

# **NiemanReports**

---

April, 1959

## **What's The Matter With a Newspaper Job?**

**Richard D. Bullock**

**Fitzhugh Turner**

**Cuba and the Press**

**Marvin Alisky**

**A Call to the South**

**Mark Ethridge**

**Business Journalism**

**Robert K. Otterbourg**

**Harold Ross - The Impresario**

**A. J. Liebling**

**William Bolitho Today**

**Herbert C. Morton**

**The Heart and Mind of Mr. Dulles**

**Fred Warner Neal**

**Inside Poland**

**Joseph E. Dabney**

Reviews — Scrapbook — Nieman Notes

# NiemanReports

Nieman Reports is published by the Nieman Alumni Council. Piers Anderton, New York City; Barry Brown, Providence, R. I.; John L. Dougherty, Rochester; Thomas H. Griffith, New York City; A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Great Falls, Mont.; John M. Harrison, Iowa City; Weldon James, Louisville, Ky.; Francis P. Locke, Dayton, O.; Frederick W. Maguire, Columbus, O.; W. F. McIlwain, Garden City, N. Y.; Harry T. Montgomery, New York City; Frederick W. Pillsbury, Boston; Charlotte F. Robling, New Canaan, Conn.; Dwight E. Sargent, Portland, Me.; Kenneth Stewart, Ann Arbor, Mich.; John Strohmeier, Bethlehem, Pa.; Walter H. Waggoner, London; Melvin S. Wax, San Francisco; Lawrence G. Weiss, Boulder, Colo.; Louis M. Lyons, Cambridge, Chairman.

Published quarterly from 44 Holyoke House, Cambridge 38, Mass. Subscription \$3 a year. Entered as second-class matter December 31, 1947, at the post office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XIII., NO. 2

APRIL 1959

## The Cuba Nobody Knew

By Marvin Alisky

Fuzzy American press reaction to Fidel Castro this winter illustrates a point T. S. Matthews made in the *Saturday Review* of January 24. Matthews holds that the influence of newspapers is greater in any field where the knowledge and interest of the reader is lesser. Cuba is a case in point.

Ironically, the island republic lies on our doorstep geographically and historically. In space, Cuba is only 100 miles south of Florida; in time, only 60 years removed from United States occupation. Certainly in 1898-99 we became completely involved in Cuban affairs.

Yet in recent years, Americans shuttling between Miami and Havana resort hotels have not been aware of true Cuban conditions. Neither have U.S. editors. The answer is simple: first bribery, then censorship of the Cuban press. Despite recent journeys to the Sierra Maestra by correspondents from such a wide range of media as the *New York Times*, CBS-TV, and *Boy's Life*, U.S. coverage of Cuba has been sporadic and incomplete. Wire service dispatches depended in part upon rewritten leads from the unreliable Havana press.

When General Batista returned to power in March 1952, he began dispensing money to any Cuban newspaper reporter or editor who would accept a bribe. Dozens of Cuban journalists supplemented their meager incomes by

Marvin Alisky is head of the department of journalism, University of Arizona.

writing favorably of the Batista regime and ignoring the police cruelty. (See *Nieman Reports* for April 1956.)

Late in 1956, when the Castro movement first really made itself felt, Batista replaced the big carrot with the big stick. Instead of dangling a prize in front of the journalistic workhorses, Batista instituted strict overt censorship. (See *Nieman Reports* for April 1957.)

Thus, for more than two years, news of the cruelties did not leave the island for our mainland except in trickles. When Fidel Castro ousted Batista January 1, the occasional trickle of information on police matters suddenly became a Niagara of charges, grievances, and emotional outbursts.

Yet the basic journalistic factor of this political eruption seems to have escaped American editorial writers: for two years, the Batista cruelties went unreported, and only partially reported for four years prior to that; since Castro's victory, news reporters, both Cuban and foreign, have been free to describe in detail the natural reaction and demands for retribution for that cruelty.

Columnists such as Westbrook Pegler of course saw the Batista henchmen as manly, marching to their graves heroically. Other pundits who hastily saw Red, reversed their early estimates when Castro announced on January 24 that Communists had been ousted from the Cuban labor unions.

Luis Muñoz Marín, governor of Puerto Rico, attuned to Caribbean problems, wisely advised the United States to "have the friendliest feelings toward Cuba and Castro's movement because of what it means for human freedom and the development throughout Latin America of a political atmosphere that will not tolerate dictatorship."

The governor's advice was confirmed four days later, on January 23, when Caracas crowds gave Castro a wild welcome, as he visited the Venezuelan capital briefly for observances of the anniversary of the overthrow of Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez.

At almost the same hour crowds were cheering Castro in Caracas (in contrast to the Nixon visit of last May), the president of Argentina, Arturo Frondizi, at the National Press Club in Washington asked the help of the United States press in "demonstrating the importance of Latin America in the cause of democracy, liberty and dignity of man. Understand that the return to legality now under way in Latin America needs something much more than free elections and the formal structure of republican institutions."

The Havana war crimes trials were moved from the big Sports Palace to a somber prison, to recapture legal decorum. Unfortunately, before the transfer the hooting of 30,000 spectators did give the initial trials a circus-like atmosphere.

(Continued on page 29)

# What's the Matter With a Newspaper Job?

## A View from the College

By Richard D. Bullock

Before discussing the reasons why promising young college graduates are not entering professional journalism, it might be well to consider who these people are; that is, the sort of young people newspapers are looking for and presumably are not getting. I realize that each of us has his own conception of what the ideal young journalist looks like, and that none of these portraits are likely to match. I trust, however, that many will agree with me on some of the traits requisite to such a character.

We all agree, I believe, that such a person should be inquisitive in nature, that he should have a natural curiosity in most areas of human activity. He should also possess a certain amount of courage to sustain him in those unpleasant moments when he must ask questions that people do not want asked.

In addition to curiosity and courage it is desirable that he have an intelligence somewhat above the average of most of the people he will be addressing in print. It is my personal feeling that superior intelligence and a marked intellectual bent are characteristic of most outstanding newspaper people. I have heard numbers of managing editors remark that they were not interested in especially high scholastic grades from job applicants, but in practice they almost invariably showed preference in hiring students with outstanding records. It is a general fact, easily supported by educational records, that superior students usually get the better jobs and advance more rapidly in them.

But to return to our ideal journalism job candidate. He now has curiosity, courage, and intelligence. To these essentials, let us add the qualities that make the candidate particularly desirable. Let us give him presentability—that is, an acceptable appearance and a certain proficiency in handling people—judgment (which may save his publisher a good deal in libel suits), initiative (so that he may develop stories independently and imaginatively) and personal integrity, an essential not only for a reporter but for his later years when he becomes an editor). It is also important, of course, that he be able to write the English language with accuracy, preferably with color and vigor as well. So, the person we are looking for is curious, courageous, intelligent, presentable, judicious, inventive, articulate, and honest.

Such a combination of admirable qualities may sound somewhat unlikely, but actually it isn't rare. Many such people flow out of college classrooms every year. However, they are likely to flow to places other than newspapers for several reasons.

For one thing, a graduate possessing all the qualities mentioned is likely to possess certain other characteristics as well. Generally, he will have a certain pride—a justified self-valuation arising from self-confidence. He probably will be a bit independent. He is more likely to be liberal than conservative in his opinions (people tend to be more liberal in their younger years) and, if he is in the South, there is a fifty-fifty chance that he is opposed to some popular institutions, perhaps to segregation. He will almost certainly have pronounced beliefs and opinions on most important subjects. If he is the sort to make a good journalist, he will probably be versatile. He will have interests in a variety of subjects and will be capable of working well in a variety of endeavors.

So it is not surprising that other professions are looking for the same individual. And nearly all of these professions, with the inevitable exception of the teaching profession, are willing to offer him a more attractive salary and a more promising pattern of advancement. Moreover, they are telling him about it. Each spring representatives of well-heeled corporations arrive on the campus, interview candidates, and hire every graduating senior who has applied to the placement office for a job. Last year—which was considered the poorest year recently because of the business recession—last year every student who applied for placement at the College of William and Mary received it at a starting salary varying from \$375 a month to \$445 a month. The average was \$410. And this was the average for both men and women graduates. For men alone, of course, it was higher. This year the average should be higher all round and next year, perhaps higher still.

But supposing our journalistically-inclined student turns his back on all these non-writing jobs and insists on working in a publications field. Does the newspaper get him? Probably not. Advertising companies, public relations concerns, trade publications, government information agencies, and business and industrial house organs are bidding for him too, and usually with more chips. A decade ago they were hardly in the picture; today they dominate it. When the interviewer for General Electric comes round this spring to hire some electrical engineers and secretaries, he may be looking for a house organ editor as well, and our newspaper candidate may go with him.

Take, for example, the case of Jack Williams, an imaginary student I have constructed from the experiences of several in this year's graduating class. He was editor of the

college paper, a student leader, an unusually capable young man possessing all the qualities I listed earlier. He would make a superb professional journalist. But he is going to work for a very large, progressive company which manufactures electronic computers.

There seem to be several reasons for his not going into journalism. First, it appears that nobody suggested he ought to. The company he selected offered him a starting salary of well over \$6,000 a year and good working conditions—five day week, daylight working hours. Moreover, he said he felt this company would employ his talents fully and beneficially and that a newspaper probably would not.

It appears that the time has passed when newspapers may select their personnel from a horde of aspirants pounding at their doors. When I graduated from journalism school in 1949, there were still a few papers that required neophyte journalists to work for nothing for their first few weeks to determine whether they were fit. Times have changed. A newspaper that does not participate in some systematic recruitment program today is probably going to be left with the dregs of the market, if with anything at all.

Now, if it doesn't seem impertinent, I would like to make some suggestions that might possibly be of some help. None of them, so far as I know, is original.

First, we should acknowledge the value of the internship program that a good many newspapers conduct during the summer. Papers employing it might well wish to expand

it, and papers who haven't tried it ought to think it over. The program has proved its worth as an effective recruitment device.

Secondly, we might take a lesson from the big corporations and conduct a contact program among graduating seniors. Perhaps representatives of the State Press Association or some other co-operative agency could conduct interviews for likely prospects. We should prepare attractive literature, brochures, and posters, presenting the advantages of a career in journalism. These could be handled through college placement offices which currently are serving business, government, and education interests for the most part.

Thirdly, the profession could become more public relations conscious and print more material presenting the profession in a favorable and exciting way. The press constantly enhances the prestige of doctors, ministers, military men, and public servants. Journalism itself could use a bit of promotion as well.

Finally, we should emphasize the very great value of early orientation in journalism.

---

Richard D. Bullock teaches English at the College of William and Mary. He has been an editorial writer on the Florida *Times-Union* and a reporter on the Charleston *News and Courier* and the Columbus (Ga.) *Ledger* and copy editor on the Atlanta *Journal*. This is from a talk to the Virginia Press Association, January 23.

## What's the Matter With a Newspaper Job?

### A Publisher's View

By Fitzhugh Turner

Will everyone stand up please who publishes or works on a newspaper where the top reporter makes as much money as the top advertising salesman?

Well, that is one of the main reasons why able young people are staying away from the newspaper business in droves these days.

There are other reasons. A whole lot of the old-time glamor has gone out of newspapers. Newspaper work has become duller, comparatively, than it used to be. And I am ashamed to offer the opinion that newspaper economics have brought on more business domination of the editorial department than used to prevail.

The Newspaper Guild hasn't helped much. And although reporters are probably more secure in their jobs now, there is a lot of insecurity in everybody's knowledge that newspapers have been folding up right and left through mergers throwing whole staffs out of work.

Your average publisher, I believe, put much more empha-

sis on his profit and loss statement than he does on the real purpose of the newspaper—that is to inform the people, fight for better government, promote the well-being of all. Publisher practices in this respect seem to me to be deliberately designed to force out the good men and leave news writing in the hands of the immature, the hack or the dedicated—and the dedicated are getting few and far between.

We talk about freedom of the press. I want to talk about dignity of the press. With all the things going on in the world today—in federal and local government, in business, in science, in the marvelous new developments of the space age, we newspapers have managed to find a burning issue. One of our most important dailies has gone to bat for the right of the reporter to protect his sources. The howling issue in this case is who it was who told a columnist that Judy Garland has got too fat.

I don't quarrel with Marie Torre's action. What I do quarrel with is that a paper the calibre of the New York

*Herald Tribune* publishes this item in the first place, and then allows it to reach the stage where Miss Torre has even been eulogized as a journalistic Joan of Arc.

I'd like to see us fighting Peter Zenger cases—and we have plenty of cases on tap, if we'd just dig them out. I'd like to see our business getting nationwide publicity in Peter Zenger cases and not in cases involving the alleged excess flesh of a Hollywood actress. I think Peter Zenger cases would lure many more able, dedicated young people into our profession.

There are many friends of newspapers who are in better position than publishers to tell us what has gone wrong in our business. I've knocked around quite a bit on big dailies, and on weeklies, and although I have opinions I don't by any means consider myself an authority. I wrote to some of these friends—people who are interested observers. One of them is Louis M. Lyons, curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University. Here is what he told me.

The old *primeval* glamor of journalism has been topped by the more dramatic TV.

The writing man has more outlets than of old; and the others pay better—advertising, public relations, government, on up to the *Time*, Inc. scale, and Hollywood.

Syndicates, increasing dependence on wire services, etc., limit the range of the small paper reporter more; the adventure assignment is less frequent.

Space is more at a premium. The chance of the feature, the personal story, the things that are fun and allow "expression" are less common.

Old fashioned crusading has largely gone out of style. The eager beaver who wants to reform the world or clean up the town is not often welcome or made at home.

Too many papers are run by business men who don't want anyone to rock the boat. It makes too much trouble. The boss is in with all the local big shots and the reporter comes to feel that all are sacred cows. This is as old as journalism, but my impression is it has become more pervasive. The man who doesn't want to get rich but does want to feel he is performing a useful service finds he is just doing routine stuff and nobody wants him to look beneath the surface, to dig into the controversy, to open up a situation that will step on anybody's toes.

Another man I consulted is the able dean of our best-known journalism school, the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia in New York. Dean Edward W. Barrett told me:

Many of our best students are not too concerned about starting pay, but are concerned about what they believe to be the inability "to earn a really decent salary fifteen years from now, even if I do exceptionally well." At the same time, starting pay is still so low compared with many other professions and businesses that this is un-

questionably a deterrent. A survey we did of high school editors indicated that they think the pay is even lower than it actually is.

I suspect that even more of the deterrent is the failure of journalism today to provide the sense of service, high ethics and even glamour that it might. Television has naturally stolen much of the glamour appeal. On the other points, I must say that we get many letters from young graduates who express themselves as unhappy with the standards, the "commercialism" and the principles of their newspapers. We believe that we get a much higher proportion of applicants, incidentally, from cities with fine and admirable newspapers than we do from those with hack newspapers.

Counterbalancing the above, in part, is the fact that we are still getting many applicants who are brilliant, high-minded, well-educated and eager. In order to draw more of these into the profession, we will need to have more newspapers that reward the small percentage of truly outstanding journalists, with standing, better pay and a real sense of pride in the paper.

Here is a quote from an article by Norman E. Isaacs of the Louisville papers on the matter of newspaper integrity—the kind that attracts the able young men and women:

Getting character and high quality into a newspaper isn't all a matter of technique, or skills—or money either.

For a newspaper to have character, to be classed as one of the better newspapers, it needs first and foremost the spirit to want to be good. If the spirit is there, the rest may not always come easy, but it is attainable.

And the spirit has to come from the owner of the newspaper. If an owner doesn't understand what it is that a newspaper ought to be, if he doesn't understand or appreciate the need for basic journalistic integrity and performance, the newspaper in his community is a doomed one for any man who is a professional in spirit.

When I was a young reporter, newspapers paid their top men really good salaries. Of course the beginners and the hacks were miserably underpaid, but there was a wide margin between low and high salaries on the news staff. I broke into this business in depression times. I have been a Guildsman and I am old enough to have served as a Guild officer in the days when the Guild was in the American Federation of Labor. Heaven knows, the Guild was needed.

But over the years the improvement in Guild negotiated pay has tended to equalize newspapers salaries so that everybody gets about the same pay. This has helped the underpaid but it has driven away from newspapers the really able people who are not willing to subsist on Guild scale salaries and who are unable to get from publishers the pay their work merits.

I want to close on what I think is a very important statement made by Dean Barrett, that quote about "the inability to earn a really decent salary 15 years from now."

What we are really doing in the newspaper business is exploiting youth. The way it is today, on all but the big dailies, most reporters are worn out at about the age of 40 or 45. A newspaperman who at that age has not become an editor, nor found a niche as a Washington correspondent or a department head, or a specialist or some such, very possibly has condemned himself to serving the rest of his life as a newsroom hack.

I had the privilege not long ago of meeting an authentic journalistic genius—a man who publishes a very successful magazine. This man won't fool with youngsters, he lets newspapers train them. The men he hires are usually in their 40's, they have solid experience and mature judgment, and 20 or 25 highly productive years remaining to them. He pays them well. It is to jobs like these that good newspapermen are going. It looks to me as if newspaper publishers ought to revise a whole lot of their thinking.

---

Fitzhugh Turner, former New York *Herald Tribune* staffer, is publisher of the *Loudon Times-Mirror*, of Leesburg, Va.

## Meyer Berger — Reporter

The New York *Times* obituary page today is dominated by the death of Meyer Berger, reporter. It leads many another newspaper obituary page. He was 60.

Mike Berger was a great reporter. Many a newspaperman would agree with me that he was the greatest reporter of our generation. You say that, and then what more do you say? The *Times* says two and a half columns more and that couldn't say it all. They say it again in an editorial.

What makes a great reporter? This is fairly indefinable. Mike Berger had reported great stories. He had written the history of the *Times*, when it became 100 years old. He had for years done a daily column about New York. He had won Pulitzer prizes for reporting. So had other men who were not at all in his league.

He was a great writer, of course. But how?

He left school early to be an office boy. One of 11 children of an East Side tailor, he had sold newspapers since he was eight. He liked to call himself a primitive, by which, I take it, he meant that he was self-taught, that he had absorbed journalism from ink and paper and had soaked up life from the sidewalks and subways.

