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To Think Anew, To Act Anew  . . . .  Don Oliver


Newsmen at the Olympics  . . . . . .  John Owen

The Underground Press  . . . . . . .  Merilee Fenger

Politicians and the Press  . . . .  George Remington

The Art of Attribution  . . . . . . .  Robert C. McGiffert

The Missoula Election Mishmash  . . . .  Penny Wagner Wilson

A Picture Portfolio  . . . . . . . . .  Donald C. Miller

And a Special 23-Page Report
Chicago and the Press
By Nathan B. Blumberg
Montana Newspaper Hall of Fame

Miles Romney Sr. believed a weekly publisher's obligation to his community and state transcended the presentation of news and editorial opinions. He thought a publisher should go out among the people to help organize and lead political and economic movements described in the news columns and supported on the editorial page.

Mr. Romney was born Dec. 18, 1872, in St. George, Utah. He attended public schools in Beaver City, Utah, and the Bitterroot Valley until age 16. In 1891 he was graduated from a business college in Ada, Ohio.

After teaching school in Bannack, he moved to Hamilton and in 1893 bought a half interest in the Western News. He soon acquired full ownership and made the weekly the official spokesman for the Democratic party in Ravalli County.

Mr. Romney served as state senator from Ravalli County from 1906 to 1910. He was unsuccessful in three primary bids for governor.

As an editor and as a politician, he is remembered as an outspoken man of unusual energy and force. He has been described as a "free-swinging editor," "a powerful factor in molding public sentiment," "a wheelhorse in the Democratic party," and as "a valuable exponent of local interests." He was a local organizer of New Deal programs and in 1934 went to Helena as state director of the Office of Governmental Reorganization.

In 1912 Mr. Romney organized and served as first President of the People's Power League of Montana, a citizens group that influenced legislation leading to the direct primary, the Corrupt Practices Act and the Workmen's Compensation Law.

As a captain in the Quartermaster Corps in World War I, he was in charge of all depots in the Army's southeastern district.

He was a local organizer of New Deal programs and in 1934 went to Helena as state director of the Office of Governmental Reorganization. He also organized the Federal Housing Administration in Montana and the National Emergency Council, which became the U.S. Office of Governmental Reports.

Mr. Romney's son, Miles Jr., has been publisher of the Western News since 1937. Mr. Romney died March 31, 1943, in Hamilton, Ohio.

Miles Romney Sr.
1872-1943
Fourteenth Member
Installed April 10, 1969

The Montana Newspaper Hall of Fame, established April 16, 1958, is sponsored jointly by the Montana Press Association and the Montana School of Journalism. A committee consisting of six members of the Press Association and the dean of the School of Journalism recommends to the Association one person for the Hall of Fame each year. A candidate may be nominated five years after his death.
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Warren J. Brier, Editor
DEAN A. L. STONE ADDRESS:
TO THINK ANEW, TO ACT ANEW

By DON OLIVER

Mr. Oliver, a 1958 graduate of the Montana School of Journalism, is a news correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company. He has worked for radio-television stations in Montana, Idaho and Washington and from 1962 to 1965 was the political reporter for KCRA-TV in Sacramento, where he had two daily top-rated news shows. As an NBC correspondent, appearing frequently on the Huntley Brinkley Report, he has covered the 1968 presidential campaign, the Detroit riots, the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., the Poor People's Caravan through the South and, in recent months, the oil leak in the ocean off Santa Barbara and student unrest at San Francisco State College and the University of California at Berkeley. He holds a master's degree from the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. In May, 1969, he was transferred from Cleveland to the Los Angeles bureau of NBC News. Mr. Oliver, the 1969 professional lecturer at the Montana School of Journalism, gave this address April 10, 1969, at the 13th annual banquet honoring the first dean of the journalism school.

A couple of years ago I was sent to Alabama to cover a racial story. It was my first assignment of that kind in the South, and I really didn't know what to expect. I went out one day to find a young Negro who claimed he had been beaten by two white policemen. The search took me to a garbage dump near Auburn where the man was supposed to be employed. Three white men were sitting around a table in an ancient trailer house, which served as the office for the dump. I asked if any of them knew a gentleman by the name of Ocie Lee DeVance. For a few seconds they ignored the question, then one replied, "I don't know no gentleman—but I know a nigger by that name."

It was an uncomfortable moment. I decided I wasn't going to talk to him on his level, and he made it clear that was the only way the conversation was going to proceed.

When I walked out a few minutes later the cameraman who was with me—born in Mississippi and a veteran of southern racial stories—whispered, "From now on you'd better let me do the talking; you're going to get us killed down here."

I learned nothing in the trailer house about the man I was trying to find, but I learned more about the South in that one encounter than in all the reading I'd ever done on southern attitudes.

I could be accused of being naive, and I guess I was, but I had hoped the South had changed.

Perhaps I am being naive again, but I hope the Mountain West has changed.

When I was a student here in the quiet fifties, our concerns ranged from how big a keg of beer to get for the weekend to how loud the Muzak should be in the student union. We were called, with good reason, the silent generation.

Looking back, I've never really understood why we were so passive about life. I guess most of us didn't know any better and the rest felt students didn't have the right to challenge the system. Our complacency and that of the generation that preceded us has contributed greatly to the turmoil and divisions this country is now experiencing.

Had we recognized and acted on the need for social change 10 or 20 years ago—before the problems became so acute—we might have produced a more peaceful and rational evolution instead of the violent confrontations that now are ripping our society.

I said I hope the Mountain West has changed—but I suspect it hasn't changed enough to meet today's needs. I have the feeling that many people still are feeding on the heritage of rugged individualism necessary for survival when the West was young.

Well, the West is no longer young, and rugged individualism, while still admirable in some respects, does little to foster the compassion and involvement necessary to solve this country's complex social problems.
Two years ago, during a visit in Billings, I was told about a rumor that Martin Luther King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference were buying land in the Gallatin Valley to establish a retreat. The story had no foundation, but it seemed to arouse great concern among those who heard it. I found no one who could give me a rational reason for being anxious about such a possibility—just vague fears that Negroes were different, inferior, dangerous and, therefore, unwanted. The discouraging feature about all this apprehension, as far as I was concerned, was that most of these people never had been around Negroes, didn't know any personally and certainly never had tried to find out if black people were all that bad.

media blamed

The press, radio and television have to bear a major share of the blame for these attitudes. It is largely the media's fault that the circumstances of the poor and the black never have been understood by the majority of white Americans.

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders concluded that the news media have "thus far failed to report adequately on the causes and the consequences of civil disorders and the underlying problems of race relations."

That criticism was made more than a year ago, but it still applies. The stories that might explain the problems and might change attitudes either aren't being done or are being buried by reporting of riots and demonstrations. The failure of newsmen to do an adequate job of reporting was implicit in the report this spring of the Urban Coalition, which said: "We are a year closer to being two societies, black and white, increasingly separate and scarcely less unequal. The nation in its neglect may be sowing the seeds of unprecedented future disorders and division."

The public conscience has not been touched.

To say that Negro problems are of no concern to Montanans because there are only 700 or so Negroes in the state is a cop-out. Montana is still part of the union. The problems of the country are still its problems and many of the people reared here will take their attitudes out of the state with them. This state still sends to Congress representatives who must help solve the problems.

Those of you who remain in this part of the country to work will have as great a responsibility to educate as those who go to work in urban areas. You can't tell me there are no problems here. Indians live in poverty as bad as that of rural Negroes in the South. People grumble because air bases are bringing in Negro airmen, and people talk about shooting anyone who suggests that it might be necessary to place some controls on the ownership of guns. The John Birch Society commands a large following in this area, and George Wallace received 7 to 13 per cent of the vote in the Mountain West. Unemployment, underemployment and apathy toward progress cause many young people to leave the area for other parts of the country where their talents are better used.

Those are problems.

No matter where you work, the process of education isn't going to be easy, and it is going to require more attention to the conditions that produce confrontation than to the confrontation itself. Editorials are not going to do the job. It's going to take a lot of leg work by reporters willing to get out among the poor, the black and all the unrepresented to explain their lives. Unfortunately stories with drama and confrontation sell newspapers and increase audiences, and the kind I'm talking about probably won't have much of either. So, it will be a job to sell these stories to your editors. It is easier to do this now than it was a few years ago because more editors are becoming concerned that crisis reporting is not telling the story.

How many stories have been done in Montana on the quality of legal service provided to Indians accused of crimes? Has any reporter investigated to find out how Indians are dealt with by merchants who serve them? I would think that the sale of automobiles to Indians on time-payment contracts would be an interesting area to explore. I don't know what kind of reporting has been done on the reception given to Negro servicemen who have come into this state, but I'll bet there are at least a couple of stories that could be done on their view of Montana and Montanans.

If these stories have been done, they probably could stand doing again, or there are others equally as important. The division in American society is well documented. It should require a local crisis to force a newsroom to report the social problems in its community.

Now, I'm going to cop out a bit. I really don't know if this kind of reporting will heal the divisions in the country. But it hasn't been done enough, and it is well worth the effort. Both major candidates in the past presidential election kept referring to the "silent middle" and the "moderate majority"—the bulk of Americans who have a reservoir of good will. These are the white, middle-class citizens who have been made frightened and angry by the reporting of confrontation and crisis. If they have this reservoir of good will that the politicians talked about, another way has got to be found to bring it to the surface.

The problems never are going to be solved until these people feel they should be solved.

Right now these people—and I'm talking about the "silent majority"—don't trust reporters. Because we have not done our job properly in the past and because these problems seem to have sprung full blown on the public without any advance warning, it is going to be difficult to break through the hostility toward newsmen. Because we report things many people want to ignore, we are accused of slanting, distorting and creating violence. We're not trusted by the "moderate majority" because we bring the news that the established order is being threatened and somehow these people think we have caused their problems. They believe the crises will evaporate if we don't report them.

As we all know, it was the presence of television camera-
men that touched off the Boston Tea Party and the Haymarket Riot.

Moreover, we’re not trusted by those who are trying to change society. They see us as representatives of the power structure or as sensation mongers who aren’t interested in reporting conditions, just controversy.

It is true that many protests and demonstrations are staged for the benefit of newsmen and cameramen, but it usually happens because people with grievances can’t get attention any other way. It is also true that extremists, anarchists and Communists have acquired leadership in some protest movements. In many cases they displaced moderates who had failed to achieve results because reporters wouldn’t pay any attention to them.

Whatever the causes, reporters are not trusted by many people, and this lack of trust is now being expressed in physical and verbal abuse. I was pushed and shoved and denounced as a Communist at one meeting I covered this year, and at another I was spit at and called a Fascist pig.

Last year during racial violence in Cleveland, two NBC cameramen were beaten badly by a mob of policemen. The cameramen’s crime had been the filming of an arrest of a Negro suspect.

This suspicion of and hostility toward reporters now extends beyond the arena of confrontation. It is becoming increasingly difficult to do the other stories—those that might dispel myth and rumor and create understanding.

Recently I tried to report on a story at Antioch College in Ohio. It involved a decision by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare that a black studies program on the campus violated civil-rights laws because only black students were enrolled. I thought it necessary, to get an understanding of what was being done in the black studies program, to film some of the classes. But the students refused to let me in because they were suspicious of my motives and because I’m white. They said they would consent to the filming only when they thought the time was ripe, and then they said it would have to be done by a black reporter and camera crew.

It is frustrating and perhaps unfair, but I’m afraid reporters are going to receive this kind of treatment until they convince black people that the news media speak for them as well as for white society.

A weekend ago in Detroit two policemen were shot; one of them died and the other was critically wounded. They had radioed headquarters they were stopping to check out a group of men, armed with rifles, gathered in front of a church. What happened after that is still unclear, but this much is known. The dead policeman was shot seven times and his companion four. Forty to 50 more policemen arrived and shot their way into the church where nearly 150 men, women and children were attending a meeting. Four of the people at the meeting were wounded and the interior of the sanctuary was riddled with bullets. All those inside the church were arrested and taken to jail. Within 18 hours all but two of them had been released by a judge who said their constitutional rights had been violated. The county prosecutor, who had objected to the judge’s action, was cited for contempt. There was enough information lacking to make that story difficult to report under normal circumstances, but circumstances in Detroit aren’t normal. Since the 1967 riot it has become a city nervously divided by fear and racial hatred.

The church was a Negro church in a Negro neighborhood. The armed men were Negroes; the policemen were white. The meeting in the church was being conducted by the Republic of New Africa, an organization that wants to break away from the United States and form its own black nation out of five southern states.

The judge who released the prisoners is a Negro. The prosecutor who objected is white.

**potential for violence obvious**

Any reporter covering that story had to be aware of the potential for violence the incident had created. It would have been easy to accept unchallenged the police version that the black gunmen had run into the church and had fired on the officers outside. This may turn out to have been the case, but initially there was no evidence to support this claim except the statements of policemen who arrived after the two officers had been shot.

Leaders of the Republic of New Africa denied that any shots were fired from inside the church. Should their protests have been disregarded by newsmen because their organization holds political views considered by many to be extremist? I think not. Until there was evidence to the contrary, reporters had the responsibility to portray their position fairly.

But I think reporters covering the story should have ignored the contention by the Republic of New Africa that the whole incident may have been manufactured to discredit its organization. That statement was pure conjecture, calculated only to inflame.

Police department spokesmen said it was necessary to sweep the inside of the church with gunfire. But black community leaders said tear gas would have flushed the suspects out and that policemen would not have been so quick on the trigger had the church been filled with white people.

The arguments of the police department should have been given no more weight than those of the black people who challenged the police action.

A reporter writing this story or any other on sensitive social problems has a responsibility to assess the impact his story will have on his city or country, then ask himself if he has made every effort to be fair, even to people with unpopular causes.

The temper of the times makes this an awesome burden and a difficult assignment. But the difficulties do not make the problems any less urgent or the need to report them any less imperative.

More than one hundred years ago Lincoln said, “The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate for the stormy present. We must think anew, we must act anew.” His advice is still sound.
HE DON’ SPEAK NAHTHING?:
NEWSMEN AT THE OLYMPICS

By JOHN OWEN

Mr. Owen, sports editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, is a 1951 graduate of the Montana School of Journalism. He has worked for the Cut Bank (Mont.) Pioneer Press, the Bismarck (N.D.) Tribune and the Yakima (Wash.) Morning Herald and has been with the Post-Intelligencer since 1957. In 1961 he was promoted to executive sports editor and in May, 1968, to sports editor. Mr. Owen received a Sigma Delta Chi award in 1965 for the best sports column in Washington State. He was the only Pacific Northwest writer who had articles published in Best Sports Stories of 1966 and Best Sports Stories of 1967. In 1966 he was named Washington State's Sportswriter of the Year by the National Sportswriters and Sportscasters Association. Mr. Owen examines in this article problems he encountered as a newspaperman at the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City and describes the controversial press conference with sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos.

The reception at the Club de Periodistas for the visiting Olympic newsmen was only about two tequilas old when one of the hosts walked up, smiled, extended his hand and inquired warmly:

"Where are you feeling?"

"Seattle, Washington," I answered in what was probably an unconscious "Ask a silly question, get a silly answer" response.

The Mexican shook his head. "No . . . uh, where are you FEELING?"

One dumb answer was enough, even after two tequilas, and I merely shrugged and smiled disarmingly.

The Mexican—an editor, I later learned—turned to his companion, a short, Spanish-speaking reporter, and muttered a few words. Then he turned back and began to ask the same question in Spanish.

Another shrug.

"You don’t speak Spanish?" he asked in English. I nodded assent.

"He don’ speak nahtthing?" his friend inquired.

And to be truthful, there were times during October’s Mexico City Olympics when I, and a flock of other U.S. sportswriters, would accept that as a pretty accurate description.

Mexico City is only about three hours by jet from Los Angeles and you had to keep reminding yourself that you were not, after all, covering a Rose Bowl game in Pasadena and that you had to play the game on Mexico’s terms, if you wished to play at all.

It is not that the Mexican organizing committee did things wrong. But some tasks were performed differently from what we are used to and possibly with less dispatch than an impatient newspaper reporter is immediately willing to accept.

For instance, heat charts, listing the contestants in the race and their lane numbers, sometimes reached the press 15 minutes after the race results had been mimeographed and distributed.

"I must have a program for this race," an impatient French journalist seated next to me stormed one day at a girl serving as a runner. "You do not realize how important this is. All I get from you is ‘manana’ and big smile!"

And the gracious Mexicans did try hard to please.

"I left a call for eight o’clock and just now woke up," the wife of a U.S. reporter complained by house phone to the hotel deskman one morning. "Why wasn’t I called?"

"Please, I am very sorry," the clerk responded in soothing tones. "If senora will please hang up the phone, I will call you immediately."

Before the Olympics were very many days old, the Mexicans had solved most of the problems, except for the obvious one of transportation in a crowded city of seven million. Insurgentes Boulevard, a main thoroughfare, is approximately 30 miles long. And the various Olympic..."
sites were sprinkled over all sections of the vast city. Bus service was provided and some grateful reporters also learned that they could travel by cab from Olympic Stadium to the Sports Palace basketball arena—half the distance across town—for 80 cents or less.

But there are inherent problems in any activity bringing together competitors from more than 100 nations. And this time, the Americans brought a few problems of their own.

"Here they come," a reporter found himself shouting excitedly one evening at Olympic Stadium. "Hey, all three of them are wearing black tams!"

"How about their socks?" his friend asked, craning his neck.

The other reporter adjusted his binoculars. "Can't see the socks because of their sweat pants," he finally answered.

"Lee Evans is getting his medal now," the first reporter said. "He's waving his hand at the crowd."

"That's not his hand. He's waving a fist. I can see it," the guy with the binoculars said.

And the scene was repeated in excited groups throughout the press section as the world's sporting journalists wondered whether black socks represent contempt for white America and whether the world's fastest runners at 400 meters wore berets because it was raining or because they feel the black American is a second-class citizen.

Fortunately, officials on the U.S. Olympic Committee were ready with almost-instant interpretations. Their verdicts:

It is perfectly all right to wear a beret in the rain and to respond to the cheers of the crowd with a clenched fist, as did 400-meter gold medalist Lee Evans, silver medalist Larry James and bronze medalist Ron Freeman.

It is not acceptable to raise a black fist and bow your head during the Star-Spangled Banner—especially when your encore consists of a 15-minute harangue against white America at an international press conference.

That is the way sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos reacted two days earlier and because of their behavior they were dropped from the team and banished from Olympic Village. Since Carlos and Smith already were living "off campus" with their wives and had no further Olympic events remaining, they had the satisfaction of saying, in effect, "You can't fire me, I quit."

Smith and Carlos attended subsequent sessions of the track and field competition, and their appearance created an instantaneously crowd of newsmen.

The press conference that brought about their suspension was held in the crowded interview room at the Olivetti Press Center. It occurred 20 minutes after their black-gloves salute on the victory stand. And the reporters were as tense as the athletes.

Some woman reporter immediately asked Smith which coach he would credit for his successes. After a bilingual groan, somebody said the magic word, and Carlos delivered his expected indictment.

"When we arrived at the award stand there was a lot of applause," he began. "When we left there were many boos and thumbs down. Well, John Carlos and Tommie Smith want the people who booted to know that black people are not lower animals like roaches and rats . . . we're not like some sort of a show horse who does its job, and then has some peanuts tossed at it.

"We'd like to tell all white people that if they don't care for things black people do, they should not go to see black people perform. If you think we were bad, the 1972 games are going to be much rougher. The African nations are winning the games. Remember this."

Most of the Mexico City newspapers, while condemning racism in the United States, censured Smith and Carlos for a demonstration which the newspapers felt was in poor taste and misdirected.

confusion in six languages

Even if the two athletes were tossing wild pitches, a few hit the intended target. The world got the message. Even that is slightly miraculous considering the vehicle they employed, because an Olympic press conference consists of confusion, pronounced in six languages.

Suppose, for example, you wanted to ask a question of Czechoslovakia's gold medal diver, Milena Duchkova. Even a simple, uncomplicated question like, "How are things in Prague, baby?"

You directed your question to an English-speaking Czech stationed next to Miss Duchkova's chair. He in turn translated it for the diver, who scratched her pretty head, gave a few Czechoslovakian giggles, then mumbled an answer. The answer was translated into English.

But you were only halfway home.

Another interpreter repeated the question and subsequent answer in Spanish for the native reporters. A third interpreter then repeated the question and answer in French.

It did not, as you might guess, make for snappy repartee. Unless you were loaded with a particularly significant question, you were liable to say, "Oňtohehellwithit!" and wait for the woman shot-putter from Chicago.

There was another hazard connected with this type of press conference. It's murder on guys who ask stupid questions. And what reporter, during his career, has not?

One such question was directed to Peter Norman of Australia. He was either the wrong guy to ask or the question came at the wrong time. Norman, who finished second in the 200 meters behind Smith and ahead of Carlos, had been sitting for 15 minutes listening to their tirade to the press. The question was asked by a Mexico City sports-writer in Spanish, then repeated in English by an interpreter:

"You, Peter Norman, finish second despite the high altitude of Mexico City. Yet Ron Clarke of Australia collapses and says the altitude is to blame. Why is Ron Clarke bothered by the altitude when Peter Norman is not afflicted? What is wrong with Ron Clarke?"

"There is not a damn thing wrong with Ron Clarke," Norman said, or words to that effect. "I ran a 200-meter..."
Indignant Denial of a Rumored Retirement

By Hal Stearns*

Somebody recently circulated a rumor we were contemplating retirement, and we rise to deny indignantly that we'd quit being alive after a trifling 32 years of newspapering.

But the erroneous tale (possibly motivated by wishful thinking of some readers who on occasion have been made irate by our writings) did set us to thinking about why we find our profession fascinating, if not as financially lucrative as we'd wish.

Retire? From being part of the mainstream of living in a typical American small town and being close to the country, being alive with people who are doing things? Never!

Newspapering is participating—rejoicing when the high schoolers triumph and being cast down with them when we lose. Being glad and proud when a home-town boy or girl goes out into the bigger world and makes his or her home folks proud. Being downcast when a friend of many years passes away and sharing the grief of the bereaved.

That's being a newspaperman, and we don't intend to quit being one until Gabriel silences our typewriter or linotype keyboards.

Newspapering... is trying to be a catalyst, a guide, an adviser, a warning signal, an elder statesman, a father image—but, for heaven's sake, not an old fogy and a pontificating old fossil. Stay young in thought, but calling to mind the lessons of the past.

That's being a newspaperman, and we don't intend to quit being one until Gabriel silences our typewriter or linotype keyboards.

The beloved Arthur L. Stone, immortal dean of our alma mater, the University of Montana Journalism School, handed down this edict to all privileged to sit at his feet:

"This is a publishing office—the crossroads of civilization; the refuge of the arts against the ravages of time; the incessant trumpet of trade. From this place words may fly abroad, not to perish on the winds, but wave at the world. No plaque is likely to festoon the new school, the hospital, swimming pool, gym, sewage lagoon, irrigation dam or flood control project extolling the scribe as father of the idea. But you and your publication will have justified your existence by having had a role in making these monuments of progress a reality.

By being an advocate of what's good for your fellow man, you will have fulfilled your responsibility, not only as a journalist but also as a worthwhile citizen.

Don't get discouraged—you can't win 'em all. The people in their wisdom every so often will detect the flaws in your arguments and render your crusades naught. But the majority occasionally is wrong, and you will know doggone well it is. You must keep plugging for the right as you see the right; though it may take a long time, success will be the result.

Getting along as an editor is sort of like being a football coach who keeps escaping being fired—if you win five and lose four, you keep the alumni sullen but not mutinous.

If you must oppose, respect your foes. Nearly always they are as high-principled as you view yourself, but because of their upbringing, station in life, environment, or field of endeavor, they do not see things the way you do.

Be wary—yea verily, heave out the advertiser who would buy your sacred honor.

Have a feeling and regard for history. Macaulay said, "A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants." Recalling history is being proud of the past and using it for the future. Make people proud of their heritage.

If you let the paper be used for your personal ax-grindings, your petty gripes and prejudices, you're no longer worthy to be considered the editor, but are instead a propagandist and a mere wordsmith, a disciple of Mammon and a typewriter banger.

Remember, "Whoso tells the truth dully, he treats a noble friend most shabbily; for truly the truth deserves the cloth of Brabant and cloak of ermine. Yet is the dullest truth better than the cleverest insincerity."

Espouse the progressive, not merely because it's a "do-gooder" project but because it advances mankind. But be a businessman, along with your idealism and progressivism—is it needed, justified, will it pay off? And paying off doesn't necessarily mean in coin, but in the immeasurable intangibles of what it will do for people.

No plaque is likely to festoon the new school, the hospital, swimming pool, gym, sewage lagoon, irrigation dam or flood control project extolling the scribe as father of the idea. But you and your publication will have justified your existence by having had a role in making these monuments of progress a reality.

By being an advocate of what's good for your fellow man, you will have fulfilled your responsibility, not only as a journalist but also as a worthwhile citizen.

Don't get discouraged—you can't win 'em all. The people in their wisdom every so often will detect the flaws in your arguments and render your crusades naught. But the majority occasionally is wrong, and you will know doggone well it is. You must keep plugging for the right as you see the right; though it may take a long time, success will be the result.

Getting along as an editor is sort of like being a football coach who keeps escaping being fired—if you win five and lose four, you keep the alumni sullen but not mutinous.

If you must oppose, respect your foes. Nearly always they are as high-principled as you view yourself, but because of their upbringing, station in life, environment, or field of endeavor, they do not see things the way you do.

Be wary—yea verily, heave out the advertiser who would buy your sacred honor.

