

girl," said Fleischmann. "Haven't seen her for twenty or thirty years. Used to know your grandfather; fine old gentleman." The conversation, which was brief, continued on such a sociable plane that Hellman felt it would be tasteless to bring up the matter of pay. Instead, he left *The New Yorker* to join the staff of *Fortune*, where, after a few months of relatively plain sailing through assignments on the trout-fishing, horse-show, emerald, and whaling businesses, he ran into a request for 10,000 words on the Federal Reserve System. Hellman's attitude toward this system was, and remained, one of extreme reserve. Following a shaky interview with Eugene Meyer, who soon fell into a puzzled silence, he bogged down on the fifty-third word ("rediscount"), relinquished the assignment (by request of the management) to Archie MacLeish, and returned to *The New Yorker*, hat in hand, rates somewhat raised.

There, with two hiatuses, he has been ever since. The first hiatus occurred in 1936-38, when he spent two years as an associate editor of *Life*. He contributed a number of Close-ups to this magazine, including ones on Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Alfred Hitchcock, and Heywood Broun. The second hiatus consisted of three years in Washington between 1942 and 1945. These were spent writing for the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, the War Department (he helped write the "Official Guide to the A.A.F."), and the Office of Strategic Services. Hellman served on the Planning Staff and the History Project of OSS, and in this last connection helped collect, write, and edit a million-word top-secret history of the organization. OSS was a very mysterious outfit, and Hellman has no idea what happened to this history.

I asked Mr. Hellman how long it took to write a profile. "The quickest one I ever did took two days," he said, leaning back in his chair and puffing a costly cigar. "It was on Joe Crane, the world's champion parachute jumper. One of the most time-consuming was a three-parter on the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which took several months. The one on Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, which I have included in 'How to Disappear for an Hour,' took the longest, because it was as much the story of the *National Geographic*—thus involving the buttonholing of a large cast of characters and the reading of forty years of *National Geographic*—as the story of an individual. The research on a profile takes much longer than the actual writing as a rule; most of it has to be discarded. Sometimes you talk

to a hundred people before you begin.

"The various themes in this book," he continued, "were chosen for the hell of it—i.e., because they appealed to me, and made me happy while I was writing about them. I am generally in a state of euphoria while working, which is very unfashionable in this day of apprehensive speleologists, but I cannot see that it does any particular harm."

Hellman works seven or eight hours a day, and typewrites everything with one finger—the index one of the right hand. In cold weather, while writing, he wears a sweater which he bought at Niagara Falls, and which looks as though it had been worn by someone who had just gone over the Falls in a barrel. He smokes pipes constantly while working, and only then, and believes that this has become a useful associational device—like the bell-ringing which causes the saliva of a properly-conditioned dog to begin to flow. He is convinced that it is as important to select what you take into your mind as what you take into your stomach, and for this reason tries not to entertain too many thoughts on too many subjects. He has been notably successful in this.

Hellman has been an amateur lepidopterist for thirty-five years, and has formed a large collection of butterflies and moths, chosen purely for their looks. He fills a hat-box with cocoons every winter, and can hardly wait for spring, when the imagoes emerge.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 223

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 223 will be found in the next issue.

LBKCNCFMP NH K AFBMPD

FEGD GFB NXEPBOPQC

DKCFBP.

RGBM QSPHCPBONPRM —

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IF WE COULD START A NEWSPAPER

(Continued from page 8)

going but for the running grudge fight waged by aging, crotchety Senator Kenneth McKellar against all TVA officers because they refuse to hire his political hacks. After a series of insulting questions, McKellar had to be called to order by Chairman Chapman Revercomb. Clapp would be approved."

When a joint Congressional committee took up Lilienthal's nomination as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, McKellar made such an ass of himself in attacking Lilienthal that most of the press did its reporting without gloves on. Then suddenly, over a single weekend, the tone of many papers changed. Certain powerful Republicans began to join McKellar's assault on Lilienthal. Most of the papers froze up and reverted to so-called "objectivity." Time published a shocking, ambiguous piece that coupled Lilienthal with the Communist agent Gerhardt Eisler—which produced such a roar from its readers that the magazine hastened to explain that it had been misunderstood.

The papers knew that these charges were maliciously untrue; they knew also that anti-Semitism had reared its ugly head, that the drive against Lilienthal was being led by rabid New Deal-haters (Democrats and Republicans) who were against him simply because he was a Jew and a liberal and had been head of the "socialistic" TVA. They knew that Lilienthal was an exceptionally able, loyal citizen. They knew that public utility companies, interested in private exploitation of atomic energy, were behind this attack on him. All this they knew—but only a few papers (notably *The New York Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *PM*, *Washington Post*, and *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*) gave anything like a forthright account of what was going on. The rest obscured the issues in a miasma of craven journalese.

