

William R. Hearst

The death of William Randolph Hearst marks not only the passing of a titanic, fabulous and legendary figure in American journalism but the passing of an era of titanic figures. The publishing empire he reared was on a par with the industrial empires created in the turbulent and imaginative period of America's greatest development. Causes for which he bitterly fought and magnificently crusaded have, in a large measure, become embedded principles of American life.

Mr. Hearst's more than half a century as a giant in journalism had ranged against him acid critics and enlisted fervent partisans. He hewed mightily to the line of his convictions despite the opposition of the one and uninfluenced by the plaudits of the other. From the first to the last he was "the Chief," directing the editorial policy of his vast chain of newspapers and magazines virtually to his dying hour.

He was a born newspaperman, and he remained a newspaperman throughout his entire career, despite the gradual enlargement of his interests until they contained not only the far-flung publishing enterprises but large ranching, mining, banking and railroad developments. As greatly as any man, perhaps, he shaped the destiny of modern journalism.

Whether one agreed with Mr. Hearst's policies completely, or in part, or not at all, one is bound to concede the force of his personality and the power of his assault. He was a man who made himself and his ideas felt, and none could doubt where he stood upon any issue.

Many of the things for which he battled with almost a religious fervor were so essentially right that they had to come. It is to the credit of his own deep and powerful convictions that they came more quickly.

It was the helpless on earth, in the language of Senator Capper of Kansas, who engaged the sympathy and championship of Mr. Hearst. It was injustice and wrong to the helpless which, above all things, produced in him an Olympian wrath. When he was thus enraged, no enemy was too large, be it governments or dynasties. He fought without quarter, and asked none.

Crusading journalism has lost a stout heart with the stilling of life in this exceptional man. The poor, the down-trodden and the weak have lost a valiant defender. And the principle of Americanism, as he saw it and loved it, has lost a mighty advocate.

ation growth estimated at 10 per cent. The recent announcement that Wolters Air Base will become a permanent installation assures Mineral Wells of still further population gains, which will bring about increased demands for community facilities.

The people of Mineral Wells are to be commended not only for having appraised their problem clearly but for having taken prompt and positive steps to solve it. By a vote of nearly 10 to 1, which showed unmistakably that the people of the town recognized what will be required, they have voted \$400,000 in bonds for water and sewer extensions and to construct a municipal swimming pool for recreational purposes. The results of the bond election should insure that demands caused by the town's growth will be met.

Leaders in Mineral Wells worked hard for the Camp Wolters project, fully aware that the growth and economic benefits it would bring to the town would entail some civic and financial obligations. The vote in the bond election means that the community has fully underwritten the obligations which go along with the rewards of civic growth.

Wrong Emphasis

What the *Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News* describes, with good reason, as "an appalling disrespect for the public dollar" was displayed recently by Rep. Charles J. Kersten of Wisconsin when he had printed eight times in a single issue of the *Congressional Record* a resolution condemning Soviet Russia's treatment of the satellite states.

It was a costly and, we suspect, a thoroughly futile performance. It is hardly to be suspected that this eight-fold printing of Representative Kersten's indignant resolution has served in any way to mitigate the treatment of the satellite peoples who are under the Kremlin's heel. Moreover, it is a blatant violation of the rule against the multiple printing of the same material in the *Congressional Record*.

Mr. Kersten slyly explains this circumvention by saying it was not the same material, because each insertion of the resolution referred to a different satellite. It was, he averred, something that deserved to be emphasized.

We are aware that emphasis sometimes can be gained by repetition, but this seems to us a kind of overemphasis which defeats its own purpose. At least as far as our personal reaction is concerned, the main effect is to divert sympathy from the plight of the oppressed satellites to the plight of the American taxpayer, who may have a slight feeling of oppression himself when he thinks of the \$1,000 he has to pay for Mr. Kersten's

And a little hell judiciously raised the right times and places wouldn't most communities any harm.

Conscientious school teachers do to bridge the gap between the way things are done in textbooks and the way things are done in real life. Maybe once a year they take their pupils around to watch city council or a real, live board of directors in the throes of policy-making.

That's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Almost no board can pull itself together and become like a responsible deliberative body or twice a year.

Give them an awed and not too sophisticated audience and even small-bore politicians rise nobly to the challenge. Legislators performing before the television cameras, they sound and act like presidential possibilities. The air fills with parliamentary procedure and every remark is suitable for framing.

But not many boards could keep the pace week after week.

To get a true picture, the pupils should visit not just one meeting of the council but every meeting. They should be very quiet, so as not to disturb the statesman at work. They needn't ask questions, they need to do is be there and keep their eyes and ears open.

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Start a routine like that and I bet you one of three things would happen:

1. Weak sisters in public life would soon crack under the strain, get out of politics and go to work.

2. As soon as they got old enough to vote, the well-educated children would boot the weaklings out.

3. Public bodies would take to operating strictly according to Hoyle and the difference between the way the world's best system of government operates in textbooks and the way it operates in real life would gradually disappear.

Any one of those results would be worth the trouble. I'd personally prefer the last one—where no person in a position of public or semipublic responsibility ever would do anything he'd be ashamed to have an innocent, idealistic child watch.

Neal O'Hara's

Thoughts While Shaving.

We've no statistics to prove it, but I would like to guess the two most expensive items the average individual purchases in the course of a lifetime are an automobile and a home. (Average individuals, we've been told, don't go around purchasing mink coats and diamond necklaces.)

In one popular ballad the young lover tells his sweetie that "when it's springtime in the Rockies I'll be coming back to you." And in another tear-jerker a boy friend tells her they'll surely be married "when the harvest days are over, Jessie dear." It sounds like the lads might be stalling, what? A gal who wasn't going to wait around till her swain came back to her—in any season of the year—was Molly, who took it on the lam from her rustic home for the big city. She let the folks back home do the warbling to her. *Ain't You Comin' Back to Old New Hampshire, Molly?* (The song doesn't say so, but Molly probably didn't have to wait long to get married to some city feller.)

It's the Voice of Experience speaking when we tell you that on acquiring a new pair of sport shoes you'd better have them polished right away. If the white part is marred before the first polishing the scar never can be successfully