Have a feeling and regard for history. Macaulay said, "A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants." Recalling history is being proud of the past and using it for the future. Make people proud of their heritage.

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*Excerpts from a column by Mr. Stearns in the Aug. 15, 1968, Harlowlon (Mont.) Times. Mr. Stearns, owner and publisher of the Times since 1940, is a 1936 graduate of the Montana School of Journalism.
AN EDITOR’S VIEW:

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

By GEORGE REMINGTON

Mr. Remington, editor of the Helena Independent Record, is a 1950 graduate of the Montana School of Journalism. As an undergraduate, he served as editor of the student daily, the Montana Kaimin, and during summers was a reporter for the Independent Record. He spent six years in Honolulu, first with United Press and later with the Honolulu Advertiser. In 1958 he joined the UPI Bureau in San Francisco. He became Montana manager for UPI in 1961. Four years later, he joined the State Bureau of the Lee Newspapers of Montana. Mr. Remington was named editor of the Independent Record April 1, 1967. This article is a reprint of his speech to the Montana Press Association convention Aug. 24, 1968, in Great Falls.

I’ve kicked around in this business for 20 years or so, and I’ve met a few politicians. But I don’t think I really have known any of them intimately. Very few have been to my home for cocktails or poker—and vice versa. I’ve more or less taken the position that if you get to know a politician too well, you might end up liking him so well you can’t be objective about him.

Though writing editorials is hardly an objective business, you still feel you’ve got to call the shots as you see them or the public won’t have confidence in your newspaper.

Nevertheless, maybe the title assigned for this talk will get me off the hook, after all: “Politicians I Have Known.” I may not have known—really known—too many, but I’ve covered a lot of them. There is a lot of difference in covering them and knowing them. And if there’s one thing I’ve discovered, it is that most of them don’t pay a damned bit of attention to their prepared text. That includes, in my memory, John F. Kennedy, Richard M. Nixon, Eugene J. McCarthy, Lyndon B. Johnson, Barry Goldwater, Hubert H. Humphrey, Nelson A. Rockefeller and a few others it has been my pleasure to cover and probably a lot more I have not covered. They hand reporters an advance text, then go before their audience and deliver their stock speech with a few local platitudes tossed in.

Rockefeller’s speech prepared for delivery at the Press Club breakfast in Helena advocated strict gun controls. The story was on the wires before his plane landed. Maybe someone advised him meantime where he was speaking. Maybe not. But he never mentioned the word “gun” until someone brought it up in the question-and-answer session.

So, while I may not divert from my prepared text, I think I will have to divert from my assigned subject before this dissertation is over.

To begin—I regard as unfortunate the somewhat slimy connotation the words “politics” and “politician” have acquired in American public opinion—a connotation for which the press is not altogether blameless.

After all, politics is simply the art or science of government, and a politician is a person who practices that art or science. Politics is a necessary art, because we must have government; a politician should be considered the practitioner of an honorable profession.

I suppose the unfortunate connotation developed in this country, more than in others, because we have had more than our share of crooked politicians-city bosses, political machines and long, expensive campaigns that have permitted some politicians to be “owned” by heavy campaign contributors.

It may be, too, that because from the very beginning of our republic, the people have had cause to fear governmental power. The founding fathers certainly did, and so did the millions who immigrated to the United States to flee tyranny and find opportunity in a vast and free land.

Perhaps those conditions, plus the expanding geographical frontier, provided a situation ripe for unscrupulous politicians to flourish, and the tarnish rubbed off on all politicians.

Maybe that’s one of the prices we pay for our freedom in this country. But remember, tyrants are politicians, too. They too practice the art or science of government, but...
hardly in a way we would approve. Certainly we're better off having a few crooked politicians in our midst than to be governed by a Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Kosygin, Mao Tse-tung or Ho Chi Minh.

One thing we must recognize about all politicians—whether in a free or totalitarian society—is that they have a common aim: To keep themselves in power, whether it is for the sake of power itself, or self-aggrandizement, or because they need the job, or because they sincerely believe they are best qualified to lead their fellow citizens into a better life.

The difference is, of course, that in a free society a politician must stay in power through the will of the people. The dictator-politician does it by force.

The dictator-politician does it by force.

**The newsmen's job**

Our job as newspapermen and -women, as I see it, is first to help make sure our society remains free and second to help make sure the only politicians practicing their art in a free society are those who sincerely desire to serve the people.

Then, of course, we must try to put in power or keep in power those sincere politicians who, in our opinion, have the ability, brains, personality and ideas to serve the public best. Different sincere politicians, naturally, have different sincere ideas on how the public can best be served.

In fairness, I think most of us agree we should allow sincere politicians on both sides to tell their stories as completely as possible and offer our readers opinions of columnists whose opinions may differ from ours.

I'm convinced that most politicians today are sincere in their desire to serve the public. I think, therefore, they should be judged less on their motivation to stay in office than on their qualifications to stay in office, in terms of how they go about governing for the benefit of the people.

You probably have sensed that I like politicians. I do—charming fellows. I especially like those whom I consider sincere politicians, honest politicians, those who are in it for the people more than for themselves, realizing fully that if they serve the people as the people want to be served, they will stay in office.

I also like a gutsy politician—like Don Nutter, who told me once—and this is a paraphrase because I don't have the exact words—"I may stay in office only one term, but I'm going to do what I think is right for Montana."

I guess I like these honest, well-meaning politicians because, in a way, they are like newspapermen. They could make a lot more money and take a lot less abuse by doing something else. But they like their work: They are dealing with people, and there's a new challenge every day.

Maybe their work is even more satisfying than ours, because they can see the results of their efforts every two or four years at the polls, while the fruits of our efforts often come painfully slow.

I think I like politicians, too, because they—the smart ones anyway—realize they need us more than we need them.

It hasn't always been this way with a certain segment of Montana's daily press, namely the segment I am associated with. It has been this way for precisely nine years.

The politicians complain about the way we treat them now, which shows they have some respect for us. They didn't complain about it for many, many years prior to 1959 because they didn't have anything to complain about. They were covered only superficially and never commented on.

Now they both court us and curse us. Some like us and some don't. Some like us sometimes and detest us at other times. Sometimes they accuse us of conspiring against them—ridiculous as it is. But they know we're here and that we are watching them, that we will cover them and express our opinions of them.

It could be that Bob Miller [secretary-manager of the Montana Press Association] wanted me to talk about colorful politicians I have known. If so, he'll be disappointed and so will you. I can't say I've known very many. I have only a vague childhood recollection of such characters as Jerry J. O'Connell and Jake Thorkelson, even Burton K. Wheeler.

And, in recent years, as politicians have become more serious, they have become less colorful. I have covered Montana politics now for only nine years—same old crowd, not very colorful.

Don Nutter was colorful. He was one of the most controversial governors in my memory and, if tragedy hadn't cut short his life, I think he would have been one of the ablest. I didn't agree with him on all things, but I admired his courage, his intelligence and his dedication. He also was one of the most frustrating, from a newsmen's standpoint. He always talked off the cuff and so fast you couldn't take notes.

Hugo Aronson was a colorful campaigner—and he still is. Although I was exposed to only a year and a half of his administration, he didn't seem to be a very colorful governor. Perhaps it was because his staff kept him under such tight wraps.

Montana politics, as you well know, is more than a little screwy. We have elected Republican governors for 20 years. Yet, during this same time, we have sent mostly Democrats to Congress, elected Democrats to most other statewide offices and, during most of those years, one or both houses of the Legislature have been controlled by Democrats.

I'm not sure I know why. But it seems the Democrats have concentrated their efforts more on the congressional positions than on the governorship and have managed to be more united on congressional candidates. In many cases, the G.O.P. hasn't been able to find candidates both politically acute and qualified for state offices below governor.

It seems as if the Democrats have had the same weakness in finding candidates for governor. Their first, during my current residency in Montana, was Paul Cannon. He seemed to think he could win by picking on the press, the highway department and the fish and game department. Don Nutter hardly had to campaign against him. As one
very astute observer remarked after the 1960 election, Nutter didn’t win it—Cannon lost.

Then four years later came the great white hope of the Democrats to capture the statehouse—Roland Renne. For once, the Democrats were united behind their candidate for governor as seldom before. In that case, Renne lost it for himself and the party.

Renne, like Mike Mansfield, was an educator. But unlike Mike Mansfield, he was no politician.

When Hubert Humphrey came to Glasgow that year, most of the state Democratic candidates were there to greet him and get on his coattails. What Democrat needed national coattails in 1964, except Roland Renne, and he didn’t know how to grab them.

He and his wife flew to Glasgow in Joe Reber’s airplane. It had big wingtip tanks with “Reber” printed on them. In the Glasgow terminal, the Rennes were surrounded by faithful Democratic admirers. One of them said to Mrs. Renne, “That sure is a nice plane you flew in on. Whose is it?”

The candidate’s wife replied, “Oh, I don’t know—a plumber I think. I don’t know what he wants from Roland but he must want something.”

Renne went campaigning in Anaconda. He told his audience there the importance of every kid getting a master’s degree—in a town so depressed at the time most parents felt lucky if their kids were able to finish high school.

**sophistication and science**

If a lot of the color has gone out of politicking in recent years, it very likely reflects more sophistication on behalf of the voters and more science on the part of the candidates. There’s no doubt that in 1966 Babcock was a more colorful campaigner than Metcalf. Yet Metcalf won. Babcock loves campaigning. Metcalf detests it. Metcalf ran a dull campaign, but a scientific one. He relied almost completely on a very detailed poll, which showed his strength and Babcock’s weaknesses. He geared his campaign to it and didn’t deviate from it, and he refused to let Babcock goad him into deviating from it.

If Arnold Olsen had bought such a poll, he might not have been so overconfident. He just about got clobbered by an unknown two years ago. He’s not making the same mistake this year. He’s running scared, as a smart politician should.

Polls are playing an increasingly important role in politics. I don’t mean strictly popularity polls, but detailed surveys that show voter attitudes on the issues—polls that tell a candidate what he should stress and what he should try to avoid discussing.

This is bound to take some of the color out of politics. This could be good, in that it could take some of the popularity-contest—or familiar-name—aspects out of Montana politics. Or it could be bad, in that office-seekers will be inclined to discuss only those issues beneficial to them rather than all the issues.

In the latter case, of course, more responsibility is put on the press to force reluctant politicians to discuss all the important issues.

And that’s good. The more responsible we are, and the more responsibility we insist on from our politicians, the better the public is served.

Still, for purposes of nostalgia, if for no other reason, it would be too bad if we had no colorful politicians to talk about. Wouldn’t it?

When it comes to really colorful politics and politicians, the ones I remember most vividly were in Hawaii, where I worked a few years in the ‘50s—in the old territorial days before the islands achieved statehood and before Waikiki became a combination of Coney Island and Miami Beach.

In those days, Hawaii politics were “politics of joy” like Hubert Humphrey never dreamed of—on both the territorial and local levels. It must have been a joy to be in politics. It was pure joy covering politics.

The opening day of the legislative session was something out of this world—a semi-spontaneous Polynesian extravaganza, with music and hula dancing and flowers bursting out of old Iolani Palace.

There were some wonderfully colorful politicians out there, like Sen. Doc Hill who campaigned with a pet mynah bird he had trained to say, “vote for Doc”; like the county supervisor on the Island of Kauai who got a year in prison on a federal-income-tax rap and when he got out was welcomed home with one of the biggest parades and receptions in the island’s history; like the new Republican governor who said he would find some “innocuous Democrats” to appoint to bipartisan boards, then tried to find some Democrats who were willing to be considered “innocuous.”

There was the Legislature that passed appropriations amounting to 10 per cent more than anticipated revenue. So in its final act, it adopted a resolution mandating the governor to cut expenditures by 10 per cent. And the governor did it, too. He called in his department heads and told each of them to cut his budget 10 per cent across-the-board. The beauty of it was that he could make it stick, because he had appointed them and he could fire them—all of them, including the attorney general, auditor, treasurer and superintendent of public instruction. In fact, a few years later he did fire the attorney general for publicly shaking hands with Harry Bridges at a union rally.

I was reminded of another dramatic political incident the other day when I read that this is the 100th anniversary of the first immigration of Japanese to Hawaii as contract laborers on the sugar plantations.

Back in the mid-1950s, the Democrats took control of the Hawaii legislature for the first time in history. It was the year the bright young Americans of Japanese ancestry came into their own—after they had become World War II heroes in the “Go for Broke” 442nd Regiment and 100th Infantry Battalion, had gotten their degrees at Harvard, Yale and elsewhere and were becoming established in Hawaii’s business and professional life.

One of these young Americans of Japanese ancestry, or
Are we simply printing their handouts?

AJA's as they are called in Hawaii, ran for the Territorial Senate, taking on a veteran Republican senator of a tremendously wealthy and powerful Caucasian family. They had a debate at a school one night during the campaign, and the wealthy, powerful—and if I may editorialize—a bit—arrogant senator accused the young AJA lawyer of being "soft on communism."

The young AJA—who had enlisted as a private in the 442nd Regiment, received a battlefield commission in Europe as a second lieutenant and retired as a captain, received a degree in government and economics from the University of Hawaii and a law degree from George Washington University—this young AJA patted the empty sleeve tucked into the pocket of his suit coat and declared: "I lost this arm fighting fascism, and I would gladly lose the other fighting communism."

A reporter for the Honolulu Advertiser was there—I wish it had been I—and he wrote of the exchange. And the young AJA, scarcely 30 years old at the time, was launched on a political career. He was elected that year to the Territorial Senate and later, when Hawaii became a state, he was elected to the United States Senate.

Next week, this young man, Daniel K. Inouye, will keynote the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. And there may be greater things in store for him. Sen. Mike Mansfield says "Danny K"—as they call him in the Senate—would be his choice for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination.

It makes you wonder what might have happened if a reporter had not been there to report the incident in which Dan Inouye shattered the powerful politician.

And it makes you realize the power the press can have if it covers political news and reports it thoroughly and honestly.

I've covered Montana politics for nine years now, and I can't say I've come across anything quite so dramatic or so germane to the point I'm trying to make. That is the necessity to cover and report politics and public affairs completely and honestly. The press of Montana is probably doing a better job of accomplishing this goal now than ever before—at least at the state level—with the Lee State Bureau and Tribune Capitol Bureau augmenting the work of the wire services.

But what are we doing at the local level? How well are we covering our candidates for the Legislature, for the city and county offices?

How well are we questioning them on the issues important to our state and our communities and reporting what they say?

How well are we covering the state and national candidates who come to our towns? Are we simply printing their handouts or are we covering their speeches and comparing what they actually say with what their handouts say they say? You might be surprised how they differ sometimes. Are we asking them about things important to our communities and printing their replies?

I know it isn't easy. I know what we're doing at the Independent Record, and I know it isn't enough. I know we don't have the staff to do the job we'd like to do. Few newspapers do. I know the problem is even greater for you people on the weeklies where the editor, publisher, advertising salesman, typesetter, pressman and staff often are the same person.

But don't you think—really don't you think—we're all wasting a lot of time and a lot of space putting into print a lot of things our readers aren't interested in or already know about—stuff for their scrapbooks rather than their edification?

I'm sure we in Helena are, as much as we may try not to. But it's often easier to print this junk than listen to the complaints we get if we don't.

So we print a lot of trivia and we waste a lot of time and space doing it—time and space that could be devoted to performing an important service for our readers.

Last winter I taught an adult education class in—of all things—publicity writing.

One of the first things I told my class is that a newspaper is not a public utility—that it has no obligation to print everything that is handed to it. And do you know, most of the people in my class were astounded. They couldn't believe that a newspaper is not a public utility.

I think I know why. Because for too many years we've allowed our product to satisfy our readers' egos, rather than informing them of what's really going on in our communities, what's wrong in our communities and what could be done to make them better.

For too many years we have written or clipped editorials on what's wrong in Washington or Europe or Asia or Africa rather than what's wrong in our own state or county or city or school system and offering suggestions on how to correct them.

And why? Because it's much easier to step on toes in Washington or Europe or Asia than on the toes of the legislator or county commissioner or the city or school official or the judge who lives next door or who belongs to the same country club or whose wife belongs to the same bridge club as ours or because our kids are in school.

I'm not saying we shouldn't comment on national or in-
international issues. We should. Our delegates in Washington read our papers, and they should know how people back home are thinking or at least how the papers are trying to get them to think on these matters.

I am saying, though, that we shouldn't try to solve the problems of the world and sweep our own under the carpet simply because—and how many of us have said this—"After all, I've got to live in this town."

I guess what I'm trying to get across is something we conservatives—which, from the looks of our newspapers most of us seem to be—something we conservatives keep harping away at. And that is, with rights come responsibilities.

We love to chide the hippies and the New Left and their ilk for demanding their rights under our Constitution but not accepting their responsibilities.

Okay, we've got one of the greatest rights of them all granted by the First Amendment. We have a responsibility not to abuse that right. We also have a responsibility to use it and to use it effectively for the betterment of government and other activities important to our readers.

Well, this has gone far afield from "Politicians I Have Known." But I think some of the politicians I have known, and a lot I haven't known, would have been better politicians—or maybe would not have been politicians at all—if we of the press had been as zealous in exercising our responsibilities as we have been jealous in protecting our rights.

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**The Problem of Clogged Encoders**

By Douglass Welch*

A good day to you all, and particularly to people whose limited channel capacities make it impossible for them to input as much programming as other people. As a consequence, they suffer from information overloads. And when you ask them a question, they have trouble with their feedbacks. Their encoders are clogged, and they go nuts, and walk up walls and have birds on their heads, and like that.

At a convention in Montreal the other day a fellow got up and said that behaviorist psychologists are beginning to describe the functioning of the human mind in cybernetic terms, the same that are employed for electronic computers. He said this was very helpful, and that by using these precise concepts we may even one of these days begin to understand women. Well, this is old stuff to me. Fully two years ago my old friend Prof. Preston Carstairs, the behaviorist psychologist (and tea-leaf reader at the Red Candle), said the same thing to a convention of psychiatrists, and they beat him over the head with rolled-up newspapers. I think they would have given him a more respectful hearing except that he was wearing white tennis shoes with his black tie and dinner jacket.

The papers that same night asked the professor's wife if her husband was a "behaviorist" and she said: "You can say that again!" I think he would have gone far in this research if his wife had not intervened. He was testing the encoders of a number of graduate girl students in the psychology laboratory in a perfectly proper way, too, mind you. He was asking them questions which would call on them to output information through their encoders, translating it into communicable language. And when Mrs. Carstairs looked in one girl was saying "I like older men." Mrs. Carstairs chased him clear across the campus. Never has a serious scientist had to contend with so much hostility and suspicion at home.

Dr. James G. Miller, director of the Mental Health Research Institute at the University of Michigan—or just plain "Jim" to his friends—says a good many of us these days are suffering from information overloads. There is simply too much information coming at us in the world today for us to input and store away. Some of us have smaller channel capacities, too. That's my trouble, for instance. Often I will get up in the morning and have no recollection of anything that happened, say, after 9 o'clock the night before. I will have to depend on Green Eyes to brief me at breakfast. Her information input is better than mine, and she has no trouble with feedback. "Well, you were a Big Man last night, you were, all right," she begins. Then she supplies me with information that I might have stored away myself except for my smaller channel capacity and the fact that I went too often to the bar.

And then I will say to her, "Spare me the details. All I want to know is what city I am in." Well, it used to be like that. I can't drink much any more and I find my input and channel capacity has increased astonishingly. Now I even remember the names of hostesses' mothers.

When our inputs are overloaded, we may do any of three things, says Dr. Miller. We may ignore part of the information; we may condense it so badly that it emerges later as error; or we may store it in the "immediate memory" for later processing. This is what happens to me, the last one. There is such a jumble of impressions in the outer waiting room of my own mind, clamoring for channel capacity to input them, that I really hate to walk through the place. They tug at my sleeve and all I can tell them is: "Don't call me. I'll call you."

*Reprinted by permission. Copyright 1965, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Mr. Welch, a long-time staff member of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and author of the King Features column "The Squirrel Cage," died in 1968.
FUEL FOR REVOLT: THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

By MERILEE FENGER

Miss Fenger, a native of Bigfork, Mont., was graduated from the University of Montana in January, 1969, with high honors in journalism and French. She has served as an associate editor of the University's student daily, the Montana Kaimin, and has worked as a reporter for the Spokane (Wash.) Chronicle. This article comprises excerpts from a report she submitted for the Senior Seminar in the School of Journalism in May, 1968.

Hippies would have laughed in mid-1967 at the suggestion to become politically involved, especially in a system they termed depraved. In 1968 some of those hippies continued to laugh at politics—while they organized around a political center.

The hippies of 1967 had one solution for what they saw as a sick society—drop out. For that weak alternative and for their constant destructive criticism, hippies themselves were criticized by the society they shunned. They were belittled because they did not offer solutions.

Hippies rejected all facets of American society but especially politics. Government and politics represented a power structure, and they regarded the power of one entity over another as contrary to total equality of man. This has been understood by some as a protest against individualism, but that interpretation is faulty. True, egoism, which had no place in hippie society, was thought to be the middle-class jacket that makes society straight. Hippies, however, did believe in the worth of an individual as he might help or contribute to society as a whole. In fact, they adhered to a strict individualism by advising others to "do your thing," a feeling of peace of mind or physical well-being that is purely a personal matter.

There was a great difference, for instance, between political activists of the New Left and the hippies. The former, called politicos, had the motto "persist." The latter persisted only in dropping out to an Arcadian Utopia, where they found it difficult to live solely on ideals. They discovered that love cannot conquer the rumblings of a stomach or reach someone totally turned off to it.

After their bout with the realities of idealism, hippies began to look to pragmatism for answers. If it works, do it. If independent candidates might clog the political machinery of the Establishment, take the chance. Young radicals lined up for political involvement. This political game was played in the arena provided by Vietnam, an appropriate battle zone since it was one of the biggest political contests of modern times.

The hippie movement, in part, made a full circle from an apolitical policy to political involvement, and arguments against hippies kept pace with the orbit. Because the goal of the new activist movement was to work toward an alternative for concerned Americans, the criticism that hippies offered no solutions no longer applied. In fact, the new accusation alleged that the hippies had sold out to the Establishment by trying to work within the political structure for social reform.

Hippies wasted no time in attempting to form a political base, but its structure remained largely amorphous. The Peace and Freedom party, though coalescing some activists into an ostensible political entity, was still disorganized and ineffective in the spring of 1968.

The underground press, primary source of fuel for the hippies’ underground railway of revolt, evolved with the movement. The American Dream had forced the hippies to try to find another place to live, but this Land of Cockaigne 1 did not instantly gratify their desires. So the hippies and the underground press, seeking a different route to the doors of perception, formed the political underground, a path less traveled and infinitely more hazardous.

Newspapers began to sacrifice inspection of and search for a higher inner self for reflection on the inner ills of American society. With exceptions like the San Francisco Oracle, most underground newspapers in 1968 were devoted to hard news coverage of political events, police brutality, draft resistance, the Vietnam war. That serious tone was a reflection of the persons who came to the underground. They "felt America is on the brink of dissolution. They..."

1The Land of Cockaigne was a 14th Century English troubadourian vision. It was inhabited by precooked larks that instantly gratified hooded monks, who prayed near psychedelic church windows that became crystal bright when the monks were satisfied.
came because these are crisis times."\(^2\) That did not connote saviour politics. The underground had had its fill of Senators Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. The underground felt that short of making and throwing bombs, the most disruptive and significant thing they could do was express revolutionary ideas and produce revolutionary art forms within the context of... an underground newspaper. ... They felt that they could set a small example of what that new society might be like, the society that must replace the up-tight... machine that is America today.\(^5\)

The underground became a crazy quilt of color, people and ideas. Its press used dazzling colors and imaginative layouts. Its people came from everywhere, but they had a common concern and a willingness to work. The ideas—whether revolutionary or nihilistic, whether quoted from Buddha or Thoreau—were thrown at the Establishment like hand grenades.

The underground press criticized most aspects of American society and exposed itself to analysis and reproof. Some ultra-conservatives claimed it was Communist inspired and dangerously perverted the minds of its readers. Some "straights" said the articles should not be taken seriously because surely someone made them up. Then they giggled surreptitiously at the classified advertisements in papers like the Berkeley Barb.  

lack of objectivity criticized

One of the biggest complaints was "lack of objectivity." Here is a problem in semantics. How objective can any writing be? Each person has prejudices, conscious or unconscious. Involvement also affects objectivity, and the underground press is entrenched in activities of the movement it reports. This raises certain questions: How is it possible to become involved and remain objective? If one remains on the sideline, does he really get involved? The underground wants to be involved. It is involved. Underground editors are trying to show that an obsession with objectivity is a fallacy of Establishment journalism. They believe there are two sides to a story and both should be told, in the same article, in the same paper or in separate papers, but somehow. Editors usually do not condemn "orthodox" papers as being completely inaccurate. The word they use is incomplete.  

Although encountering many opposing forces, the underground reportedly is emerging above ground in Boston. The spokesman of the underground there, the Avatar, saw Boston as a potential San Francisco in the summer of 1968. The paper urged people to learn from the Haight experiment and use it as a foundation for another summer, a successful one, not a Summer of Love that would end in despair and violence.

\(^2\)Los Angeles Open City, Feb. 23-29, 1968, p. 16.
\(^5\)Ibid.

Throughout history, dissatisfaction with one's country has been expressed in underground publications, many published at the risk of the writers' lives. Discontentment and dissent find their voice in America today in the pages of the underground press.  

