
The Story of The News Cameraman
GET THAT PICTURE!
A. J. EZICKSON
New York Times Wide World Photos

$2.5

GET THAT PICTURE! — THE STORY OF THE NEWS CAMERAMAN

By A. J. EZICKSON

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In this vivid portrayal of the newspaper photographer and his profession, Mr. Ezickson has told a complete story of a branch of modern journalism which has grown firmly and steadily within the past decade. The photographer is the central character, his background is the teeming newspaper office, his field of action the world in which he ceaselessly works his camera to capture the news.

Sixteen years of daily contact with the news cameraman has given the author an intimate and thorough knowledge of the entire field of news photography. He has been "on top" of some of the biggest news stories that ever broke and has personally assigned many of the photographers whose results have made picture history. Ever since his graduation from the Columbia University School of Journalism in 1922, Mr. Ezickson has been connected with nearly

(Continued on Back Flap)

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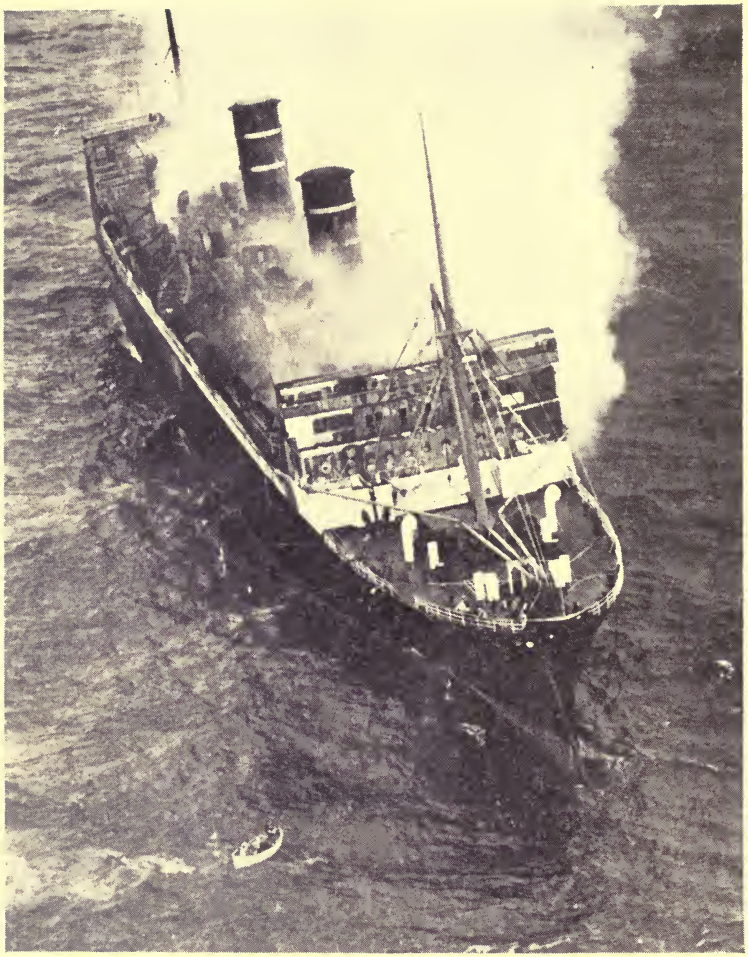
to Herbert C. McKay -

with kindest wishes

A. J. Erickson



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A TRAGEDY OF THE SEAS

Sweeping low out of a thick mist and rain, Mack Baron, International News photographer, made this first picture to be taken of the burning steamship Morro Castle off Asbury Park, N. J., in 1935, in which 134 passengers and members of the crew perished. Note lifeboat with survivors in foreground waiting to be picked up by rescue vessel. Later other photographers appeared over the scene, but Baron and Pilot Bill Gulick had already landed at North Beach, Long Island, with the negatives which were rushed by motorcycle to the New York office for an outstanding picture beat.

Get That Picture!

The Story of the News Cameraman

By

A. J. EZICKSON

of Wide World Photos

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---

and 45 Illustrations

GET THAT PICTURE!

To

FLO,

My Wife

© Pictures, Inc.

STRIKE CASUALTY

Patrolman C. V. Satt (right), bloody and dust covered after being showered with rocks and bottles in Denver, Colo., strike riot in 1935, is shown being defended by a comrade who rushed ahead of the line of fire to aid him.

© Pictures, Inc.

MONEY-KING STRICKEN

An alert cameraman snapped J. P. Morgan, the international financier, as he was removed from a train at Mill Neck, Long Island, after suffering an attack of neuritis in July, 1936. Train employes and friends are seeking to make him quite comfortable on the stretcher.

Chapter I.

WHEN A BIG STORY BREAKS

The picture editor was typing his nightly memorandum for the day editor—a summary of stories which broke during his shift (watch for the return of the dirigible Akron to its hangar at Lakehurst, he specifically underlined), and others of lesser importance which needed watching for picture possibilities.