He had an instinct for human values and for the detail that made a story come to life. Objectivity—the grail of the reporter—was so complete with Mike Berger that he wholly immersed himself in a story, and kept himself utterly outside in the telling of it. He had a true ear for the

right word, a feeling for the quality of words, a sharpened perception for the full dimensions of the story.

These are the characteristics of the artist, the craftsman. But the quality of Mike Berger was of a great human being—a modest man, self-effacing, friendly, interested in people, indeed in all people. He had written more than any other reporter about gangsters, of which New York always had a sufficient supply. But he knew them as people. They knew him. He often got inside tips from gangsters that led to important crime news. He once told me—but it was only part of the explanation—that this particular acquaintance began in the outfit he was with in the first World War, the 106th Inf. It was tough. But the mild, slight, bespectacled Sgt. Berger came out of it with the Purple Heart, Silver Star and Conspicuous Service Cross. He had no fear of the members of Murder, Inc., and wrote their trials and their obituaries at the appropriate time.

When he reported the trial of Dutch Schultz, that prime hoodlum confronted Berger and accused him of having quoted someone as saying Dutch was "a pushover for a blonde." Berger admitted it.

"What kind of language is that to use in the New York *Times*?" the mobster demanded.

Berger's language satisfied the *Times* on any kind of story, and he had covered all kinds. When a solar eclipse had its totality belt across the White Mountains and every department of astronomy in America had its expeditions camped over New Hampshire to observe it, the *Times* science reporters were all on vacation or something, and Berger was thrown into the gap. Knowing no science, he claimed, he arrived at a New Hampshire hotel to puzzle over his problem. He solved it by sending out 40 identical telegrams to the widely scattered expeditions, asking them to wire 600 word reports at the end of the day to him at North Conway. The result filled some two pages of the *Times* with a complete survey of the scientific results from the eclipse.

But he had himself prowled around among their camps, and it was his description that everybody read.

The *Times* today says of Mike Berger in an editorial:

The loss of Meyer Berger to the New York *Times* and to our whole community is an unusual one. We have lost an individual who defied any sort of routine classification. And we have all of us lost a warm, gentle and perceptive friend.

That he was a first-rate newspaperman goes without saying. But he was much more than that. He was, in his own modest way, an interpreter of our times. And in that interpretation he had the rare gift of being able to distinguish real values from ostentations or pretenses. When he sat in judgment it was to ascertain the truth and to profit by it.

—WGBH, Boston, Newscast., Feb. 9, Louis M. Lyons.

# A Call to the South

## New Attitudes and New Leaders Must Overcome Its "Secession from Reason"

By Mark Ethridge

"Far to the South, Mr. President, . . . lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please and prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. . . ."

Those who are alumni of the Friday afternoon literary societies in the high schools of the South, recognize those words. They are from the famous reconciliation speech of Henry W. Grady, delivered in Boston 70 years ago. As redolent as the quotation is of oratory that was the fashion of the times, there was then and there still is great truth in what Grady said.

As recently as last October Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, in an interview in *U. S. News & World Report*, called the Old South, not the Southwest to which he has devoted his life, nor the Far West, toward which migration has turned, but the Old South, "the economic opportunity No. 1 of the next 50 years."

"The Old South, in my opinion, has great potential," he said. "I think it is going to be the region of great opportunity in the next 50 years. It has more water than any other section, the capacity to produce timber faster than any other region, great possibilities in the soil which we have only begun to recognize and manage. . . . The South is in a most favored position in what may be called the *new* industrialization. A fabricating industry—especially in minerals—is never based on one resource, but on combination of resources. The North had a trinity of industrial resources in coke and coal, limestone and iron ore. These ushered in the age of steel and gave the North its industrial supremacy.

"The South today has a similar industrial trinity which may be as potent for the future as the North's trinity had been for the last century. The trinity is hydrocarbons—which are oil and gas—plus sulphur and water, which exist together along the Gulf coast. This is the trinity of the Age of Chemistry. Only in the South do these three

elements exist in juxtaposition. They are the basis of the petrochemical industry which is already concentrated in that area and growing at such a rate that no one can calculate its future."

I wish it were possible for us to say today that we had taken the rich and colorful heritage of our ancestors and the great bounties of nature which Mr. Webb describes and had made the South "the fairest and richest domain of the earth." It is *still* the home of a brave and hospitable people, *still* the roots of so many of us who live outside it, but it is *still* by all economic indices one of the poorest sections of the country. Moreover, it is the home of an unhappy people—a people plagued since 1828, when the South made the decision to be agricultural, by one overwhelming, obsessive problem, and for much of the time since then, by one crop that held them in bondage.

I propose to examine the South as it is today, as revealed by the statistics which put her in perspective in relation to the rest of the country, and also to take a realistic look at her political standing, her power in the national councils.

On the whole, the economic picture has been one of growth, of even spectacular progress in isolated cases such as Texas and Florida. But the South started from a much lower base than any other section of the country and it is still far behind. It has shown a higher percentage of gain in personal income than any other section of the country since 1940, but it is still last in income per capita. Thirty years ago, its per capita income was half the national average; today it is 70 per cent.

According to the Department of Commerce, the per capita income for the continental United States for the four years from 1954 through 1957 was \$2,027, a gain of 14 per cent for the four years. The per capita income of the 12 Southeastern states in that period was \$1,427, which was exactly \$600 a year, or \$50 a month below the national average.

Not one of the twelve Southern states reached the national average in income, not even Florida, with its spectacular growth. Florida was highest, with \$1,836, Georgia the norm with \$1,431 and my native Mississippi the lowest in per capita income with \$958. I might add,

---

Mark Ethridge, native of Mississippi and publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, uttered this ringing challenge to the Southern Association of Schools at its December meeting in Louisville.

parenthetically, that actual income for 1957, during what we partisan Democrats call the Eisenhower boom, was down an average of from \$200 to \$300 per capita, the South down less than any other section, undoubtedly because farm income declined less than industrial wages.

Our income is the lowest in the nation, let us admit. How have we done otherwise economically? There is nothing in other figures to sustain the prideful and glowing reports I have been reading in Southern papers. We have been making progress, yes, but so have other sections. In value added by manufacture, which is the index to industrialization, we are fourth in percentage of growth among the seven sections of the country in the past ten years.

In employment growth for the ten years through 1956, we are fifth with a 24 per cent increase as compared with 67 per cent for the Pacific States, 41 per cent for the West South Central, where Texas with a 78 per cent increase brings up her neighbors, just as Florida, with an employment growth of 81 per cent in the decade, brings up her 11 sister states of the Southeast. An interesting fact emerges from employment figures: New England, with a 1 per cent growth, is declining steadily, the mid-Atlantic states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are less than holding their own. The great growth in the country is in the Far West, Texas and Florida.

A paradox emerges from all the Department of Commerce figures: although our per capita income in the South is the lowest in the country, the percentage of increase in retail sales for the South is second highest in the country, which is either a great tribute to our retail stores' advertising, or an indication that we spend a greater proportion of our income on necessities and save less than the rest of the people of the United States.

Whatever else they show, the figures reflect the great poverty that still exists in the cabins in the cotton fields, in the shanty-towns of Augusta, Meridian, New Orleans and the slums of Louisville.

But the cabins in the cotton fields are becoming fewer and fewer. Recently in Georgia I saw 13 abandoned cabins on one farm; the Negroes had gone to the factories. Only one out of every ten Negroes now is a farm hand; the rest are in the cities, not only Southern cities, but in Northern and Western cities, too. There have been many migrations out of the South. In the decade from 1910 to 1920, almost ten per cent of the population of the South migrated. In the decade from 1920 to 1930, it was almost 15 per cent; in the last decade, ending in 1950, 18.9 per cent of the South's population left.

In the years since 1950 through October 1958, there has been a growth in the United States of 15 per cent in population. Only two Southern states have reached the national average: Florida with 51.9 per cent and Virginia

with 15.4 per cent, the increase in Virginia mostly government workers in suburbs of Washington. Three Southern states have actually lost population, keeping company with Vermont, the only other state in the Union to lose. They are West Virginia, Arkansas and Mississippi. Only big birthrates have kept Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee from losing.

Had Kentucky kept the 256,000 skilled mechanics and factory workers she exported, her growth would have been near the national average. But even so, she was lowest in her export of skill and brains, as well as poverty and disease: Arkansas led with 365,000 exportees; Mississippi was second with 336,000; Alabama was third with 320,000. If Florida were left out of calculation, the South's population growth since 1950 would be about half the national average, while the Far West exactly doubles the national average. Only the Northeastern states are below us in rate of population growth.

The movement of peoples within a country is bound to have political effect. The shift of population within this decade, plus the election last November, will have a profound bearing upon the favored position which the South has held in Congress through the operation of the seniority rule. Mr. Truman proved in 1948 that he could do without the South in the electoral college. I suggest that that will be even easier in subsequent presidential elections.

The Bureau of the Census estimates that after the 1960 census, when Congress is reapportioned, the 17 states of the West will gain 11 House seats, the North will lose 7 and the South 4.

With Alaska's two senators, the West has 36 out of 98 senators and if Hawaii comes in next year, the West will have 38 out of 100. The West will have 14 more senators than the 12 Southern states. (I am not including border states, whose representatives do not generally vote with the South.)

The political challenge to the South's domination that is inherent in the situation is apparent. Because of the operation of the seniority rule, seven Southern states—Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina—control 10 out of 15 standing committees of the Senate, including all the powerful committees save one. Those seven states have 14 Democratic senators out of 64 in the Senate. In addition, Southern Democrats are presently chairmen of 12 out of 12 Congressional Joint committees, commissions and boards. They represent six Southern states.

In the House the situation is no different. Again, because of the operation of seniority, nine Southern states with 86 members of the House out of 436 in the Congress, control 13 out of 19 standing committees and one select committee. With a fraction of the representation of the rest of the country, the South has been able in recent con-

gresses to bottle up or defeat, with the help of Republicans, legislation it did not like.

But, in the last election, Southern Democrats gained only one member of the House from the South—and that one from Louisville, and he is no Southern conservative. The fifteen new Democratic senators came from outside the South—from, if you please, the ranks of those whom President Eisenhower and Vice-President Nixon, not to mention Mr. Alcorn, branded as “radicals.” Not one of them is likely to vote with Southern conservatives such as Senator Eastland to bottle up a civil rights bill if one emerges in this Congress (which I doubt; I think it will come in the next Congress after the Civil Rights Commission makes its report on the denial of voting rights to Negroes in Terrell County, Georgia, Macon and Bullock Counties, Alabama, and other parts of the South). These new “radicals” are not going to be content to be dominated by Southern minds which they put in a class with that extinct bird which was reputed to fly backward.

It is perfectly obvious that Senator Johnson is going to have to bend with the wind of the last election if he is going to continue to exercise the magic control of Democratic senators—and indirect control of Democratic members of the House—in the next Congress. He could not do otherwise. In the last Congress, the Democratic majority on committees was frequently one vote. A Southern conservative could vote with the Republicans and defeat a report on almost any measure he chose. In the next Congress, the Democratic membership of committees may be as much as two to one, with the new members drawn from the ranks of the “radical” new senators.

The South's veto over legislation it does not like is gone if the new members of the House and Senate choose to end it. And there are already evidences that they do so choose. They are making demands for representation in the House and Senate leadership, and some of them are agitating for a change in present rules under which committee chairmen autocratically bottle up legislation they do not want—chairmen such as Barden of North Carolina (the education bill), Smith of Virginia, and Eastland of Mississippi.

Thus the South is witnessing the first phase in the passing of its inordinate political power.

It is pertinent to ask what has brought us to the pass where we have so far missed the dream of Grady and defaulted on the realism of Webb.

Slavery introduced and the Civil War fastened the cotton system, with all its implications, firmly upon our section. At the close of the Civil War, the Southern white man and the Southern Negro evolved out of their poverty the barter system that came to be the share-cropper and tenancy of the South. It was a scheme that served its purpose in its day, but it has been an unmitigated curse

for decades. It dragged our people, white and black, further and further into poverty and brought with poverty all her ugly handmaidens: human degeneracy, disease, illiteracy and prejudice.

It produced the demagogues who beat their breasts on the Fourth of July and proclaimed, “Thank God we have no peasantry.” I spent six months in Central Europe and seven months in Southeastern Europe and I never saw peasants live under conditions that I have seen in the South. The tensions inherent in the cotton system—tensions of people of different races living together—produced the demagogues who have more often than not constituted the political leadership of the South: the demagogues who have so often led the people of the South up blind alleys.

One of my early recollections was sitting under the oratorical spell of one of Mississippi's most blatant demagogues—50 years ago, it was—and hearing him promise that if he was elected to the Senate, he would bring about the repeal of the Fourteenth amendment and a revision of the Fifteenth amendment. But Vardaman didn't. Nor did Cole Blease, nor Pitchford Ben Tillman nor Gene Talmadge. The Fourteenth amendment has come home to roost in the South.

The first reaction to the Supreme Court's decision was almost psychotic. Much of the South, particularly Southern politicians, rose with a rebel yell that would have shattered the breastworks at Petersburg. The Supreme Court decision set in motion some of the evil forces and evil actions which are too reminiscent of our darkest days. The spirit of violence has manifested itself and even academic freedom took body blows in a good many Southern colleges.

Under the leadership of Virginia, politicians of the South rode off like headless horsemen into the woods of nullification, or “massive resistance,” in pursuit of every evasion of the decree which slick, if not smart, lawyers could devise. The dark cloud of integration or de-segregation, call it whatever you will, obscures most other considerations.

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

The question of integration pollutes all the channels of Southern life. It makes a Fulbright of Arkansas, one of

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

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

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

The whole field of legislation has been clouded by the South's attitude toward desegregation or integration: the President's education bill was defeated and substituted; the Housing bill went down to defeat without substitution, with 28 Southern representatives voting against it.

This feeling of being embattled, this determination to protect its way of life, come hell or high water, come hydrogen world or not, has led the South into isolationism which has never been part of its tradition until recent years. On the contrary, it has been the most internationally minded of all sections of the country. But in the past session of Congress, on the first passage of the Mutual Security bill, there were 134 unfavorable votes in the House. Fifty-eight of them were Democrats; 52 of the 58 were from the South. On the appropriation for Mutual Security there were 17 Democratic votes against; 14 of them were from the South.

On the Reciprocal Trade bill, the biggest block of votes to recommit, and thereby kill, was 48 Southern members of the House. That was an accretion of 13 isolationists since 1955.

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

This withdrawal has its disastrous consequences. It may indeed be responsible for the mess in which we find our-

selves in the Middle East. When the question of our helping to finance the Aswan Dam was under consideration, the most influential Senator dealing with the question, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator George, warned the President and Mr. Dulles that he would not stand for it. In a story on April 27, 1956, Jack Bell quotes Senator George directly in opposition, and then paraphrases: "George made it clear that domestic economic considerations play a large part in his opposition to American participation in the dam construction. He said if the project were built and the waters of the Nile backed up for irrigation it might be possible that 'millions of acres' of land would be planted in cotton. They could produce enough cotton there to fill up the world market and wipe out these markets for the American grower."

I do not need to remind you of the chain reaction set up by Mr. Dulles's abrupt notice to Nasser that we would not help him on the Aswan Dam: the seizure of the Canal, the invasion by the French and the British; the heroizing and deifying of Nasser by the Arabs and the long string of events coming out of that.

As James McBride Dabbs ruefully says in his book, *Southern Heritage*, "Defending, so they say, the Southern way of life, they indicate by their actions that they have lost its quality."

The fight which lies before the South will make some martyrs, whether they give their lives or only suffer "the slings and arrows of an outrageous (economic) fortune." But not since the Civil War has the Southerner of good will faced such a challenge as he has now to fight the black-heartedness of organized prejudice and repression and fanaticism on the one hand and give encouragement and calm counsel on the other to people who believe in living under evolving law rather than marching back into history, and in expanding the freedom of all people everywhere.

Fortunately, I think we are beginning to see some light. It has come to be admitted by almost all Virginians that "massive resistance" has broken down. Even the Richmond newspapers which devised "interposition" have abandoned it and are calling for some new idea from leaders who obviously have no new ideas. Senator Russell has called upon Georgia not to surrender "before the first shot is fired." Newspapermen who did not have the daring of Heiskell or Ashmore or Patterson [of the *Arkansas Gazette*], who merely called for observance of the law of the land, are beginning, to use a vulgarism, to "get their guts up." Even in Virginia, Richmond, Norfolk and Lynchburg papers are expressing disillusionment with a leadership which has led them to defeat after defeat. Atlanta and Macon papers are speaking out boldly.

In North Carolina the Asheville *Times* has spoken for a great many who have not spoken out loud: "The Great

South can no longer afford to live in bitterness and regret over this dead issue. We must build a new and better tolerance and good will among all our citizens. Our first task now is to see to it that the South's children get the best education possible."

Jefferson dug deeper than he knew with the institution of public education. Parents are making their voices heard. Two hundred and fifty Emory professors and 301 ministers of Atlanta have demanded that public schools be preserved. And the mayor of Atlanta is leading a fight to remove the shield the State of Georgia has put between the federal government and the conscience of the Georgia people.

Georgia politicians have been put on solemn notice, through a survey by James Montgomery of the Atlanta *Constitution*, by 128 research, engineering and management-level people that of their number 78 are willing to send their children to integrated schools and 21 others would be willing if Negro enrollment would be held to 10 per cent, if there were no disorders and if academic standards were not lowered.

Fourteen and seven-tenths per cent of the "eggheads" whom Montgomery interviewed would send their children to school in another state if the public schools were closed and 17.1 per cent would ask their companies to transfer them to other states. These people, mind you, are from

Emory, the University of Georgia, Georgia State and Georgia Tech, plus the twelve major plants which have brought outside brains and created the demand for Georgia brains in research, engineering and administration.

If we are to stop exporting brains, if we are to bring some sense of reality to a situation that urgently demands it, if we are to stop being a hopelessly romantic people who had much rather deal in pleasant, fragrant fancies about our past than in stark realities of the present—a people who became violently attached to causes and all the more attached if the causes be hopelessly lost—then all of us must be up and doing, the educators most of all.