At the time of the human Be-In in January, 1967, non-involvement, introspection and pacifism were emphasized. Papers were directed at a limited audience, mainly to communities of drop-outs, and financial difficulties were common. Their new-found freedom was used to the utmost. Interest in the papers gradually increased and so did circulation. Other papers were started until in March, 1968, more than 50 underground papers were being bought by an estimated one-third million Americans.\(^8\) Drugs still are a prime issue, but more from the legal, political standpoint than from that of self-knowledge or escape.

Papers, with one or two exceptions, are grouped around one issue, the war in Vietnam. The San Francisco Oracle is an exception. It still has vestiges of the original hippie, who turned on to its mysticism and psychedelia. The hierarchy of the underground, including big papers like the East Village Other, the Los Angeles Free Press and Avatar, looks almost disdainfully on the Oracle because it dares to be so concerned with self when the country is in such bad shape.

Most of the papers have taken on a militant tone. In common, underground papers are independent, anti-Establishment, anti-war, pro-marijuana. From there, generalizations end.

The existence of an underground press in the United States is not new, but its popularity is unprecedented. The Village Voice in New York's Greenwich Village, a paper that is now a kind of establishment-underground mutation, started publishing in 1955. Other papers begun about that time did not succeed. Today's radical press almost seemed foredoomed by ancestors that floundered for an audience. Many of those "ancestors" were founded and discontinued in 1967. The Haight Tribune, a tabloid that printed 40,000 copies from June to October, 1967, disappeared with no request for a new order.\(^6\) Another example was the San Francisco tabloid Maverick. Howard Quinn, who printed the papers, said those publications like several others capitalized on the tourists and folded when they left, unlike

\(^8\)Ethel Romm, "Protest Tabloids Turn on to Color Printing," Editor & Publisher, Nov. 11, 1967, p. 15.
Censorship attempts often are made by "upright" citizens.

what he calls the "solid" underground papers like the *Barb*.

A predilection of doom has not been fulfilled, however. A wide readership saved the underground. Older papers such as New York's *EVO* and the *Barb* in Berkeley are staying and growing. New ones are appearing wherever and whenever the urge and need arise.

The popularity of the underground press does not mean papers are operated without difficulties. Problems common to all include money and censorship. Many were started with little money and much work. The *Los Angeles Free Press*, one of the most successful, was begun with $15 capital. In 1967 it reported a gross of $450,000. Advertisers were unwilling at first to invest in such a venture with society's antagonists. Those who gambled stayed in the game; others no longer were afraid to enter. With commercial advertising and a good income from classified ads, remaining problems theoretically should be solved with sales.

Circulations increased in 1967 and early 1968. The "Freep," as the *Los Angeles Free Press* is called, shot from 17,000 in 1967 to about 68,000 in April, 1968. In three years, *EVO*'s readership grew from 15,000 to 40,000. Similar increases are reported for other papers. Readers who have helped circulation immensely are mainly middle-class, young whites, according to editors of underground papers. While some persons read the papers just to titter and to satisfy curiosity, others truly are interested in what they have to say.

**suppression attempted**

Although editors and writers in the underground need not fear for their lives as did journalists of other eras, they do have to deal with persons or powers who would like to suppress their publications. Censorship attempts often are made by "upright" citizens of a city. For example, many letters were written to Joseph Alioto, mayor of San Francisco, asking suppression of the papers. Others, such as the Boston *Avatar*, have had more powerful opposition. In 1968 a threat to censor it resulted not in toning down its content but in an effort to "freak out" the Puritan stalwarts of Boston. The centerfold of an issue published during the incident cockily and undauntedly shrieked in huge type four four-letter words that alone in eight-point type would have caused gasps among *Avatar*'s antagonists. *Avatar* still is publishing, and under the influence of Mel Lyman proclaims to all that it and God are not dead. It brings the Gospel to Bostonians who are offended by this link of what they regard as sacred with something repulsive and sacrilegious.

The Southwest has been confronted with another problem—Joe Pool (D-Tex.), who is trying to organize a House Un-American Activities Commission investigation of the underground press. Linking "free men" communities with political subversion, he contends radical papers are trying to destroy the American government.

In the South, political activists have had to cope with the Ku Klux Klan. It does not seek to suppress the papers; it wants to destroy them, according to the underground in the South.

Unafraid of censorship and using circulation figures as a kind of barometer, other papers have joined in the countermovement. *Middle Earth* has sprung from the pages of *The Hobbit* in Iowa City. The Southwest is well-represented with Dallas' *Notes from the Underground* and *The Rag* in Austin. Papers in California are being founded steadily. The Northwest is probably the last to be represented with the exception of Seattle and its *Helix*. Last summer the *Spokane Naturalist* started work on the fine conservative material available. Even at Montana State University in Bozeman, the *Non-Paper* has tried to harass the campus into activity. As shown by a ban on selling underground papers at the University bookstore the first week of May, 1968, the *Non-Paper* would have trouble publishing openly. A new member of the New York underground, called "far more readable and useful in one issue than months of the *East Village Other*" is the *Rat: Subterranean News*. Also in the East is the *New Journal*, an independent biweekly at Yale.

Purely "political" papers have joined the resistance. Most notable are Jeff Shero's *Rat* versus *EVO* in New York; Rowland Koeufu's *Le Chronique* versus *Avatar* in Boston, and Marvin Garson's *Express-Times* versus the *Barb* in Berkeley. SDS has issued a national magazine, *CAS*, edited and produced in the New York regional office.

To supply more competition in the underground, rightists in the Los Angeles area started in April, 1968, a psychedelic, quasi-hippie magazine called the *Westwood Village Square*. Backed by Patrick J. Frawley Jr., ballpoint-pen and razor magnate who has contributed thousands of dollars to anti-Communist causes, the 11-inch-square magazine opposes communism or leftist groups. Ed Butler, publisher and editor, said in his first editorial that the quarterly would take sides in "a relentless conflict between right and wrong, good and evil, idealism and materialism." While the Establishment press has Associated Press and United Press International, the underground press has the Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate.
cate. Both supply news stories and releases to member papers. LNS, which started in the summer of 1967, was serving about 150 underground papers and about 90 college publications in February, 1968. UPS, controlled by EVO, had 60 members from coast to coast in November, 1967.

The newest way to tune in to the underground is to turn on the radio to FM stations in areas like San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Tom Donahue's "Rock Format" in San Francisco was begun in 1967. The three stations in the Capital started in March, 1968. The programs range from "Music Americana" to "Subterranean Sound Experiment" to "Electric Brew." The experiment has been very profitable in some regions. New York's underground station, WNEW-FM, is said to be one of the world's richest FM stations.

Such facts, figures and names indicate the movement is growing in volume and influence. It also is progressing toward political involvement. The first issue of the Underground Digest in January, 1968, defined the underground press as

the youthful voice of rebellion. The exciting new style of journalism. The literature that Time assigns editors to follow coast to coast. The movement that Esquire wraps an entire issue around. It's what you've been reading about—and seeing just a smattering of.

The final statement no longer is true. The underground is still by tradition and definition a rebel press with a style different from that practiced by the orthodox press. But it spreads from coast to coast more than before and does not need Time or Newsweek to describe it. People are seeing the papers, not hearing about them second-hand.

In a later self-definition, an underground newspaper called itself the "ideological front line of revolution... An underground newspaper is, by its very existence, a standing challenge to establishment politics, dehumanization, profit-inspired exploitation of workers by a few unloving, untrusting... capitalists." Another definition says the underground press is "experimental" journalism because writers report what they "live, see, think and even smell."

**theater reviews**

The numerous theater reviews in the radical press do not indicate a detachment from society. The medium of the theater has been discovered to be one of the best forms of criticism available to exploit political policies.

That there are now court cases for plays as well as protests indicates the role of the theater in politics. A special three-judge Federal Court ruled Feb. 15, 1968, in the case of producers of "The Beard" versus the City of Los Angeles. It was held that the First and Fourteenth Amendments had been violated by making nightly arrests of actors. Robert Guy Barrows, producer, said: "This will be a landmark case because it will affect the whole status of legitimate theater in the United States... Their prosecution of this show implies that the portrayal of the act is the same as actually doing it." An excellent point, but one that the underground press blatantly denies or openly neglects. Understandably, as dropouts from a society based on the Puritan ethic, imperialism and capitalism, the hippie papers relied on shock value to rebel. The more repulsive and undisguised, the better. Even now this policy is followed to exhibit the right of freedom of the press, itself a controversial and vague concept.

An instance of theater being used to criticize the war occurred at the opening of the Ford Theater in Washington, D.C., Jan. 30, 1968. In one scene from Barbara Garson's "Macbird," a performer spewed forth at the government dignitaries present: "Blood! Babies' Blood! Dying Mothers! Innocent Children! Their blood is on your hands!"

The Committee, called the "most brutally blunt improvisational theater yet seen in America," performs way-out political satire; Johnson's State of the Union address provided a perfect subject for ridicule and criticism. The Peace and Freedom Players in California, a part of the Peace and Freedom party, are firmly entrenched in politics.

The supreme form of theater in politics is the guerrilla theater. Actors and producers have advanced to this point, and underground papers have avidly reported this development. Nuances in the underground are subtle, splits common and classification difficult.

War, Famine, Death, Renaissance, Apocalypse, Rejection, Protests, Resistance, Revolution, Liberation, Peace: All those words are applicable and related. War is starving the people of the United States of hope and confidence in its government. Radicals see death of that system and its parts and cessation of the war as necessary to establishing some sort of harmony. The first four terms also were applicable to the hippies and their use of symbolism. The four—sometimes veiled in symbolism, sometimes revealed—keep in stride at a ferocious pace. The red messenger of war is still ahead and probably will stay there even if the talks with Hanoi's leaders are successful and the Vietnam War is lessened or ended. A battle still will rage on the homefront between all orders of the political sphere. American radicals have, in part, rejected the system and its society, politics, mores and customs. This may proceed, as the underground advocates and reports, to revolution, which will emancipate men from their prejudices. If it evolves far enough, the end is—as radicals hope, as most Americans hope—the same no matter what language—peace.

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13The Village Voice, loc. cit.
14Romm, op. cit., p. 68.
16Ibid.
Power has taken on a bad connotation.

Why of course the people don’t want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece? Naturally the common people don’t want war. . . . But after all it is the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along. . . .

Hermann Goering, Nuremberg Trials

An attempt to explain the movement, particularly as reported in the underground media, must consider it as a part of the whole American society. To sever the underground from the rest of society is to cut off its meaning. Its raison d’etre would be that very amputee.

One of the most prevalent questions is: Why violence? This is a complex question; one must study the history of violence, its link with power, its redeeming values and its despairing flaws.

H. Rap Brown probably did not mean to be cryptic when he said “violence is as American as cherry pie.” But that simple assertion could mean many things or none of them.

True, this country has a legacy of violence in both law and tradition (i.e., structure). For basic structure of government, this country is indebted to Montesquieu, whose L’Esprit des Lois (Spirit of the Laws) served as a fundamental guide. The principle rested on the idea that power checks power. For that reason, the government was separated into three parts to act as checks on each other to preserve a balance of power and to prevent tyranny.

the quest for power

Resisters are not satisfied with the way “power checks power” and are striving to become a power themselves. In a sense, this will pit two kinds of violence against each other. The first is a dissenting, anarchic type, which existed among pioneers, in the labor movement or in the anti-war movement. The other is the self-righteous conformist violence of the majority. Both, no matter how much they deny it, seek power.

Power has taken on a bad connotation because of constant linking of it and moral, civic and general ineptitude of the Johnson Administration. It has assumed the concept of the arrogance of power and the use of violence as power. The frequency of underground articles about police brutality and legal unfairness would indicate violence and power are interchangeable. As for themselves, resisters do not seem quite sure or consistent about their use of violence. Some factions believe it is justified if it is used to gain a change for the better. Others believe the use of violence as the means and the end is the only way to make any advancement.

If Brown was trying to give today’s America “credit” for being the only people prone to violence, he is far from accurate. Violence is neither new nor confined to the United States. Ancient Rome and medieval Europe thrived on it. During the 18th century French Revolution, the Marquis de Sade said he believed in cutting off heads and in the virtue of murder. As a Time essay prompted by the King assassination said, “Watts and Detroit were tea parties compared with assorted mass slaughter in India, Nigeria and Red China.” A recent example in Germany of riots following an attempted assassination of student leader Rudi Dutschke again shows that the United States has no claim to violence.

Another possibility for Brown’s meaning is justification for his call for violence to gain the goal of black liberation. The bible of the black power movement, Frantz Fanon’s Wretched of the Earth, preaches violence as a cleansing force that frees man from an inferiority complex. No one could have a greater feeling of inferiority than the blacks.

Or is Brown trying to say that violence is as basic to survival as eating? That suggests an inherent need for violence and brings the discussion to the realm of psychology for at least a basis for an answer. This is fitting, for war is violence and war has psychological roots.

Freud upholds the theory that an innate aggressiveness is present in man and will turn inward if denied exit. This theory is based on a death instinct that is turned outward. Suicide would be the only answer for total inward aggression. A partial inward turning would lead to an oppressed individual or society. This was probably the reason hippies quickly evolved into activists. They felt much hatred for the American society. But pledged to love, nonaggression and peace, violence was turned inward. Eruptions such as that during the “Summer of Love” or the bleak murder in New York were embodiments of this violence. Right, or the unity of community by laws, as Freud said, is founded on brute force and needs some violence to maintain it.

Representing the opposite view is Dr. Fredric Wertham, who argues that violence is learned and that a violent man is a socially alienated man. His latter contention explains the use of force by resisters who have felt alienated and, in fact, have alienated themselves from society. However, Dr. Wertham’s theory does not explain the violent tactics of the majority, which would not be alienated from society since it is that society.

Still in the realm of psychology are the symbols used by the peace movement. Symbols can convey meaning to the blind or to those who do not speak the same language. And if “peacemakers” and “warmakers” speak the same language, as proposed by Jerry Rubin, the effects would be even stronger.

The movement itself could be symbolized by a series of
concentric circles representing continuity of purpose and agreement of factions within the movement on at least one point. That raises the question of whether one of those circles could join with the sphere of the Establishment in agreement on an ultimate goal. Both probably seek happiness, a word that—though almost useless in its vacuity—takes form in some kind of peace.

This brings to mind a play by Jean Giraudoux, *Tiger at the Gates*. In a meeting before war between the Trojans and the Greeks, Ulysses says it is not uncommon for leaders of opposition forces to meet, talk, and decide that

war is the world's worst scourge, and as they watch petals dropping on to their shoulders, they are both of them peace-loving . . . They study one another. They look into each other's eyes. And, warmed by the sun and mellowed by claret . . . they really are exuding peace, and the world's desire for peace. And when their meeting is over, they shake hands in a most sincere brotherly fashion, and turn to smile and wave as they drive away.

And the next day, war breaks out.®

The Greek leader goes on to say "born enemies do not fight," but real antagonists are those ready for the same war.® This is a pertinent parallel since the Vietnam War and an expected race war line up members of the same country in the same war but on different sides.

Recurrent words throughout the play are "the war with Troy will not take place." Spoken near the end by the Trojan leader, Hector, their meaning is lost when the head of the Senate, the poet Demokos, pressed the issue of war too far. Demokos wanted a war and started a war that could have been prevented when he had Ajax, an important Greek warrior, killed. The ending words were "the war with Troy will take place . . . . The Trojan poet is dead. And now the Grecian poet will have his word."®

Will it be said once too often that there will be no revolution?

18


**Our 48-001-947**

By Mary Ellen Myrene*

I am 48-001-947 and to a computer that means love.

For hundreds of us observing another Valentine's Day on the brink of spinsterhood, it means an endless string of bachelors who are returnable, exchangeable and, believe it or not, refundable.

The source of all this good news is a Seattle computer matching firm which proposes to find the perfect man for you and me or our money back. It's a proposition hardly any of us at 25, or a bit older, can afford to turn down.

The idea is to match men and women who are compatible mentally, physically and emotionally. We all have 50 areas of compatibility, it seems, and when 30 of your areas match 30 of his areas, zap! it could be love.

The first step is $225, a small price when you consider that this-man-somewhere is going to support you for the rest of your life. For an additional $70, the firm offers a warranty providing a full refund if you are not married at the end of five years.

Information fed into the computer is drawn from a one-hour intelligence test and a multipage personality test.

Most people lie a little about their personalities. Some cannot draw the line between what they are and what they would like to be. Others, like me, want to make themselves sound as appealing as possible.

Once the tests are processed, you just sit back and receive callers up to 10 of them every 60 days for the next five years.

The computer figures the average member will wait one or two years before finding "that right one." As it turned out, I am an average member.

My first date was 48-001-822 and I judged from his number that he had been trying a while. He is a white-collar worker, 29, Protestant, 6-foot-1, 185 pounds, black hair, brown eyes, does not smoke, does not drink, never was convicted of a crime and never was committed to a mental institution.

It wasn't gentle questioning on my part that disclosed all this, but a photostat fact sheet that precedes every man channeled my way. The firm also rates every member—it said he was very good—and includes a picture.

Without going into detail, let me say the computer struck out on this one. Perhaps someone bent my IBM card.

My second date is supposed to be 48-001-539, although it's been more than a month now and I haven't heard from him. He lives in Benton County [Wash.] and it appears he's too busy to write.

In all honesty, I have nothing to complain about. This service was given to me free so I could write about it. As one brochure points out: "Only faith, love, patience, understanding and each member working to increase our membership will bring the happiness and success you desire."

I've done my part. Now it's up to IBM.

*This Associated Press feature appeared in daily newspapers in mid-February, 1968. Miss Myrene has worked for the Seattle Bureau of the Associated Press since she was graduated from the Montana School of Journalism in 1965.*
PROBLEMS AND POTENTIALS:
THE SMALL DAILY IN 1969

By CHARLES E. HOOD JR.

Mr. Hood, a 1961 graduate of the Montana School of Journalism, is a candidate for the master's degree in journalism. He has worked for the Lewistown (Mont.) Daily News, the Helena Bureau of United Press International, the Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune and as a reporter and desk editor for the Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian. He has taught part time in the School of Journalism since 1967. This article is based on a report Mr. Hood and Steve L. Smith submitted in the seminar Mass Media in Modern Society. Mr. Hood contends reporters, editors and publishers share the blame for what he terms shortcomings of small dailies and that improvements must be preceded by a more professional attitude among newsroom and management personnel.

Why is the potential of the small daily¹ not being realized?
Why is the reader who subscribes to one of these papers not receiving the best possible news product?
Why is the small daily in 1969 not fulfilling its obligation to keep readers well-informed about local and regional activities not only in government, politics, education, civil rights, health, welfare and human and natural-resources conservation but also in less vital areas such as sports, entertainment and recreation?²

Those are questions that deserve lengthy and careful speculation. Certainly, possible answers lie in practical considerations—lack of news space, shortage of money, insufficient manpower. In general, however, it can be argued that many of the problems of today's small dailies can be traced to the philosophies and practices in their newsrooms. Several propositions bear consideration.

It can be argued—and readily supported with examples—that many editors make woefully inefficient use of supposedly well-trained, capable reporters. Who, for example, can reasonably assert that a trained reporter typing 4-H news, social notes and vital statistics could not be spending his time more profitably researching and writing a series on shortcomings in the city's building code? It is imperative to recognize the distinction between the phrases "typing 4-H news" and "writing a series." The former implies only mechanical ability; the latter suggests the use of thought and judgment. As the already-burdensome volume of prepared news releases and trivial news items continues to expand, virtually every reporter has become, in effect, a part-time typist.

Is there an editor who would refute the assertion that an intelligent high school junior or senior with a week's indoctrination in the fundamentals of news writing could type P-TA reports, routine obituaries and garden-club meetings as well as could a college-trained reporter? Is there an editor who would deny that by employing a student or woman part time to handle routine duties, reporters could be freed to engage in the activities for which they were trained—fact-finding and writing? It is a sad commentary on the journalism profession that an individual with the stamina and intelligence to survive four or five years of college-level work often finds himself serving as a clerk-typist.

Such an indictment, it would seem, can be directed first at city and managing editors, influential newsroom executives who so often fail to distinguish between the mechanical operation of typing and the difficult operation of gathering, evaluating, organizing and writing, coherently and perhaps even brilliantly, both the news and the story behind the news.

Investigative reporting is virtually non-existent on the small daily. To be sure, there are occasional in-depth reports, but they often reflect only the reporter's ability to regurgitate information rather than his skill as an investigator or interpreter.

¹By small daily, the writer means dailies of fewer than 40,000 circulation.
²The writer is keenly aware of the generalizations in this article and the fact some small dailies, exceptions to those generalizations, have made impressive progress in solving the problems discussed in this report.

Montana Journalism Review
"Investigative reporting? Interpretive reporting? We have neither the time nor the personnel for it," say some editors. But why the time and personnel problems? Simply because those editors have assigned intelligent men to trivial tasks—jobs so far beneath those for which they were trained that inevitably, unless they choose to get up and out, they succumb to the no-challenge routine.

"Dedication," some persons will argue, "is what should keep the reporter from becoming passive and lackadaisical. A good reporter should be a self-starter, a man who works on his own initiative." Fine words. But the argument does not acknowledge the limits to a person's time and physical energies. Nor does it consider other obligations, such as those to one's family. On one Washington State daily, a reporter is told to do all the investigative reporting he wants to, so long as it is done after hours, usually with no overtime. The loser is not only the reporter but also the reader. Truly valuable information is lost when the reporter becomes discouraged, even bitter, at management's refusal to give an inch in its profit-minded, outmoded, ultimately self-defeating policies.

**an example in bellingham**

An excellent example—although through sheer dedication he has managed not to succumb—is a Bellingham, Wash., newsman whose competence as a city and county government reporter commands respect and praise from everyone familiar with his work. A graduate of the University of Washington School of Communications, this man, now in his middle 40s, has compiled nearly 20 years of government and political reporting in Seattle and Bellingham. He has received numerous awards and commendations from the Washington Press Association and organizations such as Sigma Delta Chi. He is a reporter's reporter, a seasoned fact-gatherer, a man with superbly developed sources, a skilled writer.

To supplement his daily city hall and court house coverage, he undertook a column to provide the depth he was unable to inject into his everyday hard-news reporting. After considerable discussion with the managing editor, he began "Views from City Hall." The column appeared regularly, usually once a week, and provided needed perspective. That the column appeared this often was more a tribute to the reporter's stamina and willingness to work (he produced it on his own time) than to cooperative and enlightened management. The column won several Washington Press Association awards.

The Vietnam War had hit full stride, and many area servicemen were in the news (infrequently as casualties but often as graduates of armed services technical schools). Could a woman or high school girl—the same one who could rewrite correspondents' items and type club notices, 4-H items, Boy Scout reports and P-TA meetings at $1 an hour—have handled in-the-service news? Apparently not. It required a talented specialist in government and political reporting, a man whose time and energies already were being taxed to keep 25,000 subscribers up to date on subjects such as water rates and zoning laws, to rewrite handouts from the military services.

"In the Service" was widely read, but "Views from City Hall" began to appear less frequently. Good judgment on the part of the newsroom management? Judgment designed to improve the over-all news product? Hardly. It was just another sacrifice to expediency.

In the rear of the same newsroom is a young man gazing dreamily toward Bellingham Bay. In his hand is an open can of tomato juice, which he got at a cafe half a block up the street. He left for the cafe at 8 o'clock, five minutes after arriving at work. He was supposed to have been at work at 7:30. At the cafe he chatted for 10 minutes with a waitress. The young man, who lacks three credits for a bachelor's degree in journalism, casually sits on the society editor's desk. At 8:30 he moves to his own desk. The city editor has put two items on an assignment sheet for him to check. The young man makes a phone call, talks momentarily, then bellows across the newsroom that he can't get a story on item one because Mr. Brown won't be back until tomorrow.

The city editor looks disgruntled but says nothing. The young man goes to work on item two, a story about what the public utility district executive board did at its meeting last night. He makes another call, talks for fewer than five minutes, hangs up, writes four paragraphs, turns in his story and heads for the restroom. The writing is adequate but not good. Two of the commissioners' names are spelled correctly, two are incorrect. Again the city editor looks disgruntled. He glances toward the young man's desk, but he now is talking with a friend in the corridor to the ad department. "Great time down at Cap Hanson's last night!"

Meanwhile, the government and political reporter is wrapping up a dozen or so in-the-service items. The city editor strolls up. He knows the reporter has to attend a meeting of the county commissioners. Could he first try to get a little more on last night's PUD meeting? "Sure," says the reporter. And so it goes.

Unfortunately, the veteran reporter is not always available. When he isn't, the story often is quickly edited and sent to the back shop. Hurriedly written and incomplete, it is set in type, printed and distributed to the reader as news.

The problem, it would seem, is that mediocrity has become a way of life in the newsroom of today's small daily. The typical young reporter soon discovers that perfunctory performance of menial tasks is all that is expected of him. The newsroom has become a sanctuary for the lazy man. The typical city editor of the small daily does not demand excellence. Instead, he asks for little more than mediocrity. That's about what he gets.

With editors holding such easy reins in the newsroom, leadership and supervision are nearly nonexistent. Few editors have a harsh word for incomplete reporting, misspellings or grammatical errors. As long as a minimal performance is attained, the reporter need not account for his time.
The key words: Challenge and pay.

The result is that some reporters are unnecessarily absent from the office for long periods.

Unchallenged by his job and convinced he is underpaid, the reporter becomes bitter. One Montana newsman with 20 years experience has noted that city garbage collectors receive a higher salary than he does. He is not exaggerating. As a consequence, such men—and they are present in every newsroom—perform their jobs with all the enthusiasm of a clerk in the county courthouse.

