"The News is Everyone's"

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Fourteen Days at the Cleveland Press May 9 - June 3, 1977

Edward Wolf

MSL Academic Endeavors
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Contents

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Caption: Cleveland Press employees work at the copy desk in 1977. “All general news stories are evaluated by Dan Sabol, assistant managing editor (at left on the inside of the desk), or by his assistants.”–photo verso.

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Introduction

As a high school senior at University School in the Spring of 1977, I completed a senior project that involved spending several days each week for four weeks at *The Cleveland Press*, the city's afternoon daily newspaper. This journal recounts my experience.

Richard D. Peters, my sophomore-year English teacher who had formerly penned editorials for the *Press*, inspired my project. I made arrangements through a family acquaintance, *Press* managing editor Bill Tanner. Bob Yonkers, assistant to editor-in-chief Tom Boardman, loosely supervised my days.

Note that word "loosely." At a time before internships were common, no one at the Press knew quite what to do with a budding high school journalist. Bob Yonkers did the natural thing: each day he pointed me toward an editor or beat reporter or project manager, and said "Go with him (or her)!"

It's doubtful there is a better way to get to know the inner workings of a news organization. Having been an editor of our school newspaper, I had a rudimentary grasp of reporting, editing, and production. At a time when shoe leather journalism still ruled at metropolitan dailies and computers were new and scarce, the people of the *Press* were generous and patient with me as I tagged along. And I got to see it all, from five claims races at Thistledown Racetrack to Mayor Ralph J. Perk hosting a ribbon-cutting event for a fracking well on city property.

I want to express special thanks to Bill Barrow and Donna Stewart, who oversee Special Collections in the Michael Schwartz Library at Cleveland State University, for their enthusiasm, encouragement, and support to my effort to bring this journal forward after forty-four years.

Reader, forgive the occasional conceits of a callow narrator, seventeen years old, and enjoy this glimpse into the life and pulse of a daily metropolitan newspaper — and a city of Cleveland — that no longer exists.

Edward Wolf
Bellingham, Washington
April 2021

May 19 - 15: The City Desk

Monday, May 9

My one-mile walk to Mr. **Bill Tanner**'s house at 6:00 a.m. woke me this morning better than any quantity of ink-black coffee at the *Cleveland Press* could. I rode to the Press offices with Mr. Tanner and his wife, **Rusty Tanner**, who edits the women's pages. Mr. Tanner directed me to a seat at the City Desk until assistant to the editor **Robert F. (Bob) Yonkers** arrived. At the desk I met **Tony Tucci**, city editor, and **Hilbert Black**, also an editor on the City Desk, both of whom were perusing the morning's edition of the *Plain Dealer*.

Mr. Yonkers walked up to the City Desk at about 7:45 a.m., introduced himself, then introduced me around to a few of the writers in the City section. At 8:00 he said we would attend a short conference of the editors of the various departments. We met in the office of the managing editor, **Bob Sullivan**, where I made the acquaintance of **Tom Boardman**, editor-in-chief, **Herb Kamm**, executive editor, and several of the department editors.

Each of the editors listed what he believed would be the top stories for the day in his department. The editor of national news led off, with a series of headlines that had for the most part taken place over the weekend, and ended with the decriminalization of drunkenness in New Jersey. Each editor followed suit, city news through sports to suburban news and photographs. The national news reporting was obviously a little outdated, while city news would be reported as it took place through the day. Top stories included reports of the severe winds that hit Cleveland on Sunday and pieces suggested by the controversy generated by co-ed gym classes.

I was given a short tour of the City Room and offices by Mr. Yonkers, in the course of which I forgot the names of nearly everyone I met. We chatted with the photography editor about his golf game, greeted high school sports editor **Don Friedman** at his desk, surrounded by Farrah (Fawcett) posters, and spoke to the financial editor. We then retired to Mr. Yonkers's (drafty) office for coffee as he looked over some communications directed to him. One was an angry letter from a man who called himself the "worm czar" who demanded 25 copies of an article the *Press* had recently run about him. Another was a letter and transcript from the League of Women Voters opposing the proposals for offshore oil and gas drilling in Lake Erie on the basis of the risk to drinking water supplies and the poor return probability. Mr. Yonkers then explained that the morning's plan was to go to the Convention Center and organize the press room for the International Science Fair that would be held at that location through Saturday.

We waited for **Bob Love**, Public Service Director of the paper, who drove us to the Convention Center, and we

walked inside all equally ignorant of what we would have to do. The Science Fair is held annually in different cities, and fair entrants are the winners of local science fair competitions all across the country. The *Press* is one Cleveland sponsor of the fair, thus Mr. Yonkers got the task of coordinating the many members of the press who would be coming to cover the scientific exploits of their hometown favorites.

The pressroom in the Convention Center stands off quite a ways from the crepe-festooned main exhibition hall, at the dim and remote end of the Center's main concourse. Hallways lead off in two directions further into the gloom of the bowels of the Center. We got the room into operating condition with the help of **Barb Chudzik** setting up two typing tables and getting the Xerox machine running. We laid out the information given us by the Fair authorities, including eight tremendous prospectuses describing all student projects in detail, and sat by the door awaiting the arrival of the first brothers of the press.

A few out-of-town press reps arrived, mostly from the midwest states, and they appeared at a loss for anything to write or do, since the projects were just beginning to be set up downstairs. Mr. Yonkers explained to several people that the first press releases would not be available until Thursday, when the first judging was to take place. Several downcast faces turned away at this news, as if a stay in Cleveland was a Stygian torture.

Sitting in the rather forlorn pressroom, I mused on this aspect of journalism. The press is seldom the instigator of an event, except in an indirect sense; instead, the press helps to direct public attention and reaction to events. Thus waiting is an important and undeniable part of journalism — waiting for something to happen.

Tuesday, May 10

Second day much like the first, again as "host" at the International Science and Engineering Fair at the Convention Center. Most of the day, I was office boy in the pressroom with **Arlene Flynn**, **Sara Kelley**, and **Dennis Lafferty**, and of course with Bob Yonkers. Much of the time was spent taking calls for Bob Love or **Richard Yuhas** (who is coordinator of the entire fair), and chatting with the occasional press people who dropped in.

The day began with the usual editor's conference at 8:00 a.m. Each editor gave a brief summary of the day's major stories. Notable were President Carter's talks in Europe and his essentially defensive stance regarding the Russians, and the abuses cited concerning the sale of concessions by a Mr. Zimmerman at our very own Convention Center. This last created doubts about the ability of the Center to provide for the needs and functions planned for the visiting students. Reporting in the *Plain Dealer* indicated that at least a ten-day grace period was in the offing, but *Press* city editor Tony Tucci seemed to doubt the validity of this.

During the course of them morning I picked up a few fun facts about the operation of the *Press*. I was unaware that the *Cleveland Press* building is only eighteen years old. The *Press* is now printed in a manner similar to the *University School News*, using computer typesetting and photographing the layout sheets. The transition from the old linotype system caused some disturbance among labor when the change came about a year or two ago. I also had not known that the earliest ("Metro") edition of the *Press* comes out as early as 10:00 am. Today's issue came out with a lead column written by Bob Yonkers combining a discussion of teen alcohol abuse with a pitch for the Science Fair. His synthesis of the two was quite good.

I should admit that at this point I feel a bit out of place in the City Room. I don't feel comfortable walking up to people and engaging them in conversation about their work while they are doing it; I feel that I'm interfering. Thus I haven't forced myself into exposure to many of the people who work in the city room and have learned practically nothing about their function and style. I'll be glad when Mr. Yonkers assigns me to someone and I'll no longer spend my day in Room 205 at the Convention Center.

Thursday, May 12

Spent all day ('til 2:30 p.m.) at the International Science and Engineering Fair, Cleveland Convention Center. I spent the uneventful day doing errands, answering phones, etc. Nothing new to report.

Friday, May 13

On the ride into the office with Mr. and Mrs. Tanner this morning, we talked about the public relations role of city newspapers, which is greater than I would have suspected. The *Press*'s interest in the Science Fair, for example, is almost purely promotional. The fair is not given any sophisticated scientific coverage, but it is given extensive feature space as one of the paper's pet projects. The *Press* also organizes an Outstanding Student Dinner for Cleveland-area students, and coming soon (on several dates each spring) are Book and Author luncheons under the auspices of the paper. Some public relations functions can even cross the lines of competition between two newspapers. Members of the staffs of the *Press* and the *Plain Dealer* cooperate in the Sigma Delta Chi organization which sponsors scholarships for area students. Public relations apparently takes up a sizable part of a limited budget, and Rusty Tanner emphasizes "we used to do more" than the wide variety of programs sponsored now.

I spent about an hour and a half sitting at the city desk this morning, since Mr. Yonkers is attending an editors' conference today at Mohican State Park (Loudonville, OH). Tony Tucci and Hilbert Black were working at the desk when I joined them. Hilbert was proofreading articles as writers dropped them off at the desk, while Tony was screening photos and doing more extensive editing. He apparently has the greater job of deciding policy at the city desk: which articles should be featured and how they should best be composed. I didn't attend the editors' meeting this morning, and remained at the city desk until **Wally Guenther** joined the other two at about 8:15 a.m. I read carbon copies of the articles being turned in that morning, and Wally gave me a proof of the day's editorial page to look over. Major coverage was being given to the issue of taxi leasing, particularly the response of drivers of the existing companies. School pairings and the desegregation controversy were big stories, and Tony Tucci hoped that a map of paired schools would be drawn up. Most other city news was coverage of robberies and murders, with new findings about the mystery deaths in Willoughby.

I formulated a list of questions concerning the operation of the City Desk, including:

- How late is copy accepted for the first edition of the paper?
- How are the wire services used, and who does rewrite of wire service reports? How is copy emphasis decided–who decides on the lead stories, and is a consistent policy followed?
- How are news, analysis, and editorial articles differentiated? What are the criteria for each?

- When and how are assignments made, what considerations guide the assignments?
- What is the scope of news covered by the city desk? Where does city news end and suburban news begin?
- What time are the first proofs made up, and by whom are they approved?
- How many stories are taken from the Plain Dealer and given different coverage? How are decisions made concerning which stories to cover this way?

I should be able to find answers to all these things at the beginning of next week, as I begin an assignment at the city desk for two or three days.

I spent the rest of Friday morning until 12:30 p.m. in my usual capacity at the Convention Center. Many news people came to the press room to pick up press releases, since prize winners in two categories had been announced, but nothing exciting happened that morning.

May 16 - 22: C'mon Down!

