Nieman Reports

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"An Unpurchasable Soul"

A Great Editor Leaves His Paper With His Hopes to His Children

(From the last will and testament of Josephus Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.)

If I could look into the future I would wish those children and grandchildren, who will devote their lives to The News and Observer, to receive the chief income that comes from the operation of the paper. I leave it as a request that if any grandchildren not actually at work on the paper should, at any time be desirous of making a sale of their stock or any portion of it, that preference in purchasing be given to those engaged in managing or editing the paper.

It is my earnest desire and hope that The News and Observer shall be edited and directed by my descendants, though I do not believe the dead hand should attempt to control the living spirit. I recognize that no one can become a good journalist who does not have the calling. For me the joy of work has been my chief happiness and reward, and I could wish the same to be true of my descendants.

I have never regarded the stock I owned in The News and Observer as property, but as certificates of a trust to be administered for the common good of the people of North Carolina. I owe to their support and approval the success of The News and Observer. Its future depends upon complete devotion to the ideals that have characterized its course. I advise and enjoin those who direct the paper in the tomorrows never to advocate any cause for personal profit or preferment. I would wish it always to be "the tocsin" and devote itself to the policies of equality and justice to the underprivileged. If the paper should at any time be the voice of self-interest or become the spokesman of privilege or selfishness it would be untrue to its history.

I hope those of my blood who own the paper [ ] as these incidents of my life shows.

1. When I went to Washington as Secretary of the Navy in 1913 my brother-in-law was in charge of the business of the paper. Some time later he came to see me in Washington with a proposition from a newspaper broker to buy The News and Observer. I declared that the paper was not for sale, saying it was part of the family and was not for sale. He advised accepting the offer, saying a price would be paid that would make me and my family rich.

2. During the World War another party wished to buy The News and Observer. I told him it was not for sale. He asked: "Will you not name a price I can take to my clients." He was persistent. I complied saying: "Certainly, you can tell your principal he can get the paper if he will pay me in gold the aggregate sum of all the bonds to carry on the war received by the Secretary of the Treasury, plus the cash value of my wife and sons."

These two incidents show that I have never regarded The News and Observer as property, but having an unpurchasable soul.

"You will note that the fourth paragraph apparently lacks a word or two. It was that way in the holograph."

—JONATHAN DANIELS.

A Statement

From the *Raleigh News and Observer,* February 8.

"I advise and enjoin those who direct the paper in the tomorrows never to advocate any cause for personal profit or preferment. I would wish it always to be 'the tocsin' and devote itself to the policies of equality and justice to the underprivileged. If the paper should at any time be the voice of self-interest, or become the spokesman of privilege or selfishness, it would be untrue to its history."

We put those words from Josephus Daniels' will permanently at the masthead of *The News and Observer.* They were not new to us when they appeared in his last testament. They are the words we were brought up on. They are the words we were taught to live by. We could be untrue to them only by being untrue to ourselves. They represent our faith and our conviction.

He has left us a great heritage and a greater responsibility. We shall need the help of those who loved him and with him loved North Carolina.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, JR. JONATHAN DANIELS
WORTH B. DANIELS FRANK A. DANIELS

NIEMAN REPORTS

THE MACARTHUR CENSORSHIP

Arbitrary Restrictions Deny to U. S. Its Best Base for Coverage in Asia

by Robert P. (Pepper) Martin

General Douglas MacArthur's post-war experiments to determine how far he and his occupation officials could go in controlling and intimidating correspondents in Japan have finally blown up. The reverberations reached into Congress, the Department of the Army and the editorial offices of most of the major newspapers in the United States.

The explosion was inevitable. It had been building up since V-J Day when MacArthur clumsily tried to control the news from Japan by limiting correspondents to representatives of the news agencies, a few selected East Coast newspapers and a handful of non-American reporters. MacArthur's excuse for holding down the number of correspondents was the housing shortage in Tokyo. Protests from various editors poured into Washington, and MacArthur was overruled.

Although it has varied in degree, the pressure against the press has been unremitting ever since. It has taken the form of intimidation, coercion, deportation, refusal of accreditation, and muzzling of news sources. The correspondents as a group resisted these pressures with great determination and a considerable amount of success.

General MacArthur has always been thin-skinned and excessively sensitive to press criticism. Throughout the war his public relations officers attempted to establish and maintain the fiction that he was infallible. The post-war press policies in Japan have been a carryover of this attitude. They were reflected first in the dangerously optimistic and sometimes misleading reports on progress of the occupation, and secondly, in attempts to coerce or silence correspondents who dared to criticize either the general or the occupation. MacArthur's press officers have stated publicly that correspondents should confine their activities to writing from press releases.

The campaign to reduce criticism and control correspondents reached its climax in February when MacArthur barred Compton Pakenham of **Newsweek** on the charge that he associated with Japanese of "feudalistic and militaristic tendencies." MacArthur said "the danger" of permitting Pakenham to return to Japan "lies in the influence he is believed to exercise among Japanese malcontents and the jeopardy this causes to the objectives and security of the occupation and the interests of the United States."

This writer has rarely agreed with Pakenham's reporting, particularly in his analysis of Japan's future economy and his belief that the occupation has carried the purge policy too far. But these are debatable questions, and there is considerable evidence to support both views. But Pakenham called his shots as he saw them and his criticisms aroused the ire of many occupation officials.

It is a rather ironical commentary on the idealism animating the occupation to recall, after reading that Pakenham has been accused of consorting with "feudalistic Japanese," that the highest occupation officials have supported some of the most reactionary of all Japanese, including ex-Premiers Yoshida, Prince Higashikuni and Shidehara. The names of occupation officers and high officials who knew and were friendly with Akira Ando, the notorious black-marketeer, labor boss, racketeer and underworld leader, are many.

Newsweek had hoped to get the ban on Pakenham lifted without putting MacArthur on the spot. Washington, however, took no action and when, as a last resort, the general was queried he publicly and bitterly commented on the case. That makes it exceedingly difficult for MacArthur to withdraw from his position. More pressure is being brought in Washington but as Harry Kern of **Newsweek** says, "We lost a good correspondent and got a martyr instead."

The Pakenham incident might not have caused such a furore if MacArthur had not almost simultaneously tangled with the press over the question of whether correspondents could leave Japan temporarily on assignment and return without forfeiting their credentials.

Several "specials" applied for travel orders permitting them to make short trips to Hong Kong and southeast Asia. They were told that if they left Japan, their families must accompany them or return to the United States, and that they would also lose their houses.

Other restrictions were added. Round-trip travel orders were denied. If a correspondent went to Batavia or Singapore, before returning to Tokyo he was required to obtain clearance from the State Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and then clearance by MacArthur. Clearance from Tokyo has on occasion taken several weeks.

Loss of housing privileges, however, would be the greatest handicap to correspondents. Army regulations provide that housing rights are established on a priority basis in which length of overseas service no longer counts. It usually takes eight months before a house can be acquired.

Unquestionably there is a housing shortage in Japan, and many Army dependents are forced to remain in the U.S. because of this shortage. But, at most, not more than half a dozen correspondents have jobs that require them to leave Japan for temporary assignments elsewhere in Asia. Peculiarly enough, in this group are those correspondents who have been most critical of the occupation.

MacArthur's order was finally amended by Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall to permit correspondents to leave Japan for a period of not more than 30 days in every six months. But this was only a paper compromise. The distances in Asia are so vast, communications so tenuous and the political situation in each country so unstable that no correspondent can plan a trip and be certain of returning within a specified time limit.

Bill Costello of CBS provides a good example of how the new regulations work out. Costello is the only full-time CBS correspondent in the Far East. A sudden outbreak of violence in Indo-China or Indonesia, or a breakup of the Kuomintang

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"Pepper" Martin now China correspondent of the New York Post, served the United Press in China and the Far East before and during the war.

in China, would almost certainly require his office to send him to the scene of trouble. MacArthur's regulations might force him to abandon the story at its greatest intensity. If he did not return in time, would MacArthur deport Bill's wife and two children? If so, would they be sent to the U.S. or to wherever Bill was working at the moment?

The Army gave as one reason for the restriction the fear that correspondents would keep their families in Japan, where living costs are fairly reasonable, while doing their work elsewhere in Asia. This writer does not know of a single correspondent working in Japan who has not considered Tokyo his working base, and the other countries as definitely of secondary importance.

General MacArthur, answering criticism of his barring of Pakenham, said, "I doubt that the Allied press enjoys anywhere in the world greater freedom in the gathering and dissemination of news than it does here in Tokyo." That reply does not conform to facts.

A report prepared by a special committee of the Tokyo Correspondents Club was given to MacArthur's headquarters on Feb. 19. These specific charges were made:

A correspondent who wrote stories considered critical by authorities was "subjected to interrogation and threats" and his home was raided by Army Criminal Investigation Detachment agents.

"Official letters are known to have been sent to employers of at least nine correspondents seeking to embarrass the correspondent in his relations with his employer and in a number of instances requesting the removal of the correspondent."

Security has been used as a pretext for seeking removal or exclusion from Japan of correspondents who have written stories considered critical "by one or another official."

Some writers of stories about a political purge were branded personally by General MacArthur as among "the most dangerous men in Japan," although their information came from authorized headquarters officials.

Two headquarters departments tried to take reprisals against one correspondent who printed a story obtained from another department.

At one time or another almost every correspondent covering General MacArthur's headquarters has faced the same charge (that of showing "marked antipathy toward American policy") differing not in kind but in degree.

There are many other instances of pressure brought against correspondents. An Australian, in Manila on V-J Day, was denied permission to enter Japan. Two months later he was admitted to Tokyo, after MacArthur's press officers discovered they had confused him with another Australian writer who had attacked MacArthur on several occasions during the war.

MacArthur denied several American editors permission to enter Japan. These included representatives of the New York Herald Tribune. the Christian Science Monitor and the Chicago Sun, on the grounds that these newspapers had been "unfriendly" to the occupation. Washington later overruled MacArthur.

One correspondent was threatened with court-martial under the Articles of War because he had used classified information given him verbally by an occupation official. He was threatened when he refused to reveal the source of his information.

MacArthur's public relations officers expended considerable time and energy writing to editors of various newspapers and magazines complaining that their correspondents were "communists," unfair, overly critical and what have you. The classic reply was by Ed Murrow of Columbia Broadcasting System. He wrote: "Your letter has greatly increased our confidence in Mr. Costello."

At least two correspondents who had been critical of the occupation were ordered to leave Tokyo because in some way they had not fulfilled accreditation regulations. Several times a blacklist of correspondents considered unfriendly was circulated in the higher echelons as a warning that occupation officials should not talk to these men. On one notable occasion, every employee in the Economic & Scientific Section was ordered to have no dealings with any correspondents. For 24 hours all sources were frozen and the order was taken so literally that stenographers broke dates with various correspondents.

The Herald Tribune's extremely conservative correspondent, Ralph Chapman, tried to obtain information on SCAP's censorship policies regarding the vernacular press. After receiving the run-around for several days, he finally succeeded in getting an appointment with the chief censor. The interview was as follows:

"Mr. Chapman, are you a communist?"

"Colonel, is your name J. Parnell Thomas?"

Many of MacArthur's underlings have claimed that most of the actions taken against correspondents were done without the general's knowledge and approval. That may be true to some extent, but in an occupation and an army, a commander is responsible for the actions of his subordinates. When a general loses the battle, he bears the responsibility even though it may have been lost because of tactical mistakes of his subordinates. By the same reasoning, MacArthur is responsible for the occupation, and he must bear responsibility for actions by his subordinates against the press.

"Security" vs. Free Press

The old and vexing question of "official secrets" is again troubling Washington and the nation's agencies of public information. Some observers believe the flow of governmental news has been only slightly affected, but others invoke the First Amendment to the Constitution and inveigh loudly against peacetime censorship.

The truth, as usual, seems to lie somewhere between these two extremes, but there is some cause for concern in the definite trend toward more restrictions and greater and greater "security."

There is no easy or general answer to preserving essential security without the imposition of non-essential censorship. The security board's attempts to find suitable definitions covering all varieties of Government information cannot possibly succeed, for security and freedom cannot be thus easily pigeonholed.

There are, however, for a democracy, a few general rules that apply to the problem. One is, the less censorship or restriction of news in peacetime the better. Another is that no censorship or suppression which acts solely to protect Government against criticism is justifiable.

The third is that the few secrets which can be justifiably termed "secrets"—just precisely how the atomic bomb works, for instance—should be real secrets, not subject to careless or deliberate revelations.

And the fourth is a good guiding generality: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

—Hanson Baldwin, in N. Y. Times.

A Publisher Speaks His Mind

by W. R. Ronald

Mr. Forrest Seymour's piece about the daily newspaper monopoly in the January Nieman Reports is cleverly done but nevertheless—and necessarily—it labors. As a publisher, perhaps I am more free than is he to say that if these monopoly papers were what they should be, they would not need arduous defense.

Mr. Seymour takes seriously Mr. Lasseter's anachronistic lament for competition. It was the linotype, and, secondarily, the perfecting press, that made daily papers so expensive that they became virtually natural monopolies. Our own budget, for example, exceeds $350,000 a year. A town of 12,000 people cannot pay that cost twice.

Since monopoly is an accomplished fact for most daily papers, without design but as an economic eventuality, the pertinent question is what these papers are doing with their exclusive fields.

Mr. Seymour could have noted that all but a small number of these papers are colorlessly anemic or stodgily negative. Their publishers do not even bother to rationalize as did Marcus Aurelius, when he slipped responsibility with the remark: "Whatever happens, it all happens as it should."

If we are to be frank about it, the contented publisher of the usual monopoly paper is about as distinguished as the contented cow. If he is concerned at all about his product, it is for something like a snap-shot of the day's events, with little or no attention to high-lights. Even that is often curtailed by a budget that places service to readers between the upper millstone of a pre-determined profit and the nether one of costs. His concept of success is in counting house terms.

My jealousy for the newspaper's potentialities no doubt was enhanced by an early experience. For some years, as a young man, I wrote editorials for a western city daily (with competition) under the instruction: "Try to find the right side of every question and advocate it, regardless of any party, person or interest." That commission was never hedged. That there might be no Quixotic adventures, a further instruction was to stand for what was practicable of accomplishment.

Compared with that use of a newspaper, isn't the typical daily of now a dully monotonous thing, especially for the publisher? One such once said to me:

"I've had the damndest time to find an editorial writer I can depend upon. I think I have one and go off to California, to play golf, and then, first thing I know, he has committed the paper to something."

No outsider has so belittled the daily papers as have their owners by such concepts.

I can testify that the editing of a monopoly paper can be thrilling to the point of excitement. We have four editorial writers in our organization (an unusual circumstance for so small a paper). When there is question about some current event, the four of us get together and try to find the right answer. Because there is not a yes-man in the bunch, these "bull sessions" are exhilarating and stimulating. Many is the time that my own editorial has been cut to pieces, or vetoed and not published. So, we escape the deadly monotony of monopoly.

What I am trying to say is that the publishers are missing tremendous opportunities for self-satisfaction in not capitalizing the financial independence of their monopoly to make their papers accomplish more than merely getting off the press each day. They might at least have the ambition to emulate a wealthy manufacturer, who, though well over 80, continued active in the management and especially in community welfare activities. When asked why he did not retire and take it easy, he grunted: "Humph! I'm working for a hell of a big funeral."

How many daily newspaper publishers will be really mourned by their communities when they pass on? Whether or not they are will depend upon the number of people who come to the back door—not by those who ring at the front. That was somewhat implied by the publisher who gave me carte blanche to find and proclaim the truth that makes men free, when he said: "I want this paper to stand for the man on the street—the man in the office is already represented."

Happily readers are intelligent enough to rate their papers. Even before the radio (thank Providence) provided another medium, these readers again and again repudiated inert papers by rejecting at the polls those papers' do-nothing (or worse) candidates. If these publishers cannot understand that there is relish in the use of conscience, they should at least want to seek the level of good citizenship in their readership.

For a long time, I have dreamed of a model paper, established by endowment enough to be free. But, the very monopoly of most of the daily papers has provided such financial security. Instead of taking advantage of that independence, the publishers have themselves scotched the freedom of the press, because they themselves have become a special interest. They lack the imagination and good business sense that would tell them that, if they would only give more service, they would reap more profits. But, apparently, they would rather be on good terms with their buddies at the country club.

W. R. Ronald is publisher of the Mitchell (S. D.) Daily Republic.

A Letter From Morris L. Ernst

In the Nieman Reports of January, 1948, I was greatly flattered that my name had been turned into an adjective. Forrest Seymour did me this honor, although I still have high hopes that he will some day write Ernstian without a Capital E.

My basic dispute with Mr. Seymour's thesis goes to a question of fact. He seems to think that any one who is frightened about the monopolistic trend of the press is trying "to prevent the forces of free economic competition from coming into play." He misunderstands what has happened to the United States since the days of laissez faire; or maybe he does not misunderstand and maybe he is in favor of complete laissez faire, at least for newspaper owners. To give just one example of the paradox which he seems to avoid: nearly $100 million of subsidy is handed to the newspaper and magazine owners of America. This is the postage subsidy. This is the difference between what newspaper and magazine owners pay for postage service and what it costs the taxpayers. I assume Mr. Seymour objects to the government being in business in this fashion because obviously any subsidy of this nature prevents **complete** free play of competition because the taxpayers are helping Mr. Seymour and his paper get pennies from the public at a preferential economic

rate over other commodities which are competing for consumers' pennies. I should imagine that 2000 less weeklies would have died and maybe 2000 more could be promptly revived if our postage subsidy concept were merely shifted to a sliding scale basis. Just to state some figures for Mr. Seymour or others to shoot at: Why shouldn't we carry all such publications without postage up to a circulation of 10,000 with half a cent a pound rate up to 50,000, and continually increasing rates up to the point where a publisher has a million circulation? This is known as the cuts under **complete** free competition. How does he defend the payment of approximately $8 million, as I figure it, of the taxpayers money to Henry Luce in connection with his publications? Might he not agree that after a publication has reached one million circulation, it should pay its own way in the mail pouches? And I don't ask that the government should ever make a penny of profit on such postage distribution, and in fact, if I had my own way I would treble the present subsidy if it were placed on a sliding scale basis.

I wonder if Mr. Seymour thinks that competition is prevented unwisely by laws which provide that railroads shall not own airplane lines, or coal mines or steamship lines. Then how about those 100 cities where the only newspaper owned the only radio station? I assume he was opposed to the integration concept of the Utility Holding Act. I assume that he is opposed to legislation which prevents Branch Banking. These limitations on the market place in other fields if applied to newspapers would have prevented the evaporation, in my opinion, of several hundred dailies. This is particularly true in the newspaper field because much of the disappearance of the independent press in America occurred not through the purchase of bankrupt papers which could not survive, but occurred during the boom periods when profitable publications were purchased by competitors in order to eliminate competition. Does he favor anti-branch banking legislation? And what of the application of that old fashioned principle to Chain Newspapers?

Just one other observation on which I would like much more discussion: What is Mr. Seymour's answer to the fact that there is only enough newsprint in the world for 200 million people at the rate we use it? How does he feel about the right of newspapers to own their own forests and paper mills and thus gain such an advantage in the publishing business as to make the entrance of new dailies practically impossible? I am quite sure that Mr. Seymour would worry if he thought that one company owned the monopoly patent on newspaper facsimilie. Or maybe he thinks we should not interfere with such complete domination of the press by a single newspaper if it should be fortunate enough to own the facsimilie patents. Or am I suggesting less than complete free competition? It's men like Mr. Seymour who are unintentionally driving our nation into the tawdry ways of government control and ownership—the pattern of the Communists and Fascists.

Sincerely yours,
Morris L. Ernst

Author Answers Critics

DES MOINES, IOWA

MAR. 1—Telegram

JUST RETURNED FROM MIDDLE EAST TO FIND YOUR PROOFS. MY ONLY COMMENT TO MR. ERNST IS THAT I NEVER BEAT MY WIFE ANY MORE AND MR. RONALD THAT HE TAKES THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH STOP CORDIALLY—

FORREST SEYMOUR

Does the Press Do Right By the Politician?

by Robert A. Taft

(From address of Senator Taft to the Inland Press Association, Feb. 10. Text is complete for the section on the press.)

I greatly appreciate the invitation to address the Inland Press Association whose members play such a powerful part in the formation of public opinion throughout the heart of the American continent. You have a tremendous responsibility in interpreting truly to the people the events of the day, the character and personalities of those who play a part in such events and the true meaning of government action in this country and abroad. That isn't an easy job. You are subjected to the arguments and propaganda of clever men. In this complex world, facts are complex and motives are mixed. It is easy to give a slant to the news, and easier still to give a slant to the headlines. But you have the great responsibility to see that only the facts are presented. For a free people can't make a success of their job if someone doesn't give them the real truth.

I have just come from Washington where political news is made. I am a politician, and my life is lived largely among politicians and newspapermen. I find that the facts are usually well reported, but newspapers today are almost as much concerned with opinion and prophesy as they are with news; and in that field there is much more room for bias and prejudice which affects the picture of the facts itself. Newspapermen are natural born skeptics, and they are probably a little more skeptical about politicians than anyone else, so I am glad of this opportunity of defending those who are concerned with the conduct of our national government.

I have been in the Senate for nine years, and I think nothing has impressed me as much as the sincerity with which Senators and Congressmen attempt to work out policies in accordance with their own political philosophy. Of course, being human, their course is affected by the desirability of being re-elected. It is furthermore affected by the widely held belief that a representative should present the viewpoint of his constituents, unless some compelling national reason leads to a different conclusion. Also in a Presidential year, political motives may have a greater influence both on party policy and individual action. But even this year perhaps because human nature is what it is, and mankind is a stubborn animal, most actions and efforts in Congress are the result of the fixed political philosophy and the personal opinion of the Congressman. That is to say, the great bulk of our elected representatives are sincere.

I do not find that the press presents a very reliable picture of the character of individual public men. Our nation has become so large and complex that people have adopted the easy method of following slogans. Men are classified into radicals, conservatives, liberals or progressives. They are presented as the tools of labor or big business. Few are really subject to influence. and most are sincerely desirous of bringing about a better America and a happier people. As a matter of fact the large majority are fairly well agreed on the basic principles of government. Their differences on issues are differences of degree and emphasis. Of course the real differences are differences in character between individuals, seldom reflected correctly in public opinion.

ON UNDERSTANDING THE PRESS

by James S. Pope

What is the press? The thing about it you hear of most, and quite properly, is its freedom. But from most of our spokesmen you easily could get the idea that this noble creature, like the cows of India, has no duty but to roam the landscape savoring some sacred cud, "All breathing human passion far above."

About a year ago a group of irreverent men took a long hard look at this unfettered spirit, after which they wrote down some comments that to everybody except a majority of editors seemed to make a good bit of sense—especially the part about Freedom having a forgotten twin named Responsibility.

The group was called The Commission on Freedom of the Press; was financed by Henry Luce out of the gold mine of freedom he discovered in Time, Life and Fortune; and was headed by President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago.

Apart from its excellent job of nailing the press for certain types of irresponsibility, and listing many other commonly known occupational faults, the Commission failed to pierce the heart of the target because its aim was through sights as broad as our society.

To me this was a lamentable mistake. The members were drawn from business, law, theology, economics, philosophy and pedagogy, but none from journalism. I feel sure a maverick or two from newspaper offices could have betrayed many faults that were underemphasized or obscured. And certainly an experienced newspaperman would have persuaded the Commission to avoid the ambiguous and unworkable definition of the press that clouded the whole report. For the press was taken to include not only newspapers, magazines, and lesser printed kin, but motion pictures and radio as well.

I cannot accuse so distinguished a group of shirking the essential complexity of its task; I think it simply lacked expert guidance. By taking the convenient way, the Commission created a target so vast and so ramified as to be almost indestructible by consolidated criticism. That is why so much good ammunition was so easily evaded. A study of education might as reasonably attack in a single report our universities, correspondence trade schools, kindergartens and academies for the training of beauticians.

So we shall agree, then, that when we speak of the press we are talking about newspapers. And anybody who thinks this makes it simple had better take another look.

There are in this country around 1,900 newspapers. There is a general family resemblance. They all use type, and few are eccentric enough to be caught in public without the identical retinue expected of all—the Bumsteads, Tracys and Pearsons, and the Peglers.