The Lilienthal case was a good illustration of the need for more courageous, straight-from-the-shoulder reporting. Men of the highest ability are all too often deterred from entering public service in the United States because they cannot count on the press to defend them against vicious demagogues.

With the growth in size of mass media, the news has tended to become more and more impersonal. The names and faces are there, but the individual human spirit and dignity

are lacking. A model newspaper would try to remember that the reader is an individual, too. He has a personal interest in the weather, his ailments, occupation, taxes, purchases, and amusements. Most newspapers try to serve these informational wants; when a tax bill comes up, for instance, they promptly print tables showing how much it will cost typical taxpayers, and their ads and advice columns offer counsel to typical consumers. These services generally try to sell the consumer something. Often it would be more helpful to advise him what *not* to do or buy. Our newspaper will make it a point to compare and evaluate—both goods and ideas. It will try to promote an appreciation of expertness, and to inform readers where they can get expert counsel on their individual problems in education, health, work, and recreation.

The paper also will encourage readers to write or visit us for information and to register kicks about our reporting. We'd like readers to consider the paper a service institution like the weather bureau or the public library. It will be a part of the community, scolding when necessary, taking its lumps, acknowledging every citizen's stake in the paper. But its editors will not let readers ride roughshod over them; they will stubbornly defend the paper's fundamental principles.

In its approach to the news, the paper will start with the community and fan out from there. Beginning with people's worries, wants, and conversation about houses, schools, jobs, illness, and traffic problems, the news trail will lead to police stations, hospitals, and business institutions, to the City Hall, to the State Capitol, to Washington, to the whole wide world. The paper will probably give nearly as much space to international and national news as to local, but international stories (and national) will be brought home at every opportunity

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 704)

C. A. BEARD:
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

In substance the idea of progress is a theory that the lot of mankind on this earth can be continually improved by the attainment of exact knowledge and the subjugation of the material world to the requirements of human welfare.

with some local angle. The paper will keep a spotlight on the Congressmen from our town and state; they will become as well known to our readers as the mayor or the cop on the beat.

The paper will use by-lines freely. The object will be to emphasize the reporter's responsibility, and give readers an opportunity to judge his reliability. The reports of our national and foreign correspondents will be printed as they come in, without editing of their facts or interpretations. If a correspondent's report looks questionable or over-excited, the editors will caution readers with a box or shirttail to the story presenting (1) any contradictory facts they may have, and (2) the source of their information.

Besides good writing, our paper would strive for good pictures. It



would be copiously illustrated. Newspapers, thanks to the picture magazines, are printing more and more pictures, but there has been no noticeable improvement in their quality. Photographs in the paper seldom succeed in the elementary function of information, because newspapers don't know how to use groups of related pictures, and because their pictures fall in clichés. It is incredible that they should go on printing deadpan faces, even whole rows of them in a single photograph. The Greeks had the solution in their pictures, namely, an attribute. If Mercury's job could be made clear by showing him with winged feet, every American should be pictured working at whatever he is good at.

With the plentitude of photographers on tap since World War II, it is impossible to understand why papers print pictures in the style that prevailed before World War I. Here the picture magazines, and for that mat-

ter magazines in general, have left newspapers far behind. The paper we are describing will illustrate every story that can be made more vivid with pictures; it will tell many stories primarily with pictures. This means not only photographs but charts, drawings, and diagrams.

An ideal newspaper might perhaps combine the snap and readability of the *New York Daily News*, the pictorial excellence of *Life*, the thoroughness of the *Times*, the crusading fire of the *Post-Dispatch*, the human interest and intelligence of the *Herald Tribune*, and the sense of responsibility of the *Courier-Journal*. That would be quite a newspaper!

This paper will need a big staff of reporters, photographers, and editors—at least 150 men and women. That is not an impractical dream. It has been proved that a successful paper of 250,000 circulation can support a staff of that size; there are several that do.

WE would have about twelve foreign correspondents. They would not attempt to cover routine news but would supply us with the background and interpretative reporting that the wire services fail to provide. Some would cover a given area (one in London for Great Britain, one in Moscow for Russia, etc.); others would have roving assignments. We like the plan adopted by Joseph Barnes, foreign news editor of the *Herald Tribune*, of using three or four roving specialists—say in science, diplomacy, economics, and trouble—who would be ready to be sent anywhere in the world where big news in their field was breaking, or who would go hunt it up themselves.