The caption writer had cleaned his desk top and was carefully filing the night's clippings.

"What a night," he muttered, as he glanced toward the side windows as a heavy rain beat against the panes, and wondering how he was to reach home without rubbers and umbrella.

He glanced at the clock. It was 1.45 a.m.

The mail clerk had finished wrapping the batch of envelopes stuffed with photographs while the motorcyclist who was to take them to the train mail slot and then deliver his customary evening papers (this time, by subway as he had left his motorcycle at a garage), lolled at a nearby table waiting impatiently for the last trip of the night.

The darkroom printer stood in the doorway of the darkroom exchanging light banter with one of the "squeegee" boys placing a few odd prints on the ferrotype machine to be dried and glossed.

From the other end of the long room came the steady click of the teletype machines—the endless stream of stories coming in and going out to the world's four corners.

A few more minutes, and there would be an exodus of the night staff to the elevators, followed by a dash through the rain to the subways for the homeward rides.

A sudden shout from the city editor seated at the desk at the farther end of the room.

"The Akron's crashed!"

Everyone converged toward his desk.

The night editor turned toward the few remaining operators.

"Hold it," he shouted. "We're sending an EOS flash!"

That flash, with the steady ringing of the bell at the receiving ends, was to announce to excited editors from coast to coast that a tragedy had befallen America's pride of the air.

Everyone stretched neck to catch the words the city editor was scribbling on a pad. It was the message picked up at sea from the German tanker Phoebus and being phoned in by the Radiomarine Corporation of America.

"Airship Akron with 77 men afloat off Barnegat Lightship. Picked up some. Chief officer and three men. Cannot save all. 45 miles south of entrance to New York Harbor. Ten to 15 miles offshore."

The flash was already spinning over the wires to all parts of the world.

Every department was galvanized into action.

The picture editor rushed to the phone. Calls were placed for correspondents at Asbury Park, Long Branch, Lakewood and Atlantic City. Then another for a pilot who had flown often for the syndicate on big stories. Still another for Holmes Airport. A plane must be chartered at once.

While these were being plugged in, the general manager, the day editor, mat editor and three photographers were being roused from their sleep by the ringing of the phones. All must be notified at once; not a second's time is to be lost.

Then back to the files. The folder with a miscellany of Akron photographs. A fine shot of the giant dirigible

in the air, another in its hangar at Lakehurst, some interior views showing the control cabin, sleeping quarters, a scene along the catwalk, and others. In an instant the printer is making copies. The negative file is sought. Of the best ones a full service is ordered.

The portraits of the two known commanding officers, Admiral William A. Moffett and Lieutenant Commander Herbert Wiley, are taken from the files and copied.

Then back to the typewriter. Rush messages are sent to the managers of the various bureaus at Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Atlanta.

The message reads: "Service your lists best shots Akron and commanding officers Admiral Moffett and Commander Wiley. Keep close watch on casualty list and keep after shots officers and men from respective home towns in your vicinity."

Every five or ten minutes a dash to the general desk. About 2:30 another message is received from the Phoebus identifying the rescued officer as Commander Wiley. Names of the three enlisted men are also given.

A wireless is sent to the captain of the Phoebus requesting pictures if any were taken of the rescue of the four survivors and that such pictures will be picked up as soon as the ship docks.

A phone call is placed for the bureau manager at Washington. He is told to try to get all pictures available of the Akron's officers and men from the Navy Department files as soon as the offices there are opened in the morning.

Over the wires flash a long list of the names and addresses of the Akron's personnel. Messages are wired to the correspondents of the cities where the men had their homes asking for stock pictures of the men and new shots of the nearest of kin.

A photographer who lived nearby rushes into the office

and starts loading his plates. His case soon bulges with a complete outfit, loaded holders, flash bulbs, etcetra.

"Get down to the Eureka Auto Company office. A car has been ordered for you to drive to Asbury Park," he is told. One of the boys accompanies him. The train schedules had been checked and there was no service to Asbury Park until morning. He must get down there without a moment's delay. Expense money is thrust into his hand, a cry of "good luck," and last minute instructions are hurled at him as he dashes for the elevator. He is to phone the office as soon as he arrives.

The correspondent's calls are coming in. Jones at Asbury Park is advised to hire a good seaworthy boat and have it in readiness for the staff cameraman. Brown at Lakewood is instructed to get down to Lakehurst hangar in a rush and "shoot" pictures of the officers making rescue plans, also the families of the Akron crew (many of the men had their homes at Lakehurst), and also a shot of the empty hangar at Lakehurst, a sad reminder of the Akron's last voyage.

The latest news bulletins announce that the Navy Department has ordered the new cruiser Portland and the destroyers Cole and Bernadou from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to scour the rough Atlantic waters for the missing crew.

Pictures of the vessels are dragged from the files, copied and rushed through for service.

The United Air, TWA and American Air Lines offices are phoned to learn if the early morning outgoing planes are flying. Looks doubtful, they reply. Weather is still bad.

