social climate of the times. For the Negro, free but disenfranchised and segregated in the Southern part of our country, these became important battles to win.

All agreed that "nigger," as used by whites and as understood by Negroes, was an insulting term inviting reprisals when possible. As a result of agitation from the Negro community, even "Negra," that auspicious combination of attitude and accent, was dropped by those Southerners who understood the relation of race relations to nomenclature.

Nomenclature, once established, cannot easily be eradicated. It seems futile and perhaps unimportant to expect that any word other than "Negro" will be used in the foreseeable future to describe Americans of African descent. But responding to the demands of the times, Americans are imparting to the meaning of the word more and more elements of equality and status. In due time, the terminological usefulness of the word, "Negro," will be only of historical interest, or, where need be, for accuracy of physical description, as, for instance, in the police search for criminals.

It is true that there have always been some Negroes in America who have been dissatisfied with this appellation. Today the followers of the "Prophet" Elijah Muhammed, for example, insist on referring to themselves as "so-called" Negroes. But for the majority of Negroes, as the meaning of the word has become less discriminatory, the term itself has seemed far less odious.

This is the American side of the story which provides the historical precedent for Mr. Ross and the other equally reputable correspondents responsible for reporting accurately to the American people on affairs in Africa. There is much to learn from the American experience. From it one can see the basis for concern over the use of "Negro" in another and quite possibly different context.

The American experience in the first place calls attention to the fact that there can be in the chosen names for races and groups a reflection of the biases and prejudices of the moment. This is regrettable in and of itself. But it is of further import because such designations, all too frequently, merely reinforce the values and expectations of one group at the expense of a clarification of the true situation. It is well known that the Union of South Africa now has the

deliberate policy to eradicate completely the word, "African," to substitute "Afrikaner" for the white population and to delegate all black Africans to an entirely separate category, Bantu. This term is emotionally charged with the value of permanent separateness and inferiority as was the initial choice of "Negro" by the Southerners. Our reporters miss the subtlety of the situation.

It should also call attention to the dynamic and changing quality of race relations as reflected in accepted racial nomenclature in this country and quite possibly in the Union of South Africa. One reads with interest of the different meanings at various periods in the Union of South Africa which were attributed to Boer, Afrikaner, Black, native, kaffier, White (with a capital W), and Bantu. Nowhere, however, except perhaps in the minds of American journalists, does the word, "Negro," appear as a meaningful term.

I beg American journalists to appreciate the sensitivity of the present African picture and the need for the growth of the most sophisticated American public opinion in this area. I would hope that, through the most precise use of words, they would discourage thoughtful Americans from joining less-enlightened people who think that the exciting, new and rich continent of Africa does not first and foremost belong to its indigenous inhabitants, the Africans. For our reporters to introduce the term, "Negro," not used in Africa at all, and traditionally used in America to describe our disenfranchised and discriminated-against citizens, is, in my opinion, careless and harmful reporting and certainly suggests our identification with the "non-African," non-indigenous peoples in the current African struggles. Where the use of nationality terms are not adequate in explaining a situation, as in the Union of South Africa, surely the old, tried and true word, "African," to be contrasted, where necessary, with other equally familiar words, as, for example, Afrikaner, European, or white, clearly identifies, without hint of prejudice, the relevant groups.

Adelaide Cromwell Hill is a research associate in the African Studies Program at Boston University. A graduate of Smith College and Ph.D. from Radcliffe, she has taught at Hunter and Smith and has twice visited Africa. "The article represents my views as a Negro, a sociologist and an Africanist," she says.

Yankee on Broadway

In An Extraordinary Interview

Brooks Atkinson Tells His Own Story

By Dom Bonafede

Justin Brooks Atkinson, who sat in judgment on multi-million dollar Broadway theater productions for more than 30 years, rendered his decisions from an unregal setting. His office, a cubicle in the huge city room of the New York *Times*, was as neat and spartan as a New England landscape. There was nothing to show that the occupant was a dominant figure on the Broadway scene; there were no signed portraits of stage greats, no yellow theater bills. Instead, a large, colored drawing of three Summer Tanagers by Artist Roger Tory Peterson, flanked by two small, green plants, loomed above the desk. Off to one side was a pastel caricature of Joe Jackson, an oldtime clown famous for a zany bicycle routine.

"That's all Joe did during his life," Atkinson recalled. "His son still does the same act but something is missing. I remember I was at the Harvard Club when I heard the Hindenburg had exploded. Joe had earlier told me he was going to be aboard her and I thought that was the end of him. But it happened he couldn't make the flight. So he had another ten years or so left to live."

On a pillar behind the desk hung a portrait of H. T. Parker, Atkinson's boss on the old Boston *Evening Transcript*. A wood-cut of Walden Pond was alongside.

With a pipe clamped between his teeth, his short cropped hair and clipped moustache, Atkinson reflected more his academic background than the glitter of The Great White Way. In *The Story Of The New York Times*, Meyer Berger said of him:

"The *Times* man who looked least like a potential war correspondent was Justin Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic. He never weighed more than 130 pounds, even in a rainstorm, and was more apt to tip the scales at 115. He was—and still is—the tweedy, spectacled, pipesmoking scholarly type. . . . He was New England clear through."

Atkinson was born Nov. 28, 1894, in Melrose, Mass., the son of Jonathan and Garafelia Atkinson. Graduated from Harvard in 1917, he stepped directly from the campus to the city room of the Springfield *Daily News*. Except for a

year spent as instructor of English at Dartmouth, he has devoted his adult life to newspapering. He has written a half dozen books, mostly collections of contemplative essays, as well as a scholarly treatment of Henry Thoreau.

He and his wife, Authoress Oriana Atkinson, divide their time between a Manhattan apartment and a country home in the Catskills, where he engages in his favorite pastime of bird-watching, sometimes with his friend John Kieran. A stepson, Bruce T. MacIlven, works for the government at the Redstone Arsenal.

The interview took place in Atkinson's office amid the hammering and banging of nearby workmen. At one point the mild-mannered critic raised his voice an octave and bawled, "Damn it! You can't hear yourself talk in here." He then returned his pipe to his lips and settled back.

Last December the *Times* in a two-inch item at the bottom of page 55 announced that Atkinson was quitting his seat on the aisle at the end of the season.

Told of the news, author and former critic John Mason Brown commented, "I feel as if St. John the Divine had been bombed." Brown, who was speaking for the theater world, spoke for the world of journalism as well.

Interviewer: You have been both critic and a straight news reporter. What would you say are the principal differences?

Atkinson: The reason we have reviews in newspapers is that the opening of a play is news. The review is a news report. Instead of being objective, it is more highly subjective. That is the main difference. Actually, there's an amount of subjectivity in merely determining what is news and what is not news. The stock market reports and ship sailings and arrivals are the only things in newspapers not subjective.

Interviewer: What in your opinion are the basic qualities which make a good critic?

Atkinson: I think he should have a cultural standard, a cultural background and a knowledge of the history of the theater. He ought to be interested in the theater and be an enthusiastic theater goer. He is writing for newspaper readers and those who read him the most are theater goers. He may have all the necessary qualities but if he is

Dom Bonafede is on the news staff of the Miami *Herald*. He did this interview with Brooks Atkinson at the completion of his Nieman Fellowship this Spring.

not genuinely interested in the theater he won't be much of a critic.

Interviewer: Does the knowledge that your appraisal of a play goes a long way in making or breaking the production weigh heavily upon you?

Atkinson: I never think of it. And I don't believe it. Our reviews are supposed to have some influence but nobody knows what it is. People like to believe in demonology. It gives them some security to believe there is a devil controlling their universe. The success of the theater does not depend upon the critics. For example: *The Andersonville Trial* got a negative notice from me and it seems to be doing well. *At The Drop Of A Hat* received good reviews from everybody but me and it's been running since November. I wrote a favorable review of *Greenwillow* but I don't think it will be financially successful.

Interviewer: Then you think talk about the power of the critics is overplayed?

Atkinson: Whether a play gets a good review depends upon what is on the stage. The theory of criticism is that the critic has no power. He translates what he sees and feels to the reader. Nobody says critics are responsible for successful plays: the actors, directors and writers are given credit, so I don't see why reviewers should be blamed for failures.

I had a request recently from the *Reader's Digest* asking me if I'd do an article on why plays should not be reviewed the same night the critic sees it, the idea being he should have more time to mull it over. That's like the old assumption that women's votes would clean up politics. Naturally, I refused to do the article. The awkward factor in criticism is that everybody is human. You can't get away from human beings; that's what makes the trouble.

Interviewer: In commenting on the art of criticism in *Once Around The Sun*, a book you wrote in 1950, you said:

"In the appreciation of drama there is one basic problem, is it good or is it bad? But this is a question that so far has defied systemization and that has to be answered afresh every time a new play opens and by everybody who sees it. In art there is nothing right or wrong but thinking makes it so. There are no concrete rules that specify the virtues and vices of a drama, and there are no authorities learned enough to give the magic word."

Would you stick by that today?

Atkinson: Yes, I would. My ideas haven't changed a bit in ten years. I'm afraid I rewrote that same thing for a current *Theatre Arts* piece without even thinking back to it.

Interviewer: Your views seem similar to those of Robert Penn Warren. He claims it is nonsense to assume any one kind of criticism is "correct" criticism. He says there is no correct or complete criticism.

Atkinson: I agree. There are all kinds of criticism.

Newspaper criticism is different from academic reviewing. A newspaper critic should be concerned with what is on the stage and not try to reform the theater. He is primarily a reporter. Of course, he should write about the kind of theater he believes in and on his idea of the ideal theater.

Interviewer: Well, what is it you look for in a drama?

Atkinson: Like any other theater goer, I look for an evening's entertainment. I don't fight a play, at least not consciously. My intention is to surrender to it. Everybody has prejudices. I wouldn't for a moment think I'm a good audience for every theater. In order not to be influenced, I never read any out-of-town notices. I sit in the theater and later comment on it from my impressions. I know it sounds too good to be true and it is too good to be true.

Interviewer: How about stimulation? Don't you look for that in drama?

Atkinson: Yes. If I'm emotionally involved I feel it has something for me. But if it doesn't have emotional involvement, it's not for me.

Interviewer: What are the steps you follow when you leave the theater and return to the *Times* to write your review?

Atkinson: The first thing between the theater and the office I try to get the lead sentence in my brain. I have about an hour to write the review for an eleven-thirty deadline. I write with pencil in long hand. Each paragraph is taken to the copy desk as soon as it is written. When I finish the review I go to the composing room and read proof on it. My intention is to get everything corrected by eleven fifty-five, which is when the paper is supposed to be locked up.

Interviewer: Why do you write in long hand after all your years as a newspaperman?

Atkinson: It's just a habit. The discipline of pencil on paper helps me. I write news stories on the typewriter but comment is more difficult. My Sunday pieces I write in long hand at home. I feel leisurely and grand there, but when I get to the office I feel less leisurely and grand and I rewrite it on the typewriter.

Interviewer: Do you do any revising of your reviews?

Atkinson: No, there isn't time, except to correct typographical errors. I try not to change anything because it puts a strain on the composing room. I might cut a paragraph, as I did in today's review of *Viva Madison Avenue*, because I feel it doesn't contribute anything.

Interviewer: Have you ever had second thoughts about a play and later reversed or modified your original opinion?

Atkins: No. When I'm in the theater I'm thinking about it all the time. My mind is then made up. If anybody agrees with me, fine. If they don't, I'm not going to change my opinion. You always have people on your side. Like *Greenwillow*: I was the only one to report favorably on it

and many people think I'm a hero—but not enough to make it a success. There are always differences of opinion about a play. Some people didn't like *South Pacific* or *My Fair Lady*, and if that's their opinion, it's all right.

Interviewer: Does the critic's mood ever influence his judgment?

Atkinson: I don't know. In my case, on the night of a play my wife and I have dinner alone after which I take a good nap. I never go to a party before a play and then rush to the theater the last minute. I get there early and read the program. I don't ignore the fact that mood can be a factor. I try to compensate for it.

Interviewer: I've heard that you personally know very few of the people you've been writing about for years. Is that the result of a conscious effort on your part to retain your objectivity?

Atkinson: I make a virtue of the fact I'm anti-social by nature. I don't think friendship is a good basis for criticism. I like theater people but I don't make a practice of cultivating their friendship.

Interviewer: The Alsop brothers in their book *The Reporter's Trade* said they shy away from getting too close to important news sources.

Atkinson: That's the way with me. I have only one or two close friends in the theater. It puts a strain on your relationship. Alec Guinness told me he never knew what attitude to take with critics. If he was "upstage" with them people would say he was trying to get in good with them; if he was cool towards them he was called a snob.

Interviewer: How much influence do you believe the New York critics have on the success or failure of a stage production?

Atkinson: Everybody says it's enormous but I'm very skeptical. I wrote a Sunday piece a few years ago called *Cloud of Critics*. I remember the title because it comes from Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In the article I examined what the critics said and the number of successes for that year. I remember the ratio wasn't black and white. There was a relationship between good reviews and the successes, but after all there are good and bad plays.

Interviewer: You hear much these days of the high cost of the theater. Is this economic hazard likely to strangle the theater in New York and drive it off Broadway and to the hinterlands?

Atkinson: The economic factor is the most destructive element in the theater today. If the same was true of another business it would have gone under thirty years ago. I think the result is that the theater is becoming decentralized. Also, talkies and television satisfy most people today. It's almost like an anarchy. The silent screen, on the other hand, was never a threat to the theater.

There are more smaller theaters now, as in Houston,

Dallas, Los Angeles and San Francisco. That seems sensible to me. Cities should invent their own theaters. There is no reason why they should take Broadway plays.

Interviewer: How large is the New York theater audience?

Atkinson: About ten million people go to the theater in New York each year. A lot are duplicates and many are from out-of-town but this is a good, exciting theater town. It has a combination of Broadway and off-Broadway plays to offer now.

Interviewer: Why are you an exponent of off-Broadway productions?

Atkinson: I think off-Broadway has higher literary taste and is more enterprising from an artistic point of view than Broadway. Unfortunately, off-Broadway's resources are not as good. And because of lack of money it can't get as fine actors as Broadway. The real paradox between Broadway and off-Broadway is that off-Broadway can't get good actors but does artistic plays; Broadway could get the actors but doesn't stage the plays.

Interviewer: Is Broadway absorbing any of the off-Broadway talent?

Atkinson: Much of it. Such performers as Ben Gazzara, Geraldine Page, Nancy Wickwire and George C. Scott came from off-Broadway.

Interviewer: There seems to be a mild revolt against the New York critics these days. Helen Lawrenson in *Esquire* maintains critics of an earlier vintage—such as Nathan, Woollcott, Benchley and Gibbs—were franker, funnier and possessed of higher standards and greater talent. She claims the present crop of critics are either too old, or too rich, or too stale or too dumb. What do you say?

Atkinson: This woman wants criticism she's not getting. I couldn't give it to her if I tried. What she is looking for, I'm not. One of the truisms of the theater is that dead critics are the best. I'm not looking forward to canonization after leaving this post.

Interviewer: What was the most memorable evening you ever spent in the theater?

Atkinson: A lot stand out in my mind. Some of the great ones were *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *Death Of A Salesman*, *Our Town*, *Skin Of Our Teeth*, *Streetcar Named Desire*. If I went over the list there would be twenty-five or fifty.

Interviewer: At the risk of putting yourself on the spot would you name the best performers you've seen?

Atkinson: The Lunts are the best we've got. I'm a sucker for actors. I like a lot of them. I'm always fascinated with what they do and why they do it. Most are wonderful people, sweet, intelligent, humorous and they have less vanity than you would expect. Most good ones are simple

and modest people. Many are very excitable but temperament is an essential part of a good actor.