A young reporter has a difficult time finding a newspaper worth emulating. The absence of such men, though the news staff often includes reporters with impressive “experience,” points up a sad fact about small-daily news staffs during the past few decades.

The role of the newsman as an impartial observer also merits comment. It is not uncommon for a veteran reporter in a small city to become such a good friend with officials that he no longer can serve effectively as a watchdog. In one case, a police reporter is the occasional house guest of the chief of police. In another, the county reporter becomes drinking buddies with sheriff’s deputies and deputy county attorneys. Result: The chances for objective fact-finding are lessened.

The bitterness created in young and potentially good reporters is immeasurable. Newcomers, particularly those with formal training, soon learn that despite their efforts and dedication, seniority is the only route to advancement. They soon realize they cannot compete against the calendar, and they soon begin to look for bigger and better jobs. The resulting turnover in personnel has an obvious adverse effect on the quality of the news product.

the newspaper guild

The Newspaper Guild presents other problems. Despite its commendable role in seeking better working conditions and better salaries, it has become a distinct barrier to newspaper improvement. Like some other labor unions, the guild perpetuates a system whereby deadwood and unsatisfactory performance are protected. Moreover, the guild’s very existence continues to be a tacit admission that good ideas come only from above or that the status quo should be maintained because the balance sheet shows a profit.

Many small-daily reporters are satisfied to do no more than is asked of them, to sit by contentedly reading magazines while awaiting another handout to rewrite. They usually are first through the door when, periodically, the staff leaves for a favorite tavern to decry “low pay and lousy benefits.” They never would admit they are being paid quite adequately for the quality and quantity of their work. Meanwhile, many editors fail to give their reporters challenging assignments and the time to do them, are prone to overlook the best qualities in their men and require only a minimum effort.

Unless there are changes, uninspired but faithful reporters will continue to rise to management positions and will demand the same performance once required of them.

Newsrooms will continue to lose their best reporters to media that offer higher-paying, more challenging jobs. The quality of the product will not improve, and newspapermen will continue to be paid accordingly.

No easy solutions exist. However, management, the old scapegoat, could take the most dramatic step in self-improvement by raising salaries and discarding promotion policies based on seniority. But that is unlikely on those small dailies doing well financially.

Editors could take a more active role in newsroom leadership by insisting reporters work according to their capabilities. Assignment of research projects might be a start. A bonus system or even written recognition from management for a good reporting job would boost morale and spur competition.

Daily meetings of the news staff, called and led by the editor, would help close the management-reporter communication gap, make reporters aware of the daily goals of the news department and give newsmen a chance to express grievances and make suggestions. The editor could prepare a critique of the previous day’s reporting and suggest areas for improvement.

Menial duties such as gathering vital statistics, writing club news, business notes and social items and rewriting news releases should be turned over exclusively to high school students interested in journalism or to a housewife who knows punctuation and who needs bingo money.

Editors must demand reporting and writing of a more professional quality. Criticism must be voiced and an atmosphere developed that encourages quality work.

Perhaps the key words are challenge and pay. After all, greater challenge and higher pay are what the small-daily reporter usually is seeking when he moves to a metropolitan newspaper.
'WHAT IF THE PUBLIC FOUND OUT?':
THE MISSOULA ELECTION MISHMASH

By PENNY WAGNER WILSON

Mrs. Wilson, production director of the Radio-Television Studios at the School of Journalism, describes in this article how she discovered a major error in the Missoula County election returns in 1968 and suggests how such an error could be prevented in future elections. Mrs. Wilson earned a bachelor's degree in 1961 and a master's degree in 1967 from the Montana School of Journalism. She has worked as a reporter for the Billings (Mont.) Gazette and the Helena Bureau of the Associated Press and as society editor of the Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian. She was a reporter and news editor in 1964-65 for five weekly newspapers issued by the Valley Publishing Co. at Kent, Wash.

A massive mixup in Missoula County's electronic vote tabulation in November, 1968, was uncovered by three staff members at the University of Montana School of Journalism.

The staff members' precinct-by-precinct study of returns disclosed a 100-per-cent error in the tabulation of presidential votes in half the polling places that used the punchcard Votomatic system\(^1\) and lesser but nonetheless gross errors in the tabulation of votes for state office.

The mixup and subsequent developments led to a recommendation by the staff members to discontinue use of the electronic voting system.

The investigation began with a casual post-election kaffee klatsch in the radio-television office at the Journalism Building, where Robert McGiffert, associate professor of journalism, and I were checking the computer's precinct printout sheets to learn how the University System's six-mill levy had fared in our neighborhoods. (It was defeated in Missoula County.)

I noted with surprise that the Fairviews section—long a Republican neighborhood—had given Hubert Humphrey 76 per cent of the vote, although Republican candidates had received their customary pluralities in the other races. Professor McGiffert and I spotted similar oddities in other districts and, with the help of Philip J. Hess, associate professor of journalism and director of the Radio-Television Studios, began checking returns from the entire county, precinct by precinct. To our amazement, we found apparent irregularities in half the 36 Votomatic precincts.\(^2\)

That was on Thursday, November 7. The county's first general election on the IBM Votomatic device had been termed a success the day before. The computer had tallied the votes swiftly. While there had been some grumbling about long waiting lines in several polling places, county officials had promised to appease the complainers by buying more voting devices. The consensus was that after two rather poor showings in school and primary elections, the Votomatic system had proved itself in the big one.\(^3\)

Consequently, on that Thursday an air of confidence pervaded the office of the Missoula County Clerk and Recorder, Veramae Crouse. When Professor Hess called for an appointment, he was told it would have to be right after lunch, for Mrs. Crouse would meet that afternoon with the county commissioners to begin the canvass.

En route to the courthouse, Professors Hess and McGiffert and I discussed why the paradoxical returns had caused no commotion on election night. We learned later that the
districts and, with the help of Philip J. Hess, associate professor of journalism and director of the Radio-Television Studios, began checking returns from the entire county, precinct by precinct. To our amazement, we found apparent irregularities in half the 36 Votomatic precincts.\(^2\)

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\(^1\) Votomatic is the trade name of the International Business Machine Corporation's voting system. The ballot is a prescored data-processing card which the voter places in a plastic device containing a booklet in which candidates' names and ballot issues are printed. The voter punches the ballot card with a metal stylus. Then he places the card in an envelope and puts it in a ballot box. The ballots are tabulated at a computer center. Returns emerge from the computer on printout sheets.

\(^2\) Fifteen of the county's 51 precincts voted on paper ballots.

\(^3\) The count had been delayed in the April 8 school election when talcum powder applied to the ballot cards to keep them from sticking caused the computer at the University and the back-up computer downtown to malfunction. The ballots (fewer than 4,500) finally were counted by 1:10 a.m. after frequent stops to clean computer parts. The June 4 primary count was slowed when numerous ballot cards had to be reprogrammed because voters had failed to indicate party preference.
University radio station, KUFM, had had the only complete set of returns other than the set kept by Mrs. Crouse and that the downtown news media had based their coverage of the vote count on the computer's periodic summaries of blocks of precincts. The Missoulian had a nearly complete set of precinct printout sheets but had not published a precinct breakdown; therefore, its staff had not noticed the odd results.

Why no precinct election officials or poll watchers noticed the inconsistencies remains a mystery. Mrs. Crouse was plainly taken aback by our perplexing questions based on the summary sheets.

Among the more startling results were these:

Precinct 42 (the well-to-do Farviews residential area, invariably Republican) chose Democrat Humphrey over Republican Nixon, 76 per cent to 20 per cent. But Republicans were chosen over their Democratic opponents in other races with these margins: Smiley (for congressman), 71 per cent; Babcock (for governor), 71 per cent; Selstad (for lieutenant governor), 68 per cent; Cox (for school superintendent), 69 per cent, and Steel (for railroad commissioner), 74 per cent.

Precinct 41 (adjacent to Farviews and normally Republican) — Humphrey over Nixon, 60 per cent to 33 per cent; Republicans Smiley and Babcock led with 70 and 68 per cent; all other Republican candidates far ahead.

Precinct 47 (southwestern Missoula, normally Democratic) — Nixon over Humphrey, 63 to 24 per cent; one Republican led in a State Senate contest; Democrats far ahead in all other races — Olsen (for congressman), 68 per cent; Anderson (for governor), 64 per cent; Democrats led for all seven seats at stake in the state House of Representatives.

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**returns not questioned**

After reading the summary for Farviews, Mrs. Crouse recalled that the returns there had looked odd Tuesday night and that the poll watcher for the National Election Service had commented on them. Neither party observer had questioned them, however.

When the county commissioners arrived for their meeting with Mrs. Crouse, we showed them our report. One commissioner avoided conversation. Another looked at the report of Humphrey’s smashing triumph in Farviews and observed: “Well, it was a Republican year.” The third said: “Voters do funny things.” Then they walked across the hall to proceed with the canvass.

While they counted votes, we looked for more evidence. We found that Barry Goldwater had carried only five precincts in the county in 1964 and that among them was 42 (Farviews), where he had polled 71 per cent of the vote. Four years earlier, Nixon had carried Farviews with 75 per cent.

The adjacent Precinct 41, also allegedly now in the Humphrey camp, also had gone for Goldwater in 1964 and had given Nixon 70 per cent in 1960. And Precinct 47, allegedly in Nixon’s column this time, had been decisively Democratic in the two previous presidential elections.

With these and similar findings from other districts, we tried once more to convince the canvassers that something had gone wrong. Then, with their noncommittal murmurs in our ears, we called on the people at Datatron, the private data processing company whose computer had counted the votes. Datatron had not designed the computer program for the election. IBM had done that, and Datatron had furnished the machine. The company’s representatives nevertheless showed interest in our report. They told us that if there had been an error, it might have been caused by a mixup in the precinct “header cards.” (The header cards tell the computer how to count the ballots; a punched hole at point 3, for example, is a vote for Green and a hole at Point 7 a vote for Black.) State law requires that the order in which the candidates’ names are listed be changed, or rotated, from precinct to precinct to eliminate the presumed advantage of being listed first. Obviously, if the header card for a precinct said Point 6 was a vote for Nixon, while the ballot books listed Humphrey at Point 6, every presidential vote would be recorded as the reverse of the voter’s intent.

The Datatron people told us that only the IBM programmer could say whether such an error had occurred.

We again visited the courthouse, this time to compare paper-ballot tallies with Votomatic tallies in questionable precincts. The law does not require the voter to use the Votomatic device. He can demand a paper ballot and mark his votes in the traditional way. Several Missoulians had done this, and we reasoned the paper ballot returns might provide a rough guide to the accuracy of the Votomatic results. They confirmed our suspicions. In Farviews, where Humphrey was credited with 76 per cent of the electronic votes, the paper ballots gave him about 30 per cent. In Precinct 41, where Votomatic gave Humphrey 60 per cent, the paper ballots also gave him only 30 per cent. The comparison in other questioned precincts produced similar results.

Professor McGiffert was mentally writing a lead for our story when a courthouse clerk observed, “Wouldn’t it be terrible if the public found out?” The clerk explained that publicity might cause the public to distrust the Votomatic system and maybe even reject it. And that, he said, would be too bad, because the system was a good one.

When Mrs. Crouse returned from her session with the Board of Canvassers, she told us she planned to confer with Steve Grand, the IBM man in Helena, about the possibility of an error. Here was a crack in the armor of courthouse complacency; nevertheless, we decided that if the story of the Votomatic system’s deficiencies were to be told, we would have to tell it.

So we offered our report to various news outlets. The University radio station, KUFM, carried the story on its late news Thursday night. The Missoulian and the Montana...
Kaimin, the University of Montana student daily, ran it on page one Friday morning. Both wire services moved it for radio, and it appeared in the state's afternoon dailies.

The courthouse finally reacted Friday. The commissioners called off the canvass. IBM representative Grand returned to Missoula to investigate. He concluded that in many instances the rotation of candidates' names, as programmed into the computer, had not matched the rotation used in preparing the ballot books.

The clerk and commissioners termed the mixup an "unfortunate mishap" and said they would take necessary legal steps to begin a re-count Tuesday.

County Attorney Jack Pinsoneault said he would petition District Judge Jack L. Green to release the ballots, which, under state law, must remain sealed one year.

At a Nov. 12 hearing before Judge Green, Mr. Grand testified that the ballots and the programmed presidential rotation disagreed in half the county's 36 Votomatic precincts.

**rotations did not match**

It subsequently was learned that the county's printer had switched after each precinct the order in which Nixon and Humphrey were listed. The computer, however, had been programmed for this rotation after every two precincts. Thus, votes intended for one candidate were credited to the other in half the polling places. During assembly of ballot booklets, no check had been made to see if the arrangement of names conformed to the computer program.

After the hearing, Judge Green ordered a computer re-count of every Votomatic precinct and a hand re-count of punchcards from Precincts 2, 3, 17 and 36, where it appeared the page assembly of ballot booklets might have been incorrect. In addition, he ordered the Board of Canvassers to inspect each voting device to determine whether, on Election Day, the ballot booklets in each precinct had been in uniform order.

He also ordered that header cards be coordinated with the ballot book in each precinct and that a representative of each major political party observe the entire re-count process. And he authorized the canvass board to designate a disinterested computer expert to aid in the re-count.

The re-count began the next day amid some controversy as to how it should be conducted. The judge's order that party representatives be present during the "entire re-count process" indicated to some that party representatives should be present for the examination of ballot booklets as well as the actual counting procedure. But the Democratic party representative, Mrs. Alice Campbell, said she was not notified when the examination of booklets was to begin and was not present to observe it. The Republican representative, former Missoula Mayor H. R. Dix, was not there either.

The booklet examination was essential for the re-count, for only by comparing the computer header-card programs with the order of candidates' names in each booklet of every precinct could errors in the original tabulation be detected.

Yet there was evidence that the computer re-count was completed before the ballot booklets had been examined, and there was considerable doubt—still unresolved—that the comparison of booklets with the computer program encompassed the entire list of county, state and national races. The board did not call in a disinterested expert to verify its findings.

The board's report, given to Judge Green at a closed meeting in his chambers Friday afternoon (Nov. 15), lacked detail and left many questions unanswered. Among them:

1. When and by whom were the Votomatic ballot devices inspected?
2. Were party representatives present for examination of the ballot devices? If not, why not?
3. During inspection of the devices, was the ballot listing in each race compared with the computer program?
4. Why weren't Precincts 2 and 3 re-counted by computer? 4

The new vote totals showed Nixon leading Humphrey by 1,319 votes, rather than trailing by 190 as in the original returns. The board commented: "It is apparent that the only change is in the presidential race."

The statement was misleading. True, only in the county's presidential race was there a change in the outcome. But there were substantial changes in vote totals in other races, caused in large measure by the mixup in Precincts 2 and 3. Margins in various races were changed by 84 votes (secretary of state), 73 votes (U.S. representative), 64 votes (lieutenant governor) and 40 votes (governor).

In addition, differences of one to five votes were recorded in other contests throughout the ballot. In explanation, it was speculated that in a few cases original punch cards had been sent through the computer with duplicates.

On the report's last page, almost as an afterthought, the board provided some startling items of information that conceivably could have been used as a basis for challenging the entire election. It said:

> The results of the votomatic inspection has [sic] yielded the following information:
> Precinct 16—One machine out of rotation.
> Precinct 44A—One machine with pages 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 partly off, believed to be a printing error.
> Precinct 46—One machine out of rotation.
> These errors cannot possibly have any affect [sic] on the results of the election.

The discoveries in the three precincts were as disturbing as the conclusion was preposterous. Again, the errors may

*This question was later answered by Chuck Painter, Mrs. Crouse's administrative assistant, who explained that the rotation mixup in those precincts was so extensive that programming the computer to count the returns would have been extremely difficult and perhaps impossible. Thus officials decided to let the hand count suffice.

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The media succumbed to the malady of boosterism.

not have affected the outcome of any races, but they cer­
tainly had affected the vote totals.

Furthermore, the mixup in the ballot booklets really inva­
didated all votes in the three precincts, since there was no way to determine which ballots were voted on the defec­tive devices.

About 1,100 punchcard ballots were cast in the three
precincts in question. These represented about 5 per cent of
the 22,001 persons who voted in the county.

From the board's report, it was clear to us that the re-count
had not fully met the requirements of the court order. We
expressed our concern to County Attorney Pinsoneault, who
was noncommittal. He suggested that we see the judge.

Late that afternoon, we did. The judge, like Pinsoneault,
seemed eager to forget the matter. He said the board had
assured him it had complied with his order, that he had no
reason to question this and that he would do nothing further
unless the county attorney made a complaint. He told us
we were proceeding irregularly in talking to him. We were
starting at the top, he said, whereas we should have worked
from the bottom up, initiating our complaint with the
county attorney.

We passed the county attorney's office on our way to the
street, but it seemed to offer little promise.

While we were disappointed by the lack of interest
shown by the county attorney and the judge, we found the
apathy of partisan political leaders even more frustrating.
The Democratic representative, Mrs. Campbell, was angry
and went with us to see Judge Green, but she had no
authority from the party organization to initiate protest
action. There was no Republican party representative there.
Not a single candidate showed up. Among the political
figures, the only person to show sustained interest was Dr.
W. J. Norman, a Democrat who had run eighth in the race
for seven seats in the House. But Dr. Norman needed 500
votes to change the outcome, and if he had demanded a
re-count and failed to win, he would have had to pay for the
re-count. After waging an expensive campaign, he felt he
could not afford to take the risk.5

The news media were in an anomalous position. The
county had adopted the Votomatic system on the recom­
pendation of a three-member citizens study group: Dr.
Thomas Payne, professor of political science at the Uni­
versity of Montana; Sam Reynolds, editorial-page editor of
the Missoulian, and Don Weston, news director of KGVO
Radio-TV.

The three had begun work after the 1964 presidential
election, when the last Missoula County precinct reported
its returns 24 hours and 40 minutes after the polls closed.
They gathered information about standard voting machines
and four electronic voting systems. After evaluating and
comparing the systems, they concluded in July, 1965, that
the IBM system would be best for Missoula.

Early in their study, they met with the county's legisla­tive
delegation and got its commitment to support a bill
to permit the use of electronic systems in Montana. The
legislation, which gave the secretary of state power to veto
use of any specific system, passed both houses with only
one dissenting vote and was signed into law Feb. 13, 1965,
by Gov. Tim Babcock.

votomatic demonstrated

From the outset, the Missoula County group was im­
pressed by the Votomatic. Dr. Payne demonstrated the
device to the Missoula Rotary Club Feb. 10, 1965, and was
quoted in the Missoulian as saying that counting by com­
puter would cost about half a cent a ballot or about $100
compared with the $5,250 the county had spent counting
votes the previous November.

Numerous other accounts of the advantages of the com­
puterized voting system appeared in the newspaper peri­

In its report to the commissioners in July, 1965, the
committee said the county would have to call on the news
media for help in educating the public about the new voting
system. And it gave this assurance: "As two of the com­
nittee members are from the news media, we are confident
that all news media will provide full cooperation in the
public education program." Therein was the rub. In com­
mitting themselves to the Votomatic cause, the county's
only daily newspaper, its only television station and its
major radio news station created a critical vacuum. There
was no one left locally to evaluate the system objectively
and explore its shortcomings.

In their well-intentioned eagerness to exercise civic re­
sponsibility, the Missoulian and KGVO succumbed to the
self-deluding malady of boosterism. They abdicated their
responsibility to maintain an objective and critical sur­
veillance of governmental actions; instead, they became a
part of the county government's decision-making appara­
Having determined that the Votomatic system would best serve the county's needs, they now had to make sure the system was adopted. And after adoption, they would have a vested interest in its success.

The only active opposition to the plan came from Secretary of State Frank Murray who, after viewing a demonstration of the system, barred its use in Montana. In his ruling, Murray said that Votomatic had not been adequately tested, that its complexity put an undue burden on the voter, that it multiplied the possibilities of error and fraud, that it made write-in voting difficult, that in instances of marred ballots it gave election officials too much discretion in the interpretation of voter intent and that it required the employment of personnel who could not be supervised adequately or made answerable under existing penal statutes.

Dr. Payne, the Missoula Voting System Committee chairman, castigated Murray for his decision. In a letter to the Missoulian, he voiced the argument that was to be used repeatedly: That Murray's action was the response of a biased, narrow-minded, old-fashioned politician to the winds of change.

Noting that the only opposition to Votomatic had been expressed by "manufacturers of old-fashioned voting machines . . . from outside the state," Dr. Payne accused Murray of siding with "outside interests . . . who are fighting desperately to preserve a monopolistic position for the obsolete devices they peddle." In rejecting Votomatic, wrote Dr. Payne, Murray "has sided with the dead hand of the past."6

Work began at once in Missoula to amend the electronic voting device law, passed in 1965, so Murray would lose his veto power. The amendment, passed in the 1967 Legislature, allowed the secretary of state to promulgate rules for administering the voting device law but granted to the governing body of any county, city or town the authority to "adopt, experiment with or abandon" any electronic voting system.

The news media aided the voter education effort with a generous number of stories and pictures explaining the new device.

When the mixup occurred, the Missoulian, to its credit, gave the story full play in its news pages and in an editorial said voters would not tolerate another error. But KGVO continued to minimize the errors, insisting they were minor and emphasizing repeatedly—and falsely—that the only mixup was in programming the presidential race.

Although the newspaper and the radio station covered the story, neither pursued it vigorously. There was no story comparing the cost of the 1968 and 1964 elections—a natural, since cost was one reason for the Votomatic's selection. The Missoulian did not assign a reporter to the hearing on the petition for a re-count. Nor were reporters assigned to give step-by-step coverage of the re-count process.

And while the system's reported success in Flathead and Hill Counties was thoroughly covered, no story told Missoulians about Votomatic-system difficulties in other states.

human errors blamed

Instead, the Missoulian and KGVO reiterated that the mistakes, after all, had been human errors that could not be blamed on the machine. That is probably the weakest argument that can be offered. Of course the errors were human. Barring a mechanical breakdown, the machine does not err—just as it does not function correctly—without human assistance. Indeed, its vulnerability to human error and possible fraud is the major weakness of the Votomatic system. That vulnerability has led us to conclude that use of the system should be discontinued.

Among the possibilities of human error:

- **Printing.** Ballot errors can, of course, occur in any system. But they usually can be spotted by printers, clerks, judges and voters. They are particularly insidious in the Votomatic system when they occur in the rotation schedule, because they can be identified only by an electronics specialist who has the computer program.

- **Assembling ballot booklets.** A mistake in the assembling procedure results in incorrect punches on the voter's ballot card.

- **Programming header cards.** The possibility for error or fraud is obvious. Since election officials normally are not computer programmers, they cannot detect an error in the program. A careless or dishonest programmer could influence the outcome of an election.

- **Coordinating of printing, assembling and programming.** Lack of coordination caused the Missoula mixup.

- **Voting.** The voter can place the ballot in the device incorrectly, nick, bend or dampen the ballot, unwittingly overvote or fail to punch the card hard enough to detach the tab, resulting in computer rejection of the ballot.

- **Counting.** Ballots can be damaged by a fingernail, paper clip or hairpin, requiring duplication. During duplication the voter's intent must be determined, permitting error and fraud to occur. Occasionally a damaged ballot will induce jamming and cause mutilation of other ballots.

- **Dependence on the programmer.** This is the gravest flaw in the system. The programmer is most essential to the election's success, yet he is not an elected or appointed official. He has a vested interest in making the election appear to be without error or fraud, but he could conceal error and fraud from elected officials who must answer to the public.

*Dr. Payne later demonstrated that he did not have a closed mind about the Votomatic system. He was the first to call and congratulate us after the story of the mixup was published and he said the system's performance had led him to have some misgivings about it. Reynolds, too, said after the 1968 election that he now had serious doubts about it. The editorial-page editor was most helpful in supplying historical and background data for this article.
These photographs were taken and processed by students in the photography classes taught by Donald C. Miller, assistant professor of journalism. Credits: Helen Ahlgren, page 27; Troy Holter, 28, 29, 30; Karen Peck, 31; Jerry Michels, 32; Kaye Caskey, 33; Larry Clawson, 34.
WHISPER, WHIMPER, WHEEDELE:
THE ART OF ATTRIBUTION

By ROBERT C. MCGIFFERT

This article is an excerpt from a chapter of a manuscript, "Copyreading," by Professor McGiffert. The writer was a reporter and city editor of the Easton (Pa.) Daily Express for 16 years before he joined the journalism faculty at Ohio State University. He taught there for four years, then in 1966 joined the faculty of the Montana School of Journalism. Professor McGiffert worked for the Washington (D.C.) Post during the summer of 1967. He serves as a consultant to the American Dental Association and as an instructor at writing seminars sponsored by the ADA and the American Medical Association.

No element of a story is more likely to demand a fix at the copy desk than the attribution of a quotation. A reporter may set a quotation adrift, like this:

Prof. Inkwater was pessimistic. "You are going to cause an explosion and kill us all."

Or he may anchor it unnecessarily:

"We were robbed," the coach said. "The officials ruined us with imbecilic calls," he continued. "Don't quote me," he added.

Or he may conceal the speaker's identity:

"This is a democracy, and the majority rules. If we adults don't practice what we preach, we can't expect the younger generation to listen to us. I will leave this matter up to the students. If more than half of them want to burn down the gymnasium, they may do so," Dean Longsuffer said.

Or he may use an awkward combination of fragmentary and complete quotation:

He conceded that he got "pretty up tight when the gymnasium burned down. I didn't like it a bit."

Rules about writing are made to be broken, of course, but the copyreader won't often go wrong if he remembers these four principles:

1. A direct quotation should be fastened grammatically to the speaker:

   Prof. Inkwater was pessimistic. "You are going to cause an explosion and kill us all," he said.