A new crew of printers and boys has arrived, as well as the day editor and another caption writer. Two photographers come in are told to load plenty of holders; one is to go to Newark Airport to board a chartered plane, the other

to Holmes Airport. They are to take off at the crack of dawn.

Contact is made with the Coast Guard station at Stapleton, Staten Island. Yes, a Coast Guard destroyer is leaving shortly, and will be able to accomodate one of the syndicate's photographers. A new arrival with loaded equipment is hurried there.

More news bulletins come ticking over the wires. Naval planes from the Reserve Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field will shove off at the first light of dawn. Boats from the Beach Haven, Asbury Park and Atlantic City Coast Guard and life saving stations are being rushed out into the angry seas.

A new flash announces that the Coast Guard destroyer Tucker has taken aboard Commander Wiley, two enlisted men and the body of the fourth from the Phoebus in a mid-ocean transfer and will head for New York. The ship will arrive at the Brooklyn Navy Yard hospital about noon. The Coast Guard is phoned. Yes, pictures of the transfer, two shots, are being developed aboard ship, comes the answer, and prints will be distributed to the newspapers and picture agencies on its arrival.

Anxiety centers around the departure of the planes. Will they be able to take off? It is still raining, though not as heavy as it was earlier, and a fresh northeaster' still holds. As a thick gray dawn breaks, the flying fields report that in spite of a poor visibility and a strong wind, the planes will take off.

News is still scant regarding the fate of the Akron's crew. The Phoebus and a score of other ships searching the vicinity of the crash report not a sign of any man, living or dead. One of the ships has sighted some floating wreckage but it is being pushed violently far out to sea. No doubt but that the heavy combers had torn the huge ship

asunder into a thousand pieces and plunged the heavier parts into its depths.

Wires have arrived from the bureau managers at Los Angeles, Chicago, Atlanta and Cleveland. Chicago is servicing its list three good shots of the Akron, also a closeup of Admiral Moffett and Commander Wiley. Cleveland is servicing two Akron views and Admiral Moffett; Los Angeles the same, and Atlanta is sending out two of the Akron alone.

A general note to the picture editors of all the subscribers has been rushed over the wire calling their attention to several views of the Akron which had been serviced on a certain date. This procedure assists them in the search of their own files for pictures.

Trains and airmail schedules are checked. The weather westward is good; the planes will take off. Packages of photographs for the nearby evening paper subscribers are given to a train porter or baggagemaster to deliver to the newspaper representatives on their arrival. Within an hour after their arrival, the photographs will have been scaled, retouched, rushed to the photoengraving department for the making of the cuts, then locked in on the page, mats and castings made and then to the presses for the early editions.

Representatives of the air fields phone and announce that the planes with the photographers aboard are already in the air. The photographer at Asbury Park calls and says that his boat is ready and will take off in a few minutes.

Motorcycle men are stationed at the airports to await the return of the flying cameramen. The minute the planes' wheels touch the ground these daring drivers will be rushing back with the undeveloped plates.

The first phone call from one of the fields comes in about eleven. The photographer reports his plane had flown low over the scene and cruised around for a radius of many miles but had only seen a few bits of wreckage. He had

also made shots of the coast guard and naval vessels plowing through the rough seas searching for wreckage and victims. They are the first pictures in on the story, not much, to be truthful, but enough to illustrate it for the time being, and enough to set every man and machine in the syndicate at the highest pitch of action.

The motorcylist dashes in with the holders. The editor turns them over to the waiting printer who locks himself in the small darkroom. Within five minutes they are out of the developer into the hypo. In a minute they are fixed, given a hasty wash, and the first negative is placed into a holder, given to the motorcycle man and rushed to the telephoto station. It's case of first come, first served; a print is made and within fifteen minutes the wires to Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, San Francisco and Los Angeles are transmitting the picture onto a loaded drum in the receiving rooms at the respective stations. Managers of the bureaus will have messengers waiting for the finished films to rush them back to the offices for servicing.

In the New York office, prints are being rushed from the other negatives, hurried through developing and fixing baths, given hasty washes, then onto the ferrotype machine where the pictures are dried and given a permanent gloss. Captions are pasted on hurriedly and then tossed over to the mail clerk for distribution to waiting boys to rush them to the evening papers and to the Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations for train portering. Others are rushed to Newark Airport to be air expressed on the earliest possible planes to faraway members.

Washington in the meanwhile has advised that they are airexpressing a good layout of the officers of the ill-fated ship. A motorcycle man at Newark Airport awaits the arrival for speedy despatch back to the office. There a close-up of each officer is placed on the copying camera, two on one film, and within a few minutes are ready for servicing.

The Lakewood correspondent phones that he is portering a good batch of pictures he made at the Lakehurst hangar, also photographs of enlisted men given to him by their families. These are also met by a boy and rushed in for printing.