Tuesday, May 17

Attended the staff meeting with Mr. Yonkers at 8:00 a.m. Among the top stories mentioned were President Carter's trip to Los Angeles for the United Auto Workers convention, a description of the new tax bill, and a new report on carcinogenic substances which indicates that the equivalent of the saccharin in two cans of pop may be enough to cause cancer. Local news included a report of the obscenity charges against Larry Flynt in Cleveland being dropped. In sports, the Cleveland Indians lost again and Muhammad Ali won a decision after fifteen rounds of a questionable bout against Alfredo Evangelista.

I spent the morning sitting at the City Desk and conversing with **Wally Guenther** between his wise comments to FBI agent-errant Steve Gladdis (who runs 11 miles to work each day) and members of the *Press* staff. He explained quite a bit of the operation of the city room to me.

Some of the mystery of how news becomes news was cleared up for me. Wally explained about the wire source United Press International (UPI), an alternative news service for nationally reported stories. The *Press* employs a wire service editor who screens national news for stories with a Cleveland angle, which is reported to the city editor in due course. As far as news reported by members of the *Press* staff is concerned, some major stories are written the night before their publication, while moat are written early in the morning of the edition in which they will be published. For city news stories which get coverage in the *Plain Dealer*, *Press* writers seek a different approach which will interest even people familiar with the story. Morning news assignments are made at the city desk by Hilbert Black.

Most beat reporters, including the court and police reporters, work hours each day of about 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Thus many stories miss the first-edition deadline of 8:20 a.m. Evening stories can get early morning coverage if the reporters write them up at home and call them in to the *Press*. There is a copy editor working in the city room until midnight each day. Since the final edition copy deadline is 2:30 p.m., there is plenty of time for stories to be printed in the paper the day they occur. A good amount of morning news is called in to the city desk at about 10:00 a.m.

News came in pretty steadily all morning. One interesting call concerned a story that I had just finished reading in the carbon copy. It concerned a house condemnation and wrecking done by the city without the knowledge or consent of the homeowner. Someone from City Hall called the city desk at 8:45 a.m. and revealed that what

the owner had said was a complete lie and the house in question had been condemned for over a year. Thus the story was killed. Other notable news this morning was the scheduled beginning of the Ashby Leach trial and the continuation of the Glenville riot trial (concerning alleged misuse of *Cleveland: Now!* funds). A wounded policeman named Smith was expected to give some interesting testimony during the morning, and the trial was being well covered. Another story was a report of a $10,000 heroin bust on the near West Side. Wally explained that the name of the suspect could not be printed in the paper until he was formally charged. Interesting etiquette.

As the incoming morning reports kept the city desk busy, Wally explained briefly the procedures at the copy desk, at which heads are written and final editing (primarily for space considerations) is done. He described how the news editor decides on article placement in the paper and grades articles A, B, or C accordingly. More than once, he bemoaned the shortage of reporters in the city room ("If something were to break right now, who would we send out?") with the assent of Tony Tucci and Hilbert Black. He also told some personal anecdotes about a very good rewrite man named **McLaughlin**, whose desk is immediately behind the city desk, and **Al Thompson**, now Washington editor, who called in as I sat at the desk.

I left in time to get to my last 1:45 p.m. Calculus class.

Thursday, May 19

This morning Mr. Yonkers stationed me at the suburban desk with suburban editor **Reed Hinman** and assistant **Don Thompson**. Five suburban reporters who turned in their projected schedules for the day at about 7:45 a.m. were busy composing and typing articles to meet the first 9:30 a.m. deadline. Many morning suburban stories are phoned in to the suburban desk, while in the afternoon each suburban reporter calls or travels to the city halls and school boards of the suburbs on his or her particular beat, getting stories for the next morning's earliest editions.

Reed explained that the suburban page(s) is in all editions of the *Press* except the final, in which suburban news is replaced by horse-racing odds. There is generally substantial change on the suburban page from one edition to the next on any given date. Morning stories are not reported early enough to be printed in the Metro edition, so the morning's first edition of the paper has reprints of articles run in late editions of the previous day. By the time the five- and six-star home editions are being printed, there is substantial variety on the suburban pages, since one edition is delivered to the eastern suburbs while the other edition is sent west.

I went with Don Thompson to the composing room to watch the suburban page for the Metro edition being laid out. All articles for the edition were in at 8:30, and the layout deadline was 9:10. A professional layout man put the page together under Don's direction. The modern layout process is very much the same as the method used for the *U.S. News*. Each page is laid out individually with computer-printed columns of type. Photographs are reduced and printed as velox prints, which can be laid out on the page just like a column of print and which can be pared down by hand for further size considerations. The layout process is simple, neat, and short. Apparently, though, there is some resentment among the workers that the simplification of the printing process is phasing out many jobs. It appears that that trend will continue as more of the printing equipment is computerized.

Later in the morning, I journeyed downstairs to join the Public Service desk for an hour or two. I was supposed

to help Richard Yuhas with the planning and operation of the "C'mon Down" program to take place tomorrow which the *Press* is sponsoring along with several other major Cleveland institutions. Actually, I found little to do at Public Service other than talk to Cathy, who works in the department full time, answer phone calls ("On what date does Memorial Day fall in 1979?"), and read the day's paper.

At about 10:30 a.m. a group of elementary school students from Mayfield came in for a tour of the paper, and Cathy was their guide. I tagged along, since it was my first chance to see the entire operation. I was impressed with the printing operation and the presses themselves (as were the sixth graders, I might add) and I conjured the spirit of Randolph Hearst himself as the newsprint sped through the presses. Fifty thousand copies of the paper are printed each hour by those giant rolling machines.

After the tour, Cathy went out to lunch and **Sara Kelley** replaced her for the interim. Cathy brought back a doggie bag from the Theatrical Restaurant with two tremendous pieces of cheesecake. One of these was my midday meal.

I returned to the suburban desk at 1:15 p.m. with hopes of going out with a suburban beat reporter for the afternoon. It turned out that **Sarah Crump** could take me on her beat, which included Brecksville, Independence, and other southwest suburbs. I walked with Sarah, who has been with the Press three years, and before that, a year with the Painesville *Telegraph*, to the 9th Street muny lot, and we headed out to the Brecksville City Hall.

Sarah is an enthusiastic *Press* writer, and she shared with me some reporter's philosophy and more general thoughts about journalism. She spoke of going out on the beat every day, whether there is a story to be found or not. She finds it worthwhile just to stop in different places and make friends, make her presence known, so that when a good story does come around, there is always someone she can count on for a good line.

Sarah is happy about being a suburban reporter, because she feels that all the problems and concerns of national and international affairs are mirrored to some extent in the communities she reports on. Even from working on suburban news, one can develop a perspective which applies on all levels of journalism. On another note, Sarah feels that it is worthwhile for a journalist to start out as she did, working on a small paper with a limited circulation.

She is familiar with the operation of all aspects of newspaper production, a background she cultivated while working for the Painesville *Telegraph*. While she can't assume all the duties at the *Press* that she was able to gain experience in at the *Telegraph*, she can better fulfill her obligations in the suburban department when she has a sense of the role of each department in the overall composition and integrity of the newspaper. One need not start at the top to become a good journalist, but one must have an awareness of the operation of the paper that goes beyond the concerns of one's own department.

Sarah and I drove to Brecksville, our destination the Brecksville City Hall. To get there, we drove through several of the other communities on her beat. We stopped at the rather modern brick building, just down Route 82 from the site on which McDonalds wishes to build a restaurant, at present a very controversial issue in Brecksville. Sarah indicated that we would be going to the office of Vince Amato, the city's Public Service Director, once we were inside the air-conditioned building. She had called Vince earlier in the day and asked him if there were any new

city projects under way that might be newsworthy. Since he told her to come out, she hoped for an opportunity to talk with the Mayor and some other city officials as well.

The young and affable Mr. Amato told Sarah about county support of the repairs the city wished to make on Snowville Road. The county would provide funds and workers as long as certain county criteria were met by the project's completion. In effect, the county would finance the repair work to a significant extent only if the county could establish the guidelines for how the repair would be done. Sarah was interested in this information and took notes continuously. Apparently, the city had no other immediate plans, for Mr. Amato began to muse instead on the bombing death of mobster John Nardi which had taken place the previous day. He played up his knowledge of mob affairs rather dramatically, explaining how he had grown up with many of the influential mob leaders as well as the more expendable petty criminals who served the others. He made some comments about the philosophy and nature of mob activity in Cleveland, attractive now because it is a big union town, and he spoke rather cryptically about another bombing on the same day as Nardi's killing "that you probably know nothing about," a bombing which was just a "warning." He also expressed his opinion that a retaliatory bombing against those who had killed Nardi would take place in the near future, ordered either by "Old Man" Milano or Danny Greene. He really captured the mythos of the underworld with his comments, but while it was interesting, the conversation was of no use to Sarah. She later told me that conversations like that were often helpful to other departments, and she planned to tip off the city editor about a couple of comments that Amato had made "off the record."

We returned to the downtown area by way of the old Brecksville City Hall, ravaged by fire and now being rebuilt, which Sarah wanted to check out for photo possibilities, and by way of Independence. Sarah told me that she often drove around her beat without any story in mind, just looking for photo and story possibilities. She dropped me off at Public Square and headed to her home town of Lakewood, where she planned to stop at the City Hall before returning to her house.

Friday, May 20

Today was spent with the Public Service department, who I helped with the organization and operation of the first day of the Press-sponsored "C'mon Down" program. This program, a *Press* promotion, looks to be one of the best attractions the city center area has offered to citizens in quite a while. "C'mon Down" is the brainchild of *Press* columnist **Marge Schuster**. Cleveland institutions participating in the program are opening their doors to the public for special tours, or offering certain goods and entertainment options at attractive discounts. This is a way for people to be attracted to the city and enjoy themselves while down here. I must admit that I am very impressed by the caliber of *Press* promotional projects.

At 9:00 this morning, the *Press* opened up for public tours. I helped with the ceremonies, assisting **Richard Yuhas, Cathy Kassimatis,** and **Janice Blackburn** as they made visitors to the newspaper comfortable. We served visitors coffee and lemonade and a 50-lb. supply of Hough Bakeries butter cookies, then sat them in the lobby to begin self-guided tours of the *Press* at about 20-minute intervals. Each tour began with a promotional movie about the paper made not long ago. I found the movie to be quite good in giving people a complete picture of the operation of the newspaper and at the same time giving the impression of the informal and friendly atmosphere prevailing at the paper. If the caliber of the *Press* is sometimes questionable, the intent of the *Press* staff toward

citizens and city should never be misunderstood. The people at the *Press* are genuinely interested in the city and its quality, and I think this was apparent to all the people who visited us on Friday.