But if you could trap a few of these newspapers in their naked, relaxed states, you would find that in their true natures, their weird mental and emotional complexes, their peculiar measures of good and bad, they cover a wider and more complex range than would 1,900 individuals—and you would be slow to generalize about the inner ailments of that many people.

Believe me, compared to newspapers people are fairly simple. You can fingerprint a man and there he is. But the newspaper, its soul an uneasy synthesis of all who produce it, would give up only an inky smudge.

If we do nothing but agree about this, we shall have begun to get somewhere in our effort to comprehend and improve the press. There is no cure-all for 1,900 patients with almost that many maladies. By nearly all its critics the newspaper has been taken for granted as a fairly uniform organism, responding properly to the same stimuli and quickened by the same motives. That assumption is nonsense.

The point is a basic one. Suppose we should now go beyond the general frame of the paper to debate some specific qualities of what we should call the press. And suppose that while I was thinking of the New York Times you were thinking of the Chicago Tribune. The upshot could only be rage and bewilderment. We'd much better just shut up and turn on the radio. I am convinced that before all this talk of the press gets anywhere, someone has got to start calling names.

But first let us inspect a few of the implications of that big word that goes with freedom and applies to all papers alike—responsibility. The Hutchins report tossed it about a lot, but produced no expeditious way of achieving it.

One way is that the press might suddenly decide to be fully responsible, given a clear definition of what that is. This being unlikely, who is to define and require responsibility? It's no good leaving it in a vacuum, though the authors of the First Amendment did just that. They implied responsibility, but neither they nor Congress tried to impose it.

Now it is obvious that the main burden of responsibility lies with owners and editors. As a group we have done too little to improve and modernize our product. We have adhered too closely to threadbare concepts of what news is and how it should be presented.

I am glad to report stirrings of conscience on many of these items. Experts on typography and readability have been employed by many editors who once thought they knew it all. The American Press Institute at Columbia University is shaking hundreds of editors and reporters out of such lethargy and smugness as they have let invade their work.

And in Detroit last October, managing editors delivered eight reports which lashed out in friendly but unreserved fashion at the best news service in the world, the Associated Press. This has become a continuing study which will go on around the clock and calendar.

There is plenty more that we need to do, but we are never going to do all of it until the readers' responsibility to the press begins to be discharged. And they do have one—as students, as teachers, as readers, and just as Americans.

Particularly as Americans. It takes only a brief look at the true function of the press to make clear how broad is the responsibility involved, because the true function of a newspaper in a democracy is to make it sure that the democracy can work.

I do not see how that relationship can be challenged without ignoring history. The first guarantee of the Bill of Rights was freedom of the press, but the first concern of all those guarantees was the freedom of all of us. The Bill of Rights could not have had as an aim the accumulation of power by individual newspaper owners

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James S. Pope, native of Georgia and graduate of Emory University, began his newspapering on the Atlantic Journal where from 1926 to 1940 he was reporter, city editor and managing editor. Since 1940 he has been managing editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. This paper is from a talk given at the University of Michigan, Jan. 10 on "The Press: What and Whose Is It?"

because it was dead against accumulations of power; and it could not have been concerned with the privilege of printing comic strips and cross-word puzzles because these ornaments of the press had not appeared.

A group of Nieman Fellows has written a book called **Your Newspaper**, and in the introduction Louis M. Lyons, Curator of the Nieman Foundation, makes this point compactly. He says:

"There is only one function which justifies the exalted protection given the press in our Constitution: that is as a common carrier of information."

The conveying of this information is vital for a manifest reason: people who govern themselves have to know the score. Nevertheless, hundreds of newspapers habitually carry this information, this news so essential to the life of a democracy, in the most horribly butchered and distorted form, as something stuffed into the paper where a hole occurs, and the less holes the better. These papers feel many compulsions, but not the compulsion to give their readers a comprehensive and balanced picture of what goes on.

Some, especially where competition is keen, feel the human compulsion to promote street sales, though the Bill of Rights seemed indifferent to street sales. I know of publishers, honorable men, who cast out of their shop patently dishonest advertising, yet their front pages are a mass of dishonest 8-column streamers nearly every day—frequently dishonest in words, usually dishonest in emphasis.

Some papers feel the compulsion to propagate their owner's social, political and economic ideas in their own columns, unaware that freedom should include freedom of news from color and distortion.

And most do surely feel the compulsion to make money. Too many of them use news merely to plug gaps in their advertising; it is rare that the news space on these papers is altered to fit the flow of copy after the dummies are laid out in the advertising department, unless some overwhelming event comes along. To be sure advertisements and financial stability are essential to any good newspaper that is to be its own master. Still, it is noteworthy that the Bill of Rights threw no safeguards around this. On the contrary its authors seemed to assume that no editor in a democracy would ever throw away significant news merely to get in another ad for a New Look.

Meditate on this problem from any and all aspects. I believe you will wind up agreeing with Louis Lyons. The main function of the press as an institution guaranteed certain constitutional rights, is to protect and strengthen the democracy which that Constitution was undertaking to assure.

Now this process cannot be kept healthy and sound by a large electorate; it must be an informed electorate. That is why the true function of the press is almost that of a heart within democracy's body. That is why Lord Layton, head of London's great News Chronicle, spoke with distress about the shrunken size of British newspapers. He said:

"With international responsibilities second to none, our newspapers are among the smallest in the world. You cannot build a peaceful world on ignorance, or breed citizens if they have no access to knowledge . . ."

We must stand convinced, then, that newspaper responsibility is a vital one, that it rests in varying degrees on all of us, and that it is not being universally fulfilled. That leaves the question of what to do about it.

Should responsibility in the press be legislated? Many ideas have recently been suggested along this line, such as:

Compel the granting of equal space to political opponents.

Break up newspaper chains.

Prohibit newspaper ownership of radio stations.

Encourage smaller papers by granting them preferential postal rates and other favors.

A persistent and salutary critic of the press is A. J. Liebling. In his new book **The Wayward Pressman** he suggests: "The States might set up newspaper commissions like racing commissions, which would set down writers for lying and rule off habitual offenders."

Professor Michael E. Choukas of Dartmouth, as reported by Mr. Liebling, wants a privately endowed, independent agency to spy out and report on all the propaganda groups in the country, thus providing a check on the selfish interests that lie behind the news.

Two regulations that the press might eventually bring on itself have occurred to me. Both are vulnerable, but debate on them might further clarify the exact position and responsibility of the press in our society. One would be a limit on profits which an owner or owners could take out of a newspaper, somewhat as public utility profits are controlled; the other would be a basic minimum requirement of space devoted to news, figured as a percentage of the space available in the various sizes a paper can be printed.

But, though most such ideas have worthy motives, public opinion still supports the founders of our country, and is against government power over organs of public information. Wherever granted or assumed, this power usually has produced results far worse than existed before.

However, out of all the recent scrutinies of the press has come one idea that shines with authenticity. The Hutchins Commission proposed, and Dr. Hutchins himself has repeatedly urged, that a penetrating and sustained criticism of the press should become a national and nation-wide program.

Now as one who has deciphered thousands of letters to the editor and listened to daily lectures from readers on how to run a newspaper, I reject the idea that criticism is new or necessarily helpful. Most casual comment on the press is ignorant and irrelevant.

But a steady stream of commentary directed by critics who had equipped themselves for it—a stream such as plays over our theater, our music, our government, our literature—such a stimulus could gradually transform our press. It is astounding, really, that the newspapers, which pass judgment on everybody and everything, receive so little competent criticism.

I believe the logical place to develop systematic and effective criticism of newspapers in their role of media for democracy is a university campus.

First you would need to evolve some standards. There are few you could find to begin with. Newspaper quality has been judged subjectively: if you found stories that pleased or flattered you, or favored your fortunes, you liked that paper. Such loose and undiscerning standards would be of little value in the sort of task we are considering. The truth is, very few people know how to read their daily newspaper.

And here is where we start. As a preparation for the use of journalistic yardsticks I should like to see at a university the creation of what could become a dynamic new factor in general education—a course in How to Read a Newspaper.

Faculty members as well as students should be encouraged to take the course, as the faculty will be needed to strengthen and sharpen this new critical instrument.

Guest lecturers from newspapers would come in and expound in detail the reasons behind the exact appearance and content

Status

"Writers in America are below acrobats and above seals."

—John Steinbeck, explaining U. S. to Russian Commissar.

of every page of their papers. Also they would have to explain their omissions. Members of the class could challenge both the policy and its execution. In order to do this they would begin to read the daily paper in an altogether different way; and perhaps to discover in it a lot of things they carelessly had overlooked or hurried past.

Out of this give-and-take would certainly emerge a clearer concept on both sides of what newspapers should print, how they should make their content more attractive and accessible to busy readers, and how much attention a good citizen needs to give his paper to perform his part of the bargain

The Nieman group I have referred to, in their book, arrived at this general formula for the good newspaper:

"An ideal newspaper might perhaps combine the snap and readability of the **New York Daily News,** the pictorial excellence of **Life,** the thoroughness of the New York **Times,** the crusading fire of the **Post-Dispatch,** the human interest and intelligence of the **Herald Tribune,** and the sense of responsibility of the **Courier-Journal.**" I daresay you would improve and expand this formula; certainly you would make some changes of your own.

With the course on How to Read a Newspaper going full blast, I'd like to see appointed a University Committee to make the first academic study of individual newspapers, and to grade them closely on performance of their perpetual obligation to present a balanced and unbiased and intelligible picture of human affairs day by day.

This committee should include both students and faculty members. Several colleges should be represented, so that experts on law, medicine, nuclear physics, political science and so forth could give expert decisions on the coverage in their several fields. Editorial pages should be analyzed for clarity and breadth of mind; financial pages for the general accuracy of the gobbledegook they use for English; columnists for evidence of hardened minds or ulterior influences.

The coverage of sports, with its enormous influence on public manners and the public's sense of values, should be examined most thoroughly .

These suggestions add up to no more than a prospectus.

There will be yelps from the hit, of course, and some counter-attacks. The press is sensitive, but this very sensitivity promises material results. Thin-skinned people suffer but they are prone to improve. Your committee needs only the courage and the fairness which your ideals demand. Your victims will respect you, and will in due time accord you whatever praise and gratitude you may earn.

One policy I urge you to adopt at the beginning: apply yourself to individual newspapers and avoid that elusive phantom known as "the press."

The more papers covered the better, of course, but not too many for detailed study. Some of the smaller city dailies should be included by all means.

I hope no one takes my proposal to be facetious. Believe me, this thing is in the air. It's going to happen. Someone is going to pioneer in the new art-science of measuring and revealing the box score of the press, and I suspect it will be a university.

Besides the direct strengthening of our whole system that would result from such a program, it would underline the fact that press freedom, though fundamental, cannot be segregated. Freedom is indivisible. If it is to continue and flourish it must flow wider and deeper, and wash with its blessings all our interests and institutions equally. The inter-relation was stated forcefully by a recent writer whose name I regret to say I have lost. He said:

"The condition of the Press in a democratic country is a matter of public concern and a proper object of public scrutiny. A newspaper is something more than a commodity to be bought and sold, and the production of newspapers should not be governed solely by commercial considerations. Moreover, any large concentration of power—in private and irresponsible hands constitutes a potential threat to political freedom, and constant vigilance is required to prevent its abuse.

"Our ancestors fought to establish the freedom of the Press from Governmental interference; today we are concerned to ensure that freedom does not degenerate into license, and that the Press is not allowed to become an instrument to tyranny or self interest."

If you need further proof that you as university men are becoming enmeshed in the destiny of the press in a democracy, I remind you of the report made just the other day by the President's Commission on Higher Learning, which declared that college and university education had to concern itself henceforward more with benefits to democracy than with profits to the students.

Involved in freedom of the press is your freedom to teach or to study what you please, to choose a career of your own liking and to explore without hindrance the misty regions of the truth.

All of these freedoms depend primarily on expanded and improved education throughout our whole society. And part of that expansion, I deeply believe, will be your enlarged recognition and acknowledgment of your share of responsibility for improving the daily textbooks of practically all literate Americans—their newspapers.

South Wind Blows

by Clark Porteous

SOUTH WIND BLOWS, like "Spoon River Anthology," is a three-dimensional portrait of a community and beyond that of the whole South—a book which could have been written only by a Southerner who is himself a part of the strange, contradictory pattern of the life he describes.

What kind of men organize hastily in the night to track down and kill, swiftly and terribly, a helpless fugitive who may or may not have committed a crime? One by one the key citizens of the town of Kilton, Mississippi, disclose, in intensely personal terms, the stories of their lives and unwittingly reveal the inner fears, the hate, the suffering, and the rationalizations which led inevitably to a brutal lynching. The protagonist of the novel is not Ab Lacey who is lynched, nor the newspaperman who investigates the lynching, but the very town itself.

SOUTH WIND BLOWS is a far cry from the conventional realistic novel about the South. It is a burning story which lays bare the inner soul of a small Southern community and way well prove to be a landmark in our literature of protest.

About the Author

Clark Porteous is a native Southerner and a newspaperman, presently employed as a reporter on the **Memphis** (Tennessee) **Press-Scimitar.** Last year he was awarded a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University, where he wrote the first draft of SOUTH WIND BLOWS.

—From **Current Books** Spring Catalog

The South's Problem

AS NIEMAN EDITORS STATE IT TO THEIR OWN READERS

Almost every year of the Nieman Fellowships has brought a stout little band of able Southern newspapermen to Cambridge. Returning they have already made their mark on the journalism of the South. Former Nieman Fellows now include six editors of Southern papers, three Washington correspondents and several of the most effective writers of the region, including authors of novels on the race problem of the South.

The Southern Revolt against President Truman's pronouncement on civil rights occasioned significant editorials by two Nieman Fellows in the deep South, Harry Ashmore, editor of the Arkansas Gazette, and Hodding Carter, editor-publisher of the Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville, Miss. With some cutting to fit our space, the two editorials are printed here.

The Southern Revolt

by Hodding Carter

As a personal preface to these comments, I would like to point out that they have been delayed because of my absence from Greenville on a speaking trip which was largely devoted to explaining and defending the Southern reaction to President Truman's civil rights proposals. For the benefit of those irresponsibles who continue to brand me as "Anti-Southern" and an "outsider" I might add that such defense isn't being made altogether to Southern audiences, which would be pretty easy; and that in making it, I have tried not to lose either a sense of balance or a sense of humor.

So much for a maverick's preface.

Four of the President's proposals have particularly aroused the majority of white Southerners. They are the recommendations for federal legislation to eliminate the poll tax in national elections, to create a Fair Employment Practices Commission, to end segregation in interstate public conveyances in the South, and to make lynchings a federal offense.

For the record, I'd like to restate my own convictions as to the four controversial points. I would like to see the remaining seven Southern states abolish the poll tax by state action as five have already done. But I am unalterably opposed to federal action. The states have the constitutional right to set their own suffrage qualifications as long as they do not specifically eliminate any racial or other group in the population. The poll tax in itself is no more of a bar to Negro voting than it is to a white man's voting, and is no longer a basic factor in the prevention of Negro suffrage. In both the poll tax and no-poll tax states in the South, Negroes are voting in increasing numbers. I have said before that this process is inevitable, and the South must concern itself with the education of the Negro for citizenship. Repeal of the poll tax by the federal government does not contribute to such education. It must come on the state and local level if it is to come sanely.

The recommendation for Fair Employment Practices legislation is unreal and, as the New York Times puts it, an attempt to enforce tolerance with a policeman's billy.

As for federal anti-lynching legislation, I cannot see why there should be such great opposition to any law that might protect a man's life more fully. On the other hand, lynching is the only crime that has decreased in the past twenty years, despite the fact that it is also the only crime for which it is apparently impossible to obtain a conviction in the South. The striking reduction of lynching has been accomplished by public sentiment in the South, and that sentiment may eventually result in the conviction of lynchers themselves. If a federal anti-lynch law would hasten the day of punishment for lynchers, we'd be for it. But Southern citizens would still form the juries, and it is their hearts rather than the legal jurisdiction that must be changed. The law seems utterly useless.

The demand for an end to segregation in public interstate transportation is somewhat bewildering. I had thought that the Supreme Court had already held such segregation to be unlawful; and if this is true, the President seems to be gilding the political lily. The white South and certainly the majority of Southern Negroes are in agreement that any tampering with segregation is unreal and dangerous; but progressive Southerners are convinced also that there must be equality of all facilities—as guaranteed in the constitutions of the Southern states and ignored in practice—if segregation itself is to be maintained. It is the South's refusal to provide equal but separate facilities for Negroes that has brought this issue to a head.

There are several general observations and conclusions that should be made.

The first is that President Truman's proposals are deliberately political. They are aimed at the possibly decisive Negro vote in the East and Midwest and at the left-wingers who have deserted the Democratic party for Wallace and who might be lured back. The President and his advisors are obviously assuming that he can retain the Southern vote, despite the threatened rebellion. That is now doubtful.

A second is that the rebellion itself can hardly do more than insure a Republican victory, without success of the Eastland plan to divert the South's electoral votes to a Southern candidate and thus throw the election into the House of Representatives.

A third observation is that President Truman's proposals are symptomatic of a widespread and unfortunate reliance upon federal authority as a cure-all.

A fourth observation concerns the South itself and its future. Our own contribution to our present political and social tragedy is that we have so largely ignored the corollary to state's rights, which is state responsibility. For example, the Southern states are committed in their several constitutions to equal, separate educational systems. Not until the South's back is against the wall are we embarking upon the splendid and visionary plan of the Southern Governors' Conference to create Negro regional centers of higher educa-

Hodding Carter, editor-publisher of the Delta Democrat, Greenville. Miss., was a Nieman Fellow in 1939, Pulitzer prize winner in 1946.

tion, and otherwise to provide equal educational facilities for Negroes. That program is the South's best answer to its critics. Only by such action can we prove and continue to prove that the South itself can handle its own racial relations and live up to its responsibilities. I believe we can.

The greatest danger from President Truman's program is that an angry, frustrated and fearful South may forget that the South's ten million Negroes had nothing to do with it. As in Reconstruction, they may again be the longest victims of a resentment that should be directed not against them but those outside the South who harry us. Our targets should be the political cynics and the unrealistic zealots above the Mason-Dixon line and the unyielding reactionaries below it, who have jointly brought us to this tragic pass.

—Delta Democrat-Times, Greenville, Miss., Feb. 10.

The South and the South's Problem

by Harry S. Ashmore

There are valid objections to every one of the specific proposals the president has endorsed—constitutional objections, objections in principle, above all practical objections. The Gazette, as an exponent of gradualism, has opposed them all and will continue to do so. Yet there is a great danger that the central point at issue will be obscured by legalisms, and by the natural resentment inevitably aroused by the threat of federal action.

We can claim great relative progress in the South. Yet we must also recognize that there are still great flaws in the relationship between the races, flaws which do not touch upon the question of social segregation, but upon simple justice. Laying aside all questions of politics and of method, we may properly consider the proposals of the president as a bill of indictment and measure our own performance against it.

FEPC, according to its proponents, represents an effort to obtain economic justice for the Negro. Can we answer that the Negro is being granted an increasingly important place in the economy of the South? We cannot. In all honesty we must admit that, with a few exceptions, he is still denied employment except in the menial and the least rewarding fields of endeavor. And we must further concede that our denial is arbitrary, based not on demonstrated incapacity, but on prejudice.

The anti-lynching proposal embodies a charge that the Negro is denied full justice in Southern courts. As to lynching itself we can point to the record, the steady reduction in the frequency of the crime and the corresponding increase in the responsibility of local law enforcement officials. But what of those lesser "lynchings," those cases in which the Negro is subjected to "white man's justice" and denied the fair and impartial hearing that is his right? Can we say, in good conscience, that our courts, and our juries, make no distinction when a Negro faces a white man in a civil or criminal trial?

The poll-tax bill implies that the Negro is being denied his proper place in Southern politics. Here again we can point to the record, which shows a steadily increasing Negro participation in elections in most Southern states. But can we truthfully argue that the selective standards we apply to the Negro apply with equal force to the whites? Are we, in fact, rendering that "protection and assistance" Ben Hill called for in the Negro's "free and unrestricted" enjoyment of his franchise?

Our failures in the field of education are being made increasingly clear by the controversy engendered by recent Supreme Court decisions. The contrast between white and Negro educational facilities reflects no credit upon the South, and has seriously weakened our defense of segregation. The willingness of most Southern whites to give the Negro a fair share of our limited public funds is genuine, but it has not been matched by performance. We do not need to look far afield for an illustration. For more than 15 years the city of Little Rock has amiably discussed the establishment of a Negro park; Little Rock still has no Negro park.

The problems inherent in the relationship between the races in the South are enormously difficult, and Southerners are on solid ground when they argue that they are fully appreciated only by those who have lived with them from birth. They will not yield to revolutionary legislation, whether the intent behind it be destructive or humanitarian. It is therefore inevitable and proper that the South should fight the program outlined by President Truman and accepted, in principle at least, by the Republican Party.

Yet it must be recognized that the South's choice of weapons is limited. Political secession, as proposed by some of the more excitable Southern politicians, leads nowhere. This is a plan conceived in anger and blind reaction which would ultimately defeat its own purpose. The South today can no more stand alone as a political entity than it could in John C. Calhoun's time. The effort to break the political ties that bind us to the national political system can only result in the loss of our voice in national affairs.

There is still time, however, for the South to give an affirmative answer to its critics. We can do this by substituting intelligent, concerted action for the lip-service we have all too frequently given our own ideals of fair treatment for the Negro race. We can accept, without reservation, the special responsibility that falls upon the dominant race and discharge it in good faith—giving the Negro educational, economic, and political opportunities not because we are forced to but because we recognize his right to them. In this way, and only in this way, can we justify the principle of social segregation to which we are dedicated.

Above all we must rid ourselves of the delusion that we are the victims of some monstrous plot conceived and executed by hostile "outsiders." The pressures now being exerted against our institutions are the product of history. They cannot be removed by a single political victory, or even a series of political victories. But they can be materially reduced by a sincere demonstration that the Southern concept of gradualism envisions steady, orderly progress for the Negro race, not a blind devotion to the racial status quo.

The solution to our dilemma lies in our own tradition. It is not easy. It calls now, as it did in 1865, for courage, complete devotion to our highest ideals, and self-sacrifice. But until we turn to it we will continue to be vulnerable to every zealot and every political opportunist—inside the South as well as out of it—who would use our weakness for his own ends.

—Arkansas Gazette, Feb. 5.

Harry S. Ashmore, editor of the Arkansas Gazette, began newspaper work on the Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont, was on a Nieman Fellowship in 1941, and served after the war as associate editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) News.

The Farmer and the Daily Press

by E. W. Kieckhefer

Wartime rationing and high prices in the postwar period have made the people of the cities more conscious of the importance of the farmer in their daily lives.

This consciousness has been reflected in much of the metropolitan press. Crop reports often have been pushed off the business pages and onto the first page. City editors and editorial writers have seized upon anything that looked like an idea.

But the reader, eager for enlightenment on the situation that has caused him to pay $1 a pound for some meats and as much as $1 a dozen for eggs, has found little reliable information in his daily newspapers. Instead, he has found headlines one day announcing that he faces serious shortages and the next day reports of surplus potatoes being burned because the Department of Agriculture could not give them away. Seldom has his daily newspaper attempted to give him any analysis of the farm and food situation that will explain these contradictions.

It is not that these questions defy analysis. It is rather that most daily newspapers simply are not equipped to do this job. They don't have men on their staffs who have any understanding of the farm problems and the food problems that grow out of them. Neither do they have syndicated columnists available to give them regularly the answers they lack.

There are about 26 million people on the farms of this nation. Most of them read some daily newspaper. They read them for what news they can get about what is going on elsewhere. If they are lucky, they are able to find out something of what is going on in the Department of Agriculture in Washington where the nation's farm progress is administered or in congress where the national farm policy is made.

There are about 10 million farm workers in the nation. There are 12 to 15 million organized workers in the cities. There are few daily newspapers of any size that do not have at least one man assigned to cover news of these organized city workers, explaining to all their readers the economic and social problems of organized labor and the political activities of their organizations.