At noon a battery of cameramen await the arrival of the Tucker at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Commander Wiley and two enlisted men are brought ashore on stretchers and the body of the fourth who died aboard the Phoebus is solemnly lowered. The photographers stay to make hospital shots while boys expedite the first pictures back to the offices.

Through the entire morning and afternoon the office is a tumult of action. Every second counts to make the necessary planes and trains; hundreds of prints fall off the heated ferrotype machine to be snatched up, straightened out, captioned and shoved hastily into envelopes. Every man and boy has his place, his function.

Later in the afternoon the other flying cameraman phones on his arrival that he had made some shots of a part of a dirigible sticking up out of the water off Beach Haven on the Jersey coast. He had not known at the time that he was "shooting" another tragedy of the search; the small dirigible J3 had been torn by the squall and plunged into the ocean within sight of hundreds of horrified spectators who had lined the shore. The J3 had been ordered from its hangar at Lakehurst to join in the search for the Akron.

Another thrilling chapter in the history of news photography is written by the photographer who had taken off in a small boat from Asbury Park.

Pitched from the peaks of mountainous waves into swirling gullies, his tiny craft had been beaten and lashed by the waves, threatening to swamp and sink it scores of times. Icy waters soaked them to the skins, but he and the skipper kept on going with never a thought to imminent disaster. His rigid

fingers still clenched the dripping camera case. The credo of the newspaper photographer was fixed in his mind; get the picture. That is all that mattered. For hours they kept on, scanning the seas in every direction. Waves beat the craft mercilessly; a wall of water had crashed the windshield glass of the open ship into their faces. With blood flowing from many cuts, their bodies stiff from cold, and soaked through and through, the skipper and cameraman were forced to return as darkness slowly crept in. From the hotel room he made his report, he was grieved because he could find no wreckage to photograph.

Even the flying Knights of the Camera were unaware of the dangers involved in their jobs. Their land planes had flown over a large stretch of open sea, through rain and fog and mist with only a clearing of weather now and again. It would have been foolhardy, even with a seaplane. A sudden plunge, and it would have been the end. But the search had to go on. The pictures must be taken.

At the close of the day, a haggard, weary force of editors, printers and boys slumped into chairs for a few brief moments of rest and a hasty gulping of coffee and sandwiches.

Over a desk stacked with a jumble of papers, clippings, photographs and messages, the picture editor scanned a wire just received from one of the subscribers.

"Great work. Beat competitors by half hour on first pictures of Akron disaster."

He smiled. A scoop. Well, it was worth it. Just then the city editor bent over his shoulder with news copy in his hand.

The picture editor was up in a flash.

"Hey, Jack," he yelled, in the direction of a weary cameraman. "Get going, quick. There's a five alarm fire on the East River waterfront."

The Akron disaster was already past history.

Chapter II.

THE CAMERA IS BORN—AND BECOMES A GIANT

THE picture age is here. Everywhere the man with the camera abounds, from the northernmost settlement in Alaska down to the tip of Cape Horn. A story of either paramount news importance or one with slight feature interest is covered by the ubiquitous photographer. His lens is trained on the passing event, and history is recorded with the unfailing eye of the camera. It is the truthful, impartial observer.

The scientist revels in its judgment; the artist thrills in its revelations of lights and shadows; the newspaperman marvels in its power to portray the event.

The sweeping beauty of a moon in eclipse is focused and caught on the gelatine of a film; the grandeur of the Alps buried in snow is a brilliant spectacle of light and shadow; a ship is hurled against the rocks; an earthquake tumbles the works of man into hideous ruins; a mother and child seek safety in flight from raging flood waters; maidens dance beneath a May pole or Magyars strew flowers at a holy feast; all the joys and sorrows that beset the world are in a flash ensnared by the tiny lens, never to escape.

The click of the camera is heard around the world.

Little did Louis Jacques Daguerre struggling with his plates and acids in his tiny Paris laboratory in 1839 realize that one day his invention would be as mighty as the pen, and mightier than the sword.

For years it remained the toddling infant. A daguerrotype manual of 1840 explained that the most rapid exposure for a white subject in direct Summer sunlight was

four minutes. A vivid contrast to the present day's 1/2000th of a second for news work and 1/1,000,000th of a second in the scientific laboratory!

Daguerreotype exposures were so long that street scenes showed no people; traffic and pedestrians did not remain still enough for the lens to record the image.

Another pioneer in England helped pave the way. While Daguerre was working on the method of taking pictures on a silver coppered plate, Henry Fox Talbot experimented with making pictures on paper. He took fine drawing paper, soaked it in a solution of salt and then silver nitrate. This process published in 1839 was the only practical one then for making direct copies.

Steadily through the years the technique and the methods of reproduction improved. But it was a slow and cumbersome process. Still lifes and portraits were the vogue. The ladies and gentlemen of the mid-Victorian era flocked to the studios to have their likenesses captured between frames of gilt and velvet.