A good many years ago, I heard Sherwood Anderson speak at the University of Georgia. In the course of his speech, he turned to that part of the faculty seated on the stage and said something like this:

"I rode by car from Charlotte to Athens, past the unpainted cabins of Northeast Georgia, through her eroded cotton-worn red land, and I suddenly came upon this magnificent institution upon her hill. These people whose shacks I passed have helped to pour millions into these fine buildings. The thought came to me and has haunted me ever since I came: What an awful, fearful responsibility you have."

And so I say to the educators of the South: What an awful, fearful responsibility you have in the creation of new attitudes and new leaders.

## Business Journalism: What Type of Profession?

By Robert K. Otterbourg

Within the confines of the journalism profession perhaps the most non-publicized and equally unheralded branch is business journalism. In fact the public knows little of the workings of the more than 2,000 daily, weekly and monthly business publications.

Nonetheless, despite this public anonymity, business publications appear as one of the fastest growing news media today while at the same time the roster of daily newspapers decreases in number.

In an era of multi-million circulation figures and equally gigantic television viewing statistics, business publications show relatively scanty subscription lists. McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., by far the giant of this industry, reports total circulation for its more than 30 weekly and monthlies of 1,000,000. This includes approximately 300,000 subscribers for *Business Week*, its hybrid news-business weekly.

On the other hand, minimum circulation does not mean that business journalism is a fledgling when it comes to reporting and editorial techniques. It would be safe to say that business publications are going through a dramatic

rebirth: many are formulating new reporting approaches that might have shocked the average reader ten years ago and would have surely perturbed the early founders of many of these magazines.

What then is taking place? Frankly, business publications are no longer pandering their chosen industries. They report objectively, interpret fairly and above all attempt to maintain editorial independence. To those who have never worked for business publications and so know little about their origins, a point of reference is necessary. Here's a general picture of what most business publishing was like until recent years, a portrait that unfortunately lingers on at too many publications:

Scores of reporters, editors and administrators were inferior technicians; they were keen industry supporters and businessmen but their journalistic sharpness failed to be noticeable. Such personnel represented publications that actually pawned their editorial souls for larger circulations, prosperous advertising schedules, or in turn have lowered standards to benefit and promote vested business inter-

ests. They served in relation to an industry in fashion much like the omnipresent trade association; the publication, though, acted as the unofficial organ.

Such back-slapping periodicals refrained from presenting objective news coverage. Instead they looked at news through rose-colored glasses. These papers rarely were independent in their views; they read like company house organs and when their editorials spoke out, they sounded like a father scolding a favorite son.

Despite what appears as an apology for a gloomy past, a dynamic reform force is at work. Business papers, many part of the approximately 150 publishing firms with multi-business paper setups, prove that business journalism can operate efficiently and profitably with a complete separation of advertising and editorial departments. An increasing number of business papers now realize it is good business sense to adopt or refine Fairchild Publications' long-time practiced editorial creed "Our Salvation Depends on Printing the News."

How come this change in approach in editorial scope and independence? One explanation perhaps is found in the very nature and evolution in business. Prior to World War II, American industry as we know it today did not exist. Even the giant automotive field was a fraction of its current size; other industries such as aviation, rocketry, chemicals, nuclear energy, electronics plastics, capital goods, supermarket and mass distribution, and advertising either did not exist or were comparatively minute. Big business with the accent on professional management needed the plight of war to come into existence. With the evolution in new goods, business techniques and management controls, business publications were required to change if they wanted to survive. An \$11 billion 1959 advertising industry called for publications that could think and act on an equal level with its chosen field. Thus an unofficial axiom emerged: massive and expansive business requires publications on the same journalistic level. An executive of a \$2 billion company seeks out publications that can mirror his activities.

Meanwhile as business grew to its present proportions it also took on new facets, also unknown prior to World War II. Automation, labor relations, taxes and research and development are new words in post-war business, thinking. True, business publications again had to mature for their audience calls for information on these highly-developed and sophisticated areas. Each change in business pricked business publications for the pre-war variety and thinking would never exist in a new industrial atmosphere. Business papers, many against their own wishes, changed to meet the times and with it came a new philosophy and approach to news and editorial sections. The pre-war business paper, for example, then covering a \$200 million industry, if it awoke 20 years later in 1959

would find itself involved in a \$5 billion field. These are the forces spurring current business journalism.

Thus the vibrant and unfettered business publications have shaped a new destiny—printing the news without favor and in many instances at the risk of losing profitable advertising revenue.

This dynamic awakening should make the consumer press sit up and take notice for it is practically a truism today that the daily press, except for the all too rare large metropolitan newspaper, i.e., *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, *Chicago Tribune* and one or two others, will never fashion a business-financial section in more than name only. It is relatively impossible; the daily, weekly and monthly business press publish such a volume of news that the business reader will turn to the general or specialized business publication. The general business news printed in the consumer press can do no more than whet the businessman's appetite or introduce him to the particular news event. Business journalism is unlike the rapidly developing medical and science reporting specialties taking hold in the daily press; these areas do not have the variety of easy-to-read counterparts.

To illustrate, pick up your morning or evening newspaper. Turn to the business-financial section. Except for a handful of large dailies in the nation's business capitals, nearly all business news and feature stories are derived from the wire services or press releases. The business editor title is a token handle and more often than not he functions as a specialized telegraph editor.

Now in comparison pick up your favorite business paper be it daily, weekly or monthly. Disregard those stories with parochial trade interest; the general business stories are presented again but this time the emphasis is on detail, facts and true depth. Readers demand it. Few people in fact subscribe to business papers for anything more than education and information; entertainment, relaxation or amusement can hardly be found here. Subscribers scan these publications for news and direction that is applicable in their daily work.

While much material continues to remain in business papers that caters in part to advertisers—new products available, personnel changes and company announcements—the modern business papers unlike their forbears (and too many holdovers) use such material in the back-of-the-book. The main sections, however, are reserved for news, interpretation and of course business papers forté: timely features and reports. Herein awaits the challenge, the area in which business papers are more than press release re-writes and where leading publications show their mettle.

Take Mr. Average Reader. He knows what's taking place generally throughout his particular industry; he has his finger on the top events; he can spot the trends and future highlights. But he wants more than that, real meat. Ex-

cept for confidential company or trade association reports, and he might have no access to them, he can stay uninformed. Therefore business papers bridge this gap. They produce the long, thoughtful analytical article that includes previously "secret" information, months of preparation, national surveys and other data resulting from depth reporting. Mr. Average Reader, who due to the complications of current business can hardly ever know all about what's taking place in his industry, is catered to .

It is true many business publications in order to boost circulation and attract bonus advertising schedules have unwisely labeled some trite articles containing ancient facts as special reports. The common joke within business journalism is to take a government pamphlet and supporting facts, a quick survey of five business leaders in as many cities, some relating charts and package them together as a special report. But then again this sly treatment is no different from the daily press with its pedestrian stories tagged as exclusive inside series and exposés. Both the business and consumer press are too often prone to label the ordinary as extraordinary.

The research departments, existing within most top business publications, in their own right have carved out noteworthy reputations. Such publications as the *Wall Street Journal*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Business Week*, *Printers' Ink*, *Women's Wear Daily*, *Iron Age* and *Progressive Grocer*, to mention a few, serve as semi-official sources of much of the nation's industrial statistics and data. Along with Governmental economic reporting, they chart, predict and record business events.

Meanwhile these publications strike out in other directions with their piercing stories. Typical of this vitality is *Aviation Week*, a McGraw-Hill weekly, a pioneer in its news coverage of the space age, rocketry and military-commercial aviation. Its stories on United States and Russian airpower have embarrassed our Government for its frankness and revelations to the point that they are the sources of many lead consumer newspaper stories.

During the 1957-58 recession, leading business papers established another milestone. While many publications continued to apologize and hedge on the grave economic situation, other papers failed to be pollyannas. They produced forthright news and analytical pieces which accurately forecasted current business patterns and developments. What a change from their earlier years when only

a handful of business papers would dare take such a stance!

This advance, an uncelebrated gain in American journalism, is far from over. Much that goes on within business journalism is none too appetizing. Firstly, even the best business papers, due to the vast volume of business news, are prone to work too closely with public relations staff and their efforts. Though industrial public relations is also maturing, press release journalism enervates and lowers editorial practices. But the public relations influence must continue as such until business papers grow sufficiently in size. Then, in most cases, the press agent will be relegated to his rightful place—as a guide and invaluable helper instead of his being an editorial crutch or "non-paid staff member."

Secondly, working conditions require improvement. Long hours and specifically, whimsical management upheavels keep too many business papers in constant turnover. While the American Newspaper Guild or an equivalent representative group might not be the best answer, business papers need some force either internal or external to stabilize careers. Many publishers similarly continue to place their editorial staffs on a lower level than the business-advertising departments.

Thirdly, editors drastically need professional societies on the same plane with the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Associated Press and the United Press-International's editing groups and the American Press Institute. Though the Associated Business Publications and National Business Publications, two trade groups, do maintain editorial assistance through seminars and other devices, the associations are devoted primarily to advertising, circulation and business affairs. There is hardly a place for the mature business editor to turn for professional improvement.

Fourthly, journalism schools (it is *not* necessary to train specifically for a business journalism career) should at least enlighten their students to careers on business papers. The future promises more exciting editorial opportunities. New federal laws, further international trade, advanced scientific and engineering developments and the trend to bigness in business call for learned writers and editors. Gone at last is the business paper editor of past years: he wrote a story if you took an ad?

---

**Robert K. Otterbourg** is associate editor of *Printers' Ink*.

# Harold Ross—The Impresario

(This is A. J. Liebling's Ross—and vice versa.)

By A. J. Liebling

It is hard for a writer to call an editor great because it is natural for him to think of the editor as a writer *manqué*. It is like asking a thief to approve a fence, or a fighter to speak highly of a manager. "Fighters are sincere," a fellow with the old pug's syndrome said to me at a bar once as his head wobbled and the hand that held his shot-glass shook. "Managers are pimps, they sell our blood." In the newspaper trade confirmed reporters think confirmed editors are mediocrities who took the easy way out. These attitudes mark an excess of vanity coupled with a lack of imagination; it never occurs to a writer that anybody could have wanted to be anything else.

I say, despite occupational bias, Ross, the first editor of *The New Yorker*, was as great as anybody I ever knew, in his way. He was as great as Sam Langford, who could make any opponent lead and then belt him out, or Beatrice Lillie, who can always make me laugh, or Raymond Weeks who taught Romance Philology at Columbia and lured me into the Middle Ages, or Max Fischel who covered New York Police Headquarters for the *Evening World*, and was the best head-and-legman I ever saw. The head helps the legs when it knows its way around.

Given the address of a tenement homicide, Max would go over the roofs and down while the younger men raced down to the street and then around the block and up. They would arrive to find him listening sympathetically to the widow if the police had not already locked her up, or to a neighbor if they had. People in jams liked to talk to him because he never talked at them.

Ross was as great as Max, or as a man named Flageollet who kept a hotel with eight rooms at Feriana in Tunisia and was one of the best cooks I have known, or another named Bouillon who had a small restaurant on the Rue Ste-Anne in Paris. (It is odd that I should have known two great cooks with comestible names.) He was as great as Eddie Arcaro, the rider, or General George Patton or Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, or a number of women I have known who had other talents. Ross would not have resented any of these comparisons, and the ones with Max and Patton would have flattered him particularly, because he was a newspaper and Army buff. One thing that made him a great editor was his interest in the variety of forms greatness assumes. He saw it in the entertainers he hired, as cheaply as possible so that they would work harder, to appear in his Litterographic Congress of Strange (Great) People of the World. The Greatest One-Gag Cartoonist,

the Greatest Two-Gag Cartoonist, the Greatest Cartoonists Waiting for a Gag; the Greatest One-Note Male Short-Story Writer, the Greatest Half-Note In-Between Short-Story Writer, the Greatest Demi-Semi-Quaver Lady Short-Story Writer Ending in a Muted Gulp; The Greatest Woman Who Ever Married an Egyptian, the Greatest Woman Who Ever Married a Pantagonian, the Greatest Woman Who Ever Married a Dravidian Pterodactyl. These latter's stories always began: "My mother-in-law could never get used to my wearing shoes," and still do, although sales territory is becoming rapidly exhausted; the only franchises still available to marry into are the Andaman Island and Washington Heights. Ross cherished half-bad Great talents too; he knew there will never be enough good ones to go around.

E.B. White once said to me that the relation between Ross and him was like that of two railroad cars—they met only at one point. White was with Ross from the beginning of the magazine in 1925, but he admits he knew only one Ross personally and a couple of dozen others by intuition, hearsay, brag or reputation. Ross had some raffish friends I envied him and some stuffed-shirt friends I wouldn't be seen dead with. He was equally proud and I think equally fond of all of them. He liked anybody who had a lot of money or a good story to tell, and since these are minerals seldom found in conjunction, he prospected around. *The New Yorker* he made reflected this idiosyncrasy, but not what the kids now call dichotomy. He just had more interests than most people. I think that a number of men who knew Ross underrated him because, coming up on him always from one direction, they found him sometimes preoccupied with what was going on in another ring.

It was as if a wire-walker expected a ringmaster to be as exclusively interested in high-wire acts as he was. Of course Ross couldn't write as well as Thurber or Joe Mitchell, or draw as well as Steinberg. He didn't know as much as Edmund Wilson is supposed to, and there were at any given period of *The New Yorker's* existence eighty-four people around who knew more about France or the East Side or where to buy a baby bottle with an aquamarine nipple for Christmas. But he had his own greatness—he put the show together. Why he wanted to I don't know. What made Arcaro a jockey?

Early in December, 1951, when Ross had been ill since the previous April, I said to Bill Shawn, who was doing his

work and has since succeeded him: "If I knew he was going to die, I'd put my arm around his shoulder and say I'd always liked him. But if he recovered he'd never forgive me."

That was at a time when the doctors had not admitted his condition was critical, but when the length of the illness had made us all suspicious. He died about a week later, but I think he knew that I liked him, in a way, and I know he liked me, in a way, and that's about as close as I ever got to him in an acquaintance of 18 years, 16 of them on *The New Yorker*.

The only letter of his I have chanced to preserve is one I got in Reno, Nevada, in the summer of 1949. He felt there was a great story in Reno, but did not know just what it was. He wrote, "But of course you are a better reporter than I am. (The hell you are!)" He couldn't give a compliment without taking it back in the next sentence—afraid you'd get a swelled head, I suppose. I disappointed him with a slight report on Reno I wrote then, but I took East the seed of a much better story, which germinated until I went out to Nevada again in the Fall of 1953 and reported and wrote it. He never saw it, of course.

He was a great hunch man, which is part of being a great editor. Many aspects of life entranced him imprecisely, and he knew that where there was entrancement there was a story, if he could just bring the right kind of man into its vicinity. Like a marriage broker, he could bring together a couple, writer and subject, who ought to hit it off. But sometimes not even Ross could make them go to bed together.

He was also good at sensing a mismatch. Immediately after the end of the war I told him that I would like to travel in the unknown—to me—interior of this country and write about the Midwest as I would of any other strange land.

"You wouldn't like it, Liebbling," he said, "You wouldn't like it."

I spent the winter of 1949-50 in Chicago, and he was dead right.

Later in my Nevada summer he came to Reno with some of his Hollywood pals—Chasen and Capra and Nunnally Johnson—on a holiday. He was very happy, happier than I have seen him in any other setting. He liked the West (as distinguished from Mid-) and pretending to be a Westerner. (He had left the West when a kid, and by the time I knew him was an indefinitely urban type, though never a New Yorker.) He got me to sit in with him at the open poker game in the Bank Club, together with the old shepherders and railroad pensioners. There are always at least three one-armed men in that game—brakemen who fell under trains. I played a half-hour, lost \$20 and got out. He stayed an hour and said he won \$60. Later he went back, played until five in the morning, and returning to the Riverside Hotel, cashed a check for \$500. I heard about it at

breakfast from the night manager of the game room, who was just going off duty. At lunch Ross told me he had cleaned up, but I knew better.

When he was young, vaudeville was the chief national entertainment industry, and I often thought he would have made a first-class booker for variety shows. This is no faint compliment, for I adored vaudeville, which lasted well on into my own youth. So must Ross have done; he had a great affection for old comics like Joe Cook and Chasen. He put on a weekly variety bill of the printed word and the graphic gag—always well balanced and sufficiently entertaining to bring the audience back next week. He booked the best acts he could, but he knew that you couldn't get the best specialists in every spot every week. When he had no headline comic he built the show around a dancer or even a juggler. One week he might have a cartoon that people would remember with pleasure for years. The next it might be a good Profile, and the week after that the Fratellini of prose, Sullivan and Perelman, or a tear-jerking fiction turn by Dorothy Parker or O'Hara. Vaudeville, too, had its sacred moments; next to a good laugh there is nothing so nice as a snuffle.

Ross tried to polish old acts or develop new ones, but he never let his notion of what he wanted get in the way of his clear apprehension of what was to be had. In the late Thirties, when all his new writers came from newspaper staffs where they had sweated through the Depression, he said to me:

"Liebling, I wish I could find some young conservative writers who could write, but there aren't any." He was by inclination a kind of H. L. Mencken conservative himself, but he wouldn't book a dancer who couldn't dance just because he liked the shape of her *derrière*. This is a higher integrity than either Right Wing or Left Wing editors possessed in those days. The writing in the *New Masses* was as bad, in a different way, as the writing in *Time*. (The transition, as Whittaker Chambers found out, was easy.) Ross's loyalty was to his readers. He treasured Alva Johnston, an earlier convert from the newspaper fold than we were, who wrote excellent Profiles and at the same time held that stupid Presidents were best, because they let big businessmen run the country, and businessmen had brains.

Alva's only objection to Herbert Hoover was that he was too bright. He was a hard man to satisfy; it is a pity he did not live to see Eisenhower. Ross relished Johnston's concurrent political opinions as *lagniappe*; he wouldn't have given a hoot about them if he hadn't esteemed Alva's technique of defining character by a series of anecdotes on an ascending scale of extravagance, so that the reader of the sixth installment wolfed yarns that he would have rejected in the first.

Nor did Ross insist on playing types of acts that had lost their vogue. During the late Twenties and very early Thirties *The New Yorker* frequently ran a type of Profile of rich and successful men that was only superficially distinguishable from the Success Stories in the late *American Magazine*. (The difference was that *The New Yorker* writer might attribute to the protagonist some supposedly charming foible like wearing crimson ties although he had attended Princeton.) The hallmark of this kind of Profile was a sentence on the order of "Although Jeremy P. Goldrush is as rich as rich, you would never think from his plain old \$200 suits that he was more than an ordinary weekend polo player."