The number of labor reporters is so large that hardly a year passes without at least one of these men going to Harvard to study labor relations as a Nieman Fellow. The number of daily newspapers that have competent farm editors is so small that the number of men who have come to Harvard as Nieman Fellows to study agriculture's problems can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

An analysis of what the daily press does with farm news was made in 1942 by William B. Ward as part of his work for a master's degree in agricultural journalism at the University of Wisconsin.

From January to March 63 newspapers were received and tabulated. These papers ranged in circulation from 2,890 to 432,732 and included the leading dailies stressing farm news in 31 states.

The survey showed 12,897 column inches of farm news printed. Of this total, 2,570 inches originated with county agricultural agents; 2,120 inches with state extension service offices, and 1,159 inches was market information—mostly the agate type stuff found next to the classified advertisements.

Wire services provided 619 column inches of the material. Editorial comment accounted for 2,000 inches of the total. Syndicates provided only 21 inches of the total.

The last figure—21 inches from the syndicates—is interesting. Editor & Publisher in its annual syndicate supplement lists just four agricultural features. One is a weekly farm mechanics column distributed by a Canadian service. Two are columns for the weekly press. A "farm diary" is the only daily column listed. The syndicates do better that that for chess, checkers, child care, history, religion and female beauty.

The small amount of news originating with the wire services likewise is not surprising. Only one of the wire services has designated a Washington staff member as its farm reporter and kept him on that job. Another service has a farm editor for its radio wire but none so designated for its newspaper clients.

"The chief criticism" of the daily press, according to Ward, "is that generally farm editors are only scratching the surface. There is a definite lack of interpretation—an absence of a determination to ferret out the 'why' of agricultural news."

If this criticism can be made of these surveyed newspapers which employed farm editors, what of the others? There are only about 300 farm editors on the nation's 1,800 daily newspapers.

Farm editors generally fall into two classes. There are those who report farm news as the country correspondent for the weekly newspaper reports the news of his community in the personals column. There are a few men who can report farm news from the standpoint of its political and economic significance and who are able to relate the farm problem to the life of the rest of the nation.

The first type has little value. The farmer who reads the daily newspaper is little concerned about what Silas Jones is doing in Whatziz county. Silas Jones' problems more than likely are not his problems, so his solutions are little help to him. If Silas Jones or any other farmer wants technical help, he has found he can get better information and assistance from his farm magazines, his county agent, AAA committeemen or some other government agent.

One of the biggest daily newspapers in the heart of the Corn Belt employs a farm editor of the first type. It was this same newspaper that carried a page one story a few years ago from the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago which explained that an Iowa farm boy who a few years previously had shown the grand champion steer at that show had returned to "sweep the board" in one division of the show with the offspring of that steer.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, a steer is a bull that has been castrated before reaching maturity so it will spend its energies producing well-fatted meat. Such animals are no more capable of producing "offspring" than were the eunuchs who were chamberlains of the harems.

The second type of farm editor or reporter serves a dual purpose. He can tell farmers in every part of the area his paper serves about the broader policies, the politics, economics and social significance of what is going on in Washington, his state or his county. In addition, he can make this news important to the city reader.

There is, for example, the matter of parity. This has come to be regarded as a matter of concern only to farmers. It is accepted as a yardstick to measure the

Erwin W. Kieckhefer, an editorial writer on the Minneapolis Star-Journal, was formerly farm reporter and then farm editor of that paper. He was a Nieman Fellow 1942-3.

prices of farm products or of farm income. Yet, as Dr. John D. Black of Harvard has pointed out, there is no such thing as parity only for the farmer. By the very definition of "parity" it is a measure of the ratio between prices farmers pay and prices farmers receive, between incomes of farmers and incomes of other workers.

When farm prices or farm incomes fall below "parity" it has become customary for newspapers to assume that the trouble always is low farm prices. Where a competent farm editor has been on the job, readers of daily newspapers have had a chance to learn that perhaps the trouble is that the prices farmers, as well as city people, must pay for some of the things they must buy are too high.

The problem of the farm is more the problem of the city than of the farm itself. The farmer got into trouble because he had to continue producing in the free enterprise manner when almost everyone else, either by laws or by tight organization, had won exemption from the law of supply and demand. Since President Hoover created the Federal Farm Board the farmer has been getting charitable aid from government at times but none of the fundamentel problems of the economy actually have been solved by these means.

How many people of the cities understand these facts? Precious few. That is why the farmer is always blamed for high food prices.

The daily newspapers are not alone in their ignorance of the farmer. The weekly news magazines, to which newspaper readers often turn when their daily papers fail them, have done little better for their readers. Neither of the two leading news magazines has a farm editor. The nation's leading business magazine added a farm editor to its staff within the last year. The primary reason for employing this unusually competent man, however, was not that the publisher was greatly interested in enlightening the readers of the business magazine but rather that he planned to start publication of a weekly farm magazine of which the new man was to be the editor.

The shortcomings of the daily press in this field cannot be overlooked much longer.

The farms of this nation produce a crop more important than any that springs from the soil. That is the crop of children which each year moves off the farms and into the cities. As motors and machines replace farm hands. the pressure of population movement from farm to city grows greater. The National Education Association estimates that in 50 years 80 per cent of the American people will be descendants of those living on farms today.

Tomorrow's city workers often are today's farm children. The chances are great that the aldermen, the mayors and the administrators of tomorrow's cities will have come from the farm even as many of those officials today have come from the farm. Many of the state legislatures even now are dominated by the people of the farms or descendants of farm people.

If we hope to have better governed cities and states, and federal offices filled by men of greater ability; if we hope to find the solutions to the labor relations problems so many seek at the nation's universities and in the factories; if, indeed, we hope to eat well in the future—the nation's daily newspapers must accept the responsibilities that are unmistakably theirs. Those newspapers must show leadership in helping the people of the cities understand the problems of the farm, for without such understanding there will be no improvement in the health, the living standards and the education of the people of the farms—the people of tomorrow's cities.

Strychnine, Sex and Censorship

Press Talk at U. N.

World-wide press freedom, unfortunately, still is an academic matter. Because of its role in the "cold war," the press is being used now in too many cases and places as a source of power rather than a common carrier of information.

The semantic and philosophical differences on this vital problem, for the most part, were unreconciled by the western democracies and Soviet Russia even after a two week debate at Lake Success, N.Y., by 12 experts on press freedom. Their final verdict, with the Russian delegate dissenting, was adopted Feb. 3. It reflected the basic ideological conflict between the United States and Russia.

However, the United Nations Sub-commission on Freedom of the Press session provided a needed forum which brought out many new and old views on the function and role of the press in contemporary society. Mainly, these were voiced by the American delegate, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and the Soviet representative, Jacob M. Lomakin. Chafee is a Harvard law professor and one of America's leading experts on freedom of speech. Lomakin is a former Pravda newsman.

Several representative statements before the UN sessions by Chafee, Lomakin and C. A. R. Christensen, the Norwegian delegate, follow:

CHAFEE:

A statement by Chafee, made Jan. 27:

"Mr. Lomakin a day or two ago used the analogy of labelling poisons and asked why we should not label wicked ideas too and exclude them from the market the way poisons are excluded from the market.

"I feel that that analogy is one that comes quite readily when one is thinking of this subject, but that it is a mistaken analogy and I should like to point out why it is mistaken.

"Strychnine is strychnine in every country in the world, and so are all other poisons. Every country possesses means to recognize those poisons and there is no substantial disagreement about when such a poison is there.

"The difficulty about speech is that what is poison in one country seems to be the chief and favorite dish in another country. Now, the argument that Mr. Lomakin has used that the government should be able to label poisons and keep them away from its citizens is just the argument that is used in my country by the people whom I spend a great deal of time combatting. Instead of living in the abstract, theoretical world of the 19th century, as he believes, I have taken a good deal of time in the 20th century to argue against people whose general attitude toward dangerous thoughts is much the same as Mr. Lomakin, except that the thoughts which they label 'dangerous' are the thoughts in which he was brought up.

"We cannot tell what is poison and what is not poison in advance. But our faith is that human beings themselves, given time and given discussion, will be able to separate the wheat from the tares. Whether Communism will turn out to be the wheat or the tare, I don't know; I don't know, but I want to give people an ample chance to find out.

"In the American press I am accused of being a Communist, and all I want is to have everybody given a fair chance because I believe that we can trust the

people to tell what is good and what is bad and only in that way can they tell what is good and what is bad."

LOMAKIN:

Only five days before, Lomakin had told the group that the fundamental desire of all was for peace and their hopes should not be jeopardized by an academic attachment to the ideal of absolute freedom, which in fact never had and never would exist.

Lomakin said the press was a powerful weapon, which had to be wielded with restraint. It could advance friendly relations between nations, as it had done during the war, he said. But, he added, it could also drive nations apart, as it had tended to do since the war.

Since the war, he said, the old slanders had been taken up "based on the gossip of a venal and savage press." Englishmen were set against Russians, Russians against Americans and Americans against Russians, he said. All this, he contended, primarily was the work of the few who controlled the press.

"In accordance with the thesis that freedom also assumes a responsibility," Lomakin urged the "establishment through legislation of effective measures for affecting owners of such organs of the press who communicate untruthful and libelous statements about other peoples and states."

Lomakin. on Jan. 23, took up Chafee's statement that there was no radio or press censorship in the U.S. in time of peace.

"This statement is incorrect from beginning to end," Lomakin declared. "Censorship does exist in the United States in a stricter form than anywhere else in the world."

The Russian delegate said this censorship was exercised by advertisers and those who controlled the press entirely in their own interests.

Lomakin added that Chafee's prediction that his statement, given 24 hours earlier, would appear in the New York press today (Jan. 23) had not turned out to be true. This, he said, was because of the strict censorship exercised.

On the other hand, Lomakin promised to show that Chafee's statement appeared in the Soviet press. This clearly showed where the press was free and where not.

Lomakin went on to attack the sensational treatment of news in the United States, declaring that in some other countries censorship was exercised to prevent such sensationalism. This sort of thing, he said, redounded to the discredit of the American people, particularly in so far as this sensationalism played up sex matters.

Of Lomakin's comments on censorship, Chafee said that the type of control the Russian had alluded to should be called "private control." "Censorship," Chafee said, consisted of official, governmental action to delete or prohibit and should be considered on its own.

Lomakin answered that private control was the more vicious. Government censorship, he said, was operated in the interests of the public.

The Norwegian representative, C.A.R. Christensen, told the sub-commision on Jan. 26 that he believed freedom of information was threatened from two sides —control by governments and control by private financial interests.

CHRISTENSEN:

Christensen then took up some of Lomakin's suggestions. He argued that to suggest handing over the media of information to the "broad masses of the people" was only a figure of speech— that in reality it would mean turning them over to the State. History, he said, had shown that State control of the press represented no less a danger than control by monopolies.

He also argued that Mr. Lomakin's suggestion to legislate against the "poison of untruths" just as one legislated against "poisoned foods" was impractical in that, whereas simple chemical tests could prove that a can of food was bad, the goodness or badness of news and views was largely itself a matter of opinion.

The modern press as it existed in the United States, Britain, Scandinavia and elsewhere. he said, was the product of the 19th century revolution, when the majority of the people learned to read and write. He felt there was some reason to believe that another educational revolution had taken place—that the majority was also learning to think and criticize—and that the press might adjust itself to this new situation with advantage.

Christensen felt that one way of improving the general standard of the press was to make editors and newspapermen feel more secure in their positions and therefore freer from the control of financial backers. In this connection he noted that experiments along these lines had been conducted in Britain, and Scandinavia, in terms of which only editors, not financial backers, were empowered to hire staff. This and other ideas, he felt, should be developed further, thus making papers more and more cultural foundations, less and less financial undertakings.

He described, as an example of what he meant, the Norwegian paper for which he worked. Its financial backing came from a non-profit endowment; the governing body was a Board consisting of 6 civil servants, six scholars and scientists, 2 authors, 1 farmer, 1 teacher and 4 businessmen. He also drew attention to a "court of honor" in Norway, appointed by newspapermen themselves, which was empowered to deliver verdicts on any case brought to it, whether by newspapermen or the public, of alleged violation of professional standards of ethics. Its verdicts carried no sanctions, he said, but their moral value was such that he doubted any journalist could keep his job in the face of repeated verdicts against him.

NIEMAN FELLOWSHIPS

ABOUT TEN Fellowships will be awarded for the Harvard college year opening September, 1948.

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AWARDS have generally gone and are most likely to go to persons in the main stream of general newspaper work. Women are eligible for Fellowships.

APPLICATION FORMS can be had at the Nieman Foundation, 44 Holyoke House, Cambridge 38, Mass.

CAPTURE

by William H. McDougall

Capture was quite casual. We were eating breakfast in the hostel (at Kroe in Sumatra.) At one moment we were free men, drinking coffee and discussing our next move. And the next moment we were sitting in prickly silence, aware that we were prisoners.

The hostel door opened. Into the room stepped two Japanese officers. One was a Captain complete with sword, polished high leather boots, khaki sun helmet, smooth, intelligent face, a tooth brush moustache and rather blank eyes which studied each of us in turn. The other man was a petty officer, an interpreter, a negative individual who remains in my memory only as a hoarse voice earnestly but irritatingly converting Japanese, Malay and English.

I looked around at all the possible exits. They were blocked. From the room wherein we sat a hallway led directly to the rear door. Just outside the door, in the shadow of the covered way leading to the kitchen I could see a Japanese soldier standing alert, his bayoneted rifle raised. Outside the dining room window another soldier's head was visible. Still others we could not see but heard moving around, occasionally chattering to each other.

In the room we sat motionless, waiting. The officers were as silent as we. Oosten finally broke the strain. His wicker chair creaked under his two hundred pounds as he rose to his feet, bowed slightly to the Captain and asked, in Malay: "Will you be seated?"

The interpreter translated.

The Captain smiled thinly, returned the bow in exactly the same perfunctory proportions and sat in the chair Oosten vacated. Oosten found another chair, sank heavily into it and ordered the Malay houseman to replenish our coffee cups and pour one for the Captain. The coffee was poured. The Captain tasted his and set the cup on the table. We sipped ours and waited.

The morning air was heavy with a blend of odors dominated by frying coconut oil, in which had been cooked our breakfast of fried rice, fried eggs and fried banana fritters.

Although it was early morning the air was hot and still with that depressing stillness of heat-shimmering afternoon. The day seemed dopey and half dead, as though it had just awakened, yawning, from a sticky after-luncheon nap on the parlor sofa.

The Captain leaned back in his chair and removed his helmet. From the breast pocket of the field jacket he pulled a folded fan, flicked it open with a dexterous movement of his fingers and fanned himself rapidly. His head was naturally bald, not shaven, and the round dome of his skull looked so smooth, so unprotected, so vulnerable to a sudden blow, that it invited murder into my heart.

In an adjoining bedroom was my "luggage," consisting of a woven grass basket full of odds and ends collected on our trek along the beach. Among the items was a heavy curved parang, half knife, half hatchet. How easy it would be, I thought, to step into the bedroom, pick up the parang, step back through the door and with one sweep split the Captain's bald skull before he even was aware he had been hit. Wouldn't he look strange, sitting there, split down to his wishbone, his head neatly halved so that his ears would lie flat on his shoulders?

I started up from my chair, then sank back. The interpreter was there and the soldier in the rear doorway and the others outside. We were surrounded. Caught. Beaten. There was nothing to be done but wait. So we waited and sipped coffee and answered politely the polite questions put by the Captain through his interpreter.

Were we in good health? He hoped so. Had we lived long in the Indies? It was regrettable the Dutch had misunderstood the Japanese intentions, because now we would be prisoners until the war ended. He hoped the war would end quickly but he was afraid it would not. He was afraid it might last many years. In the meantime, we must be patient and cooperate. And now we must gather our belongings and get into the truck which would be outside soon, and ride to our next destination, which would be a two day journey away. We must be very cooperative because, if we were not, his soldiers, who were front line soldiers, might misunderstand and shoot us and that would cause the Captain deep sorrow.

We gathered our belongings. Those clean, white, Dutch government sheets between which we had spent such a comfortable night were too valuable to be left behind. So, too, were the commodious mosquito nets which had protected us. We stripped the beds, removed the nets, tied our bundles and walked outdoors. The guards searched the hostel to make sure no one was left behind. We stood beside the road a few minutes until two trucks and a khaki colored sedan drove up. Both trucks already had passengers, including Poelau Bras survivors who had been picked up elsewhere. We squeezed aboard. The Captain and his interpreter entered their sedan. With the sedan leading the way our journey into captivity began.

The road led into the mountains, turning and twisting upward and northeastward, leading us farther and farther from the sea—the only escape route to India and freedom.

Liwa, a hill station on the route across the mountains, was our halt for the first night. There we were crowded into the house of Mollema, the Dutch "Controleur" in charge of the area. He and his wife were hospitable people who told us to help ourselves to anything we could carry away for they, too, and other Dutch residents of Liwa, were to be prisoners.

Oosten and I slept on the floor of Mollema's book lined study. Before lying down we selected all the books we could carry conveniently and placed them in sacks made of our bed sheets. Another handy souvenir I took was an embroidered, gaily colored sofa pillow to cushion the truck boards.

But the next day I nearly lost the pillow to a Japanese guard. In mid-afternoon the trucks halted while drivers ate lunch. Having nothing to eat ourselves we walked up and down the road—between sentries—stretching cramped limbs. The pillow was gone when I climbed back into my truck. I looked into the cab. A soldier was sittin on it. I smiled at him, pointed to the pillow and then to myself, and made motions of recovering it. He demurred. I insisted, but with smiles. Again he refused, but I pretended to misunderstand and reached for the pillow. He raised himself so I could slide it from under him.

The trucks rattled northeastward across the mountains. At dusk we entered a good sized town, Lahat. There we spent the night in a hotel—but lying on the bare tile floor of the servants' quarters.

Next morning we were dumped on the platform of Lahat's railroad station in time

William H. McDougall, veteran Salt Lake City reporter, was in China for the United Press when the war began. He spent three years as a prisoner of the Japanese. On a Nieman Fellowship last year, he wrote his war experience of which "Capture" is a chapter in the book "Six Bells Off Java" published in April by Scribner's.

to witness a doleful procession of about one hundred Dutch men, women and children, residents of the district. Nearly half were white robed priests, brothers and nuns from Catholic missions. Loaded with whatever belongings they could carry they moved slowly down the street leading to the station. Crowds of sarong-clad Indonesians watched impassively as they passed.

Near the station platform was a group of young Indonesian men, perhaps fifty in number, apparently organized to give us a farewell befitting conquered whites. The youths were silent until the procession reached the platform. then they jeered in unison and screamed derisively.

All across Sumatra on the ensuing train ride. throngs of Indonesians jammed stations to see the captured Belandas. Except for seemingly organized groups like the one at Lahat, they viewed us silently. At every station the train picked up prisoners: Dutch missionaries, civil servants, planters, bankers, business men, traders and ne'er-do-wells. The Dutch, who thought they never would be interned "because there are too many of us," were being loaded like cattle into the coaches, freight cars and one open gondola of a train headed for concentration camps.

The Poelau Bras people rode in the open gondola. just behind the engine. Sharing the rain of soot and cinders with us was a Japanese lieutenant who spoke a limited amount of English. Helen voiced the fears of every man and woman in the car when she asked the officer if families would be permitted to remain together in Palembang. By that time we knew we were headed for Palembang.

"Yes," replied the officer, speaking slowly. "You live same house."

The railroad terminus was across the river from Palembang proper. A ferry ran between. Begrimed and thirsty we lined up on the ferry slip. Beer bottles we carried and filled with hot tea whenever it was available long since had been emptied.

A new group of Japanese soldiers and officers was waiting to receive us. They ordered the men and women to form two separate lines. There were growls of protest from the men. The Japaense explained the ferry was not large enough to hold us all; consequently, the men and women would be taken across separately and reunited on the other side. Reluctantly and suspiciously two separate lines were formed. The women were taken over first. When the men arrived on the other side they breathed easier. The women were waiting.

Night had come while we crossed the river. We marched off the ferry and were halted about a block away near an open square. On a corner nearby stood a gasoline filling station. Oosten didn't waste a second.

"Give me your bottle," he said. "There is a water tap in front of that station."

He was in front of the tap filling the bottles before the guards even realized he was out of line. Men stampeded to the tap. The guards did not interfere. When Oosten returned I congratulated him on his speed and foresight.

"I was looking for it. I knew it was there," he said.

"How come?"

"Palembang once was headquarters. I knew every centimeter of it."

"Swell. Do you know some place where we can boil this water and thus get a drink?"

Oosten laughed, tilted his bottle to his lips, took a long swallow while I stared, then urged me to follow suit.

"Go ahead," he said. "Drink. Palembang water is pure. It is filtered and purified in a city plant. You can drink it from the tap."

I drank. It was the first time I had drunk water straight from the tap since leaving the United States in 1939. Whatever else happened to us in Palembang we should have one thing, the blessing of pure water.

A line of trucks lumbered out of the darkness and stopped. Our guards said our destination was too far to walk and that we would be driven there in groups, the women first. We were ordered to leave all our baggage behind in the street. It would be brought to us later, they said. We watched the women and children being loaded into trucks and driven away. In less than an hour the trucks had returned and it was our turn.

The ride was short. Hardly had we adjusted ourselves so that no one was standing on someone else's feet when the trucks halted. We were ordered to dismount. Despite Japanese orders I had clung to my wicker basket which held a mosquito net, parang, inner tube, and sarong. The balance of my luggage, wrapped in the Kroe bed sheets, was with the others' in the street. Hugging the basket I jumped to the ground and looked around. There was no sign of the women. We had been tricked. The trucks drove away.

Street lights lighted the area. We stood in an arc of light. Around the perimeter were soldiers with guns. We were on one side of a wide, paved street. On the other above the level of the soldiers' heads and below the trees were other lights I presumed marked windows of buildings hiding in the gloom. I turned around to view our own side of the street and caught my breath.

I was looking through a wide, barred iron gate. Unmistakably it was a prison gate. The view through its bars to the scene inside confirmed the nature of the place to which it gave entrance. I glanced up over the gate, half expecting to see inscribed there, "Abandon hope, ye who enter here." An inscription was up there all right, but in Dutch. All I could read was a date, "A.D. 1883."

As a police reporter in America I had walked through various jails and prison gates seeking news. Sometimes it had been to cover an execution, sometimes a prison break, sometimes for a strictly "human interest" story. So I thought I knew something about jails and their inmates. But not until I walked through the gates of Palembang Jail did I know about that awful emptiness beneath the diaphragm and that hard knot inside the skull which throbs with every pulse beat and, like an electric sign flashing on and off, says, "I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner."

We walked through the gate into a box-like hall. On the opposite end of the hall was a second gate similar to the first. Through a second gate, as through a lattice, could be seen a small open yard, and, across the yard, the shadowy outlines of what looked like a head high wall or fence. Beyond that was the side of a cell block.

When we were all inside the gate behind us was clanged shut, the gate in front opened, and we were counted through. A few paces carried us across a narrow cement platform, sort of an inside porch, then we stepped into a yard. open to the sky but circumscribed by man's ingenuity for caging his fellow man . . . barbed wire, iron bars, walls and more barbed wire.

Overhead electric lights, too feeble for their outdoor job, illuminated the yard sufficiently for me to distinguish objects and shapes. The light was about the quality Dante described in the Inferno where spirits "looked at us, as in the evening men are wont to look at one another under a new moon; and towards us sharpened their vision, as an aged tailor does at the eye of his needle." I had to peer intently to bring into focus the features of men around me. So it was a fraction of time during which my eyes roved about the yard, adjusting themselves to light and distance and objects before I really saw

the men who had preceded us into this place. Then I realized that the fence which blocked off the yard from the cell blocks behind it, was a wire fence all the way to the ground and not, as my consciousness had first registered the impression, a solid fence to the height of a man's head and wire above that. No, it was wire to the ground and what I had taken for the blurred outline of close fitting but rounded boards was a solid row of men—shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, on the inside of the fence, clinging to the wire and looking out at us. They were utterly silent, motionless, watching curiously these new arrivals who soon would join them behind the wire.

Yes, soon we would be with them behind the wire, under lock and key for the duration of hostilities. Prisoners for years. I was sure it would be for years if I did not escape.