The quality of the photographs was good, but painfully slow. It took hours to develop the plates; a longer time to fix and dry. Scientists labored on to improve the sensitizing and developing processes; the subject with his or her head held into immobility by a rack hidden from view of the camera sat in the chair for what seemed hours long while the perspiring photographer fingered his huge plates, focused and refocused behind his large black cloth.

So massive was the equipment used in the early days of its growth, that a journeying photographer was forced to use a wagon for carrying it. Besides his huge camera and plates, there was his glass, collodion, silver nitrate, developer, fixative, etc. After flowing his plates with collodion, he exposed his subjects from ten to thirty seconds, then hurried into a dark compartment for developing. The entire operation required meticulous handling and care.

During this entire period, the use of the photograph for newspaper purposes was unknown. The illustrated weeklies such as Leslie's and Harper's in this country, and the London Illustrated News and others abroad, used steel and copper engravings. The only means of reproduction for the black and white dailies were the wood cut and line drawing, crude but effective.

Joseph Pulitzer, the dynamic and enterprising publisher of the New York World, realized the value of the newspaper illustration as a circulation builder, and he was the first to make extensive use of woodcuts.

The artist's conception of an outstanding personality and event was etched on a slab of chalk mounted on a piece of wood. Lead was poured into the lines of the sketch and the newsprint took the resulting impression.

Other leading publishers followed suit, and toward the end of the century the competition was keen in the publication of woodcuts and line drawings.

The discovery of the halftone engraving process by Frederick Eugene Ives, a photographer employed by Cornell University in 1879, opened the way for the use of the photograph as a newspaper reproduction. Still many years passed before the perfection of engraving processes enabled the newspaper to publish the first crude news photograph. It was a slow, uphill climb, but the young giant was on his way.

The first man to write pictorial history in the term of news was Matthew Brady, a commercial photographer with fine studios in New York and Washington. The Civil War was his field of action. His photographs of the conflict, as well as those made by his large staff of assistants, are his fine contribution to history.

After securing official permission to accompany the Union Army, he got into action just before the battle of

Bull Run, fought on July 21, 1861. A staff of twenty men, employed by him, was hurried into other sectors.

Operators worked in pairs, one manipulating the camera, the other in the dark tent which was mounted on a horse-drawn wagon. The huge camera, with its 8 x 10 plates, poised on tripod, was then trained on the battlefield, generally after the firing had died down and the ground was strewn with bodies. The bulky, slow-speed box could not catch soldiers charging or engaged in hand to hand fighting, as the World War cameras later portrayed, but still the job was almost as dangerous.

Working as they did, they were openly exposed to enemy fire as the slow wet plate caught the scene for perpetuity. Fragments of shell often shattered their cameras.

One of Brady's assistants, J. F. Coonley, was taking a picture of a Union bridge when a body of Confederate cavalry surprised him at his work. They opened fire but Coonley completed his job, then dashed for the engine and train assigned to him for the task.

One of Brady's scenes, called "Harvest of Death," showing the bodies of soldiers strewn on the battlefield, was widely circulated and attracted considerable attention. On seeing this and other war photographs taken at the time, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous poet, remarked: "The sight of these pictures is a commentary on civilization such as a savage might well triumph to show its missionaries."

The photograph was already impressing mankind in its revulsion to the bestial savagery of war.

At a later date, the World War pictorial record was to be shown to the world to reveal horror and brutality where the magic of the word had failed to impress. The lens had stripped warfare of its glamor.

It was unfortunate that the newspaper was unequipped to reproduce these war scenes. It is true that thousands

of prints were distributed for sale (Brady had to realize some return for the thousands of dollars he invested in this venture), and that many found their way into the illustrated weeklies, but the moral effect would have been the greater had the avid readers of the dailies, scanning the latest war news, seen these stark portrayals of the fighting fronts.

Many of Brady's pictures were made in duplicate and triplicate.

But his venture, the first into the realm of big news, was a financial failure. One of his creditors acquired one of the sets of negatives. He placed another set in storage, but in 1873 he was forced to auction these when he was unable to pay his storage bill. The War Department was the purchaser.

Only through the untiring efforts of General Banjamin F. Butler and James A. Garfield, later President, was Brady given national recognition and an appropriation of $25,000 was finally voted as payment for his collection.

At the present time there are in the care of the Army Pictorial Service, a branch of the Signal Corps of the United States Army. There are over 6,000 negatives in the files.

The duplicate set was virtually forgotten for many years. Carelessly handled, many of the plates were cracked and broken. Finally rediscovered, they were reproduced in a ten-volume publication in 1911, called the "Photographic History of the Civil War."

The news photographer had for the first time carved a niche in history's hall of fame. Brady, the commercial photographer, is remembered as the news photographer.

For a long period following the close of the Civil War, there was little improvement in photography, although much research was done in the laboratories. It was the age of the familiar tintypes.

The photographer still coated his glass with collodion, obtained by dissolving nitro-cotton in a mixture of ether and alcohol, immersed it in a solution of silver nitrate and then placed in the camera still wet. After the exposure, it had to be developed and fixed on the spot.