After a couple of these heroes had landed in State Prisons, Ross became receptive to portraits in a less reverent style. Although Ross loved the smell of success, he was emotionally irreverent and always enjoyed learning that a fellow he had accepted as a monument to society was in fact a sepulchre with a runny coat of whitewash.

He made the same good adjustment to World War II as to the Depression. He would have preferred not to have it, but he didn't deny it was on. That got me a break. He sent me to France in October, 1939. I attracted the assignment by telling McKelway how well I could talk French. McKelway could not judge. Besides, I was a reasonable age for the job: 35.

Ross was 47 then, and in the newspaper world we came out in different decades, twelve years is a great gap. When we talked I called him "Mr. Ross." I was never an intimate of his—just an act he booked and learned to appreciate, though never highly enough in my opinion. I think that all the reporters of my *New Yorker* generation—Mitchell and Jack Alexander and Dick Boyer and Meyer Berger and I—had the same classical ambivalent son-to-father feeling about him. We were eager to please him and cherished his praise, but we publicly and profanely discounted his criticism. Especially we resented his familiarity with the old-timers—the Companions of the Prophet—and his indulgence for them. Our admiration for their work was not unqualified or universal. (I still think *The New Yorker's* reporting before we got on it was pretty shoddy.)

I find it hard to admit how jealous I was one day in 1946 when Wolcott Gibbs, who was very ill, called up while Ross and I were working over proofs. Ross told him to take care of himself and said: "Don't worry about money." That was white of him, I thought, but he had never said that to me. It was a true sibling emotion. In fact, Ross thought that a healthy writer wouldn't write unless he had had to emit at least two rubber checks and was going to be evicted after the weekend. It was an unselfish

conviction, a carry-over from his newspaper days. He reminded me of a showman I knew named Clifford G. Fischer—the impresarial analogy pops up constantly when I think of Ross. Fischer spoke to actors only in a loud scream, and when I asked him why replied, in a low conversational voice he used on non-actors: "Because they are abnormal people. To abnormal people you got to talk in an abnormal voice."

Ross liked writers, but he would no more have thought of offering a writer money than of offering a horse an ice-cream soda. "Bad for them, Liebling," he would have said. But you could promote a small advance if you were in a bad jam. What continually amazed me about Ross, and convinced me of his greatness, was that he took the whole show seriously—from the fiction, which I often cannot read, to the fashion notes that I never try to. He knew no more of horse-racing than a hog of Heaven, but he knew how to find and keep Audax Minor, G. F. T. Ryall, whose tone is precisely right for *The New Yorker*. Here again he had the instinct of a showman, who wants the whole bill to be good, while I have that of an educated seal, who thinks that when he plays "Oh, Say Can You See," on the automobile horn, it is the highspot of the evening. After that the crowd can go home.

A lot has been written about Ross as an editor of manuscript, as distinguished from Ross the editor-impresario. There should be different words for the two functions in English as there are in French—*directeur* for the boss and *rédacteur* for the fellow who works on the copy. Ross did both, but he impressed me less as *rédacteur* than as *directeur*. His great demand was clarity. This is a fine and necessary quality, but you can go just so far with it. You cannot make subtlety or complexity clear to an extraordinarily dull reader, but Ross in editing would make himself *advocatus asinorum*. He would ask scores of marginal questions, including many to which he full well knew the answers, on the off chance that unless all were pre-explained in the text some particularly stupid woman in a dentist's waiting room might pick up a *New Yorker* and be puzzled. Out of the swarm of questions there were always a few that improved the piece—on an average, I should say, about 2-3/4 percent, and none that did any harm, because you could ignore the silliest and leave Shawn to talk him out of the rest.

I never thought this quest for clarity naive. It was part of a method he had thought out for putting his "book" across in the early days. If the silliest *New Yorker* readers could go through a piece on a "sophisticated" subject and understand every word, they would think themselves extremely intelligent and renew their subscriptions. But there are subjects not susceptible of such reduction; the only way of making clear pea soup, is by omitting the peas. Ross continued his queries compulsively long after the time

when *The New Yorker* had to recruit readers. A point had been reached when the silly ones would pretend to understand even if they didn't. This vestigial reminder of the "book's" early hard times was exasperating, but not serious. The writer got his way in the end. Just because he was a great editor, Ross knew when to back down.

I have heard that he made a fetish of Fowler's *English Usage*, a book I have never looked into. (It would be like Escoffier consulting Mrs. Beeton.) He never suggested the book to me, nor told me how to write that mythical thing, "*The New Yorker* style." What is affected as a "*New Yorker* style" by undergraduate and British contributors is, to judge from specimens I have seen, a mixture of White's style, Gibbs's and S. J. Perelman's, but as none of these three is like either of the others, the result is like a "Romance Language" made up by jumbling French, Portuguese and Roumanian. It is not a satisfactory medium of communication. I don't know anybody who has written a good story for *The New Yorker* in "*New Yorker* style."

Personally, I had a tough first year on *The New Yorker*, from the summer of 1935 to the summer of 1936, because I brought to it a successful newspaper short-feature method that was not directly transferable to a magazine, especially in long pieces. It would have been like running a mile in a series of hundred-yard dashes. I rescued myself by my reporting on a Profile of Father Divine. I found out more of the inner inwardness and outward outerness of that old god in a machine than anybody else had. The machine was a \$150 Rolls-Royce acquired during the Depression when nobody else wanted a car that burned that much gas. The old newspaperman in Ross came to the top; he stopped my salary of sixty-five dollars a week and gave me a drawing account of ninety. I have never been out of debt to *The New Yorker* since.

And still, that isn't the whole story. It is hard to be entirely kind to Ross, and he found it hard to be entirely kind to others, as I recalled earlier on. But through five years of war I liked to know that he was behind me, unashamedly interested in what I was doing and seeing, like a kid watching a high-wire act, and that my copy would run as I wrote it. He never usurped the right to tell me what I saw, or to turn my report into a reflection of an editorial conference in Rockefeller Plaza strained through a recollection of Plattsburg in the First World War. That used to happen constantly to the collective journalists. He appreciated a good story, too. He seldom gave unqualified praise to a person—and who deserves it?—but he once cheered me with a note about the "unbelievably high quality" of a piece. He was a ham and understood them.

I wish I had told him once how much I liked him.

## William Bolitho Today

By Herbert C. Morton

One of the newspaperman's hardest jobs is to stay fresh: to believe that "life is good to live," good to explore and good to write about. These qualities are essential to his trade. When he loses them, something goes out of his work, and if, as a result, he doesn't drift into public relations, teaching or some related occupation, he finds his job bearing little resemblance to the visions that attracted him to it in the first place.

What keeps a newsman going as a creative journalist is a mystery that I don't pretend to have solved. The vitaminizing elements vary, to judge by the individuality of newsmen who do manage to stay creative. There is a good chance, however, that one of these elements is the excitation that comes from reading what has been said by a gifted writer who never lost his drive to find out, to expose and to enlighten. At least it is on this assumption that I have tried to set down here an introduction to the works of a man who was regarded by his contemporaries as the most brilliant journalist of his time—his contemporaries during the late 1920's being Walter Duranty, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Brown and Noel Coward, to mention some who have written with great admiration about William Bolitho.

The brilliance of Bolitho's reporting and writing seems to me to be undimmed by the passage of nearly 30 years; the relevance of his observation has hardly faded. This is a substantial achievement for one writing against newspaper deadlines, but it is not this quality alone that commends him to our attention today. Equally striking was his ability to escape the customary confines of newspaper writing. Or to view it differently, his work testifies to the power of the press to accommodate originality and greatness, despite the prevalence of conventionality.

Once in a brief autobiographical reflection, Bolitho wrote about a minor episode in the massive World War I Battle of the Somme—a mine blast that buried him, then a young British lieutenant, and 16 men. Troops moving in after the explosion disinterred 17 bodies, and miraculously the lieutenant was still alive. For months he remained in a coma, and after he regained consciousness, he spent a year in a Scottish hospital. A dislocation of the neck was never cured, which may explain the appearance of hauteur in the picture of Bolitho that appeared in *The Bookman* for February 1930.

The Somme completely reoriented his thinking. A dozen years later he wrote in a column for the *New York World*:

---

Herbert Morton, former newspaperman, is now director of publication at the Brookings Institution.

Before then I had divided humanity into chaste and unchaste, beautiful and ugly, clever and stupid, and so forth. The biggest murder until that time in the history of war suddenly made me see that all those qualities were nothing but clothes, and I arrived with one sickening jump at the fundamental of all philosophy: there are just two sorts of everyone—those who would dig you out if you were buried alive, and the others. The givers and the takers.

It may be a sort of madness that makes certain numbers of people givers of themselves, their work, their lives; it certainly seems very irrational, and the most superficial experience shows that it is rare and not normal.

Along with his war experience that led him to prize life so highly there is one other important biographical fact that may help one understand Bolitho's individuality (though it would be too much to claim that simple biographical facts explain his genius): Bolitho was never more than a visitor to the United States. He was born in poverty at Capetown, South Africa, in 1890, worked his way to England as a stoker on a British liner, enlisted as a private when war came, and after his recovery from the trauma of the Somme got his start in journalism by becoming Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. The originality of his work attracted much attention and in 1923 the *New York World* hired him as a correspondent. He came to America first on a six months' alien permit in 1928 to write three columns a week for the *World's* famed "op ed" page, and had it renewed for another six months. He returned to Europe, and then came back for a last visit in December 1929. Four months later he died at Avignon, France, aged 39.

His mind was unencumbered with patriotic loyalties; it was unindoctrinated. He was here to explore, neither to defend nor to accuse. Unfettered by American conventions about the nature of news, he was less concerned with keeping the record than in elucidating it. He was, to the end, an intense, yet detached, observer with uncommon perspicacity.

Bolitho's first book, published in 1926, was *Murder for Profit*, an analysis of mass murderers, "the worst, the most dangerous, the most wicked criminals of our century, the bottom of the vase." Denying that he was out merely to exploit reader susceptibility to sensationalism, he contended that: "We have a need for the sight of life and death as for salt. We wage slaves live continually in incompleteness and inexplicability; we strain for a sight of stars and mud; we wish to take our bearings and know where we stand."

In the same vein, he followed in 1929 with his study of adventure, *Twelve Against the Gods*, explaining: "The adventurer is within us, and he contests for our favor with

the social man we are obliged to be. These two sorts of life are incompatibles; one we hanker after, the other we are obliged to. There is no conflict as deep and bitter as this."

The 12 biographies that make up this book are of Alexander the Great, Casanova, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon I, Catiline, Napoleon III, Isadora Duncan and Woodrow Wilson.

Bolitho's last work was the play—*Overture—1920*. Marc Connelly was to have staged it, but the plans were cancelled by Bolitho's death.

*Overture* is the story of man's fight against conventional, mean and mediocre minds. Its locale is postwar Germany.

Bolitho wrote scores of essays in British and American periodicals that have not been collected in book form. He also wrote an introduction to De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* in a limited edition of 1,520 copies published at Oxford.

\* \* \*

So much for an introductory overview of Bolitho's life and writing. Let us turn to *Camera Obscura*, a collection of 50 columns written for the *World*, which is the quintessence of Bolitho's thinking about America. It also includes enough philosophical asides to round out the picture of the complete man. It shows his love for art, poetry and the theater, his alertness to new scientific and sociological developments, his interest in people. As a visitor, he was also intrigued by the comic strip, the speakeasy and other Americana. All this is included in *Camera Obscura*.

One of the singular attractions of the year 1929 was Primo Carnera, the mountainous prize fighter from Italy, that "rare embodiment of the strange and unusual, . . . the material for folklore."

Here is Bolitho's description of Carnera after a fight:

I now saw and spoke to the giant face to face. His face especially is remarkable. An ecstatic touching smile; and now in reach of incredible riches. The thought of feasts, women, clothes are dancing in his head. The teeth are all shown, long and yellow like a horse's, with receding gums and dark at their base. There is only an inch between his forehead and his eyes, and there is a red mark chafed on the bridge of his formless nose. The inordinate length of his face, the strange, unspeculative look in his stare, his great sensuous lips, would be familiar in decadent Rome; the Rome of Nero and Faustina. He is a gladiator such as they used to carve on the prow of their pleasure galleys in the days of Petronius.

It is wrong to say he has a beautiful or even noble body. It is red and hairless. His muscles are the plebeian masses that merge roundly into each other, with the look of fatness; the muscles of a blacksmith or stevedore, not the aris-

tocratic flesh pure sport creates. His skin, too, is muddy. There was a large angry-red pimple on his shoulder and his huge feet are lamentable; bunioned, jointed, the feet of a poor waiter. On his left calf there are knotted veins and scars of boils or festered bruises.

As they photographed him I saw his manager beside him bend his knees, so that Carnera would look even taller.

\* \* \*

Bolitho's versatility ushered him effortlessly from Carnera to Van Gogh, whose brilliance and originality set him apart from the main current of art. The column on Van Gogh places the Dutch artist in historical perspective, captures some of the intensity of his paintings for the printed page and, no less, provides an insight into Bolitho's thought.

There is no secret that this lonely eminence of originality in his case has some root in his insanity. Madness alone is entirely free from the commonplace. However terrible or twisted or invalid the visions of sick brains, each is individual and new.

The sore spot of all aesthetics, Bolitho adds, is "the virtually inevitable failure of criticism to recognize or even tolerate a genius on his arrival. . . ."

But for this stupidity of the world [which at first did not recognize his genius] Van Gogh was paid, as Blake was paid, by the inestimable advantage of being until the day he died, artistically free. Art in a garret, or in a ditch, can at any rate grow freely. No wish to please, no entangling advice or encouragement which has more often been destructive of original genius than mockery, even to corrupt his novelty or conventionally deform it. He was robbed of his reward, that is all: the least part of his career that, after all, was not entirely earthly.

Idiosyncrasies accounted for much of a nation's charm, or an individual's charm, in Bolitho's eyes. While America preferred to wave the flag over its factories, he found the comic strips, the Ripleys and the Charlie Chaplins more interesting. He wagered that in a hundred years the value of a first edition of Theodore Dreiser "would have the value of its covers for a quaint period chocolate box. . . whereas the single copy known of three famous comic strips, say Mutt and Jeff, Andy Gump and Crazy Kat . . . will have something like the value of the original manuscript, say, of the Book of the Dead."

Turning from the comic strip to music and poetry, he wrote:

I hardly believe that anyone can really fall in love who does not know some poetry by heart. . . . How can anyone face dying without some of the pro-

digious lines of Shakespeare or Isaiah or the Psalms whispering in his innermost ear in that noble and confidential tone.

We can still hear echoes of Bolitho's commentary on the American public school system, which despite the vast sums spent on it had not, in his opinion, brought very impressive results: "Practically all our best men, from novelists to orange ade kings . . . owe nothing at all to our schools and universities; either that they have resisted the system or simply escaped it altogether."

This failure, Bolitho explains, is inherent in the concept of education prevailing in the U.S., for "as soon as you make it a communal affair, it can only produce a mass product."

Bolitho was not interested in the mass product, the average mind, the norm. He was impatient of them. This is one of the keystones of his philosophy, the recurrent theme that runs through all his work and that shaped the selection of his subject matter. It explains his preoccupation with adventurers against society instead of conventional heroes—his interest in men who stand apart, rather than in men who fit in and get along. He was an equally implacable critic of despotism with its threat to freedom and individuality, as his early exposures of Mussolini aptly demonstrate.

But the specialist was not above criticism. The scientist, for example. Bolitho was disturbed because scientists, in their success in the physical field, were invading other fields "where their charts and their instruments are worse than useless."

The underlying danger in their assumption of new authority was that "we respect so much everything they know that we are inclined to respect everything they only say."

Bolitho warns that we are at the mercy of our scientists, to a greater extent even than the dependency of the primitives on their witch doctors and rain-makers!

\* \* \*

William Bolitho probably never scooped anyone in getting the news first, but he often scooped everyone in getting at what the news meant. And what the news meant still makes good reading today. The news peg is there as a starting point, but from there Bolitho leads you, as Walter Lippmann once put it, "to share the excitement which he had in exploring his own thoughts."

And exploring Bolitho's thoughts is an adventure to be commended to any journalist who seeks a splendid affirmation of Bolitho's belief in:

the incontrovertible truth that life is miraculous, breathless and good to live, that anything but the dull expected is possible and sure, and only the marvelous is predictable, and inexhaustibly enough to go around.

# Mr. Dulles and the Russians

By Fred Warner Neal

Claremont, February 23, 1959

What follows this opening was written in the spring of 1958. It would be reassuring to report that developments in the intervening period proved some of these evaluations overly somber or that events now on the horizon augur some change in the rigid pattern of our foreign policy.

Last summer's crises over Lebanon and the off-shore islands furnish no basis for such reassurance. Does the Berlin crisis? There is, currently, much discussion about our German policy, although it is not pleasant to remember that it was virtually forced by the Russians. Whether there is also any really new thinking, as far as the Administration is concerned, is something else.

With Mr. Dulles stricken by cancer and in the hospital, Walter Lippmann and others are now speaking of his "flexibility." One should guard against confusing good wishes for Mr. Dulles' physical recovery with an appraisal of his foreign policy. If there is, indeed, any flexibility, it will have to be more than merely tactical to get us out of the fix in Berlin, in which his inflexibility has placed us.

This is not the place for a detailed discussion of the Berlin situation; for that, another whole series of articles would be necessary. Suffice it to say that the dangerous consequences of our foreign policy—a foreign policy that is sterile because it stands still—are nowhere better illustrated than in Berlin.

In Berlin, we have "painted ourselves in." We are in a position where any possible solution is likely to have the appearance of "giving in" to the Russians but where "standing firm" risks even more serious consequences.

The hard, cold fact is that our position in Berlin is untenable militarily, legally and diplomatically. Commenting on the American insistence that has prevented any real negotiations on Germany, George Kennan said: "Until we stop pushing them [the Russians] through a closed door, we shall never learn whether they would be prepared to go through an open one."