The variety of visitors was wide, and I was glad to see that Janice's prediction that all the derelicts in the city would be stopping in wasn't born out. A majority of the 500 or so people who toured the building while I was there were senior citizens, and they were really quite appreciative of all the things the Public Service staff had done to make the tour pleasant. There were several school groups who came for the tour, and quite a few housewives brought their children down for mid-day diversion.

Very few city businessmen stopped in at the paper, which I found a little disappointing. A few derelicts came in for a lunch of Hough Bakery cookies and free coffee, but they all dutifully took the tour. All were impressed with the efficiency of the operation done by the *Press*, and pleased that they decided to "C'mon Down." I enjoyed dealing with pleasant people all day and helping to show them that Cleveland after all is not such a dull place. The true service of a city newspaper to its city goes far beyond what is printed in its pages.

May 23 - 29: What's Goin' On and What's Comin' Off?

Monday, May 23

After a rather predictable staff meeting at 8:00 a.m., at which I learned that the *Press* had the first break on two major international news stories, Israeli Prime Minister Begin's heart attack and the Moluccan terrorist incident in the Netherlands, and after an uneventful half-hour at the City Desk (during which Hilbert Black and I spoke about the almost derisive and decidedly negative coverage which the *Plain Dealer* gave to the successful "C'mon Down" weekend), I joined **Jim Marino**, court reporter, at his City Room desk. I planned to accompany him on his day's beat, which includes sixteen judges of the Common Pleas court, the Probation court, and the Sheriff's office as well. Jim came into the City Room at 8:30 a.m. and explained that it wasn't necessary to be at the courthouse until about 9:30, by which time most judges are in their chambers. We passed most of the hour as Jim explained to me some things about his beat as court reporter.

Jim explained that his day began by calling each of his sixteen judges to discover the day's trial schedule. As like as not, he would talk to the bailiff of the particular judge, since the bailiff is responsible for setting trial dates. Jim generally follows up the calls with a personal visit to several of the judges' chambers. By these visits he often learns things which he would not be told over the phone for reasons of privacy, confidence, or other considerations. In an aside, Jim commented on the political nature of most of the county judges. They are often interested in publicity for themselves, and often give him information in a light which is not reestablished by some of his other contacts. Thus by necessity, the court reporter must talk to more people than the judges alone. Jim relies on conversations with the court's contingent of deputy sheriffs to get leads on certain trials which the judges themselves might not readily reveal. The court reporter cultivates rapport with several strata of the official employees at the Justice Center.

After talking with the judges, Jim checks on new indictments by the Grand Jury, if any have been handed down. Since the official indictments are rather terse, often the reporter must do some research into the facts of the indictment to get any leads for possible stories. A talk with the prosecutor who turned in the indictment is usually the best way to find out the necessary pertinent information. All the evidence to be used in a trial must be available to both sides in advance (so no secret clincher witnesses), thus a reporter can see just about how a trial will unfold even when he talks to the prosecutor about the original indictment.

Jim commented on a few other areas of court practice and procedure on which he has come to have opinions. He

described the Ohio Revised Code (1974) which sets standard criteria for sentencing, indicating a range of possible minimum and maximum limits for the sentence prescribed. An accused criminal suspect can register a plea which often very significantly affects his trial and sentence, and even whether he has a trial at all. Marino is very critical of the general leniency of the Common Pleas judges, whom he believes often put publicity considerations before judicial responsibilities. He cites Albert Porter's case as an example, a man who over a period of twenty years in effect extorted millions of dollars from the paychecks of his employees, affecting innumerable families, never served a day in jail and got little more than a reprimand, for "health reasons."

News stories from beats such as Marino's are by nature competitive, and the editors back in the City Room must discriminate among the stories which street reporters call in. Thus each reporter develops criteria for news on his beat, by which he judges events "newsworthy," of interest to his editors and the public. One such standard which Jim employs in covering civil cases is never to cover cases involving settlements of less than $35,000. Anything less than that simply does not attract a reader's interest. When a reporter gets a story, his responsibility is two-fold for his coverage. He must be both reporter and critic. He must report the news and be able to respond to it. This is especially true of reporters covering public officials. They must reveal the blunders and weaknesses of which the public may often be unaware. Marino, for example, must cover how the judges act, and try to discover why they act as they do as well. Beat reporters, who are close to the news itself, must guide the response of the editorial staff to their (supposedly) objective reporting. A reporter's influence is great, and his responsibility corresponds to his influence.

A reporter must be an independent individual. He must ride above personal considerations, above friendships and preferences. He must cover what is newsworthy, get the story he is assigned, disregard friends if need be to get the story, and disregard personal recognition in leaving all final copy decisions to his editors. Yet since the reporter is close to the streets, he must never hesitate to advise those who handle the news he has reported. He must be flexible on assignments, too, regardless of his specialty, for "every reporter is a general assignment reporter first and a beat reporter second." Jim told me this after describing how he had been pulled from the Justice Center a few days earlier to handle all the incoming calls from reporters covering John Nardi's bombing death. A reporter's ethics are what the situation requires.

Media competition for city news is still stiff in Cleveland, but the nature of the competition is not what it once was. Now the struggle to get news is greatest between the newspapers and the television reporters, rather than between competing newspapers. The deadlines of the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press* are so different that their contents are usually quite different as well, but all local TV newsmen compete with *Press* reporters for breaking stories. It often happens that a story run in the first edition of the *Press* will be reported in almost exactly the same way on the noon news programs. This kind of thing really irks Jim, who believes that "the news is everyone's, but a reporter's style is his own," and it has often been his experience to hear a TV news report on a trial he has covered in which his reporting is read word-for-word by some air-coiffed professional face. Jim gives a half-smile of wry resignation, as if he likes to hear his words on the airwaves, but . . .

At 9:30 a.m., Jim and I walked over to the old *Press* room in the Lakeside Courthouse building, which now houses the Domestic Relations and Probate courtrooms, among others. He planned to work his way through his sixteen-judge call sheet to figure out his schedule for the day. Each morning begins with these calls, although Jim doesn't

rely on the judgment of the bailiffs he talks to in determining newsworthy cases. He has to trust them at least until he can get up to talk to someone in person, though. The morning's round of calls alert Jim to the present situation in the courthouse — he learns of stories with immediate impact that require his earliest attention. Jim mentioned the "reporter's pride" which is stirred by the pressure of striving to meet deadlines with up-to-the-minute called-in stories. After a few short calls, Jim told me glumly that all he was getting were "CCW" cases — carrying a concealed weapon — which are the lowest felony category prosecuted in the Common Pleas Court, and of absolutely no news interest. Jim lifted the receiver and in a few seconds said "What's happenin' . . . ?" From the other end of the pressroom I heard a kindred "What's goin' on and what's comin' off?" The universal newsman's query. It was **Bus Bergen**.

Upon being introduced to him, I found Bus to be the archetypal, crusty old reporter, blunt as the chewed end of a pungent cigar. He is the court reporter who covers the remaining Common Pleas judges, and several other aspects of the county judicial system. Bergen prefers to cover civil cases while Marino enjoys criminal cases, so they often trade off assignments and have a good working relationship. Bergen seems to have faith in nothing, trust in no one, and a universal low opinion of the miracle of existence in all its manifestations. He enjoys exposing his feelings, too, as I discovered. From the moment he heard my name, he called me nothing but "Wolf," or "kid," as if at last I had discovered the wise sage who would reveal to greenhorn me the deepest secrets of the newspaper business, and I'd better damn well respect him.

Bergen shares Marino's belief in the self-serving nature of judges, but he expresses his thoughts in much saltier language. He considers the county judges to be "politicians first, jurists second." His opinion of their ability in either category is uniformly low. He believes that many of the judges are guys who couldn't make it on the street in any other position, so they sought the safety of the bench. Such men, Bergen says, have "feet of clay and heads to match." One such judge who arouses Bergen's venomous ire is Judge James Kilcoyne, who borrowed a book from Bergen several months ago and has not yet returned it. He earns the epithet, "that bastard Kilcoyne." Bergen admits that his judgments of men have mellowed with age, and the "guys I call pricks now are probably nice guys," but his ability to spot and expose myths (which judges, for example, sometimes set themselves up as). He admonished me, "in the newspaper business, you get in awe of a few myths yourself, Wolf — don't ever forget it."

Bergen is an affable if pugnacious Cornell grad, former athlete, World War II veteran (and apparently something of a hero) of whom Marino says, "mention the paratroopers and you'll be his friend forever." He has an apparently endless supply of stories and gruff aphorisms, and is reputedly an excellent reporter with a notable career and reputation. He is known for endless verification of a story, getting his facts from as many different sources as possible, and coming down hard on those whom he discovers in an attempt to mislead him. Lawyers joke that he has "never checked on any fact he ever printed," a comment which I take to be respectful, since the very top lawyers in Cleveland are Bergen's intimate friends. Bergen was once a very heavy drinker, and his drinking still wins a tone of respectful disbelief from those who speak of it. He is undoubtedly a man now past his prime, a man hanging to some degree to the thing which has been his whole life. Yet he is a sage, not the butt of the younger reporters' surreptitious jokes.

Bergen reiterated Marino's point that the people from whom a reporter gets his story most often have their own

self-interest in mind. He warns that a reporter must not become a “cat’s paw,” a champion of particular causes or individuals. A reporter must be aloof from the newsmakers and detached from the news. While on the subject of his beat, he also bemoaned the low quality of the County Prosecutor’s office. A county prosecutor’s pay is low — less than $15,000 annually — and not attractive to talented young attorneys. The best young lawyers often work in the County Prosecutor’s office for a year or two, then drop out, using their experience as background for lucrative private practice. So Bergen’s pessimistic evaluation of life continues.

After my lengthy introduction to Bergen, Jim and I walked over to the Justice Center across the street to find out what was going on that day. Jim’s first stop was the headquarters of the Deputy Sheriffs on the 18th floor. A Deputy Sheriff is present at all trials, and the deputies are willing to tell Jim things that judges or bailiffs might ignore or conceal from him. For this reason, Jim has cultivated real friendships with the deputies and he knows them all well. This morning, though, those we talked to had nothing of note to say. We descended to the third floor to check on new indictments, and discovered that the Grand Jury had acted on nothing since last Thursday. This information was followed by an interesting conversation about the pay for testifying as a witness — inflation!

Our next stop was the Sheriff’s Department where we spoke with Inspector of Detectives Peter Becker, who had been a detective in homicide himself for thirty years, and had investigated more than two thousand cases. He spoke to us about the Arthur Noske case off the record, discussing the use of a psychic to locate the body, of which he was skeptical, and his own speculation about the location of the body. He also described some of the methods used by detectives in investigating a murder case in which the body is missing. After we left Becker’s office, Jim said that although he hadn’t really learned anything that he could use, his talk with Inspector Becker was worth its weight in gold. He had established a certain rapport with Becker and had been taken into his confidence to some extent (as had I), two things which would surely be in his favor when he was actually going after specific information for some future story.