The spurt came when silver bromide came into use as a sensitizing agent and dry plates came into usage with the work of Bennett in 1879.

In 1880, George Eastman put his dry plate on the market. Eight years later he introduced to the public the first camera which did not have to be supported by a table or tripod. It was his famous Kodak. The camera was able to take 100 exposures on bromide paper, but the purchaser was forced to return the camera with the exposed paper to Eastman's Rochester plant to be unloaded and developed. The paper was later replaced by celluloid, followed by his "daylight loading cartridges." The camera's compactness and reasonable cost appealed to the public.

The man on the street was now beginning to learn and enjoy the art of photography.

Pictures in newspapers were in demand. Pulitzer filled his morning and evening World with the crude woodcuts and line cuts made from drawings. William Randolph Hearst did the same with his morning and evening Journal. The battle of the rival giants was on. Circulation figures leaped ahead. The Spanish-American War boosted the use of pictures and the circulation of the rival papers leaped forward.

It was not until the turn of the century when photo-engraving was introduced that the first photographs were used as newspaper illustrations. The woodcuts and linecuts were discarded and the first crude photographs made their appearance in the dailies.

The illustrated weeklies thrived. The enterprise of

Robert J. Collier accounted for the immediate success of a new weekly he started about the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. He sent James Henry Hare, soldier of fortune, war correspondent and photographer, to Cuba to cover the short-lived conflict. One of his war pictures, the shattered battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana, won world acclaim.

Pictures had helped Collier to fame and fortune.

In the early 1900's, the first picture syndicates were started, first Bain's, then American Press, followed by Underwood and Underwood and others. In those years the press photographer used a variety of 8 x 10 cameras, bulky and tricky to manipulate. The Graphic and Graflex with their fast lenses and shutters had yet to make their appearance.

While Pulitzer and Hearst tilted swords and lifted news photographs to front page importance, it remained for the genius of English journalism, the late Lord Northcliffe to create the first illustrated daily tabloid, the Daily Mirror. It proved to be the greatest stimulant to news photography, as was later indicated by the mad scramble of other English publishers to follow suit.

In 1903, Lord Northcliffe or known then as Alfred Harmsworth before he was knighted, had started the Mirror as a women's newspaper. It was written and edited by women. The venture was Northcliffe's first failure and cost him $500,000. He decided to change it into a pictorial tabloid, the first of its kind. The people liked pictures. The great success of the Illustrated London News and the Graphic, both weeklies, attested to that.

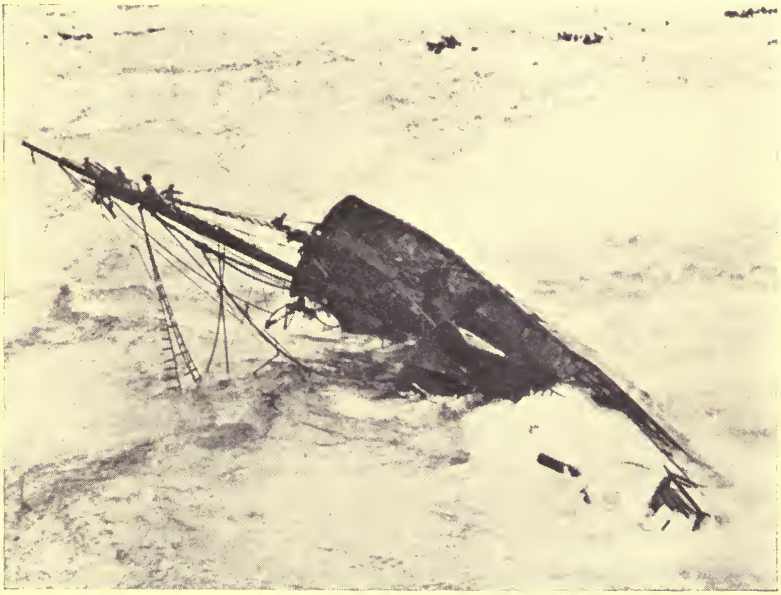
The London Daily Graphic had been using line drawings with moderate success. Northcliffe decided that news photographs would win the readers. And it did.

In went a staff of young men, vigorous and enterprising. Photographic and developing departments were started,

© International News Photo

DEATH TAKES A FLING IN WALL STREET

The scene at Broad and Wall Streets, in the heart of New York's financial district, on September 16, 1920, following the terrific explosion which killed thirty persons and injured more than 300. The blast shattered windows for blocks around and threw the financial district into a panic. It was believed to have been caused by a time bomb left in a one-horse truck in front of the United States Assay Office, across from the J. P. Morgan Building.



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HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE

Desperately clinging to the rigging of their wrecked whaler, the Sohlagen, are five members of its crew. Below them are the swirling waters of the South Atlantic which is pounding the craft to pieces as it lies on the jagged rocks of Robben Island off the Cape of Good Hope. Six of the crew lost their lives. These five survivors were taken off by means of breeches-buoy shortly after this remarkable photograph was taken.