During this fraction of time that I stood staring at those figures behind the wire, the specter of burial alive while the world outside was locked in history-making struggle, took command of my emotions and my insides—lungs, heart, stomach and bowels—seemed to melt and drain down my legs into the ground. Had I had time I might have cried. But I didn't have time. Bellows from the guards turned us around facing the jail entrance.

On the platform outside the gate was a table. Over it hung an electric light. Two soldiers sat at the table, taking names, and a fat, sad-faced Hollander acting as interpreter stood beside them. He was a Palembang druggist pressed into service because he knew a small amount of Japanese.

We were divided into groups according to nationalities. There was a large crowd of Dutch and smaller knots of a few men each—French, Swiss, Indo-Dutch (Eurasian) and I, the lone American. The Japanese insisted that the Indo-Dutch be separated from the Dutch of unmixed blood. Thus sifted, men were called to the table individually to give name, profession, nationality, race, and last address. Then the prisoner would be sent through a gate in the wire fence to join the men inside.

I decided not to conceal my identity under a false name but to tell the truth and gamble on the consequences. If I gave my true name and the information I was a United Press correspondent whose last permanent headquarters had been Shanghai there were several possibilities. For one thing, my name was more likely to reach Tokyo. In that event one of several things might happen. The Japanese might decide to punish me for having escaped from Shanghai. If they did I hoped they would return me to Shanghai, or at least to the Asiatic mainland for trial. If that happened I figured I could escape again because I knew the angles. If Tokyo decided not to punish me I might be exchanged along with other correspondents trapped by the war. Of course, Tokyo might decide a firing squad in Sumatra was the simplest and quickest solution but I doubted it. Japanese policy makers, I thought, would be inclined to magnanimity while they were winning. Then too, Tomokazu Hori now was government spokesman. He might help me. He would be among the first to learn of an American correspondent caught in Sumatra.

Naturally, I wasn't going to mention my escape from Shanghai to Japanese in Palembang. That would be foolhardy. But, if I identified myself correctly, they could not in the future convict me of a falsehood. If I were exchanged or sent to Shanghai for punishment the reward would be worth the risk.

The guards left my registration until last. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the yard was finally cleared of all prisoners except me. The Dutch interpreter was dismissed and the guard commander, a sergeant, summoned me to the table.

He called an order and another soldier came from the guard room bringing two chairs. We all sat down. There were four of us at the small, rectangular table, the Sergeant, two privates and I. The Sergeant split open a package of Japanese cigarets, placed it in the center of the table and indicated we were to help ourselves. We did, lighted up, and sat back in our chairs, relaxed and quiet for the time it takes to smoke half of a cigaret.

Then, as if at a signal, all three began talking. The Sergeant and one private had been to Japanese middle school and knew some English. None of them had ever before seen an American. I was a curiosity and also an enemy national to whom they could express their exuberance at the great Japanese victories.

After pumping me dry of information concerning my ancestry, education and places I had worked, they talked about themselves and the invincible Japanese army. Their schooling had been deficient in geography. They thought San Francisco was only a few days sailing from Australia. They said they were front line troops who soon would be moving on from Sumatra to participate in Australia's capture. From Australia they would go to San Francisco where it would be the Sergeant's fate to die.

They knew San Francisco was a city of hills. The Sergeant said the spirit of his brother who had been killed in China had appeared to him in a dream and told him that he would climb San Francisco's highest hill, there to plant the flag of the Rising Sun and die in the act. The privates were fated to survive the battle of San Francisco, march on to Washington and help capture President Roosevelt.

Laughing excitedly, one of the privates jumped up from the table and strode to the wall where hanging from hooks were service belts, each slung with hand grenade holders and a bayonet in scabbard. He drew one of the bayonets, returned to the table and, leaning over, brandished the weapon about my neck, demonstrating how he would behead President Roosevelt. After a few passes, unnervingly close, the private stepped back and joined in the general laughter. It was all in fun and they intended me no harm as far as I could see, but the fun was entirely one-sided.

The game ended as suddenly as it began. The bayonet was replaced in its scabbard, the private resumed his seat at the table and all three turned their attention to business.

The Sergeant had on the table in front of him a plan of the jail showing the location of each cell. They held a long discussion, frequently consulting the plan. I gathered they were debating where to put me. Evidently I was a special case and they could not decide. After a while the conversation died, the privates retired to the guard room, the Sergeant leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head and gazed off into space.

A long time passed, more than an hour. A clock in the guard room struck the hours so time was not too difficult to estimate. I smoked and wished I could lie down somewhere, even if only on the cement porch. Shortly after one o'clock the Sergeant snapped out of his reverie. Using the large plan on his desk as a model,

Nieman Institute On Foreign Affairs

MAY 31- JUNE 5

An Institute on Foreign Policy will be held by the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University the week of May 31-June 5, primarily for Nieman Fellows and for the new National Conference of Editorial Writers whose members are being invited for the first three days. A Nieman Reunion program will be held June 4th and 5th. Dormitory facilities will be provided at Harvard.

he sketched a smaller outline of the jail on a pad. Then he handed me a bottle of ink and a pen and ordered me to follow him. Carrying a flashlight the Sergeant made the rounds of the jail, inspecting every cell, counting each man and comparing the number in the cells with the number his notes indicated should be there.

With chalk he wrote the number of men and their nationalities on the wall outside each cell. Then he entered the same number and character on his plan. That's where I came in. I held the pen and ink. Gravely he would take the pen from my right hand, dip it into the bottle of ink in my left, inscribe the numbers on the paper, hand the pen back to me and proceed to the next cell.

The cells varied in size but their features were identical. Just inside each door was a floor space about three feet wide ending at a raised platform. The platform was concrete, like the floor, and was built about two feet off the floor. It was about seven feet deep, ending at the back wall, and was just as wide as the cell, for it ran from sidewall to sidewall. The platform was the bed. On each platform lay as many men as could lie shoulder to shoulder the width of the cell. Their heads were at the back wall, their feet toward the door. Some of the men had straw mats under them, some had blankets. Some lay on the bare concrete with nothing either under them or over them. They looked cold.

> Later, when more prisoners came, the newcomers had to lie on the floor, filling every available inch of every space, so that if a man arose from the platform to go outside he had difficulty not stepping on cell mates on the floor.

Some of the cells had heavy, solid wooden doors swung on massive hinges while others had barred iron gates. The doors opened onto porch-like covered cement walks which ran around the front of the cell blocks. Along the outside edge of the walks were open drains nearly two feet deep. These I learned about by stepping into one and losing large areas of skin from shins and elbows. Luckily for the Sergeant's figures—and perhaps for me—I didn't drop the ink bottle.

By the time we had finished the rounds of the jail I had a fairly good idea of its insides. It was built in the form of a hollow sqare surrounded by cell blocks. The inside area of the square was the yard and it was separated from the cells by a high barbed wire fence. The Sergeant worked his way around the cells from the gate in a counter-clockwise direction until he came to the last block, a small, two-room building. By the smell I judged it to be the jail hospital. Eight men lay on a cement platform in one cell. The other room was the same size but without a platform.

The Sergeant's flashlight probed every inch of the second cell as though studying it for some special purpose. The room had a strong, medicinal smell of a sticky, unpleasant sort. Amid a welter of junk which littered the place the men lay trying to sleep. They were awake but silent, blinking into the flashlight rays, stirring uneasily, seeking some posture which would give them rest.

After a prolonged study of the room the Sergeant entered the number of its occupants on his pad, gave one last, long satisfied hiss, wheeled and marched to his desk beside the gate. I followed, still carrying the bottle of ink.

Sitting at the desk he added the numbers in the various cells and arrived at a total of 206. That was one less than the 207 his rolls showed should be in the jail. He added again, painstakingly. Still 206. He called to one of the privates. An abacus was brought. Still 206. With the privates assisting he checked and double checked.

Suddenly one of the privates pointed at me. I was the missing number. The Sergeant had forgotten to count me. Big joke. They laughed, balanced their totals, and the Sergeant made up his mind. He marched me off to the last room we had visited, changed the figures on his pad and left, closing and stapling the small gate in the barbed wire fence behind him.

There was no room to lie down on the floor inside so I sat on the concrete in the open doorway, leaned against the door jamb and rolled a cigaret. I still had some tobacco and papers purchased in Kroe. The tobacco was coarse, fibrous stuff sold in small squares called lempengs. In size and consistency the squares reminded me of shredded wheat biscuits. The tobacco was strong and raw. Inhaling it was a searing experience. But the impact of the smoke was somehow filling and partially satisfied a stomach which had been clamoring for food since yesterday.

When was yesterday? Let's see. Yes. Saturday night in Lahat we were fed. Now it was the small hours of Monday. Easter Monday. Probably we could expect breakfast. I hoped so. I hoped breakfast would be early and solid and the coffee steaming hot and strong enough to curl my hair.

As I thinned my lips to get the last possible drag of smoke from the cigaret my thoughts resumed the mental squirrel race that revolved around escape. Learn Malay. Somehow contact friendly Chinese. They got me out of Shanghai. They could do it here.

> Luckily, I could not see the future with its endless rows of graves.

In the feeble glow from the yard light I examined my tobacco stock. There was enough for three or four smokes. Better have another one. I rolled the cigaret and looked up through the strands of barbed wire at the light. The fence was high and beyond it were the cell blocks and beyond them again the wall with another stretch of barbed wire on top of it.

Well, higher and tougher walls had been scaled by men. Nothing but Death was inescapable. I was still alive when a lot of others were dead in China and Burma and India and Java, and at the Indian Ocean's bottom. God had been good to me. He would see me through.

I dozed off with my back against the door jamb.

ONE WORD A YEAR

Dear Mr. Morton:

I was amused by your note about the small vocabulary of the advertising world. It seems to me, however, that it does increase at the rate of about a word a year, and after a recent cross-country trip by car I nominate "activate" as this year's word. I have come across "activated charcoal," "activated gasoline," etc. And by reflex action the word creeps into current fiction—e.g. a new novel has the phrase: "her shift revealing the monumental lines of her activating thighs."

Somebody should really take up this subject seriously.

Yours sincerely,
James Hilton
—From The Atlantic Bulletin No. 80

THE PRESS UNDER PRESSURE

by Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

The newspaper press is so familiar to us that we easily forget what an incongruous phenomenon it is in a highly controlled society like ours. Think of the tightly organized societies of the past. Rameses II, Tiberius, Diocletian, Henry VIII, and Louis XIV could govern without being bothered by newspapers. Within only two centuries little news sheets issued by obscure printers have turned into enormous enterprises in each of which a handful of men can inform and influence millions of citizens. How they will go about it is often unpredictable. In 1919, for example, Hearst's love for the underdog led him to give opponents of sedition legislation space which most journals refused, whereas today he urges that every Communist be harried out of the land. The owner of the Chicago Daily News dies and the whole character of the paper changes. Comic strips, colored cartoons, boiler-plate editorials—we don't know what will happen next. Yet if the press is to be alive and vigorous, it must be unpredictable. The press is a sort of wild animal in our midst —restless, gigantic always seeking new ways to use its strength.

Of course the press does not represent the only enterprises which since 1700 have grown from small beginnings to great power. The Standard Oil Company, General Motors, the Bank of America, the New York Stock Exchange, the C. I. O., to name only a few, developed as fast as the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times. Yet there is a striking contrast. Sooner or later the enormous power of these private bodies arouses public alarm, and they are put under some measure of governmental control to restrain possible abuses. They can no longer run loose. It is the first principle of our Bill of Rights that the government must let the press run loose. All of us, I fervently hope, believe this to be a wise taking of risks. The First Amendment presupposes, as Learned Hand says,

> "that right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues, than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., author of "Freedom of Speech in Wartime," professor at the Harvard Law School, is serving as U. S. member of the UN Sub-commission on Freedom of Information.

Nevertheless, we must face frankly the risks we have agreed to run. The press has become an "imperium in imperio." No other powerful business organization in the United States now enjoys such almost complete independence from the federal government. Even among non-profit organizations there is nothing to compare with the immunity of the press for abuses of power except the churches. A church's behavior can at least be predicted from its settled doctrines, and by its very nature its members are accountable to God. The sovereign press for the most part acknowledges accountability to no one except its owners and publishers.

Of course, there are notable exceptions to this attitude of self-sufficiency. We can all name some of them. The American Press Institute at Columbia and the Nieman Foundation here are in their different ways inculcating a different conception. Sevellon Brown said in opening the Press Institute:

> "We are here because we recognize the tremendous social responsibilities which are ours, responsibilities of a scope and complexity scarcely dreamed of by newspapermen a short generation ago."

The question remains, however, whether the leaders of newspapers and radio and motion pictures will of their own accord move fast enough toward giving the kind of service which American citizens need in order to govern themselves intelligently and encourage the President and Congress to make our country do what is necessary to maintain a durable peace. There is less time at our disposal than we used to think before Hiroshima.

During the current year two wholly different efforts have been made to create a greater responsibility in the American press.

The first was the publication in March of the general report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press. It was unfortunate, though quite natural, that most attention of reviewers was concentrated on the final chapter of recommendations. We had felt unable to urge any sensational remedies, and hence the book was often brushed aside. Much more important, I believe, are the opening chapters which analyze the problem of what sort of press the public needs in a free society. The following passage strikes the keynote:

> "Today our society needs, first, a truthful, comprehensive, and intelligent account of the day's events in a context which gives them meaning; second, a forum for the exchange of comment and criticism; third, a means of projecting the opinions and attitudes of the groups in the society to one another; fourth, a method of presenting and clarifying the goals and values of the society; and, fifth, a way of reaching every member of the society by the currents of information, thought, and feeling which the press supplies."

The book went on to examine the present performance of the press. It then stated that, despite some examples of "extraordinarily high quality of performance" in newspapers, radio, and motion pictures.

> "When we look at the press as a whole, however, we must conclude that it is not meeting the needs of our society. The Commission believes that this failure of the press is the greatest danger to its freedom."

And so we appealed to the leaders of the press itself to recognize the gravity of the situation and "assume the responsibility of providing the variety, quantity and quality of information and discussion which the country needs . . . They must . . . themselves be hospitable to ideas and attitudes different from their own, and they must present them to the public as meriting its attention."

Some leaders of the industries reacted gratifyingly to this appeal, but most remained apathetic. A typical reaction was shown by the writer in "Editor and Publisher" who cited the total number of newspaper buyers in the United States as conclusive evidence that the public is satisfied with the press as it is. In 1910 there were millions of passengers who rode on steam and electric railroads, and some apologists for the railroads might as well have cited that astronomical figure as proof of the complete public satisfaction with trains and trolleys. Yet that was on the eve of terrific legislative attacks on the railroads and the financial ruin of trolleys. Of course millions of citizens read the newspapers they can now get, because they can't get anything better.

An incident at the last annual meeting of the Associated Press illustrates the newspaper leaders' lack of interest in their task—as the Commission described it of providing information to enable the American people to make for themselves "fundamental decisions necessary to the direction of their government and their

lives." After the election of officers for the ensuing year and other routine business, the publishers present from all our leading papers were asked whether they had any suggestions for a wider coverage of news by the Associated Press. There was a long silence, which was broken at last by one man. Did he ask whether the public could be told more of what goes on inside China beyond the birth of eight children at once? Did he regret the drastic reduction of Associated Press correspondents in Europe, or express the wish that we might learn more about the way American soldiers were governing our own zone in Germany? No—he complained because the Associated Press did not carry news of the Irish sweepstakes.

The second group of criticisms of our press came from foreign representatives in the United Nations. The attack began mildly in the Sub-Commission on Freedom of Information in May, warmed up during the summer in the Economic and Social Council, and reached fever heat in the General Assembly where it is still going on. Newspapers at last awoke from the apathy with which they had received the report of the Hutchins Commission. Mr. Vishinsky in effect adopted the methods of King Rehoboam: "My predecessor hath chastened you with whips, but I will chasten you with scorpions."

Needless to say, I do not agree with Mr. Vishinsky. His language about newspapers reminded me of a Russian forerunner in Czarist days, Pobedonostzeff, acting head of the holy synod, who said, "The press with its doctored news, its misleading headlines, and its headlong peremptory criticisms on events and men, weakens all individual development of thought, of will, of character . . ." Nothing could better illustrate the danger of using vague words in laws against free speech—words, for instance, like "Communist-front" and "subversive"—than the way Mr. Vishinsky stretched his vague test of "war-mongering" to include ex-Secretary Byrnes and John Foster Dulles. But this is not just a question of Mr. Vishinsky. As soon as I reached Lake Success, I became aware of a strong current of feeling in other nations that the sort of irresponsibility the press here and elsewhere has often displayed is a threat to peace which ought to be restrained, by moral suasion if not by law. Varying resolutions imposing responsibility have been constantly proposed in the UN, not only by more moderate representatives of the U.S.S.R., but also by delegates from countries whose good will to us is unquestioned, like France, Norway, Chile, India, and Australia. At least three points in these proposals deserve examination in order to ascertain what lessons for us they convey.

First, the Soviets regard the press as an instrument of government policy and not as a neutral vehicle of information. My colleague, Mr. Lomakin, urged our Sub-Commision to list as one of the main tasks of the press: "To organize the struggle for democratic principles, for the unmasking of the remnants of Fascism and for the extirpation of Fascist ideology in all its forms." The fact that this particular formula was decisively rejected should not blind us to the fact that there are plenty of adherents in America to the philosophy behind the formula. They want the communications industries to make specific political decisions and inculcate specific political ideals in citizens instead of providing citizens with the material for making their own decisions and ideals. The recent movie investigation in the Un-American Committee stands for just the same philosophy as my Soviet colleague—only the Committee's enforced aim is "free enterprise" or "Americanism." There is a much greater need for extirpating this philosophy in our country than for extirpating the remnants of Fascism—whatever that is now. By contrast we should insist, as my Norwegian colleague Mr. Christensen said, "That the basic task of the press and of other media of information is to tell the truth." Our chairman, Mr. Goedhart from Holland, further developed the reply to the philosophy I fear:

> "Freedom of information means, above all, the right of every man to express freely his people's opinions and his ideas, and to know what other people's opinions and ideas are; where opinions and ideas must be based on a knowledge of facts, a free flow of news is an element of freedom of information . . . .
>
> "Every definition of what freedom of information must aim at is, in itself, a restriction of that freedom . . . I want to warn against restricting the human right . . . from any political point of view . . . .It seems to me that whereas some restriction on freedom of information by defining the aims to which it should be devoted is reasonable, we ought to be very careful in phrasing these restrictions. Therefore, I am not inclined to accept any restrictions which go beyond the Charter of the United Nations. Not only freedom of information, but every freedom must in its own way serve the goal for which the United Nations has been created."

Here are the aims which he and the majority of our Sub-Commission envisage for freedom of the press:

> "The fundamental principles to which the press, radio and films, as media of information, should have regard in performing their basic functions of gathering, transmitting and disseminating news and information without fetters:
>
> (a) To tell the truth without prejudice and to spread knowledge without malicious intent;
>
> (b) To facilitate the solution of the economic, social and humanitarian problems of the world as a whole through the free interchange of information bearing on such problems;
>
> (c) To help promote respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion;
>
> (d) To help maintain international peace and security through understanding and cooperation between peoples."

The first lesson, then, from the UN discussions is that no narrow political ideals of any sort should fetter the obligation of the American communications industries to ascertain the truth and furnish it to our citizens.

My next point is that Soviet writers and speakers use the phrase "freedom of the press" in a sense quite different from ours. To us it means that the law does not prevent any one from saying what he wishes, within our sort of legal rights. Their Constitution provides that "printing presses, stocks of paper,. . . and other material requisites" shall be put at the disposal of working people and their organizations. Hence we feel that Soviet censorship by officials negatives free presses in Russia and they feel that our press is not free because owners and publishers can interfere with presentation of views unacceptable to them. The Soviet view was ably expounded by Morisov before the Social and Economic Council last summer:

> ". . . merely to proclaim the principle of freedom of the press does not in itself give this freedom to the people, unless large sections of the population and their organizations have at their disposal the material resources without which freedom of the press cannot be made a practical reality.
>
> "Everybody knows that, since a newspaper, if it is to survive, requires the investment of vast funds which are not possessed by the bulk of the population, the freedom of the press proclaimed in the constitutions becomes in actual fact the privilege of

a few newspaper owners, publishing houses and telegraph agencies. For instance, in the United States of America and in Great Britain, it is essential to possess tens of millions in order to be able to establish a big newspaper capable of survival. It is obvious that in such countries freedom of the press really exists only for a few people. Numerous facts also show that the dependence of the press, the cinema and the radio on private proprietors, pursuing their own narrow interests, places honest journalists and other workers in the field of information in a difficult position, undermines the morale of journalists and leads to widespread corruption. Such a situation requires decisive remedial measures.

"Of course, the complete guarantee of freedom of the press for the people is the communal ownership of means of information. This is the only way to ensure access of the broader masses of the people to methods of information and their effective control by democratic and peace-loving organizations. Such a guarantee has been fully realized in the Soviet Union."

This controversy is bound to bog down at the start unless both sides honestly agree that they are not talking about the same thing. Whether our ideal of absence of governmental control is good or not is a question by itself; it is not answered by statements that the Russians come closer than we do to their different ideal of easy expression of working-class opinion. At the same time, our belief in the great value of the principle embodied in the First Amendment should not lead us Americans to ignore the importance of the Soviet ideal when divorced from Marxist incidentals. Just as freedom to travel wherever one wishes without getting blocked by legal barriers becomes practically worthless if one is starving and so cannot move at all, so an American's right to print significant material on vital public questions without getting imprisoned becomes practically worthless if he cannot obtain paper and a printing press or if the newspapers and broadcasting stations solidly refuse to pay any attention to this significant material. If, as I believe, the Commission on the Freedom of the Press is right in asserting on the first page of its report that "The development of the press as an instrument of mass communication has greatly decreased the proportion of the people who can express their opinions and ideas through the press," then it is time something was done about it. I do not underrate the practical difficulties—newspapers cost money to produce and space cannot be "free" like free air. And I do not think the remedy lies in more laws. It is a matter for the conscience and professional skill of owners and publishers and everybody else engaged in the communications industries.

Although a newspaper cannot practicably open its pages to dissentient writers except in the column for Letters to the Editors, the journal is under a moral obligation to present fairly in its news and special articles the significant views of the various substantial groups in the community, and not merely the views of the particular group to which the owner and publisher belong. Both sides of a public controversy should have a reasonable chance to reach the readers of newspapers of general circulation.

That is my second lesson from foreign criticisms of our press.

My last point relates to my first. It is a specific application of one of the broad ideals of the press already stated—"To help maintain international peace and security through understanding and cooperation between peoples." It is very significant that when this aim of the press went from our UN Sub-Commission to the Economic and Social Council, the Council added, "and to combat forces which incite war, by removing bellicose influences from the media of information." This action by representatives of many nations came weeks before Mr. Vishinsky's virulent denunciation of war-mongering, and proves (as do the recent debates in the General Assembly) that there is widespread anxiety throughout the world over the rapid increase of utterances in the press inflaming international animosities. Of course, American papers are not alone to blame, but the fact that others do wrong should not prevent us from doing right. This, again, is not a matter for law. I would not have Congress imitate the Polish criminal code which provides that any one inciting to aggressive war should be imprisoned for five years. Such a statute might be used to impede whatever discussion of national defense in newspapers and books the government might happen to dislike. Not law but the consciences of editors and other writers should lead them to weigh with unusual care proposed publications which will aggravate international ill-feeling. Especial attention should be given to the phrasing of headlines.

The third lesson from foreign criticisms therefore is that every American newspaper and broadcaster and newsreel participant should feel a heavy responsibility to carry out with good faith and the utmost watchfulness the spirit of the unanimous resolution in which the General Assembly

"1. Condemns all forms of propaganda, in whatever country conducted, which is either designed or likely to provoke or encourage any threat to the peace, breach of peace, or act of aggression.

"2. Requests the government of each member to take appropriate steps within its constitutional limitations: (a) to promote, by all means of publicity and propaganda available to them, friendly relations among nations based upon the purposes and principles of the Charter; and (b) to encourage the dissemination of all information designed to give expression to the undoubted desire of all people for peace."