On the trip up to the 23rd floor to check out the courtrooms and judges’ chambers, I noticed a rather incongruous sign stuck on the recessed paneling on the ceiling of the elevator. It read: “Free Ashby Leach.” Puzzling over the placement of this message and its obvious intent, we walked along the gallery of courtrooms and found no trials of any interest. We did run into Judge Richard McMonagle (the younger) who advised Jim of two upcoming trials of which he hadn’t heard before.

As we walked down the corridor, Jim was suddenly collared by a Deputy Sheriff with malicious aspect but playful intent. He asked Jim why he was stirring up so much trouble for the deputies. The Deputy Sheriffs are asking for higher pay and getting opposition from Sheriff Gerald McFaul, and Jim has taken their side in the paper. His use of quotes in articles on the subject has led to some friction between the deputies and their boss. They are asking for a 25% to 30% rise in pay, which has remained at the same level for five years. Jim, whom they recognize as a friend, said that he believed the articles would help them by demonstrating to McFaul that their demands are serious. The two deputies we talked to in the hall ended up by concurring with Jim, though they seemed to have their misgivings about the matter.

We left to go to lunch at about 1:00 p.m., treated with a *Press* expense account which Jim had been given for the day. Though the morning had revealed no news leads or worthwhile stories, Jim was optimistic about the value

of developing relationships in casual hallway encounters, as he had done that morning with every level from the deputy sheriffs to the judges of his beat. Back in the *Press* room at Lakeside, we found Bergen talking with his good friend Eddie Stillman, who Marino told me is considered the top defense attorney for civil cases in the city. Our lunch was at Stouffer's, and over it we talked about my ideas about journalism, my evaluation of the *Press*, and the old style of reporting, which Jim knew about through his father.

At 2:30 p.m. we again reached the 23rd floor, and entered the chambers of Judge Lloyd Brown, whom Jim told me was the first Black judge on the bench and had a very good reputation. Judge Brown was not in, but Jim spoke to his bailiff, and I met Jerry Gold, reputed to be the top defense attorney for criminal litigation in the city. We left Judge Brown's chambers and entered a trial in progress across the way, in the courtroom of Judge Harry Jaffe, who is "close to 70 but acts 40." The process of *voir dire*, or choosing jurors, was going on as we entered. The crime was obviously a felony, as the defense attorney was asking prospective jurors whether discussions about a weapon might possibly affect their impartiality. Once the twelve jurors and an alternate were chosen, Judge Jaffe called a recess and we were able to talk to him in his chambers. He explained the process of *voir dire*, the standards for sentencing, and some other court matters, and asked us to sit in on a sentencing if we liked, in a case involving five counts of armed robbery. We did.

A tall, thickly speaking Black man, 20 years old, cuffed and guarded, had been convicted on five counts of second-degree aggravated robbery. He was later to stand trial in a federal court for the additional crime of shooting at a federal marshall. As he stood mute before the bench, Jaffe sentenced him to two 7-25 year jail terms, to be served concurrently, minimum and maximum limits determined by the standards mandated for a second-degree felony of that nature. The federal crime could bring as stiff an additional sentence on conviction. The only question the man had, as possibly fifty years of his life were being erased before his eyes, was whether the federal sentence was likely to be concurrent as well. He will be eligible for parole in three and a half years. His eyes look dead as he turns and walks from the courtroom.

Next in Jaffe's court are the opening statements of the felonious assault trial of which we observed the *voir dire* process. The defendant was being tried for shooting at a man's house four times with a shotgun and doing considerable property damage, though causing no personal injuries. The prosecutor, a young Cuban lawyer on his first case, was up against a defense attorney named Zimmerman, a tremendous fleshy and cotton-voiced man whom Marino characterized as an "asshole." I already had this impression as I watched him bully prospective jurors during *voir dire*. He seemed to have a tremendous sense of his own importance, and Jim added that he usually lunched on several martinis.

The first witness called by the prosecution was the man who owned the house that had been damaged. His testimony was assertive but confused; he had some trouble under the slurred and rumbling examination by Zimmerman. He was the owner of a private janitorial service, and apparently his wife was the source of quite a bit of trouble on the street: she once shot at the leg of another woman in her home, trying to drive her out of the house. The testifying witness said that he didn't know what his wife did, since he was gone most of the day. He admitted to her unusual behavior but brushed it aside. In other testimony, he had the defendant shooting him while wearing beige pants, then walking down the street twenty minutes later wearing blue pants. He couldn't recall

the actual date or day of the crime, identifying it as “the day the police came,” though he knew the time of the shooting down to the minute. The testimony continued like this, and we left at about three-thirty.

I was impressed with Jim Marino and the aspects of his beat that he showed me. I was also struck by the amount of information and knowledge of legal matters that the court reporter must have control of. Jim said that he enjoyed being court reporter, because although there are certain things he must learn, once these things are learned they are retained, and the same principles arise in all legal proceedings. He prefers his beat to the labor beat, for example, for once he has a handle on the legal jargon and procedures, he can apply it to everything he has to cover. The labor beat is responsible for all the labor unions in Cleveland and all aspects of labor relations, the demands and aims of each union. Jim doesn’t envy the labor beat. But he is very competent in his own beat, and I enjoyed my day with him. Justice is a good deal more than law books.

Tuesday, May 24

The morning was spent on a photo assignment with photographer **Tony Tomsic** and general assignment reporter **Barbara Weiss**. We were to cover the hydrofracturing of Cleveland Well #3 in Warrensville Heights, though none of us had a very clear idea of just what that meant. Members of the press had been invited to this event by the City of Cleveland and Mayor Ralph Perk, since the hydrofracturing was to take place on city property and for the benefit of the city. Apparently there was supposed to be a rather spectacular gusher from the well which would be appropriate for media coverage. In anticipation of this, Tony, Barbara, and I drove in Tony’s new car to the Warrensville site at 8:45 a.m. While driving, we became acquainted a little bit, and Tony talked about the days when Mr. (Richard D.) Peters was the chief editorial writer for the *Press*. At that time, he said, the paper had a sense of humor. He talked about the paper then, describing Peters as “the kind of guy who looks like he means ‘no comment’ just standing there.”

We got to Warrensville Heights and the site on Harvard Road, parked in the Hope Camp lot, and were ferried to the well site in a van presumably driven by someone on the City payroll. We reached the site across the road, and found it to be roughly cleared of trees and brush, muddy and damp. A tent stood on a hillside above the well, and inside (or rather, under) was coffee, sweet rolls, and several heated containers of catered food. The well itself, down a short steep slope, resembled an elongated fire hydrant with four outlet pipes, and it was surrounded by impressive-looking trucks and machinery. A tank truck with a load of liquid nitrogen steamed away mysteriously, and several grimy workers strode about, checking valves and looking important. A city sign described the scene: Cleveland Well #3, City of Cleveland Self-Help Program. Mayor Perk’s signature made the sign official.

When we arrived at nearly 9:30 a.m., there was already a sizable crowd at the site. Many looked monied; perhaps these people lent money for the project. I had the impression that they were energy investors when I noticed cowboy boots with leisure suits. Many spoke with a Texan drawl, and their wives all seemed to have smug, fatuous expressions. It did not take long to locate the kingpins of the project; the others
gravitated about them and listened to simplified explanations of the geologic and mechanical machinations involved in the day’s event.

Barbara got her explanation of the process from Bill Frysinger, dressed as though he had just walked out of a

Marlboro ad. Bill represented Gem Drilling Co., contracted by Monarch Oil Co. of Warren, and his men and machines labored under the hazy sun to crack a layer of Clinton sandstone beneath our feet through which the oil would flow. He described the process of hydrofracturing. The several red tank trucks which were in an array below us were pumping quantities of water under high pressure into the well. The water and the pressure it transmitted would crack the stone in the layer of Clinton sandstone in which the oil was contained. When the stone fractured, sand carried in the water would collect in the cracks and hold them open. The newly formed channels in the rock would permit gas and oil to flow down to the well opening. The pressure of the gas and oil flow would force the water (and injected chemicals) high into the air out of the well head. This is what we hoped to see. The sand which permits all this to happen is called a "propping agent." We, on the surface, would feel none of these underground fractures. We would continue to sip the City's punch as if nothing had happened at all.

Soon after we arrived, the affair was joined by Mayor Perk and several suited attendants. I got a chance to talk to the sagging-featured Perk as he was sipping a *gratis* cup of orange juice. He had quite a bit to say about the city's gas wells. One city well (Well #2) is already producing gas and oil, said the mayor. He expected that this new well would produce a total of nearly 80,000 barrels of oil and a daily yield of 200,000 cubic feet of natural gas. The cost of the two wells now in operating stage had been $250,000, funded by private investors, some of whom were present at the hydrofracturing today.

Perk emphasized that Cleveland was the country's first city to drill in such a way for its own energy supply. This reminded me of a similar statement I once heard on the subject of a metric track. In any case, the mayor conceded that the financial return from the well's production would be insignificant. He added that the important aspect of the project is the additional energy which will be made available to the city in case of future shortage situations such as we experienced last winter.

In addition to these sites in Warrensville Heights, the city is considering several other possible drilling sites, including city land on the shore of Lake Erie. Perk is unsure of the possibilities for these locations because he does not believe that the city owns the mineral rights for the land in question. He mentioned that one option may be drilling on the city's Burke Lakefront Airport on the ground between runways. One problem which prevents immediate exploration of the Burke site is the presence of great underground salt deposits under the lake and shoreline areas. Apparently this makes drilling difficult. One of Perk's guests at the affair today is the mayor of Youngstown, a personal friend of Perk's and in fact the man who suggested the drilling project. He is an amateur geologist of sorts, and he advised Perk that the sandstone deposits in the Warrensville Heights area were the kind that often contained oil. He encouraged the exploratory operations that were culminating today.

I later overheard some unguarded comments by Mayor Perk as he discussed the sale of the Muny Light plant with one of his suited friends. He felt the sale should have been made soon after the November election. He accused (City Council President) George Forbes of purposely stalling the sale, with the result of a loss of several million dollars for the city (since Muny Light operated at a loss during that interim period). The result of the sale now is not what it might have been, but certainly better than the terms of receivership, Perk added. He indicated his judgment that Council President Forbes is primarily a showman. Forbes waited until external pressures to sell were greatest before backing and advocating for the sale of Muny Light. As a result, the city stands to lose $4 to $5 million on the present terms of the sale.

