

PUBLISHING

Impressive Acquisition

The Los Angeles Times Mirror Co. has been rapidly acquiring sizable chunks of the "knowledge industry." Atop its sturdy base, the Los Angeles Times (circ. 861,350), it has added magazines and book-publishing companies, including the New American Library.

J. R. EYERMAN



MURPHY
Over the cliff at last.

Last week it acquired another portion of the knowledge industry. As new chairman of the board and chief executive officer, Times Mirror selected Franklin Murphy, 52, chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Murphy is one educator who really deserves the title "doctor." He started as a physician in Kansas, became dean of the University of Kansas medical school, later rose to chancellor of the university. While serving on Government and private cultural committees, he has been a director of companies as diverse as the Ford Motor Co., McCall Corp. and Hallmark Cards Inc.

In his eight years as chancellor, U.C.L.A. has dramatically expanded: student enrollment has risen by more than a half, to 29,070. Murphy added 38 new buildings, created ten interdisciplinary study centers. Nonetheless, Murphy is more than willing to make the shift to the Times. "You reach a point," he says, "where your physical and emotional commitment is at a maximum, where there is nothing more to give, and then you know it is time to try something else." Though Murphy had been offered other jobs in business, he turned them all down. "What pushed me over the cliff this time," he says, "is that this is the kind of business I've always been in—communications and education."

The change in command at the Times

does not mean that the Chandler family has lost any interest in the company. Norman Chandler, 68, who had grown weary of the top job's demanding pace, moves to a less arduous post as chairman of the executive committee. His son Otis, who becomes vice chairman of the board, will continue to publish the Times—which has vastly improved under his regime. And at 40, Otis still has plenty of years left to become chairman himself.

Time Inc.'s First Daily

After 45 years of publishing magazines and books, Time Inc. last week announced a move into the newspaper business. Having recently decided to buy Little, Brown & Co. as well as 300,000 shares of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Time Inc. reached an agreement to buy its first daily—the Newark Evening News. Time Inc. agreed to exchange roughly 325,000 shares of its common stock and take over a News mortgage debt of about \$5,000,000, in return for all the stock of the Evening News Publishing Co. of Newark. The News Co., however, will retain ownership of Newark radio station WVNJ as well as the Garden State Paper Co.

The News was founded by Wallace Scudder in 1883, and has always been in the hands of the same family. The only afternoon daily published in Newark, it is New Jersey's largest newspaper, with a statewide daily circulation of 278,000 and 423,000 on Sundays. Advertising revenue has risen 38% over the past seven years to more than \$25 million in 1967. With an editorial staff of 254 in Newark and six regional bureaus in the state, the News started delivering some 20,000 copies of a New York edition last month.

To Vincent J. Manno & Romano, the newspaper brokerage firm that brought the two publishers together, the transaction represented a "new horizon for the newspaper field." In the joint announcement made by the two companies, Newark News President Edward Scudder said that "although the News has never occupied a stronger position in its field than it does today, I am convinced that the vast resources and prestige of Time Inc. will contribute tremendously to its growth and service to its readers." Time Inc.'s plans for the News will be made public when the transaction is concluded and the Internal Revenue Service approves it—perhaps next summer.

Time Inc. President James A. Linen stressed his company's interest in the city of Newark. "In spite of recent problems of racial conflict and urban blight," he said, "we have been most impressed with the community's remarkable spirit and resiliency. In keeping with the Newark News's tradition of community service, we hope and believe that we can make a significant contribution to the city's growth and well-being."