Is our press responsible? Yes, to some extent, but it should be more so. Is our press free? Yes, in our sense of freedom, but the different sense of "accessible to all significant views on public questions" is also important, and there we might do more. Finally, freedom **from** something is not enough. It should also be freedom **for** something. The wide immunity from governmental control which the press claims will be empty if it be a mere negation. Freedom is not safety but opportunity. Freedom ought to be a means to enable the press to serve the proper functions of communication in a free society.

"Bert Andrews Deserves the Credit"—Arthur Krock

"The Loyalty Review Board prescribed a series of hearings, appeals and access to official superiors which were denied to these particular protestants by the State Department.

"That prescription is both fair and sensible, and Thurman Arnold and Paul Porter, who brought the situation to official notice, and Bert Andrews, the Washington correspondent of the Herald Tribune, who aroused the public on the subject in a series of news articles, deserve the credit they are receiving for the improvement."

—Krock in N. Y. Times Dec. 31.

News and the Courts

by Lawrence Fernsworth

It has long seemed to me that the decisions of our courts, and particularly of the United States Supreme Court, offer one of the most important fields for fruitful reporting; yet this field is almost entirely neglected. The reports on Supreme Court decisions, whether by the services or by special correspondents, are almost uniformly bad. They run to the fragmentation of decisions and to dressing them up for a "story" with an eye on the significance of a decision; just as rarely do they tell what is really decided. The intelligent citizen, who must rely on the press for his reports on court decisions, and who may wish to be reasonably well informed on this aspect of our national life, will go sadly astray if he in fact does rely on such reports.

Notwithstanding, the decisions of our highest tribunal are as important and far-reaching as the legislation of Congress or the policies and directives of the executive branch. They are constantly delimiting the rightful fields of action of these two, as new problems arise, and placing interpretations on the rights, the prerogatives and the obligations of citizens.

They have, moreover, a more permanent character, by contrast with the rather transitory nature of much in legislation and in the acts of the executive.

It is no secret that the main reason these court decisions and opinions are slightingly treated is that they are considered dull reading. The contrary is true —they provide some of the most stimulating, exciting and brilliant literature of this land. This is as true of today as of the past, from the time that tribunal began functioning.

But even if the charge of dullness were true, it would not absolve the press from performing its function of keeping the public properly informed on so vital a subject.

Just how vital it is, one submits, is illustrated by the appended letter, wherein is offered a rapid survey showing how recent decisions affect the lives of all citizens by the sweeping modifications they impose on their constitutional rights.

The appended letter, published in 1¼ columns of the New York Times, Dec. 22, discusses the Federal Bill of Rights as applied in various recent and earlier Court decisions. In its final paragraph, Mr. Fernsworth writes:

"It is useful to note, since it is much overlooked these days, that the due process clauses of the V and XIV Amendments are as binding on the non-judicial officers of the Government as on the courts. It is, said Mr. Justice Curtis as long ago as 1855, '. . . a restraint on the legislative, as well as on the executive and judiciary, powers of the government'."

Lawrence Fernsworth, a Nieman Fellow in 1944, is a veteran of many years foreign and domestic journalism.

The Broun Award

The annual Broun Award of the American Newspaper Guild went to Bert Andrews of the New York Herald Tribune for his articles on the "loyalty" issue as handled by the State Department. His first and key article was November 2, 1947, describing a "loyalty" case from the documents. It resulted in a change of policy and method by the State Department and the setting up of the Loyalty Review Board. The decision of the judges was unanimous and it appears to have received very general acceptance among newspapermen.

Only one Broun Award is made. But at the instance of the judges the Guild created five additional awards for this year to recognize others of the many entries that impressed the judges as of very high quality.

The five additional awards of $100 each went to:

1 Edward J. Donohoe, reporter on the Scranton Times, for his reporting of a milk strike.

2 Ralph Andrist and Ralph Backlund of Radio Station WCCO, in Minneapolis for a radio series, dramatizing the issue of racial discrimination.

3 Herbert Block of the Washington Post for his cartoons.

4 Alfred Friendly of the Washington Post for his reporting of the Lilienthal hearings.

5 Dillard Stokes of the Washington Post for his reporting of the Supreme Court.

The assistance of the judges was enlisted to raise the money for these supplementary awards which the Guild paid, however, without waiting for the returns.

All of the judges were impressed by two things. First the very generally high quality of the entries and their wide distribution over the field of American journalism. Second the attitude of the award committee of the Guild that the Broun Award should go to the most significant work entered, regardless of any connection with the Guild. If these two essentials are maintained, the Broun Award should rapidly reach the stature of the most distinguished prize in journalism awarded as it is by working newspapermen to the best work in their craft.

A handicap of the award is that the one $500 Broun Award is all the Guild can finance. This means that it is practically impossible to recognize editorials, cartoons, features or special correspondence. If the Award could find an angel, perhaps in the form of a group of cooperating publishers, to provide an annual fund of about $2000, it would have greater weight in promoting the best standards of journalism.

Louis M. Lyons

"A Clear Guide"

We have often wondered how journalism schools go about preparing young men and women for newspaperdom and magazineland. An answer came just the other day, in a surprising form. It came from California, via Editor & Publisher. We quote:

San Francisco—Public opinion polls are scientific tools which should be used by newspapers to prevent editorial errors of judgment, Dr. Chilton Bush, head of the Division of Journalism at Stanford University, believes.

"A publisher is smart to take a poll before he gets his neck out too far," he said. "Polls provide a better idea of acceptance of newspaper policies."

We have read this statement half a dozen times, probably in the faint hope that Editor & Publisher might be misquoting Dr. Bush or that we had failed to understand him. But there it stands—a clear guide to the life of expediency, a simple formula for journalism by acceptance, a short essay on how to run a newspaper by saying only the words the public wants to hear said. It seems to us that Dr. Bush hands his students not a sword but a weather vane. Under such conditions, the fourth estate becomes a mere parody of the human intelligence, and had best be turned over to bright birds with split tongues or to monkeys who can make change.

—The Talk of the Town,
THE NEW YORKER

Weekly Newspaper Wins Battle With Mica Monopolists

By Tom Schlesinger

Charlotte, N. C.

The remote mountain counties of Avery, Mitchell and Yancey are served by a small weekly newspaper called the **Tri-County News.** Although small in circulation, it can be called a journalistic David, having taken on an industrial Goliath and left it stunned and prostrate.

The final chapter in the remarkable story of the **News** and the mica trust was written at a special session of the United States District Court for Western North Carolina last week. A total of $14,250 in fines was imposed on thirteen mica corporations for conspiracy to violate the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

The **News** began its crusade in the early days of the war, battling on behalf of the mica mines largely concentrated in the mountain area of North Carolina.

But before the war, all producers, fabricators and users of mica as a raw material accepted a color standard of quality. And the Carolina sheet mica was cloudy, considered inferior to the ruby-colored type imported from India.

When the war came, overseas imports were cut down and Government demands soared.

Shortages forced Government scientists into casting about for a dependable method of grading domestic mica. Department of Commerce reports disclose that Bell Telephone Laboratories, on contract from the Government, came up with two practical devices. However, the mica monopolies immediately launched a massive delaying campaign to keep the gadgets out of production and domestic mica off the market.

They had built a tight monopoly around the circumstances that make imported mica constant in color and easily graded. The Government official who had arranged for the research was fired. His reports were dismissed as crackpot by his successors.

Editor S. T. Henry, formerly a Washington correspondent, knew that devices had been perfected and believed they could work. He launched his campaign from his home base at Spruce Pine and finally took it to Washington. He kept pounding away from the editorial pages of his paper, by speeches to any group who would hear him, and with letters to everyone he could think of.

His crusade finally came to the attention of the Truman committee then investigating the national defense program. The result was a thorough investigation of the whole mica setup of the War Production Board. Soon thereafter the mica grading machines went into action.

At the end of the war, the Department of Commerce estimated that more than two thirds of the capacitators, small devices among the most vital parts of the wartime radio, radar and other electronic equipment, were made from the dark-stained domestic mica. Their performance was rated as very satisfactory.

But this was just the beginning. Anti-trust action resulted from the Truman reports. The whole case wound up last week. Most of the corporations and individuals involved pleaded guilty and agreed to consent decrees which included fines and permanent restraining orders.

Henry's missionary work forced the adoption of a scientific method of testing sheet mica. Domestic mica was proved to be fully adapted for use in devices without which the war couldn't have been won. And, most important, the control of the mica industry by a few concerns was broken up.

Any newspaper in the nation would be proud of this accomplishment. The fact that it is credited to a weekly published in a remote mountain hamlet provides a timely reminder that circulation is no substitute for a fighting heart.

—Baltimore Evening Sun, Jan. 30.

Do not print this ad.

CHALLENGE TO THE COPY DESK

by William German

Copyreaders take much pride in their ability to detect and remove the hackneyed idea, the time-worn phrase. But a healthy majority of copyreaders are currently operating under a hackneyed, time-worn principle and are doing nothing about it. There is little they can do without the help of newspaper management.

A top priority copy desk rule insists that editorial opinion must not creep into the news story. The basis of this rule is sound. The newspapers tell what happens. The paying customer reads what happens, then decides for himself whether or not he likes what happens.

It doesn't always work. The setup falls apart somewhere between the newspaper and the reader. It falls apart because much of the news is too complex. Too often the customer doesn't even get to know what's going on. Usually he forms an opinion anyway, but it's hardly a fair one.

The blame is the copyreader's. It's his fault that the news isn't always easily digestible at the breakfast table, on the street car or subway. His sharp pencil does a lot of good. The chopped-up sentence and the smoother grammar give the customer a fighting chance. But the copy desk pencil can't do the whole job. Not while the no-editorial-opinion bugaboo persists.

The bugaboo keeps the copyreader from telling all he knows. It keeps him from adding background, interpretation and simplicity that would make today's complex news intelligible to the layman.

(Before this gets any further we'd better get something straight. I am making no pitch for copyreaders to be allowed to express their opinions in unsigned news columns. "Bugaboo" is being used advisedly—in the sense that the no-editorial-opinion principle acts as a deterrent to the presentation of FACTS.)

Freedom to interpret is no radical concept in journalism. The news magazines and the columnists have shown the way to where a reporter's by-line or even just an AP logotype is an accepted excuse for interpretation and analysis. Yet the hot-shot writers who rate this freedom are often as much in need of editing as the beginner who gets his tenses mixed in a story about a trolley crash. Trouble is that where the simple pencil treatment will straighten out the trolley crash, it will usually do little good on the befuddled global stuff. The cure lies in a good copyreader, an encyclopedia, a typewriter and more time. Ordinarily such a combination is taboo.

So the newspaper reader winds up with this:

> "Paris, Jan. 25—A multiple exchange rate for the franc and creation of a free market for gold and dollars were announced by the French government tonight, despite objections by the British and certain reservations by the International Monetary Fund."*

Even if Stuart Chase subscribes to your newspaper, how many copies can he buy?

In the depths of the story that followed this lead was the core of an intelligible account of what France was doing and why she was doing it. A good copyreader could have dug out that core, but few good copyreaders would have dared suggest it.

The copyreader's reasoning goes roughly like this: Here's a story by an expert in Paris. Who am I to do better? . . . If I re-work this story I'll have to lose the dateline and the credit line. This is against my newspaper's policy . . . If I did dig out the meaning of this story somebody will say that I am pro-DeGaulle or somebody else will say that I am against the Bevin plan and I will wind up getting fired."

That's usually the clincher. A couple of commas are inserted, a couple more are struck out, the story is printed and the reader be damned.

"Who am I to do better than the expert?" If there is any validity in that question then who is a copyreader to do better than any reporter? No copyreader has any business handling a piece of copy he can't understand or clarify. That goes for the French monetary system as well as for the inner workings at City Hall. It's a rare rim on which every copyreader can qualify as an expert on all subjects, yet on all subjects there ought to be at least one expert—or a man who knows how to become one in a hurry.

This calls for the publisher's cooperation, chiefly in the form of money. Copy desk hiring policy should be based on more than a weary feeling in the legs. Proper salary, freedom of operation and perhaps a fancier title would attract top level men to desk work. The publisher would have to give out with more time and, consequently, with a bigger desk. A five-man universal desk can get a metropolitan daily to press, but it can't do much else. The copyreader should have time to think, to do research and to edit. Maybe let him buy a few books at the paper's expense sometimes. Maybe even send him into the field at intervals.

For instance, there was the February break in the commodity price market. The break got a good play in the Nation's press. The coverage by the wire services was thorough. The leads ran like this one:

> "Grain prices continued to sink today on the Nation's major exchanges as stocks rallied in a fairly active market. Dun & Bradstreet wholesale food price index broke 31 cents over the last week, the biggest drop since September 1946. There were momentary signs of a grain rally during the day but slight gains attracted heavy selling which in turn sent prices skidding toward the daily limits."*

And the banner headlines said:

GRAIN, COMMODITY PRICES
AGAIN DROP THE LIMIT**

Was this news good? Was it bad? The headlines and the stories were reminiscent of 1929. That wasn't good. But the news carried a hint of lower retail prices. The experts had been saying that was what the country needed. Or did it? Lots of the same experts were now muttering about the market drop and calling it a terrible thing.

The play-it-straight press offered the reader little help. Day after day the news was carried in jargon intelligible only to the habitues of the financial page.

Several things could have been done. The financial editor might have been put on temporary duty with the copy desk—to interpret, edit or rewrite. Or a competent copyreader might have been turned loose to work on nothing but the price story. Literally turned loose. For background this copyreader might have gone to see local economists and businessmen. He might have been allowed some hours of research on previous market trends. Then he might have been in a position to edit the news of the day as it affected the

William German is on the copy desk of the San Francisco Chronicle.

*New York Herald Tribune

*United Press
**San Francisco Chronicle

Nation and the people of his community.

It could possibly be that the publisher's extra investment would pay off. It could be that more people would buy his newspaper if they could understand all of it.

Returning to our copyreader and his fears, the uneasiness about losing a dateline and credit line should have been dispelled many years ago. Unfortunately it hasn't been yet. The newspaper reader isn't especially gratified by the knowledge that he is getting the story just as it was written in Teheran, Iran, by the Associated Press. The reader lives in St. Louis or San Francisco and he wants to know what the Post-Dispatch or the Chronicle has to tell him about what is happening in Iran. The theory that a news service credit line transplants responsibility for a story is all wet. The reader will blame or praise the newspaper he's paying for, not its news service.

The copyreader's feeling that his analysis of a story might be misinterpreted is a tough one to answer. The only answer lies in his own honesty and intelligence—and in the confidence of his publisher. If he's honest he'll stick to the truth and let the misinterpreters be damned. And if he's intelligent he'll stay within the bounds of the playing field. On a Republican newspaper a Democratic copyreader won't go out of his way to make Carroll Reece sound like a ward heeler.

The need for the publisher's confidence in his copy desk is self evident (even when the desk has limited powers). That confidence might also include regular briefing on policy. The editorial writers are entrusted with such briefing and there are fewer columns (and readers) of editorials than of news matter. This may appear contradictory after all the talk of honesty and truth, but it is more than a little realistic. Your paper's policy is always an inherent part of truth—on the copy desk.

In this Utopian complaint the problems of mechanical efficiency have been consciously slighted. First, because the mechanical problem is an individual one. It could depend on the distance to the composing room or on the number of chairs available in the city room. Second, because most rims are already geared to operate with mechanical smoothness. Copy desk Utopia must reckon with this. Concessions are inevitable.,

Consequently the ideas set forth here are not in themselves a working plan. But given any particular newspaper situation they can easily form the basis for a working plan. The publisher can start with a simple memo: Give the copyreader his head.

Occasions of Journalism

I. Why John Steinbeck Went to Russia

. . . In late March I was sitting in the bar of the Bedford Hotel on East 40th Street. A play I had written four times had melted and run out between my fingers. I sat on the bar stool wondering what to do next. At that moment Robert Capa came into the bar looking a little disconsolate. A poker game he had been nursing to life for several months had finally passed away. His book had gone to press and he found himself with nothing to do. Willy the bartender, who is always sympathetic, suggested a Suissesse, a drink which Willy makes better than anybody else in the world. We were depressed, not so much by the news but by the handling of it. For news is no longer news, at least the part of it which draws the most attention. News has become a matter of punditry. A man sitting at a desk in Washington or New York reads the cables and rearranges them to fit his own mental pattern and his byline. What we often read as news now is not news at all but the opinion of one of a half dozen pundits as to what the news means.

Willy set the two pale green Suissesses in front of us and we began to discuss what there is left for an honest and liberal man to do. In the papers every day there were thousands of words about Russia . . . . And it occurred to us that there were some things that nobody wrote about Russia and they were the things that interested us most of all. What the people wear there. What they serve at dinner. Do they have parties? What food is there. How do they make love and how do they die? What do they talk about. Do they dance, sing, and play? And do the children go to school? It seemed to us that it might be a good thing to find out these things, to photograph them and write them. There must be a private life of Russian people.

Willy mixed another Suissesse and he agreed with us. . . . And so we decided to try it. . . . We made our plans in this way. If we could do it it would be good and a good story; and if we couldn't do it, we would have a story too, the story of not being able to do it. With this in mind we called George Cornish (managing editor) at the Herald Tribune, had lunch with him and told him our project. He agreed. . . . That was the way it started. —N. Y. Her. Trib., Jan 14.

II. Why Vincent Sheean Went to Gandhi

NEW DELHI (By Mail) . . . It falls upon any and every Western person, however vile, who came near Mahatma Gandhi during the last days of his life, to bear witness to this meaning, in so far as that meaning can be perceived through the intervening formations.

I shall therefore testify to what little connection I had with him, and hope that others will do the same. If there should be any payment made for this testimony, it should go to Mahatma Gandhi's Harijan fund. This is the fund he established for the Untouchables of India, whom he preferred to call Harijan, or children of God.

On Nov. 13 I left New York with the intention of seeing Gandhi and asking him to teach me, in whatever time he had, something about life's meaning, purpose and significance. I have suspected for some years that it was not merely a tale told by an idiot. My particular conformation has not hitherto been capable of understanding any concept of God, and therefore I have called myself an atheist, but I don't really know what that word means. Through the tears that blur my eyes I can see that perhaps it means nothing, that all men, whatever they call themselves, have the same hope, and that what was religion to Mahatma Gandhi may be only chemistry or nuclear physics to others.

However that may be, I dawdled on the way. I was taking what I thought might be my last look at Europe, so I stopped at Paris, Prague, Vienna and Rome. In truth, I was afraid of Gandhi. I am not Anglo-Saxon, but I have grown up in an Anglo-Saxon civilization and am, like all who are born in it, afraid of ridicule and of being different from others. To come to India to sit at the feet of a prophet, saint and god is obviously a ridiculous thing to do, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. Therefore I have resisted it for a good many years. I came to it at last because I was at the end of my tether. I had nowhere else to go. . . . —N. Y. Her. Trib., Feb. 8.

(So he was with Gandhi at the assassination and wrote four and a half columns in the Sunday Tribune on "Gandhi's Last Days.")

IS JOURNALISM A PROFESSION?

"For All His Dreams A Hired Man"

(Submitted on behalf of the American Newspaper Guild by Executive Vice President Sam B. Eubanks, Washington, D.C., January 13, 1948.)

The Guild appears at the hearing being conducted by the Administrator in review of the regulations defining Executive, Administrative and Professional employes to support the following amendment:

> Establishing a salary test of $500 per month as a minimum to qualify for exemption of Executives, Administrative and Professional employes from overtime compensation for time worked beyond 40 hours in one week.

Guild representatives have encountered numerous instances of failure by employers to compensate non-exempt employes for work beyond 40 hours in one week at time and one-half as required by the Fair Labor Standards Act.

Amendment of the administrator's regulations to establish a $500 per month salary test would eliminate many present or potential abuses of the executive, administrative and professional definitions because it would provide a simple, indisputable guide to exemptions. In the newspaper industry $500 is a rate consistent with the other tests in the definitions for bona fide exemptions. At prevailing pay rates in the industry a lower salary for an individual having in fact the authority and responsibility requisite for exemption could not be justified. This is evidenced by the standards established in Guild contracts.

Any proposals to weaken the definitions should be rejected. Particularly is this true in defining professional employes. The Guild recognizes the high standard of performance required by newspapers in discharging their responsibilities to the community. Using the term "professional" in a broad and popular sense, the development of high professional standards of work and ethics is essential to an adequate and free press. The public expects, and is entitled to such professional standards. But the fact remains that elements vital to professional status are lacking in the newspaperman's job. This has been well stated by a widely known and respected American journalist and editor, Mr. Henry L. Mencken, presently a member of the board of directors of the Baltimore Sunpapers, from whom the following is quoted:

> (The journalist) "remains, for all his dreams, a hired man—the owner downstairs, or even the business manager, though he doesn't do it very often now, is still free to demand his head—, and a hired man is not a professional man. The essence of a professional man is that he is answerable for his professional conduct only to his professional peers. A physician cannot be fired by anyone, save when he has voluntarily converted himself into a job-holder; he is secure in his livelihood so long as he keeps his health, and can render service, or what they regard as service, to his patients. A lawyer is in the same boat. So is a dentist. So, even is a horse doctor. But a journalist still lingers in the twilight zone, along with the trained nurse, the embalmer, the rev. clergy and the great majority of engineers. He cannot sell his services directly to the consumer, but only to entrepreneurs, and so those entrepreneurs have the power of veto over all his soaring fancies. His codes of ethics are all right so long as they do not menace newspaper profits; the moment they do so the business manager, now quiescent, will begin to growl again. Nor has he the same freedom that the lawyer and the physician have when it comes to fixing his own compensation; what he faces is not a client but a boss. Above all, he is unable, as yet, to control admission to his craft. It is constantly recruited, on its lowest levels, from men who have litte professional training or none at all, and some of these men master its chief mysteries very quickly. Thus even the most competent journalists face at all times a severe competition, easily expanded at need, and cannot afford to be too saucy. When a managing editor is fired there is always another waiting to take his place, but there is seldom another place waiting for the managing editor."

The quotation is from an essay published in 1927, but there has been no change in the status of the newspaper journalist in the intervening years. He is still a hired man, whose economic present and future are in the hands of the newspaper owner, subject only to the protections afforded by the law and collective bargaining agreements.

In defining and delimiting the term "professional" in 1941, and again in issuing a Manual of Job Classifications in 1943, the administrator recognized that the journalist is not a true professional; and in 1943 the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals not only agreed that the newspaperman is not a professional as defined by the administrator but is not a professional within the accepted meaning of the term. (Sun Publishing Co. vs. Walling, 140 F (2nd) 445 cert. denied 322 U. S. 728). The court said:

> "The Act exempts those engaged in professional employment and the Administrator requires that to qualify as professional an employe's work must be of a nature usually prepared for by a long course of specialized training and must carry a salary of at least $200 per month. The court rejected opinion evidence that reporters and editors are professional workers, and it is contended that this regulation also was arbitrary or capricious. It was, however, shown, and it is perhaps, common knowledge, that few newspaper employes are graduates of specialized schools of journalism. Newspaper reporters have not generally been recognized as members of the learned professions; we know of no state that requires of them an examination for competency, or license to practice; and there are editors of long experience and trained judgment who, agreeing that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' likewise believe that the only practical school of journalism is the newspaper office."

In the four years which have elapsed since the Sun decision, the newspaper writer certainly has not achieved recognized professional status.

Unless and until the publishers, the public, and the courts accord recognition to newspapermen in the full sense of the term "professional," the publishers' perennial plea for "professional" exemptions is without merit. The purpose of the proposal is solely to remove legislative protection and make the newspaper employe more subject to the whims of the employer.

"Journalism Is a Profession" —Frank Luther Mott

From Statement of Dean Mott Before the Wage-Hour Division, Jan. 13

The only sound and realistic method of ascertaining whether a given calling is to any large degree professional in any of its phases is to analyze it, particularly as to (a) its social services, (b) the preparation of its practitioners, and (c) its codes of ethics. This, I propose to do, in summary, with regard to the calling of journalism.