Interviewer: You won a Pulitzer Prize in 1947 for a series of articles on Russia. Could you say something about that?

Atkinson: After we left Moscow, where I had been assigned for about a year, my wife and I got on a freighter in Odessa. I sat down and wrote an article of about 5,000 words summing up my ideas on why we were having trouble with the Russians and why we'd continue to have trouble. When the story reached the office it was decided to divide it into three parts and run it as a series.

Interviewer: Was it a prediction of things to come?

Atkinson: It was more of an analysis of the situation then. Looking back it seems very routine and commonplace. But it created a lot of interest and mail. People at that time had not yet made up their minds about Russia and were looking for guidance—perhaps, I should say clarification. There was much comment about it, most of it favorable but the leftists were angry, full of wrath and unhappy. My agent was threatened. And my wife had written a book called *Over At Uncle Joe's* describing daily life in Moscow, which put more juice in the stew.

Interviewer: Did you ever sweat harder over a story than you did over your exclusive on Gen. Joe Stilwell's removal as U. S. commander in the China-Burma-India sector during World War II?

Atkinson: That was a message to Garcia type of thing. I admired him and still do. He was the most honest and the best general out there, thoroughly American. When this happened I was sick in bed. His adjutant called and said the general wanted to see me alone, something he had never done before, since he was scrupulous in his dealings with the press. When I saw Stilwell he showed me a cable from Gen. George Marshall telling him to get home. I was not as surprised as he was because Ambassador Pat Hurley had told me he was going to recommend it. I told Stilwell it was a hell of a story but I could never get it out of China unless I took it out myself. Stilwell then offered to take me back to the United States with him. We left almost immediately and I left my tooth brush and most of the rest of my belongings behind. I never did find out what happened to the stuff.

While in the air between Kunming and New Delhi I wrote my story, still sick with jaundice. I put it in my uniform and forgot about it. Stilwell stayed behind at New Delhi but made arrangements for me to fly ahead. As yet I hadn't even told the *Times'* office I was on my way home. When we got to Cairo we had to change planes. Before boarding the second plane a G. I. censor ordered us to turn over all our documents. I had a brief case full of papers and thought there goes the story. I

had forgotten it was in my pocket. I finally got back to the U. S. and the censors in Washington withheld the story. I understand Roosevelt gave final approval to release it since I was already in the country and could have written it here. It was my last story from Asia. I went immediately into the hospital. At the time I weighed 114 pounds.

Interviewer: How did you get into newspapering?

Atkinson: My first job after graduating from Harvard in 1917 was on the Springfield *Daily News* for twelve dollars a week. Shortly afterwards I was offered twenty dollars a week to teach English at Dartmouth and naturally I took it. This was during the war. I had been turned down by Plattsburg and then by the draft for hidden diseases which never became prevalent. I got a job on the Boston *Transcript* as a police reporter but soon after was drafted for limited service and I spent three months as a clerk at Camp Upton. I then went back to the *Transcript*. From eight to three-thirty I was a police reporter. After three-thirty I wrote reviews on my own time under H. T. Parker, who was the drama critic for the paper. In 1922 I went to the *Times* and became drama critic in 1925.

Interviewer: After 38 years as a *Times* man you are retiring. What led you to make that decision?

Atkinson: I'm 65 and for a long time I thought that was a good age to quit. I'd rather leave voluntarily than have people say it's about time.

Interviewer: What are your thoughts on leaving the business you've served so long?

Atkinson: Actually, I'm going to stay on the paper. I'll probably do some kind of features. But I won't have any more night work.

Interviewer: Would you like to do a column about New York as Meyer Berger did so beautifully?

Atkinson: Mike had a love affair with the city. He came up from the slums; he was an out-and-out New Yorker. He had a range nobody else could equal. I wouldn't want to compete with him. I don't have the equipment. He was unique.

Interviewer: Do you plan to do any outside writing?

Atkinson: I've written six books and the prospect of doing another isn't pleasing. It's damn hard work. Some publishers have suggested I try another. I'm used to writing 500 to 600 words at a time and to have to sit down and write about 100,000 . . . well, I don't know.

Interviewer: I know you're an avid reader. What do you like to read most?

Atkinson: The things I'm most interested in are Shakespeare and Thoreau. My wife and I aren't cultural readers; we read **anything**.

Fateful Crisis of the Newspaper

"A Contracting but Indispensable Institution"

By Mark Ethridge

There is shortly to rejoin the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, after four years on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the grandsons of the founder of the Pulitzer newspaper dynasty, the man for whom this school was named. This grandson will join his older brother and the others on the *Post-Dispatch* in the guardianship of those ideals which Joseph Pulitzer, Sr., nailed to the masthead of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* on April 10, 1907, as he was coming toward the close of his life.

"I know," he said, "my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."

Just as we on the *Courier-Journal* were proud that Joseph Pulitzer the second chose our paper as the one on which his son should learn something about our profession, so today I proudly join you in honoring the memory of two great Pulitzer publishers.

I speak as an authentic schizophrenic: a publisher talking about the newspaper business, an editor for many years and still one at heart, talking about the newspaper profession. In either capacity I can pretend to some experience, if not authority, for it was 50 years ago that the Meridian, Miss. *Dispatch*, long since dead, demonstrated what I like to think was its faith in me, but more likely its own poverty by putting a callow high school boy on its payroll to cover sports at 50 cents a day.

My years have not been continuous. Twenty-seven years ago I became so angry at, and disillusioned with newspapering, that I quit. And I stayed out of it, too, for a full two months until I was faced with doing something else

that could not command, as Lincoln said, "that last full measure of my devotion." Or maybe it was true of me, as it is of so many other newspapermen, what one of Hamilton Basso's characters said in *The View from Pompey's Head*, that I was "still a little blinded by the dust of wonder that had got into (my) eyes."

And so I went back to writing—as a staff member of the AP in Washington. For most of my life I have been in the news end and I would still be there if owners paid reporters, city editors and editors as much as they do publishers.

What I believed when I became a publisher 26 years ago, I still hold to and repeat now: not only the best, but the cheapest box office attraction a newspaper has is its editorial and news content. Give me a newspaper that prints the news fully, fairly and fearlessly, interprets it intelligently and comments upon it vigorously, and I will take my chances that those other things for which publishers are responsible—fiscal soundness, economic independence and public acceptance—will be added in satisfactory measure.

Publishing a good and profitable newspaper becomes more difficult every day. Competition is stronger and the business operation more complex. I have the sad feeling—and it is a matter of sadness for me to see any newspaper die—that a great many daily newspapers now living will precede me to my grave or disappear into corporate mergers.

Since 1952 there have been some profound and shocking changes in the newspaper industry. The International News Service has been swallowed up by the United Press. The Cincinnati *Times-Star* has disappeared. The New Orleans *Item* has been absorbed by the *Times-Picayune* and *States* with the sanction of a federal court, which did not bless, but saw no alternative to, a monopoly situation. The Tampa *Times* has been merged with the Tampa *Tribune*; the Knoxville *Journal* and *Sentinel* have gone together; the Charleston *Daily Mail* and the Charleston *Gazette*, of West Virginia, have formed a printing corporation; the Erie, Pennsylvania, papers are now one. The Philadelphia *News* is being operated by the *Inquirer*, just as in Chicago the *Tribune* operates the *Herald-American* and the *Sun-Times* the Chicago *Daily News*. The Vicksburg *Herald* has given up the ghost.

Within the past few months major newspapers have felt the weight of economics. The *Sun-Telegraph* has disappeared in Pittsburgh; the Columbus *Citizen* in Ohio; Hearst and Scripps-Howard have merged in the San Francisco

Through the courtesy of the Columbia School of Journalism, *Nieman Reports* proudly presents this notable address by one of America's greatest newspapermen. Mark Ethridge, now publisher, formerly editor, of the independent Louisville *Courier-Journal*, gave the Pulitzer Memorial Lecture at Columbia University May 26. This is it—a reflection of the vigor and character of his own fifty years in newspapering.

afternoon field; and in Cleveland the *Plain Dealer* jettisoned its afternoon sister, the *News*.

In 1959, 14 daily newspapers, all small, were started; six dailies went out of business, eight were merged and four retreated to the weekly field, for a net loss of four.

The statement was made recently that at least 150 newspapers are being supported by their television stations. I do not vouch for the truth of the figure; I know some instances where it is happening.

Publishers who talk about costs rising out of proportion to revenues *are* telling the truth. It might be thought that the simple answer in such circumstances would be to do what the Lord did in *Green Pastures*: pass another miracle, which in the newspaper business generally means to raise circulation and advertising rates. But those who have tried that recently have found stiffer resistance or greater diversion to other media than at any time within the past 25 years. We still have a hang-over from the penny-press days on the part of the subscriber and the vanity of numbers on the part of the publisher.

But I am not speaking of the short range. We who are in newspaper work might as well face the fact that we are in a contracting business, not as to circulation, which is higher than ever, but as to the number of newspapers and the number of people employed on them.

The day has long passed when a man with a shirt-tail full of type and a brain can start a newspaper. Only the very rich can embark upon what many consider the romantic venture of founding a daily newspaper and only the very few of the rich who own them can afford to die and leave them as part of their estates. Hence there has been a tendency in recent years toward non-newspaperman ownership or trustee newspapers, where ownership has been dissolved from the individual to employees, to charitable or pension trusts or public ownership.

When I entered newspaper work, there were 2,600 dailies and 16,000 weeklies in the country. Today, there are 1,761 dailies and some 9,353 weeklies in the United States, a drop of 32 per cent in dailies, 41 per cent in weeklies. Forty-eight daily newspapers have disappeared since 1957. Since 1910, there has been a steady trend toward fewer competitive newspapers. Then only 42.9 per cent of the cities were non-competitive; today the figure is 95 per cent. Only a dozen years ago, there were 76 chain operations, today there are 110, controlling more than half the newspaper circulation.

Twenty states now have no cities with daily competition. Eleven more states contain only one city where competition exists.

Daily newspaper circulation in the United States gained 1.53 per cent in 1959 over the previous year. But the percentage of gain is by no means keeping up with the population growth. In the 43 largest cities, population grew 57.8

per cent in 30 years; newspaper circulation grew 28.6 per cent. We have been running hard to do less than stand still. The 11 largest Sunday papers lost almost 2,572,187 circulation between 1949 and 1959. From 1950 through 1959, New York dailies lost 683,876 subscribers and New York Sunday newspapers lost 1,819,204.

Nor can we gain much comfort from the advertising picture.

The dollars invested in newspaper advertising in 1959 were more than those spent in TV, radio, magazines and outdoor put together. But that is not the whole or the long-range story. Total newspaper revenue lost 2.8 per cent in 1958 (the last year of actual figures).

Every medium except magazines did better than newspapers.

Since television came into the picture in 1949, there has been a small, but steady decline in the percentage of advertising dollars to newspapers. In 1949 we got 36.5 per cent of the advertiser's dollar; in 1959 we got only about 30 per cent; on national advertising in 1949 we got 16 per cent, in 1959 we got 12 per cent.

I am sorry to have used so many figures, but they are pertinent because they add up to a picture of a contracting, rather than an expanding business, with more contraction coming over a long range: to a generally static if indeed not regressive circulation situation in the larger cities from which people are fleeing, and a host of other problems that confront publishers.

I can hardly do more here than name the problems, certainly not try to give the answers, which lie in some measure with individual publishers rather than in a pattern. A great many of us are resorting to expedients, such as leaving classified out of some editions, narrowing and shortening the page, cutting news content, splitting editions and trying to compete with suburban papers which have made the only major gain—approximately 914,756 in circulation in the past 10 years.

But the ultimate answer does not lie in expedients. It may conceivably lie over the long range in the English pattern of small papers with high advertising and circulation rates. I suspect that whether we go that far or not, we are going to have to forego our lineage and circulation vanity and charge what newspapers are worth. Certainly the monopoly and merger trend will continue; 52 cities are ripe for one of them now.

I do not argue the inherent virtue of monopoly, because there is no virtue in it. I leave its effect to the sociologists. The question is academic anyhow, since 95 per cent of the cities already have it. Besides, there is no such thing as a monopoly of news with metropolitan radio and television stations broadcasting almost twice as many words a week as their opposite newspapers are carrying. My only defense

of monopoly and merger is that in nine cases out of ten where they have occurred the newspapers are better and stronger and more independent.

Outside forces can't be wholly blamed for the economic squeeze in which too many newspapers find themselves. The bare, bald truth is that newspapers are at least a generation behind in the sort of research that would make production more efficient. There has been no generally accepted major improvement in the process of printing newspapers in the past 60 years. Publishers have done precious little to help themselves.

It has been only within the past few years that the ANPA has supported a research institute, now combined with the Institute of Newspaper Operations. Its budget is \$500,000 a year. How piddling that is in comparison with other industries! The aviation industry spends about 7 per cent of its annual take on research. If the newspapers spent that proportion of the \$5,000,000,000 they get from the reader and the advertiser, the expenditure would be \$35,000,000 instead of \$500,000. We are spending 1/100 of one per cent as an industry on research. That's almost criminal negligence of the field in which our greatest potential for efficiency lies. I know of one newspaper which, adopting what new methods are available, is saving 21 per cent of the cost of setting ads.

If what I have said so far sounds like a Jeremiah, I assure you that it is only because I want to be extremely realistic. If I were an editor again, as I intend to be for a few minutes, I would still argue that our salvation lies in better, not shorter or narrower newspapers. I could be much more optimistic as an editor than I have been as a publisher painting the economic picture. I believe strongly that newspapers are indispensable to the full enlightenment of the American people and that in altered form they will survive through any period in which we may be interested. Television is capable of excellent documentaries and does a great many of them, but neither television nor radio will ever adequately cover spot news except through the wire services which newspapers created. Television is going more and more to entertainment; we can't compete in that field. Nor will radio and television satisfy that hunger of people to know about their schools, sewers, free-ways, local tax rates, juvenile delinquency and other problems closer to them than Baghdad or Moscow.

There has been, in my time, a great lift in the intellectual level of newspapers to which schools of journalism have certainly made their contribution. There has been, too, a change for the better in the concept of their responsibility to the public. There is less cheapness, less tawdriness, less pandering to the baser emotions and fewer newspapers that do it than when I came along. There is more sober and generally more independent discussion of issues;

there is less blatant partisanship. There is better reporting; more background information, more reporting in depth, more interpretation of the news and more graphic aids for the reader. There is better packaging.

But there is still too much superficiality, too much overwriting, too much glamorizing of bums—male and female—too little digging for background. As dreadful as a great many British papers are, there are still a good many things we can learn from them, such as tight writing and the sort of profiles and light essays which make the annual edition of *The Bedside Guardian* a pure delight and an exemplar of good writing. There is an open field on American newspapers for those who would become Max Freedmans or Alistair Cookes.

Part of our trouble is undoubtedly due to the quality of our manpower. As has been pointed out repeatedly, we are losing far too many men to the related fields of TV, radio, press agency and industrial journalism. A large part of this is due to money; an equally large part to the failure of most newspapers to provide either emotional stimulus or the opportunity for journalistic service.

And, indeed, I might emphasize on my own as a publisher that we must make the financial inducement stronger, particularly when journalism schools are turning out more and more announcers and television writers and relatively fewer newspapermen. I distressed some of my journalism-teacher friends a few years ago when I said in a speech at Michigan that a good place to begin to emphasize content rather than the techniques, and thereby improve the content, was in the journalism schools.