As the din continued below us and the workers scurried about and twisted dials, Tony and Barbara talked about working at the *Press*. They both complained of the lack of communication between the decision-making editors and the beat and general assignment reporters. The reporters should have more say on the admission of copy into the paper. They are on the street and can see how the news is falling together, they are aware of the impact certain reported events are having on the world. Apparently there is substantial resentment between reporters and the editorial staff. I would guess that it has always existed to some extent, but Tony and Barbara cited this friction as the greatest problem at the *Press* today. Both said they remembered times when the advice of reporters was sought by the editors and generally respected, even if not adhered to. Now the editors seem isolated from other aspects of the paper and uninterested in the reporters' ideas and opinions. The vital editor-reporter exchange is missing today, and so is some of the life of the paper.

At 11:00 a.m. we were informed that a $1.50 electronic part was missing from the control panel on the Airco tank truck pumping liquid nitrogen into the well. Until the needed part could be produced, perhaps an hour hence, the final blow-off of the well would be delayed. In the meantime, the crowd settled back with a collective sigh and ate the catered lunch. I met and talked to (University School classmates) Tom
Weidenkopf and Dale Coy, who had come to the site with the mayor's secretary. I also conversed with Mr. G.E. Campbell with East Ohio Gas Co. He described the drilling operation and the result of hydrofracturing, as well as the financial aspects of energy production. He happened to be at the big event today because East Ohio owns the gas line that the wells will tie into. East Ohio will have control of a rather substantial percentage of the gas production that is finally realized.

By 1:00 p.m. nothing had happened, though there was much activity and high-pressure noise below us. At last the activity ceased and the many connections of pipe and hose were unfastened by workmen. Mayor Perk made an impromptu speech in which he introduced the President of Monarch Energy Co., as well as the Mayor of Youngstown. He ended by saying, "and I have some bad news. The release of pressure from the well will not take place for at least another 45 minutes, so just sit back and relax." After this final note in a series of delays, Tony was furious, and besides it was now too late to publish a picture in any of the day's editions of the paper. We left the site and headed back to the office empty-handed.

Thursday, May 26

Today Mr. Tanner dropped me in front of the Cleveland Police station at 21st Street and Payne, and left to my own devices to locate Police reporter **Jerry Kvet**, who would be in charge of me for the day. I stepped into the well-worn but still-imposing building and was not long in finding the pressroom, hidden at the end of a corridor market by a sign reading "Women" (though I looked around and could not find any), past the inevitable blind vendor's concession stand. In the cubbyhole I discovered at last, I met the animated **Paul Weber** with a pudgy, almost childlike face. He is Jerry's fellow police reporter and companion in the pressroom during the day.

The tiny pressroom in the station was dominated by three long aluminum desks. An old cabinet containing worn, numbered notebooks stood beside one desk. A large and ancient-looking radio set stood on a shelf on the wall directly across from the door; it was tuned to the police band. On another wall, next to the window, was a smaller set tuned to the fire reports band. One faded drape hung over this set. Maps of Cleveland and Cuyahoga County

were affixed to two walls, and a third wall was covered with lists of public officials. Numerous faded memos and messages were Scotch-taped to the walls, and penciled graffiti adorned the remaining open wall space (I thought graffiti was a misdemeanor).

Jerry Kvet arrived at the pressroom about ten minutes after I got in. Jerry is a big man with heavy Eastern European features. He explained the several shifts that make a police reporter available twenty-four hours each day. Jerry and Paul Weber work in the pressroom from 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., and compile reports and information from telephone calls and reports on the radio instead of composing firsthand accounts. An evening man (**Tony Prusha**) is in the police pressroom from 4:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m., and he has a car at his disposal. He writes what is called "second-day news," or previews of things which should take place during the next day. He does this instead of straight reporting because the *Plain Dealer* gets the first shot at publishing stories of events that take place before 11:00 p.m. Finally, there is an 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. man who also has a car at his disposal and who is expected to get first-hand accounts of big crime stories breaking during the wee hours.

Since no big stories were underway and Jerry had no immediate responsibilities, he decided that he would explain his daily routine and show me what kind of recorded information is available to the police reporter and how this information is used. Jerry explained that the notebooks in the cabinet contained police clippings dating back to 1927, which were available as one possible resource for background on stories. Apparently the notebooks are complete except for three volumes containing all the clippings pertaining to the Sam Sheppard murder case, which someone had apparently stolen. Jerry also commented on the current crime-in-vogue, the theft of leaded and stained glass. One or two such thefts occur daily right now. He said that while this is a rather insignificant crime in each individual case, cumulative copy can be the starting point for a feature story on the subject.

Kvet's first job of the day is to review the copy turned in by the overnight reporters. He establishes an order of priority among the articles and rewrites them as he thinks they may appear in the day's paper. Jerry has certain criteria by which he judges the newsworthiness of police stories. He will not report on a fire unless damage in excess of $10,000 is incurred. He looks for the atypical angle which makes the commonplace story unusual. The identity of the victim can create reader interest in an otherwise unremarkable crime. The process of establishing such criteria is subjective and comes with experience.

Several tremendous directories are used by police reporters to find the locations of significant crimes or fires by a process called "criss-cross." One of these is the *Haines Directory*, like the phone book except that it is organized by addresses rather than names. If a fire is reported at a particular address, the police reporter can find out who lives at that address using the *Haines* book. The *City Directory*, and several suburban versions, lists the names and occupations of city residents. It is organized alphabetically by last names. In addition to these, there are east and west suburban directories arranged and organized in a variety of ways.

The police reporter of the *Press* is responsible not only for the city of Cleveland but for all of northeast Ohio. All the state patrol offices are called regularly for information and reports. In addition, the police departments of all the suburbs are called each day. Sometimes the police department of one suburb will give a lead on an event in another suburb which is not revealed by the suburb in question. Supplementary calls complete the information that the police reporter can compile on a particular crime. He may call hospitals in the vicinity of the crime to find

news of victims being treated, or he may call neighbors of the house in which a crime has taken place to get an interesting lead.

When a crime is committed, the initial report is filed by the patrolman in the zone car that handles the call. There are several zones assigned to cover the Cleveland area, and particular assignments are made by the police dispatcher at police headquarters. He gives cars in each zone the address of the location where a crime is reported to be in progress. All these things are heard by the police reporters over their radios. Following the initial zone car report, an inquiry is made by the detectives, a more in-depth follow-up is written. This final report may be general or it may be handled by specialized departments, depending on the nature of the crime being handled.

The records room of the police department is on the first floor, in fact it is the first room one encounters upon entering the department, for it also serves as the information desk. In this room, initial reports from the zone cars are called in, typed and copied, then condensed on the teletype using a special code. The originals and teletype copies are filed by the title of the crime and the number assigned. Jerry reviews these incoming reports every two to three hours. As we stood at the records desk and Jerry explained the system to me, an old homicide detective named Carl Roberts walked up and spoke to Jerry. Apparently he had been a detective for many years, and had retired from the detective bureau. Now he had been given a new desk job with the department. Jerry later told me that Carl had been one of the best homicide detectives in the department.

One of the case transcripts we examined that interested Jerry was an aggravated burglary case involving a 93-year-old man. The man was cut up by the burglar, who got away with no more than $12. Jerry said that although the case itself was not very significant, it might be of interest simply because of the age of the victim. Such crimes are on the rise, almost commonplace when so many older people can’t afford to move out of neighborhoods that experience increasing crime. At one time, Jerry said, such a case would be of interest if it involved a woman over 50 or a man over age 60. Now a case like this one with a victim more than ninety years old is hardly notable.

The crime reports are kept available as long as suspects are held by the police: 72 hours. If a writ of *habeas corpus* is presented, the police must free suspects or present evidence convincing enough to detain them before the 72-hour period is up. The situation for learning fire information is somewhat different. In the case of significant fires, only the chief of the battalion that handles the fire is authorized to give information to the press. Such interviews must be done in person.

Jerry showed me the department’s communication center, where the dispatchers for each zone sit and make their calls. The pressroom has a direct line to the desk of the lieutenant in charge of the communications center, allowing reporters to get immediate verification of reports that they hear over police radio. This is one of the few cases in which the reporters can get information about a crime practically as it is happening. In most cases they rely on several different record bureaus in the department. One of these is the Record and Warrants Bureau, on the second floor of the station. Here the records of misdemeanors and traffic offenses are kept, and arrest warrants are drafted. Also on the second floor of the station are the misdemeanor courts. Before we sat in on one of the court sessions, we spoke with patrolman Robert Helms in the pressroom. Helms spoke about the new min-max sentencing procedure for violent crimes.

We returned to the second floor and the court of Judge Lillian Burke. The suspects in last night’s arrests were

making their first court appearances. Most were in on charges of disorderly conduct, generally meaning “drunk.” For most of these appearances on the first docket, the judge ruled one of three things. She either set the date for a preliminary hearing for felony charges, set a date for the accused to enter a plea, or granted a continuance to permit the suspect time to contact a lawyer. For felony charges, she might have also set the amount of the bond and the date for appearance before a Grand Jury. In general, these court sessions are of little interest to the police reporter, but it is his job to know what is going on in all phases of police department operation.

Jerry listed for me the criteria for creating a story in crime reporting. In general he is interested primarily in major crimes, but he will also consider minor or common crimes including unusual circumstances. Commonplace crimes often become newsworthy when they involve some well-known personality. Another consideration is time priorities, especially considering competition with stories reported by the *Plain Dealer*. Today, it so happened that Jerry had a feature article printed in Column One of the *Press*, and his story involved crime only indirectly. He wrote a column about Police Memorial Day, Friday, May 20, which went almost entirely unnoticed by the public. He deplored the lack of recognition that police get for the service they perform, made so obvious to the wives and relatives of policemen killed on duty, whom the day honors.

I ate lunch with Jerry and the “lunch bunch,” a group of writers who meet for the noon meal. Among the group of seven or eight were investigative reporter **Walter Jones**, arts critic **Tony Mastroionni**, reporter **Stephanie Nano**, education reporter **Peter Almond**, etc. We ate at Barrister’s little storefront grill. The conversation ran more to softball than to the newspaper business.

After lunch we visited the Fraud Unit and talked with a couple of the officers there, including one lieutenant who informed Jerry that nearly everything he knew about the promotion ceremony to take place that afternoon such as numbers, people involved, and location, was incorrect. He wouldn’t enlighten us, either. We moved on to the Arrest Records department and reviewed the records of those suspects being detained for 72 hours, kept in an open file.