Service. Newspapers perform an inestimable service to the American political system. In any democratic system, the people must be informed of current events and situations. This is a basic and fundamental necessity in democratic government. Early in his public life, Jefferson wrote these words: "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the first object should be to keep that right; and if it were left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive those papers, and be capable of reading them." Later Jefferson wrote, regarding the newspaper press: "This formidable censor of the public functionaries, by arraigning them at the tribunal of public opinion, produces reform peaceably, which must otherwise be done by revolution." And at the very end of his life, he wrote: "The press . . . is also the best instrument for enlightening the mind, and improving him as a rational, moral, and social being." I quote Jefferson at so much length because he has expressed these objectives of the press more succinctly and withal more eloquently than any other writer; but I could also quote many contemporary writers to the same effect, for the principle is sound and unavoidable and continuing. And in view of this principle of the necessity of the press in the democratic system, the journalistic calling is a very high one.

Preparation. It is expected that the members of a profession should be properly prepared, by training and study, for the practice of their chosen calling. It must be admitted that for many years journalists were not properly educated; the same is true, of course, of members of the other professions. Since 1870, however, publishers have tended more and more to employ educated men for editorial positions. Dana's **New York Sun** set an impressive example in the decade of the seventies, and its example was widely followed in this as in other respects. College or university degrees came increasingly to be regarded as prerequisites for good positions on news and editorial staffs of the better newspapers.

Forty years ago schools of journalism came into the picture. The object of these schools was, in general, so to correlate the educational programs of its students as to prepare them to become good journalists, fully cognizant of their responsibilities and opportunities. During the years 1915-1930 some schools, by emphasis on technical courses, veered too much toward the merely vocational; but in the standard schools today from three-fourths to four-fifths of the work for a degree is in the liberal arts—courses in the social sciences, the humanities, etc. There is room for technical courses, as in the curricula of other professions. This is especially true in the five-year curricula, and an increasing number of journalism students in the leading schools are taking five years of university preparation. The standard schools have done significant and successful work in this field of education, and many hundreds of their graduates are now filling important posts in the active journalism of America. Any careful student of the history of modern journalism is forced to note an increased awareness of social responsibility in the newspaper field in the past twenty years, and certainly much of this increase is due to the infiltration of journalism graduates into newspaper staffs.

Today the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Inland Daily Press Association, the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association, and the National Editorial Association—the leading newspaper organizations—work in close cooperation with the national organizations of the schools of journalism. A joint board known as the American Council on Education for Journalism comprises representatives of all these associations and is a very active factor in this field of education. Currently an accreditation program financed by the Carnegie Foundation and all the organizations just named is revising the list of accredited schools on the basis of the best educational standards.

In short, education, whether in a journalism school or a liberal arts college, has come to be regarded as a necessity for the newspaper man employed on the news and editorial side of a newspaper, in its advertising department, and in management.

Ethics. Statements of ethical principles in the practice of individual newspapers were common from the first appearance of the press in America. Many states and regions had press associations by the middle of the nineteenth century, and these associations commonly adopted codes of ethics.

In 1923 the American Society of Newspaper Editors was organized, and at once adopted an ethical code which has become the best known and most widely accepted statement. It lists seven canons, succinctly outlining the "sound practice and just aspirations" of journalism under the headings of Responsibility, Freedom of the Press, Independence, Truthfulness and Accuracy, Impartiality, Fair Play, and Decency.

As in every profession, a code of ethics is of value only when observed. Every profession has members who are unfaithful to its best principles. Journalism is different from other professions in that its record is blazoned to the public every day; there is far less opportunity for the concealment of its sins than in other professions. But the respect for journalistic ethics in the actual practice of respectable newspapers is beyond question.

Finally, two matters remain to be discussed in this summary statement. First, it is sometimes said that a calling cannot be labeled a profession unless its members are licensed and their licenses are revocable in case of bad behavior. This is manifestly impossible in the journalism of a free country since such authority for licensing is notoriously dangerous to liberty of the press. But there is no proper basis for such a principle anyway. Licensing and revocation are at best weak props for an ethical code, as has been frequently demonstrated in the professions where they are employed.

The conclusion seems clear that journalism, including the writing and editing of newspapers and the management of them (with advertising, an integral part of the newspaper), is a profession. Its title to that dignity rests on its services to government and society in general, and on the preparation generally required for it, and on its codes of ethical principles.

"I'D RATHER BE PUNK THAN PINK"

by Ernest H. Linford

For decades the West and South have lamented that their resources and sweat have contributed so much to the great stocks of wealth in the East, whence come the generous bequests and public memorials. The plaintive indictments against the corporate East are as old as the beginnings of capitalism and the rise of the city. Little can be said today which was not included in the bill of complaints of the various agrarian revolts and other uprisings against exploitation. Similar revolts occurred in colonial times against greedy commercial interests of Mother England, and in the 14th century Europe against feudalism.

A revival of published irritation recently has told the old story of discriminatory freight rates, the financial dictatorship of Wall street, monopolies resting on patents, the easy alliance between politicians and business. As in the past, in bad times, when people have lost patience with their brash exploiters, there have been indignant voices raised in Congress, to the ICC and to the courts. Most everyone has agreed that it is indeed a shame!

Eastern corporations still block industrialization outside their favored regions, to the detriment of the West and South and the economy of the entire nation. Freight rates are so rigged that the East may trasport raw materials from "colonized" regions at low rates and at the same time discourage all attempts to ship finished products from them to the East. The potentially great cities of Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle and Fort Worth are in many respects branches or "subcapitals" of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis. Hired men there take orders from absentee lords who make the rules, prescribe what may be made and sold, in what quantities, and the prices to be charged. "Individualists" who choke at the thought of wearing military uniforms in peacetime, don the livery of Big Business and submit to regimentation that compares closely to that of the army.

The situation is oversimplified here, of course, but the essentials of the complex picture are fairly well known to most newspapermen the country over.

Ernest H. Linford is editor of the Laramie Republican-Boomerang. A Nieman Fellow in 1946-7, he wrote of the pitfalls of "Crusading in a Small Town" in the February Nieman Reports.

What can the newspaper editors in the "colonized" regions do about the situation? We can ascertain how extensive the bondage is and where it applies. We should determine where our real interests lie and those of our neighbors and fellow-townsmen. Are we to stay tied to the coat-tails of gigantic monopolies or can we nurse local and regional industries to help build them into profitable enterprises?

Practically everyone agrees that monopoly is a bad thing, but like the weather, we do nothing about it. The federal trade commission reported recently that since 1940 some 12,000 companies have been swallowed by big corporations. Some of these were newspapers. Big Business means Big Labor unions and Big Government. Free enterprise and individualism are crushed among the three gargantuas.

Too many people follow the reasoning carried in the ads, plugged on the radio and advanced in the articles in the "slick" magazines. These have the central theme of free enterprise and individualism, but underlying them lurk the ancient half-truths and untruths built through the years to conceal or excuse inequality and economic privilege.

We are proud of free enterprise and individualism to the point of cockiness. But how free are we? How much of our determination to live unshackled is subtly channeled into following the "line" adroitly drawn by a highly-paid corporate propagandist? The potent opiate dropped into our breakfast coffee is so well blended with the bean that we are unaware of its presence. We decry governmental bureaucracy while we bow to the whims of Wall street bureaucrats. Too often we think the way our overlords think, and want us to think, telling ourselves and others that what is good for Business is good also for all of us. Whose business? We are being quietly and cunningly exploited, meantime, like Charley McCarthy, parroting the propaganda carefully worked out for stolid resistance to any change in the status quo.

Wall street, though it has become the symbol, is not alone in the exploitation. Its allies and subsidiaries too often are community chambers of commerce and various local protective and civic associations. In the West are the large and powerful livestock organizations, frequently Big Business in themselves, which employ a few tricks new even to Wall street. Doubtless there are counterparts in every region and community.

The question should be asked repeatedly: Do the siren songs of the pressure groups, do the heaps of propaganda piling up on the editors' desks represent the best interest of the majority or the few?

Many an organization, worthy in purpose at the outset, has been taken over by the well-known method of infiltration, by representatives of the "interests." Today their names belie their aims. Agriculture, for example, is the backbone of many regions of the country. It is of primary importance to the nation and the world to keep it healthy and solvent. It is necessary, therefore, to bring into the regions industries to balance the economy. Yet time and time again farm organizations join forces with corporate interests to make the way easier for Big Business. The Farm Bureau can be as reactionary as the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and is often its bedfellow.

Because it is politically expedient or the thing to do, country editors join politicians and small business friends in fighting government regulations which break the strangle-hold of Big Business. Governmental regimentation is undesirable, but corporate regimentation can be worse. The gigantic corporations, as a rule, have no responsibility to the people, not even to their own stockholders (now called "investors.") We cannot vote out the president and board of directors of a many-headed monopoly at the November election.

At times it takes more than courage to buck the current. Defending the government is not a popular pastime. It is easier and we gain more readers by criticism and invective. Some newspapers have been ruined because their editors were more interested in Man than manna.. Heart and health have been broken while fighting "the interests," even in a small town. It may mean breaking with our best friends and the "community leaders." The man for instance, who wields the gavel at the luncheon club or lodge meeting, who is president of the school board or city council or a member of the state legislature, may be the paid representative of the Corporation. And his subtle job is to keep things on an even keel so there will be no great demand for a change. He exudes geniality, sociability and public-spiritedness. He devotes hours to committee meet-

ings for better playgrounds and community projects. He may be the only one who has the talent or will take the time to head a campaign for Community Chest or welfare funds. More often than not he is a sincere guy who has the town's interests at heart.. We wonder how we got along without him. But he thinks as his employers do and his convictions as to the best interests of the town may be open to challenge. He may not realize that he is influenced so greatly by his New York bosses but nevertheless he is paid in part because he can keep things under control. Consciously or unconsciously, he is a superb public relations man. Refusing to go along with him is as difficult as breaking with your own brother.

When an editor takes a stand which the conservative interests of the community oppose he sometimes runs into financial troubles. Chain store managers may treat him coldly, hinting delicately that their advertising budgets are heavier than they need be. But if the editor stands his ground, talking over the situation with the resident manager, he may show that his campaign isn't against the chains. They are a small part of the total picture. Actually the economic good they have accomplished offsets much of the bad.

The editor must keep in mind the total picture. Our communities can keep their chain stores, branch factories, public services and agencies of the big corporations, but they must have additional LOCAL development. We must be permitted to manufacture and fabricate some of our own national resources.

EDITORS' mailboxes are crammed daily with what dispensers of business propaganda like to call "publicity." Much of it is done up fetchingly. Some of the keenest minds in the profession today receive high salaries to write and dress up the stuff. Fortunately most newspapermen are far too busy and too sharp to pay attention to the material and it is "filed" in the wastebasket where it belongs. But occasionally the pernicious releases get an editor's attention. He may lack time to write the day's editorials, his shears find nothing pregnant in the exchanges, so after a quick run through the clip sheets, he hands the linotype operator a "canned" editorial of lofty words and quick phrases. Or the town's "leading citizen" brings in the write-up, praising its logic and good sense. The newspaper man expeditiously and accommodatingly fills a hole with it. There are fine mats which dress up a paper with eye-catching "cheesecake." Propaganda in this type of windfall is both brash and ingenious. It is very effective!

Even propaganda-wise editors can be played for suckers. Some of the syndicated material we buy is loaded with discerning sermons for the "interests" benefit. Unhappily, a large number of customers want it that way. Such opuses are generously sprinkled with cherished time-worn phrasers such as "the American way," "private enterprise" (lately remodeled into private management), "individuality," "freedom of thought and action," "state's rights" and "governmental regimentation."

A weekly clip sheet regularly goes to editors' desks all over the land. Backed by a high-sounding name and statement of purpose, beautifully done, it is so well presented that a harried editor may think he is fortunate to get this service without cost. But the sprightly paragraphs praise the better life through "adjusting" the "destructive" taxes or the relaxing of certain governmental controls. (An example of playing the press for a sucker was employed in the late lamented campaign to kill the OPA.) Or the piece may glowingly stress the advantage of a wonderful country where General Foods, General Mills, General Motors and General Business have a free hand.

CONGRESSMEN are acutely sensitive to comments and opinion in their home papers. The "independent" papers which serve and presumably come from the "grass roots" have the medium and a unique, continuing oportunity to offer congressional representatives the guidance so sorely needed. A casual observer would think there could be developed the real voice of the people unshackled by the chains of Big Business. But actually the "grass roots" press shows itself as no freer, no more independent than the metropolitan press. A majority of the weekly papers use the services of a gigantic syndicate owned by the wealthy "boiler plate king" who is proprietor of a chain of dailies and four radio stations and other media. Many weeklies buy from the syndicate ready-print pages containing both advertising and straight matter furnished by the syndicate. Morris Ernst calls this block booking of contents and ads "probably one of the most insidious and disastrous marriages in our entire economy, doubly pernicious because the dual deal is not disclosed to the readers."

Recently a state newspaper convention was addressed by an earnest professional man. Accurately and frankly he pointed out that the press of today is not measuring up to its tremendous responsibilities. At the end of his speech the crowd dispersed without even one editor thanking him for traveling many miles to address the group. A small town publisher was heard to mutter smugly, "I'd rather be punk than pink." The comment won guffaws and became the byword of the convention, repeated over the bourbons and sodas. The region served by the wise-cracking editor is bled by a giant corporation which systematically siphons off the rich raw materials. The town shares little from its great resources which are processed in a big city many miles away. Independent stores there have almost vanished. The business district is small and pallid. The streets are in a bad state of repair and a park and recreation center are sorely needed. But under the leadership of its editor and politicians, this community's progress is held under a ceiling while flying the banner, "I'd rather be punk than pink."

The tragedy of the little fellow voting himself down the river repeatedly for the benefit of his exploiters is well known to those few whose minds and eyes are open. The people in a position to dissolve the mist to reveal the true picture are often too partisan, blind, or greedy to do so.

The metropolitan press of the nation is being flayed currently for failure to live up to its responsibilities. But the country press is failing too, for less obvious reason. Instead of clipping the insidious "canned" propaganda from NAM or the syndicates, the publishers of the nation need to open their minds, take a long look, and then publish the whole truth.

Linford to Salt Lake City

After ten years as editor of the Laramie Republican-Boomerang, Ernest H. Linford has moved over to the Salt Lake City Tribune as editorial writer, starting April 1. His Laramie publisher, in supporting him for a Nieman Fellowship in 1946, said:

"At the time he became editor of the paper it was a lifeless paper with little influence or personality. The circulation was low. Mr. Linford immediately took over the entire news desk, editing the wire and local copy and supervising the makeup and in addition took full charge of the editorial column. He made the editorial page one of the most thoughtful and readable in the region. Under his leadership the circulation gradually increased to the highest figure in its history."

A Smear and Its Retraction

In parallel columns below is the record of an extraordinary smear and a complete retraction, in the New York Sun. David F. Cavers, who was smeared by the Sun, is a professor in the Harvard Law School and he didn't intend to take a slanderous newspaper story lying down. The extraction of the retraction from the Sun was a protracted process so that the correction of the story came seven weeks after the original. Prof. Cavers credits the result to the skill of Gen. Edward S. Greenbaum and Harold H. Stern of the law firm of Greenbaum, Stern & Ernst, who undertook to represent Cavers and the editors of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists on a "public service" basis.

Prof. Cavers had written an article for the Bulletin proposing a novel and striking solution to the atomic bomb problem. In reporting Cavers' proposal, the Sun reporter went to the records of the Thomas Committee on un-American Activities and came up with "information" on which he identified Cavers and also an editor of the Bulletin with what he described as "Communist-controlled" organizations.

THE SMEAR

Calls for Razing of Atom Plants

(Special to the New York Sun—Washington, October 7. The New York Sun Bureau)

Destruction of all American atomic power plants, including the vast Oak Ridge works, is advocated by David F. Cavers, professor of law at Harvard University, in the latest issue of the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists.

Cavers, former associate general counsel for the Office of Price Administration, is a member of the Lawyers Guild, according to the records of the Thomas Committee on un-American Activities. Numerous high Government officials have testified that the Lawyers Guild is Communist controlled.

One of the editors of the Atomic Scientists' Bulletin, Alice Smith, is a vice-president of the C.I.O. Electrical Workers' Union. She also lectured at the Communist-controlled Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago, according to a school pamphlet issued in 1943. In addition, she is a staunch defender of the Communists, having expressed her opposition to what she termed red-baiting and attacks against the Communists, published reports in Red publications indicate.

Destruction of existing atomic energy plants, Cavers asserts, would simplify the problem of getting the Russian agreement on effective control of atomic energy. He said it would also save the United States more than a billion dollars a year in armaments costs. Cavers writes that he would be willing to have continued in operation the small plants needed to produce fissionable materials in quantities sufficient to supply all the world's scientific and medicinal needs. —N. Y. Sun, Oct. 7.

THE RETRACTION

Story On Atom Plants Corrected

In an article published in the Sun on October 7, 1947, comment was made on an article by David F. Cavers, professor of law at Harvard University, which was published in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists for October. The Sun article contained certain errors of fact that may have created misleading impressions concerning the Bulletin article, its author and the editors of the Bulletin which the Sun is glad to correct.

The Sun article indicated that Professor Cavers in the published articles had advocated the demolition of our atomic plants before an effective international control plan had been put into operation.

The fact is that Professor Cavers' article, while advocating the demolition of our plants for producing nuclear fuels, recommended that this action be taken only after an effective international control plan had been established.

The Sun article of October 7 included statements concerning Professor Cavers and the assistant editor of the Bulletin, Alice Smith, linking them with organizations characterized in the Sun article as under Communist domination. In fact they are not associated with these organizations. Professor Cavers is not, as was stated in the Sun article, a member of the National Lawyers Guild, having resigned in 1940. Alice Smith, assistant editor of the Bulletin, contrary to statements in the Sun article, is not a vice-president of the C. I. O. Electrical Workers-Union, nor has she ever been a member; she has not been a lecturer at a Communist-controlled school in Chicago, nor has she ever been connected with it, nor is she a defender of the Communists.

The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists is the monthly publication of the Atomic Scientists of Chicago, an organization that includes many scientists who have been or now are actively engaged in atomic research for the United States government. The Bulletin is supported by a grant from the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists of which Albert Einstein is chairman.

Professor Cavers today stated his position concerning the international control of atomic energy as follows: "Atomic energy should be confined to its research and medical uses until world relations have greatly improved. The militarily dangerous large-scale atomic fuel plants should be forbidden, but, as my article explicitly states, our own atomic fuel plants should be abolished only after an international agency had established effective control. I believe that the United States should not even be exposed to the dangers that would arise if the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission were adopted and, in accordance with its principle of 'strategic balance,' a large plant for the production of nuclear fuels, and hence of atomic explosives, were erected in Russia."— Dec. 26.

THE VICTIM MAKES A POINT

A Letter from Prof. Cavers

A troublesome problem suggested by my recent experience with the New York Sun is whether reporters should have access to the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The New York Sun's Washington Bureau based its incorrect statement that I was then a member of the National Lawyers Guild on information from the "records of the Thomas Committee on Un-American Activities." It seems likely that the same source supplied the wholly erroneous report that Miss Alice Smith, Assistant Editor of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, was a lecturer in a Communist school and a defender of Communists.

Investigations by the staff of the Committee on Un-American Activities must in-

evitably result in the accumulation in its files of a mass of unverified and often unverifiable rumor and gossip, much of it defamatory in character. To make this misinformation available to the public generally would simply multiply the Committee's opportunities for mischief-making. It is fortunate, therefore, that the files are not open to the public.

Since the files are closed and the Committee did not issue a release conveying the misinformation here in question, the Sun's Washington Bureau must, in the absence of a "leak," have obtained it either directly from a Committee member or from some other Congressman who had secured it personally. I am told that any Congressman may secure information in the Committee's files without action by the Committee.

The rule permitting this means that the reputation of any one of the many citizens for whom the Committee has dossiers can be damaged, perhaps irretrievably, by the collaboration of a smear-bent reporter with a too-obliging Congressman or of a mud-slinging Congressman with a too-obliging reporter. Needless to say. the synthetic scoops thus fabricated can also be detrimental to more conscientious reporters.

My own experience is not unique, nor is the hazard confined to Washington. Recently a member of the Massachusetts Executive Council opposed the Governor's promotion of an outstanding lower court judge, a member of a distinguished Boston family, on the ground of un-American activities. According to the Boston Herald of January 21, 1948, a report included in the ammunition which the Councilman had assembled for the assault was labelled "Information from the Files of the Committee on un-American Activities." Apparently, the service is nation-wide.

These considerations point to the need for a firm rule by the Committee forbidding the release of information held by it except in connection with formal proceedings under the "Loyalty Order" or upon formal action by the Committee. Perhaps a better means to the same end would be to abolish both the Committee and its files.

DAVID F. CAVERS
Harvard Law School

Reviews--

R x D x 100 = How MUCH They Read?

The business of polling the cash customers to find out what they read in their newspaper is old hat now. Most newspapermen know about the polls, and know, in general, what they prove. Such as that nothing draws, day in and day out, like "Blondie." And that a good local story is hard to beat.

Most of us are satisfied, too, that the pollers have got their slide rules perfected to the place where their results must be taken seriously.

But maybe we've been taking them a little too seriously. They're good as far as they go—but do they go far enough?

A man out at the University of Illinois didn't think so. His name is Wilbur Schramm, and he is Director of the Institute of Communications Research at Urbana. He tried something new in readership surveys, and came up with some new answers.

I don't claim the man is an Einstein, but his formula—R times D times 100—may be the Einsteinian E equals MC of the readership survey.

Until Dr. Schramm came along, all the poll takers did much the same thing. They put the paper in front of a specimen and asked: "Did you read this? . . . Did you read this? . . . Did you read this?"

Dr. Schramm asked them: **"How much of this did you read?"** and he came up with some new answers.

For instance, the readership polls always showed that if you break a story off the front page you lose about half of your readers. Not exactly true, says Dr. Schramm; you've lost most of them before you get to the break.

After trying his new test on sample readers of a big city daily, a small city daily and a country weekly, Dr. Schramm reported his tentative conclusions in the **Journalism Quarterly.** Here's what he reported:

In so far as the results of this study are representative, they seem to mean that:

1. **A news story loses readers rapidly in the first few paragraphs.** Thereafter, the curve of the loss flattens out. If the reader gets past the lead and the first few additional facts, he is a good bet to finish the story.

On the average, a story loses five per cent of its readers after the first paragraph; another five per cent at the end of second paragraph. Two out of 10 readers who begin a story will fall out by the fifth paragraph.

The rate of loss is higher for large dailies, lower for weeklies. For example, only four out of 10 readers who begin a story in a large daily ordinarily get as far as the tenth paragraph.

2. **The smaller the paper and the less its frequency up to once a week, the more likely it is to hold readers throughout a story.** A weekly appears to hold its readers better than a daily, a small daily better than a large daily. A weekly will lose one out of 10 readers in the first five paragraphs; a small daily, two out of ten. But a large city daily will lose half its readers by the sixth paragraph.

3. **In general, the longer the story, the smaller proportion of it is likely to be read, and the faster it loses readers.** A story nine paragraphs long will lose three out of 10 readers by the fifth paragraph; a shorter story will lose only two.

4. **The average individual seems to read between a third and a fourth of the total news content of a paper.** If he reads a weekly, he reads, on the average, about twice as large a proportion of the news content as he would read in a daily.

5. **High initial readership is no guarantee that readers will stay longer with the story or read a larger proportion of it.**

6. **Greater stylistic readability (as measured by the Flesch—"The Art of Plain Talk"—formula) seems to encourage greater reading.**

7. **A feature style story seems to hold readers better than a straight news (inverted pyramid) type of story.**

8. **Skipping a story to another page is not so bad for readership as has commonly been supposed.** Most of the readers who are going to leave the story have already left by the time they come to the skip. A skip seems to lose about one third of the readers**who are still reading** when they come to the skip.

9. **There is enough evidence in this study to warrant re-examining the use of sub-heads, bold-face paragraphs, and stars to break up a story.** There is some indication that these devices actually operate as convenient signs of stopping places.

10. The formula R x D x 100 (in which R is initial readership, D is average depth of readership) seems to provide the most accurate index of news reading yet available, and suggests further study.

WM. M. PINKERTON.