I know that a great many schools are gallantly resisting the trend to become trade schools; that a great many journalism schools have vastly improved and have recognized that the best basis for writing and for understanding what you are writing about is a well-rounded liberal arts education. I should like to see all of them recast so that the techniques of journalism become incidental and the emphasis is upon making the full man intellectually, upon learning more of what to write than how to write the five W's. My ideal school of journalism would be heavy in English and English literature (I might even require Latin); in history of every kind, modern and ancient, including archeology; natural science and a great deal of political science and economics. I might be willing to consider psychology and sociology, but only if I could find somebody who has foresworn gobbledygook and talked in plain, unprofessional English, about human relations.

My feeling is that the time has come for schools of journalism to become professional schools in the fullest sense. Journalism teaching has been in existence in some form for more than 50 years. Today, 109 schools are listed in the *Editor & Publisher Yearbook*. According to Dean Norval

Neil Luxon, of the University of North Carolina School of Journalism, there are 62 departments and 28 schools of journalism, with the remainder listed under the 15 different designations. I heartily subscribe to Dean Luxon's suggestion—unpopular as it was with some of his colleagues—that the time has come for a Flexner-type study of journalism teaching. As a result of the Flexner report of 1910 “the medical profession reduced the number of colleges of medicine from 148 in that year to 81 in 1957” by setting standards and eliminating the diploma mills. The American Bar Association has done the same thing.

We are willing to pour millions into medical schools to produce people who try to cure our bodily and mental ills—and that's important—or into producing lawyers who seem to be primarily interested in protecting property rights, or in turning out engineers and scientists on a mass-production basis, but we spend precious little in producing people who have the instrument, and sometimes the will, to protect the only thing that really means anything in this hydrogen world—our civilization, imperfect as it is, our freedom at home and abroad.

My greatest apprehension on the news and editorial side has been whether newspapers, which are evanescent in their very nature, are accepting the awful responsibility devolved upon all of them by what Alistair Cooke called “America's vaulting into the saddle of power;” whether we as newspapermen are doing all we can to get and tell the public the truth about what that means: what it means in terms of the missile and space races, the relative strength of Russia and the United States, or NATO, foreign aid of every sort, the United Nations, reciprocal trade, colonialism and most importantly how our own governments, local, state and national are run. Our obligation is primarily to a free world in which there is *no* foreign story; all of them are local.

Khrushchev's press conference in Paris last week was a local story in every home in America. Referring to my comment of a few minutes ago about television and its coverage of the news, I would like to point out that the handling of that Khrushchev press conference pointed up sharply the differences between newspapers and television. In our newspapers, this was a story with color, drive and verve. One could read and realize the unusual spectacle of a press conference booing a chief of state. But on television—which is not capable of swift editing—it was a two-hour exercise in dullness. Given time to edit and to document, television, as I have noted, can do a fine job. But put to the direct competition of news, we have both the tools and the ability if only we will use them.

We have an uneasy seat as far as world power is concerned, but the simple truth is that we do not know how easy, or uneasy it is.

Basic to any understanding of the truth is knowing the truth. As a nation we do not know it. I am not talking about freedom of the press; I am talking about its handmaiden, freedom of information, without which freedom of the press is a mockery anyway.

We Americans do have a right to know our relative strength in the world; we have a right to a better fate than those boys who lie in the hulk of the *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor. They never knew what hit them; we have a right to know what is likely to hit us. Inez Robb recently expressed a common American feeling, when she flung one of her best flings: “I am sick and tired,” she said, “of being treated like a moral, intellectual and political idiot by the present administration, which has decided that my fellow citizens and I lack the character and intestinal fortitude to face the grim warning that the United States is in the gravest danger in its history.”

But even if the government were as frank with the American people as it should be, even if it trusted their good sense and their fortitude as much as it should, and told them all the truths short of those that are legitimately withheld for security reasons, there would still rest upon newspapers an obligation to interpret, which, with few exceptions, they are not fulfilling. And they are not fulfilling them because there is not enough depth reporting and serious editorial writing.

There have been three phases in newspaper life in the United States. The first was what has been called that era when newspapers were “violently and proudly non-objective.” That was the day of intensely personal journalism. Barry Bingham dug out of the files of a New York newspaper a lead on a political story which illustrates the idea:

“Last evening,” said the story, “a select few of last year's Democrats, preserved in alcohol that they might keep through the inclement weather of the fall campaign, assembled at City Hall to nominate a candidate for defeat. . . . The convention was the most disgraceful pow-wow on record.”

In the swing away from that sort of reporting, we went to what is called objective reporting: a straight down-the-middle of quoting what a man said, whether the reporter and the editor knew it was a lie or not. The McCarthy era at home and the more complicated world situation which demanded the meaning of the news, if it was to be understood by our readers, revealed the inadequacy of pure objectivity and projected us into that phase which is only beginning: the era of interpretive writing.

It is best illustrated, I think, by Reston and Cy Sulzberger. In the hands of people of less intelligence and less character, interpretation can become editorials in the news columns, which we severely eschewed during the day of complete objectivity. But in spite of the inherent dangers,

it is a useful device in a most complicated world, for as Erwin Canham has said, "nothing is more misleading than the unrelated fact, just because it is a fact, and hence impressive. Background, surrounding circumstance, prior events, motivation—all are part of the real and basic news. This kind of interpretation . . . is actually the best kind of reporting."

Let me illustrate what I mean by depth and interpretation.

We are regional newspapers in Louisville. We are not national newspapers though we write on national subjects; we are not international newspapers, though we write on international subjects. For the sake of illustration, let us say that we are Southern newspapers. We lie a few blocks south of the extension of the Mason-Dixon line; the papers have their roots in Watterson of Tennessee and Bingham of North Carolina. A great many of those in management and on the editorial staffs are Southern in origin. For all these reasons and for the overwhelming reason that what happens in the South is bound to shape the image that we as a nation present to the world, we have the greatest concern. It is no secret to anybody that the South's obsession, the thing that hangs over it like a dark cloud, that obscures most other considerations, is the question of integration, or desegregation or whatever you choose to call it.

I am one of those who subscribed to Harry Ashmore's indictment that the press never has told the story of Little Rock; that what it did tell was the superficial, spot, surface story; that it did not tell what Little Rock had done to the moderates of the entire South, to the people of good will who oppose segregation but want to obey the law.

I go further than Harry. Nobody has yet told the full story of what the Supreme Court decision has done to the mind of the South. Integration to the South is not merely putting white boys and girls in the same classrooms with Negro boys and girls. It is a challenge to a whole way of life; it has driven the South—at least those who control the destinies of eight Southern states—back into introversion, into an isolationist mood, into an insularity so intense that it feels embattled martyrdom. It challenges the world with such intensity that its representatives in the Senate and the House cannot act with reality.

A hundred years ago this month, Lincoln said, "Slavery debauches even our greatest men. . . . Monstrous crimes are committed in its name. . . ."

Substitute a word for slavery and there is Lincoln speaking to this generation.

The question of integration pollutes all the channels of Southern life. It makes a Fulbright of Arkansas, one of the better senators, one of the more intelligent internationalists, one of the more informed critics of our foreign policy, vote

for a Supreme Court ripper bill that would in effect tear up the national Bill of Rights and set up 48 different concepts of the civil rights of American citizens. God save us from the concept of civil rights that prevails in some of the deep Southern states! But Senator Fulbright was not alone. Leaving aside Kentucky and Missouri, whose senators voted to kill the bill, the effort to strip the Supreme Court of its powers rallied only four Southern senators in opposition. Twenty Southern senators voted for an idea that would have constituted a national tragedy because they saw in it an opportunity to pass laws against integration and to punish the Supreme Court.

It took the Senate nine months to confirm the President's nominee for head of the Civil Rights Commission—and then over the bitter opposition of Southerners.

Alaskan statehood was strenuously opposed by Southerners under the leadership of Russell and Stennis because it would give the Senate two more members who would not be sympathetic to the Southern stand, regardless of the merits of admission.

The whole field of legislation has been clouded by the South's attitude toward desegregation or integration. An education bill hangs in Congress because Negro children might sit with white children in some of the classrooms to be provided. A housing bill went down to defeat without substitution, with 28 Southern representatives voting against it.

This feeling of being embattled, this determination to protect its way of life, come hell or high water, hydrogen world or not, has led the South into isolationism which has never been a part of its tradition, which indeed is a manifestation of recent years. On the contrary it has been the most internationally minded of all sections of the country.

I have not begun to exhaust the research into the subject. I think there emerges a pattern of insularity and isolationism, a secession from reason, a secession from the moral conscience of the rest of the country and indeed of the world that is giving men of color—who far outnumber us whites—their civil rights, their right to be free and to share fully in the bounties of civilization.

This withdrawal has disastrous consequences. It may indeed be responsible for some of the mess in which we find ourselves in the Middle and Far East; it will certainly, if persisted in, bring disaster to our relations with the awakening people of Africa.

We of the South and you of the North are living through and seeing before our eyes, if we would but look, one of the great tragedies of our national history: a revolt being led by men who have so much to offer the country if their minds were not paralyzed by a sectional bitterness. As James McBride Dabbs ruefully says in his book, *Southern*

Heritage, "Defending, so they say, the Southern way of life, they indicate by their actions that they have lost its quality."

I have said that the full story has not been told—and it has not been. Some have tried to tell it, have tried to report it. I concede that there *are* pitifully few newspapers which have tried manfully to do their jobs fully and conscientiously, yet there *is* an honor roll.

Other Southern editors will be driven out, as Harry Ashmore was, if they dare to be as courageous as he, but there is no less obligation on those who remain to fight the black-heartedness of organized prejudice and repression on the one hand, and give encouragement and calm counsel on the other, to people who believe in living under evolving law and justice rather than marching back into history—

For An Atlantic Convention

By Barry Brown

While the nation's press was focusing attention upon Los Angeles and Chicago during the nominating conventions, it allowed to go almost unnoticed some steps leading to another "convention"—one that holds promise of a great new force contributing to the transformation of the international order.

When all eyes were turning toward the selection of "Jack" and "Dick" and the performance of the great American quadrennial circus, a resolution which has been bouncing around Congress for 10 years or more, calling for an "Atlantic convention" to explore ways of strengthening NATO, was passed just before Congress recessed.

Here, I should like to propose, is an aspect of international affairs that is likely to prove more important in the sixties—even if it is more familiar and less exotic—than the emergence of the new nations of Africa, or the threatened eruption of Red China, or even the penetration of Communism into Latin America.

The holding of an Atlantic convention now seems a distinct possibility. It is now both conceivable and urgently necessary that this oldest of America's alliances evolve during the coming decade in ways that will give it a profoundly new significance, that may make it one of the great new forces of change in the realignment and enlargement of areas of meaningful community.

In an historic sense, to be sure, there is no need to apologize for treating NATO, even 10 years after its beginnings, as a new force on the world scene. The joining together of a large number of the nations of North America and Western Europe in a binding alliance was—and remains—

and in expanding the freedom of people everywhere.

Every region has its problems. I have dealt with the most intense region and the most intense problem because I know it best, because it is more than a regional problem, because it cries out for understanding which the vast majority of newspapers have not given.

But the truth is clear for all of us: every newspaper which hopes to survive in a contracting field, every editor who is worth his salt, must deal with the problems of his region, his country and the world.

For those of us who have chosen to serve journalism, there is no escape from the Pulitzer injunction: "Never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong by predatory plutocracy, or predatory poverty."

a revolutionary step. The unified command and degree of cooperation called for by the treaty, even in its present form, are unprecedented. In particular, America's readiness to identify her security with the security of the nations facing her across the Atlantic represented a decisive and historic change in the configuration of world power.

The founding fathers had understood this identity of interests, to be sure, just as they understood better than we have until very recently the realities of power. The Monroe Doctrine, with which we are now once more so deeply concerned as a result of the threatened Soviet penetration into Cuba, was by no means simply a unilateral declaration on the part of an invincible U.S. protecting the Western hemisphere against European imperialisms. Great Britain, for reasons of her own, underwrote the commitment. And as John Quincy Adams remarked at the time, the navy of the struggling U.S. was "like a cockboat in the wake of the British man of war." Without that fleet, and the implicit understanding of an identity of interests between Britain and the U.S. in debarring further colonization in the Western hemisphere, the Monroe Doctrine would have been mere rhetoric.

It was during the century that followed the generation of the founding fathers that we came to forget the importance to our security of preventing the Atlantic approaches from falling into the control of a hostile power. We ignored the need to balance our commitments with our power. Behind the largely unrecognized relationship with Britain, we learned to make those broad declarations of lofty purpose that so satisfied our national vanity, or to make sporadic entrances and exits on the world scene. As Walter Lippmann has written:

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This unearned security during a long century had the effect upon our national habits of mind which the lazy enjoyment of unearned income so often has upon the descendants of a hard-working grandfather. It caused us to forget that man has to earn his security and his liberty as he has to earn his living. We came to think that our privileged position was a natural right, and then to believe that our unearned security was the reward of our moral superiority. Finally we came to argue, like the idle rich who regard work as something for menials, that a concern with the foundations of national security—with arms, with strategy, with diplomacy—was beneath our dignity as idealists."

In a psychological sense, therefore, America's initiative in constructing the Atlantic alliance, even more than our role in building the United Nations, marked the true end of our isolationist tradition. And in this sense I would contend that NATO can still be regarded as a new force on the world scene. Yet the fact remains that we have had a full decade of experience now with this treaty, and during that time the subconscious urge to withdraw into Fortress America has declined markedly. However relatively recent and historically revolutionary it may be, the mere fact that the U.S. has accepted its permanent involvement in international politics may seem a bit old hat.

Its newness derives from the prospect the Atlantic community offers as the best hope, both in terms of domestic politics and international politics, of bringing about a fundamental change in the very nature of international society.

The thought that anything like permanent peace is going to require an evolution beyond the nation-state probably requires little elaboration. Most thoughtful people have long since recognized that a society lacking a centralized authority to provide for stability and peaceful change inevitably makes the ultimate resort to force legitimate. It can even be argued, as Walter Millis does in *Arms and Men*, that war heretofore has had a "social function." It has provided a cruel and terribly inefficient but nonetheless indispensable means of settling deep differences and thereby keeping international society dynamic. Our problem today is that we continue to operate within the system of sovereign states, into which war is built as an institution, even though we recognize that nuclear war can no longer serve this function.

The U.N. has not really changed the nature of international society. The fact that nations still can and do assert their right to go to war in pursuit of their most vital interests, as they conceive them, has been amply demonstrated at Suez and Hungary, to cite instances from both sides of the Cold War. It is true that creation of international police forces—first in the Middle East, and now

most usefully in the Congo—symbolizes the beginning of a realization that war is no longer an acceptable means of ordering international relations. But the gap between these two aspects of reality remains very great, as evidenced by the fact that UNEF and now UNOC are purely symbolic.

A few hundred, or even a few thousand, lightly armed soldiers in blue helmets, hastily recruited from a number of small countries, obviously are not intended to be a fighting force. They are scarcely even a very effective police force in the sense of having a preponderance of physical power to maintain order in the face of any very serious challenge. They simply represent the moral judgment of the majority of the U.N. member states. Yet they could accomplish nothing if that judgment should be challenged in the Middle East by Israel or the Arab states. There was even some question of what the role of the U.N. force in the Congo would be when their moral authority was threatened with a challenge by the secessionist movement in Katanga province.

And in the case of the Soviet aggression in Hungary, of course, the political and military impossibility of making use of an international police force in the face of the defiance of the Red Army was so apparent that the attempt was not even made.