We had an interesting talk with a woman in the arrest records department about a child prostitution case. A man had been caught and indicted by a Grand Jury for luring children between the ages of 8 and 21 into sexual favors by paying them large sums of money. Pictures had been taken and several parents had recognized their children, but it was unclear how the case against the suspect would be handled. Jerry discussed how difficult coverage of such a case is, because of the situation of the families involved and the mental condition of the suspect, etc. I left considering this rather delicate dilemma after spending the day learning all the cold and factual information available to the police reporter and how he might use it. I had not thought of the role judgment and social discretion might play in police reporting.

Friday, May 27

Today my assignment left me at the copy desk in the city room of the Press, observing **Dan Sabol** as he was making up the paper at 7:30 a.m., making tentative layout decisions on dummy sheets. Dan was informative when pressed, but more strictly businesslike and less outgoing than most of the others I have spent time with. I felt that I tagged along and participated less today than usual.

It is the responsibility of the editors at the copy desk to write heads for the articles and do the final editing of copy turned in for printing. Stories are brought to the copy desk to be evaluated for placement in the paper based on their content and probable reader interest. The copy editor's decisions seemed entirely subjective to me. Copy editors also decide on what photos will be printed and how all art will be used — for instance, today Mr. Sabol considered and decided on the use of a map of the city indicating the ten most dangerous intersections. The decisions made on the copy desk are finalized on dummy sheets. These sheets are used as guidelines by the professional layout men who work in the composing room.

Once copy decisions are completed, the copy editors go to the composing room to supervise the final layout of the paper. Mr. Sabol went to the composing room at 8:30 a.m. and advised the man who was laying out the front section of the paper. He was primarily interested in the layout of Page One. The first run of the paper this morning was delayed several minutes by a cutline which was turned in and typeset late. Sabol had a small argument with the city editors about this, and as a result made the first deadline for copy a half-hour earlier than it had been at 8:30 a.m.

When the first edition was being put to bed, there was very little activity at the copy desk. Between the first and second editions, the only changes are for the most part grammatical corrections or small rewrite corrections. During this period of low activity I got a short lesson from one of the proofreaders in the use of the Video Terminal teletype. The teletype, called VDT for short, permits rewrite of wire reports and direct access to the *Press* computer that does all the typesetting. I watched the rewrite of an offshoot story from the report of the man who had climbed one of the World Trade Center towers the day before, George Willig. The story was coded "Climb" on the computer. Upon instruction from the operator, the entire story is displayed on the video screen of the teletype, and the keys of the console permit the operator to edit the story to his needs and enter the edited form into the computer to be typeset. Any part of the story may be revised, rewritten, amended, deleted, and so on.

The codes used to give directions to the computer are too complex to be learned at first exposure. "Cf 1" codings are used to indicate the typeface in which the article or sections of the article are to be printed. "Cf 2" codings indicate the relative intensity of the headline from light to dark face. These are only the beginning. The final rewritten copy can be entered in one or both of two storage files, a temporary file that permits a story to be retained for several hours and perhaps used in a later edition of the day's paper, or a permanent file that allows a story to be kept for several weeks and perhaps be expanded into a feature story or a series of articles. The VDT allows access to both the *Press*'s own copy computer and a computer in New York in which wire stories are filed. This is one component of the communications network that is completely changing the methods and the role of the newspaper and its production.

I talked for about 15 minutes with labor writer **Fred (Bucky) Buchstein**, a diminutive but outgoing guy who withstands a lot of kidding from the likes of Wally Guenther but who is respected for the job he does handling his difficult beat. He repeated many of the setbacks commonly encountered and methods employed by courts reporter Jim Marino in developing relationships with possible contacts and running up against people who don't want to say a thing or who are only out to publicize themselves. He said that he was primarily interested in writing "non-traditional" labor stories and working on long-term labor problems and issues. He cited the universal sensitivity

of people involved in labor issues, and said that he had “his share of enemies” as a result of stories he had written. Nevertheless he enjoys his beat tremendously; its complexity and significance fascinate him.

By this time, Mr. Sabol was working on changes for the later home editions of the paper: additions and deletions of articles, new copy, and layout changes. For later editions, the pace is leisurely, and he was able to explain the decision-making process to me a little more completely. Incoming copy is graded A, B, or C by the copy editors. The criterion, Mr. Sabol said, is “what the people are most interested in.” There is no hard and fast policy for grading articles, no set criteria for international, national, and local news other than reader interest.

As far as layout decisions are concerned, “softer” news is printed at the head of Page One. Today the lead article is a study of the ten most dangerous intersections in the city, guaranteed to be of some interest to nearly every reader of the paper. News for Page One is also chosen for its variety; all levels and degrees of news possible are printed, with the intention of having something for everyone. There is no real consistency of layout from one day to the next. Final editing is done and layout is changed practically from minute to minute, it seems, certainly from edition to edition. A daily paper is undeniably dynamic and flexible — but, in the end, also somewhat amorphous.

May 30 - June 3: "The Newspaper That Serves its Readers"

Tuesday, May 31

I spent the day learning about yet another public service aspect of the *Cleveland Press*, an aspect which regularly appears in print. I passed the morning hours at a vacant desk in the "Action Line" office under the supervision and instruction of **Bob McKnight, Sr.**, and **Wanda Mitchell**. The Action Line room is a small 3-desk room on the corridor between the city room and the composing room. It provides the only access to the room used by the Press's secretive investigative reporters. The walls are covered with prints of horses, evidently Mr. McKnight's passion.

The morning involved menial office work, dating the letters that had come in to Action Line over the weekend. Several kinds of letters were quickly apparent. There were requests for help in cases of consumer complaints (undelivered merchandise, non-refunded payments, etc.), requests for information as varied as the date of the three-masted tall ship *Christian Radich*'s first visit to Cleveland and whether only the female rattlesnake is poisonous. Several letters asked for sports trivia facts. Quite often there were letters of thanks from those whom the Action Line had been able to help, and there was the occasional memo from a corporation or organization acknowledging action taken that had been prompted by Action Line requests.

Wanda gathered together a couple of request letters and took me across the corridor to the *Press* library to show me how she researched the answers. The *Press* maintains an extensive and confidential clipping file arranged by subject which lets one check old news copy for information. In addition, there is a vast assortment of reference books, encyclopedias, etc. Shelves containing more specialized reference materials are arranged by subject. I checked several works to discover whether only the female rattler is poisonous. The library has more books than I would have expected capable of providing an answer to even this obscure question. In addition, the Action Line room itself has a complete permanent file of all Action Line columns that have been printed. There are already more than thirty volumes of these clipped columns.

For those letters that request the address of a particular business or seek the location of some Cleveland firm for whatever reason, the Action Line uses the same "criss-cross" system I learned about with Jerry Kvet. The *Haines Directory* lists by street address all Cleveland citizens and firms. Another directory organized by phone exchanges is often helpful in finding the information that a letter requests.

Two answering service machines stacked one atop the other take care of the questions that are called in daily.

Action Line will not answer questions over the phone, but will accept them for consideration. The answering service asks that long questions pertaining to consumer problems be submitted in writing, while it records the short fact-finding requests that are more common. The recorded questions are considered along with letters for publication in the column. Wanda mentioned the number of prank recordings which they get. She attributed many such calls to "bored kids." They often get recorded songs, long-winded invectives, and so on.

The actual columns that appear in the *Press* are prepared two weeks in advance. Mr. McKnight seeks to print varied and unusual requests to insure reader interest in the column, and apparently his criteria are as subjective as those of any other department I have encountered. Certain layout limitations affect his choice of printed letters. The copy editors allocate a certain number of column inches for Action Line, and Mr. McKnight brings together those items that fit in the space set aside. Some particular requests compose a large percentage of the Action Line's mail. Recently, many people have reported problems and inequities concerning the "Miracle Painter" sold by television advertisement. Occasionally, one of these common requests is printed to inform consumers that problems still exist with this merchandise.

In spite of the volume of incoming mail and the small number of items that can actually be printed, personal responses are written to all requests. This explains why Action Line is so hopelessly behind in its mail, but Mr. McKnight feels he owes this service to the citizens. He has been told to throw out a percentage of his mail arbitrarily, but this would be "unfair to the public." Processing the requests sent in to Action Line is a big job and a big service. It's unfortunate that the department is understaffed. It certainly adds substance to the motto of the *Press: "The Newspaper That Serves Its Readers."*

One notable request: A lady wrote in to Action Line about problems she was experiencing with her *Plain Dealer* paperboy. Action Line took the appropriate steps and rectified the problem, thereby aiding the circulation of its major competitor. The people come first.

Thursday, June 2

Editorial writers **Chuck Stella** and **Don Silver** had charge of me this morning, and I joined them in their office at the west end of the city room at 7:30 a.m. Don explained a few things about the policy and schedule of the editorial page. Most of the *Press* editorials are written the night before they are printed, as might be expected. The syndicated wire editorials are also chosen the night before, so the busiest time for the editorial writers comes when other writers are finishing up for the day. One more thing makes the job of the editorial writers unique — they prepare a full page on which no ads are displayed. The are able to make fuller use of their layout space to emphasize their copy than any other department of the paper is able to do.

At 7:30 a.m., Don took me to the composing room where he instructed layout man **Lou Peters** on the arrangement of the day's editorial page. The op/ed page is one of the first daily pages completed in the layout schedule, since most of the copy is prepared completely the previous night. There is generally little change on the page from one edition to the next, but Don told me that a major breaking story may prompt an editorial response the same morning that the event occurs.

Other functions of the two editorial writers include the choice of letters to the editor and syndicated artists and columnists to be printed in the day's paper. Stella choses the cartoonists and columnists, while Silver discriminates among the many letters submitted, corrects and edits them to some extent, and writes short heads that introduce them on the page. The syndicated cartoons are generally sent to the paper in bunches, and Stella has good time flexibility for printing any particular cartoon. Cartoons and editorials printed are sometimes complementary, and may even be on the same subject if the paper wishes to take a strong stand on some issue. Generally, the columns and cartoons are independent of one another and totally unrelated. Sometimes this policy obscures the meaning of a particularly complex cartoon, or the reason the paper decided to print it.

The editorial page is edited by **Herb Kamm**, the paper's executive editor, who meets with the writers at 7:00 a.m. each day to discuss the copy they have prepared for the day. Editor **Tom Boardman** does not attend these meetings, but he does read all the editorial copy before it is printed, and he has the opportunity to comment or amend. Before Boardman became editor-in-chief, he edited the editorial page.

Later in the morning, Chuck began to prepare editorials for the next day, so I joined Don as he sorted through the day's batch of letters to the editor. He explained some of the criteria for his choices. The letters chosen must first of all be coherent — and a good percentage do not even begin to make sense. Letters are not printed on a purely topical basis, so they, too, may not have anything to do with the day's editorials, or, for that matter, even recent editorials. In making the decision about which letters to print on any particular day, Don seeks a balance on issues brought up in the letters. A strong position taken in one submission should be offset by a contrary stand taken in another.