2. A continuous quotation should be attributed only once:

   "We were robbed," the coach said. "The officials ruined us with imbecilic calls. Don't quote me."

3. When two or more sentences of direct quotation run continuously, the speaker should be identified in the first sentence:

   "This is a democracy, and the majority rules," Dean Longsuffer said. "If we adults don't practice what we preach, we can't expect the younger generation to listen to us. I will leave this matter up to the students. If more than half of them want to burn down the gymnasium, they may do so."

Or:

"This is a democracy," Dean Longsuffer said, "and the majority rules. If we adults..."

Or:

Dean Longsuffer said: "This is a democracy and the majority rules. If we adults..."

4. Fragmentary and complete quotations should be separated. Thus:

   He conceded that he got "pretty up tight when the gymnasium burned down." "I didn't like it a bit," he said.

Or:

He conceded that he got "pretty up tight when the gymnasium burned down," adding: "I didn't like it a bit."

Or:

He conceded that he was disturbed by the destruction of the gymnasium. "I didn't like it a bit," he said.

Another hurdle reporters don't always clear is the choice of the verb of attribution.
The copy editor must remember, first, that the attributive verb is supposed to describe the act of using lips, tongue, vocal cords and other physiological equipment to speak words. That fact is hard to reconcile with the following passages:

"I simply don't know the answer," he frowned.

"I'm a doctor, lawyer, minister, teacher and emergency squad member all rolled into one," he grinned.

"Excuse me," he coughed.

It's as hard to frown, smile and cough words as it is to hear a rose, smell a concerto, taste a drumbeat, feel a sunrise or see a toothache. If the reporter has mislaid his senses, the copyreader should bring him to them.

Verbs that describe the way words are spoken are almost as troublesome. These are words like hiss, sigh, snap, snort, groan, bark, shout, mumble, whisper and cry. The copyreader should make sure they are properly used. People don't normally hiss "Hello" or bark "Would you like to go to the movies tonight?" or groan "Have another piece of cheese, if you care to."

verbs of attribution

As for the more ordinary verbs of attribution—the ones that crop up repeatedly in routine news stories—any reader knows that a news source can charge, declare, affirm, relate, recall, aver, reiterate, allege, conclude, explain, point out, answer, note, retort or shout, rewrite, demand, repeat, repay, ask, expositulate or sigh, blurt, suggest, report or mumble, add, shout back, burst out or grumble, whisper, call, assert or state, vouchsafe, cry, asseverate, snort, recount, agree, opine, whimper, simper, wheedle, whine, mutter, murmur, belch, bray, whinny, or . . . let's see now . . . SAY!

The point of this doggerel is that say is a neutral word that connotes only the utterance of words. It tells nothing of the way in which words are spoken, the circumstances of the utterance or the attitude of the person being quoted. It's a colorless word. But while it doesn't brighten a passage, neither does it call attention to itself. Unlike more descriptive verbs, it can be used repeatedly without becoming a nuisance.

Most other verbs of attribution connote something beyond the simple fact of speaking. They aren't to be scorned on that account. On the contrary, they should be treated with more respect than they usually get.

"Point out" and "note"—two favorites of reporters seeking variety—both mean to call attention to a matter of fact. Thus a paper is safe in having a speaker "note" that Richard Nixon is the first Republican President since Eisenhower, but if it lets him "note" that Nixon's presidency has been good for the country, it is being partisan.

Among other frequently used and misused attributive verbs are add, declare, state, assert, relate, exclaim and explain.

"Add" can be useful, but the word often indicates an afterthought, a comment of somewhat less importance than what has gone before. So it can be misleading or even absurd, as it is here:

He said that he regretted being late for the meeting, but that his tardiness was unavoidable. "I fell out of an airplane on the way," he added.

Declare, state and assert are associated with a certain formality of delivery. Declare has an added connotation of forthrightness or openness, state of positiveness, and assert of positive, strong or plain speaking.

Relate means to give an account or report and, like the verbs just discussed, conveys a sense of formality.

One who exclaims is not just saying something; he is crying out in sudden emotion.

Explain is much abused. Reporters use it often as a neutral synonym for say, but because it means to make plain or to make understandable, it is editorial if used this way:

"My husband is a no-good bum," she explained.

Or this way:

"There were no space satellites in the 19th century," he explained.

In the first example, the verb implies that the woman was telling the truth, so the newspaper seems to be on her side. In the second, the verb implies that the speaker was addressing an audience of dolts.

The copyreader should prevent the reporter from seeming to mind-read rather than report what he has heard. The newsmen usually knows only what the speaker said, not what he feels, believes, thinks, hopes, or expects of the future. So the copyreader often must change verbs of feeling, thinking, believing, hoping and expecting to verbs of saying, commenting and predicting.

Greater license and informality are permissible in the interpretive analysis, interview story or personality feature. Here the reader can assume that the writer has spent some time with the news source or studying his conduct and is qualified to interpret his attitude and state of mind.

Because it must pin virtually every sentence on a source, the speech story presents one of the most difficult of the attribution problems. The writer who cannot vary his sentence pattern may set up a monotonous drumbeat of "he said" sentences. In an effort to break the pattern he may turn to stilted or inaccurate verbs. Or he may decide that he doesn't have to attribute everything after all and come up with a mixture of attributed and unattributed statements. The copyreader must help out, but he must use care.

Here's a monotonous passage:

He said that he disagrees with the common belief that "television is making the world more actual to those who view it." He said that he does not believe that people are getting objective news. He said that he thinks television men strive to find drama in news stories and produce programs which resemble television dramas. He said that he thinks coverage of the Vietnam War looks something like a "Man from U.N.C.L.E." episode. He noted that newsmen were making a legend of Martin Luther King Jr. through dramatic coverage of events following his death.
Underattribution can turn a report into an essay.

The copyreader who handled the paragraph was properly disturbed by its repetitious language and sentence structure. But he didn’t help it much, because in his changes he violated a couple of other principles: He had the paper report what the speaker believed rather than what he said, and he made the last two sentences read like fact rather than the speaker’s opinion.

Here is his edited version:

He said that he disagrees with the common belief that television “is making the world more actual to those who view it.” He believes that people are not getting objective news. Television men, he said, strive to find drama in news stories and produce programs which resemble television dramas. Coverage of the Vietnam War looks like something from a “Man from U.N.C.L.E.” episode. Newsmen are making a legend of Martin Luther King Jr. through dramatic coverage of events following his death.

With a little more care, he might have produced this:

He charged that television news is not objective and that it blurs the viewer’s concept of reality. Television newsmen, he said, try to emulate television dramatists, and as a result war films resemble episodes from “The Man from U.N.C.L.E.” while coverage of spectacular crimes like the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. turns the principals into legends overnight.

Underattribution can change a news report into an essay.

Here’s an example from a story about a speech:

The major said that the U.S. would have to put forth a maximum effort in order to overcome the Vietcong.

When asked how the war there could best be won, the major said that the U.S. would have to put forth a maximum of effort in order to overcome the Vietcong.

When asked how he was notified of a fire, Mr. Weeks explained that there were three methods used by his department.

Asked if she had encountered any problems in advising the girls, Miss Dudt replied that she had been afraid the girls would not come to her.

What’s irritating about those passages is that they’re wordy: The questions are superfluous. Edited, they say the same thing, in half as many words.

What’s irritating of all bad habits crops up most frequently in the interview. Here are examples:

When asked about the requirements of a radio announcer, James said that “radio work is a job which requires mental and physical dexterity combined with wit, initiative and a good radio voice.”

When asked what she learned from the ordeal, she said, “I learned how alone you really are.”

When asked how the war there could best be won, the major said that the U.S. would have to put forth a maximum effort in order to overcome the Vietcong.

When asked how he was notified of a fire, Mr. Weeks explained that there were three methods used by his department.

Asked if she had encountered any problems in advising the girls, Miss Dudt replied that she had been afraid the girls would not come to her.

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James said that being an announcer “requires mental and physical dexterity combined with wit, initiative and a good radio voice.”

From the ordeal, she said, she learned “how alone you really are.”

The major said that to overcome the Vietcong and win the war, the United States would have to put forth a maximum effort.

Mr. Weeks said there are three ways to notify his department of a fire.

Miss Dudt said that before she began advising, she had been afraid the girls would not come to her.

There are times, of course, when there’s a reason to report on the questioning. It may be the most convenient way to show the relevance of a direct quotation. It may be necessary to show that a politician didn’t volunteer anything or that the information he gave was forced out of him. For dramatic effect or for humor or to provide a transcript as a matter of record, the “Q and A” technique may be appropriate.

More often than not, though, the use of the question to introduce the answer produces the same effect as this passage about Prof. Virgil T. Muffin, the noted authority on the press:

Asked whether he approved of the practice of some newspapers in filling their front pages with pictures of fatal accidents and pretty girls, he replied, “Yes, I approve of the practice of some newspapers in filling their front pages with pictures of fatal accidents and pretty girls.”

Montana Journalism Review
THE ‘ORTHODOX’ MEDIA UNDER FIRE: CHICAGO AND THE PRESS

By NATHAN B. BLUMBERG

Professor Blumberg was in Chicago during the August convention week of 1968 to cover the "alternative convention" of the thousands of demonstrators in the streets and parks of that city. His article in the 1968 Montana Journalism Review, "A Study of the 'Orthodox' Press: The Reporting of Dissent," was reprinted in the American Oxonian and a condensed version was the lead article in the July 12, 1968, issue of Commonweal. Portions are scheduled for publication in three anthologies, including one in Japan.

We have been somewhat sympathetic to the problems of policemen and police authorities who have been charged with unwarranted brutality in critical mob situations when much if not all of it has been a result of provocation. However, we have no sympathy for them when they appear to be deliberately assaulting news reporters and cameramen in what appears to be an effort to prevent coverage of their mob-controlling tactics whatever they might be.

—Editor & Publisher, Aug. 31, 1968

The news media of the United States were subjected to an attack unprecedented in modern times for their coverage of events during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. The reason is that the news media did their jobs in Chicago in a way unprecedented in modern times.

Mayor Richard Daley made several dreadful miscalculations in his handling of the Democratic National Convention, but the decisive mistake was a frontal attack on the men sent to cover the events in the convention hall and on the streets. Two things happened that didn’t have to happen and that made all the difference. Unfortunately, it took some assaults on newsmen by police to push the print media into telling a story that otherwise, we must assume from the record, would have remained essentially untold, and it took some ham-handed attempts at censorship by Chicago’s political boss, accustomed to having his way, to infuriate the television networks to the point that they showed the way things were and are in Chicago.

Only 10 months earlier, when 100,000 persons assembled at the Lincoln Memorial to protest the war in Vietnam and more than 30,000 demonstrators later pressed against the Pentagon, the confrontation was reported by the news media in ways that only could have delighted the authorities—governmental, military, police and industrial.

Following an analysis of the reporting of that event and the coverage of other activities of dissent, I hopefully had concluded:

Perhaps it is too much to expect, as the hostile critics of the press have contended through the years, that a press with an undeniable stake in the economic and political system would report fairly on those who are fundamentally dissatisfied with the status quo. But the history of journalism is not without instances in which “orthodox” publications went “underground,” and some examples cited herein demonstrate that sometimes some organs of information report facts that tend to disrupt the hegemony of the industrial-military-governmental complex.*

What happened in Chicago was that incidents of repression that in the past almost always had been kept hidden from the public were reported in detail. Naturally, those persons committed to perpetuating present policies and conditions were infuriated by this unexpected and unusual turn of events and they struck back with all the considerable power in their hands. They were joined by those millions of Americans who for varying reasons favor authoritarian repression of minority groups and minority opinions.

Conversely, events in Chicago were shocking to millions of other Americans because just as the orthodox press covered up what happened in the demonstration leading to the doors of the Pentagon, it has covered up illegal police behavior in countless cities where police officers daily harass and intimidate large numbers of our citizens. Chicago


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was a catalyst. It brought out in one agonizing ordeal all the frustrations that overwhelm our people—on one hand the young, the disenchanted, the revolutionary, the pacifistic and idealistic, the draft resisting, the McCarthy-supporting and those concerned with the desperate plight of the blacks and of a nation in a horrendous war; on the other hand the complacent and the content, the Nixonites and Humphreyites, the ones who have it made in government or in business or in the military, the people who don’t want niggers next door or niggers taking their jobs. Agonizing, that is, to everyone except, in one of those poignant and delicious ironies of history, the blacks and the other aggrieved men and women of color who could stand back and watch in amusement Whitey’s battle in which The Man took after The Kids.

[Chicago’s brooding ghettos remained calm during the entire week of the convention because their black inhabitants knew very well why the troops were there. The reported 7,500 regular army troops—flown from Fort Hood, Fort Sill and Fort Carson and bivouacked in armories, at air stations, in Washington Park in the heart of Chicago’s south side—were ready along with an announced 6,000 Illinois National Guardsmen, an estimated 1,000 Secret Service and FBI agents and about 12,000 Chicago police. In addition, three full regular army armored divisions, totaling more than 40,000 men, were earmarked for Chicago, if needed. The 26,000 men on hand were not there for the scruffy legions of pacifism and hipdom or the McCarthy kids or even the hard-eyed revolutionaries—in all the “weapons” displayed by police as captured from demonstrators, not one gun had been picked off a protester. The soldiers were there for the blacks, who are armed. Mayor Daley had the sign up in blazing capitals: “YOU BETTER NOT MOVE.” And if the blacks on the west and south sides did move, Daley and the police wanted troops ready for the battle in the streets, the sniping and the guerrilla warfare they fully expect, nervously await and patently escalate toward fulfillment. At a result, many black militant leaders moved out of Chicago before the delegates moved in and the others cooled it or watched in carnival spirit as the cops busted heads of the self-proclaimed new niggers in Lincoln and Grant parks, in front of the Hilton or the Palmer House, in Old Town or at 18th and Michigan.

Some publications of the orthodox press scantily reported that 43 black soldiers at Fort Hood were arrested after they refused to board planes to go from Texas to Chicago. But the orthodox press quickly dropped the matter and certainly did not try to explain why black soldiers preferred the stockade to duty in Chicago where they might be ordered to patrol ghetto streets. The black Chicago Daily Defender named one of these soldiers from Chicago and quoted him: “I don’t want to knife any one of my brothers or sisters. We fought for one whitey in Vietnam, and we don’t want to go home and destroy the freedom that we fought for.”]

No doubt about it: The people of the United States split, if not down the middle somewhere close to it, over what happened in those four days that seemed like 40 to anyone who was there. Those thoroughly angry with American policies in Vietnam, with a fixed convention programmed to nominate a man who hadn’t won a primary, with the lack of understanding of the plight of the minorities were arrayed against those other millions thoroughly fed up with noisy demonstrators, with bearded and often dirty youths, with uppity people, with those who mocked their desperate longing for a return to a time when, in retrospect, life was so ordered and pleasant.

An equally indisputable fact is that the closer reporters and cameramen were to the action in Chicago, the more they were infuriated by what they saw and experienced. The violence was far worse than what television showed; the savagery was too widespread to be picked up by a few cameras. No person of decent instincts could witness that hell on the streets and in the parks without revulsion, and that revulsion was communicated effectively. Whether the story would have been told so completely had not Mayor Daley’s police clubbed and beaten and threatened scores of newsmen can of course be argued, but the overwhelming evidence is that it was the thumpings suffered by journalists that was decisive.

_a myopic approach to problems_

Look, for example, at the quotation above from an editorial in _Editor & Publisher_, once justifiably called the “Bible of the Newspaper Industry” and now a flaccid weekly propagandist and apologist for the fattest cats of newspaper publishing. It is an unabashed confession that the trade magazine of the American press had seen little wrong with police handling of “critical mob situations” until some newsmen and photographers got theirs in Chicago. Translated from the code words employed these days by most editorial writers of the orthodox press, the two sentences in the editorial mean simply that it was okay, cops, to bang the heads of those dirty hippies and lousy yuppies, those pacifists and peaceniks, those draft-card burners and bearded students, those coons and spics and all the others who have been beaten up through the years by policemen for daring to protest matters of inequity or of conscience. But lay off, ya hear, our reporters and cameramen. As if to delineate the limits of its concern, _Editor & Publisher_ in the following weeks editorially repeated its fervent concern for the safety of newsmen in future demonstrations without appending a word of apprehension for the safety of non-journalists who also might be beaten. “We’re not interested in who was responsible for the demonstrations, who provoked the police or how they did it, or how the police reacted to the onslaught of the mob,” the publisher and editor of _Editor & Publisher_ emphasized in his personal column. “But we want to know only why easily identifiable newsmen got it in the neck and what can be done to prevent similar incidents in other cities in the future.” This is typical of the myopic approach of the
newspaper industry's spokesmen to the problems of the press and the society in which the press operates. A subsequent by-lined "news story" reporting Mayor Daley's side of the story went far out of its way to quote seven moronic paragraphs from a column by Betty Beale, a cocktail party chatterer who covers social gatherings of bureaucrats and politicians for the Washington Star, and three equally ludicrous paragraphs from a syndicated column by James J. Kilpatrick, a practicing racist. It was a sad but unfortunately typical performance by a publication supposedly dedicated to the legitimate concerns of the profession of journalism.

[The decline and fall of Editor & Publisher from its splendid critical stance in the 1930s to its present state of serving as a flack for the newspaper industry is another story. But one more example: The article following the one out of Chicago was a long account of how the press covers the annual Miss America Pageant, which included, among the details usually reserved for fan magazines published for teenagers, the information that "there are a number of those in the communications media who serve as judges and select the new Miss America . . . and here effort is always made to get one or more people who can give the Pageant and the resort a good break in publicity." It works, too, the article proudly announced. "Payoffs in other years were invitations which brought columnists Earl Wilson and Norton Mockridge here. Both featured the resort and the Pageant in their columns during the week and even after, a publicity break which could not have been secured by any other means." Obviously Editor & Publisher remains, in its way, an indispensable medium for an understanding of the American press.]

When the billy clubs began busting open the skins of journalists, it was too much to bear for four publishers—Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of the New York Times, Mrs. Katharine Graham of the Washington Post, Otis Chandler of the Los Angeles Times and Bailey Howard of the Chicago Daily News and Sun-Times. They joined with the three top network television executives and the editor-in-chief of Time magazine, Hedley Donovan, to dispatch to Mayor Daley a telegram stating that newsmen "were repeatedly singled out by policemen and deliberately beaten and harassed. . . . The obvious purpose was to discourage or prevent reporting of an important confrontation between police and demonstrators which the American public has a right to know about."

Suddenly the American public's right-to-know became pressingly important to these publishers, simply because they had been backed into a corner and had little choice but to rush to the defense of their front-line troops. If they had failed to support their employes in that charged situation, the whole delicate arrangement by which reporters serve the wishes of publishers would have been threatened. We thereby witnessed the token protest, quickly forgotten as things were patched up with Mayor Daley once the four days had passed. But surely it must have occurred to more than one person that policemen who did not hesitate to beat up newsmen (and even sought out victims) would have less restraint when it came to popping demonstrators who have very little going for their defense in the power structure. And the same concern for victims of beatings had not been expressed by publishers when police or United States marshals had illegally and unjustifiably beaten other protesters at other times in recent months—for example, at the Pentagon, in Oakland and earlier in Chicago.

[Many of the 6,500 participants in the April 27 Peace Parade in Chicago suspected that police actions in clothes with marchers were a "dress rehearsal for August" and a warning to potential dissenters that demonstrations will not be tolerated in that city. The quoted words are from a prophetic document, "Dissent and Disorder," issued by an independent investigating committee on Aug. 1—more than three weeks before the opening of the Democratic National Convention. The report, financed by the Roger Baldwin Foundation of the American Civil Liberties Union of Illinois, reviewed the disturbances of April—an eerie preview of the events of August—and concluded: "The police were doing what the Mayor and Superintendent had clearly indicated was expected of them. If we are to erase the causes of the peace parade disorder, we must look to the responsible officials, and the dilatory and obstructive way in which they handled preparations for April 27."

Other publications clearly demonstrated their furious reaction to the beatings of newsmen. Newsweek made a special point in its "Top of the Week" column of what had happened to six of its nine men assigned to the streets, "all wearing prominent press credentials," who were "chopped down in the free-swinging police charges." A photograph of the six and what had happened to them ("Clubbed on back," "Beaten on back and leg," etc.) was the first item in its Sept. 9 issue. And the two-page "Press" section of that issue was devoted to stories entitled "Beat the Press" and "Sizing Up Chicago" that struck hard at the police for their treatment of newsmen.

Even the Wall Street Journal was twice as upset about what had happened to newsmen as it was about anyone else. Referring to the "on-the-scene reports" of its writers and others, it editorially concluded: "Throughout the week security forces had displayed an undercurrent of ugliness. When middle-aged women are pushed through plate-glass windows, when newsmen covering demonstrations are repeatedly attacked, when a television reporter is sluged by a policeman with the rank of commander obviously the police are out of hand."

Significantly, the conservative National Review, although editorially attacking the "myth" that Mayor Daley and the police had acted badly, had no trouble getting at the cause of all the trouble. The "news media distorted the hell out
... among the most glorious days in the history of Chicago journalism.

of all this," it pointed out, probably "because they were mad as hell—the police did, after all, club or otherwise injure 32 reporters and photographers, and hell hath no fury like a journalist when his comrades are kicked around."

Perhaps the best example is closest to home, where a close examination of late editions of the Chicago dailies shows that the news columns of three of Chicago's four major newspapers, which with rare exceptions have purred like pussycats for Mayor Daley, literally overnight became snarling tigers clawing at the mayor and his cops. The fourth paper remained unmoved by the carnage, none of its reporters having been injured and none of its reporters showing evidence of having been near the action, but the Chicago Tribune merits special diagnosis later in this examination.

II

A suburban Democrat accused Mayor Daley of undermining liberals at a closed session of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee last week, it was disclosed Tuesday. . . .
Daley responded by listing his own liberal credentials as a legislator and party leader, and denied any intention of driving liberals out of the party.
"After all," Daley said, "I am a liberal myself."

In the maelstrom that is Chicago politics, almost nothing can be regarded as unusual. The editorial unanimity of the Chicago daily press in support of a fourth term for Mayor Richard Daley in 1967 was not especially strange, although in the case of the Tribune and the mayor it meant the queerest sort of bedfellows: The birchtest of Republicans sleeping with the kingmaker of Democrats. Nor was this curious consensus unexpected, since Chicago business executives, in the words of a pre-convention story in U. S. News & World Report, "keep organizing to help Mr. Daley win re-election," and the Chicago daily press throughout the 13 years of Daley's rule had treated him as some sort of sacred cow meriting no more than an occasional slap on the rump when some particularly scandalous caper among the herd was uncovered. This political-journalistic alliance was rudely severed when Chicago police began clubbing reporters and photographers. Suddenly—and it was so sudden that customary policies and procedures could not be put into effect—three of Chicago's four major dailies, in varying but nonetheless significant degrees, began reporting news about their police and their mayor as they never had before. It did not last long—from three to five days, depending on the newspaper involved—but they certainly were among the most glorious days in the history of Chicago journalism.

The first signs of the transition were only barely visible in the Monday morning Sun-Times, which buried the events of Sunday night in Lincoln Park and the Old Town area on page 5—behind at least six other convention stories—but nonetheless showed a deep concern for journalists who had been clubbed. The newspaper was especially disturbed about the beating administered to one of its photographers who "identified himself, but the police kept swinging." It had difficulty, however, adjusting to the demonstrators, whom it generally called "hippies" in headlines and "youths" in stories and photographs (where they often looked like young people anywhere), and on Monday it even described the protesters as "a mixed band of hippies, yippies, motorcyclists and flower children."

alliteration with a sneer

Chicago's American, once a Hearst newspaper and now a satellite launched daily from the Tribune Tower, appeals to an earthy group of readers, nearly 90 per cent of whom, according to an American poll reported on the eve of the convention, "indicated they would order police to 'shoot to kill' if they were attacked by militant civil rights agitators." On the Friday before the convention the paper had thought it hilarious to run on its front page a three-column photograph of a human being, a "fuzzy-haired delegate to the Pigasus 'nomination,'" under a line: "Yippies' Pig Goes to Pokey." Its coverage on Monday afternoon featured a banner over a page of photos, "Police Halt Hippie Invasion at the Bridge," which is, admittedly, one way of looking at the march that had developed after the demonstrators had been flushed from Lincoln Park.

The Chicago Daily News coverage of the Sunday night events included an evenhanded, enlightening front-page story concerning the views of some of the demonstrators. Another story served especially to tell how the situation was shaping up in Chicago. It began:

Beneath the hoopla there was a grimness and—unlike other years—the cops had no time for jokes.
And it wasn't only the hippies and the Yippies and the peace kids they were up tight about.
It applied to ordinary, shirt-and-tie folks, too.

By Tuesday, however, following a night of indiscriminate beatings of newsmen, the three newspapers were almost equally incensed. The front page of the Sun-Times featured a photograph and caption: "Police knock down a fleeing demonstrator near Wells and Division early Tuesday morning after hundreds of young demonstrators were routed
from Lincoln Park by police using clubs and tear gas. . . ."
The headline was "Police Gas Yippies In Lincoln Pk." but
the overline was the giveaway: "BEAT NEWSMEN AT
SCENE." The headline on the lead story on page 5 was
"Police Continue To Beat Newsman; More Attacked De­
spite Probe," and the 25-inch story was devoted to the
difficulties of newsmen with the exception of a single para­
graph—fourth from the end—which announced that a Sun­
times staff member "also reported numerous unprovoked
attacks by police on young people, including girls." An
accompanying photograph carried this caption: "As Sun­
times photographer Bob Black photographed this police­
man skirmishing with a demonstrator at Division and Wells
Monday night, two other policemen attacked Black with
their clubs." Pages 6 and 7 were devoted to the story of
Lincoln Park and included six photographs, one of which
was captioned: "Beaten up in his back yard, a resident
shouts his protest.