© New York Daily News from Acme

BONUS MARCHERS AND POLICE CLASH

A tense and dramatic scene as bonus veterans, armed with sticks, pipes and rocks, grimly fight Washington, D. C., police on an open lot within a stone's throw of the nation's Capitol. Five policemen and more than a dozen veterans were injured in this fray which took place in summer of 1932. Joseph Costa, New York Daily News photographer, braved flying rocks, to make this remarkable picture.

© International Newspictures

PIER COLLAPSE

The cameraman snapped this remarkable picture the instant this Sydney, Australia, pier collapsed, throwing many persons into the water. A boat carrying 300 hikers from Newcastle, New South Wales, had arrived at Sydney. About 30 young persons jumped on to the wharf. The pier gave way under their weight. Many had narrow escapes from drowning.

and a staff of photographers were assigned to cover stories throughout Great Britain. He engaged correspondent-photographers in all parts of the world to rush their first and best material to him.

When the change was made, the Mirror's circulation had dropped to 20,000. The new paper, now called the Illustrated Mirror, started with a circulation of 60,000 which soon increased to 100,000.

Special trains were hired to rush the plates back to London; the Mirror bloomed with photographic beats. To the four corners of the world went his camera correspondents. One of them accompanied Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting trip, and the American publishers kept the cables humming with requests for prints.

The enterprise of the Mirror in despatching a cameraman post-haste to the scene of the Messina, Italy, earthquake, proved to be of financial benefit as well.

The speed with which the photographer hastened to the scene and back to London enabled Northcliffe to sell duplicate sets of photographs all throughout Europe, even including Italian newspapers. He made an $8,000 profit on the picture beat. During the Turkish-Italian war, the Mirror flourished with photographic scoops.

In the beginning it was difficult to secure well trained cameramen. The field was new and Northcliffe paid those he hired salaries that were considered fabulous in comparison with the pay of the average news reporter. Youth saw an adventurous and well-paying career in news photography and flocked to its standards.

Northcliffe insisted on good, clean pictures. He was a stern censor and allowed no photographs to be published that he thought would shock the good taste of the readers.

An illustration of this was shown in the coverage of the Jeffries-Johnson championship fight at Carson City, Nevada. The Mirror was spending thousands to have the photo-

graphs rushed back to England, and special editions were to be run off. Northcliffe was shown the proof sheets just before the paper went to press.

"Don't print one of those photographs," he shouted to the editor. "It is likely to prove offensive to our decent women readers."

The fight pictures were never published.

For many years Northcliffe tried to interest American publishers in the daily tabloid, but the response was cold. The American reader likes his full-sized newspaper, he was told. The opinion was emphatic that the tabloid would never flourish on American soil.

It remained for many years to pass before Joseph Medill Patterson and Robert R. McCormick, publishers of the Chicago Tribune, were to start a newspaper which later enjoyed the largest circulation in the Western Hemisphere, the New York Daily News.

Prior to its appearance as the Illustrated Daily News on June 26, 1919, the use of news pictures throughout the United States was making a slow but sure progress. Camera equipment and photographic facilities were being constantly improved. The reflex cameras, such as the Graflex, had made their appearance. The Ica with its 4 x 6 plates was a handy camera enjoyed by the early news photographers. The shutter speeds were being constantly pushed upward. Pictures could be taken under all conditions.

Hearst had already made his name as a pioneer of news pictures and encouraged his editors in the fast shipment of pictures for first publication. He had astounded the staid conservatives by chartering a special train to rush the Jeffries-Johnson pictures from Carson City, Nevada, to his San Francisco publication and beat the opposition by so many hours that they could not use them.

In 1913 the late Adolph Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, while abroad, investigated German develop-

ments in rotogravure. He ordered two presses to be shipped to this country.

Early in 1914, the first rotogravure supplement in the United States made its appearance in the New York Times. It contained reproductions of paintings for the Altman collection. From that day on, the Sunday circulation, then lagging far behind the daily totals, had gained a solid 100,000, and rotogravure was on its way.

Under the able management of the late William Henry Field, the Illustrated Daily News, later changed to The News, New York's Picture Newspaper, advanced steadily in prestige and circulation. After a short lapse when the circulation dropped, the first 100,000 was reached in December, 1919, climbing steadily upward, until in December, 1925, the daily issue averaged more than one million.

When the short lapse of a decreasing circulation occurred, the "I told you so's" beamed. Of course, the tabloid could not take hold in America. But the newspaper was then on spindly, toddling legs. It was seeking a way out of the experimental stage. When the novelty wore off, and the paper was being published on its merits, the public realized that it had been founded as a lasting institution, and the circulation leaped ahead.

The subway riders enjoyed its handy size, as well as its pictures and features, and the News out of its experimental stage had come to stay.