In other words, the U.N. still has a long way to go to create a community of power as a substitute for the balance of power which is dictated by the system of sovereign states. For the real reason the nations of the world have not progressed further and faster in the direction originally pointed by the U.N. Charter is not simply that they have not yet become adequately aware of the dangers of nuclear war. It is that a U.N. endowed with power to provide for world stability—to outlaw war—would also have to be provided with an authority to provide for peaceful change. The world is in too revolutionary a situation to permit a mere freezing of the status quo.

Thus the very idea of an international police force, as a political instrument, implies a consensus about the nature of the world order that is to be policed. There is no such consensus today, either between the Soviet and non-Soviet worlds or between the "have" and "have-not" nations. For the revisionist states, war—at least short of nuclear war—probably still seems to have a "social function." They seem unlikely to entrust their revolutionary aspirations to the rudimentary quasi-legislative and judicial organs of the U.N., and thus they are unlikely to entrust the international body with a real monopoly of military power, either.

A real consensus about the kind of world men want—a real sense of world community—can only be achieved by organic growth over a period of generations. The experience peoples may gain in working together through the

U.N.—especially in the non-political agencies, and in such vastly hopeful experiments as that in the Congo—is indispensable to this process of organic growth. But I am exceedingly skeptical about the possibilities of achieving anything like world government swiftly and mechanically, through revising the U.N. Charter or expanding the jurisdiction of the international court or the other devices in which the world government movements place such hope.

It is for this reason—to get back to my theme—that I regard the Atlantic community as offering the most realistic hope of evolution beyond the nation-state system in the direction of world community. For if such an evolution is to come about, it could very well begin with the emergence of regional supranational institutions. And the Atlantic community, of course, offers the strongest foundation of common cultural and political traditions to support such a structure.

The NATO treaty, although it establishes essentially a military alliance, envisions in Article 2 the expansion of cooperation in political and economical areas. Almost from the start, the need to move in this direction has been recognized and discussed, but little progress has been made—and none in structural reform. NATO's efforts have considerably stabilized the military situation in the Atlantic area, but this very success has caused increasing concern for the so-called "second leg"—especially in periods of relaxation of tension. For history is full of examples of purely military alliances that have fallen apart when the overt threat against which they were formed has seemed to subside.

The Atlantic alliance cannot be permitted to fall apart. For one thing, the Soviet drive for world domination must be considered a permanent phenomenon of international affairs so long as Communist rule continues in Moscow. It is, in fact, the international form of the class struggle, which is in turn the fundamental assumption underlying all Soviet institutions and the indispensable ingredient in every Soviet leader's psychology. Whatever changes Soviet tactics may undergo, the Western nations will need to maintain a posture of united defense throughout the foreseeable future.

Beyond this, the Atlantic community has a positive value in itself. As a community of nations, it represents the nearest approach to, and the greatest hope for, the next step in mankind's political evolution beyond the state system. Being as skeptical as I am about mechanical approaches—blueprints—in international politics, I have no illusions that NATO may soon be transformed into a supranational political authority on the order of a federal government—Clarence Streit's brave dream—but it does seem to me that the logic of history and the demands of current situation alike point in that direction.

The domestic political climate at belated last lends hope of reinforcing and revitalizing our most important alliance—of making it one of the new forces on the international scene. Here again, realistic prospects of success at last seem to support the idealistic objective, though we may expect to hear less about it than about the farm situation and other matters during the months ahead.

The resolution for an Atlantic convention provides for a novel and potentially radical approach to the problem. Although Mr. Streit professes no expectation that it will lead to federal union of the Atlantic democracies, the proposed convention is consciously patterned after the convention of 1787 which drafted the U.S. Constitution.

The resolution calls upon the vice president and speaker of the House to appoint "a United States Citizens' Commission on NATO (to) consist of not to exceed 20 United States citizens . . . from private life. . . . It shall be the duty of such commission to arrange for and participate in such meetings and conferences with similar citizens commissions in the NATO countries as it may deem necessary, in order to explore means by which greater cooperation and unity of purpose may be developed to the end that democratic freedom may be promoted by economic and political means."

It is stipulated that the Commission "is not in any way to speak for or to represent the U.S. government," which is a deliberate effort to assure a fresh and uncommitted approach to a problem that has defied action at the governmental level for years. Yet the commission's official standing should assure that its findings will carry real weight.

Finally, to bring the story down to date, the famous 14-point statement of agreement between Governor Rockefeller and Vice-President Nixon contains this remarkable paragraph:

The vital need of our foreign policy is new political creativity—leading and inspiring the formation in all great regions of the free world of confederations, large enough and strong enough to meet modern problems and challenges. We should promptly lead toward the formation of such confederations in the North Atlantic community and in the Western hemisphere.

If that sort of language can find acceptance by the vice-president and the governor of New York, I submit that the Atlantic community truly has a chance of emerging as one of the vital new forces on the world scene in the years ahead. An Atlantic confederation, to be sure, would not guarantee a safe future. It would pose many problems. But the idea seems to me to embody the sort of idealism we need most of all today—an idealism disciplined with realism.

The Press and the Professors

By Robert Estabrook

Not long ago the National Conference of Editorial Writers conducted two surveys related to the academic training of prospective editorial writers. One of these was a factual questionnaire on what actually was being taught as the editorial writing sequence in schools of journalism. The other was an effort to determine the attitudes of active members of the NCEW, presently engaged in editorial work, toward the training of editorial writers.

I make no claim that the questions or tabulations of this latter survey were wholly scientific; indeed, I have some deep-rooted doubts as to the validity of polling techniques in matters of motivation—particularly at election time. But the survey did show several interesting results.

For one thing, it indicated that there was very little independent effort by the newspapers represented to interest competent young people in editorial writing or even in journalism as a career. Fewer than half the newspapers responding had any training program of their own for news and editorial employees.

For another thing, the survey disclosed considerable mistrust on the part of editorial writers for training in schools of journalism. A majority of the members replying favored straight liberal arts training over journalism training as such. Although there was adequate appreciation of such courses as newspaper history and law, there was considerable skepticism of courses in journalism technique. Many members, looking back, expressed the wish that they had devoted more time to English, history, philosophy, political science, economics, and the like.

Perhaps the response reflects ignorance or misunderstanding of what schools of journalism really are doing. Perhaps it also reflects a problem in semantics. But perhaps it reflects an impression among active newspapermen that too much time is devoted to technique at the expense of substance.

Whether and how the schools undertake to refute or allay such misgivings is primarily their own business. Labels can be confusing; what a thing is called is not so important as what it *is*. My concern in all of this is twofold: first, that the impression or misimpression exists; and second and far more significant, that the wish of the editors seemingly is

for much broader and deeper exposure to matters of academic substance for their new employees.

You know better than I that in these times there is no simple or even satisfactory formula to prescribe what a prospective reporter or editorial writer should know. There are demands on him that would make some of the historical greats of the profession seem pretty narrow and untutored. He needs to know, or where he can get, accurate and meaningful information about nuclear physics, geopolitics, diplomacy, Marxist theory, growthmanship, political structure, literature and the arts, farm economics and the history of the Congo—all this in addition to his need to know what questions to ask the police sergeant and how to compose a lead. He is unlikely to obtain much of this basic training in the city room, and he surely won't get it just by subscribing to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

We hear a great deal of talk these days about the need for specialists. It would be foolish not to acknowledge this need. Obviously the science reporter is going to have to be conversant with some pretty technical theories and terminology; and the Supreme Court expert is going to have to know a great deal about constitutional law. My not very original plea, however, is that we avoid purchasing special knowledge at the expense of general knowledge.

We are all familiar with the doctor whose sole contribution to political life outside his immediate professional interest is his undying opposition to socialized medicine. In journalism, particularly, we need young men and women who are trained to be generalists before they are trained to be specialists. They, and we, need to walk before we can run.

The means by which general interests, critical faculties and a curiosity for ideas are cultivated may be more the responsibility of the journalism schools than mine. I am sure that if they were to teach nothing but broad liberal arts-type courses and call them journalism, there would still be prejudices and preferences for other types of training. Perhaps, as in the diplomatic service, it invigorates the blood for newspapers to bring in outsiders along with the youngsters specifically trained for journalism. But no youngster, be he journalism graduate or economics major, will be worth much as a newspaperman unless he combines with the technical ability to tell *how* something happened the intellectual resources and discipline to inquire into *why* it happened and to relate it to other issues and events.

Robert Estabrook is editorial page editor of the Washington Post. This is from a talk to the Association for Education in Journalism at State College, Pa., September 1.

This brings me to another point of communications. Newspapers and some of their academic colleagues are constantly on the search for better means of communicating with readers. But we have about exhausted, I think, the virtues of oversimplification. Indeed, we have gone altogether too far in deifying the 10-word sentence. To judge from some of the journals around the country, one would think their editors believe it would give the reader a headache to peruse anything in type smaller than 36-point or in words of more than two syllables.

This has had and is having a cheapening effect. It is manifestly impossible to present some of the involvements of the modern world in the language of the first-grade, and it seems to me foolish to try. We have pandered long enough to what we conceive to be the low-mentality common denominator.

There probably will be surveys, I know, which prove conclusively that no reader is capable of masticating more than "John shot the bear" in one mouthful; and if one survey won't produce the desired results there can always be another independent survey. But it seems to me offensive to attempt to determine reading abilities and preferences in the same way as the researchers test the salability of Crunchies. It is a certainty that if the newspapers offer nothing more by way of sophistication and style, many of the readers will be satisfied with what they get. But who, it is pertinent to ask, developed their taste?

Is it not time for newspapers, instead of striving to reduce everything to the level of the gossip column or comic strip, to expect a bit more of their readers? Is it not time for the journalism professors themselves to have something to say on the point? Let us present things simply and interestingly, yes—but for something more than a moronic intelligence, in the not unreasonable hope that the reader who is interested will be flattered enough to follow. The better television documentaries have avoided such a downgrading of the audience, and they could teach some newspapers a useful lesson.

There is a philosophical consideration, too. One of the principal justifications for a free press in a democratic society is its function of facilitating the widest possible understanding of the great issues and choices before the community, the country and the world. There is a real danger that by its sheer complexity government will elude the effective reach and influence of the public.

But I question very much whether oversimplification contributes to genuine understanding of the alternative courses available or to intelligent decision; and I question also whether lean and informative writing can be pre-ordained by formula. In short, I suggest that the newspapers are untrue to their own basic purpose if they view their educational function as something that can be fulfilled

with a mere slick, patent-medicine approach to the news.

And that in turn leads me to another area in which your help will be welcome, for our profession sometimes is afflicted with more than one kind of sickness. I suppose that the most basic requirement in the training of any newspaperman is a reverence for facts. It takes a bit of experience to learn that the whole truth is a commodity not easily acquired; that the truth can be bent and bruised and distorted, and that not infrequently there are several kinds of truth. About the best that even the most conscientious of us can do is dedicate himself, with the help of Mr. Jefferson's wisdom about happiness, to the pursuit of truth.

But if truth is not always easily definable, propriety is more susceptible of definition. And on this point a little more attention to fundamental ethics might help all of us. Most newspapermen would be highly insulted at the offer of a cash bribe. But have we sufficient training of our intuitive faculties to know when we are being bribed, or to know when we lend our positions to manipulation for ulterior purposes?

It usually is easy to see through the publicity puff, and some editors have developed a fine eye for the occasional efforts of unscrupulous politicians and others to gull the public through use of the press. But what about the automobiles offered at cut prices to newspapermen, the free trips and liquor, some of the "honors" and "awards" that have a commercial tinge? Are the persons who take them not exposing themselves to a kind of bribery or purchase?

As a matter of elementary principle, it seems to me, newspapers and newspapermen ought to pay their own way. As a corollary, they ought to be extremely wary of the temptation to exploit their position of power and influence for selfish purposes or to throw their weight around. It will help obtain respect for such basic rules of conduct, and to obtain recognition of them in areas where such sensitivity has not yet permeated, if young people coming into the profession are inculcated with an acute sense of what is proper and what is not. Incidentally, this also will strengthen their standing to detect and report improprieties in the actions of public officials.

In this connection there is another question of propriety that is somewhat more difficult to cope with. Let me define it, somewhat pedantically, as the tendency of some publishers, editors and reporters to identify their own and their newspaper's fortunes with a particular movement or political party or candidate.

There is nothing heinous about the exercise of political choice; all voters must exercise it. Nor is there anything reprehensible about political endorsement by newspapers, particularly if the editorial position evolves from careful evaluation rather than from the mere replay of a well-worn record. But if the attachment of a reporter or editor or

publisher becomes so intense that the news coverage is affected, then the fairness and objectivity of the newspaper are compromised and its claim to public confidence is impaired.

Obviously newspapermen cannot be monks. They are vigorous human beings with feelings and interests and beliefs. They have families whose welfare sometimes demands an active role in parent-teacher associations and the like. It is difficult if not impossible to escape such demands for civic activity, especially in smaller communities.

But I suggest that the more directly involved reporters and editors and publishers become, the less capable they are of exercising independent judgment. This is not merely a matter of politics; many an editor has had the disillusioning experience of learning that because he was on the board of some agency he was expected to keep a scandal out of the paper. Reportorial and editorial non-involvement may be an unattainable ideal; but a cultivated detachment seems to me one of the prerequisites of responsible performance in a profession which, perforce, must be interested in everyone and everything. The professors can help develop respect for this sort of detachment.

A jealously-guarded independence seems to me increasingly important for another reason. This is the exalted status, and hence the power, of the media of communication. A familiar example is the growing number of monopoly situations in which a single publishing company controls the newspapers and perhaps the major television station as well. Another manifestation is the position of the media of communication in the political process itself—something pointedly demonstrated during the Democratic and Republican conventions this summer.

Indeed, it seems to me that the communication media are no longer mere reporters of the nominating conventions. They, and television especially, have become principals in the procedure. If the two conventions were rigged, they were rigged to take maximum advantage of the publicity value of TV. Many other reasons entered into the absence of substantial conflict and debate, but one unacknowledged influence, I suspect, was the feeling that too much argument might not appear seemly on the living-room screen.

The urge to put on a show has produced some accomplished thespians along with some whole-shank hams. But I question whether it has assisted the serious business of party conventions—that of focusing national issues and selecting the best qualified men to meet them. And I wonder whether TV and the press are not abetting a pre-packaging process that also yields a sort of cellophane-wrapped news.

Now, I do not suggest that we repeal television; quite the opposite. In many ways television has done a splendid

job of enabling more people than ever before to feel a sense of participation in the political process. But I do suggest that the saturation coverage by TV has changed the nature of the convention itself. A minute on the screen may be worth more than a week of grass-roots politicking; and the commentators and editors who determine which of a great many scenes will be depicted over the air have a truly enormous influence on public attitudes.

What, if anything, to do in response to the changed situation I do not know. I cannot quite agree with Sen. Mike Mansfield that the conventions ought to be abolished and national primaries substituted for them. The expense and strain of such primaries in 50 states would be fantastic. Apart from this, there is considerable value to the conventions—extravaganza, hoopla and all. They bring together great numbers of more or less partisans from all over the country, and they succeed in producing a rough consensus along with necessary political compromises.

Within the present framework, however, certain steps might be taken to keep the new role of the communication media from becoming one of distortion. One step might be to restrict reporters and television cameramen to their working space and keep them off the floor. This might deprive readers and viewers of some nuggets and vignettes, but it would materially reduce the disorder and minimize the hamming. I am not sure about the desirability of this and other steps, but I am concerned lest the vastly expanded and not always constructive influence of the communication media on the nature of the institution itself be glossed over too lightly. It demands some sober thinking by the political theorists as well as by the press and TV executives.