Chicago's American, obviously angry, ran two photo­
graphs across the top of the front page with the streamer:
"Photographer Gets The Picture, Then Gets It." The first
photo showed a photographer taking a picture of two
young men fleeing several policemen, and the second
showed the battered photographer on the sidewalk as the
police walked away. Also on page one was a story about
what was happening to journalists in Chicago and including
the intelligence that editors of three of Chicago's four major
daily newspapers had asked Police Supt. James B. Conlisk
to investigate the beatings of their newsmen assigned to
cover hippie and yippie demonstrations. On page 3 another
photo showed "one of many newsmen beaten by police.

The Chicago Daily News similarly concentrated on brutal
treatment of journalists by Chicago's police, but it also
published a photograph captioned: "In wake of sweep, a
clubbing victim lies bloodied and gasping from tear gas."A long story on the police action contained a revealing
paragraph: "Bystanders and couples strolling home after
dates were swept up in the melee and pummeled by the
police." Among many similar items:

[Chicago Daily News Reporter John] Linstead was
assaulted by policemen who broke away from 200 police­
men sweeping across the intersection of LaSalle and Clark.
Police chanted "Kill, kill, kill" as they rushed across the
street.

Linstead said the police turned on him after he pro­
tested their clubbing three or four young girls in a red
foreign convertible that was caught in the traffic jam at
the intersection.

"The girls hadn't been doing anything. I yelled at the
policemen to stop and they started to come at me," said
Linstead.

"I said I was a reporter. I was told to move and then
was shoved. That's when they started beating me."

Linstead was taken to the hospital by bystanders . . . .
[Delos] Hall, the CBS cameraman, said a policeman
clubbed him from behind as he filmed police dispersing
some youths near N. Wells and W. Division.

"No one stopped me and asked who I was. He (the
policeman) came by and took a running shot at me just
for standing there."

Hall said he fell to the pavement and several more
police beat him. . . .

U. S. Atty. Thomas A. Foran said Tuesday he believed
the police detail that clashed with newsmen and hippies
acted with "wonderful discipline" and that he could not
understand the allegations of police brutality.

The last paragraph above caught the eye of Mike Royko,
the Daily News columnist who on Tuesday had unlimbered
a heavily ironic attack on police behavior ("The following
people can be assumed to be non-press: Young couples
holding hands; long-haired youths of either sex; people
playing guitars or bongos; clergymen; people distributing
antiwar literature. They can be beaten on sight. And so far,
they have been."). He pulled even fewer punches in his
Wednesday column, entitled "Cops threaten law and order":

Thomas A. Foran, the U. S. attorney for northern
Illinois, says Chicago police have shown "wonderful dis­
pline" in their handling of Lincoln Park demonstrators.
Foran is either stupid or a liar. . . .

Chicago's police, for his information, have been beating
innocent people with, to coin a phrase, reckless aban­
don. . . .

In general, the biggest threat to law and order in the
last week has been the Chicago Police Department.
When Foran talks about "wonderful discipline," he
sounds like a boob. He's not. It's just that he, like any­
one else on the public payroll in Chicago, is a flunky for
the mayor. . . .

But our mayor, the architect of the grand plan for
head-bashing, is wandering around loose and making
predictable statements . . .

He's been conning people so easily, I'm sorry to say
about my fellow Chica­goans, that he thought he could
keep it up this week.

What Royko didn't add, and couldn't add, is that the
mayor had been conning people so easily all those years
with the full support and blessings of the proprietors of
Chicago's daily newspapers.

The Daily News also turned its attention more effectively
to non-journalists being bloodied by Chicago's police. As
an example, a cutline on a four-column photograph Wednes­
day:

A youth, about 20, and his bike head for the Lincoln
Park lagoon after two policemen had grabbed him and
rushed him toward the water, according to witnesses.
The witnesses said the police then just stood back and
laughed. The youth reportedly had just been riding
through the park; he had not even been part of the Yip­
pie gathering in the park, for which the police were on
duty there.

The story of the alternative convention took up almost
the entire front page of the Wednesday Sun-Times, topped
by a three-line head ending with an exclamation point:
"NATIONAL GUARD VS. HIPPIES AT THE HILTON!"
The account was rich in details of police action against non­
journalists. Page 5 was allotted completely to the police
problem; the lead story had a two-line banner: "News
Media Assured by Conlisk Of Their Right To Cover Pro­
tests." Below it was a four-column photograph of a just-punched Dan Rather and a headline, "CBS Reporter Is Knocked Down By Punch On Convention Floor." Two other stories described rough police treatment of important visitors to the city. On another page a story about the Illinois convention delegation—"Until Daley Moves, Not A Figure Stirs"—detailed the iron grip of the "will of one man" on the "perfectly disciplined delegation." Other stories told of oppressive convention security, "pushy ushers" and the "President Johnson anti-birthday party" held by protesters.

**extraordinary coverage provided**

The next day the *Sun-Times* greatly expanded its news hole to provide its readers with extraordinary coverage, demonstrating what can be done when a newspaper provides the necessary space for reporters and editors who know what they are doing. "Big Hilton Battle!" was the front-page headline; below it, "Speakers At Convention Blast Daley And Police." Seven photographs, including a magnificent shot covering the entire back page, showed what had happened. Among the many outstanding articles that caught the mood and significance of the preceding day and night were "Bandages And Stitches Tell The Grant Park Story" and "Street Sweeper Confronts Debris Of An Insane Day."

By Thursday even *Chicago's American* had had quite enough of the behavior of its local police. Across the top of page one it ran verbatim conversations of its reporters over the newspaper's radio communications network. Some samples (ellipses are the *American's*):

**JACKSON:** I'm at 14th and State streets. . . . There's about 200 demonstrators headed towards me. And here come the boys in blue. Man . . . look at those hippies run!

**SULLIVAN:** People are screaming . . . running! The cops areclubbing everything in sight. God . . . they don't care who they slug. Girls, kids . . . anything that moves.

**MURRAY:** Man, these convention delegates are mad. They don't like that gas. Neither do I.

**REZWIN:** I thought it was going to calm down. Then that damn gas.

Its coverage opened up, too. A news story: "Dozens of innocent bystanders on Michigan avenue and on Loop streets were caught up in the melee and injured." A photo caption: "Once-idyllic Grant park becomes horror scene as police chase demonstrators." Another photo caption: "A policeman's club is raised over head of falling protester after a group had left the park and charged police. In background one Yippie [a young man in a white shirt] aids injured comrade."

The Thursday afternoon *Chicago Daily News* also poured it on. A streamer across the top of the front page proclaimed: "Mayor Daley convention's big 'casualty'" and the gist of the splendidly detailed story was that "club-swinging cops outside the Hilton Hotel" had served to "smash Daley's exalted political reputation into small pieces." Another front-page story was headlined "New protest tactic: Cops help it work," and a third story announced: "Dissident delegates plan march." Page 8 was given over entirely to seven photographs and text describing what the headline called "Daily News cameraman's ordeal," whose travails included a right hand broken by a police club. The caption on one photograph:

Soldier who appeared to be in Chicago on furlough—and not part of the military forces detailed to keep peace here during the Democratic convention—beats a peace demonstrator at S. Michigan and E. 7th St. The beating was without apparent provocation. Police formed a ring, and did not try to stop the beating. When photographer [Paul] Sequeira snapped this picture, five policemen went at him, knocking him down, knocking off a protective helmet he was wearing and hitting him repeatedly with nightsticks. Shortly afterward, in response to charges of police brutality during Wednesday's peace demonstrations, Police Supt. James Conlisk Jr. issued a statement saying that his men used only as much force as was necessary to handle the situation.

On another page, under an eight-column photograph, two captions read:

- The police sweep through the bandshell area of Grant Park like a cyclone, clubbed peace demonstrators in their wake.
- The day that terror struck the band concert area, normally a place of serenity.

Columnist Virginia Kay had free rein:

I wonder how long it will be before Chicago's name stands for anything but horror in the minds of the world.

The *Daily News* carried the official versions, as of course it should, but they were on page 18 ("Daley puts blame on 'terrorists'") and on page 28 ("Police deny excess, vow to uphold law"). Surrounded by factual coverage, the authorized versions looked ludicrous, just as authorized versions would much of the time if surrounded by factual coverage.

The Friday *Daily News* did not let up. Front-page stories reported the mayor's press conference ("Candidates Periled: Daley") and, just below it, the latest example of policemen beating up unresisting civilians ("Cops raid McCarthy HQ"). Mike Royko struck again: "Down below, the mayor looked so happy, and all his Illinois flunkies looked happy. When he is happy, they are happy. . . . His big moment came when Alabama's Bull Connor, the legendary woolly-head-breaker of yesteryear, gave the mayor a vote for vice president. The guys in the gallery let out a mad scream. It might have been a scream of terror because if he ever went to Washington, they'd have to go to work." And the *Daily News* television critic, Dean Gysel, who before the convention opened had written that "Mayor Daley does
not like television, nor does he like any media he cannot control," contended "TV showed Chicago like it is." Excerpts:

Television did not disgrace the city; it merely showed it the way it was.

Mayor Daley used force because it was the natural and easy thing for him to do. . . . The mayor is two generations away from the young people in age, but epochs away in understanding.

The Daily News published a full page of photographs of the confrontation of marchers and guardsmen at 18th and Michigan and some other revealing stories: "A black eye for Chicago" (overline: "Police Assailed"); "Newsmen tells how gassing kayoed him," and "Military seeking GI involved in beating" (concerning the soldier who had beaten a demonstrator).

By Friday, however, Chicago's very own American was solidly and safely back behind the Chamber of Commerce line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line. Two last feeble gasps were expelled—one by columnist Dorothy Storck protesting the mockery of Mayor Daley's line.

Below those two stories, a third: "Stiff mental tests for cops urged," the view of a Chicago psychologist who contended the screening process for the Chicago Police Department allows emotionally ill candidates to slip through.

Other stories were more informative: "Delegates sing our praises—or condemn us," and "City cops backed in national poll" with an overline "61% praise Daley." Two columnists, however, got in their licks. Charles Nico-demus described the "raw brutality" of "the shouting, cursing police charge that swept past me down Balbo Drive," and added:

Mayor Daley and Police Supt. James Conlisk belatedly contend that this abdication of civic sanity occurred because the demonstrators charged police lines.

But the unblinking electronic eye, the resulting TV tapes, and the experience of several hundred bystanders scattered within 30 yards of that clash indicate otherwise.

Another columnist, Richard Christiansen, asked "Just how stupid could they be?" and castigated police who "intimidated delegates, terrorized women, clubbed reporters and whacked the hell out of young people who were not even resisting." He added:

When criticism against this display was voiced on television, the public information officer of the Chicago Police Department stood up at a press conference and petulantly blamed the trouble on the "intellectual" (spoken with disdain) commentators from the East. . . . The rest of the nation, however, can shudder at this city, turn away and return home. We are stuck with it. And we are left to hate it all the more, because we love it so much.

The Daily News is not published on Sunday and by Monday it, too, had been pulled back to where it had been before the battle of Chicago. On the following Monday, Sept. 9, it not only published the text of Mayor Daley's "Official White Paper" without comment, but designed it as a special section "to be folded in thirds, stapled or taped closed, and mailed merely by affixing postage and filling in address area on back page."

### decline and fall of the sun-times

Now witness the decline and fall of the Chicago Sun-Times.

The day following its magnificent Thursday issue it gave front-page display to the official version, "Police Action Defended By Daley," but stories on inside pages

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The message was in four clustered items on page 3.

nonetheless effectively told what had happened. Especially noteworthy were four stomach-turning photographs captioned "How One Cop Used His Nightstick," in which a policeman, identified by name and number, was shown delivering an unmerciful beating to a black youth in Old Town. The accompanying metallic text added that "an eyewitness said the attack of the youth was for no apparent reason." The Saturday Sun-Times also reported the official accounts ("Daley Reports Assassination Plot" and "Conisk Gets Daley's Praise") but balanced them with a statement by several medical groups challenging the mayor's claim that "terrorists" had brought "their own brigade of medics" to Chicago. A reporter also interviewed the black young man whose beating had been reported the preceding day and added some details concerning what is an almost daily but generally unreported occurrence. That, however, was to be the last issue of the finest week in the history of the newspaper Marshall Field III had established 27 years earlier.

The results of feverish high-level wits-gathering were strikingly evident in the Sunday Sun-Times. The message was spelled out for all to read in four clustered items on page 3:

Item—A four-column photo showing three girls presenting a cake to a police captain. The girls reportedly had been arrested during the Tuesday disturbances and the gift was "in gratitude for considerate treatment they received when they were arrested."

Item—"HHH Says He Was Marked For Chicago Assassination." Humphrey: "We ought to quit pretending that Mayor Daley did something that was wrong."

Item—Story and photo with the following caption: "From his bed at Mercy Hospital, [a patrolman] describes being hit by a brick during last Wednesday night's demonstration at the Conrad Hilton."

The most significant item of all—"Bailey K. Howard, president of Field Enterprises Newspaper Division, publishers of The Sun-Times and The Daily News, Saturday issued a statement calling for prompt prosecution and appropriate penalties for those individuals among the rioters responsible for physical attacks upon the police."

Yet there are those who deny the existence of an "establishment" and an "orthodox" press that serves its purposes.

No examination of local coverage during the fateful week would be complete without witnessing the edifying transformation of Jack Mabley, assistant managing editor of Chicago's American, from chief cheerleader of Chicago's police to rabid civil libertarian—and then back again.

Before the convention, Mabley's personal columns about the protesters had been filled with incomprehension ("I'm so square that I missed the message") and he had served as a vehicle for the most nonsensical kinds of official pap ("This is what has been threatened: ... Yippies said they would paint cars as independent taxicabs and take delegates away from the city. Yippies' girls would work as hookers and try to attract delegates, and put LSD in their drinks")).

Then his journalistic co-workers began getting the kinds of lumps other citizens had been receiving. In his Wednesday column he suffered only from a slow burn as he related how one of the American reporters was on Wells street, "well away from the park, when a policeman clubbed him to the ground as he shouted his identity and waved his press card. [He] was not interfering with police work. He had been standing on the sidewalk talking with a plain clothes man he knew." Mabley summed up what he had seen:

"[The Sun-Times subsequently omitted one more shout of unorthodox protest, muffled on page 14 of the Sept. 15 issue. A splendid investigative story by Basil Talbott Jr. revealed that "a majority of objects listed as weapons used against police during convention-week disorders were collected from the streets after clashes." He also pointed out that the list included a dozen items (bullhorn, protest signs, marijuana, "Senator McCarthy press pass") that could not be considered weapons and documented the fact that many of the other items were not related to demonstrators or the demonstrations. The most interesting revelation concerned the famous black widow spider weapon, about which much had been made in the Chicago newspapers and by the wire services. According to Talbott, the spider was inventoried after police picked it up from a railroad employe in his auto Sept. 1, after the convention had adjourned. Talbott wrote: "The railroad worker told police a man had tossed a jar containing the spider in his car, shouted 'I've thrown 25 of these in squad cars last week,' and then fled." The orthodox press then threw the black widow at its readers, but don't bother ducking; although poisonous, it was just another police-journalistic hoax. Ask yourself: If you knew about the black widow spider incident, did you know how it really happened?

For those whose travail the cameramen were trying to film when they were "singled out and deliberately chased down" there was "in gratitude for considerate treatment they received when they were arrested."
Following cutline: "Pedestrians caught up in sweep near Conrad Hilton hotel got taste of police state and found explanations futile in a world where reason suddenly stopped."

The headline on the column was "A Horrifying View of the Police State." He was appalled when policemen started beating pedestrians on State street. He was more than appalled at other scenes:

Scores of people under the Palmer House canopy watched in horror as a policeman went animal when a crippled man couldn't get away fast enough. The man hopped with his stick as fast as he could, but the policeman shoved him in the back, then hit him with the nightstick, hit him again, and finally crashed him into a lamppost.

Clergymen, medics, and this cripple were the special pigeons last night. At State and Adams a nightstick cracked open the head of a clergyman who didn’t move fast enough. He was lying in a store doorway, bleeding heavily, when I left. Across the street a policeman cracked a clergyman across the back because he walked instead of ran.

[This is one of the rare references in print or on the air to the fact that the police attacked not only newsmen and photographers but became even more frenzied when confronted by clergymen. Part of the reason may have been that Protestant and Catholic clergymen had formed a "North Side Co-Operative Ministry" to provide lodgings for hundreds of protesters who had been banned from sleeping in Lincoln Park. An incredible episode of unrestrained police behavior occurred Tuesday night in Lincoln Park when about 70 persons, wearing white collars and arm bands to identify them as clergymen, seated themselves around a circle of young men and women who sang songs and spoke quietly under a 12-foot wooden cross that appeared to be made of railroad ties. A few in the group were counterfeit clerics who had obtained the religious garb with the idea it would restrain the police from beating them, an idea they shortly were compelled to abandon. The leaders of the group professed the hope of holding an all-night religious meeting and of serving as a buffer between the police and those who had gathered to protest the war in Vietnam and the conduct of the convention. Any hope they had held that they somehow would be able to prevent the police from acting violently while making arrests vanished as the first clubs smashed against them with what appeared to be particular viciousness. In the days following at Grant Park, many of the most disillusioned and bitter protesters were seminarians.]

In Mabley’s torment, a confession:

It sickens me to write this because I am on the police’s side, and I went out at 1 o’clock yesterday to write exactly what I saw and I was sure it would bring credit to the police.

Finally, he is driven to concern for the constitutional and legal rights of a citizen he despises, followed by a ringing peroration:

No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin, a leader of the radicals, was walking west on Washington, turning onto Dearborn at 10:20. A girl was with him. They were alone. I’d seen Rubin shortly before on State street, just walking with the girl.

An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop beside Rubin. Three men jumped out. “Come on, Jerry, we want you,” one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed “We haven’t done anything! We were just walking.”

An officer grabbed the girl and twirled her around. “You want to come, too?” he shouted.

Rubin now was doubled over beneath two officers. They carried him to the squad car and sped toward State street. The girl stood screaming on the corner.

I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Viet Nam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state.

[What happened to Rubin in the 26 hours after he was picked off the street was reported in the Sept. 6 Los Angeles Free Press: “The three cops came out of the car and pulled me by my hair and pushed me into an unmarked police car and drove away. One cop said, ‘Now that we’ve got you, all the trouble will stop on the streets.’ The other cop said, ‘We’re gonna take you in an alley and take care of you.’ And another cop said, ‘We’re gonna dump you in the river and nobody will ever know the difference.’ They took me to the eighth floor of 11th and State Street, the police department, and prevented me from making a phone call by saying that I was not under arrest but that I was under investigation. These members of the intelligence department of the police said that we had no right coming to Chicago to demonstrate and that they were going to try to put all the leaders in jail for a long, long time. After three hours of interrogation I was charged with disorderly conduct, resisting arrest and ‘solicitation to commit mob action.’ Bail was then set at the astronomical figure of $23,000.” One of the major contributions of the underground press has been its relentless reporting of illegal police behavior, a subject the orthodox press almost never explores and almost always covers up.]

On Friday, however, Mabley was jerked sharply back into line. His column: "Here’s Police Side of Story in City Rioting." The final humiliation on Saturday was complete. His employers again published the photograph that had appeared in his column on Thursday [see above], along with a news story:

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Here is a correction Chicago's American is very happy to make. The caption appearing under the above picture in Thursday's editions was in error.

The caption said that the people involved were victims of the police. This was caused by a transposition of caption material and was inadvertent.

There followed the "corrected" caption:

Police assist brother and sister who were caught in confrontation between Yippies and police Wednesday near Conrad Hilton hotel. Originally, it was believed they were police "victims," but their father has explained that the security men were courteous and trying to protect the pair.

Any way you look at it, whether the first caption was a "mistake" or not, Chicago's American, the shoddy remnant of what was once Hearst's Chicago empire, has no shame.

Chicago's fifth newspaper, the black Daily Defender, gave little coverage to whitey's battle in the streets. Its reporting of the Democratic convention similarly was limited almost exclusively to developments involving black delegates. It rose editorially only once during the convention week, but that was a front-page editorial on Wednesday entitled "Police Brutality." It deplored attacks on newsmen and photographers by Chicago police—"Their reputation for brutality has been established long ago beyond peradventure of a 'mistake'"—but said nothing about the clashes between demonstrators and police. "The charge by various investigating commissions," it concluded, "that police brutality is at the bottom of most urban riots can scarcely be dubbed an irresponsible conclusion when one examines the outlandish conduct of Chicago policemen in recent days."

By Saturday, however, it was back in line with its white journalistic brothers under the skin with a banner headline: "REDS TO BLAME: COP CHIEF," which gave the views of the police director of public information that Communists were responsible for the riots.

editorial screws also tightened

Just as the proprietal screws were tightened on the news columns, which for a few brief shining moments had known glory, the editorials of the newspapers were returned to normal as the week ended. The Chicago Daily News on Tuesday had pointedly noted in an editorial entitled "The law is for cops, too" that reporters "have seen incidents develop from the sheer numbers and visibility of 'the law,' when a lesser number of officers, equally firm, might well have kept the peace and spared broken heads." It also was critical of "a rising number of cases of deliberate savagery by police clubbing down photographers, reporters and television cameramen," and concluded that "all citizens should be law-abiding, including the cops." The following day a local editorial cartoon elaborated the theme, depicting a figure labeled "Chicago Police," with "BRUTAL UNPROVOKED ASSAULTS" lettered across his chest, clubbing a newsman from behind. The caption was "The Daley Clout."

The next day a caustically labeled editorial, "Democracy in Chicago," closed with these words:

But there is more here than a few dozen cracked heads, painful and inexcusable as they may be. Mayor Daley's house is badly awry, and needs to be put in order. Just now the paramount danger is not from hippies, yuppies, or other demonstrators; it is from an establishment that has lost sight, temporarily at least, of the right of all the people to their fundamental freedoms.

Whatever the establishment may have lost sight of, temporarily at least, it had not taken its eyes off what it expected from the Chicago Daily News editorial page. Chastised, the page appeared Saturday and weekly proclaimed: "There's another side." The editorial writer, stripped to the buff, was allowed to keep his fig leaf—for two paragraphs. "We have said before, and say again," he said, "that much of what went on here was inexcusable, that the police overreacted to provocation, and that the hard-line attitude of the city administration, beginning with Mayor Daley, bears a large burden of blame." Enough; off with the fig leaf . . .

That being said, is there another side to the story? We believe there is. And it is important to the life of the city—as well as its reputation—that it be noted. . .

Five paragraphs whitewashing Mayor Daley and the police followed, leading to the conclusion that "many of the critics have overreacted in their way just as some policemen overreacted in theirs." In this fashion was the record set straight, and one should be forgiven the fleeting thought that writing editorials for the Chicago Daily News obviously is not one of the blessed journalistic vocations.

Editorially, Chicago's American went through a similar pattern. On Wednesday it angrily asked "Who Controls the Cops?" and warned the police with no ifs, ands or buts that "we have had it right up to here with the King Kong tactics used by a few of them against newsmen. These attacks are going to stop or there is going to be court action." It noted that it "is also clear that, in most cases, the club-swingers zeroed in on photographers who had taken pictures that might prove embarrassing to the police," although no word of concern was expressed for those particular victims. Then it bravely concluded with a note to those in authority that the newsmen "are not there to make you look either good or bad; they are reporting what happens, whether it makes the Chicago police look like heroes or bums."

The bravura was diminished considerably by the following day when another editorial, "Controversy on the Cops," expressed sympathy for the police who "have been the targets of everything imaginable in the last four days," and concluded: "We have no interest in insulting the Chicago police." Two days of editorial silence followed and then came the Sunday editorial summary, "Police and the Public," calling for "some sober consideration on all sides." The editorial admitted that there were "instances of brutality that cannot be disguised or ignored—repeated, unnecessary clubbing, knee-in-the-groin assaults, three or four policemen
battering a single person,” but then went on with seven paragraphs “on the other side.” Finally, a pathetic last-paragraph confession:

It may well be that the press has paid too little attention in the past to reports of police brutality, and has let a few uniformed thugs get the idea that they’re free to knock people around. If so, that’s over too. Police brutality is now a very live issue in Chicago. How long it stays that way is up to the police.

Consider the threat of court action if attacks on newsmen did not stop—an action that was not undertaken when the attacks on newsmen did not stop—and do not hold your breath while Chicago’s American keeps police brutality a very live issue in Chicago.

massive police power supported

Nor, sadly, was the situation improved in the Chicago Sun-Times, a newspaper that largely succeeds in achieving lively, well-edited news columns and then produces one of the flabbest editorial pages of any metropolitan newspaper in the United States. Not without justice has it been observed that Mayor Daley could not exist in a city with a St. Louis Post-Dispatch; it is the Sun-Times that should fulfill this duty but it has abdicated. Its editorial on the morning of the opening of the convention, for example, included side-by-side photographs of the barbed wire outside the Amphitheater and a wire fence in Miami Beach and contended that the security measures in Chicago “are the same as those that were taken at Miami Beach for the Republican convention.” That asinine observation drew what charitably can be described as snorts from reporters who had been to both places. And although Chicago indisputably had the atmosphere of an armed camp, the Sun-Times berated “the TV networks and others, who because of anger at the mayor over not being able to have their own way, have misrepresented, Chicago as having the atmosphere of an armed camp.”