Our Washington bureau would have three or four topnotch reporters,

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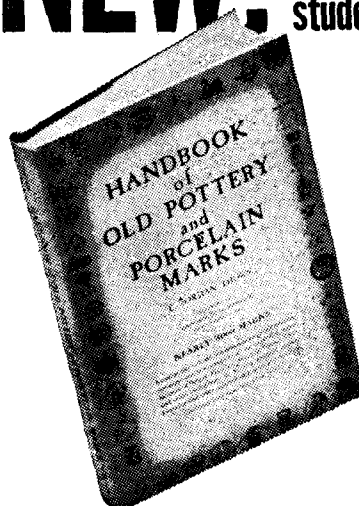
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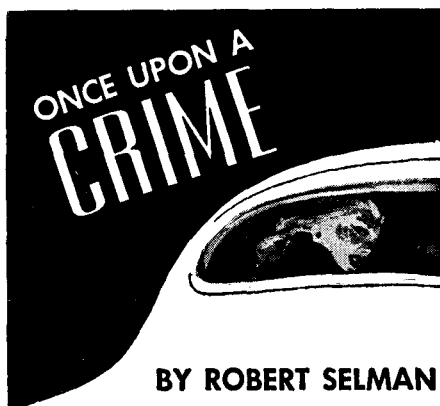
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again leaving routine to the AP and working on the most vital stories, as the late Paul Y. Anderson of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* did so well. They would be supplemented by two or three roving reporters covering the nation.

Our state and local staff, about thirty reporters, would cover the usual runs—state capitol, city hall, courts, police headquarters, district attorney, federal building, labor, transit, social services, etc. But they would not be tied down too closely to fixed posts; on a morning paper they would not have to worry about hourly deadlines through the day. As specialists in their jobs, they would build up news sources and could do some of their work by telephone instead of hanging around offices and pressrooms. That would give them time to get

around the city and make firsthand investigations. They would visit hospitals, study the traffic and transit system, investigate political frauds, talk with labor union members, spend a day with a butcher, doctor, policeman, or teacher and write an eyewitness story.

Seven or eight sports writers and some twenty other specialists (science, movies, press, homemaking, etc.) would round out our reporting staff. If this seems a large number of specialists, may we remark that in 1946 the *New York Post* (circulation 250,000) had thirty-eight columnists, from Harold Ickes to Earl Wilson—and columnists are not cheap.

We have no prejudice against rewrite men, but there would not be many of them on our paper. Part of the feel and understanding of a story

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MADAM IS DEAD <i>Robert Terrall</i> (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: \$2.50)	Stabbing of "café" proprietress in newly liberated French town starts AMG capt. and WAD sergeant on mad, exciting, and dangerous quest.	No dull moments in this unabashed, kaleidoscopic, fantastically peopled, incredibly believable yarn of shameless ladies, whimsical cut-throats, and energetic sleuths.	Hair—(and eyebrow) raising!
ATOMIC MURDER <i>Leonard Gribble</i> (Ziff-Davis: \$1.98)	Murder of British industrialist and theft of top-secret data on atomic power give Supt. Slade of Scotland Yard perilous moments.	Double-life of chief murderer leads detectives down various interesting paths—but outcome is far from unexpected, and plot creaks.	Fair
NIGHT WALK <i>Elizabeth Daly</i> (Rinehart: \$2.)	Two murders in secluded, inbred New England village give smooth-working Henry Gamadge case to try his mettle.	Attractive background, some neat characterizations, sharp-eyed sleuthing, and plot that moves imperturbably to fairly unexpected conclusion.	Standard brand
SEARCH FOR A SCIENTIST <i>Charles L. Leonard</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Following Marseille murder of American Intelligence officer hunting for German nuclear-fission expert, job is turned over to free-lancer Kilgerrin.	Some pungent pictures of contemporary French demi-monde, several corpses, competing agents, frequent fracasces, tragic romance, and numerous odd characters.	Easy reading
DEATH OF A BULLIONAIRE <i>A. B. Cunningham</i> (Dutton: \$2.50)	Young second wife and grown sons—one amative, 'tother greedy—suspects in shooting of Texas cattle-king. Jess Roden investigates.	Not major Roden case—too easy to guess—but handled with color, honesty, and reality that distinguish this writer.	Satisfying
DEVIL TAKE THE FOREMOST <i>Thomas Kinney</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Desire for up-state N. Y. estate "inheritance" leads to diabolical attacks on life of its unborn heir—for which plotter pays.	Adult material, fearlessly handled; possibly overdone. Suspense quotient high; characters, mostly psychotic, ably drawn. Prime contender for "psychological crime-story" laurels.	Arresting
POP GOES THE QUEEN <i>Bob Wade & Bill Miller</i> (Farrar-Straus: \$2.50)	Conovers' efforts to find out what all shooting's about are amusing and pay-off spectacular, but yarn is quite unconvincing.	John and bride "Sin" Conover, vacationing at Cat desert resort are mistaken for another couple and figure in several fatalities.	Sketchy