

Himself

How to Win a Pulitzer

IN 1972 the trustees of Columbia University, acting for that institution's school of journalism, awarded the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting to columnist Jack Anderson, heir to political columnist Drew Pearson.

The judges who commended Anderson to the trustees specified the columnist's fearless digging which led to the publication of minutes of a secret National Security Council meeting which showed that Henry Kissinger ordered a pro-Pakistani stance during the Indo-Pakistani war.

One of the columns had some proper juicy quotes. Kissinger, for instance, was quoted: "I'm getting hell every half hour from the President that we are not being tough enough on India . . . He (the President) wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan."

All well and good. Lately, however, some grave doubts have arisen among the so-called professionals of journalism whether this particular Pulitzer Prize was given to the right quarter. There are those, and I number myself among them, who argue that the prize should rightfully have gone to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

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TWO YEARS LATER, it seems abundantly clear that Mr. Anderson's enterprise in this particular expose was nil. Charles E. Radford, a Navy yeoman and stenographer, confessed to stealing all kinds of documents from Kissinger's National Security Council and turning them over to Admiral Thomas H. Moorer's Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Relations between the JCS and the NSC were

short of warm. The Navy felt Kissinger was running the Vietnam war instead of the JCS and not informing them about it. They were right on both counts.

The disclosures made it virtually certain that the colorful minutes had been passed to Anderson by Radford. Radford, furthermore, testified that he did not pass on documents to the press without the specific order of the Joint Chiefs.

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"IN THIS case," concludes Edward Jay Epstein, an acute critic of the press, "Anderson was used as an instrument in a power struggle he was probably unaware of — and which might have had nothing to do with the Indo-Pakistani war he was reporting on."

All of which is true, and quite disgraceful. For acting as a journalistic fence, which is all Anderson was, except that he was unwitting, which few fences are, the columnist was given the highest award our so-called profession can grant.

It is common talk in Washington that our latest Pulitzer Prize winners, the Messrs. Bernstein and Woodward, owe their distinction less to their abilities as reporters than to the fact that a lot of guys in the FBI, from J. Edgar Hoover down, were teed off at the cavalier way they were being treated by those Gold Dust Twins at the White House, Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The FBI boys leaked, and leaked, and leaked.

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IN THE CASE of these two young reporters, there is serious question whether the prize should not have gone to the top echelon of the FBI, who wanted as much as possible about Watergate to get out so that the White House palace guard could be at least humiliated. The Washington Post sources succeeded beyond their expectations. H and E were actually fired.

These are not the only two instances when journalism's highest prize was awarded to men who acted as couriers for people in government who were paying off scores of one kind or other, through largely unwitting reporters.

The spectacular success of Kissinger in the Middle East, where he has been largely a bagman in a huge blackmail operation, has been due in no small degree to his skillful manipulation of the press. The next Pulitzer may rightfully be Kissinger's instead of the Columbia nominee. Let the trustees be on notice.