After the clubbing of newsmen, the Sun-Times in an editorial, “The Police And The Press,” reaffirmed its support of “the plans of Mayor Daley and Police Supt. Conlisk to use massive police power to preserve order on the city streets” but warned that the “force, however, must not be indiscriminate, used against every person on the scene of disorder.” It then went on with a stirring protest of the beatings suffered by two Sun-Times men and other representatives of the press, without even a suggestion that the police ought to stop clubbing other law-abiding citizens. On Friday it reconsidered the omission and lashed at the authorities in an editorial, “The Rule Of Law For All.” The rule of law, now, “applies to those who are authorized to enforce the law.” Convention officials who in the Sun-Times previously held opinion had been doing no more than what was done at Miami Beach are told, now, that “oppressive and excessive security checks that have no place in an open convention share responsibility for the ugly mood that permeated the hall.” Comparisons of Chicago with Prague, which had been called “extreme” and “farfetched” in two editorials earlier in the week, come quickly to mind, now, as “pictures of police fighting the mob of invading peace protesters were like a newsreel from a police state such as Prague.” Good Friend Police Supt. Conlisk, who had received the strong support of the Sun-Times editorial page “to use massive police power to preserve order on the city streets,” is informed, now, that the Sun-Times editorial page did not mean “to turn the police ranks themselves into a melee of club-swinging individuals subject to no discipline.” Good Friend Mayor Daley, applauded earlier for his wonderful convention arrangements and for taking “proper precautions by making a visible display of police and military manpower,” is told in no uncertain terms, now, that he “must share the blame for what has happened to his city’s reputation.”

After that performance, the Sun-Times could not be expected to sink again soon to such depths, but on Sunday its sole editorial comment on the extraordinary times through which Chicago had just passed was as follows:

We Pause
For A Message . . .
Now that the Democratic Convention is over . . .
Good Night, Chet.
Good Night, David.
AND
Good-by
Walter Cronkite.

[Little wonder that a group of about 65 Chicago daily newspapermen organized to publish the Chicago Journalism Review (5000 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 60615, $5 a year) soon after the battle of Chicago. The first issue in October set the publication’s formal purpose, to provide “an uncompromisingly professional analysis of the press and its problems,” but the appeal for editorial contributions was more earthy: “Newsmen, we need your help. If you’re sulking in frustration over a killed story—if you have a gripe about an editor’s—or reporter’s—news judgment or about the general treatment of a news event—you now have an outlet. Don’t cry over a beer or grumble to your peers—write it down and call us up.” It especially protested that “all too often, the media act in conspiracy with the news manipulators—not through back-room deals and explicit conspiracies, but through the conspiracies of silence, Chicago-style cynicism, and formula journalism which doesn’t rock the boat (Example: ‘Mayor Daley Monday unveiled bold new plans for a new ____’).” If the working press of other major cities had a similar review, or if a national publication of this kind could be published, as some of us have been urging for years, many of the problems of press performance could be aired. The foundations, especially those with publishers on their boards, essentially are interested in preserving or only insignificantly altering the status quo and have been resolutely cold to such proposals. The Columbia Journalism Review, which in early issues

Montana Journalism Review
...the fantasy world of Chicago's incredible Tribune.

showed promise of at least partially fulfilling this function, has become a tame organ indeed, and Nieman Reports, published at Harvard, has abandoned the role it served as a critical appraiser of the press. No coincidence, despite public pronouncements that the Columbia Journalism Review was free from institutional censorship, is the fact that the man responsible for the birth of the publication, Edward W. Barrett, has resigned as dean of the Graduate School of Journalism after fundamental disagreements with the Columbia trustees and administration.

III

The precautions were taken because the city received many warnings from radical leftists, student groups, and black power zealots. They threatened to have a million or more demonstrators here for the purpose of disrupting the convention and the life of the city.


In the fantasy world of Chicago's incredible Tribune, every act of God or man is made to conform to an elaborately constructed journalistic masquerade. The warped, distorted view of the world that Robert R. McCormick pressed to its mangiest cats out of its editorial bag in an editorial Dec. 23 when, in the process of denouncing an individual whose views it despises, it tellingly added: "... nor is he going to be very sympathetic to attempts to maintain law and the existing order." Witness: Not to maintain order (Webster's Second: "Order—conformity to law or decorum; freedom from disturbance; general tranquillity; public quiet; rule of law or proper authority; as to preserve order in a community"), but the entirely different matter of maintaining the existing order. Rarely has the Tribune doctrine on dissent been so clearly enunciated.

For another example, the Tribune constantly tries to make believe Chicago suffers no unusual crime problem—"First of all," it contended in the "Whose Riot?" editorial, "Chicago is normally a peaceful and orderly city, disturbed at times by professional crime which is the bane of all urban centers." Nonetheless, the Chicago Crime Commission, after examining the real world, insisted on concluding that crime is one of the most flourishing trades in town, a fact easily accepted by anyone who knows anything about Chicago. The Tribune also likes to pretend it was easy for dissenters to "hire a hall and let off steam" or to demonstrate peacefully preceding and during the convention, when the facts are that Mayor Daley, assisted by the courts, saw to it that theaters, stadiums and other assembly points were not available. For instance, the pro-McCarthy Coalition for an Open Convention, after seeking permission for several weeks to hold a peaceful rally at Soldier Field on the Sunday night before the convention, was turned down in its petition to Federal District Judge William J. Lynch. He also ruled that when the city agreed to an afternoon rally in Grant Park and "offered alternate routes for a march" it had "acted in a reasonable and nondiscriminatory manner so as to preserve public safety and convenience without deprivation of any first amendment guarantees of free speech and public assembly." The Tribune applauded those rulings.

Lynch is Mayor Daley's former law partner. He also figured in another interesting case. The Youth International party had filed suit to force the city to allow visitors to sleep in Lincoln Park during the "Festival of Life," but withdrew it before the convention opened. Standing before Lynch, Yippie Abbie Hoffman explained...
who would cover the convention but neglected to include an extraordinary concession to modesty on the part of the "World's Greatest Newspaper." It listed the 13 persons who would cover the convention but neglected to include the name of anyone assigned to cover possible disorders, although the front-page story that same day had suggested strongly that disorders by what it called "peaceniks" were likely. As it turned out, readers had no difficulty discovering that security and disorder stories clearly were the province of one Ronald Koziol, a writer steeped in the Tribune's tradition of unremitting irrelevance and calculated viciousness.

On Monday the Tribune slightly stepped up its coverage. A front-page headline stated that "Police Repel Jeering Mob of Peaceniks," and in the story the protesters were called "peaceniks" (three times), "radicals" (twice), and "radical detachment," "anti-war demonstrators," "demonstrators," "hippies, yippies and other radical groups," and "hippie-clad people." No mention of police clubbing demonstrators was made in the story or in the cutlines accompanying four demure photographs. Mention was made of a Tribune automobile that was stoned and a Tribune reporter who was "pelted" but not seriously hurt, both by demonstrators. The one-column headline and story appeared next to a three-column color photograph of Mayor and Mrs. Richard J. Daley, "Host and Hostess," holding hands. On page 9 was the headline, "Mayor Finds Time to Be a Host, Father; His Honor Seems to Be Everywhere," which accurately reflected the tone, quality and content of the long story. The daily index of the news failed to include the events in Lincoln Park and environs as one of the eight important local stories of the preceding day, although they had been reported on the front page.

The Tuesday Tribune continued to play down the fact of convention week disorders, burying a short story under a one-column headline on the fifth page. Throughout the fanciful account, which differed extensively from what non-Tribune reporters saw, five separate references were made to injuries reportedly suffered by policemen while no mention was made of injuries to "hippies," which is what the demonstrators were called throughout. A second story, also under a one-column headline, briefly reported that "more newsmen were injured in the battles between hippies and police early today than either demonstrators or lawmen," and dismissed in one paragraph the "vigorous protests" filed by officials of the three television networks, the Sun-Times and the Daily News. (Chicago's American also had protested, according to itself, the Sun-Times and the Daily News, but it is owned by the Tribune and therefore could be omitted in the Tribune's fantasy-world reporting.)

While the three other major Chicago daily newspapers were furiously reporting what had happened Tuesday in Chicago, the Wednesday Tribune kept its cool. It ran a weird tale of the flushing of Lincoln Park which included the information that the protesters were "hippies, yippies, and other nondescripts." It referred to "50 Negroes wearing patches identifying them as Black Panthers, the California black nationalist group," a scoop of monumental proportions since no other reporter in Chicago mentioned their presence. Its readers also were treated to the following wildly simplified account of the Lyndon Johnson "un-birthday party":

Before the largest group of hippies left the Coliseum, at 1513 Wabash ave., [Note the splendid example of significant detail] they were whipped up by provocative speeches made by Dick Gregory, comedian and civil rights worker; Allen Ginsberg, hippie poet; William Burroughs, author; and Jean Genet, French writer.

The theme of the speeches was vigorously against the Chicago police [], comparing them with Russian troops occupying Prague. At one point folk singer Phil Ochs sang an anti-war song called "We Won’t Go Marching Anymore" [sic] and his performance was greeted with a 10-minute ovation and the burning of what were said to be draft cards by about a dozen persons in the audience.

Other stories contained other goodies: "While the yuppies, hippies, dippies, and others were massing in the south end of Lincoln Park . . . ," and "Dick Gregory, who insists that he is a candidate for president . . . " Six photographs purportedly covered the action in and near Lincoln Park, but none showed police hitting demonstrators and one was captioned "Hippie Attacks Policeman." And in what surely was sufficient to set the authors of "The Front Page" whirring in their graves, a paragraph in another story pathetically revealed how one newswoman coped with his problem:

A Tribune reporter who was at the melee in Lincoln park early yesterday reported that police told him that he would get his "head busted" if he continued to stay near the demonstration. At one point, he said, he had to ask a police lieutenant for protection against policemen with night sticks.

Whether that stark incident was the spark that ignited the Tribune's sudden concern about police behavior must remain moot to anyone outside the Tribune Tower. Nonetheless, the Tribune listed the names of newsmen reportedly beaten by the police and ran a story and photograph of Dan Rather being punched in an exercise of security precautions at the convention. Yet another story said editors of the three other daily newspapers in Chicago had sent telegrams to the superintendent of police protesting the beatings of their reporters. Apparently the Tribune, although unwilling to join in the protest, joined in the subsequent meeting with

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the art of understatement

Thus driven, the Tribune editorially denounced "Bad Judgment by the Police," which turned out to be a denunciation of "the rowdy demonstrations conducted by the hippies, yuppies, and other young punks who have gathered in Chicago by the thousands." Again demonstrating its mastery of the art of understatement, it suggested: "Their presence is unnecessary for the work of the Democratic national convention, which they apparently are trying to influence." It expressed concern for the safety of newsmen, announced its solidarity with the editors who had requested an investigation by the police superintendent and concluded with the following paragraph, presented in its entirety and without comment:

The press is not the enemy of the police force; it is the policeman's friend. Policemen so lacking in judgment that they needlessly beat up a representative of the press don't belong on the police force.

On Thursday, Aug. 29, 1968, that remarkable day in the history of Chicago journalism, even the Chicago Tribune told its readers—briefly, in three paragraphs buried deep in a news story—what its police had been up to. Under a six-column front-page headline, "Cops, Hippies War in Street," played second only to the Humphrey nomination, a hint of something unusual in Tribune coverage came in the last sentence of the eighth paragraph: "The police waded into the crowd." Then came the stunning ninth and eleventh paragraphs:

Many convention visitors and others watched the battle from upper windows of the hotel. Many were appalled at what they considered unnatural enthusiasms of the police for the job of arresting demonstrators. There were cries of "Cut it out... don't hurt him... how can you do this?" from hotel windows... Some observers said the demonstrators were caught between two groups of police which, instead of pushing them back into Grant park, were squeezing the demonstrators between police lines. Neither of the police groups was aware of what the other was doing.

Elsewhere the Tribune carried eight photographs of street and park action, but none showed the police doing anything to which any reasonable person might take exception. In other stories the names of 29 policemen reported injured during the preceding day were announced, and "Police Injure 6 More Newsmen" told, among other harassments of journalists, about a Tribune photographer arrested after he took a picture of a magazine photographer being arrested. Although the Tribune man reportedly was released soon after being taken to central police headquarters and no mention was made of his film being confiscated, the photograph he took was not published. If it was in focus it unquestionably would have been more revealing than any of the eight selected for inclusion in the Thursday Tribune.

Another story, "Hilton Hotel Has Wartime Appearance," included a sentence that simply was a lie: "A group of demonstrators smashed a window of the Haymarket bar facing Michigan avenue and 15 to 20 were able to clamber thru into the Hilton before police stopped them." As anyone knows who was there, and all media except the Tribune reported, the window was broken by pressure of bystanders who were charged and clubbed by police.

In another curious example of Tribune reporting, a photograph of Dick Gregory and Mark Lane captioned "Write-In Candidates" and a story of a press conference held by them were carried on page 22. Somehow the Tribune reporter got the idea that Gregory was announcing his candidacy for the presidency, which he had in fact done 16 months earlier. Nonetheless, in the story the only title granted to Gregory was "comedian." Since the gist of the story was that Gregory predicted a Republican victory in November, it fit neatly into the Tribune's fantasy world.

The lead editorial of the day, "'Fortress Chicago,'" complained that "television commentators and some newspaper writers are making a great fuss about the security measures taken for the Democratic national convention." (News item eight days earlier in Chicago Tribune, Aug. 21: "When asked if he anticipated trouble, Daley replied: 'No, we don't anticipate or expect it unless certain commentators and columnists cause trouble.'") The editorial then repeated the literally endless litany that "it was necessary to mobilize the national guard, federal troops, and many federal agents to keep order" because "radical leftists, student groups, and black power zealots... had plans to ignite widespread rioting." Again it ignored the issue, which was not primarily the security measures but the illegal excesses to which the police had resorted. The Tribune long ago mastered the technique of evading the point and focusing attention on another point; a long row of straw men parades constantly through the fantasy world.

On Friday the Tribune unleashed itself as only the Tribune can. It took to the front page for an editorial, "Chicago: A Great City," addressed to "delegates and visitors who have been in Chicago during the week of the Democratic national convention." They were promptly informed that Chicago is a beautiful city with a lakefront setting and lovely parks, fine hotels, superior restaurants, among the best universities, museums and cultural life, an enterprising and energetic business community and working population, and good, responsible and decent Americans. In the last paragraph the delegates were urged to
"come back again" so that they could "appreciate our city and its people as they really are." Sandwiched between those two slices was the baloney: "This orderly city has been beset by a "bearded, dirty, lawless rabble" and has responded with "such force as was necessary to repel them."

In a monstrous understatement it maintained that "Chicago responded with "such force as was necessary to repel them."

In another of its inexplicable eccentricities, the Tribune followed instructions. The guardsmen kept demonstrators confined to the east sidewalk of Michigan avenue.

"Use your rifle butts. Move them back," came the order to guardsmen over a loudspeaker.

That was what had happened. Two days later the Tribune decided that its reporter had not seen what had happened. The fantasy world of Sunday will be examined shortly.

In another of its inexplicable eccentricities, the Tribune decided in this story to identify Dick Gregory for probably the first time in its news columns as "Negro candidate for president," after consistently contending that he was nothing more than a "comic," a "comedian," a "civil rights activist" or, at best, a man "who insists that he is a candidate for president."

The Chicago Tribune was not alone. One of the better-kept secrets of the orthodox press in the 1968 presidential campaign was the candidacy of Dick Gregory, who was nothing more than a "Negro activist" to Life, a "night club entertainer" to David Brinkley, and a "Negro comic" to the wire services. The announcement of his candidacy was news in many overseas newspapers, but the wire services, presumably the press of the United States, ignored it or laughed it off. The London Observer, for example, in its Sept. 8, 1968, issue identified Gregory as an active candidate and concluded of his write-in campaign for the presidency: "Anyone who thinks this must be some kind of irrelevant gimmick is very much mistaken." Among the many peculiarities of domestic press coverage of Gregory is the fact that soon after the Chicago convention when Mike Wallace interviewed Attorney General Ramsey Clark on the first program of the CBS television series "60 Minutes," his first question was: "Dick Gregory had been openly and actively a candidate since April, 1967. He had the buttons to prove it; he had a platform which had a Preamble and Pledge and planks on Moral Pollution, Vietnam, Welfare and Poverty, Unemployment, Starvation in America, Voting Rights, Gun Law and Veterans; he had a considerable volunteer campaign staff; he had the mandatory paperback, "Write me in!"; he was on the ballot in several states and a write-in candidate in the others; yet the white press persisted in calling him a comedian and entertainer. Lester Maddox ran a restaurant and got himself elected governor and when he declared himself a candidate for the presidency he was given national television coverage and the front pages of almost every newspaper in the country. He subsequently withdrew, of course, but in the meantime he was briefed by the President of the United States and had a Secret Service detail to usher him around. Gregory asked the President for briefings and some protection—which he genuinely needs—and he got a brushoff. Who's funny? Joseph Heller said it all: Dick Gregory, meet Yossarian."

Two other front-page stories parroted the official line: "Daley Backs Cops' Action; Planned Disruption Is Cited," and "Demonstrator's Seized Diary Details Plan to Disrupt City." Pages 4 and 5 were devoted almost entirely to the disorders. "Cops Pressed Beyond Limit, They Assert; Charge News Reports Favor Demonstrators" was a by-lined piece 17 inches long, followed by a wire story from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in which a policeman there said Chicago officers "let down the many honest policemen thruout the nation." It was two inches long. "Actor Asserts He Did Not See Cop Brutality" was Ralph Bellamy's view that the disorders were "started by dissenters" and directed "from out-
...a final soaring flight into the Tribune's private Elysium.

side." Then there was "Girl Arrested for Peddling Pot to Hippies," which was a story out of Grant Park, and "Lady Bird's Aid Jabs Needle Into TV News," which was the apologia of the press secretary to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson ("Frankly," said Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter at a Democratic women's luncheon, "I like the politics of happiness a heck of a lot better than the politics of hipness, yipiness, or whatever it is over in Grant park trying to take over this convention"). "Violence, Not HHH, Big News in Britain" was a Tribune correspondent's contribution from London accurately reporting the hostile reaction of the British press to events in Chicago, followed by stories of reactions in Moscow and Saigon. "Police Do Excellent Job, Dirksen Says" was nine inches of local interview enterprise, and "Court Curbs Cop Squeeze on Press Here" was 14 inches of concern for newsmen. "Negro Leader Blames Whites for 'Police Brutality'" was the first of seven items on the police action (five against, two for).

The remainder of the coverage, extensive by Tribune standards since it had played down disorders until they no longer could be ignored, was a journalistic smorgasbord emphasizing support for Daley and the police: "HHH Defends Tight Convention Security," "Most Callers Praise Daley for Tough Stand on Rioters," "Daley Now Symbolizes Dems' Rift," (giving more of the mayor's views on events outside the convention); George C. Wallace praises Chicago police for their "restraint" in coping with demonstrators; Governor Agnew condemns both the "provocations" of demonstrators and "to some extent, an overreaction on the part of the Chicago police"; and a list of arrested persons ("Large Minority From Out of Town" said the deck, which means at least that a majority was from in town).

The Saturday Tribune concentrated on a long "dramatic account of operations of the Youth International Party" by an undercover policeman, a television interview in which "Mayor Daley supported TRIBUNE reports on the plots on the lives of Vice President Humphrey and Senators George McGovern and Eugene McCarthy," and a Tribune reporter's story announcing that "Riot Diary Names 38 Hard-Core Reds."

In the weeks following the convention hardly a day passed without the news pages being used for a running defense of Mayor Daley and the police. Worthy of special note is the issue of Sunday, Sept. 1, a collector's item. On the first and second pages appeared a summary and analysis of the convention by the Tribune's political writer, Willard Edwards, who must be read regularly to be fully savoried. "Daley," he concluded, "emerged as a central figure at the convention, saving it from utter chaos on at least two occasions. He was often the target of booing but on the final night when he showed up on the podium with Humphrey, he was given a thunderous acclamation." No mention, of course, of the galleries packed with the mayor's City of Chicago employees who did much of the thunderous acclaiming, a fact that did not escape the attention of other newsmen who covered the story. He quoted Senator Abraham Ribicoff as saying: "With McGovern, we wouldn't have a national guard," which is about as close as a Tribune analyst is expected to come. (What Ribicoff said was: "With George McGovern as president, we wouldn't have Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago.") The uncanny recital also would have us believe that at the end of the Tuesday session "the Wisconsin delegation which, with New York and California, seemed intent upon provoking chaos, sought to adjourn the proceedings until the following afternoon." The delegations got their way, he pointed out, when the permanent chairman "saw Daley drawing his finger across his throat in a signal to adjourn." Then follows one of the startling insights of our times, proving that in the fantasy world no dream can be too wild: "If Albert had permitted it to continue, his apparent intention, until a pre-dawn vote, the consequences might have been fatal. The peace advocates, moved by a zeal of fanatic proportions, might have prevailed because of absentees among administration supporters." It was, of course, the peace-plank advocates who furiously sought adjournment until the next day, and it was Mayor Daley who finally was reluctantly forced to give the necessary signal. The fabrication, incredible as it may be, becomes even more ludicrous in the light of Edwards' own by-lined account in the preceding Wednesday. Tribune, which stated bluntly and accurately that "a leader of the insurgent minority against the Viet Nam plank never be wrong; thus it became, in a final soaring flight into the Tribune's private Elysium, Mayor Richard J. Daley's brilliant tactical maneuver that made it possible for "administration strategists to mobilize their forces" and defeat the peace plank the following day.

The remainder of page 2, with the exception of one story, was devoted to post-convention coverage from a dedicated point of view. The headlines:

Hippies Frolic on a Serene Du Page Farm; Cops Protect Leaders of Riot Horrors
Court Action Asked Against Leftist Chiefs
Leftists Plan College Riots, Hoover Warns
Viet Vet Hails Suppression of Mob Here
Daley's Wife Is His No. 1 Fan
Call Guard 'Cool' Under Attack

It was in the story about the "coolness" of the National Guard that the Tribune went out of its way to rewrite the record. In its Friday issue two days earlier, as pointed out...
above, it had correctly reported that guardsmen had used rifle butts to disperse a protest march south of Grant Park. By Sunday, however, the lie is set with an appalling de-

When a mob of demonstrators assaulted the troops when trying to pass thru their line across Michigan avenue at 18th street Thursday, the troops drove them back with minimum force, newsmen observed, using tear gas effectively to break up the mob without resorting to outright clubbing with their rifles.

*Tribune* employs require no special antennae to pick up the managerial signal that everyone is expected to follow the official line. Writers stray no farther from the proclaimed dogma than do writers on *Pravda* or * Izvestia,* to which the *Tribune* bears several resemblances. On the beam, for example, was its television columnist who was never far behind the editorial writers in bemoaning television’s violent intrusion into the fantasy world; on one occasion he de-

We have in our hands [a phrase familiar to all who lived through the 1950s] a copy of a hippie battle plan intended to block the deployment of national guardsmen from the Chicago avenue armory and its immediate neighborhood. It demonstrates the hand of a professional agitator.

The plan involves using wooden horses to divert traffic from Lake Shore drive into the armory area to create confusion. It involves flattening tires and stalling cars at the armory vehicle exits to destroy the guard’s mobility. It involves opening fire hydrants to furnish water for first aid in case of tear gas attacks. And it describes escape routes thru alleys and passageways. . . .

And on Sunday, a hippie pamphlet announced, “There will be a demonstration of police brutality at 11 p.m. tonight.” Was somebody thinking about provoking the police? Are these the plans of “peaceful” demonstrators?

When someone is that far out of it, there is no hope that he can be brought back.

*This account must necessarily include reference to the conduct of the Chicago Tribune in the days following the issuance of the Walker Report, “Rights in Conflict,” which termed the events of the convention week a “police riot.” The Tribune practice of using its news columns to puff up persons it likes and punish (and preferably, destroy) persons it doesn’t like can be documented in almost any issue. It set out to discredit Daniel Walker and the Walker Report with a single-minded vengeance rarely equaled in American journalistic history. Following are the front-page headlines of the one-star editions between Dec. 3 and Dec. 10:

- Ad Sought Testimony for Report; Berkeley Students Solicited for Facts on Disorders Here
- Mayor Supports Police; Quiz Aid Admits Ad Role
- RIOT REPORT HIT BY JUDGE (Banner)
  - Suggest Probe of Motives and Timing of Quiz
- Walker Report Cost Disclosed as $86,000
- RIOT REPORT FIGHT GROWS (Banner)
  - Clark Denies Editing Summary;
    - Document Mine, Walker Vows
- Ignored, Says Riot Expert; Tells How Testimony Was Brushed Off
- Study’s Role in Democrat Split Is Told; Called Weapon for Daley Foes
- Walker Broke Word: Judge

It reached a journalistic nadir, even for the Tribune, in the Dec. 10 six-column headline—“Walker Broke Word: Judge”—and the accompanying by-lined story. Federal District Judge William J. Campbell was quoted as saying Walker “went back on his word to me.” Nowhere in the 22-paragraph story was Walker allowed to reply to or comment on the charge. But buried in the eighth paragraph is a quotation from Judge Campbell: “When I reminded him of the agreement, he said he had made no agreement.”

**IV**

Mrs. Humphrey said the Chicago protesters had received entirely too much attention, presumably from the press, radio and television. She said that they were “noisy and rude.” And she said she, her husband and their children certainly wanted to hear young America’s views, but that they already were aware of them.