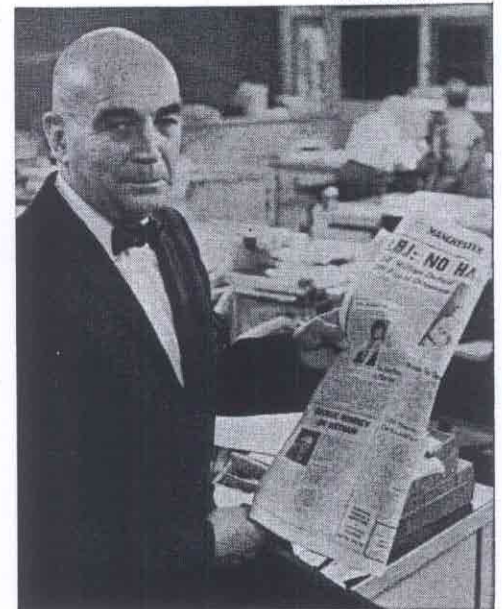
The Eagle & the Chickens

When George Romney made his first political trip to New Hampshire last July, the Manchester Union Leader greeted him with a front-page editorial headlined: GEORGE ROMNEY CAN'T AND SHOULDN'T WIN. The editorial went on to quote an unnamed corporation president as saying, "Romney is one of the meanest men I ever had anything to do with." That was just the beginning. One editorial after another flayed Romney for "letting down the boys in Viet Nam," for acting like a "desperate demagogue," for not being born in the U.S. Complained the paper: "It would be hard to think of a more irresponsible leader for this great nation than the Mexican-born George Romney."

Romney is only the latest in a long line of moderate-to-liberal politicians who have been branded by the Union Leader as unfit for office. The man who does the branding and writes the editorials is William Loeb, 62, perhaps the nation's most intemperate and opinionated publisher.

While most U.S. papers have moved closer to the political center, Loeb has stayed resolutely on the far right. Warring against the twin evils of taxation and timidity in foreign affairs, he has substituted his own eagle-chicken clas-

TED POLUMBAUM



LOEB
Plus a soft spot for Jimmy.

sification for the customary hawk-dove. By his definition, even Walt Rostow and Robert McNamara qualify for the "chicken" category. "The harbor of Haiphong," he says repeatedly, "should be bombed off the map."

A Habit of Losing. By the standards of metropolitan journalism, Loeb's Union Leader (circ. 55,000) is not very big. Nevertheless, it is New Hampshire's largest and only statewide daily. As such, it is read and feared by every politician courting the New Hampshire vote. The candidates supported by Loeb—

the late Robert Taft, Barry Goldwater, Brigadier General Harrison Thyng—have a habit of losing. Richard Nixon doubtless has mixed feelings about Loeb's support in the current presidential primary. But better to be liked than hated by Loeb. In the 1964 primary, he referred to Nelson Rockefeller as a "wife swapper." Earlier, he called Leverett Saltonstall "that fatuous ass," and Eisenhower "that stinking hypocrite." So hot have been his attacks on the Kennedys that Bobby finally hit back: "If there's anyone more reckless with the truth, I don't know him."

The son of the White House Secretary to President Theodore Roosevelt, Loeb lives a long way from his newspaper office, in a neo-Tudor mansion on a 90-acre estate in Prides Crossing, Mass. He is well liked by his employees, was one of the first U.S. publishers to establish a profit-sharing plan. Moreover, the Union Leader does a commendable job of reporting state politics and carries as much national and international news as most papers its size. But all too often news stories turn out to be only slightly disguised Loeb opinions. ASKS U.S. BELLY CRAWL bawled the banner headline over a story about Senator Mike Mansfield urging the U.S. to confess that the *Pueblo* was in North Korean waters if the admission would bring about the release of the crew. Not long ago, the Union Leader happily featured a Manchester gravestone dealer who had placed a sign in his showroom window: "Save every bomb for Russia." No use wasting good bombs on North Viet Nam, this man-in-the-street told a reporter. "We must deal directly with our enemy."

Mercy of the Teamsters. Loeb may be an eagle in New Hampshire journalism, but his wings were clipped when he tried to move outside the state. Though he owns three small papers elsewhere in New England, he put his major effort into making a success of the Haverhill (Mass.) Journal. He started the paper in 1957, when the city's only other daily, the Gazette, was crippled by a strike. The Gazette continued to publish, but Loeb lured away its advertisers by offering them payments for long-term contracts. In 1965, after the Gazette sued Loeb for trying to put it out of business, a court ordered him to pay the Gazette \$1,100,000; shortly after, he shut down the Journal.

In dire need of cash, he was rescued by the Teamsters Union, which proffered him a \$2,000,000 loan. Soon after, he flailed the Kennedys for "railroading" the Teamster chief. Under the headline, GOD BARRED BY HOFFA'S JAILERS, he recently castigated prison authorities for returning devotional material that some nuns had sent to Convict Hoffa. He explained his own devotion to Hoffa. "As is this newspaper," he wrote, "the Teamsters are concerned with mercy, charity and helping the average citizen of the U.S. gain the highest possible living standards."