Don asked me if I'd like to help prepare some letters for publication, and he gave me a handful of five to proofread, edit, and write heads for. Don showed me the codes that indicate to the printer what typeface and intensity should be used in printing the copy and headlines, number-letter codes like *uf634 uf414 255rt*, the series that indicates how the body of the letter is to be printed. He then set me loose on the set of letters, which I proofread, separated into paragraphs, and edited using my best news ability. I wrote two-line heads for most of the letters, sticking to the dictum of twenty-two spaces to each line and trying to make each line a phrase that stood fairly well by itself. This meant not ending a line on a preposition, and other such rules.

The letters I worked on ranged from a complaint of customer abuse by the vendors at the West Side Market to a letter praising the RTA's special senior citizen service. I realized that printing such a diverse group of letters would lend no consistency, in style or content, to the editorial page. When the letters were printed in Friday's paper, three of the letters I had worked on were included, and only one of my heads remained intact, though two others had been slightly paraphrased. The group was most certainly not consistent, as I expected.

One ironic aspect of the editorial page is that while it is one of the most topical and protean of the paper's departments, it is the one page for which some of the old-style printing methods have been retained. Copy is not typed by the editorial writers so that it can be scanned and printed in its entirety by the computer; instead it is punched out by hand directly onto computer tape by several of the printers. The union contract, when the transition to computerized typesetting was made two years ago, specified that eight columns of print each day must be prepared by hand. Thus copy from the editorial writers is covered with the old proofreader's symbols rather than

coded directions for the computer. This is one more indication of how profoundly the printing transition was felt by the printers. Many were unable to adapt to the new computerized business and dropped out of their jobs. A link to the past remains in the now-modernized *Press*.

At about 11:00 a.m. I left the editorial writers' office with Mr. Yonkers and headed for Sports. There I met **Seymour Raiz** who told me that he intended me to spend the afternoon with **Bob Roberts** at Thistledown, for which he provided me a press pass. Employing the RTA as a conscientious citizen might, I took the Loop bus to the Terminal Tower, obtained a transfer, and got on the first Van Aken Rapid that came along. At the end of the line, I gave Bob Roberts a call in the press box at Thistledown, from whence he drove and picked me up in his *Press*-maintained car.

Bob is an assertive and almost raucous guy who, though he's not very big and he's balding already, is animated in an aggressive sort of way. He explained to me some aspects of horse racing as we headed back to the track. The types of races being run at Thistledown are handicap races and claims races. Handicap races involve adding weights to horses based on a number of factors so that a field of horses is supposedly consistent in ability. Factors include the experience and the sex of the jockey, the age and record of the horse, and so on. Claims racing involves assigning each horse a monetary value for which it can be claimed during the race. This is essentially a change in ownership based on immediate performance. Bob explained that all the races we would see would be claims races with handicapped horses. His job in the morning is to help assign the handicaps for individual horses based mostly on their past performance and information released that day, such as the position the horse would be running and the jockey riding him.

We got to the track at just about noon, an hour and a half before the first of the day's nine races would be run. As we walked through the deep-girdered recesses of Thistledown, heading from a back entrance to the sixth-floor press room, past innumerable security people ("this place is crawling with cops"), Bob said he believed you would find a better cross-section of life at the race track than almost anywhere else. This observation held a lot of fascination for him.

The press room at Thistledown is one of several rooms off a chilly, suspended corridor on the sixth level of the stadium. It sits high above the spectators seated in the stands. Opening off the corridor is a large room containing a buffet, several tables, and a videotape TV sitting high in one corner. A small set of steps before the window overlooking the track leads down to a narrow corridor running in both directions to the two peripheral sides of the big room. To the left is the press room, having just enough space for three men, three tables, and three typewriters. All overlook the track.

Bob introduced me to his two fellow race writers in the press room, one from the *Plain Dealer* and another from the Painesville *Telegraph*. The man from the *Telegraph* was a sportswriter who had originated a computerized system for compiling and analyzing high school football statistics now used by the OHSAA. All the writers and others in the press room, including several people apparently concerned with track promotion, seemed to share a smugly cynical, savvy attitude which took in the racetrack in all its facets, from the knowing, whispering smirk of the gambler with its criminal implications, to the pure and naive excitement of the race itself. There was the

pervasive feeling that these people shared a secret or attitude that arose from the track and imbued itself in all who worked there. I really felt like an outsider.

In the interim before the first race began, Bob showed me the day's program and the *Daily Racing Form*. He explained the complex abbreviated system that describes each horse and its past, and presents the prospects for its future to the eye that can interpret that information. He also showed me the charts in the *Daily Racing Form* that break down each of the horses' past performance even to interval times.

The numerical systems used to describe the variables of horse racing are as complex as those used on the stock exchange. The racing sportswriter must have all the statistics at his fingertips and must know how to use them and understand the information they convey. Bob showed me the day-to-day records he keeps and the many statistical reference books he uses. He keeps track, it seems, of every change of a horse's performance and ownership. Each sportswriter has his own system for keeping tabs on the latest available information. Statistics and odds play such an important role in horse racing that each sportswriter must be able to juggle and weigh figures like the best of the bookmakers. In covering an area such as horse racing, it helps to have a sense of humor, too. One develops an eye and a taste for the unexpected when so often making predictions about the unpredictable.

I sat and watched five of the afternoon's races from the press box, witnessed some of the racetrack routine, saw bets and odds change on the scoreboard at the center of the track as the post time approached, saw favorites develop and fade, and sensed how it all came down to the eight or ten skinny and skittish horses. I learned about the Daily Double, Perfecta, and Trifecta betting, and made a novice attempt at interpreting the *Racing Form* and predicting winners. I bet no cash, but I did pick the horses to win and place in the fourth race, *Father's Role* and *Military Prince*. That, at least, was kind of a thrill and some consolation for all that I felt was going over my head. I saw maidens win their first races (most of the day's races were run with inexperienced or poor horses that Bob branded as "pigs") and I watched female jockeys parade through the Winner's Circle. It was a foreign experience for me, and interesting.

I left the track at about 2:30 p.m. to catch a bus on Warrensville Center Road, and had the experience of having the dregs of the afternoon, hanging outside the Thistledown gates and waiting for free admission, ask me in mumbled tones for my *Racing Form*. I kept it. At the bus stop, an old man threw a sheaf of losing tickets to the wind.

Friday, June 3

Mr. Yonkers informed me, on this my last day at the *Press*, that he had nothing special planned for me. He thought I should plan to talk to the editor of the *Community Weekly* insert and get a chance to observe the operation and available resources of the *Press* library. These two things were set up with loosely specified times, so I was really on my own. I attended the morning staff meeting, highlights being the story of two Addison 9th graders who were repeating the freshman level for the fourth time, the return to the U.S. of twenty bodies by the North Vietnamese, and the prospects for Dennis Eckersley's second consecutive no-hitter.

The meeting over, I decided to talk to **Peter Almond** if he was free. Peter covers the education beat, and he had written the lead story about the Addison youths for the morning's edition. He was also a specialist on the subject

of school desegregation, perhaps one of the most knowledgeable men in the country on the subject since he has exclusively covered all aspects of the problem for several years now. I had met Peter at lunch at Barrister's with Jerry Kvet, so he recognized me when I came over to his desk. He said he had little to do for the first hour or so of the morning, and would willingly answer or try to answer all my questions.

He explained first that he and **Bud Weidenthal** shared the duties of the education beat, and that at first he had covered schools while Bud covered only higher education, but now they share the duties and stories to be covered on any level. The schools writer in particular is responsible for coverage of all aspects of city and suburban school systems. It became so difficult for him to cover all this, even with Bud's assistance, that they asked for a third writer to be assigned to the education beat. A third writer has been added, and often composes stories from information gathered by the other two.

Peter has been covering the desegregation problem since the first Cleveland case was filed in December 1973. The trial finally began on Nov. 24, 1975, and since then, Peter has written daily coverage of the facts brought out by the trial. Bud has also done trial coverage. Given the numerous breaks in the proceedings, Peter has had time to prepare in-depth analyses on nearly all aspects of the trial in addition to factual coverage.

The initial case, Peter told me, was filed by the NAACP defending Robert Anthony Read III who had attended John Adams High School and complained that he had received an education unequal to that given at certain other area schools. Peter identified Cleveland as the second most-segregated school district in the nation, having become that way by the city's pattern of development. He emphasized that the desegregation trial was not concerned with the quality of education, although that subject is often discussed, but with termination of the conditions that caused school segregation in the first place. "Quality of education was never the reason for desegregation," Peter told me.

Trial coverage in the *Press* could only be printed in late editions since the trial began too late in the day to be reported in the morning paper. Only the *Plain Dealer* and one edition of the *Press* could have factual and in-depth trial reporting. Peter would write stories in the late afternoon for the next day's early editions, usually predicting what was expected to happen in court that day. Thus the trial reporting in the *Press* had an almost editorial style since direct quotation was difficult. Competition with the *Plain Dealer* for early reporting of facts was insurmountable. Trial reporting was as up-to-the-minute as possible during the day, which meant continual updating of copy and constant change between the editions. This kind of reporting was very hectic.

Peter gave me a brief summary of the events of the case. Judge Frank J. Battisti ruled on the initial litigation on August 31, 1976 — a 203-page decision. A stay of execution was effected on his ruling until mid-November. At that time, the Cleveland School Board met to consider the issue with a public hearing at John Hay High School. The people at this meeting came out strongly against busing. In spite of this, Judge Battisti announced on December 7 that all schools had to be desegregated by the following September. This led to a series of crisis meetings of the Cleveland School Board in January 1977.

As a result of the crisis meetings, the School Board proposed its initial plan, which entailed no massive busing. It was a coordinated plan under which about 52,000 students would be bused in a series of two-school linkups of proposed magnet schools. When friction occurred as a result of this plan between Judge Battisti and the School

Board in February, political activist Arnold Pinkney accused Judge Battisti of promoting busing at any cost. The Judge ended up openly berating the School Board for its limited plan intended to get around his ruling as painlessly as possible.

The School Board responded with the creation of a second plan that lists specific school pairings to be instituted by busing. The Cleveland plan has a very high cost, and the pairings are to be arranged by districts. The first phase will entail busing between paired elementary schools, and following phases will institute pairings of successively higher educational levels. Action on this plan will be taken by September, and the plan will be implemented by a man named Dan McCarthy. One of his duties will be to set up a timetable for releasing information on the success of the plan. A future order will require desegregation of school teaching staffs. That will not be acted on until the first phase has been implemented.