“Our youngsters are all over talking with young exe-


The primary journalistic—and ultimately, perhaps, his-

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during the past decade, to describe and interpret what has been happening in the United States and in the world.*
The "orthodox" press, essentially satisfied with the prevailing conditions of life, has resisted or ignored the inequities of our society and has attempted to perpetuate governmental, economic and social abuses. It is not enough to open the columns and the electronic channels for a few hours or days to report what is really happening as they were opened during the battle of Chicago; the reports Americans saw and heard in much of the orthodox media should be their steady diet. Significantly, the "underground" newspapers had little to add to what happened in what it termed "Chicago" except for accounts of speeches delivered in Lincoln and Grant parks. In effect, by doing its job, the orthodox media briefly made the underground press irrelevant.

No valid purpose is served by attempting to analyze the political situation in the United States as most editorial writers, columnists and commentators employed by the orthodox press persist in viewing it. It is an acute form of journalistic self-deception (which, especially in recent years, has been the gravest single sin of commission by our press) to write and speak of Democrats and Republicans, Wallaceites and McCarthyites, or the maneuverings and machinations of politicians and bureaucrats as if these are the significant and ultimately crucial divisions in our society. It emphatically is not simplistic to suggest that the central political fact of our times is that there are only two sides: Those who do not want to see any fundamental change in the status quo are pitted violently against those who find the status quo intolerable. Of course there are degrees and nuances on both sides, but it is useless to deny that when large numbers of our citizens are frustrated and angry with the established system, those who are not on their side are against them. Thus: "You are either part of the problem or part of the solution."

[And there, on the last page of Newsweek, is poor Stewart Alsop's column which begins: "There is no more dismaying experience for a political writer than being confronted with an important political phenomenon he really doesn't understand. I had this experience on a Wednesday afternoon during Chicago's hell week." Intended to be a disarming admission, it is in fact a damning indictment. All he had done was cross the street from the Hilton Hotel to Grant Park, there to stage his personal confrontation with the political realities of contemporary America. And how does he view the scene? He sees with the same old eyes he has used for years, in which everything is adjusted to the context of traditional (and essentially trivial) political maneuvering. He suggests that we always have had a "generational conflict" and right now we have one because a kid, if he's 18, has "passively watched a television screen for some 22,000 hours" (if you think this is all made up, see for yourself on page 108 of Newsweek, Sept. 16, 1968), and we suffer from affluence, to which other empires have succumbed, "vide the Roman Empire." Then the peroration: Something bad is happening—"some political poison, some Virus X"—that "is beyond the capacity of the middle-aged to understand, or the young to explain." Finally, he is staggered by the possibilities: "In Chicago, for the first time in my life, it began to seem to me possible that some form of American Fascism may really happen here." (He stopped there, choosing not to roast the one remaining chestnut: Huey Long's observation that if Fascism ever came to the United States it would come in the name of Americanism.) It should be added, however, that Alsop is no more irrelevant than many other political columnists and columnists who have demonstrated in their premises and their conclusions that they live in a world of political phenomena they really don't understand, a world that has swept past them, a world to which they respond rationally, burdened by experience that no longer applies and accrued wisdom that provides no answers to current questions. To point out that Eric Sevareid, for example, to the very moment of this writing has never had a beginning understanding of what the dissent movement is all about is to state the obvious. If one accepts the frame of reference and the pattern of logic of the politician in the traditional posture of "making it," one cannot understand and thereby interpret even a Eugene McCarthy, much less an Abbie Hoffman. And it matters not whether the columnist is "liberal" or "conservative." Examine the following:

—After the dust had settled in Chicago, Newsweek columnist Kenneth Crawford saw the whole thing as a television plot in which the networks were out to get his boys. In what must rank among the most paranoid pronouncements on the entire Chicago affair, Crawford pondered what would have happened "had Daley acted on the notion he once entertained of supporting Kennedy instead of Humphrey." Wondrous things would have happened, Crawford concluded. Television reporters would have made no references to mysterious security men following them around; excuses would have been found for police excesses and the news would have been spread that "Ribicoff's innocents were responding to agitators bent upon raiding the convention's hall or at least its biggest hotel." Of such stuff is nonsense fabricated. But there was in Crawford's column a single startlingly suggestive sentence, which revealed far more than he probably had intended; finally, he wrote, if Daley had appeased the networks by rejecting Humphrey and adopting Edward Kennedy, "parallels would have been found between the Chicago riots and earlier bloodlettings decreed and brought off by some of the
same leaders at the Pentagon and at Columbia." He obviously asked for the good old days when dissenters got what was coming to them with the full approval of the networks and the print media, including the news magazine that publishes his column.

—Max Lerner, smarting over criticism of coverage of the week in Chicago, was driven in his fashion to examine the deficiencies of the American press and came up with an extraneous assortment of failures. "Mostly," he wrote, "our sins are lack of analysis in depth, lack of venturesomeness in the realm of ideas, lack of historical background, a tendency to treat every isolated event as equal to every other event in a kind of democracy of news, a fear of hurting fat cats, a chasing-off after every new fad and a vulgarization of sensitivity and taste." Note that in every case with the possible exception of one—"a fear of hurting fat cats"—be averted his eyes from the major flaws of the news media. This frustrated and frustrating analysis was so palpably meretricious that it was, of course, picked up and run in Time magazine. And the way it was run tells all that anyone needs to know about that particular publication. It not only altered Lerner's words within quotation marks, but without showing ellipsis put a period after "democracy of news" and then went on to quote other parts of the column. Thus Time readers were not informed of Lerner's other listed sins of the press—"a fear of hurting fat cats, a chasing-off after every new fad and a vulgarization of sensitivity and taste." The editors of Time know when someone is hitting too close to home.

—James J. Kilpatrick, one of the leading exponents of the right-wing viewpoint: "If the police and troops had not done their job, these pug-ugly scavengers would have torn the Hilton to the ground," a sentence that leaves even more unanswered questions than usual for our friend from the South. "Almost no one," he concluded incredulously, "has said thanks to the mayor and thanks to the cops. I do." If he meant that almost no one had witnessed the horror in Chicago had afterwards dropped by to thank the police, he certainly was correct; but if he meant that approving letters, telegrams and telephone calls had not flooded Mayor Daley's office and police headquarters, he was badly misinformed.

Some columnists and commentators of the orthodox media, on the other hand, went out on the streets to see what was happening and reported the story. Notable among these was John S. Knight, editorial chairman of the Knight newspapers, who probably has been more accurate down through the years about the war in Vietnam than any other American journalist and who has demonstrated a remarkable understanding of young people and what is happening in this country. He is, unfortunately, a rarity among publishers ("I know from personal observation," he later wrote, "that some of the editors who defended Daley to the hilt never left their safe shelters in the Hilton Hotel"). In his interpretive coverage of Chicago, he emphasized that most of the demonstrators were "of good presence and surprisingly well dressed . . . in no way resembled the hippies and yuppies of the cartoons . . . displayed no hostility and were eager to talk when not chanting anti-war songs and slogans." He wrote that for his part he "could not see that their assembling in the park constituted any threat to anyone. The police took another view. . . . Abuse of police power only raised tensions when a firm but fair policy could have controlled any real or threatened mob action. . . . If these kids came to their rally skeptical of government and duly constituted authority, they must have left it completely disillusioned on all counts." The hostile response to Mr. Knight's views predictably was heavy, but the following Sunday in his weekly "Notebook" he held firm, continuing to deplore "the overkill used by Chicago police in clubbing innocent people." Another exception to the columnar pap poured daily into the editorial pages of the orthodox press was Tom Wicker, whose lucid and accurate analyses from Chicago under deadline pressures emphasized both the specific and general significance of unleashed and unrestricted police power. A few ex-
The news media have helped to stifle reforms and perpetuate injustices.

cerpts: "The marchers were political dissidents, some radical, most idealistic, determined to exercise the right of free speech and free assembly and—as Edmund Muskie recognized in his acceptance speech—to have something to say about the kind of future they will inherit. . . . Contrary to Humphrey's banalities, the lesson is that raw, uncollected police power is not the answer to anything. It is not the answer to the race problem, which is real, nor the answer to the crisis of American youth, which also is real. It is the last resort, instead, of angry and fearful old men who see 'order' as a rigid freezing of the America they have made, and who think 'law' has no higher function than to preserve that order. . . ."

Still another columnist (now lost to the profession) who on the occasion of the nomination of the Democratic candidate for president chose the streets instead of the convention ball was Jimmy Breslin. He looked back on 20 years of "having policemen in the family, riding with policemen in cars, drinking with them, watching them work in demonstrations and crowds in cities all over the world," and concluded that "the performance of the police of Chicago on Michigan Avenue last night was the worst one I ever have seen." He documented his case fully.

a rarely spoken truth

And it is time, too, for recognition of the stark, naked but almost never spoken truth that hundreds—perhaps thousands—of reporters and copy editors and even editors who draw their pay from the owners of the orthodox press are disgusted with the policies of their employers, but the economic necessities of their situation force them to vent their frustrations in the bars, in letters to friends, in their homes or wherever they gather with fellow professionals. What, finally, can they do? Where, finally, can they go? With the underground papers that display at least some significant measure of decency, fairness and respectability—they have discovered they still are up against editors and publishers who order stories killed, or buried, or covered up when the pressures of the business community or the country club are applied. The men and women of the working press know better than anyone the truth of A. J. Liebling's essentially accurate aphorism that without a school for publishers no school of journalism can have meaning.

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All of us need desperately to look with fresh eyes at some of the ways in which the news media have helped to stifle reforms and perpetuate injustices. Until illegal and brutal conduct by some members of police forces is reported regularly in our press, the residents of our ghettos and those who seek legitimate redress of grievances will continue to suffer at the hands of their tormentors. What Americans saw and read during those four days in Chicago is a 24-hour reality every day, perhaps in lesser quantity but in undiminished quality, in hundreds of localities. The police reporters know it, the city editors know it, the editors and the publishers know it. It is known to many of those who control the content of magazines, radio and television. Many persons have died or suffered terribly from mistreatment, but only the underground press reports it regularly. It has been the unwritten code of the orthodox press that stories of police beating up people or otherwise violating the law don't get into the paper—unless, of course, the scandal becomes so obvious, as the not-so-funny joke has it, that people are afraid to call the police.

[One of the few blessings emerging from the events in Chicago was the massive breakthrough made in police reporting not only by newspapers and wire services but by magazines. Especially noteworthy among the news magazines was Newsweek, which in contrast to its limited and orthodox coverage of the march on the Pentagon the preceding October reported and interpreted at length what had occurred in Chicago. "Miraculously," Newsweek stated, "no one was killed by Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's beefy cops, who went on a sustained rampage unprecedented outside the reconstructed boondocks of Dixie. 'Kill 'em! Kill 'em!' they shouted as they charged the baron-secum mobs of hippies, yuppies, peace demonstrators and innocent onlookers in the parks and on the streets outside the convention headquarters hotel, the vast Conrad Hilton. Time and again, the police singled out reporters and photographers for clubbing—attacking more than a score. . . . In the midst of all the bloodletting, a middle-aged man in a dark business suit pleaded with an onrushing cop. 'I'm only watching,' he cried. 'You don't belong here, you bastard,' retorted the cop—and clubbed him across the shoulder. . . . Pushed up against a wall by a phalanx of cops, a pretty blonde begged for mercy. No one listened. Instead, a group of police prodded her in the stomach with their clubs, sending her to her knees, her face in her hands, screaming: 'Please God, help me. Please help me!' When a neatly dressed young man tried to help, the police beat him over the head—leaving boy and girl, blood-drenched and whimpering, wrapped in each other's arms. 'You're murderers,' screamed a youth—}
The same kind of reporting marked other accounts in the post-convention issue, capped by extraordinary pictorial coverage of events on the streets (27 photographs, seven of them in gory color). Time also reflected its stunned reaction to Chicago by forgoing its customary flippant style for a serious attempt at significant interpretation. Nothing changed, however, at U.S. News & World Report, which weighted its article heavily in favor of Mayor Daley and what it termed "the city's tough policy on law enforcement" and concluded with an approving quotation of a sentence in a Chicago Tribune editorial. Nothing more should be expected from a magazine which, in discussing possible Supreme Court appointments in the same issue, could assert: "'Liberals' seem to show more concern for rights of suspected criminals; 'conservatives' tend to show most concern for rights of law-abiding people."

General interest magazines and opinion magazines, almost without exception, expressed shock at the behavior of the Chicago administration and police. Four of these magazines merit special notice:

—Life in its post-convention issue published what is unquestionably the outstanding example of group coverage and interpretation in its history. It ran four articles, two editorials and several revealing photographs devoted to the confrontation in Chicago and left no doubt where it believed the blame rested for the ugly events. Especially dramatic was its editorial departure from bland acceptance of the status quo, including a bristling indictment of Mayor Daley and a memorable last sentence: "But has Chicago now learned that he is an anachronism and an embarrassment?"

—The New Yorker, not noted for timeliness or concern with current affairs of social or political importance, rushed into print in its Sept. 7 issue two articles on Chicago and a highly sympathetic account in "Talk of the Town" of a protest demonstration outside Humphrey's New York headquarters. In one article Michael J. Arlen described a police action he had witnessed ("You can have only a partial idea of how rotten it was") and in the second article Richard H. Rovere, although not as successful as when he examines the innards of the political establishment, lacerated Chicago's mayor and police force ("This is a peculiarly violent city; there may be no higher ratio of brutes among the police here than among the police anywhere, though it certainly seemed as if there were to those who watched them in action the last two nights").

—Business Week, considerably sobered in its coverage and opinion by the actions of Chicago's authorities, placed the blame for the disaster on "Daley's extreme security precautions and the heavy-handedness of his police." Editorialy, it moved even farther away from its established position. Examining in the wake of events in Chicago why the nation has seen "things turn sour," it noted that "something of a consensus has developed on the key issue of Vietnam. The U.S. wants to get out."

—The National Review confirmed the suspicion that something mighty peculiar is going on at William Buckley's place when it featured an article by Garry Wills sympathetic to the dissenters. Wills, who in an earlier article on the Republican convention patently mocked the sacred cows of the conservative pastime, deployed "Mayor Daley's untenable first-line toughness" and chastised him for giving the protesters "no place to stay and demonstrate peacefully." The article was illustrated, furthermore, with drawings clearly anti-police and just as clearly not anti-demonstrators. The "New Politics," Wills concluded, "is unworkable in the long run; but Daley made it work, beautifully, in Chicago." He even made the ultimate admission for a National Review writer when he ruefully observed that "the convention in the streets may have been of more lasting importance than that held in the Amphitheater."

Similarly documented is the fact that the news media have been guilty of a generally uncritical acceptance and often advocacy of the established policy in foreign affairs (i.e., the policy of the President and his State Department) through successive administrations during the past 20 years. That is the primary reason why it took so many months and years for millions of Americans and, at long last, for many American publications to be upset about the war in Vietnam. That calamitous conflict stands as confirmation of the fact that a major portion of the orthodox press was hesitant to question or provoke the governmental-industrial-military complex of which President Eisenhower gave the first warning signals. Our foreign policy has been controlled and militarized by the huge bureaucracies in the State Department and the Pentagon, which have effectively promoted the need for an arms race which has no visible end. Part of the revolution that is taking place concerns not only the necessity for a fresh look at the American commitment in Vietnam but the need for a comprehensive revision of the entire American foreign policy. It is not enough that we escape from the current quagmire; there simply must be no more Vietnams. Bismarck observed that every nation eventually must pay for the windows broken by its press, and we are paying a dear price at this time. Despite the massive reversal of position in the editorial pages and columns of orthodox publications on the issue of the war in Vietnam, it is a rare sight indeed to read or hear of any questioning of State Department and/or Pentagon policies in other areas of Southeast Asia, in the Middle East, in Latin America, in Africa, or in Western Europe, to name a few places where we are likely to be fighting new battles with the blood of young Americans.

Furthermore, if the white majority does not sleep well these nights, in too many cases the reason is that the news media have warned of agitators and militants, rioters and looters, but have not pointed out sufficiently the genuine grievances of our black brothers. If—or, more accurately, when—the United States becomes an apartheid society, the
blame will rest in large part on a blind and selfish and un­
conscionable white power establishment and its almost un­
failing and subservient ally, the orthodox media. There has be­
en, and there remains, a curious curtain of silence dropped by the white press to keep white people from knowing about events and conditions concerning black people. The record of reporting black attitudes and activities during the fifties and sixties is so dismal that it is openly admitted by many executives in high places of the media. Attempts to remedy that situation, no matter how worthy and how noble, cannot erase the record. We should refuse, for example, to join in the applause for Newsweek magazine for its analysis of "The Negro in America" and its advocacy of a program for action—"That in order to deal with the racial crisis ef­
fectively, there must be a mobilization of the nation's moral, spiritual and physical resources and a commitment on the part of all segments of U.S. society, public and private, to meet the challenging job." That 23-page report, which subse­quently was awarded a journalistic prize, had one major flaw: The date on the cover. It was November 20, 1967, when it was probably too late, rather than November, 1957, when there was still time. The orthodox press too often squarely faces up to societal pressures and issues only to prevent the greater of evils. And we should not fall victim to the hypocrisy of many organs of the news media which finally have begun their examinations of black history, black heritage, black culture and the centuries of repression of black people. Even the Chicago Tribune now attempts to paint over a history of unremitting indifference to the suf­
f erings of black people in its city by publishing—in May, 1968—a special section on the history of the Negro in America. Beyond and beneath comment is the pious pronouncement of the American Newspaper Publishers Asso­ciation Foundation that grants-in-aid totaling a miserable $14,340 had been awarded to 26 Negro college journalism majors. The fund was established by a $100,000 contribution announ­ced by the publisher of the Chicago Tribune last April and the grants were announced in August by Eugene S. Pulliam, thus keeping the record clear: Penance, such as it is, by the publishers of papers which rank among the most racist in the United States.

The orthodox press has failed, consciously or otherwise, to report and inform effectively in many other areas where we now face or soon will face critical problems. In large measure the failures resulted from a lack of gutsy local and state reporting, the glossing over of underlying conditions, the reporting of social abuses only when they no longer can be kept hidden. And even if publishers do not seek to slide over the sordid details of our society, the incontrovertible fact (ask almost any reporter or any former reporter now in public relations) is that newspapers in this country, with rare exceptions, simply have been unwilling to commit a reasonable portion of their profits to the production of effective, probing, well-researched investigative reporting. Thus, for example, the comfortable and unafflicted probably would be astonished to learn of the blazing hatred with which our judicial system is regarded by the poor and aspiring as a powerful weapon of the establishment to maintain order by using law as a bludgeon. The corruption and brutality of our courts, especially the lower courts, is not a subject of discussion in the ghettos of our land; it is accepted by the imprisoned inhabitants as a part of their hopelessness. Yet this corruption, witnessed daily not only by the victims but by the reporters for the media, is rarely reported. Well within the restrictions and penalties of "contempt of court," it is possible for the media in their day-by-day reporting to report newsworthy—but unpleasant—items reflecting on the integrity of our judicial system and the right of every person to equal treatment and equal penalty under the law.

**threats hidden or played down**

Still another revealing and damning indictment of the orthodox press is the steadily deteriorating quality of the American environment under a man-made miasma. It is not surprising that the orthodox press has splendidly lifted the mask of science and technology to reveal the horrible face of nuclear war; the catastrophic consequences of an atomic holocaust would be about as severe for the establishment as for the rest of us. But in other areas where science has revealed the depth of the crises we are in, the news media have not been nearly so eager to report facts that threaten to shake the existing economic order. Well reported are the techno­logical triumphs that make it possible for us to enjoy the magnificent material base of our society, but kept hidden or played down or explained away until very recently have been the threats to human health and survival, because to solve the problems would necessitate grave economic, political and social disruptions opposed by those who derive eco­nomic profit from contaminating our environment. It was bad enough in the nineteenth century when the predator industries—especially mining and lumbering—plundered our natural resources to make possible a new industrial society. The results of their rape of the land are visible from one end of the country to the other. But that was child's play compared with what is happening in this century as industries dare to destroy not only our land but the basic necessities of life: Our air and our water.

One can dwell on air pollution, on water pollution by urban and industrial wastes, on the barbaric desecration of land called strip mining, the noise levels of our cities to which can be added the barely explored dangers of sonic booms, the radiation hazards from nuclear fallout, lead poisoning, the several ways we can get cancer of the lung, the shockingly unrestricted use of insecticides, herbicides and fungicides, military experiments with gas and chemical warfare (of which the Utah story stands as a monumental example of the complaisance of the news media), not to mention the possible synergistic effects of various man-made poisons, chemicals and pollutants. Bluntly, the coverage of the California grape strike is a continuing national jour­nalistic disgrace, and the superficial handling of campus dissent and demonstrations has alienated large numbers of university and college students who understand what is hap­pening. As for younger students, it was George Beebe,
Journalism by paroxysm has been a way of muddling through.

senior managing editor of the Miami Herald, writing in APME News last July, who said he had studied what interests young minds and concluded: "It is pretty obvious that only the sheltered child could enjoy the teen-age sections I have seen." Most segments of the orthodox media not only lag behind the Supreme Court in their definitions of "obscenity" but are wildly out of touch with millions of young people who see the genuine obscenities of the world about them and are not upset by some words regarded as taboo by their elders.

[Among the curious arguments used against the demonstrators by Humphrey, Daley and others was that they were "obscene." Nonetheless, as anyone who was there can categorically confirm and as quotations in the Walker Report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence make abundantly clear, a majority of the audible "obscenities" were uttered by police, most of whom appeared unable to address even each other without employing scatological or sexual allusions. Let it be noted, too, that several general-circulation magazines—including Life—published some of these "obscenities" and William Buckley's National Review in its Chicago coverage exposed that magazine's readers for the first time to two words that previously had been withheld from them. It was Buckley himself who, in full view of millions of television viewers on ABC, lashed out at Gore Vidal with the following words: "Shut up, you queer. Don't call me a crypto-Nazi again or I'll sock you in your goddamn face. Go back to your pornography writing." Vidal, author of a novel that features a hero or heroine who is a hermaphrodite, simply responded the next day: "I've always tried to treat Buckley like the great lady that he is." Then there was Mayor Daley, paragon of virtue, who publicly deplored alleged excremental excesses: "When I ask you as a law-abiding citizen not to proceed any further, and you linked arms and someone in your outfit kicks them in the groin or spits at him in the face or bits them with a bag of urine or a bag that begins with 's' and ends with 't,' what would you do? I just wonder what you would do?" Esquire magazine gave the answer the question deserved: "Duck."]

Fortunately, some hopeful signs can be noted. We know what the industrial establishment and the orthodox press did to Rachel Carson when in Silent Spring she exposed the surface of this putrescent problem. But just as it now is becoming fashionable to explore the urban crises and the conditions of the black people, so it is now permissible to report on our noxious air and our filthy water—even Life magazine has come to that. Again too little, too late. The acquiescence and even the cooperation and approbation of the orthodox press in the pollution of our environment constitute one of the darker chapters in the history of the American press.

The many other examples that could be cited would only serve to emphasize that pragmatic modifications of the structure, operation, function and purposes of the press no longer are enough. If Xerox can demonstrate that it has received the message from McLuhan when it announces that it is not in the business of selling copiers but is "in the business of making it easier for people to understand one another," then it is time for the orthodox press to recognize that it is not in the business of selling papers and perpetuating the status quo but is in the business of telling what is really happening in our society. Journalism by paroxysm has been a way of muddling through, but we are paying a terribly high price for covering up and explaining away our problems. There may still be time for the United States if the press fulfills the mission assigned it two centuries ago as the estate that stands above and often against the three other estates.

But not much time remains. Let no one minimize the fact that only small incalculables and coincidences—acts of God, if you will—kept Chicago from becoming the scene of an imponderable catastrophe. During the beautifully cool days and nights of convention week the temperature peaked from 69 to 78 degrees. Temperatures during the week preceding the convention hit highs of 89 to 94, but the heat wave broke on the Sunday eve of the gathering and did not return until four days after the delegates departed. In that kind of heat and humidity, how many would have been killed? What we now debate would be as nothing compared to what might have been.
The Journalism Faculty

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B.A., M.A., University of Colorado; Ph.D., Oxford University, England. A Rhodes Scholar, Professor Blumberg is the author of the book One-Party Press? and articles in several periodicals. He has worked for the Associated Press, the Denver Post, as assistant city editor of the Washington (D.C.) Post, and associate editor of the Lincoln (Neb.) Star and the Ashland (Neb.) Gazette. He taught at the University of Nebraska and Michigan State University before coming to the University of Montana in 1956 as dean, a position he held until his resignation in 1968. He has served as a visiting professor at Pennsylvania State University and at Northwestern University and as an American Specialist for the Department of State in Thailand and in the Caribbean area. Currently he is chairman of the Accrediting Committee of the American Council on Education for Journalism and national president of Kappa Tau Alpha, society honoring scholarship in journalism.

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B.A., M.A., University of South Dakota. Professor Miller has worked as an announcer, newsmen and production director at radio and television stations in South Dakota. During his military service, he was in charge of the Writers Branch of the U.S. Army Europe Pictorial Center. He taught for five years at the University of South Dakota, where he also served as film director and program director of KUSD Radio-TV. During the 1963-64 academic year, he studied at Columbia University as the recipient of a CBS News and Public Affairs Fellowship. From 1964-66, he was program director of an educational television station, WDSE-TV, in Duluth, Minn. He was the producer and writer for a television series during the summer of 1966 at the University of Minnesota.
I Will Fight No More, Forever

I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohulhulsate is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead.

It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death.

I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead.

Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad.

From where the sun now stands I will fight no more, forever.

Chief Joseph
Oct. 5, 1877