This has been a digression from my main point of internal communications within the field of journalism. I have one further observation in this matter of internal communications, and it concerns criticism of the performance of the press. I believe that journalism professors could do an invaluable service if they would speak out more frequently and more frankly about the foibles of the enterprises for which they are preparing their students. There is less informed appraisal and criticism of the press than of perhaps any other major influence in American life.

From time to time suggestions have been advanced for critiques of the press by various sorts of commission. Most of these suggestions have had built-in disadvantages. Any formal appraisal by Government, for example, would be likely to offend the First Amendment and would invite other perils. Criticism by groups of laymen would at least present the reactions of consumers of news and editorial comment, but it would run the danger of subjecting editorial principle to the intimidation of community prejudice.

Assessment by committees of informed experts might

escape this and might indeed be able to depict the press as others see it, but it would not have the intimacy with day-to-day problems of technology and judgment that enter into the quality of the product. Of all possible critics, it seems to me that journalism professors are admirably situated to provide a detached yet familiar commentary on press performance.

Of course this is not a guaranteed route to popularity. Some newspapers and newspaper executives have notoriously thin skins. There will be some publishers and editors, snug in their country-club atmosphere, who will resent heartily any intimation that all is not perfect. There will be others who will dismiss any criticism as the work of crackpots who could not make an honest living at the daily grind. And I suspect that some schools and professors may be inhibited in voicing their thoughts by fear of reprisal.

But you know and I know and at least some of the readers know that much of the performance of the press is far from satisfactory. Lest I be suspected of disloyalty, let me add quickly that some of it is truly outstanding. But for each flash of brilliance and inspiration there is a considerable amount of drabness and mediocrity, there is more inadequacy and inattention, and there is a great deal of trivia and plain trash. For reasons that are not entirely clear, there is something of an unwritten tradition that there will be very little criticism of the press within the press itself.

Obviously an attempt merely to second-guess a particular newspaper or group of newspapers on an individual issue would be doomed to failure. What I have in mind, rather, is a continuing, many-sided effort to remind the press of its own best ideals and to question some of its cherished stereotypes.

There seems to me to be no persuasive reason, for example, why stories of speeches by public men must be written so as to take one or two sensational points out of context and then to grind the remainder into hamburger. Nor is there any sound reason why the lie must be given equal prominence with the fact in order to satisfy the requirements of objectivity. In another area I wonder whether, in vying with their new electronic competitors, the newspapers are paying enough attention to the different techniques necessary to make best use of the permanent value of the printed word.

In sum, I think that the newspapers (and television and radio as well) could stand some needling of their collective consciences. I think that they need to be urged, at this time of concentration on national purpose, to join in the quest for excellence—not merely in typography or the handling of special stories, but in the depth and breadth of their day-to-day reporting and comment about the whole spectrum of human affairs. Point out their strengths along with their shortcomings, their defense of principle along with their abnegation of principle—but provide the press with the same sort of check against arrogance and complacency that it supplies to Government. Public information and understanding almost inevitably must gain from such a process.

In case you are reluctant to envisage such a role, let me say that no other group is better qualified to undertake it than the educators in journalism. If you do not undertake it, individually or in more concerted form, no one else is likely to do so. Such reciprocal candor, I believe, would improve the two-way communications within our profession and, incidentally, would add philosophical justification to the functions of journalism education.

The Journalism School

By Nathan B. Blumberg

Journalism education is a relatively new field of study. The first school of journalism, at the University of Missouri, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary only two years ago. Other fields of professional education have a longer history; the first school of medicine was established in 1765, the first school of law in 1784, the first school of pharmacy in 1821, the first school of business administration in 1881.

Schools and departments of journalism have come a long way in the half-century since Walter Williams began educating aspiring journalists at Missouri. The pioneers in journalism education met and solved many problems, but rarely without years of perseverance and patience marked by repeated disappointments. In the main, their goals were to obtain adequate physical facilities, earn greater academic and professional acceptance, hire better qualified instructors, construct an improved curriculum, and provide increased service and research for the profession.

The record of progress and achievement is impressive. On many campuses journalism schools have emerged from the basement of the oldest building on campus, where university administrations almost inevitably had placed them, into spacious and excellently equipped new buildings. Instruction in journalism generally has received a degree of acceptance from other academic and professional disciplines—and from university administrations—which contrasts sharply with the hostility met in its early years. The profession itself has turned to journalism schools as the primary source of new talent; most advertisements in the help wanted columns of professional publications specify a preference for "J-grads," and journalism graduates in recent years usually have had their choice of several offers for their first jobs.

Furthermore, the first fifty years have been used to acquire instructional staffs with improved academic and professional qualifications, and to build curriculums which have infinitely greater academic and professional substance than the course offerings in the beginning years. Journalism schools have made remarkable strides in service to the profession and research, especially since the end of World War II.

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Despite these notable achievements, the degree of success enjoyed by journalism educators varies from institution to institution. Some university presidents in recent years have appointed journalism administrators who were essentially concerned with public relations, and all too frequently "communications researchers" with little or no professional experience have been added to teaching staffs. The facilities provided for classrooms and laboratories at some universities leave much to be desired, and the record varies substantially in other respects from campus to campus. It would be ridiculous to contend, for example, that journalism teachers have ascended to a professorial Utopia where there are no academicians who complain about "trade school" courses or sneer at "vocational training." What can be said with assurance is that the number of scoffers has decreased. Many liberal arts professors have observed that the demands made of students in journalism courses are greater than those made in their own, and that academic standards in journalism are kept at a high level. At Montana State University, for instance, the registrar's office made a study of grade distribution for fall term, 1959. It was the first analysis of its kind in many years and professors had no advance notice of it. The results showed that the School of Journalism, although its majors are well above the University average, gave fewer grades of A and more grades of C than any other school or department in the University.

While academic jealousies and prejudices are understandable—indeed even taken for granted as an occupational hazard—the chorus of criticism which swells periodically from a few practicing newspapermen, editors and publishers is less comprehensible to journalism educators. One editor, evidently unaware that no profession engages in morbid self-examination as much as the entire teaching profession, has made the highly subjective charge that journalism professors are the most sensitive members of the academic tribe. If this is true, there must be some reasonable explanation for the remarkable phenomenon, and one reason may be that journalism schools enjoy less support from the practitioners in the field than do most other professional schools in colleges and universities. Deans of law, medicine, pharmacy, business administration and forestry would be appalled if they were subjected to the same kind of carping, petty and misinformed criticism from practitioners in their field that journalism professors have come to expect from some journalists. A chief justice of the Supreme Court, dismayed at what law school graduates have been taught or have learned, may resign from the American Bar Association, but he does not question the value of law schools. A doctor may protest against instruction given to medical students concerning a national health insurance program, but he does not urge the closing of medical schools. A state forester may write a university

president that the forestry school places too much emphasis on specialized training, but he does not claim that forestry schools have nothing to teach. The only educators in a plight similar to that of journalism teachers are those in agriculture and education. Some farmers, including the wealthy Mr. Garst of Iowa, regard schools of agriculture with disdain; many teachers (with considerable justification) are hostile to the educationists who insist that the way to become a good teacher is to take a multitude of education courses.

THE VARYING SPECIES OF CRITICS

No purpose would be served by attempting to answer all critics of journalism education, or by defending all schools and departments of journalism. On one hand, there always will be someone like J. Frank Dobie, who calls for cutting out "98 per cent of the journalism course;" on the other hand, there probably always will be hothouse journalism departments and one-man journalism staffs in English departments.

The truth, then, is that there are good and bad journalism schools, just as there are good and bad newspapers. No one is more critical of the inferior journalism units than journalism educators themselves, many of whom wince at what passes for journalism instruction at some colleges and universities. The concern here, however, is primarily with most of the 47 schools and departments of journalism which have passed the professional and academic test of inspection by the American Council on Education for Journalism and appear on its accredited list.

Little consideration should be given to the complaints of those old-school or no-school newspapermen, such as Westbrook Pegler, who bemoan the passing of the good old days and resent the newsroom invasion by the suit-and-tie J-school graduates. Houstoun Waring, one of the best weekly editors in the country, has measured well the attitude of the few old-timers who "skulk in the city rooms and whine about do-gooders." Waring believes that the journalism schools have raised standards because

their graduates have known more than the police beat. They became to newspapering what Florence Nightingale was to nursing. The cocky movie stereotype of 1925 doesn't ring true in 1959. The invasion of journalism graduates, many now in executive positions, has brought a new atmosphere and a new zeal in newspaper offices and the press clubs. Even the non-graduate is infected with the fresh goals.

Nebulous charges come from other critics. Walter Lippmann says, to the applause of members of the National Press Club, that after all, "there wasn't anything to teach in a school of journalism. What journalists need is an education."

(Herbert Brucker, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, pinned down "the great man himself" in these words: "It is all but instinctive with newspaper people to believe that there is nothing to teach in a school of journalism. This belief reflects an ignorance so big, strong, beautiful and shining that it is impossible to dent it. Yet I am so bold as to suggest that before anyone sounds off on journalism schools he first inform himself as to what goes on in them.") Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor of the *Tulsa Tribune* and a past president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, becomes aroused at what he considers a misguided opinion of some journalism professors "years removed from a copy desk or a reporter's beat and sitting in an academic minaret high above the dust and confusion of production problems and meeting deadlines." It does not matter that Editor Jones has misinterpreted a news account of a panel discussion among professors, because he is convinced that it "will cause editors to be even more suspicious of journalism schools." (The professor wonders what "even more suspicious" implies, but years of experience have taught him not to expect to find out.) The journalism professor even becomes accustomed to being regarded by some newspapermen as a fatuous inhabitant of an ivory tower, untrained and unskilled in what he is teaching. He takes in stride, therefore, the gratuitous slur included in the announcement of the New England Society of Newspaper Editors that it plans to undertake a study of press performance; a "principal weakness" of studies of news objectivity, we are informed, has been that the work was "not confined to trained news men, but involved journalism professors, pollsters and others from outside the craft." (It would have been bad enough to have what the British call a full stop after the word "professors," but the rest of the sentence is simply a twist of the knife.)

EXAMINATION OF THE SPECIFICS

Nevertheless, there are critics who cannot—and should not—be ignored. They are the ones who are convinced that journalism education has serious shortcomings and at the same time are willing to be specific about enumerating the shortcomings. Two of the species are worthy of special attention.

Alfred Friendly, the extremely capable managing editor of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, is one of such critics. He minced no words at the 1958 annual convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association when he called for a straight liberal arts education for aspiring journalists:

I think there is a notion in journalism schools that there are certain techniques that can be taught that are very useful to have, once you step on a newspaper. If

there are, I think they are rather few, and narrow in their application. Of all trades and crafts, ours seems to me to have the simplest or most universal techniques—the ability to handle English well, high I.Q., and an interest in the field. I think you can no more teach a man to be a newspaperman by a set of courses than you could, say, teach a fellow to be a book publisher.

Therefore, Friendly concluded, when two applicants come in—one with a “broad background” and one with a much more “technical background”—he will take the one who did not attend a journalism school.

Friendly, of course, is among a minority of editors on this point. Most editors would agree with Frank Ahlgren, editor of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, who said that when persons of comparable abilities are candidates for promotion, his paper leans toward the journalism graduate. “We know,” Ahlgren wrote in the ASNE *Bulletin*, “he has been exposed to studies that should teach him something about press privileges and press freedom, libel and background of journalism in this country.”

Friendly, however, later made important concessions:

I recognize the value of journalism schools 1) in constituting the scholarly agencies which do decent research and analyses of the press and 2) as agencies which encourage the entrance of likely future newspapermen into the trade, which keep their interest alive, direct them in the right career, and possibly weed out the misfits.

I also realize that if I were the managing editor of a smaller paper, searching desperately every day of the year for better qualified applicants, I would be on my knees praying for the journalism schools.

But, speaking as the managing editor of the Washington *Post* which, because of its location and I hope because of its good name, gets some 500 applicants a year, I am inclined to look more kindly on the lad who wants to be a newspaperman and who has prepared for it by a liberal arts course in a good college or university, than on the lad who, equally desirous, has spent part of his precious college time on technical or quasi-technical newspaper courses.

In a considerably softened reconsideration of the problem made almost two years after his speech to the APME, Friendly conceded once again that journalism schools serve many useful purposes. But he returned to the attack on what he calls “how to” courses—classes in newspaper reporting, news writing and copyreading—contending that they are wasteful of a student’s time and are “contrived specializations where no specialty exists.” This simply is not the case, and essentially for reasons which Friendly himself recognizes.

Graduates of schools of journalism, with rare exceptions,

do not go directly to the Washington *Post and Times Herald* or the New York *Times*. If they plan to make a career of newspaper work, they generally join a weekly newspaper or a small daily. There they are expected to be able to handle, among other duties, the minimum requirements of reporting and copyediting. If they had not been given this preparation they would not be ready for the starting job that might lead to bigger and better things—including the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. Mr. Friendly is snared in his own trap: As managing editor of a great metropolitan newspaper, he won’t give a new journalism graduate a job on his newspaper (except, perhaps, as a copy boy or copy girl), and yet if he were editor of a smaller paper he would be extremely thankful for the training given the young man or woman who steps into the newsroom and starts performing at a creditable level.

Furthermore, the courses he mentions are not intended to perpetuate some arcane skills or finely chiseled techniques. Reporting and editing courses, if they are properly taught, stress discrimination between what is important and what is not, what is ethical and what is not, what is responsible and what is not. They make it difficult for students to avoid learning the rudiments and even some of the niceties of their native language. They stress discipline, evaluation, selection and organization of material—all “skills” or “techniques” which Friendly values highly. They are, in brief, good courses for all students, whether they intend to become journalists or consumers of journalism. All educated persons should be one or the other.

There is yet another reason for what Friendly calls “how to” courses. The students will learn—once again, if the courses are properly taught—the best practices on the best American newspapers. Journalism graduates thereby will have some standard of values and performance which will make it possible for them to help improve the products of journalism. One of the joys of teaching is watching a student develop a critical sense which leads him to re-evaluate the way some newspapers are doing their job.

Despite Editor Friendly’s criticisms of journalism education, high hopes are held for his conversion. He recently accepted appointment to a committee of the American Council on Education for Journalism which is attempting to interest more young people in the field of journalism.

Another ambivalent critic is Mort Stern, at one time managing editor of the Denver *Post* and now its editor of the editorial page. In an article in *Nieman Reports*, he correctly stated that

the journalism graduate who has been overtrained in techniques and on whom too little time has been spent stimulating that greatest tool of the real journalist—the inquiring intellect—reaches a quick peak of achievement

and then comes to rest on a permanent plateau. We have too many plateau plodders in journalism.

He admits that journalism schools are "doing a pretty good job," that graduates of good schools and departments are "not unfamiliar with the basic techniques of their jobs," and that "editors take it almost as a matter of course that their cub recruits will be journalism graduates." The product, in other words, has been generally good. How, he asks, can it be improved? Here is where Mr. Stern, tottering on the brink of a perceptive analysis of journalism education, falls flat on his face.

His general prescription for improving journalism education is almost precisely what is being done in the better journalism schools: 1) Spur students to doubt, dispute and discuss assumptions passed off as facts; 2) Reduce the number and variety of professional courses and increase required courses in the arts and sciences.

On his first point, no tool exists for measuring the extent and effectiveness of this kind of teaching, but it is a relatively safe bet that most journalism students will testify that they are getting more of it in their journalism classes than in their arts and sciences courses. In the second case, accreditation teams probably take a harder look at the percentage of journalism courses listed by candidates for degrees than at any other single item on their agenda. In most cases the requirements for a bachelor of arts in journalism are held to the minimum required for any other major, and most journalism administrators are staying closer to the minimum requirement than their colleagues in other professional schools and, indeed, in the various departments of the arts and sciences.