The *Press*'s reporting of the busing situation has attempted to appeal to community interest rather than to present the simply legal and factual aspects of the case. Community response unique to the city of Cleveland has been important in Peter's coverage of the issue. The *Press* has supported the position that Cleveland's busing plan must be unique to the conditions of the city. Not much time should be spent studying the proposals of other cities. Both Boston and Detroit have instituted plans similar to Cleveland's, the conditions are also comparable, so discussion of these two cities is relevant.

Throughout the discussions on desegregation, Peter has labored to present the issues in the simplest terms, and to analyze them so that all readers will understand the questions involved in the problem. He characterizes the inner city as "a different world," and he must convey this difference to all the readers of the paper. Peter is in a unique position in his coverage of the desegregation question, for he is naturally able to remain detached from the problem he covers. Peter comes from England, and his upbringing left him unbiased about (U.S.) racial questions. He simply had no prior personal experience with racial tension, thus his approach to reporting on the subject is as unbiased as possible, and he is open to considerations seen by all sides. This made him perfectly qualified for his reporting position, in which any slight prejudice would tend to influence the objective tone the articles are meant to take.

Peter feels that race is undoubtedly the biggest issue on the education beat, and the way the issue affects schools prefigures the way it influences other areas of life in the city. He once wrote a series of articles on John F. Kennedy High School, exposing corruption at the school and focusing particularly on the availability of guns in school. He was invited by the school to come and address the students, who were furious at what he had written about their school and who immediately branded him a racist (his was the only white face in the auditorium). They asked why he wrote only about the bad aspects of their school and seemingly ignored the good things accomplished there. Peter commented, "what makes news is when things break down."

In addition to his coverage of the desegregation issue, Peter is responsible for in-depth coverage of other aspects of education in Cleveland. Recently, he has been investigating irregularities in the contracts awarded to area food services and the like by the school board. The agenda of monthly school board meetings is often the starting place for investigations by education reporters. Peter presents Superintendent Paul W. Briggs as a demagogue and

dictator of the school board. This is why he hopes that articles printed in the papers will stir public interest in the school board's affairs and encourage participation in education policy by Cleveland citizens.

Peter sees school as a reflection of the larger society. The reaction to an issue such as desegregation can gauge the temperament of society as a whole to a range of other similar subjects. Consideration of education in a community can even evoke different life philosophies. Peter is not out of touch with such abstract musings, and I sensed that behind the articles he wrote on factual matters in Cleveland education stood distinct educational ideals. He left me with a question: Can the function of a school interfere with its objective? A simple distillation of all the things he had discussed with me.

After I talked with Peter, I also got the chance to talk with Bud, who shares the duties of the education beat and who has recently expanded his responsibility beyond the limits of higher education in the Ohio area. He described some of the issues with which he has recently been concern3ed in covering the college education area. Admissions standards and preferential admissions compose a controversial area today which offers a curious counterpoint to the desegregation issue at lower educational levels. At the elementary level, the discussions concern bringing selected individuals into a new educational setting to enhance and objectify the environment for all students. At the college level, the policy of admitting certain minorities over sometimes more academically qualified (but better culturally represented) students to fill racial quotas is coming to the test. College policies, particularly academic policies, are always good subject matter when students graduating without specialized salable skills can't find work in areas they have been trained in. The role of career training is a big issue. The question of the value of elitist schools whose tuition puts them out of the price range of a vast majority of American students is also an open question, and one that Bud keeps in mind as an education writer.

Talking to these two reporters, I was struck by their vision and awareness. Every story one of them approached was met with a background of knowledge and of methods for getting by new problems. Each was concerned not with the story at hand as an end in itself, but with what the story indicated about the field of education as a whole, and even what the story could tell about American life as reflected in its educational institutions. A reporter can be an educator if he has this vision, if he realizes that the whole can be understood when each of its parts is made clear. This awareness of relating the part to the whole is vital to a good reporter, vital to the newspaper itself, and the absence of this awareness of the whole is often obvious.

At 10:00 a.m., I joined **Ken Rosenbaum**, editor of the *Community Weekly*, in his office at the head of the corridor to the composing room, sandwiched between the wire services room and the financial section office. Before I talked with Ken, he mixed a packet of a powdery substance into a glass of water and drank it, explaining that he was on the Mt. Sinai diet and hadn't eaten a real meal for five and a half months. He casually noted that he had lost 155 pounds in the course of his diet, and at times he had been on it for as long as nine months. He was about 20 pounds away from his goal. Mr. Yonkers later told me that Ken had lost two wives by divorce in addition to waistline inches while dieting, and had tripled his smoking. At least he will die thin.

Ken edits the *Community Weekly*, distributed with the *Press* each Wednesday. He has been the editor since the *Weekly* idea was initiated by the *Press* several years ago, and before that he worked on the City Desk and the copy

desk. The *Weekly* is a unique publication duplicated by no other newspaper, and the community motif expands the news capacity of the paper and increases its appeal to suburban readers.

There are actually seven editions of the *Weekly* distributed each Wednesday to seven areas around Cleveland. In effect, each edition is its own community newspaper, for the several editions have little news in common. Each edition has its own "local identity." The seven areas, comprising certainly more than fifty or sixty area communities, were delineated by the paper's marketing and research department, which came up with geographical divisions representing the most common interests.

This morning, Ken was making up the front pages of the next week's seven editions. The layout of each Page One was quite different from all the others, an indication of the magnitude of news covered in the *Weekly*. Part of the appeal of the paper is its capacity for local advertising. An individual can advertise in the *Weekly* for a very small price, knowing that all his advertising is local in scope, close to his own home and community. The advertising is a fraction of the cost of classified ads in the usual *Press*, and cheaper also than in any regional newspaper. The advertising, like Page One, is laid out well in advance of publication; in fact, the first seven pages of each edition are completed the Friday prior to publication. The remaining inside pages, including area sports, are laid out on Monday to cover the weekend's events.

Coverage of community news in the *Weekly* is actually different from that of other community papers. The staff has a good amount of time to complete in-depth reporting and features on a scale of which smaller papers are incapable. With a city newspaper backing it up, the *Weekly* (which is actually semi-independent) can cover stories that community papers might not want to report. Quite a bit of community news gets unique coverage in the *Weekly*, and that explains its appeal.

Original stories and leads often come to the *Weekly* from the suburban reporters of the *Press*, and the paper expands on the reporting done on the suburban page during the week. The *Weekly* publishes in-depth community articles reaching a wide and varied public in the northeastern part of the state. Ken describes the paper as "different" — it adds another individual flavor to the *Press*.

At 10:30 a.m., I talked with managing editor **Bob Sullivan** about some upcoming organizational changes at the *Press*. He told me, guardedly, that the paper was going to be reorganized sometime this month. Four sections would be guaranteed for each edition of the paper, each independent of the others. Three sections would have the same format from day to day, while the fourth would change each day of the week, a different emphasis for each day.

The three set sections are to be news, and news only, in the first section, opinion/editorial and news analysis (subjective interpretation of the straight news) in the second section, and a sports section also containing financial and suburban news. The fourth section would change from day to day among six departments, one of which would appear one day each week. On Mondays, the fourth section would be a fashion section, extending to one week the deadline on women's article and columns now printed daily. Tuesday's section would be a travel section. Wednesday the subject would be food. On Thursday, *Showtime* magazine would appear, moved one day forward in the week. Friday a section called "Connoisseur" would cover all the fine arts events in the Cleveland area. On Saturday, *Saturday Magazine* would appear as always. Naturally these changes would entail personnel shifts and

changes in responsibilities at the paper. Some day-to-day features would be eliminated by the new layout; many department writers would have to diversify and become more flexible in the subjects they report.

Mr. Sullivan cited as one of the reasons for the change the general tendency in the profession to departmentalize the product. He said that the *Press* was quite a bit behind some papers in making the change, though ahead of many others. He hoped the change would expand the appeal of the paper and increase its daily circulation. The paper would be "sold" by the daily specials in the changing fourth section. People who were induced to buy the paper one day because of a special feature would be more likely to begin to pick it up every day. The public would become conscious of the depth and diversity to be found in the paper as they realized that the day-to-day specials were distillations of coverage that had always been appearing in the paper. The character of the *Press* should be more clearly defined by the change, and the paper should become more colorful.

The trend in the journalism trade is away from day-to-day hard news. The competition with radio, TV, and other electronic media is too stiff; the composition of a daily newspaper cannot keep up with these others. A newspaper can provide in-depth analysis and a look behind the news. Definitive stories can be printed, definitive stands taken. Such will be the future of the *Press*, already on the road.

After lunching on a tuna sandwich and fries with Mr. Yonkers in the *Press* cafeteria, I entered the *Press* library, more labyrinthine than I had suspected. Formerly, I had been refused entry to the library on grounds that it was for employees only; now I was to get the grand tour. **Bob Noyes** showed me just what resources a reporter has to find background on or to add color to a story. Bob is a hawk-faced old guy who has been working in the library for several decades. He showed me the shelves of reference works, arranged by subject, back-issue files of major papers, and encyclopedias by the row. He next took me into the room with extensive photo files, now in a stage of reorganization from a numerical to an alphabetical filing system. Photos are divided into personal shots and subject shots. There is a special sports section, and a shelf of photos from movie scenes. Bob said the reorganization may take as many as ten years — there is a huge number of photos in the file area.

Perhaps the second major resource of the *Press* library along with the photo file is the extensive clipping file. Articles in the paper are clipped and indexed by either subject or individual. **June Wrobleski** was cutting up several copies of the same article for different filing when I talked with her about the system. Items are clipped, given a subject heading taken from a specified and limited list, and temporarily arranged alphabetically until they can be filed. They are filed in an electronic monster called the Remington Rand Lektriver, which consists of a vertical series of drawers in a cabinet much like the Ferris wheel displays used in jewelry stores. A keyboard allows any particular drawer to be selected, and the drawer opens out onto a reference desk so that the appropriate file can be withdrawn and used. The Lektriver cabinets extend from the floor to above the ceiling. The enormous number of clippings are arranged in two sections. One section is biographical information arranged alphabetically by individuals, and the second section is arranged by subject. A list of all the subjects filed is used by the woman who does the clipping, so that the proper heading can be put on each article clipped. **Dean Stamatis** showed me all this.

Obviously, all the information contained in the library is not useful nor even likely to be used, thus sections of both photos and clippings must occasionally be weeded out. This job goes partly to **Sandy Hosek**. She was

going through old photographs, trying to decide whether they would ever again be consulted. Those which are totally archaic are thrown out. Given the magnitude of the information system in the *Press* library, from photo and clipping files to maps and microfilm records of the *Press* dating to its first published editions in the late 1800s, the job of sorting, organizing, and weeding will never be done. The information handled changes every day, every minute.

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