Unfortunately, the door won't open as far as it might have earlier. Unquestionably, the Soviet position on Germany has hardened, the chief indication being the new status of East Germany as a full-fledged, Communized satel-

---

Fred Warner Neal is professor of government in the Claremont Graduate School, California. Former Washington newspaperman with the Washington bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*, he had war-time experience with the Russians as a liaison officer, later served in the State Department. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1943.

lite. In the face of this, our continued insistence on a policy that was never adequate is now more unrealistic than ever.

It is almost certain that our position in Germany, at least in Berlin, is going to be altered as a result of the present crisis. We might still turn this inevitability to our advantage if we would only propose realistic ideas to the Russians. One clearly would be some kind of confederation, with a special status for Berlin. This in turn would almost surely involve discussion of some sort of military disengagement from Germany.

Obviously, before we can even begin to think along these lines, there will have to be far more flexibility in our policy than has been indicated thus far. Senator Mansfield has shown that some statesmen are alive to the need for a new approach, although, in my opinion, he only skirts the basic issues. But Senator Mansfield is not, alas, in the Administration.

If Mr. Dulles is to be continued as Secretary of State, one can but pray that he might return to his post not only restored in health but also with the realism and perspective necessary to provide the flexibility we have got to have if we are to avoid defeat or disaster.

(The following appeared in three articles in the *Los Angeles Times*, May 1st, 6th and 13th, 1958.)

## The Heart and Mind of Mr. Dulles

By Fred Warner Neal

In these days when the Soviet Union seems to be making propaganda hay at our expense, a word should be said, perhaps for our beleaguered Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles.

For while one may question his wisdom and sometimes his common sense, one may not question either his sincerity, his self-sacrificing patriotism or the rugged courage of his convictions. Nor, Soviet propaganda to the contrary, may one question his abiding devotion to the cause of peace.

It is, indeed, these valued and all-too-rare qualities that propel Mr. Dulles into tenuous positions—and the rest of us with him, willy-nilly—and keep him there when nearly all but him have fled. And Mr. Dulles, one of the keenest lawyers who ever trod Wall Street and skilled in the lore of formal diplomacy, surely knows it.

One may not, of course, gainsay Mr. Dulles' proven capacity for saying the wrong things at the wrong time to the wrong people. But basically it is not any awkwardness on

Mr. Dulles' part that has enabled the astute men in the Kremlin to put the United States in a position that baffles many to whom it does not appear downright villainous. It is rather that, in order to serve what he deeply believes are the best interests of both his country and the world, Mr. Dulles has been forced to take stands which are, at best, contradictory and which can therefore so easily be made to appear evil.

For one who dotes on what he considers his international reputation, and whose devotion to moral standards is complete, it is no small sacrifice to be thus so misunderstood.

The simple fact is this: Mr. Dulles believes with the depth and tenacity of religious faith that the Soviet Union is not only immoral and unscrupulous but also is deadly dangerous to the United States and to the free world. He is profoundly convinced that the U.S.S.R. stands ready to launch military aggression against us at the first opportunity. And he is completely persuaded that Moscow is currently seeking negotiations with only one end in view—to weaken the military strength of the West and trick it into a position where it cannot defend itself.

This being the case, the fact is that Mr. Dulles does not want negotiations with the Russians. He did not want them in 1955, and he doesn't want them now. If he is forced to negotiate with the Russians—as in 1955—he wants to do it under conditions which make substantive agreement impossible. In his opinion, both the security of the United States and the peace of the world depend on it.

Now Mr. Dulles feels he cannot say this. He realizes that a large part of the world does not in fact hold his views about the thorough evil and absolute military danger of the Russians. He realizes that the temper of the world is such that he cannot explain this and cannot frankly state his opposition to negotiations and to agreements.

So Mr. Dulles must maneuver. He must parry the Soviet thrusts. There is obviously a lot of propaganda in the Soviet demands. It is a question just how sincerely the Kremlin wants real negotiations right now: But Mr. Dulles obviously feels that it is too great a risk to take them up on it. When the Russians persist after Mr. Dulles passes off their notes as "just propaganda," he must then confront them with demands unlikely to be met. When they meet some of these, he must then cook up some more.

Above all, he must avoid negotiations. Or, if a President, naively desirous of peace and necessarily wary of his political position, insists on negotiations, negotiations must be arranged so as to prevent substantive agreement.

Thus when, in 1953, the Kremlin began to advocate a summit meeting to take up certain specific problems, including Germany, Mr. Dulles demurred. "No good" could come of it at that time, he replied. In the meantime, he worked frantically to create a situation which would inhibit agreement. His plan was the European Defense Community, and when

the French refused to go along, Mr. Dulles was so angry he almost lost control of himself. He could see the rising tide of opinion for negotiations, and he was haunted by the specter of an agreement which might neutralize Germany, in which case NATO would be useless. Only when the Paris agreement of 1954 offered a way out, by taking an armed and sovereign West Germany into NATO, did he feel it was safe to "negotiate."

Even then, however, Mr. Dulles insisted that there be no agenda for the 1955 Geneva meeting, no substantive agreement.

This did not stop Mr. Dulles in 1958, with the Russians once more high-pressuring for general talks at the summit, from declaring that there absolutely must be an agenda, detailed and carefully worked out in advance. This, he said, should be done by the Foreign Ministers, knowing full well that the Russians would consider him a block to any agenda acceptable to them.

But when the Russians then agreed to a Foreign Ministers' meeting to work out an agenda, Mr. Dulles had to reverse quickly.

Mr. Dulles does not want to negotiate with the Russians about German unification now any more than he did then. An agreement would likely result in a withdrawal of American troops, and without them, NATO, after all these years, is still mostly a paper organization. Inevitably, in the Secretary's opinion, the West would be doomed by Soviet aggression. But Mr. Dulles, for other reasons, had been preaching unification.

To side-step talking about it, Mr. Dulles was forced to claim what everybody—himself included—knew was not so, that the Russians had violated the 1955 Geneva agreement—from which he himself had banned specific agreements—by refusing to hold free elections in Germany. No negotiations, he declared, until the Soviets showed their good faith by unifying Germany on our terms.

Naturally Mr. Dulles knew the Russians would not under any circumstances meet those terms.

Here, however, Mr. Dulles' stand was so patently unsound that he was forced to renege on it, possibly at President Eisenhower's insistence. Very well, then, he said, let's negotiate, but, of course, we must negotiate also about Communist domination of Eastern Europe. There has not been a year since the end of the war that the Russians have not flatly refused to discuss this matter, their most firm refusal being in 1955, when Mr. Dulles tried to have it discussed at Geneva. And nobody knows better than Mr. Dulles that they will not discuss it at all, anywhere.

Nor does Mr. Dulles want to have any negotiations that might curb our nuclear armaments. When the Russians some months ago wanted to talk about control of nuclear weapons and an end to bomb testing, Mr. Dulles' reason for refusal was that these were separate issues and to be

dealt with separately. Now, however, when the Russians want to talk just about bomb testing, Mr. Dulles, insistent that the Kremlin cannot be trusted and wary of their possible superiority in rocketry, must assert the precise opposite of what he asserted earlier, namely, that an end to bomb testing and weapons control must be discussed together.

Meanwhile, the embattled and misunderstood Secretary is urging "the utmost haste" in putting into effect a new scheme. This is the plan of giving nuclear-missile bases to our European allies, including West Germany. "Utmost haste" is necessary, in Mr. Dulles' view, because if the plan is carried out, then any agreement on German unification, to say nothing of control of nuclear-weapons production, may be virtually impossible, which, remember, is what Mr. Dulles wants.

It may be that in all this Mr. Dulles, as sincere and courageous as he is, is too devious for his own good. Many in the United States who are not baffled by what seems to be ineptness would applaud if Mr. Dulles would state forthrightly his opposition to negotiating with the Russians on

the grounds that they are a military menace only seeking to trick us. To say this would hurt us with our allies or with the neutrals is not a valid objection because what Mr. Dulles is doing is hurting us anyway.

The ironic thing is that Mr. Dulles' views and even his tactics are not original with him. He learned them working for Harry Truman and Dean Acheson. If many think these views are right, many others never cease to hope that a Republican administration will ultimately come up with some views of its own.

President Eisenhower has termed Mr. Dulles "the greatest statesman in the world." History alone will record whether this estimate is valid. But if the President should ever decide to negotiate seriously with the Russians for a real agreement, it is unlikely that Mr. Dulles, for all his sterling qualities, is quite the man to handle the job.

To make such a decision, the President would have to reverse Mr. Dulles on two basic questions: 1—Is there any reason to believe the Russians really want an agreement? And, 2—What is the alternative to not negotiating?

## They are More Suspicious of Us than We of Them

Secretary Dulles is opposed to real negotiations with the Russians because he considers them a deadly and constant military menace, seeking to weaken us through trickery in order to commit armed aggression against us.

If this view is correct, then obviously the Russians are not sincere and we should avoid having any agreements with them. But is the view so indisputably correct?

There are good reasons for thinking that, despite the menace of Communism as such to freedom and despite the distastefulness with which we view Soviet totalitarianism, it is not correct at all.

First there is the unquestioned fact that the Soviet Union is deeply suspicious of the capitalist West, more deeply suspicious—if that is possible—than we are of the Soviet Union. The Russians think about us precisely what Mr. Dulles thinks about them: that we are a grave and constant military threat and are out to get them.

It does us no good whatsoever to say, or even to prove, that such Soviet suspicions of us are fantastically without foundation. They exist. Not only are they deep in the Russian past and firmly imbedded in Soviet ideology, but the Soviets can cite instance after instance which—in their eyes—confirms their fears. To mention only prewar cases, there was the western invasion at the time of the revolution; the cordon sanitaire of Clemenceau; Munich; Soviet expulsion from the League of Nations. And in the postwar period, our futile attempts to keep from them the secret of the atom bomb and our system of military bases and alliances, which we have seen as safeguards of our security, look quite different seen from Moscow.

Well then, might it not be said, cannot this warped Soviet view have the effect of making the Russians all the more a military menace?

The answer is it could but it almost certainly doesn't. It does, unquestionably, make the Soviets hostile, intransigent, unco-operative and disruptive. But it doesn't propel them to military aggression. The reasons are as follows:

1—While Communism is aggressive in the sense that it seeks constantly to alter the status quo, it is also an extremely cautious doctrine. This is because the Communists believe with deep conviction that time is on their side, that inevitably, with no possible uncertainty, capitalism will fall of its own accord internally. Although Lenin, in the throes of an invasion from the West and a civil war, once talked about bringing about Communism through Soviet arms, basic Soviet Marxist doctrine eschews such action, contrary to a widely held misconception.

2—The aims of the Soviet state and Communism in general are not always the same. The Soviet leaders have come to reverse the early Bolshevik belief that the purpose of the Soviet Union was to help Communism. In their eyes the purpose of Communism now is to help the Soviet Union. While naturally the Soviet Russians want to promote the spread of Communism and often use devious means to do so, sometimes they have opposed it.

Again, exactly the opposite of what most of us believed, Stalin urged the Tito Communists in Yugoslavia to give in to the old monarchy; he opposed aid to the Communists in Greece; and he was not willing to help Mao Tse-tung take over in China. He was following out Leninist tactical doc-

trine, which teaches that Communist revolutions can succeed only under certain specific conditions and that lacking these it is not only futile but wrong to attempt them.

3—While it is true that Soviet Communism did hold that war was inevitable as long as there were capitalist nations, this view was that the capitalist nations would make war either on themselves or on the U.S.S.R. It was then the task of the Communists to exploit the war to their own ends, but the doctrine nowhere sees the U.S.S.R. initiating the conflict.

However, even this classic Marxist doctrine now has been abandoned in favor of one that holds war is no longer inevitable, capitalism or no capitalism. Such theories are extremely serious matters to the Communists and are believed like religious dogma.

Now, none of this means that the Soviet Union would never, under any conditions, initiate a war. But it does mean that, as far as Communist doctrine is concerned, there is nothing that makes this any more likely for the Soviet Union than for any other state. Thus Soviet demands for negotiation may be propaganda, but they are not necessarily and indubitably "just propaganda."

It is true, of course, that in one sense the Soviets want to negotiate in order to weaken us. They make no bones about wanting NATO broken up, to say nothing about our other military pacts around the periphery of the U.S.S.R. We are under no compulsion, surely, to aid and abet this. But a nation's desire to end military alliances encircling it, just as surely, is a normal desire and of and in itself does not smack of military aggression. Thus while the Soviets do, in one sense, want to negotiate to weaken us, it is by no means clear that they want to negotiate solely to weaken us.

The fact is that in considering the Soviet demands for negotiations we must realize that the Russians are (a) human and (b) not stupid.

Either because they were whistling in the dark or because they didn't know any better, the Russians seemed to take the business of atomic war rather lightly in the years right after Hiroshima. Then in 1949 they exploded their own atomic bomb. Again, shortly after we produced our hydrogen bomb, with all its terrible potentialities for destruction, they produced theirs. It was not unnatural that their acquaintance with the facts of nuclear weapons changed their views considerably.

This factor was likely more important in any changed Soviet attitudes than the departure of a willful and stubborn Stalin. As any normal humans would be, the Russians were scared. If they had been playing close to the edge, as perhaps they were in Korea, they now began to back off. There was some squabbling in the Kremlin about whether the Russians should be told the new bombs could destroy all civilization or just capitalism. First Malenkov said all

civilization, then Khrushchev said just capitalism, and now Voroshilov has said "all life on earth."

Regardless of such quibbling, their fears were such that they reversed the important doctrine about the inevitability of war. If war could destroy everything, and if wars were inevitable under Soviet doctrine, then it became a doctrine of doom. If the Russians ever actually acted on the assumption that World War III was inevitable, it seems clear they do so no longer.

Khrushchev thus knows that, should war occur, no matter how much America may be destroyed, the Soviet Union will be blown up, too, and, very likely, Mr. Khrushchev with it, to say nothing of the great dream of Communism for all the world. One must be more stupid than Nikita Khrushchev not to want to avoid that. And because he is not stupid, it is at least possible, if not probable, that when he talks about making agreements he is quite sincere about it.

This is not to say that the Russian leaders are prepared to make the kind of agreements that we could adhere to. They, no more than we, will compromise on what they see as their basic security interests. Also, they may be, in a sense, prisoners of their own system. The evil capitalist devil has been so useful as something to rally people against that they may worry now about coming to terms with it.

It remains to say, however, that there are reasons for assuming that the Russians, in their own interest, may very well want to make some kind of agreement and that their profession of this view can have other explanations than simply propaganda or trickery.

To accept this explanation implies neither approval of the Soviet system nor any light view of Communism and its well-known evils. Indeed, since Mr. Dulles is unable to convince the rest of the world that the Soviets are totally an evil military menace, it is likely that we cannot really assert our leadership and thus stave off the Communist threat if we do not cease thinking of negotiations and agreements with the Russians as of themselves futile and dangerous.

In any event, those who oppose negotiations must answer the question: What is the alternative?

## We Have to Negotiate

The only real alternative to negotiating with the Russians at the summit is negotiating with them at other levels.

The whole question of negotiating has been befuddled by a preoccupation with the summit. In one way, this is the fault of the Russians, because they have been clamoring so loudly for summit negotiations.

But, in another way, it is also the fault of the Americans, because our reluctance to engage in negotiations at the lower, more traditional levels of diplomacy makes us sitting ducks for Soviet summit propaganda. . . . (This is not to

say that summit negotiations are never useful, but their limitations are obvious. The same can be said about negotiations by a Foreign Ministers' ensemble.)

This emphasis on the summit, to say nothing of summit negotiations themselves, places the United States at a disadvantage vis-a-vis the Soviet Union. For the Russians have become masters of what might be called public diplomacy for the masses. Such diplomacy is attuned to a world in social revolution, where great masses of people count for more than ever before.

In the arsenal of this public diplomacy for the masses, the plea for negotiations is an important weapon. Indeed, for a nation seeking world leadership there is no defense against it except negotiations themselves.

But public diplomacy for the masses is dangerous because it is likely to be not real diplomacy but pseudo diplomacy, aimed not so much at real settlements as, at least in part, at propaganda returns. But it is nonetheless effective. Not to be able to cope with it involves serious dangers. In today's world no nation, no matter how peacefully intentioned, can exert leadership if the masses of people believe, however wrongly, that it is opposed to seeking peaceful solutions. This is the road to forced isolation.

The United States has declined to initiate negotiations at levels below the summit for much the same reason that we seek to avoid them at the summit: we fear and distrust the Soviet Union. This attitude is faulty in that it assumes, or seems to, that there is a real alternative to some kind of negotiations, regardless of the character of the other side.

The object of negotiations is to resolve, or at least reduce, the area of international conflicts by compromises, so as to minimize the chances of war. In other days, war itself could have been an alternative, because one side or the other would have won it. But today, when war can only be lost by both sides, and all civilization destroyed in the bargain, it is no longer an alternative.

Another possible alternative might be, theoretically, that one side or the other would achieve such demonstrably greater military superiority that the inferior side would give in. In the present instance, especially after the Sputniks, it is impossible to believe that the United States can be assured of demonstrably greater superiority over the Russians for any period of time. There is no reason to believe we cannot hold our own, despite all Mr. Khrushchev's boasting, but there is equally no reason to believe that the Russians cannot hold their own, too.

That leaves a third possible theoretical alternative, a permanent balance of strength resulting in a perpetual impasse. Even if puny, finite man dared talk in terms of permanent and perpetual, this, too, is an unacceptable alternative. Not only would there be a constant struggle for the impossible superiority—with what dangers from fall-out one can only speculate in horror—but human frailty being

what it is, the occurrence of "incidents" would be virtually certain.

That is to say, the "balance and impasse" alternative involves a risk of war that is too enormous to take, since war is a completely unacceptable alternative itself.

Yet barring a calculated war and barring clear superiority on either side, it is this "balance and impasse" alternative that we are asking for by not negotiating. It is, indeed, what we have now.

But, since it is so clearly unacceptable, it can hardly be what we have consciously sought. We have gotten there, rather, by two grave miscalculations, one of logic, the other of faith.

Our miscalculation of logic was our vain assumption that because we did have military superiority over the Soviet Union for a brief period we could maintain it permanently. Some of us, like the ostrich with head in sand, are still operating on the assumption that if we really don't still have military superiority, we soon will have it. Thus, they say, in the face of the fact, we do not have to negotiate seriously with the Russians because we are clearly stronger; or, they say, in the face of logic, let's not negotiate now but maybe later when we will again have a "position of strength."