It is also interesting to note that the core of Mr. Stern's "ideal" curriculum—an introductory course in the history and principles of journalism, courses in basic journalistic writing and reporting and news editing (*nota bene*, Mr. Friendly), creative writing and press law—is essentially the same as the nucleus of the good journalism programs. It is a relatively minor difference that magazine writing courses frequently are recommended over the creative writing courses offered in departments of English. He also would place public relations and advertising courses in the business school, a suggestion which is not especially pertinent to the problem under discussion.

His specific suggestions, offered as "the beginning of a different approach," call for a course in which advanced students deal directly with a journalism instructor in an editor-writer relationship, a seminar course on current problems, a course built around interviews of representatives of different branches of journalism, a course involving "apprenticeship in government agencies," and a course requiring auditing of classes in schools and departments in

which journalism students otherwise would be unlikely to enroll. Some of these suggestions already are standard practice in journalism programs and, with all due respect to Mr. Stern, some junior-senior offerings in journalism schools are superior to those he proposes.

PROFESSIONAL AND LIBERAL EDUCATION

The principal argument of most critics of journalism education boils down to the belief that a "pure" four-year liberal arts course is inherently superior to a program which calls for a mixture, in any percentage, of liberal arts and professional courses. In the words of one critic who has specialized in generalized criticism of journalism education, Louis Lyons of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University, journalism education "steals time from the broad-based education the journalist should have." This is a view which is being questioned more generally by educators, even those in the liberal arts. The problem is hardly a new one; thirty-four years ago A. L. Stone, founder and first dean of the Montana State University School of Journalism, objected to the distinction between "cultural" and "technical" values:

For a good many years I have labored with my colleagues in the College of Arts and Sciences in the endeavor to convince them that they have not a corner on culture; that a course in journalism or in engineering, though it be labeled "technical," possesses as much cultural value, potentially, as is to be found in any course in Greek or philosophy. . . . Broadly speaking, I believe there is no course in the entire university curriculum which the student in journalism may not turn to his direct advantage in his technical—so-called—work. His field is the world and the background which is absolutely necessary for him is a knowledge of the world as nearly complete as he can make it.

In a more recent expression on the same problem, President Virgil M. Hancher of the State University of Iowa expressed the fear that some persons have been led into error by believing that the study of certain subject matter inevitably results in a liberal education. Calling this a "doubtful proposition," he concluded:

It is nearer the truth to say that there is no subject matter, worthy of a place in the curriculum of a modern land-grant college or state university, which cannot be taught either as a professional specialty or as a liberal subject.

Many educators are well aware of the fact that colleges and universities today offer a senseless curricular hodgepodge. While it is possible for a student to receive a good education in the liberal arts, it also is possible—and easier—for students to spend most of their time on academic trivia.

This may sound strange coming from a journalism educator, and if the view of journalism education held by some professors in other fields were accurate, it would be strange indeed. But the fact remains that education for journalism is considerably different from what many other educators and, as pointed out earlier, what many practicing journalists think it is. Far from being a distraction from the arts and sciences, journalism courses, when properly organized and competently taught, supplement and add significantly to courses taken in the liberal arts. Furthermore, journalism instructors frequently are the first to bring to the attention of their students the application of facts and theories they have learned in their liberal arts classes.

It is manifestly true, as Dean Edward K. Graham of Boston University pointed out in that institution's Graduate Journal, that the tremendous response to "Why Johnny Can't Read" may be duplicated in the coming years by a book about colleges and universities entitled "Why Johnny Can't Think." Students in most of the accredited schools and departments of journalism spend a good part of their time learning how to think in tough and complicated situations, both practical and theoretical. They are among the select few of all students handed diplomas each June who have been subjected to a rigid discipline of mind and habit.

The fact of the matter is that professional journalism education suffers from the overzealous professionalism in some other schools which insist on their majors taking a large number—or, indeed, almost all—of their courses within the professional discipline or for vocational purposes. Schools of business administration, forestry and music are the worst offenders; unlike the accredited schools of journalism, many of them require their majors to take half or more of their courses in the professional subject.

The best journalism schools, on the other hand, stress the necessity of having solid preparation in the liberal arts. They require their students to take three-quarters of their courses *outside* the journalism unit. The commitment to an optimum 25 per cent journalism, 75 per cent liberal arts ratio is neither universal nor always met, but it remains a good rule-of-thumb when advising students. In some universities the trend is toward lowering the number of required journalism courses to one-fifth of the total needed for the bachelor of arts degree. It is a sign of maturity on the part of one of the younger professional disciplines that it is demonstrating the greatest respect and admiration for the liberal arts.

Journalism professors and administrators who have been through the mill know that their students are best served when they have been given a few techniques and many ideas. Graduates should be able to step into a newsroom or a business office and know enough about the job to make

themselves useful in a few days. But more important, they should have some views about the public service functions of the press, about its history and traditions, about responsibility and ethics. No one has yet devised a better place to learn these professional approaches than in a good school of journalism. Journalism educators find no indictment in the words of Earl J. Johnson, vice president and editor of United Press International, who observed that there are

so few rigid rules in journalism, aside from its technical aspects, that it is a wonder much can be taught about journalism in the universities. The main thing is to have a good conscience, a sense of taste a few points above the community average, and experience. There are other requirements, of course, but these are the ones that enable journalists to cope with their problems in ethics.

Of the three major requirements he listed for the journalist, schools of journalism have capably undertaken the first two. The third requirement, aside from some campus newspaper experience, takes time.

THE GULF SHOULD BE NARROWED

The majority of newsmen, editors and publishers, of course, support schools of journalism. Most of them, interestingly enough, are either journalism graduates or have utilized the services of a nearby journalism school, including the hiring of some of its graduates. Their number has increased and probably will continue to increase. As Dean Charles T. Duncan of the University of Oregon School of Journalism put it, he has yet to find an anti-J-school editor who was well informed about journalism education to begin with, and who upon becoming better informed did not revise his opinions.

"Editors should be the severest critics of journalism schools," Dean Duncan concluded, "but they should also be the staunchest champions of the *idea* of the journalism school."

Better understanding of journalism schools would result if more practicing journalists, especially those who are not journalism graduates, would broaden their knowledge of programs of education for journalism. Irving Dilliard, who recently retired as an editorial writer for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* after serving for many years as the editor of that newspaper's editorial page, has called for greater exchange of personnel between journalism schools and the nation's newspapers. He cited the School of Journalism at Montana State University as one of the units which has recognized this need and has done something about it; in three years Alan Barth, Houstoun Waring and Lauren Soth have served for a full term as visiting professors of journalism in Missoula. Each of them proved extremely capable in the classroom and brought an especially significant experience to Montana journalism students.

The Peeping Camera

Invasion of Privacy by Photography

By Ignaz Rothenberg

Nowadays, under the pretext of freedom of the press, photographers are let loose on persons who rightly may refuse to have their pictures taken. A grim example was recently offered by newspapers of the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia.

Not far from Washington, a grand jury investigated a case of big gambling. Since such proceedings are held in camera, photographers concentrated their activities around the courtroom. The witnesses were mainly women who had belonged to the staff of the gambler-boss and whose first-hand information was essential for the indictment. They were terrified by anonymous letters and telephone calls threatening them daily with death should they appear before the grand jury.

While most of the women were prepared to honor the subpoena, they were afraid of the photographers who lay in wait for them in front of the courtroom and, by taking their pictures, could betray their identity. Consequently, they tried to make themselves unrecognizable, covering their faces and using big, dark spectacles. Thus a strange show was provided as police conducted disguised figures in and out of court.

The photographers had their heyday. They shot picture after picture despite the hidden faces and unwittingly joined the gambler-gang in sabotaging justice. The sensational press printed the photographs with "humorous" captions.

One ran: "The Prince Georges County Grand Jury's Gambling Investigations . . . turned into a contest between the bashful women witnesses and press photographers. The woman above, tentatively identified as Miss (full name) hid her face so much she was asked if she needed any assistance walking down the courthouse steps."

Another picture bore the line: "Mrs. (full name) covered herself up so securely that if a detective hadn't assisted her, she would have needed a seeing eye dog."

Of a third woman photographed it was said that she "left via a window and sprinted for her car." But "the photographers caught her there."

Some women arrived and departed in a police car. So

many "wore dark glasses that photographers wondered if they were furnished by the sheriff."

In short, witnesses, though fearful of vengeance, met their duties as citizens, but press photographers chased them in order to reveal their identities and thereby deliver them to the attention of dangerous criminals. The cameramen and their editors obviously enjoyed the stunt and one paper gave the story a banner headline reading: "Ducking Party at Upper Marlboro."

Another case concerned a woman clerk, accused of forging and passing checks totaling \$34,000. After she had her first court hearing, she was released on bond. Once outside the courtroom she refused to be photographed. "Photographers," a newspaper reported the following day, "forbidden to taken pictures in the courthouse, trailed her down the corridor, in elevators and on escalators, in an effort to photograph her when she left the building. Finally, she agreed to pose for a picture."

In their lack of mercy, press photographers even scared off a Los Angeles couple who wanted to marry—an old spinster and a divorced, middle-aged man, both unknown and harmless. They had filled in an application blank at the Marriage License Bureau and were about to receive the license when photographers, probably tipped off by an irresponsible clerk about the big difference in age, suddenly appeared and put them to flight with their cameras. They were so afraid of publicity that they gave up the license.

"Photographers pursued the couple to a parking lot," reported a newspaper. There, despite their appeals, pictures were taken and then prominently displayed in the dailies. One caption ran: "No publicity, please." Indeed!

A most shocking photograph that was taken in Memphis consisted of three pictures, each showing another stage of violence done by the police to a young woman who wanted to evade a photographer. She was accused of carrying counterfeit money but had not yet been indicted. The subtitle of the triptych was: "Arrested by Memphis Police, 19-year-old Mrs. (full name) went along meekly until the photographer appeared. Then she got upset and it took four brawny officers to calm her." In the first of the three pictures the woman bends her head down while the policeman, cigarette in mouth, grabs her at the neck; in the second, four of them demonstrate on her how brawny they

Ignaz Rothenberg, of Washington, D. C., has written extensively on invasion of privacy.

are, and in the third she lies on the floor with her eyes closed while one member of the police force turns her face to the camera.

The caption runs sarcastically: "The Lady was Modest." More to the point would be the title: "Muscles Triumph over Justice."

It is obvious that there are law-enforcement officers who don't know the law. Otherwise, those policemen of Memphis would have calmed the upset woman by asking the photographer to leave her alone.

There is in this country no law which, in addition to the sentence, provides for the publication of a convicted person's photograph. Those who, against the will of the party concerned, assist in such publications act on their own responsibility, probably without knowing how much they thereby aggravate the punishment. Considering the effect of such exposure upon sensitive people, this runs counter to the spirit of justice if the person is guilty, and it amounts to cruelty if he is not.

There was a time when a similar punishment was inflicted, the pillory, which exposed convicts to public scorn. But this happened in an era that we now call uncivilized.

Photo-journalists were also at hand when, on a warm summer night, a raid was undertaken on an isolated farmhouse in Virginia where an abortion ring was operating. The cameras were in the forefront. In one of the pictures taken, a woman-patient is still on the operating table and the doctor has not yet removed his mask. Another picture shows three patients whose turn had not yet come. While they hide their faces, their hair-dos and gaily colored dresses may give clues to their identity.

The photographers did their work first and then the police went into action. Thus the patient mentioned above was ignorant of her right to refuse being photographed, especially since she saw that the police officers obviously sanctioned the picture-taking.

A physician who accompanied the police was clearly ashamed of this performance and turned his back to the cameras. Moreover, he did not allow his name to be listed. The reward for the police was not wanting. The grateful photographers took snapshots of the leader of the raid, a police captain, and also of the county sheriff and three troopers, while they seemed to be engaged in different "official" activities, e.g., counting money, taken from the abortionist's purse or examining special spectacles "made of diffused glass used to blur the vision of the patients as they were led to the abortion hide-out." It goes without saying that the names of all the officers were mentioned and it was—what a happy coincidence!—a Sunday edition which honored them. The cooperation of police and photographers was perfect.

A few days afterwards, one of the papers which had

printed all the pictures taken in the raid, published a letter from "two social workers" which may well reflect public opinion about such photographs:

Particularly the pictures showing the "patients" were upsetting to us. It is certainly true that the emotional damage to each of these women who were present when the raid took place has probably been greater than any outsider is able to imagine. To have added to this the knowledge that one's picture appeared in a newspaper having wide local and national circulation could hardly serve any useful purpose for these women. Rather, it could only further add to their burden of misery and guilt. This is especially true in the instance of the woman who was photographed on the operating table. Her profile was plainly visible, and while you may have felt that it was not visible enough to make her identifiable to other people, she could certainly identify herself. Beyond concern about what such pictures may have done to the women involved, we also have a concern that you felt the need for such "sensational" photography to point up this story. Would not pictures of the house or the operating room have served just as well, if pictures were needed at all?

This is not to imply that criminal abortion cases should not receive publicity. On the contrary, to report them is necessary if for no other reason than as a warning. Unfortunately, the daily press, in telling the story, likes to draw attention to the unlucky women rather than to the person who performed the illegal operation.

In a case involving a 20-year-old college girl from Virginia, who died of an infection after treatment by a quack, she was put into the limelight by some papers. Her picture was reproduced while that of the charlatan would have been more appropriate. Not only her parents and brother but also her paternal grandparents and maternal grandmother were mentioned, with full names and addresses, as survivors in a long article. One Washington paper which featured the report printed, a few days later, two letters to the editor expressing shock at this kind of publicity. "This to me is irresponsible journalism," said one correspondent. The other called the piece "an offense to friends, family and indeed the girl herself." Most readers dislike articles that add exposure to grief.

Press photographers don't even stop at taking pictures of sleep-walkers during their fits. Thus, a few hours after awakening, the victims may find themselves portrayed in the nation's press.

It was one of the great news agencies which was responsible for the picture of an attractive young woman in a trance, with closed eyes and strangely noble features. "The

moon is full," it said in the caption, and Mrs. (full name and address) is on the prowl again in her sleep. She made news last month when found asleep and nude, perched in a tree, 20 feet off the ground. A photographer with the family's approval" (what a family!) "made this picture of her as she walked again—this time in a robe." (It sounds like an apology.) "Her trance was broken by a fall."

An incredibly cruel picture was recently presented to innumerable readers all over the country. In Hollywood, a girl, despondent over the death of her fiancé, decided to commit suicide and wrote a friend a special delivery letter: "By the time you read this, I'll be dead." The friend informed the police who found the girl still alive. Her head was in the oven and gas escaped freely. One should think that the police would put the woman on a stretcher and arrange for immediate medical help. No, they dragged her first before the camera of a press photographer. Even in emergency cases he has priority. Then comes 'first' aid which, of course, can no longer claim to be first.

To round off the inhumanity, the girl's identity was revealed in the caption. There is a terrible symbolism in this picture showing a helpless individual sacrificed to the moloch of public curiosity with the support of policemen who ought to prevent this. Most of these examples are a mockery of the rule that no one should be photographed without his consent. Some of the cases even constitute a restriction of one's personal freedom.

No wonder that press photographers are the most severely criticized newspapermen, although many of them justly claim to be highly gifted craftsmen whose contribution to the development of the daily press cannot be contested. They have not only improved its physical appearance but also transformed and enriched its contents. Their violations of privacy, however, are about to revive the age when newspapers were in the almost natural habit of recklessly exposing people irrespective of their being newsworthy.