Reviews--

"A HABIT THAT WAS HANDED DOWN"

Imperial Journalism: Moberly Bell and His Fight to Save The London Times

HISTORY Of The LONDON TIMES: The 20th Century Test (1884-1912). Macmillan Co., N. Y. 862 pp. $6.50.

When Northcliffe, by elaborately concealing his identity, obtained control of the London Times in 1908, his first complaint of the editor of that august paper was that he daily opened all the editorial mail with his thumb. Northcliffe added that the Times hadn't had a piece of news in 50 years and when it had any it handled it on the maxim that news like wine improves by keeping. That was not the way he had brought the Daily Mail to a million circulation and become himself the First Press Lord. Yet he had coveted the Times with its 37,000 more than the Mail with its million. The 37,000 were all the right people, always had been through the century and a half of Times history, entwined as it was with the history of British Imperialism and its eager instrument. At times it was uncertain whether the Times was the voice of the Government or Government policy a mere echo of Times views. Yet Northcliffe was never really to reach the Times readers.

Northcliffe saved the Times from bankruptcy. But the Times editors by their stubborn jealous custody of its institutional character saved the Times from Northcliffe. The struggle of Moberly Bell, the manager at the turn of the century, to save the Times as it met the crisis of modern competition is one of the great stories of journalism, and here greatly told by historians who remain, in Times character, anonymous.

To newspapermen, the fight to save the Times, against all the internal and external factors that seemed to insure its destruction, is the essence of this most fascinating of all journalistic histories. But beyond that it is a rich chunk of the inside history of British imperialism in its most Kiplingesque outcroppings. For the Times paced the policy of that imperialism. For a generation it was the key of German policy to send ambassadors to capitals of Europe who could cope with the Times correspondent, usually a more formidable foe than the British Foreign Office. Times editors often retired to the Foreign Office. Humorless and old fashioned, but the best informed group of men on earth, the Times editors at the end of the century cared nothing for sensationalism, but everything for the last bit of exact information. "In the use of material, the foreign editor took into account first the diplomatic effect of a dispatch, second its value as news. He had in mind rather its effect upon statesmen, British and foreign, than on the world at large."

Moberly Bell himself was a co-conspirator in Jameson's Raid that set off the Boer War. His understanding with Cecil Rhodes was that he was not to start it on a Saturday for the Times had no Sunday edition. The Times pushed Gladstone's anti-imperialist government into sending Gordon to Khartoum and then when he was hopelessly involved there, to send a relief force. Its own correspondent was one of the two Englishmen with Gordon, and died with him. His dispatches were not merely exclusive, they were all the information the British public or government had for many crucial months on a situation strategic to British policy.

"The paper's policy towards Gordon and the Sudan sprang from its belief in the general desirability of the expansion of the British Empire." It was Bell who engineered the Egyptian adventure, from Cairo.

The Times always knew more than it printed and rationed its disclosures to what it felt in the interest of sound public policy. It had also its innate restraints. When Queen Victoria was so indiscreet as to send an uncoded telegram to the Paris embassy expressing her horror at the verdict against Dreyfuss, the Times colorful, incredible de Blowitz got hold of it and triumphantly sent it. But the Times suppressed it. It was bound to leak out and it did. But "what we felt we could not do was to take the initiative of giving publicity to a private communication of the Queen."

Everything about the Times of the period when Moberly Bell took charge, 1889, was incredible, including its very existence. In the 18th century the Times was started as a means of advertising a printing business of one Walter. Thereafter there was always a Walter as chief proprietor. But the Walter family by the third generation had become the languid but acquisitive collectors of profits from a paper that was a subsidiary and supporter of an obsolete print shop whose fat profits were gained by bleeding and starving the greatest journalistic enterprise in the world. The end result was that the feudal Walter family lost control of the whole works to an uppity yellow journalist whose papers they despised—Northcliffe.

The British ruling class had learned to take in the Times by the Battle of Waterloo which upped its circulation. By midcentury under the great Barnes and Delane it had attained its journalistic pinnacle and 70,000 circulation. It was after Delane that it ran to erudition, diplomacy and ponderosity. The institutional character of the paper was firmly set by 1884 when this history opens. Its audience by then had defined itself: "Reading the Times was more than a habit; it was a habit that had been handed down." The editors asked themselves not so much what their own convictions were as "What should the Times say?"

John Walter III, in his last years as the story opens, had survived from the great days of Delane. "The passage of two score years had deepened his sense of trusteeship. The Times so long as he was alive would never depart from the old ways. Nor was it necessary for him to intervene directly. The staff were in full sympathy with his desire to maintain the old standards. Walter was happy to be ruled by the custom of the office and he was happy that the Editor should accept the same rule. Thus after 37 years service the chief proprietor relied confidently on the influence that work in the atmosphere of Printing House Square exercised over his own mind and over the servants of the paper. It was upon this influence that George Earle Buckle, the editor, (1884-1912) relied for his inspiration during a period of 30 years that embraced the most profound of issues, domestic and foreign."

There is a kind of obsolete magnificence about this. And about the instructions that Foreign Editor Donald MacKenzie Wallace gave to his correspondent in Turkey: "If you do your duty you will not satisfy the authorities. Already I have received complaints about your dispatches and I have replied that I do not believe any man with the independence of judgment requisite in a Times correspondent can possibly satisfy the authorities."

Into this impenetrable atmosphere in 1889 came a new man with new vigor, to save the Times. Moberly Bell, Egyptian born, British educated, had been a Times correspondent first as a pleasant side line from his banking. He was weaned away from the banking house in Cairo to become Times manager and to stand between the academic editors and the dilettante proprietor—a massive man with the imperial reach of a Rhodes, an intellect capable of reorganizing and keeping in close touch with the far-flung foreign correspondent system on which the Times was based, a meticulous man who kept all the accounts of the Times in his own hand ledger and wrote all his voluminous correspondence by hand, disdaining typewriter and secretary, except for filing. The sanctum of his editors was inviolable and he left them alone. They resisted the use of the telephone, even to the Paris office, in the 20th century. Wallace would have none of de Blowitz' beats by phone. He'd rather have them late and accurate, and you feel sure the two were synonymous with him. He was suspicious of scoops and tended to hold them until he could send a man over to investigate. The makeup was left to the printer who suited his convenience. None of this would Bell change, nor consider any tampering with the standard of the paper. But he re-energized its foreign staff, and recognizing that a subsidy must be found to maintain the paper, set out successfully to create one—by publishing books to make up the deficit.

Bell had his troubles with some of Wallace's erudite correspondents. A classic instance was an expense account from the Balkans correspondent in 1904 for two dispatches filed in 1893 and 1894. He had lost the keys to his desk drawers. Bell was sure that nobody was interested in the Balkans—his own imperial concepts stretched through the length of Africa and Asia. "As a rule the British public only care for one thing at once and two things in the Balkans would be more than they could stand" he said, refusing an assistant to the Balkans correspondent.

The Times reached a peak of prestige on the Sudan issue. Then in a few years it lost it. Lost in a piece of bad judgment. Fighting Parnellism and Home Rule for Ireland, they bought some letters that seemed to show Parnell involved in the political murder ring then operating in Ireland. The resulting legal action was costly, and the space it took dutifully to print all the evidence against it cost the Times the chance to print news just as the new penny press was becoming real competition. But that was not all. "The mid-Victorian legend about the inerrancy of the Times was exploded. Something of the awe of Holy Writ which had clung to its columns now faded away. The Times had been deceived and might be deceived again." This deepened the crisis for the 20th century test of the new competition the Times was organically, temperamentally and financially unequipped to meet. The archaism of the paper was well illustrated by its first brush with American journalism.

The occasion was the peace treaty of Portsmouth where Theodore Roosevelt refereed between Japan and Russia. It was attended on behalf of the Times by its great Far Eastern correspondent, Morrison, by Smalley from Washington and by Wallace the foreign editor, who bore messages from King Edward for President Roosevelt and the Russian ambassador. But he might as well have stayed at home as he was soon complaining. Smalley, though British, had been a dozen years in America and had become Americanized in his news sense. He played it for the news and having control of the telegraph because it was in his territory, he disregarded the daily views of his senior colleagues to cable what his excellent pipelines were yielding. As the Russians proved the most communicative, he played their line. This mightily confused the ever watchful Germans who detected a shift, as it appeared, in Times policy. Wallace protested but Smalley was scoring beats and Bell was selling the service in New York.

The Times survived that Americanism, and it is to be noted that Bell alone of the office appreciated its value. But his other American venture precipitated a crisis. Bell had found the Times losing money and was convinced it must continue to lose it if it was to keep its character. He was determined to find a subsidy that would not cost its independence. He brought out an atlas in 1896 with modest success. Two American publishers, Horace E. Hooper and W. M. Jackson, saw in this a chance for a larger enterprise. They were specialists in a kind of publishing unknown in England—that of buying up plates of expensive works and bringing out cheap editions. They persuaded Bell to reprints of the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica. When Bell said it was out of date they had a scheme for supplements which involved Times staff experts to write the articles. They went on from that to a Century Dictionary, two gazeteers, a history and a book club. For a decade the profits of the book ventures made dividends instead of deficits for the Times. Bell seemed to have solved his problem.

But it ended in a revolt of the small proprietors, descendants of collateral relatives of Walter. Minority shareholders, with no influence in the management, they had exercised their prerogative of bickering and badgering for many years. A real issue was the relation of the paper to the printing firm, but a final irritation was the venture into books, and its American connection. The printing company, parent of the Times, was the property solely of the Walter family. The small proprietors' shares were only in the Times. The Walters ran the printing company like a pre-Roosevelt holding company. It charged the Times peak rates regardless of the paper's earnings and it ran the print shop regardless of the paper's typographical needs until by absentee control the printing house became a junk shop of obsolete type faces and antiquated machines. But it was still taking $150,000 a year from the Times even though the paper was on the ragged edge of bankruptcy.

The stubbornness of the Walters went on until the most vindictive of their relatives got them into court with a formidable case. When this seemed approaching settlement the cousins and aunts rebelled anew over the book sideline with its American enterprise. This though the books were making $100,000 a year while the Times was losing $80,000.

This insanity impelled Bell and the Americans to propose to Walter to let Hooper and Jackson buy out the small proprietors. But they were rejected by a faction that wanted to oust Walter and Bell too. Finally in desperation Walter made a deal with one of the most successful of the new newspaper publishers, Arthur Pearson, to take over the Times. To the Times editors this was the ultimate surrender. They despaired. All but Bell. He schemed and labored and negotiated with men of money all over England and by the most resourceful and even devious means, he defeated the Pearson deal. It meant defeating his own chief proprietor as well as all the litigious relatives. It meant, in a final recourse of desperation, bringing in Northcliffe. This was so far more shocking than the Pearson deal that Bell had to conceal it even from the court. It was as "Mr. X" that Northcliffe bid $1,700,000 and got the Times.

The rest of the story is a last ditch struggle to the death—literally so for Moberly Bell—to keep Northcliffe from using the Times for his own shifting political feuds. Bell had deluded himself that he could control Northcliffe. He served as shock absorber for three years of increasing pressre by the outside proprietor. The

Reviews--

issues are meaningless today but in 1911 they spelled to Times editors issues of independence and integrity. Bell carried the whole load and kept the editors, even Walter himself—still nominal director—from ever knowing the completeness of control Northcliffe had wrung from him in his desperate need. Northcliffe wore him down under an avalanche of daily directives and demands, a calculated pressure to exhaust the old man. Bell died at his desk at 61 as he finished a letter urging his colleagues to go along with one more compromise which he argued was not yet vital to principle. With Bell gone, Northcliffe moved fast to force out Buckle as editor and to introduce modernization that was to bring the Times to 200,000 circulation. But the young men who succeeded the old never yielded on the essential issue of the continuity and character of the Times. Geoffrey Dawson was to resign the editorship a decade later on the same issue. The final salvation came after Northcliffe's death in 1923 when another Walter with Maj. J. J. Astor steered the Times into the protection of a unique form of trusteeship against external control. But that is beyond the bounds of this history which closes in the crisis of 1912.

Moberly Bell died a defeated and deluded man. But there is a grandeur about his delusion and a nobility in his defeat that rises above the involved imperialism, the obsolete methods and the feudal exploitation of the Times. Here you had a great institution whose people grew old or old fashioned and its arteries hardened just as new competition came in which it could not meet. Yet its standards, though not its techniques, were superior to the new. Its editors were born 30 years too late. Its ownership was feudal, and that defeated the chance of new vigor in the person of Moberly Bell, who was resourceful and able, to meet the change. "It was an article of faith with Bell that the Times must not cease to be the Times." He was defeated first by the antediluvian ownership, then by his own gamble on Northcliffe, a dominating man who would not brook independence. The strain killed Bell. But the magnificent thing is that the fight went on. The institution had the traditions and the men of a stubborn integrity to hold to its character so tenaciously that it weathered the long crisis to survive finally on its own terms.

—Louis M. Lyons

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ENERGY UNLIMITED. By Harry M. Davis, Murray Hill Books, Inc. 273 pp. $4.00.

This is a very useful book and it makes a lot of sense as Harry Davis always does. It is full of clear sound descriptions of the mysteries of atoms, cosmic rays, television, nuclear fission, radar and electronics; intelligible to a high school senior in science, and enlightening to his father. It is well printed, well illustrated, superbly well written, and conveniently organized. It gains much from the buoyant philosophy of the author. The carefully lucid chapters on the Atom Bomb, on Tomorrow's Sources of Energy and on The Changing Concept of the Universe will be a life saver to people whose children expect them to know everything,—or to children whose parents don't know everything.

From the Nieman Scrapbook—

Too Many Experts

by Edwin A. Lahey

Two recent inquiries in the mail disturbed me. One was from a trustee of Dakota Wesleyan College, asking for help in drafting a curriculum for a school of journalism. The other was from a student at Louisiana State University, soliciting advice on labor reporting as a career.

The basic (and irritating) premise in each of these communications is that I am an elder of one of the "learned professions," whereas I am in truth Social Security No. 326-07-7215 on a newspaper payroll, which makes me eligible to sixteen weeks of unemployment compensation if things get tough in the "profession."

On the college side, and to a growing degree in the newspaper offices, the people in our business have been acting like a lot of chiropractors trying to convince themselves that journalism is a profession. I'm afraid this is a bit of intellectual parvenuism. Such an attitude would ignore the ineluctable fact that the history we write is used to wrap lunches and line pantry shelves.

This "professional" concept emanating from the colleges is probably more responsible than any other factor in the development of specialization in reporting, which, I believe has been overdone. The "specialist" reporter is now so well established in the business, however, that it is virtual heresy to say this.

The "specialist" in a newspaper office is an easy prey to pedantry, whether he is writing about labor, finance, science, politics, sociology, religion, or any of the other fields that have become specialized areas for reporters.

It is only a matter of time before the expert becomes dull, because the expert eventually becomes totally immersed in his subject, and loses sight of the wholesome truth that nothing louses up a news report like too many facts.

To the young man at Baton Rouge, intent upon a career as a newspaper "specialist," I would advise that he strive for superficiality of knowledge. To my mind, the good reporter has a decent background in the history of his country, and some awareness of the world about him, but in any specific field of learning, he should be about as deep as a one-pound box of candy.

This freedom from erudition on the part of a reporter makes it much easier on the customer when he takes a hurried glance at the report of the day's events.

That is, if the reporter can be content with expressing an idea or a fact in a simple declarative sentence. This feat is not as easy as it sounds. The simple declarative sentence gets out of hand unexpectedly because of the ever present temptation to write "fancy."

Simplicity in writing also takes a beating in the effort to compress. The Associated Press, our greatest (and also our smuggest) newsgathering agency, has just about destroyed the simple declarative by decorating it with dependent clauses and participial phrases which give the reader the uncomfortable impression that he is taking an intelligence test as he tries to cling to the subject and the predicate of a tortured sentence.—Chicago Daily News

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THREE FOR JOURNALISM

The first story Boston had about the new Harvard football coach came to the Boston Globe from James R. Conant, who recently moved from the Globe staff to Time's Detroit Bureau. He is the older son of President Conant of Harvard, and a graduate of the University of Michigan and the U. S. Navy. Tom Schlesinger, whose story from the Baltimore Sun is in this issue, is on the staff of the Charlotte News, alumnus of Brown and the U. S. Army, the second son of Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger of the Nieman Committee. Richard L. Lyons, a graduate of Wesleyan and the U. S. Marines, completed his first year on the Washington Post with a by-line story from his district in Alexandria. He is the oldest son of the curator of the Nieman Fellowships. These items suggest that the people most responsible for the Nieman Foundation have a personal stake and interest in the future of American journalism.

FROM THE NIEMAN SCRAPBOOK—

John Clark Takes Over

New Owner of Claremont (N.H.) *Daily Eagle* Tells Readers About Himself in His First Editorial

The Eagle and the Egg

About thirty years ago, one Saturday afternoon in the spring, a man walking home from work called to a boy playing in an orchard. As the two fell in step, the father proposed a plan to set up the eight-year-old in the egg business. Twenty laying pullets could be had for a dollar each and a rooster to boot. Whitewash for the old henhouse, new wire for patching, scratch and mash would cost so much—all told, nearly thirty dollars. The sum was beyond the grasp of a boy who earned a penny every time he could be caught to dry dishes.

Such were the first lines of a little chapter which reaches its high point today as the new publisher takes over the **Daily Eagle.** For the thirty dollars was entered in one column of a notebook while every day in an opposite column the boy marked down the number of eggs delivered to his mother—she paid double for double-yolkers. In addition, a monthly credit of two dollars was allowed for carrying the garbage to the hens and, as the weather warmed, a batch of day-old chicks was purchased at a nickel apiece to be similarly "sold" when they grew to broiler size. That fall and for ten or more to come, a grand reckoning was held and the boy went with his father to a cavernous office in a savings bank to count his profits into a little green cloth book.

Yesterday, when the checks were passed which will rob Claremont of the able Lincoln O'Brien and his attractive family and which will (when and if a house can be found) add a fine mother and five new children to the crowd at Monadnock Park, the dog-eared deposit book provided the bottom-most dollars in the deal.

Most of the dollars involved were borrowed, of course. The bulk of them came from a downtown state bank and the rest from a Vermonter, now a lawyer in New York, whose friendship to the above-mentioned father was such that he would back the son in a project which can scarcely promise to pay off quickly. What is more, this backer is content with a minority position in the new Claremont Publishing Company, Inc. Besides the publisher, there is no other stockholder. A community should know such facts about its newspaper.

Naturally, it was a long and twisting road from the henyard in Connecticut to the white building on Sullivan Street. The boy grew up, vacationing with his grandmother in Milford in the southern part of the state. A scholarship sent him to St. Paul's School in Concord and from there he went to Hanover. While a student at Dartmouth, the Claremont picture—as yet untitled—began to take shape: he knew he wanted to try newspapering and to live in the North Country, if possible. However, on striding forth with his bright sheepskin, he found the world of 1932 not quite in a mood to roll over and beg. Accordingly, he did the rolling over.

First, it was a weekly in Connecticut. After two years, he was helped aboard **The Washington Post,** beginning his apprenticeship as church and school editor. After five more years, a fellowship at Harvard popped up and was used largely to wear down a library chair while reading history from Bolivar to Vargas. With no editor clamoring to send him to Latin America, he next hired on as chore-boy for John G. Winant who, at that time director of the International Labor Office, was interested in regions south of the Rio Grande. But the Nazis chose that moment to go to war in earnest and, stranded in Brazil, our hero soon gravitated into the government agency set up in Washington to hold the Latin republics on the Allied side. Catching the war madness after the African landings, he presently found himself scrubbing trays in the steam room at Fort Devens but in the end was shipped about in grand style to England, France and finally Switzerland. Thence, after two years of pestering nearly every newspaper owner in New England, to Claremont.

Assuming it has the patience to wade through such a personal recitation, a community is entitled to know the background of the publisher of its paper. It is also entitled to know his motives. In this case, the story is quite simple. Newspapering being the only trade he knows, the publisher proposes to earn a living by running the **Daily Eagle.** Except for the vanity that lies within anyone who would speak or write for public consumption, there is no other motive—political or otherwise. In earning his living, the publisher will bear in mind that his paper is a monopoly and will try to live up to the consequent responsibility of rendering maximum service at minimum cost. If he appears hard to get along with on occasion, it will probably be at the intervals when he is due to make a payment on his bank loan; bear with him and the passion will pass.

Anson Belding, first publisher of the **Daily Eagle,** declared in his bow that he would promise only what he could "reasonably expect to perform." The new publisher cannot improve on that. With the help of a loyal and energetic staff he will try to present in the best language at his command an accurate and decent summary of the day's events in Claremont, throughout the Valley and, as space permits, from the world at large. In addition, he will make occasional comment on these events. His ideas can not always jibe with those of all his readers especially because he has never voted a straight ticket or entirely agreed with any but one or two social theories. This lays him open to the charge of being a mugwump but also permits him to sleep more soundly at night. When his views rankle too much or when his facts are askew, he will consider it a favor if readers will tell him so, preferably through the adjoining Open Forum column.

—J. McL. C.
Claremont Daily Eagle, Feb. 11

John Clark's editorial is his own biography. He was one of the first group of Nieman Fellows, 1938-39.

BOB DICKSON

Bob Dickson seemed to me to be one of the most youthful men, related to his years, that I ever knew. I thought he would live forever. He is one of the people who really leaves the world of those who knew him just a little less bright, as though one light has gone out that isn't to be replaced. We express condolences over all acquaintances who pass on, but Bob is one of those few about whom everyone will feel it deeply. He entertained the boys by cussing me nightly in the poker games; he was a master at cussing, but he played poker with too much excitability and too little avarice; so he was always cussing.

—Tom Sancton

Letters

Going Up in Quality

Your people have kindly been sending me (as a former faculty counselor, I presume) copies of the Nieman Reports; and I have been reading them with interest. To be quite frank, the first issue was, to me, a disappointment; but they have been going up in quality rapidly and the latest issue I consider to be genuinely superlative. If this sort of performance can be maintained, and I see no reason why it should not be, the Nieman Fellows and the Nieman Reports can become possibly the most constructive force in American journalism—and when I say that I mean also in American democracy of which a free and responsible press is a vital part.

Philip Wernette, President,
University of New Mexico

THOUGHT-PROVOKING

I am enclosing a check in the amount of two dollars ($2.00) for the renewal of my subscription to Nieman Reports.

The Editorial Council has my humble congratulations for the distinctively fine and thought-provoking material in Vol. 1 of 1947.

The clean front-page format of the initial number of Vol. 2 is a distinctly plus move.

Without any notion of what the circulation is, may I suggest Nieman Reports be brought to the attention of more of the profession in newspaper and radio. No working journalist should miss this exclusive quarterly selection of articles.

Frank A. Ziegler
Wire Editor, Gazette & Bulletin
Williamsport, Pa.

TECHNOSOPHICALLY

lands enD 1949ers
assignment in another dimension . . .
report from the next decimal place . . .
we're going to do a quantum-emergent
evolution jump . . . into another form-level
of becoming . . . next state-dimension . . .
. . . technosophically,
Paul Bunyan, Jr.
c/o El alcalde; Phrisko, Kaliph.

FROM JOHN HERSEY

I'm very much enjoying getting the Nieman Reports, and would appreciate your changing the address on my subscription from the present one (care Time, Inc.) to the one on the letterhead above. Thanks.

Damn fine piece on The Smear Technique in the current issue.

John Hersey
Green Farms, Conn.

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Opposite Opinions Need Not Apply

by Richard L. Neuberger

No one could read the article by Barry Bingham of the Louisville Courier-Journal in Nieman Reports without feeling that a community was fortunate, indeed, to be host to so conscientious a newspaper. I was particularly impressed by Mr. Bingham's emphasis on the necessity for printing in the letters-to-editor section. communications which disagreed with the policy of the paper. Mr. Bingham felt this was a safety valve and that it also assured the full airing of conflicting opinions.

I have just been treated to an application of this policy—in reverse.

The Seattle Times is one of the newspapers in that city. It recently bought out its only afternoon rival, the smaller Seattle Star. In the February 7th issue of the Saturday Evening Post I wrote an article describing the inroads being made on Seattle's domination of the valuable Alaskan trade by the small seaport of Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

Ross L. Cunningham, associate editor of the Seattle Times, thereupon prepared for his paper a long double-column article attacking my Post story. I thought Mr. Cunningham's piece to be an assortment of evasions, half-truths and irrelevancies. He probably thought he put me away completely. The merits of his article have no place here.