Our miscalculation of faith is the fuzzy assumption that "somehow" time is on our side, a cosmic quality with a peculiarly American bias. That word "somehow" is vital to the vocabulary of these fuzzy faithful. "Somehow" Germany will be reunited without our making a compromise or being compromised. "Somehow" Eastern Europe will be freed from Communism. "Somehow" we won't have to deal with Communist China. "Somehow" we can keep Soviet influence out of the Middle East by unilateral declarations. "Somehow" Western Europe will get stronger and the Communist world weaker. "Somehow" we can stop pouring out billions on foreign aid. "Somehow" war can be avoided even though both sides go on piling up nuclear weapons.

Faith is indeed a wonderful thing. Truly it can move mountains. But it can also, if misplaced, topple nations.

Of course, one may hope even against the evidence that all these things will come about in the long run. But there must be a long run. And only the search for agreement by compromise can insure this.

There are obviously uncertainties in seeking settlements with the Soviet Union through negotiations. The trouble with a policy of non-negotiation, however, is that there is no uncertainty. The result of such a policy is as certain as it is fatal.

To see this and act on it is not only the mark of a strong nation confident of its values and truly committed to its high ideals of peace and freedom; it is also the sine qua non of wisdom. And wisdom, today more than ever, is the sine qua non of survival.

# Inside Poland: A Reporter's Findings

By Joseph E. Dabney

"There's nothing wrong with Poland that a little change in geography couldn't correct," a Polish newspaperman told me recently.

He went on to say that if Poland could swap places with a nation in South America, his country's problems would vanish overnight. His is typical of the reaction you encounter all over Poland today.

The Poles—traditionally a patriotic, freedom-loving, devoutly Catholic people—are blaming most of their current difficulties on their geographic and economic dependence on the Soviet Union.

Down through her tortured history, Poland has been the victim of aggression and political intrigue. And today she finds herself in another tight spot.

Modern-day Poland is wedged between the Soviet Union and Communist-ruled East Germany. Twenty-two divisions of Soviet troops patrol East Germany, and three are camped on Polish soil. Through Poland run the vital lines of communication between Moscow and Berlin.

To the South, Czechoslovakia is totally subservient to the Russians.

There's still another geographic fact that has forced Poland to align herself strongly with Moscow: Germany.

Only the Soviets have pledged to protect Poland's present boundary with Germany. (At Potsdam, Poland was given administration over a slice of Germany's rich industrial area. But none of the Western powers has recognized the permanence of the claim, awaiting a formal peace conference. The area actually represents one-third of modern Poland's territory.)

To cap it all, the Polish economy is linked securely to that of the U.S.S.R. and the rest of the Communist bloc. Although she is the second largest producer of bituminous coal in Europe, Poland must depend on the Russians to supply her with the great bulk of iron ore. Without this ore, Poland's booming industrial machine would collapse overnight, and the whole economy would fall with it.

Yet, it has been in Poland—where seemingly the cards are stacked against it the strongest—that a revolutionary surge toward freedom developed two years ago.

---

Joseph E. Dabney is managing editor of the Florence (S.C.) *Morning News*. He visited Poland on a travel fellowship awarded him by the Southern Association of Nieman Fellows. This is part of a series of articles he did on Poland.

And today, you can travel through Poland almost with as much freedom as in the Free World.

It was an October revolution that mushroomed through Poland in 1956—just about the same time that similar developments occurred in Hungary. But in Poland, thanks to the influence of the Catholic Church and to the "nationalist Communist," Wladyslaw Gomulka, the people came out of the crisis with a clear-cut victory over the Soviets and the right to establish a relationship that may go down in history books as the biggest switch in Communism since the death of Joe Stalin.

Ever since those exhilarating days in October, the Poles have been fighting desperately to cling to their re-won liberties. It's well that we list them:

1. First, there's a tremendous air of freedom everywhere. People speak up without fear of political reprisal. That's because the hated secret police—a symbol of the Stalinist regime of post-war years—has been totally dismantled. You don't have to go far today in Poland to feel this electrifying current of free speech.

2. Closely tied to this reform has been the relative freedom of the press and the arts. This field has been restricted somewhat since those revolutionary days of 1956, but even so, the press and the writers in Poland have more freedom than you can find in any Communist country. Western correspondents are free to travel and to file stories as they wish. Foreign broadcasts are not jammed, as in previous years.

3. The Catholic Church—which suffered severely under the Stalinist governments—has been given a new lease on life. One of the first acts of the Gomulka regime in 1956 was to free Cardinal Wyszyński, beloved primate of Poland, along with other imprisoned church leaders.

The government also opened up public schools once again to Catholic instruction, where parents voted for it. Overnight, more than 95 per cent of schools resumed the classes.

4. A literal revolution shook the Polish farmlands. Collective farms which had proved an utter failure were returned to private farmers. The once-productive soil—in sad neglect under forced collectivization—again flourished. Since 1957, harvests from the private farms have been booming—so much so that the country may not have to import grain this year.

5. The Polish economy, geared since World War II to suit requirements dictated by Moscow, has been reshaped

with a more human mold, with consideration given to workers and to the requirements of the average citizen. Still more shakeups are taking place to eliminate the duplication of effort, favoritism, centralization, and red tape of former days. At the same time, concessions are being granted to private industry—especially handicraft units, and to cooperatives.

6. In the capital city of Warsaw, the Sejm (Parliament) has been given an important new role. Instead of serving as a rubber stamp for laws drawn by the Communist leadership, Sejm committees are proposing new laws. And the government is encouraging debate on vital measures coming before it. The body has become known as “the most Democratic parliament inside the Iron Curtain.”

What else has happened since Poland's 1956 revolution?

Poland has opened up its windows to the West. Visitors are welcomed. Broadcasts are not jammed. Literature from the West is encouraged. Poles are allowed to travel abroad more freely.

These enormous and significant reforms, won with little bloodshed except for the Poznan bread and freedom riots, are the kind that can just as easily be taken away.

In recent months there have been ominous signs that the Polish nation—which is valiantly struggling to proceed on its own road to socialism—may again become the victim of international Communism's hard and rigid line.

Shortly after the news came to Poland about the execution of Hungary's freedom fighter, President Nagy, many Poles recalled earlier days of similar repression inside Poland.

Thousands could recall, as Premier Gomulka, their leader—the cold, dank cells of political persecution.

“How terrible is the past that awaits us.”

That was one of the better quips that made the rounds when I was visiting in Poland.

## Individual Liberties

Poles come up with quips to fit almost every situation.

A Polish journalist, deploring his country's current mood of frustration, said the only really significant change that has occurred in Poland's politics since 1956 has been inside Wladyslaw Gomulka's mind.

His remark had a deeper significance perhaps than he realized.

Gomulka, the nationalist Communist who was recalled from his Stalin-imposed prison cell in 1956 to lead Poland back toward a degree of self-determination, still commands a great devoted following among Poland's 28 million people.

But the promises he made before a sea of eager people

that October day of 1956 in the great square on Warsaw's Marszalkowska Street are beginning to wear thin—at least in the eyes of many intellectuals.

Gomulka doesn't give much concern to the egg-heads. He's a hard-headed realist, as are most Communists. And the intellectuals, especially the writers who led the 1956 revolt against Moscow and against rigid Stalinism, are saddened as they watch the gains of the revolution gradually eroding from their grip.

The greatest personal liberty the Poles won—the right of free speech—remains almost as strong today as it did in the final stormy days of 1956.

Gomulka, himself, confirms that today “there is not a single man in Poland, who, while living in agreement with the law, fears the people's power. . . . The feeling of fear has disappeared.”

But many other Democratic liberties—freedom of the press and freedom of arts—are being nailed under a monolithic framework of a Communist state. This “conditional freedom” was explained by Gomulka in these words:

“Freedom of speech and democratic liberties introduced by the (party) are supposed to serve the cause of improving the building of socialism. . . .”

A keen observer compares Poland's situation to a big explosion which finally has to settle down. Widespread pressures of 1956—beginning with the bread and freedom riots in Poznan—exploded the rigid rules that denied the people the Democratic liberties of the Free World.

Now the government and the Communist Party are trying to put the rules back in place—in order to placate Moscow, whose economic reprisals could spell death to the struggling satellite. As a result, the censor is back at work all over Poland.

In 1956, just before Gomulka won his seat as Poland's Communist boss, Eligiusz Lasota, editor of *Po Prostu*, the student newspaper, took a delegation to interview Gomulka, asking him:

“What guarantees are there that any changes effected today will be permanent?”

Gomulka's answer: “You are the guarantee.”

A few months later, Gomulka banned Lasota's free-swinging newspaper, which had rallied students and adults alike to support Gomulka's reinstatement. Gomulka then ordered the *Po Prostu* writers to seek jobs outside journalism, but relented provided each submitted an acceptable statement of his attitude toward government policy.

*Po Prostu*, it seems, had become too critical of the Communist system and of the Soviet Union in particular.

(In fairness, it must be pointed out that in any other Communist country, such insolence by journalists would bring them a jail term and indictment as spies.)

Poland's leading literary and political review, *Nowa*

*Kultura* (New Culture), suffered a similar fate. The party arbitrarily appointed a "socialist realist," Stefan Zolkiewski, as chief editor, causing seven top editors to resign. The editors, sympathetic with socialism, had steered the publication for a year in a path of lively criticism and discussion.

Earlier this year, the tightening cultural clamp-down brought the firing of Culture Minister Karol Kuryluk. Identified with a school of thought which believes art should serve only purposes of art, Kuryluk approved a movie which stongly portrayed the bleak living conditions in present-day Poland. Gomulka didn't like it and banned it from Polish screens.

Gomulka's hardening line has a severe effect on the nation's output of books—especially works by such authors as Marek Hlasko, 25, the "Ernest Hemingway of Poland," who doesn't spare the cold facts in his novels.

Under current policy, which incidently, has not been publicized inside Poland, censors this spring halted publication of about 20 books—many of which already had been printed.

The party's "book-burning" policy was described recently by Poland's propaganda chief, Andrzej Werbland. He passed down instructions banning books which were not useful "from the political point of view." Further defining the role of writers in Poland today, cultural officials circulated this memorandum:

"We must clearly realize that art in all its forms is an instrument of exceedingly profound scope and that without this instrument, without the mobilization of its forces, we cannot attain full victory."

The writers, in turn, have appealed to the government for more freedom. Back in 1956, for instance, Antoni Slonimski in *Przegląd Kulturalny*, hit at the very roots of "socialist realism," as preached by Moscow:

With Socialistic realism, he said, "writers were haunted with the positive hero and typicality. They were told to believe that Don Quixote was typical, that Dante's wandering in Hell and Gulliver's Travels to the Lilliputians were events typical of their time; that Robinson Crusoe's adventure was an example of colonial imperialism; that Hamlet was really an expose of the nasty methods used to gain power in a feudal system. . ."

Continuing, Slonimski said that now new myths are appearing. "Now they say that the responsibility for the past (Stalinism) belongs to the cult of the individual. . . It is not the individual, but the system which permits the individual to conduct such dangerous activities. Only a true democratization of public life, restoration of public opinion, and the return . . . to rational and unfettered thought can save us from Caesarism."

Apparently, however, the government is bending under

recent reactions from Moscow to Poland's cultural independence.

*Zvezda*, a magazine of the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R., charged that many Polish writers were attacking fundamental Marxist concepts: "Characteristic of certain Polish writers," *Zvezda* said, "is disbelief in the possibility of Socialist reformation of society. . ."

*Star*, a monthly put out by the Moscow Writers Union, also scored Poland's angry young writers, adding that Russians would favor further restrictions on Poland's freedom of expression.

It went so far as to attack Jan Kott, professor of literature at Warsaw University; Wladyslaw Bienkowski, Polish education minister, and Polish writers who two years ago dared to criticise the Communist axiom that all art and literature must serve propaganda ends.

These are some of the signs that Poland's civil liberties are being threatened. Despite these signs, Gomulka, the party boss, seems oblivious to them all. He told the 10th Party plenum earlier this year:

"Circumscribed in the framework of the present stage of Socialist building . . . we have opened wide the doors to democratic freedom. We would not wish to and have no intention of closing these doors. But we must guard them better than we have hitherto."

Despite Gomulka's high-sounding words, many people in Poland today say their country's intellectual climate has only conditional freedom—that the government is gradually tightening the screws on civil liberties. Whether this cultural clamp-down will affect other basic internal reforms is a question that must be answered by the future.

## The Polish Economy

Ever since Poland embarked on her brave road of relative independence under Wladyslaw Gomulka in October of 1956, she has been confronted with a strange problem she never faced before:

How to get along with her neighbors in the "Socialist camp" who restrict their activities to the Soviet orbit.

A year ago, Mao Tse-Tung, Red China's ruthless dictator, chided Gomulka during a Communist gathering in Moscow about Poland's acceptance of American economic aid. Mao charged Warsaw's position was dictated by American pressure and Poland's hunger for a second helping of dollars.

Gomulka, who had stood up to Nikita Khrushchev in the crucial crisis of the previous October, held his ground equally with Mao. He told the Chinese leader and others in Moscow that the United States had not attached conditions to the credits.

When he returned to Warsaw, however, Gomulka

devoted a 10,000-word speech to explaining his stand and defending Poland's applications for U. S. aid. At the time, a Polish mission was negotiating in Washington for an extension of an aid agreement signed in June, 1957, which gave Poland \$95 million in farm surplus and other products, partly on credit terms.

Gomulka, in his speech, said Poland wanted to expand its economic ties in all directions, but emphasized his government would oppose any such relationship aimed at disrupting the unity of the Communist bloc.

He further declared that Polish foreign policy could not be shaped by credits. The doughty Polish leader was obviously directing his remarks to Moscow. But that didn't stop him from continuing negotiations for further U. S. aid.

That second agreement with the U. S.—concluded last February—totaled \$98 million including \$73 million for Polish purchases of U. S. farm products and a \$25 million line of credit for the purchase of raw materials and machinery for consumer industries, together with some medical equipment.

Even today—as Moscow continues its clamp-down on satellites which express ideas of independence—Poland apparently is ready to seek additional credits from the U. S.

Negotiations probably will begin this fall for this third agreement—this time with the Poles seeking machinery and cotton rather than grain, which figured heavily in the last deals.

The negotiations in Washington have been based on President Eisenhower's statement in 1956 that the U. S. was ready to assist economically the new government of Poland.

"We do not demand adoption of any form of society," he said, "as a condition upon our economic assistance. . . ."

Although Russia's Khrushchev himself has sought a Soviet trade deal with the U. S., he has charged that whoever talks for American cash has to sell his soul.

Thus Poland's stand in seeking this American assistance—and thereby exposing herself to the critical darts of her Communist neighbors—has taken a lot of political courage. It is typical of her independent activities since the quiet revolt of 1956.

Although modern-day Poland is seeking economic and cultural ties outside the Soviet orbit, she realizes full well that she could not possibly wean herself totally from the Soviet Union if she wanted to—not under present circumstances.

For instance, 30 per cent of Poland's annual trade of \$2,230,000,000 is with the Soviet Union, and 29 per cent with other Communist countries. This compares to 41 per cent with the Free World.

In short, Poland, just as the other satellite nations, counts the U.S.S.R. as her most important customer and supplier.

During the period from 1950-56, the Soviet Union

supplied Poland with 64 per cent of her imported iron ore, 49 per cent of her liquid fuel, 81 per cent of her cotton, and 43 per cent of her imported grain.

These figures take on added significance when you consider that Poland is fast becoming an industrial power in East Europe. With her rich coal fields, Poland is well-suited to heavy industry—provided she can get the precious ore.

In addition to developing the industrial sector of East Germany which she took over after the war, Poland also is adding complete new steel mills, is putting tremendous emphasis on her shipbuilding industry (she recovered the ports of Stettin and Danzig after the war.) And she also is manufacturing automobiles and trucks, jet planes and motorcycles. She has a heavy concentration of textile factories in central Poland.

This is a big switch for a country which, before the war, was primarily an agricultural nation with only a feudal skeleton of an industry.

Poland began her switch in 1949 under a Stalinist regime hell-bent on industrialization. And for 10 years, as the regime carried out its policy, simmering discontent among the population began to build up, and reached a heated boil in 1956. The Poznan bread and freedom riots of June that year blew the lid off their pent-up hatred for the Communist system, which had brought them only blood, sweat and sacrifice, and hope for nothing better.

Gomulka himself has frankly admitted the terrible human toll extracted by the six-year plan (1950-56). He says the program was "weighted against the workers." More than a fourth of the national income, plus foreign credits, were plowed into heavy investments. "The working class," said Gomulka, "had their belts tightened to the utmost."

The Polish people during that period had lived on a subsistence level—hungry, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and deprived of almost everything except their "right" to work even harder in the fulfillment of ambitious plans.

Although the Poles are somewhat better off today, economically, there's still a mood of frustration over the country—especially because of the terrible housing shortage. Skeletons of bombed-out buildings are still evident all over Warsaw and other cities in Poland. War rubble can be found everywhere. The housing situation is complicated by the booming birth rate of 700,000 a year. Each year four new citizens are born for each new room that is built.

Those people who are lucky to have housing space usually live a family to a room. This is a problem the government must come to grips with if it is ever to surmount the problem of worker discontentment.

Thanks to the rebirth of the agricultural economy, the people are again eating well. And they seem to be getting more and more clothing and consumer goods. Small

industry operated by private owners is getting a better break from the government. But private enterprise shops, although allowed to flourish, are complaining of the severe taxes imposed by the government.

With Poland tied to the Soviet orbit, and with Communist government in command, does American assistance really have any effect?

Those first two installments of American aid already have reaped a mighty harvest of good will for the United States. Poles down through the years have held America in high esteem. Six million Americans are of Polish extraction. Poles recall vividly the American flights from Italy during World War II which dropped supplies on Warsaw's beleaguered resistance fighters holding out against the Nazis. They remember also that the Russian Army sat across the Vistula River until the Nazis had obliterated their capital city, offering almost no help.

During the war, Poles told me, millions eagerly hoped for the American Army to liberate Poland. Today, many similarly hope that a possible Summit conference will bring a better picture to their confused situation. Thus it was that, when the Gomulka government asked for help in 1956, the people of Poland looked to America with eager expectation.