"A man's face is his property and cannot be photographed without his consent." This is an old rule, repeatedly confirmed by law and the high courts, and is of particular importance to those who have gotten into trouble and whose picture is taken to expose them in the press. All the same, it happens daily in and outside of court-buildings and chiefly in police precincts. Most people don't know that they have the right to decline being photographed and confuse the press cameraman with the official police photographer who shoots pictures for the records. Criminals, of course, know and, in most cases, readily pose. For the innocent or the first offender, however, the picture in the newspaper means an extraordinary aggravation of his condition, not foreseen by lawmakers in an era when newspapers appeared without pictures.

Back to Harvard

By Desmond Stone

"You know," confided one of the first of the former Niemans to arrive, "coming back to Harvard is a little like returning to an old love."

And so, in a sense, it was. The first fine frenzy and rapture were gone. No one believed any more that he could solve the world's problems or change the course of world history. Through all the three days, no one marched up the steps of Widener. No one made a pilgrimage into the stacks. But most did quite cheerfully buy the Boston papers.

Harvard, however, has something no woman has ever been able to claim—or at least to claim successfully. And that is a seeming imperviousness to time. It was a little distressing to the reunionists to discover how little the college had been affected by their assaults of earlier years. The high circular brick walls showed scarcely a dent. The Yard buildings looked as stout and impregnable as ever. John Harvard hadn't budged an inch or aged a day. Even the self-same squirrels were playing in the Yard, though the Radcliffe girls, alas, had gone for vacation.

Momentarily at least, it was all a little depressing. "I had a horrible dream last night," reported Charles Jennings on the second day. "I dreamt I was about to commit suicide." Charlie didn't blame the Nieman reunion for this. He attributed it mainly to the newspaper reports of the poison carried by the captured U-2 pilot.

Going back undoubtedly had its frustrations. I called to see the Armenian storekeeper who had supplied some of our household wants when we lodged for a year in Exeter Park. I started out to remind him of this. All he had to say was: "What are you selling today?"

But once some of the ghosts had been laid—and once the martinis had had time to work their magic—melancholia lifted. To find the Yard much as it had been before was now comforting as well as discouraging.

It was good, too, to learn that Harvard students still had their earthy moments. "The occupant of my rooms in Hastings Hall," announced Justin McCarthy, "left two magazines behind. One was the *Atlantic Monthly* and the other was a girly glossy."

In Harvard Square, too, nothing was too much changed. Traffic still weaved its crazy patterns; parking space was still at a premium; the traffic policeman in his white box at the corner still despaired of humanity. And Joseph, after 14 years, was still behind the lunch counter at Albani's.

In Holyoke House, the elevator still wheezed up and

down. Above all, Louis himself was reassuringly the same, focus of Nieman activities as always. To be sure, he had changed his private address from Shady Hill Square to Kenway Street and was now even harder to find than before.

But his hospitality was still as genial. And he still managed in that remarkable way of his to be present and absent at the same time. Thus his participation was quite indispensable to the last-day clambake at Gloucester and there was no one he didn't chat with. Yet he was also able for a short time to hoist himself on a rack and be alone with the *New Republic* and *Time*.

Nor would any Nieman have dreamt of disturbing him. It was left to the clambake chef to tramp up and ask Louis what time he figured on eating. The chef, incidentally, turned out to be an uncommonly genial dispenser. He served up the clams and lobsters with such beaming good will as to suggest he'd raised the creatures from birth. And perhaps he had.

After 20 years as curator, Louis is now at the stage where honors cannot be ducked. Thus he was a broad target for oldtime Nieman friend and counselor Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger at the Wednesday night dinner. Schlesinger presented Louis as "my man for president," and gave seven reasons why. He concluded: "As a historian, I have observed that most of our presidents had legal training—24 out of 33 presidents were admitted to the bar. And my candidate, though not a practising attorney, would be admitted to any bar in the United States. . . . And who is my candidate?" "Louis," came the response, and on the first ballot too.

Along with the New York *Herald Tribune's* Dwight Sargent, Captain William J. Lederer (*The Ugly American*) helped introduce Schlesinger. And a sparkling job he made of it.

Thus: "When I first came here to join the Nieman group I wondered if I could hold my own in such company. But Professor Schlesinger quieted my fears. 'You're no more stupid than the others,' he told me."

And again: "I well remember the first time I went out to visit the Schlesingers. Frankly, I was nervous, for here was a notable Harvard professor, and where would I fit in. I knocked at the door and waited. When it opened, out shot a cat into the snow and I heard Mrs. Schlesinger say:

'Pussy Schlesinger, come in here out of the snow.' And I knew I was at the right address and that somehow all was well."

This Wednesday night dinner went with a swing. Among the familiar faces—the Oscar Handlins, Perry Miller, Prof. Schlesinger, Prof. Sutherland and Mrs. Bernard DeVoto. Those who had read the late Bernard DeVoto's exquisite little essay on the art of martini making must have appreciated one passing comment by Mrs. DeVoto: "There came a time when I just couldn't drink martinis. My health wouldn't allow it. I had to give my preference to whisky. And you know, Benny and I almost split over that."

One notable absentee at the dinner was Prof. Frederick Merk, acknowledged dean of the American westward movement history, recently retired. But the absence became understandable and wholly in the professor's scholastic tradition when Mrs. Merk explained: "He wanted to come badly. But he struck a vein of research in New York City and that's where he is now." Niemans appreciated that a scholar so bright eyed and indefatigable could have made no other decision.

For those still on the campus on Thursday night, Louis dispensed drinks and good talk at his home. And the talk ran all the way from insurance (Said Louis, "The only alternative to complete coverage is to live dangerously") to the prospects of Kennedy. It also alighted for a moment on Louis's library. Explained Louis: "all the books about birds and flowers are Totty's—the rest are mine."

A question was asked of the fire that had damaged Harvard's ungraceful Memorial Hall.

"No," Louis assured the group, "the Niemans weren't responsible—if only because they didn't think of it."

It was on the whole a satisfying, stimulating three days. Not as many angry, rootin'-tootin' questions were asked of speakers as in that wonderful original year. And more made speeches with their questions. Time—and salary raises—had mellowed most of these Niemans. It had also taught them some of the answers to questions they would once have asked.

Desmond Stone was an associate Nieman Fellow in 1956 from the *Southland Times*, Invercargill, New Zealand. But he came back to his first reunion from the Rochester *Times-Union* whose staff he joined early this year.

The Plight of Intellect

By John Hulteng

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. By Jacques Barzun, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1959, 262 pp., \$5.00.

Professor Barzun probably wouldn't relish the simile, but for many of us reading his newest book is like eating an artichoke. The project involves a good deal of work and some of the leaves are spiny and not very nourishing, but the heart of it all is well worth the effort.

Intellect, in Barzun's definition, is "intelligence stored up and made into habits of discipline, signs and symbols of meaning, chains of reasoning and spurs to emotion—a shorthand and a wireless by which the mind can skip connectives, recognize ability, and communicate truth. Intellect is at once a body of common knowledge and the channels through which the right particle of it can be brought to bear quickly, without the effort of redemonstration, on the matter at hand."

And because Intellect is neglected and in disrepute in our contemporary society, we are all in a bad way. Our school systems are paralyzed, our mass communications media are shallow, our conversational powers are atrophied, and our great national and international enterprises are sadly muddled.

Even the intellectuals themselves, according to Barzun, are confused about the significance of Intellect. "Since it is seldom clear whether intellectual activity denotes a superior mode of being or a vital deficiency, opinion swings between considering Intellect a privilege and seeing it as a handicap."

And public opinion, still less understanding, shares the confusion of attitude. "Intellect is thus simultaneously looked up to, resented, envied, and regarded with cold contempt. . . . Amiable stupidity is protected, being no threat; a pleasantly retarded mind contributes to everyone's ease. Character, everyone cheerfully re-

peats, is of infinitely greater worth than brains. . . ."

But why is Intellect in so miserable a plight at a time when society ought to be more intellectual than ever before, since education is more nearly universal than ever and the means of communication are so numerous and varied that no one need be uninformed or ignorant for long?

A substantial part of the reason Barzun lays at the doors of the three chief enemies of Intellect—Art, Science and Philanthropy.

Art, says Barzun, urges us away from the machinery of intellect and toward "nonarticulate expression," feeling rather than words. Today, "most educated men and women have been persuaded that all the works of man's mind except art are vulgar frauds; law, the state, machinery, the edifice of trade, are worthless. . . . The abandonment of Intellect in favor of communion through quartet-playing and amateur ceramics has bred a race of masochist-idolaters, broken up into many sects, but at one in their worship of the torturing indefinite."

But why Science? Certainly science depends heavily on "intelligence stored up and made into habits of discipline."

The threat of Science to Intellect is of another sort. By developing intense and precise specializations, the scientists have helped to break up the unity of knowledge. Scientists have "planted citadels throughout the realm of the mind" but have not provided for means of communication between them, a point underlined also in C. P. Snow's *The Two Cultures*. And such orderly communication is the objective of Intellect.

Philanthropy's enmity toward Intellect is less direct. By eagerly forcing educational experience (both formal and informal) on anyone and everyone, modern philanthropy puts a premium not on quality but on quantity and misuses important resources. "Philanthropically speaking—

'in terms of eagerness'—the aspirant is often superior to the passed master." Instead of giving opportunities to the talented, which would further the development of Intellect, philanthropy is more interested in spreading largesse far and wide, however indifferent the results.

Having identified the problem, Barzun examines its symptoms in half a dozen facets of our society. He indicts the men of the press, "the apprehensive, ulcerated purveyors of news and ideas," for their betrayals of Intellect, using quotes from *Time* and the *New York Times* to reinforce his points.

He deals at length with the defects in our school system ("The notion of helping a child has in the United States displaced that of teaching him") and criticizes, though with a somewhat lighter hand, the college structure of which he is a part as Dean of Faculties at Columbia University.

He seems to reverse his field when he turns to a discussion of Intellect and government. For here he argues that the intellectual approach to government is all wrong, too rigidly linked to ideas, too inflexible to compromise. And he cites the chaos of French politics as the inevitable result of mixing intellect too liberally into government.

Yet this is not so much a reversal of his earlier positions as it is a putting in perspective—he is concerned to present the case against intellect as well as the case for it.

Attempting to review *The House of Intellect* is a frustrating experience, for Barzun's tightly-written chapters, thickly studded with provocative ideas and brilliantly developed theses, defy reduction to a few paragraphs of comfortable paraphrase.

One of the tell-tale signs of our anti-intellectual times Mr. Barzun describes as our devotion to the thought-liche—the boiled-down, greatly simplified and almost invariably distorted nubbin of meaning that is supposed to represent the handy essence of something much more extended and more difficult to understand.

This book can't be shaken down into a handful of convenient thought-liches to be quoted at cocktail parties. But taken straight—and thoughtfully—it is a stirring exercise for anyone who claims to inhabit any part of the house of intellect.

AFL and CIO

By Joseph A. Loftus

THE CIO CHALLENGE TO THE AFL, A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT, 1935-41, by Walter Galenson. Harvard University Press, 732pp. \$9.75.

Everybody who cares is aware that a new chapter in American labor history opened in 1935, when a little band of labor leaders led by John L. Lewis organized the CIO in defiance of their well-fed brethren in the AFL. It is hard to believe that a mere seven years could command so many pages of history, but these were crowded years, packed with drama. This is a big book, no matter how you look at it. It is packed with material heretofore unavailable, and for anybody who cares, it is easy to read. The chapters on some of the individual unions are a bit sketchy, but to go beyond that would make the volume unwieldy. The author avoids probing or speculating about Mr. Lewis' motivations, except for a remark in passing that the miners' leader was ambitious to lead the American labor movement.

Why were the AFL union leaders inert and apathetic about the millions of unorganized? Perhaps the reason is the obvious one that each had his own secure satrapy and preferred not to be disturbed by the other fellow's sense of mission.

Mr. Galenson long ago "arrived" as a labor historian. This is the first general volume in a series in American labor-management history. It sets a high standard for his fellow authors to try to match.

Chapter in Steel

STEELWORKERS IN AMERICA, THE NONUNION ERA. By David Brody, Harvard University Press, 1960, 278pp. \$5.00.

The subtitle of Dr. Brody's work is a generalization he adopted presumably to distinguish the 1890-1929 period from the current era, which began with the successful organizing drives of the CIO in the mid 1930's. Actually, there was a union in the steel industry in the "nonunion era," a prosperous one at times, and there were strikes.

The union's failure was not owing en-

tirely to the resistance of the steel masters, though they did resist fiercely at times, invoking all the tricks and pressures that wealth and political power could command. The workmen helped defeat themselves. The skilled men sneered at the unskilled and refused to organize them. English-speaking workmen sneered at the "hunkies." The union's economics were shortsighted and wrongheaded. No wonder the twelve hour day and seven day week prevailed. Eventually this brutalization was banished by public indignation, not by a union.

Judge Elbert Gary, of U.S. Steel, who had talked himself and many of his contemporaries into believing that he placed the public interest above all else, is found on objective examination to be little better than a sanctimonious father figure who buckled under pressure like any ordinary mortal.

As the jacket says, the book deals with a brutal, yet exciting and colorful, chapter of American history. The occasional interpretations of the mass of solid fact are helpful. More of them would assure the book the wider audience it deserves. J.A.L.

Joseph Loftus is on leave from the New York Times Washington Bureau as the first Louis Stark Memorial Fellow in labor reporting at Harvard.

Taiwan and its Press

September 14, 1960

To the Editor:

I started to write a short response to NR on the subject of "Taiwan and its Press," as described by Shen Shan [*Nieman Report*, July.] His description was, I thought, much too rosy. To say that "a completely free hand has been given to the press" is rather exaggerated, as is the statement that the Kuomintang rules "because it wins most elections."

Anyway, the need for a letter to the editor has been obviated by the news. Mr. Lei Chen, publisher of the *Free China* fortnightly and one of the leaders of an embryonic opposition party, was arrested last week and is presently being accused of espionage. I think the *Times* has carried stories on the subject. *Time* has a rundown in the September 19th issue.

STANLEY KARNOW
Time-Life Bureau, Hongkong.

NIEMAN NOTES

1939

Frank S. Hopkins took up his new duties as American Consul General at Melbourne, Australia, immediately after attending the graduation of his son, Nicholas, from Harvard. Nicholas was born in Cambridge, in the first year of the Nieman Fellowships. He has a fellowship to study Africa in the Institute of Ethnology in Paris. Frank's last post was Martinique, the French West Indies. He took with him an address list of the Australian Nieman Fellows.

1940

Hodding Carter proudly reports that Hodding Junior, in his first year as managing editor of Hodding's paper in Greenville, Mississippi, won the general excellence award of the State Press Association.

Weldon James is on leave from the editorial page of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, travelling in England on a Carnegie grant.

1941

A familiar face in millions of homes this summer was Alexander Kendrick's. One of the CBS team in covering the conventions, he specialized on the lighter side of the convention. It was from Alec we learned that the delegates couldn't hear the speakers at Los Angeles and that it was next to impossible to get anything to eat in the auditorium building.

1942

As we go to press, a new novel *By Starlight*, by Thomas Sancton, is received from Doubleday, publishers. Tom's earlier novel was *Count Roller Skates*. Both novels have their setting in his native Louisiana.

1944

Professor Frederick W. Maguire of Ohio State's journalism school spent the summer on the copy desk of the *Boston Globe*. He recommends this kind of experience to journalism teachers, says he had a great summer.