I then wrote Mr. Cunningham a letter of approximately 490 words asking that it be printed in the letters section of the Times. This was Mr. Cunningham's reply:

"I believe in both sides of a controversy having their 'say' in print. So when you arrange with the Saturday Evening Post, your outlet in this case, to give Seattle its rebuttal I'm certain I can arrange to get your rebuttal in the Times."

In line with its customary policy, the Post is publishing a number of letters assailing my article—also some letters defending it. But my letter to Mr. Cunningham has not appeared in the Times. I do not expect it to appear. I wonder what chance the other side of the story has in Seattle. I wish Mr. Barry Bingham published the Seattle Times in addition to the Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Rundown Country Paper

I saw a blurb, requested for Christmas and got "Your Newspaper," and read it. The book is a good work, but there's a question I should like to refer to Mr. Svirsky, along with a copy of my paper being sent under separate cover.

The book assumes the difficult task of drawing a "blueprint for a Better Press," and does it well—but, it is only for the metropolitan press. I quit the bigger town and daily field for two reasons—because I'd rather live in the country, and because I think the basic opportunity for service is there.

A couple of fairly obscure sentences in the book lead me to wonder if the writers didn't agree—in their references to the importance of the "local angle."

If Mr. Svirsky could glance at the paper we're publishing, I think he will see that we are attempting on a small scale most of the ideals of service set forth in the "blueprint."

I bought this rundown paper three years ago, won second place in the state fair-press association contest the first year and first place the other two years—and the paper made a profit of $9,810 last year —mainly, I think, because I completely ignored costs and put all the emphasis on publishing a good paper.

Clarence Frost, Publisher
Kiowa County Star-Review
Hobart, Okla.

GADFLY

I enclose my check for $2 for a year's subscription to the Nieman Reports.

May I add that those of the Reports which I have seen, and "Your Newspaper," seem excellent. The Nieman Fellows and the New Yorker's A. J. Liebling, in their separate but similar ways, have made a good start in the role of monitor, gadfly and conscience to the American press.

Gearhart, Oregon James W. Goodsell

THANK YOU

Enclosed is a check for $4. Will you please send me the Nieman Reports, beginning with Vol. 1, No. 1, and continuing through the current volume?

You're doing a fine job, for which all persons in journalism education should be thanking you.

Gordon A. Sabine
School of Journalism
University of Minnesota

PREMATURE

The article "Censorship by Congress?" in your January issue refers to me as "Pulitzer Prize Winner Alfred Friendly". I could wish that the reference was as accurate as it was kind.

Alfred Friendly
The Washington Post

The News in Ethiopa Etc.

How Don Burke Covers the Near East, Including Bob Miller

February 1

Dear Louis:

Herewith my check for the Society. The latest Reports arrived a few days ago and I think it is perhaps the best yet. It has already started the Cairo rounds where it has built up a good informal or "dentist office" trade.

Charlie Jennings, as you probably know, has left Cairo and returned to England where he is doing radio monitoring. Leigh White was here for a time and is now, I think, over in Basra. Leigh was having difficulty getting into Saudi Arabia—which everyone else is these days. The announcement of Partition of Palestine and its attendant ramifications have made our jobs a devil of a lot more difficult. It is also impossible to get a visa for Transjordan ("We cannot protect you") and many of the other Middle East countries will give them only after a long argument.

I've been sticking around Cairo for three weeks now, catching my breath. I took off in the first week of November and went south thru the Sudan to Asmara, Eritrea. From there I went on down to Addis Ababa where I saw Hailie Selassie and took a good look at the work the foreign advisors are doing, trying to build Ethiopia up. As you remember when the Italians were there they tore the place apart, killing or being responsible for the death of perhaps three-quarters of a million Ethiopians. They also made a practice of killing off the slim group of Ethiopian intellectuals. Thus, when the Emperor returned with the British he had little more than an uneducated mass to work with. In many ways he has done a magnificent job . . . . although his country is still a sprawling, savage place with many of its inhabitants at the bottom of the primitive scale. There are quite a number of Americans there. George Blowers who used to run the Bank of Monrovia in Liberia is Governor of the State Bank of Ethiopia. George was business manager of the Crimson when Vic Jones was on it. Perry Fellows, an oldtime WPA-er and a BEW-er during the war is overall advisor to the Emperor. In many of the ministries Americans hold down the top advisory jobs: Foreign Affairs, Education, Commerce, etc.

I got as far south as Nairobi, Kenya when the Palestine story broke. It took a few days to get out of there and when I got to Cairo I stayed for five days to cover a Council meeting at the Arab League. I got to Palestine about December 10. And I got home for a belated Christmas in the second week of January. By that time I was bushed so Constance and I took off for a short holiday. We went down to Luxor where we had a wonderful, though quiet, time. We liked it so much that we plan to take a vacation there next December, renting a houseboat. It is the nicest part of Egypt, I think. I did some touring around the sites: Luxor, Karnak, King Tutankhamen's tomb . . . but I plan to do some research on them and do a more thorough job next fall.

Cairo itself is rather quiet. We have a spate of stories around the area, however. Iraq kept us busy all week—and so did Palestine. Then we have the FAO meeting opening here tomorrow. I am planning to leave sometime later in the week. I am waiting for one of our photographers, John Phillips, to arrive from Rome . . . then we'll head north to the shooting gallery.

Covering Palestine is becoming increasingly difficult. The country has broken down into something approaching anarchy. Civil services either don't work at all or are barely functioning. The Arabs have succeeded in disrupting the country's economy and have made travel a damned risky affair. The last time I was there I managed to get from the Negev, the desert region bordering Egypt, almost to the Syrian border by devious routes. Even then it was dangerous. Today I think it would be impossible. The trouble is that everyone up there shoots first, then they roll the body over to look for identification papers.

Has anyone told you about Bob Miller's adventure doing his Christmas story. He got a cable from UP telling him to try and walk down the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem—the traditional route of the pilgrims. Since Partition's announcement it has been a risky road. However, Bob started off one fine morning . . .walking down the winding road between the breast-high stone-walls. In typical Miller fashion he took careful notes of everything he saw and kept all his Biblical references straight. Partway there he was stopped by some Arabs. Coming up to Bob, one smart Arab casually said, "Shalom." Without thinking, Miller, always polite, answered "Shalom." I gather he had to do some fast talking after that.

Our biggest news is that we expect a second child. Should check in about the middle of July—which is not the best weather to have a child in Cairo. We had planned, if another child was coming, to take Constance up to Palestine where there are the best hospitals in the Middle East. However that is, of course, completely out of the question.

I hope the Institute is a great success. I would love to come over for it but I think it will probably be 1950 before I get back the U. S. Be sure and give my best to the 1941-1942 people who get there.

I was terribly shocked to hear about Bob Dickson. I hadn't seen Bob for several years and had no idea at all that he was ill. I would appreciate it, Louis, if you would send me his family's address.

Please give my very best to Mrs. Lyons and to Dorothy and Vic Jones. One last thing: I saw Weldon James a few months ago on his way thru from China and Japan to South Africa.

Sincerely,
Don Burke

2 Sharia El Nimr, Cairo, Egypt.

Does Nobody Love Reporters?

How does the reading public rate the social standing of newspaper reporters, radio announcers and newspaper columnists?

The National Opinion Research Center, in a survey, asked men and women how they would judge a number of occupations in their general social and economic standing.

Only 13 per cent said they believed a newspaper columnist's job was "excellent." Fifty-one per cent rated that job as "good" and 32 per cent as "average."

The job of a reporter on a daily newspaper was termed "excellent" by only nine per cent while 43 per cent said they believed it was a "good" vocation. Four per cent said it was "somewhat below average."

Radio announcers got "excellent" ratings from 17 per cent, and 42 per cent voted "good" standings for them. Three per cent termed a broadcaster's job "somewhat below average."

Top rating in the poll was won by the profession of a U. S. Supreme Court Justice with 83 per cent voting it "excellent."

Nieman Notes

Sanford L. Cooper of Time, Inc. moved to Washington in January as news editor of Time's Washington Bureau. Cooper was a Nieman Fellow in 1941.

C. Stanley Allen, Nieman Fellow in 1941, left the staff of Army Times in January to become public relations director for the American Veterans of World War II. His office is in their national headquarters, the Victor Building, Washington, D. C.

The Nieman Foundation has added to its photographic gallery a picture of **Peter Nieman Martin,** aged 13 months.

Stephen E. Fitzgerald opened his own public relations office at 270 Park Avenue, New York City, the first of the year. Fitzgerald was awarded a Nieman Fellowship in 1939 from the staff of the Baltimore Sun. The next year he served as director of information for the War Production Board; then as assistant director of the domestic branch of the OWI in charge of operations. After the war he became director of public relations for Bell Aircraft and then moved to the N. W. Ayer Company as head of a special unit working on public relations for the Army-Air Force recruiting campaign.

The magazine '48 for March is the first issue under the editorship of **Richard E. Lauterbach,** a Nieman Fellow of last year. Contributors to the issue include Rebecca West, Archibald MacLeish, Trygvie Lie, Henry F. Pringle, William Beebe, Mrs. Roosevelt, Oscar Hammerstein and Charles Wertenbaker.

With the close of the Arab Office in New York City in December, **James Batal,** who had been its press relations director, became editor at the Institute of Arab-American Affairs, an educational and cultural purpose organization founded three years ago under the laws of New York State and supported by private contributions. Batal served the OWI in the Near East during the war, was at Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship in 1945-46, and is one of the nine Nieman Fellows who wrote **Your Newspaper.**

A. B. Guthrie, author of "The Big Sky," has begun a book on the Platte River for the American River Series. Bud Guthrie was a Nieman Fellow in 1944-45.

Weller—Ebener

George Weller of the Chicago Daily News and Charlotte Joan Ebener were married at the bride's home in Milwaukee during the January reading period at Harvard and returned to Cambridge for the opening of the second semester of Mr. Weller's Nieman Fellowship. Mrs. Weller was graduated at the University of Wisconsin in 1942 and began newspaper work that Fall with International News Service. She served INS in Chicago and Kansas City for two years and then went to the India-Burma Theatre with the American Red Cross. In 1945 and 1946 she was a correspondent of INS and then Newsweek in China and the following year travelled through the Dutch Indies, Indo-China, Malaya, Japan and Korea as a free lance.

Weldon James is back in New York after a year abroad for Collier's that carried him all around the globe. He plans a long enough stay in America to get a book out of his system. James was a Nieman Fellow in 1939-40, and has been in foreign service, either military or journalistic, ever since.

Robert C. Miller of the United Press returned to New York March 1 from nine months' service on hot spots in Greece, India and Palestine, some of which he related to the Nieman Fellows on a visit March 8. Miller started his roving Middle East assignment immediately after completing his Nieman Fellowship last June.

William B. Dickinson had a full dress article on General MacArthur: The Truth About MacArthur, in Pic Magazine for March. He was with MacArthur as UP war correspondent in Australia and the Philippines. Now manager of the New York Bureau of the United Press, Bill Dickinson was a Nieman Fellow in 1940.

An article on "The Reading of Nieman Fellows" by Louis M. Lyons in the Spring issue of the Harvard Library Bulletin contains a fuller description of the work of Nieman Fellows at Harvard than has yet been published elsewhere. Reprints can be obtained by a post card to the author at 44 Holyoke House, Cambridge.

Henry J. Kaiser announced at the end of 1947 the appointment of Robert C. Elliott as his executive assistant to manage the New York office of the Kaiser industries. **Bob Elliott** left his post as industrial editor of the San Francisco News to join the Kaiser organization. He had held reporting and editorial positions on Scripps-Howard newspapers for 16 years. On the San Francisco News he had been labor editor, chief editorial writer, war news editor and post-war industrial editor. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1942-3.

Stephen Fitzgerald and **Volta Torrey** discovered that 25 Nieman Fellows are working in New York City, and proposed to them a New York chapter of the Society of Nieman Fellows. The chapter was organized in January and has started a series of New York Nieman dinners.

Those who attended the first meeting, March 1, at the Advertising Club, were Stephen Fitzgerald, Volta Torrey, Wesley Fuller, Weldon James, Kenneth Stewart, Thomas H. Griffith, Frank K. Kelly, Jacob S. Qualey, Harry T. Montgomery, Charles A. Wagner, Leon Svirsky, Robert J. Manning, Herbert C. Yahraes, Lawrence Fernsworth, Harry M. Davis, Gilbert W. Stewart, Jr., James Batal, Arthur Wild; and from out of town, Robert Lasch of Chicago and Louis M. Lyons from Cambridge.

Irving Dilliard, editorial writer of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the new president of the Illinois State Historical Association. Dilliard has served also as the historian of the Post-Dispatch. He got up its special centennial number last year.

Bill Townes to Santa Rosa

Finding his vigorous editorial policy blocked, after six months on the Tacoma Times, William A. Townes accepted the general managership of the Press Democrat Publishing Company of Santa Rosa, Calif., which publishes morning, evening and Sunday papers, effective April 1. He will thus continue to be a force for courageous journalism in the West. Nieman Fellows follow with admiration the dogged course of Bill Townes in his uncompromising insistence on decent, responsible newspapering wherever he goes. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1942-3. His Tacoma experience was described in Time, Feb. 16 under the head: "Mr. Townes Goes to Town."

NIEMAN NOTES

JUSTIN GERALD McCARTHY 3d
Dec. 5, 1947—Jan. 25, 1948

The first death among Nieman families in Cambridge was that of the small son of Justin and Dorsey McCarthy, born prematurely at the New England Hospital for Women and Children. The weeks of anxiety ended for the bereaved parents in the ordeal of a funeral in a strange place. With Justin and Dorsey and their eight year old daughter, the Nieman Fellows and Harvard friends climbed the snow-covered slope of Mt. Auburn Cemetery for the service in the chapel.

Richard J. Finnegan, Chicago Sun and Times editor, has established a memorial fund for the McCarthy baby at the LaRabida Sanitarium, Chicago, one of the nation's leading research centers in rheumatic fever.

MRS. LITTLE

Helen L. Little, wife of the Master of Adams House, died February 7th at Massachusetts General Hospital. She was friend and hostess to Nieman Fellows of ten groups. Nearly a dozen Fellows have lived at Adams House and more than another dozen have been non-resident members. For all of them the name of Adams House touches a warm memory of such friendliness and hospitality as it would be hard to match at Harvard or anywhere else. Part of it was Dave Little and another part was Mrs. Little. The Long Table at Adams House was always a spot for as good talk as is to be found in Cambridge. The Senior Commons Room seemed always the natural place for a Nieman party. Invitation for "sherry at Apthorp House (the master's home) 6 o'clock as usual" was a welcome prelude to the Monday night House dinners. It meant, among other things, a pleasant chat with Mrs. Little.

AT ADAMS HOUSE

(from the reports of Nieman Fellows of other years.)

It was a privilege to live at Adams House.

David Botter, 1944

My particular appreciation to Dr. Little for helping to make my affiliation with Adams House most enjoyable.

George Chaplin, 1940

I hope all the Fellows got as much from their house memberships as I did. But there is only one Dave Little. He and Bill McCauley and Dick Leopold and the other grand Adams House associates made me feel that I belonged. With their help slipping into the university routine was not too difficult. I shall always treasure the months I lived at Adams House.

Neil Davis, 1941

The privilege of association with Adams House was one that I valued and enjoyed immensly. Dr. Little and the staff were most cordial and friendly . . . I soon formed the custom of lunching daily at the house with members of the tutorial staff and seldom missed a luncheon all year.

Frank S. Hopkins, 1938

I have had an exceptionally fine reception at Adams House and most delightful personal associations there. The opportunity for discussions with the tutors has been invaluable. The House Plan seems to me one of the great attributes of Harvard and I count myself fortunate to have been at Adams.

Carroll Kilpatrick, 1939

I want to express my appreciation for the wholehearted reception I received at Adams House and the many happy hours I spent in the library, the dining hall, the commons rooms and the studies of friends I found there, and in Apthorp House (home of Dr. and Mrs. Little) especially. The genuine welcome I received at Adams House was the most pleasant experience of the year.

Edwin A. Lahey, 1938

I have developed a great deal of the "old school tie" feeling about Adams House during these months. The personal relationships of the place, guided by David Little's genial hospitality, have been invaluable. The lunchtime conversation at the tutors' table offered a good substitute for coffee or cocktail sessions with the gang from the AP office. I have found my Adams House colleagues equally willing to devote a few hours to my redemption from economic illiteracy or to sharing a rare social evening.

Wm. M. Pinkerton, 1940

Carroll Kilpatrick, Washington correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, reports on the methods of recent "loyalty" investigations, in the March issue of '48. A Nieman Fellow in 1939-40, he has been covering Washington ever since.

"If every government official suspected of harboring subversive ideas or of being disloyal were fired tomorrow, Washington would be a ghost town," his article opens. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation has a dossier on almost everyone, and whether the dossier is 'good' or 'bad' is purely a matter of interpretation." He concludes with the statement that "the police state is not a part of the American heritage. It would be hard for Thomas Jefferson—or Franklin D. Roosevelt—to pass a government loyalty test today."

VISITORS LOG
at 44 Holyoke House

Herbert C. Yahraes, Dec. 18, up for an interview with Prof. Percy W. Bridgman, Nobel prize winner in Physics. He attended the Nieman dinner with Lester Markel, editor of the Sunday New York Times.

Pepper Martin, New York Post correspondent, Feb. 6, home from China, to visit the China Regional Studies seminar.

Thomas H. Griffith of Time, Inc. and Caroline Griffith, over New Year's, just visiting.

Fred Warner Neal of the State Department's Russian Desk, visiting and cogitating.

Steve White of the New York Herald Tribune, in January, en route to Laramie, Wyoming.

Stephen M. Fischer, of the San Francisco Chronicle, Feb. 7, on detour between New York and San Francisco, with proofs of pictures of Linda Fischer.

C. Stanley Allen of the Army Times, and Mrs. Allen, Feb. 5, after skiing in New Hampshire.

Frank S. Hopkins, of the State Department, in the Fall, to speak to the International Studies seminar.

Arthur B. Musgrave, professor of journalism at the University of Massachusetts, with score sheets for judging high school journalism.

Donald S. Grant, editor of the Editorial Title Page, St. Louis Post Dispatch, in November, for a dinner session with the Nieman Fellows about a symposium he is editing on Responsibility of the Press.

Richard E. Stockwell, editorial writer, Minneapolis Tribune, in December, on a tour East.

Frank K. Kelly, in the Fall, for a story on Gluyas Williams for Better Homes and Gardens. Frank is finishing a novel for Little, Brown.

John McL. Clark, sometimes but not often enough, and not since he bought the Claremont Daily Eagle and began publishing it Feb. 1.

Ed Lahey of the Chicago Daily News and **Ben Yablonky** of PM in the Fall. for the

NIEMAN NOTES

national CIO convention in Boston.

Luther Huston, Washington bureau manager of the New York Times, Feb. 1, with John Crider, editor of the Boston Herald, who is now a neighbor.

Alan Barth, editorial writer, Washington Post, in the Fall, for lunch.

Steven M. Spencer, associate editor. Saturday Evening Post, in December, and attended a seminar with Dr. F. J. Stare of the School of Public Health.

Priscilla Robertson, (Mrs. Cary) through January-February, to work at Widener on a book she started in 1945-6 during Cary's Nieman Fellowship.

Cleveland Amory, author of The Proper Bostonians, who is getting up a book now on Harvard, in January.

Henry Pringle, in January, looking for material for the Saturday Evening Post.

Michael Besse of Harper's, Bernard Perry of Current Books, Stanley Salmen of Little, Brown and Donald Geddes of Macmillan—scouting for authors.

UNESCO Group for Press Institute

UNESCO sub-commission has voiced a strong objection to any system of licensing for journalists because it would form a "grave danger to press freedom and freedom of expression."

The special group, after studying the technical needs of the world's press, radio and films, published a 190-page report summarizing its findings and recommendations. The results were reported at the recent Mexico City conference of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

Although obscured by Gromyko's vetoes and the Marshall plan debate, the special sub-commission's report contained many significant and hopeful observations and suggestions. In its section on the "professional training" of newsmen, the group came out strongly against varied proposals to license journalists, "whether by reason of graduation from a school or for some other reason."

The report said "there is a recognized need for qualified journalists to raise the level of the profession" in most countries today. Especially in Europe and in the Far East, it said, the rehabilitation of the press requires that prospective journalists be trained.

"The sub-commission considers that there exists a real insufficiency of fully qualified personnel although it should be noted that in no case is there any report of a shortage of aspiring recruits," the report added.

At the same time, the UNESCO members noted a "growing recognition of the responsibility resting upon journalists and the directors of media of mass communication." This, they said, has promoted an "increasing desire to see some type of formal preparation for the profession."

The sub-commission recommended that UNESCO sponsor the "organization of what may be tentatively designated as the International Institute of Press and Information." The Mexico City conference directed the Director-General to encourage creation of the Institute. It would serve as:

(a) A center for research on technical and professional problems to house a special library of materials relating to mass communications.

(b) A place where experienced journalists and publishers might gather for mutual discussion and study of their problems. Successive groups of perhaps 50 would assemble for seminar sessions.

(c) An instrument for the assistance of national schools of journalism.

The sub-commission, urging that UNESCO give the Institute a high priority in its program and budget, suggested the new organization be set up in Paris with a regular staff of about 25 persons, "possessing suitable professional and academic qualifications." Its sphere of "interest would be as broad as the field of mass communications itself."

In addition, the sub-commission also recommended: (1) UNESCO should encourage the interchange of student journalists, teachers of journalism and practicing journalists between countries for purpose of study and observation of local press practices and social conditions, and (2) the possibilities of fellowships for practicing journalists should be fully explored."

The group's survey, conducted in 12 countries in Europe and Asia, said that inquiries "have clearly shown the lack of certain means of transmission, such as teleprints and radio telegraphic transmitting and receiving material."

The sub-commission viewed the shortage of teleprinters as a serious matter, hindering the full and speedy collection and distribution of news. The greatest need appeared in five countries—Czechoslovakia, China, Greece, Poland and Yugoslavia.

A Canadian, Robert M. Fowler, president of the Newsprint Association of Canada, was chairman of the press sub-commission. The American member was Dr. R. W. Desmond, chairman of the Department of Journalism, University of California.

WHAT IS AN EDITOR?

From the Greenville, S. C., Daily News

The national Conference of Editorial Writers held its first meeting in Washington last week and devoted an afternoon to the technique of the editorial art or craft. From the discussion two conclusions emerged:

1. There are no standards for editorials (which is all right with this editorial writer).

2. There are standards of editors. The standard editor, if you could find hm, must have had some slight preparation for his job. He must have made Phi Beta Kappa in college and edited the Harvard (or at least Yale) Law Review.

He must have mastered all the "Great Books," including Aristotle and Aquinas, but he must not have lost his youthful ability to turn out a funny piece, say, on "the short view of the long skirt and the long view of the short skirt."

He need not have been a judge but he must have acquired a knowledge of law and court procedure which could come only from 10 years of general practice at the bar. It is not required that he should have been Secretary of State, but it is mandatory that he should have lived a total of not less than 150 years in India, Europe, South America, Russia, Palestine and China, with side trips to the Solomons and the Aleutians.

He must have served a term as city manager and it would help if he had served one in prison. It is not essential that he be a scientist, but it will be sufficient if he has a working knowledge of nuclear physics based on a thorough understanding of Einstein's general theory of relativity and the late Dr. Planck's quantum theory.

Politics, tariffs and taxation must hold no secrets for him. He must be able to watch the world making a fool of itself daily without having his faith shaken that he can change all that with a couple of hundred of well-worn words tomorrow.

His mind must be able to reduce an extremely complicated set of facts to a simple, logical and entertaining conclusion. He must be a sentimental realist and a cynical crusader. He must have the mind of Machiavelli, the style of Swift, and the heart of a sweet girl graduate.

And finally he must have an uncontrollable hankering to trade his accomplishments for considerably less money than he could make at any other profession.

No wonder he is hard to find.

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—Carl Larsen