MAGAZINES

First Person Singular

Many editors have lately decided that magazine prose is too impersonal—that in a rather impersonal world, readers yearn for human voices and the pronoun "I." The result is a revival of personal journalism, typified in the current issues of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, each of which is almost entirely devoted to the work of one writer.

Harper's gambles most of its March issue on the hope that readers will be fascinated by Norman Mailer's 90,000-word reflections on the follies of last fall's Washington Peace March. Mailer flails himself as much as he does other Mailerian targets—Nazis, cancer, L.B.J., newspapers, and TIME. Indeed, Mailer begins by fully quoting TIME's Oct. 27 account of his performance on the stage of Washington's Ambassador Theater at a rally before the Pentagon march began. Drunk he was, and he admits it. But the crisp account of Mailer's role in the events that followed is bathed in the harsh, dry light of hangover. Though he writes in the third person, no modesty is involved: his main character is Norman Mailer. He evokes the dilemma imposed by the Viet Nam war on many American liberals: self-exiled from Lyndon Johnson's Democratic Party, they are forced to array their anti-war consciences in the same ranks as Communists, New Leftists and giddy, neo-anarchic hippies.

Amusedly saddened by his own middle-aged moral spread, Mailer moves with almost prissy distaste among the rabble. His sharpest barb is reserved for Poet-Polemicist Paul Goodman, who "looked like the sort of old con who had first gotten into trouble in the Y.M.C.A., and hadn't spoken to anyone since." Arrested himself during the opening hours of the Pentagon siege, Mailer winds up in the same paddy wagon with a tall, ferocious American Nazi, and stares him down in the inevitable Mailerian confrontation of wills. "You Jew bastard," shouts the Nazi. "Kraut pig!" replies Norman, only a bit embarrassed. But for Mailer's reportorial eye and his caustic comments on an America overwhelmed by institutionalism, his version of the Pentagon march might have become far too personal. As it is, he reveals the diversity and ethical intricacy of the protest movement as no reporter has yet done.

Two Nations. The *Atlantic* allots an equal amount of space to an assessment of the national mood under the stress of the Viet Nam war. The onlooker: Freelancer Dan Wakefield, 35. While Mailer indulges in broad polemics, Wakefield prefers quiet irony. Roaming the U.S., or the "Supernation," for four months, he discovered within it two nations. Not the traditional rich and poor. Not even the generation gap, though that exists. But what might be called the organizational gap. The well-organized, Wakefield found, generally

support the war in Viet Nam; the organizational dropouts do not.

Wakefield deftly shuttles back and forth between the two nations, from the cops to the hippies, from Kiwanians to the ghettos, from an energetic retirement village to a listless Indian reservation. The organization men, rich or poor, high or low, spout a lifeless, insensitive jargon. The unorganized are often speechless. Wakefield could hardly coax any words out of a young Indian man at a Phoenix school. But a white teacher was full of answers, such as "There are ten sociological variables which influence why Indian students become dropouts." Yet, Wakefield found grounds for hope. An Indian militant was distributing cards demanding "Red Power" and bumper stickers with the

DENNIS BRACK



MAILER AT WASHINGTON RALLY
In the harsh light of hangover.

slogan: "Custer Died for Your Sins."

Subliminal Triumph. Everywhere on Wakefield's journey, the organization men—whom he may over-villainize—seemed to be winning. Even what is apparently spontaneous turns out to be organized—subliminally. Last summer's ghetto riots, for instance. Black Power was not the culprit. As Vice President Humphrey told Wakefield: "The looters took the TVs or the stoves or whatever had been best promoted. Why, the way people selected those things they looted was the greatest triumph of advertising the world has ever seen."

All of this is less an eye-witness report than a very private vision. As Wakefield sees it, present-day U.S. society is so stringently regimented that it is marching inexorably to war. Viet Nam is no aberration: it is U.S. destiny. Readers may draw different conclusions, but in personal journalism, the writer is paid for expressing his emotions—and even fiction is a vital form of human perception.