1948

Robert Shaplen expanded his *New Yorker* articles on Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king, into a book, published by Alfred Knopf this summer, under the title: *Kreuger, Genius and Swindler*. In a foreword, J. K. Galbraith says Shaplen has done an admirable job of unravelling the incredibly involved financial manipulations of "the biggest thief in the long history of larceny."

1949

That deepest Dixieland voice on Richard Nixon was **E. L. Holland**, editorial page editor of the *Birmingham News*. The Alabama paper announced for the Republican candidate early in August.

Peter Lisagor, regular at the President's press conferences, as chief of the *Chicago Daily News* bureau in Washington, is chronically recognized by the President as "the man with the glasses." "There must be something about the way I wear my glasses," says Pete.

1950

In between State Department and UN assignments, **Murrey Marder** explored Cape Cod and Cambridge in August to wrap up a series for the *Washington Post* on Senator Kennedy's corps of academic advisers, so largely concentrated at Harvard and M.I.T.

1952

Selig Harrison, of the *New Republic*, brought out a book on India, published by the Princeton University Press this summer: *India, The Most Dangerous Decades. Can the Nation Hold Together?*

Harrison was Associated Press correspondent in India from 1949-52 and has been back for further observations. Gunnar Myrdal says his book "deserves wide circulation in India and abroad. It is a learned and significant contribution to our insight in the processes of politics in India."

Columnist **William Tipping** of the *Melbourne Herald* and his wife have been on a world tour this summer and touched base with numerous former Nieman colleagues around the globe.

When Harry Bridges' longshoremen's

union blocked Gov. Quinn's appointment of **Lawrence Nakatsuka** to be the first director of labor and industrial relations in the new State of Hawaii, the governor asked Nakatsuka to be deputy director of the new department of social services. This agency administers social welfare, the prison system, training schools, veterans affairs and housing, among other things. Nakatsuka had been press secretary for the governor. "A large and challenging task," Larry says of his new post.

1953

Melvin Mencher, in Costa Rica with a University of Kansas team on Latin American studies, was on hand to give the *Christian Science Monitor* coverage of the San Jose sessions of the Organization of American States. A colleague in reporting the OAS was that indefatigable foreign travelling correspondent, **Richard Dudman** (1954) of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

1954

At 35, **Alvin Davis** became managing editor of the *New York Post* in August. He has been on the *Post* staff since 1942, starting as copy boy and serving as reporter, rewriter, night city editor and night managing editor. He succeeded as managing editor James F. Graham, who died in July.

1955

Perhaps the most complicated and difficult assignment of the year has been **Henry Tanner's**, covering the whole involved Congo situation for the *New York Times*. He moved down from Algeria to handle it.

Ian Cross has a new novel *The Backward Sex*, out this summer. His English publisher, Andre Deutsch, says of his New Zealand author's second novel: "It is in a different vein from Mr. Cross's first novel, *The God Boy*, but it is just as good." That was very good, in the judgment of reviewers.

1956

Desmond Stone, Rochester's transplanted New Zealand journalist, has become acclimated enough to delve into the problems

of Rochester's Negroes. He teamed up with Jack Germond for a series the *Times-Union* featured on Rochester's race relations.

Robert L. Healy, Washington correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, has been covering Senator Kennedy through the primaries, the convention, and the Presidential campaign.

1957

A card from **William Worthy** in Cuba, this summer, didn't say what he was doing there.

1958

William H. McIlwain, news editor of *Newsday*, has a first novel out this summer, *The Glass Rooster*, published by Doubleday.

1959

Perry Morgan returned to the *Charlotte News* this summer, as editor of the editorial page. He had left the *News* to fill the same post on the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* last year, but the top editorial post lured him back after the death of Editor Cecil Prince. The *Norfolk* paper filled Morgan's place with a former Pulitzer prize editor, William Fitzpatrick.

Norman Cherniss has taken leave from the editorship of the *Riverside Press-Enterprise* (California) to fill for a year what is known as an "Award of Merit in Journalism" fellowship of the Hayes Foundation, which gives him the run of the University of California at Los Angeles. He attended both conventions.

1960

Harper's Magazine for October has an article by **Peter Braestrup**: *What the Press Has Done to Boston and Vice Versa*. Braestrup, now in the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times*, made a study of the Boston newspapers last year in a research seminar conducted by Prof. Edward C. Banfield of the MIT-Harvard Joint Center of Urban Studies.

When Gov. Faubus won his fourth election, it wasn't because of the votes of Baxter County. **Tom Dearmore**, editor of the *Baxter Bulletin*, expresses gratification that in the county served by his paper

and the two adjoining counties, Faubus slipped under a majority. He fell from 52 per cent to 39 per cent of the Baxter vote. If he slips as much in the next two years, state-wide, as in the last two, Tom says, Faubus won't be able to beat Senator Fulbright in 1962. "We're getting ready for the battle to save Fulbright two years from now."

When **William Lambert** returned to the unhappy strike situation of the Portland *Oregonian*, he found his old team-mate, **Wallace Turner** (1959), had a job for him as television news broadcaster on Channel 12, Portland, where Turner has become news director. This is probably the only local television station in the country with a pair of Pulitzer prize winners handling the news.

Peter Braestrup joined the New York *Times* Washington Bureau in time to cover the August session of the Congress. He moved from the local news staff of the *Herald Tribune*.

Jack Burby writes that he left the San Francisco *Chronicle* to become press secretary for Governor Brown of California. Governor Brown got his previous press secretary, Hale Champion, from the *Chronicle*, where Senator Kennedy also found his press secretary, Pierre Salinger. Hale Chawpin (1959) is now Gov. Brown's administrative assistant.

A new baby, born August 5 in Washington to Doris and **Niel McNeil** (Scripps-Howard Washington Bureau) was named Pitt Nieman McNeil.

On medical advice, to protect his small son from asthma, **John Samson** has moved back to Albuquerque. This meant giving up his AP cable desk job in New York where he was preparing for a Far East assignment. His address: 1104 Park Avenue, SW., Albuquerque, N. M.

1961

Joseph Loftus of the New York *Times* was given a dinner by his Washington colleagues in the field of labor relations to signalize his leaving for Harvard on the first Louis Stark Memorial Fellowship in labor reporting. **Justin McCarthy** (1948) was co-host for the dinner organization.

The True Role of the Press

(Continued from page 2)

the really significant news of American education—the news that happens in the laboratories and in the libraries.

The newspaper cannot match the drama of television coverage of a downtown fire or criminal escapade. But the newspaper alone is in a position to explore the civic conditions that led to the fire or the crime or to the many vital problems that rock the modern American community.

The deplorable fact is that, all too often, today's editors and reporters are not making the best of these opportunities. Too many of them remain glued to the spot news break, the over-night sensation, the score of the game. They don't bother to look beyond the surface of an event—a surface that can be shown on television. They are either too ill-informed, or too bull-headed or just too damned lazy to help the press assume an expanded new role in public entertainment.

It is not recommended that the editors and reporters of America become missionaries or social workers. It is just suggested that they make the most of their opportunities as editors and reporters, that they keep pace with the American people's racing demand for meaningful presentation of meaningful news.

The newspaperman should be somewhere among the leaders in the massive and irresistible movement of public attitudes into the new times of which radio and television are merely two manifestations. There is good evidence that

American newspapermen and newspapers, with some notable exceptions, are falling behind the pack. If they do fall behind, some other medium of mass communications will assume the leadership that has belonged and should continue to belong to the newspaper.

Consider, first, the sports page in the average newspaper. It differs very little from the sports page of fifty years ago. Baseball, football, basketball, boxing are the kings. What do all of these and other sports page favorites have in common? This, that they are all box office attractions.

But the American people have been avoiding the box offices in droves. They have by the millions made it clear that, given their "druthers," they would rather play golf or go sailing or bowling or fishing or hunting than sit in the best seat anywhere. Yet the average sports page—not all, but most—clings to the attitude that the box office sport is news, and the do-it-yourself sport is not news.

And in maintaining this fiction, the sports page foists on the reader some outright frauds. To stoop to an especially horrible example, let me read two paragraphs from a story that recently filled almost a column of page one of a sports section of a metropolitan newspaper, which I will not, because of modesty, identify further.

Pat O'Connor, his coveted championship dangling by the proverbial thread, roared back from a startling early

setback to whip Wild Bill Savage at the Armory Friday night and successfully defend his world's heavyweight wrestling title for the second time this week.

A powerful right hand to the jaw sent Savage sprawling onto the canvas. Quivering in pain, the challenger staggered to his feet but was greeted by an airplane spin that sent him bouncing to the floor again. O'Connor pounded upon him to even the match at one fall apiece. Oh, how the crowd went wild!

And more of the same.

Just whom are we fooling—devoting valuable space to a report of an exhibition as phoney as a carnival sideshow? Almost one full column of the one hundred twenty columns available that day for news, editorials and features, was given over to a bad ballet between a couple of clowns, performed before a couple of hundred people. Yet on the same day, hundreds of boats were on the Columbia and Willamette rivers, some of them taking part in club races. Thousands of Portlanders played golf or went water skiing or swimming. And not a line about them—except those that drowned.

No box office.

Now don't think that I am asking for the elimination of the sports page. The American reader is eager for news of sports, and he is used to the American newspaper's tendency to give more emphasis to sports than to other affairs.

In many ways the sports page does its job very well—very well, indeed. So well, in fact, that any reader who must depend on the newspapers would be convinced that the worth of a university is measured by the success of its football team.

Many American youngsters—and many American parents—believe just that. Ask the man on the street which is the greater university: Notre Dame or Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago or the University of Southern California. His answer in each case will reveal that he thinks of American higher education in terms of football teams.

And why shouldn't he? The football coach is the most important man, the highest-paid man on the campus, excepting sometimes the president himself. This is a significant, damning reflection of basic American values, for which the American newspaper is as responsible as any other element in our society.

There are thousands of news stories lying untouched in the classrooms and laboratories of our colleges. All that is needed to bring them to the columns of our newspapers is the same kind of aggressive reporting that is now centered almost exclusively on the college stadiums and dressing rooms.

To its great credit, television has been exploring some of

these leads. A recent CBS program dealt with the progress in brain surgery; the Bell System's series of programs on man's conquest of the universe and of disease were enjoyed by millions. Television in some ways is besting the newspaper in what should be the newspaper's own game—backgrounding the news.

The shortcomings do not all lie in what the announcers call the world of sports. Most newspapers are woefully behind the time in reporting the news and the news behind the news in other fields.

A new book is news, but there are very few first-class book sections in the American press. Tick off the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and two or three others, and you have called the entire roll. Not many newspapers devote even as much as a column a week to books. Too many papers ignore books altogether. But Americans today are buying more books than ever; there is a virtual revolution in the paperback book publishing industry; and the press, largely, ignores it.

The coverage of other cultural affairs is even poorer. Painting, sculpture, drama, the dance, serious music—all of these things are treated by most newspapers as though they were quite beyond or below the interest of the American newspaper reader.

Yet when it gets the chance, the American public gives every indication of being starved for what in absence of a better term is called culture. The enthusiasm for "hi-fi" sound gathered steam without any noticeable help from the press. A few publications—the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Atlantic*—have devoted space to recordings, but to most daily papers, "hi-fi" and stereophonic sound are non-existent.

I was proud of my newspaper a few years ago when it devoted a good part of its front page to an exhibition of paintings at the Portland Art Museum. It was good news judgment. The exhibition was the biggest news in town that day—it attracted tens of thousands of viewers who stood in line for blocks to gain admission—and it deserved the top news spot. But how many newspapers would have played it so? Not many.

The press is woefully lacking in coverage of the news of the arts. Most newspapers give more space daily to recipes than to all of the arts combined. Is it because too few reporters and editors have been educated to an interest in the arts? If so, there's a job for you.

That is where you come in. The American press can be only as good, only as resourceful as its editors and reporters. And its editors and reporters can be only as good, only as resourceful as the graduating classes of our schools of journalism and schools of communication, from which, by and large, the editors and reporters are drawn. And whether you appreciate it or not, journalism education sets the profes-

sional standards even for those who have never seen the inside of a college classroom.

From what I have said so far, I believe you can gather that, in my view, these standards are not as high as they might be.

Jacques Barzun, who, as an author and critic, views the press from a scholarly vantage point, has even a harsher opinion. He writes as follows in his *The House of Intellect*, published earlier this year by Harper, an argument that the human intellect, the prime force in Western civilization, is in danger of destruction:

Publicists, reporters, editors, and other makers of opinion are almost invariably defeatists. Though they are educated men and women, and some have a high conception of their calling, they feel no need to define for themselves the rights of intellect or to ponder its role in the national life.

Such a meditation would probably strike them as artificial. Unschooled on this point, they follow the common yet subtle interpretation of equality which allows "encouraging the arts," but would make anything like homage to intellect seem arrogant, pompous, or absurd. Even when stirred to cry out against "anti-intellectualism" in the narrow sense, and while defending freedom of speech or press, speakers and writers take it for granted that their opponents have ulterior motives.

The men of the press are not alone in evidencing a certain contempt for intellect. It has been a characteristic of the American popular attitude since pioneer days. A great American, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, once said in a political address in Cincinnati, Ohio: "We want men of action and not words—certainly not Harvard words." That was before the first Sputnik brought dramatic demonstration of the practical value of words—and figures.

It is remarkable what a radical change that one event wrought in the outlook of millions of Americans, including editorial writers. Editors all over the country simultaneously came to the conclusion that there had been something very wrong with American education, that there was something drastically wrong with the American attitude toward eggheads, that every fourteen-year-old boy in the country should be set to studying physics.

The first flash of that excitement is now wearing off. Mr. Khrushchev is coming visiting. The World Series and the football season are not very far away. Newspaper editors, after a brief preoccupation with the gifted students and the research projects of the laboratories, are going back to covering the stadiums.

It was to be expected. One cannot alter the attitudes of a

lifetime in a few weeks or months. Mr. Barzun's assessment of the editors will not have to be changed next year. But there is an opportunity to change it sometime in the future. And this opportunity is yours. For you have the immensely important task of helping to shape the matrix in which tomorrow's news and editorial judgments will be cast.

The people you send to us this year and next year will some day be making the decisions that will determine whether the newspaper will respond to its opportunities to present the news of all the people in depth or whether it will continue to devote the bulk of its time to the flash bulletin—the bulletin that can be carried to the people much speedier by radio and television.

Some of them will be called upon to decide the relative news merits of a wrestling match and a museum exhibition; of the appointment of a physics chairman and the appointment of a head football coach; between the elopement of a pair of motion picture stars and the discovery of a new star in the heavens.

Pray to God that you will prepare them to do a better job of it than we have been doing.

I am sorry if I have sounded tonight somewhat like a choleric city editor—which I was many years ago.

But I am convinced that the emergence of radio and television as senior members of the communications team has created a great opportunity for newspapers—if newspaper staffs have the ability to perceive it. Yet too many newspapers—not quite all of them—are in the same old rut—born, perhaps, of a professional fascination with "The Front Page" School of Journalism, in which the entire faculty was composed of Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht.

The time is long past when the newspaper could pre-occupy itself with the surface of events. Today's newspapers should be giving their readers some understanding—

—That there is more to education than football.

—That there is more to science than shooting the moon.

—That there is more to the law than a murder case.

—That there is more to government than partisan politics.

—That there is more—much more—to life than appears on the surface of the television tube. And this something more is what should be reported in your newspaper.

I appeal to you: send us young men and women who can understand the depth in the news—and can report it.

Malcolm Bauer is associate editor of the *Portland Oregonian*. This is from the annual Kappa Tau Alpha Lecture, which he gave at the University of Oregon, August 26, 1959. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1950.