And as the first American credits of \$95 million were announced, it brought—in addition to help in easing the sagging consumer economy—a psychological shot-in-the-arm to the Polish population.

The press in Poland followed the negotiations in Washington closely. And when the two agreements were signed, the news brought page one headlines in almost all the newspapers.

The Polish government—which has honored its financial commitments to the United States down through the years—realizes, as do the Polish people, that it must repay the United States for the present help.

But nowhere among the East European satellites can you find the restless spirit of free enterprise and democratic freedom than among the Poles.

American aid—small as it is in the overall scheme of things—has brought, in the terms of an old cliché, “a new spark of hope.”

America could find no better way to put its agricultural surpluses to good use. And, at the same time, to give new hope to an ally of World War II, and an old friend in democracy.

## CUBA

(Continued from page 2)

But frustrations under Batista had smoldered. Combustion had to result. Sampling editorial pages from dozens of metropolitan dailies, I searched in vain for this fact in the Cuban commentary.

In contrast to the Cuban trials, in Colombia on January 22, the trial began for the former dictator, Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, who was ousted in May 1957, and arrested when he returned to Bogotá in 1958. He is the first dictator in the history of Colombia to face such a trial, being heard in orderly and legal fashion by the Senate.

The Cubans, in a great emotional release after the Batista repression, temporarily arrest the attention of U.S. editorial writers. By contrast, the Colombia trial of Rojas Pinilla remains ignored.

In both republics, dictatorship in a sense stands trial. Can this encouraging trend escape those who proclaim their enthusiasm for anti-totalitarianism? Apparently this can happen.

Most Americans journalistically and politically face toward Europe, site of our ancestry. It took a Pearl Harbor and a Korean War to push our glance toward Asia, and a periodic crisis in the waters between Formosa and mainland China to recapture our interest in Asia.

Our interest in the Middle East rollercoasters up and down as that area leaves and returns to the headlines.

Latin America? Bloodshed and rebellion make us conscious of our neighbors to the south. The Nixon incidents in Peru and Venezuela provoked more column inches on Latin America than anything since the Guatemalan crisis of 1954.

If the editor's blind spot on Latin America can be diminished, then and only then will we have a consistent flow of information about those who share this hemisphere with us.

---

### Our Reviewers:

Reviews in this issue are by three former Nieman Fellows: **Thomas Wicker**, Winston-Salem *Journal* and *Sentinel*; **Millard Browne**, editor, editorial page, Buffalo *Evening News*; and **Kazuo Kuroda**, foreign news department, *Japan Times*.

## Tom Griffith's America

By Millard C. Browne

THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE. By Thomas Griffith. Harper's. N. Y. 275 pp. \$4.

Partly autobiographical, rarely pontifical, but thoroughly opinionated, Tom Griffith's book is as tart, provocative and brightly written a set of whither-are-we-drifting essays as this reviewer has seen.

*Nieman Reports* has already published its chapter on "The Pursuit of Journalism" (January, 1959, *Nieman Reports*). Professional newsmen will be missing a good deal of pungent comment about their craft, however, if they settle for that appetizer.

Where, for example, has the problem faced by every professional editorial writer who has personal convictions that may not always mesh with the policies of his paper been better stated than here?

In making a living as a journalist, I have worked twenty years for publications whose policies I have often not fully agreed with. The relationship has not been, as a Marxist might think, all master and slave, for one puts his own stamp on what he does, and if this stamp is sometimes blurred by where he works, it can still be his own. I have not been able to say in print all that I have wanted to say, but I have known frequent occasions when the publisher, too, let be said what he did not agree with. There are journalists who give in easily, who become more royalist than the king, and spend their days trying to anticipate his verdicts: a publisher should fear these far more than the dissenters, for they can do greater harm while seeming to cause less trouble. And there are other journalists who feel a constant need to prove their integrity by asserting their contrariness, and become tiresome washroom heroes.

I have, looking back, seen many occasions when I am glad my own views were challenged. . . . I would not like to work at a place where my own prejudices fully coincided with the owner's: it would be intellectually stultifying;

abrasion is necessary to fashion our pearls. I prefer a give and take—so long as the gives don't far outnumber the takes; when they do the time has come to move along.

Currently the foreign news editor of *Time*, Tom Griffith at one time or another has written for or edited every section of that newsmagazine—and has learned well both the advantages and limitations of the generalists's functions over the specialist's.

"On my old paper," he says, "we thought a journalist was a newspaperman who wore spats and took on airs. But on a magazine, the plain and honored name of newspaperman no longer seemed to fit my circumstances."

### Griffithisms on the Press

*On the art of journalism:* "Learning and telling: these are the twin necessities of journalism. Those who practice it must mediate between two worlds, must be able to talk to a specialist in his terms and then to explain to laymen in theirs. The art of journalism, I have come to believe, is first to survey a subject in all its roundness, then to seek in it a simplicity that does no violence to its complexity. For this, one can never know enough background, yet must never let the accumulation of details choke him into incoherence."

*On newsmagazine style:* "One develops an impersonality of voice which might be called Third Person Authoritative: a style that is informative but never preachy. . . . Third Person Authoritative is a necessary style in anonymous journalism, but it is an artificial manner and has its limitations. . . . One trains himself to stand off, never to be wrought up, to avoid personal pique. . . . By thus continually damping his emotions one risks becoming in time devoid of feeling."

*On editing for a "mass" circulation:* "It is a lazy convenience to regard those millions (of readers) as some kind of mass, but if there is such a thing as a

mass mind, I do not want to cater to it. . . . In the end, an editor edits primarily for himself. The only sound criterion in editing is to say: this interests me; ergo, it should interest others. . . . Editing lends itself dangerously to inflation of the ego: it is easy to confuse the volume of one's voice with the quality of what it is saying. For myself, I can only work on the assumption that the reader is every bit as intelligent as I . . . and my claim to the right to speak has to be that I have made myself more informed in detail or have taken more time to reflect."

During his Nieman year at Harvard (1942-43), Tom Griffith carried the sharpest needle in his class for the puncturing of pomposity. He used it sparingly but surgically—never with malice, never to show what-a-clever-boy-am-I, but deftly when needed to probe through any kind of stuffed-shirtism to the meat of the matter.

That was 16 years ago, and since then the Griffith needle has been tempered by time (and *Time*) into one of the finest instruments of social criticism at work today. The proof is in this first book of his.

For all its piercing honesty, it is a warm and tolerant book. While his prime target is the banality, the catering to the "profitable middle" and the growing satisfaction with mediocrity he sees leveling the American culture to a waist-high level, Griffith is as much a loving defender of the American dream as a critic of the tendencies that defile it.

*On press lords:* "Many ingredients have gone into the making of press lords such as Luce, Beaverbrook, Patterson and Hearst—flair, luck, application and, of course, a sound commercial instinct. . . . They usually had a seventh sense of timing. . . . These were useful traits, but if there was one quality that sets apart a press lord, it is, I think, curiosity: a swollen, omnivorous, unceasing curiosity. . . . There is a special, almost compulsive quality to a press lord's curiosity. . . . He is forever seeking new answers. . . . He is attracted to a new voice here, a novelty there, excited by the experimental, the paradoxical and the changing."

In fact, one gathers that this book was prompted as much by the author's impatience with the cliché-ridden shallowness of the standard "European Speech" about America as by any urge to undertake his own evaluation of what ails his homeland. Too many critics are missing the point about what is good in America, Griffith thinks, just as too many smug or unconcerned Americans are unconscious of what isn't. It is this double compulsion to be as unsparing of the one as the other that keeps the book from ever erring far on the side of either cynicism or over-defensiveness.

It has another quality that sets it apart from the specialized critiques of the economists, sociologists or historians. It is an avowedly journalistic view, and thus cuts without apology across all specialized jurisdictions. It pretends to be nothing other than one journalist's impressions, sharpened by nearly a quarter century of reporting, writing and editing.

The main theme of *The Waist-High Culture* as capsuled on the jacket, is that we are in danger of becoming a "vibrating and mediocre people;" that a "spreading debasement" is outracing quality in nearly every phase of our culture; that, to keep our children as carefree as possible, our leisure-happy generation is letting them suffer from cultural malnutrition.

The critics who call the trouble materialism or the "almighty dollar," have it twisted, Griffith thinks: "Few Americans are marked any longer by the relentless quest for money. We want to get a little, and then take it easy; the more ambitious want to get a little *more* and then take it easy."

It is the taking it easy—in the relaxing of standards and the mistaking of a path-of-least-resistance for a high road to national success—that he finds his principal causes for impatience, and the meat-and-potatoes for his book. His neatly-turned criticisms, even where they sting, will provoke many an amen, though they will not necessarily arm the reader with many sure-fire remedies.

Maybe this will come in a sequel, and in case Mr. Griffith has one in mind, this voice from the hinterland could of-

fer only one friendly suggestion: Come away from the cultural capitals, out beyond New York suburbia and exurbia where the "Waist-High Culture" is being *produced*, and inspect more closely the crafty little ways by which some Americans in the small towns and interior cities have learned to insulate themselves against the "spreading debasement"—and, by using the waist-high offerings selectively, even to lift their own standards at least to a chin-high level.

## The Lincoln Legend

By Thomas Wicker

THE LINCOLN NOBODY KNOWS.

By Richard Current. McGraw-Hill. New York. \$5.50.

Man is the captive of his mythology; there may be no stronger tyranny. Certainly our picture of Abraham Lincoln, the archtypal American, is as much legend as history. To the same extent that we cast him larger than life simply by believing him to have been, we also magnify that legendary American of which he is the symbol.

It is this Lincoln—total creature of myth and history, imposed upon the lean-frame, the melancholy face, the eloquence—that Richard Current writes of in *The Lincoln Nobody Knows*. The book, strictly speaking, is not a biography. It is rather an exploration of unresolved historical questions about Lincoln—questions which the American people in their need for a heroic image of themselves have blurred with the familiar myths: of the impoverished youth; the tender Ann Rutledge; the harsh Mary Lincoln; the merciful warrior, military amateur, master politician; the deliverer of slaves; and most powerful of all, laden as it is with religious symbolism—the myth of the great spirit suffering for a nation's sin, redeeming it as Christ redeemed mankind, by the sacrifice of its own earthly life.

All these versions of Lincoln are discussed by Professor Current. He carefully records the known, incontrovertible facts. As objectively, he presents the opinions of Lincoln's acquaintances—

Herndon, Hay, Villard, the cabinet members. He is not afraid to estimate possibilities—based on facts, opinions, his own and others' readings of Lincoln's character. But always he has one end in view: to sift the layers of myth and anecdote and prejudice and desire and wilfulness to the real man, to the truth about Lincoln, and about what Lincoln means to us.

Professor Current is head of the History and Political Science Department at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. He is a former collaborator in J. G. Randall's four-volume Lincoln, and the author of *Daniel Webster and the Rise of National Conservatism*. He is a brave man, too; in the face of so much mythology, in the teeth of that profundity which weighs down most of what is written about Lincoln, he is even braver for he will admit when he does not know. Of Ann Rutledge, for instance, he is willing to conclude: "The question persists, hauntingly, but it must remain unanswered."

His book is well-written, clear, developed with obvious command of its material. But many books of less importance can claim those qualities—and, after all, about whom has more been written than Abraham Lincoln?

A better reason for reading *The Lincoln Nobody Knows* is that here one sees myth at work, observes its power—sees the beginning, the embellishment, the flowering of legend—the reshaping of what truth may have been to a necessary image. And if we sense a sort of supernatural, all-American Big Brother at work with Orwellian skill to distort, to hide, to remove the flaws of our own humanity, as reflected in its greatest hero—then we must face up to it. More often, as Professor Current writes: "We need not be ashamed of what we have made of Lincoln. In honoring him, we honor ourselves."

But the implication is obvious. Myth wields no lighter tyranny on the mind for a benevolent aspect. And the warning is clear: Myth might be malevolent, too—and it would not thereby cease to be a tyrant.

## Hodding Carter's History

By Tom Wicker

**THE ANGRY SCAR.** The Story of Reconstruction, by Hodding Carter. Mainstream of America Series, edited by Lewis Gannett. Doubleday and Company, 409 pps., \$5.95.

A truism that cannot be repeated too often is that the racial difficulties of the Southern states are sometimes an exaggeration but always a reflection of a national problem. Southern segregationists, of course, delight in pointing this out—as though to lie with an equally culpable bed-fellow diminishes their own social and political infidelities. Southerners smile knowingly when a mob gathers in Levittown; someone's proposal to finance a Negro family's way into the house next door to Mr. Nixon's is always good for a laugh, in the pool room or on the country club veranda.

Still, it is a fact that an actual brawl between Negroes and whites in Washington, D.C., park in 1957 made small, inside head-lines in both the *Post* and *Times-Herald* and the *New York Times*. That is not unusual. But a similar incident in, say, Charlotte, would have had photographers and reporters flying in from all over the nation. Social animus against the Negro, the Jew, the Mexican, the recent foreigner, is to be found anywhere in America. Is it too much to say that the situation in the South—admittedly worse than anywhere else—provides the nation with a handy scapegoat for its own prejudices and evasions?

Hodding Carter, by implication, raises this question in his long and detailed—but not always satisfactory—account of the South's years of prostration *The Angry Scar*. In fact, one of the points emerging most forcefully from his book is that Reconstruction itself was a national phenomenon, not a series of isolated events in the South.

The Radical Republicans, "the only real social revolutionists ever to achieve great power in the United States," he writes, had three objectives: "The elevation of the free Negro to full political equality . . . punishment, both economic and political, for the leaders of the Confederacy . . .

and the creation . . . of a region in which neither the Union nor the Republican party nor the Negro's place in the sun would ever be challenged."

And again: ". . . Reconstruction thievery was *but one expression* of the materialism, the boom psychology and the indifference in high places and low to dishonesty in public and in private life that characterized the national spirit" after the Civil War. A decade after the conflict, "the beginning of the end of the South's humiliation originated not so much in sectional as a national revulsion against what came to be called Grantism whether it was manifested in the whisky ring or in the military posturings of Sheridan in Louisiana."

Nor does Mr. Carter fail to point out that the true beginnings of racial segregation and disfranchisement in the South, around 1890, coincided with "the rising American spirit of nativism and imperialism and in the necessity to find for it a moral vindication . . . the North was finding that it could not at one and the same time denounce the South for discrimination against the Negro and indulge comfortably its own prejudices. . . ." Rather than modify those prejudices, it let the South have segregation for a half-century.

Hodding Carter, however, is no apologist for that South of which he has such wide knowledge and intuitive understanding. He quotes W.E.B. Dubois approvingly, to the effect that "the Radical leadership would have modified its early and even its later Reconstruction attitudes had even one Southern state offered the ballot to literate or property-owning Negroes and to those who had served in the Union Army." He asserts the political foolhardiness, as well as the emotional necessity, of the Black Codes. He is unequivocal as to the "lasting achievements" of Carpetbag governments:

They "did assure free school systems to both races, the first to be provided not only for Negroes but for many of the whites . . . (they) sought, with at least temporary success, to widen the democratic base. The constitutions which they adopted pro-

vided for efficient changes in the taxing systems and the judiciary, and some of their reforms were kept intact in the constitutions of the white Redemptionists. They introduced new social services . . . their efforts to build war-destroyed roads, schools, and public buildings were commendable."

Contrast that with, for instance, the attitude of the Bourbon Governor Drew of Florida: "Spend nothing unless absolutely necessary." Or with this newspaper description of the Redemptionist constitution of Texas: "The harness is so small, the straps drawn so tight, the check rein pulled up to the last buckle hole, and the load to draw so heavy that the legislative horse will be galled from collar to crupper and the state wagon will go creaking along the highway of progress in the rear of the procession."

(In North Carolina last year, a Superior Court judge castigated "Yankees" he charged with wanting to change the state's court system—a system written into the Tar Heel constitution by the carpet-bagger Albion W. Tourgee three-quarters of a century ago!)

Mr. Carter even casts an objective eye over the hated Scalawag and finds him not always "a mangy dog, slinking through the alleys," as an Alabama editor of the time was persuaded. His portraits of Scalawags Frank Moses of South Carolina, Parson Brownlow of Tennessee, W. W. Holden of North Carolina, Joe Brown of Georgia, General Longstreet of Louisiana, and General Alcorn of Mississippi, form one of the most illuminating portions of *The Angry Scar*.

There is much else that is skillfully done: a like series of sketches of Radicals Thad Stevens, Charles Sumner, Ben Butler; an affectionate account of Horace Greeley's rise and tragically swift decline; a chapter that amounts to a summary of C. Vann Woodward's classic *Reunion and Reaction* (as Hodding Carter calls it: "Sam Tilden Gets Swopped"); and an absorbing review of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

There are some serious lapses, too. Andrew Johnson, for instance, is pictured in almost wholly admirable terms: a stubborn man of honor who would not yield to the Radicals, though he could not control them. True enough; but there is not

much indication here that *politically* Johnson failed miserably to use his vast patronage powers and the other weapons of the presidency to build the sort of following that might have given him a chance against Stevens, Stanton, Sumner and Butler. He was not, after all, much less a minority president, nor faced with much more of a problem in party unity, than Lincoln in 1860 or 1864.

Moreover, the impression Mr. Carter leaves is that Johnson, if permitted by the Radicals, might have wisely reconstructed the South because he favored Lincoln's projected course. In fact, his total failure to build political support—even his wholesale rather than judicious distribution of pardons to ex-Confederates—smack of ineptitude as much as frustration.

But it is not on the grounds of historical accuracy—there is no infallible Bureau of Standards here—that *The Angry Scar* fails; it is rather, if at all, in the stigma of the assignment that seems to me to taint the entire Mainstream of America series.

With the delightful exception of Steward Holbrook's *The Age of the Moguls*, none of the series that I have read has reflected the personal zest, the sheer necessity for telling a story, that distinguish more spontaneous books. Precisely for this reason, I consider Bruce Catton's Mainstream contribution, *This Hallowed Ground*, inferior to his earlier Civil War trilogy. An the air of the Sunday feature assignment handed out to a capable reporter by his demanding editor hover damnily around *The Angry Scar*.

Worse for popular history, it is sometimes tamped down and running over with facts in various states of assimilation. Notably, a chapter on rise of the Negro college appears to be a detailed list of points to be got in, hurriedly whipped into readability. Mr. Carter is always readable, even in these circumstances. Labelling himself candidly as an unscholarly poacher," he admits that his book is an "interpretive synthesis" of others' work rather than the fruit of original research; unfortunately, it often seems to be more of a synopsis.

As part of a well-known publishing venture, *The Angry Scar* commands automatic attention; as the product of a skillful writer and an understanding observer of his region, it has authority; and it col-

lects as much information about Reconstruction as any book is ever likely to. But in sum, *The Angry Scar* more nearly confirms existing historical, social and political ideas than it generates new ones.

## Peace and the Bomb

ATOMIC ENERGY AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By Hisashi Maeda, Published by Iwanami Shoten (in Japanese), 100 yen.

The subject of this book seems to be in one of the most well-covered fields. As far as literature available in the Japanese language is concerned, however, this book has every claim to recognition as an achievement of major significance.

Many books hitherto published on similar subjects have unfortunately been too much concerned with dissemination of particular political views rather than with factual accuracy. Inasmuch as accurate knowledge of foreign affairs is gaining importance in this country, the appearance of this handy manual on international relations is highly welcome.

Starting from the first scientific report on uranium fission in 1938, this book deals with the development of nuclear weapons, the cold war, disarmament plans, peaceful use of atomic energy and the movement against nuclear weapons.

Why were nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Whenever a touchy question like this comes up, the author takes pains to guard against the pitfalls of an emotional approach. This attitude should be appreciated in view of the fact that the book has been published in a popular pocket-size edition.

Despite its format, however, the book has a unique value to serious students of foreign affairs. For it faithfully traces the U.N. effort for international control of atomic energy and disarmament with direct reference to the official record of proceedings. In this connection, it is too bad the book does not carry an index with it.

The author is a staff member of the foreign news department of the influential daily *Asahi Shimbun*. The book is based on his research at the *Asahi* and also at Harvard as an associate Nieman Fellow, 1955-56—

Kazuo Kuroda.

*Japan Times*, Nov. 19 1959

## Scrapbook

### The Supreme Court: Bulwark Of Freedom

Premier Duplessis of Quebec said, in effect, "I am the law." The Supreme Court of Canada ruled otherwise; it will not tolerate Mr. Duplessis nor any other politician riding roughshod over Canadian citizens and their legal rights. That was the meaning of the court's judgment awarding Frank Roncarelli, a former Montreal restaurateur, \$33,123 in damages from Mr. Duplessis for having cancelled the plaintiff's liquor license over what amounted to a religious disagreement.

This decision was a vigorous affirmation of the right to religious freedom; and equally a defence for the private citizen against any government's arbitrary decisions. Significantly, in this era when some would "balkanize" Canada in legislating civil rights, province by province, the Supreme Court's judgment applies equally to all 10 provinces.

Mr. Roncarelli is a Witness of Jehovah. In 1944-46 he raised \$83,000 bail for 393 Witnesses who waited trial in Quebec courts. This angered Mr. Duplessis, who therefore had the Quebec Liquor Commission rescind Mr. Roncarelli's liquor license; not only that but made it clear the commission would not issue a license to anyone who bought his property. So, Mr. Roncarelli was reduced to poverty overnight.

Understand, there was no charge against Mr. Roncarelli for alleged mishandling of his liquor license; nor was any pretended. Mr. Duplessis in his omnipotence simply smote him down because he is a militant Witness, and because he exercised his right to assist other Witnesses by legally disposing of his property, or rather, putting it up for bail.

In putting Mr. Duplessis in his place, the Supreme Court is acting in a consistent manner to buttress civil rights in Canada, a fact that is often overlooked.

The court disallowed the Alberta Press act in 1938, thereby upholding freedom of the press in Canada in a precedent-making decision. It also threw out Mr. Duplessis' notorious Padlock law, which empowered the provincial attorney-general to dispense with the need for proof in

courts, should he care to padlock any house on his own say-so that it was being used to propagate communism.

Sedition was defined in the Boucher decision so as to prevent use of the criminal code to repress political or religious freedom. In the Samur case the court threw out a Quebec by-law purporting to regulate the public high-ways, but designed to allow police to censor distribution of leaflets; and provincial legislation authoriz-

ing the by-law was struck out. In the Chaput case the abuse of police power to invade the home on the pretext of suppressing obnoxious religious practice was penalized severely.

Canadians have heard so much of the great blows for freedom struck by the U.S. Supreme Court that some of us tend to overlook the splendid tradition of our own senior court.—Toronto *Star*. Jan 28.

## Letter

### The New York Newspaper Strike

To the Editor:

I wonder if your gazette may not make an important contribution in terms of freedom of the press during these trying days. Surely freedom of the press is not unrelated to diffusion as well as creation of newspapers. The horror of the present situation arises from the lack of leadership of the owners of the stricken papers. I suggest that they must know that no settlement reached can have historic value if it is arrived at without public knowledge of the issues and public reaction thereto.

I do not know what the settlement should be, but where both sides have the sure answers maybe certain questions are more important than the answers.

I ask the following questions:

What is the hourly take-home pay of the newspaper delivery men compared to other drivers, for example, taxicabs, newspaper trucks in other metropolitan centers and truck drivers in general. I have a hunch that this small, isolated group of workmen already hold a preferred position in our economy. I have a guess that they are making much more on shorter hours, with holidays, than the medium of taxi drivers in our city.

Above all, is it not important for the public to know the relative income of newspaper truck drivers, compared to the skilled workmen in the newspapers—reporters, Linotypers, etc. This consideration is of supreme importance to our entire economy. I have concluded that a contributing factor to the decline of the British economy is the reduction in differentials of pay between skilled and unskilled workers. The subway strike of last year raised this very issue and was,

in fact, spurned in terms of decent reporting by the press of our city. Surely no young lad would wisely seek to become skilled if the differential between skilled and unskilled in the subway is only \$6.00 or \$7.00 a week. In our complex economy we are fast losing prestige values which at times could compensate those with skill for the absence of additional wages arising out of need for training, development of skills and, above all, responsibilities of the skilled.

I note a common confusion as to definition of democracy. It is not enough that democracy provide for the will of the majority. The subtle and difficult facet of democracy is to be sure that a minority is not unjustly treated. This profound issue is related to the present strike. As we shifted from craft unionism to industrial unionism we ran head on into a structure which, of necessity, worked against the most skilled. Leadership in a union depends for election and power on the lowest common denominator of the members. Hence, to stay in power the leaders must cater to the majority, which may be unskilled, compared to a minority which is skilled. We have yet to devise a structure within the democracy of trade unions to take care of this problem. I hold it to be of supreme importance because in the long run the wealth of our nation depends on the development of skills and disciplines and we are in danger of wiping out all differentials in pay and prestige between the skilled and unskilled. It will be no answer if the newspapers have to raise the price of advertising or the price to subscribers.

MORRIS L. ERNST  
New York City

## Arthur Eggleston 1900-1959

Arthur D. Eggleston died at Doctor's Hospital in New York, Sunday, January 19, after a long illness.

He was 59.

He had been for several years chief of the New York bureau of the Indonesia National News Agency, Antara. Born in Virginia, he grew up in California, where his father was a newspaper editor. His own early newspaper work was in San Francisco, on the *Call-Bulletin* and the *Examiner*. Then he became labor editor on the *Chronicle*, under the editorship of Paul Smith, who encouraged him to develop a column as the voice of labor.

He served the *Chronicle* from 1935 to 1942. He was appointed a Nieman Fellow at Harvard for 1939-40. There his studies were in popular and economic movements in American history and the history of the labor movement. He joined the Office of War Information in 1942 and continued with it until he became chief on the press section of the U.S. Occupation Forces in Germany. He stayed in Germany until 1950, assisting to re-establish a free press there.

A Nieman colleague of 1940, Alexander Kendrick writes from his CBS post in London:

"Going back to New York was always enlivened for us by Art and Virginia (Mrs. Eggleston). Arthur made a point in his Nieman year of reading Sandburg's Lincoln and looking back I can see much to commend in that."

## Fellowship Committee

The final date for receiving applications for Nieman Fellowships for the next college years is April 15. The selecting committee, appointed for this year, are: Edwin A. Lahey, Washington bureau chief of the Knight papers, John B. Johnson, publisher of the Watertown, (N.Y.) *Times*, Robert McCloskey, professor of government at Harvard; William M. Pinkerton, news director at Harvard, and Louis M. Lyons, curator of the Nieman Fellowships. Lahey, Pinkerton and Lyons were Nieman Fellows.

## NIEMAN NOTES

1939 (and 1948)

Upshot of the sale of the Chicago *Daily News* to the Chicago *Sun-Times* was an official separation of the Nieman Fellows who staffed the Washington Bureau of the Knight papers. Stipulation of the sale was that Edwin A. Lahey chief of the bureau, did not go with it. The champ stayed with the Knight team, serving the remaining Knight papers from Washington. The Chicago *Daily News* under its new ownership then announced that Peter Lisagor was the new Washington bureau chief of the Chicago *Daily News*. Pete had been serving the *Daily News* there anyway, with Ed. They each file fewer black sheets now but their combined score adds up the same.

1939

Frank S. Hopkins, U. S. consul in Martinique, reports a visit by professors Clyde and Florence Kluckhohn during Christmas holidays and also a glimpse of President Pusey and his family at that season. His son Nicholas, a junior at Harvard, is president of the Social Relations Club.

The consular district includes Martinique, Guadeloupe and French Guiana, with 550,000 population and something like 30 newspapers, most of them small weeklies with 1,000 to 3,000 circulation. "I depend heavily on what I read in the press for news leads and political developments of interest to Washington. We have a very alert USIS operation here which has excellent relations with many of the papers."

1940

Volta Torrey took over the editorship of the *Technology Review* at MIT in January. He had been for the past two years director of television at MIT and produced a weekly program "The Science Reporter" for Boston's educational tv, Channel 2.

As soon as Doubleday published his book on the reconstruction, "The Angry Scar," Hodding Carter began plans for a five months trip in South Africa with his family on an exchange program sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. He sees another book out of that. He evidently has his paper, the *Delta Democrat Times* of Greenville, Miss. in such shape

that its editor and publisher can leave it alone for five months.

William J. Miller left the *Herald-Tribune* editorial page, where he was chief editorial writer, to return to his old editorial position with *Life* Magazine, in February. It is no secret among his friends or in the newspaper business that he had been for some time disenchanted with the freedom permitted him in directing the editorial page of the *Herald-Tribune*, which had persuaded him of the opportunity there in the Fall of 1957.

1941

George Chaplin became editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, March 1, after four months as its associate editor. He was editor of the New Orleans *Item* until its sale last Fall.

William B. Dickinson became managing editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* the first of the year. He had served as assistant managing editor for several years and before that was their Washington correspondent. Former United Press man, he was a UP war correspondent in the Pacific all through the second World War.

Everett Holles is now director of communications for General Atomic, a division of General Dynamics. His address: 2049 Paseo Dorado, LaJolla, California.

Earlier with UP, then CBS, he served the Atomic Energy Commission before his move to General Atomic.

1942

Travelling out of Athens for *Life*, Don Burke returned from a Baghdad interview with Abdul Karim Kassem at the end of February, just in time to start for the new trouble spot in East Africa. He reports he just missed George Weller in Iraq. "It gets more and more difficult for newspapermen to get in there. Joe Dynana of the AP was asked to leave while we were there; so it is probably easier to get out."

Thomas Sancton has undertaken a study of the company town as a project for the Fund for the Republic. He has another novel in process of publication.

1943

Oren M. Stephens was appointed director of research and analysis in the United

States Information Agency Jan. 15. He has been with the agency since 1953 and in government information service since he directed OWI operations in southern Africa during the second World War.

Ralph Werner, who has run his own public relations service since he left the Milwaukee *Journal* in 1946, has merged with other Milwaukee public relations consultants into a firm now operating as Werner-Shinners-Bina-Haeuser.

1945

The *Guild Reporter*—25th anniversary issue—December 26, 1958, has an article by Robert Bordner of the Cleveland *Press*, recalling the founding meeting of the Guild, Dec. 15, 1933. A picture of the speakers table shows Bordner with Heywood Broun, Morris Ernst and General Hugh Johnson, then NRA chief, as the general was speaking. Bordner explains the picture shows him rising to interrupt Johnson with a demand that he say why he excluded newspaper workers from the NRA Blue Eagle benefits.

"Johnson hedged. Freedom of the press was mentioned. We finished organizing the Guild, elected a reluctant Broun president, then a handful, led by Broun, went over to the White House.

"The Roosevelt charm put us at ease immediately. The guy was seriously interested in what we were up to. We told him what we had done, our plans for the future, our roadblock in Hugh Johnson. We stumbled over each other in trying to tell him everything at once. He was particularly delighted that we had the guts to tackle the publishers. He knew their power.

"Forget Johnson. Go ahead. My blessing on you and more power to you.' Roosevelt said."

1946

The President gave one of the pens he used to sign the Hawaii statehood bill to Frank Hewlett, Washington correspondent of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*.

1948

Rebecca Gross, editor of the Lock Haven *Express*, is president of the Pennsyl-

vania Society of Newspaper Editors this year.

## 1949

Grady E. Clay, Jr. real estate editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, recently toured the Piedmont cities of North Carolina at the request of the Institute of Architects of that State. He reported that no comparable group of cities in America is more vulnerable to competition in suburban shopping centers than the new middle-sized cities of Charlotte, Raleigh, Greensboro and Winston-Salem.

Robert de Roos has a new book out: "Only When I Laugh" published by Prentice-Hall. He took his family to Europe last Summer and this Winter was in Mexico on a magazine assignment.

## 1950

Melvin S. Wax is sharing with a San Francisco *Chronicle* colleague a television panel program on problems of the bay area. His wife, Charlotte, an escapee from New Hampshire, says these problems include gardening all year round and sailing all year round in a boat they keep moored just below the house. Doing sets and posters for the Sausolito Little Theatre is another of Charlotte's problems, along with her personal painting—both walls and canvasses.

## 1951

Marshall Field has moved Roy M. Fisher off the Chicago *Daily News*, where he has been reporter, assistant city editor and feature editor—to make him an encyclopedist. The new job, assistant managing editor of The World Book Encyclopedia, is to get out the next decennial edition with a staff of 140 editorial people. Roy says he has assurance the door is open back to the *News* when he has finished his encyclopedia job.

Hugh Morris, State political editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, reports as president of the Southern Association of Nieman Fellows on the latest yield of one of their grants. The association awarded a travelling fellowship to Joseph E. Dabney, managing editor of the Florence (S. C.) *News* for a trip to the satellite countries of Eastern Europe. Dabney did a series of five articles on Poland, used in his paper and distributed to others.

The association made a grant also to William Gordon, former managing edi-

tor of the Atlanta *World*, supplementing his Reid Fellowship, so he and his family could spend a year in Africa.

## 1953

Keyes Beech writes from the Chicago *Daily News* Far East bureau in Tokyo that his wife, Linda, has become a tv star in Tokyo, that Robert (Pepper) Martin has been on a swing of Southeast Asia for *U. S. News & World Report*, and is about to take a home leave. Also that Hisashi Maeda of *Asahi Shimbun* (1956) had been around to present him a copy of his new book, "Atomic Energy and World Politics" that wrapped up the studies Maeda did in his year at Harvard.

Robert Nielsen, an associate fellow from the Toronto *Star*, is now the editorial page editor of the *Star*.

## 1954

When Richard Dudman covered Castro's triumph in Cuba, he notched off his sixth revolution in as many years with the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

Robert E. Farrell counts on Spring home leave after five years in Paris for McGraw-Hill *World News*; then will resume as their Paris bureau chief.

## 1955

NBC network audiences saw Sam Zagoria, January 18 on a program, "The 86th Congress: the Personalities" who included Speaker Rayburn, Senators Dirksen, Kuchel and Muskie. Sam continues as administrative assistant to Sen. Case of New Jersey.

Guy E. Munger has returned to the Greensboro (N. C.) *Daily News*, as bureau chief in Raleigh. He has worked for the past two years on the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*.

## 1956

Hisashi Maeda was happy that his book, "Atomic Energy and World Politics" was favorably reviewed in the *Japan Times* by Kazua Koroda, who followed him as an associate fellow to Harvard in 1957. Maeda continues as foreign news editor of the important Japanese paper, *Asahi Shimbun*.

On the Denver *Post*, where he has been writing editorials, Robert H. Hansen has been made a special assistant to the managing editor, a new job, planned to secure more reporting in depth on major stories.

Desmond Stone, assistant editor of the *Southland Times*, in Invercargel, New Zealand, has just brought out an anthology on New Zealand, 21 articles and essays, by visiting authors and scholars, seeking to define, explain and describe the particular quality of New Zealanders. The most informing is the 22d essay, the introduction by Stone. The book is "Verdict on New Zealand" published by A. H. & A. W. Reed, Wellington.

## 1957

John C. Obert has been for some months now the editor of the *Park Region Echo* in Alexandria, Minn. He was formerly city editor.

At its Mid-Winter Institute, the North Carolina Press Association awarded two first prizes to L. M. Wright, Jr., of the Charlotte *Observer*, for feature and spot news.

## 1958

Peter Kumpa is preparing to leave for Moscow for the Baltimore *Sun* in early April, for a three year tour. He has been in the Washington bureau of the *Sun* but had anticipated the Russian assignment and spent his Nieman fellowship year studying the Russians.

Wesley Sullivan, news editor of the *Oregon Statesman*, in Salem, Ore., gave two guest lectures at University of Oregon school of journalism in February.

## Lauterback Award to Herblock

The 1959 Lauterback Award for distinguished contribution in the field of civil liberties was presented to Herbert Lawrence Block, cartoonist of the Washington *Post*, at a Nieman dinner in Cambridge, Feb. 26.

The citation was "for his penetrating cartoons that express a daily concern for our common humanity." The awards committee members were Arthur M. Schlesinger, professor-emeritus of history Harvard; Charles W. Morton, associate editor *Atlantic Monthly*, and Louis M. Lyons, curator, Nieman Fellowships, at Harvard.

The Lauterback award was established in memory of Richard E. Lauterbach, a Nieman Fellow of 1947, by friends of his, after his sudden death from poliomyelitis in 1950.