The managing editor was Philip Payne, a robust New Jersey newspaperman, with a keen sense for the news in pictures; the photographers, almost as many in number as the reporters, covered the local events with their trusty Icas. Continual experimentation went on; the darkrooms were improved, close attention was given to the quality and make-up of the pictures; the News developed a photo-engraving process of its own which in fine results had no equal.

At the close of 1921, the News, together with its parent paper, the Chicago Tribune, started the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Syndicate, and within a short while 1500 photographer-correspondents the world over were sending in their masterpieces of news and features.

Other picture syndicates had already made their start; Hearst with his International News Photos, the New York Times with the Wide World Photos, starting in 1919 with a staff of six to emerge soon with hundreds of correspondents in every corner of the world; the Newspaper Enterprise Association, started by the Scripps-Howard combination, later to become the Acme News Photos and another leader in the picture-gathering business. In 1926, the Associated Press, then primarily a news gathering organization, turned its attention to the importance of news pictures and inaugurated the Associated Press Photos.

The success of the Daily News boomed the news picture as a powerful circulation builder, and picture tabloids sprung up in all parts of the country. Even those publishers who had been loathe to change format and policy swung with the demand and opened their pages to news photographs. They built their own photo-engraving plants, subscribed to one of the large syndicates, hired a staff of photographers, built darkrooms and bought equipment. Many publishers, to get the best results possible, subscribed to all the leading syndicates so that they could reap the benefits of periodical scoops. Still others added the rotogravure supplement to their Sunday editions.

With competition keen, and demand intensified, the keynote of the syndicates and newspapers became Speed, more Speed. The newspapers employed their own staff of cameramen to cover local news; the syndicates opened bureaus in the key cities, staff photographers were on the job from coast to coast. Able, free-lance photographers in the smaller cities and outlying districts were encouraged

by the syndicate to send in their material, and were well paid for their efforts.

Hundreds of the smaller dailies, weeklies and semi-weeklies contracted for the mat services built up by the syndicates. For a nominal price, the picture page, in matrix form, would be received by the smaller newspaper, all prepared for only the casting.

Within a short time after its occurrence, a major news story would have its pictorial reproduction scanned over the breakfast table of every resident from Maine to California.

Mrs. Vincent Astor at a Newport horse show or basking in the Palm Beach sun; the Prince of Wales attending an official function or jumping the hurdles on his favorite horse; the ascetic Mahatma Ghandi in his simple linen cloth and Billy Sunday storming at the unregenerate, became as fully familiar in every expression of look and eye as the local deacon or groceryman.

Cables and wires were speeding the news; the ships and planes and trains were bringing the pictures.

Chartering planes to expedite the news picture became an everyday occurrence; even with the first airmail and later expansion of routes, the syndicates turned to the fastest means of conveyance to get the first picture in on a big story.

Photographic laboratories turned scientific experiments into successes to meet the ever increasing demand for better and speedier products. Larger and faster lenses were built to cope with poor light conditions and stop the speediest action. Fast emulsion plates were put on the market. Panchromatic and infra-red negatives were manufactured to overcome atmospheric conditions. Development of accessory equipment, as light meters, range finders, filters and synchronizers, were reaching their highest peak.

The trend of equipment was toward compactness and

simplification. The three-foot spread pan with the dangerous magnesium powder evolved into the safe and handy photo flash bulb; the bulky 8 x 10 negatives decreased in size, first to 6½ x 8½, then to 5 x 7, still smaller to 4 x 6, then to 4 x 5, and finally down to 3¼ x 4. Huge cameras were discarded in favor of a sturdy and compact Graphic and Graflex, and then the miniature Contax and Leica to snap the intimate and informal.

The newspaper photographer has also developed through the years into a staunch and reliable pillar of the press. In the beginning he was ofttimes ignored and avoided by the reporter, and looked down upon as a nuisance and interloper. True, the early type was often rude and brusque, but the rudeness and brusqueness was born of necessity and the flare-up of the underdog. He had to push himself into unwanted places and situations. The public was aloof to the cameraman and the notables felt it was a breach of decorum to pose for him.

Today the photographer is on the same plane with the reporter. On most stories the men plan together, work as one unit. The publisher has seen fit that the newspaper's photographic staff is given as much care and attention as his reportorial force. Through grit and courage, loyalty and self-sacrifice, the Knight of the Camera has gained his deserved laurels.

The constant desire to get the first and best possible pictures on a story has led to many startling changes in transportation. Planes and trains were chartered frequently, and even speedboat and dog-sled and motorcycle were used to bring in the first pack of negatives.

The following illustration of coverage on a big story is typical of the many of the time.

Gunnar Kasson had made front page history with his dash across the frozen Alaskan snows with dog team bear-

ing serum to diphtheria-stricken Nome. It saved thousands of lives.

The pictures of the arrival made by a Nome photographer-correspondent for a big syndicate were turned over to a Captain Hegness who rushed 870 miles from Nome to Nenana in a record trip by dog-sled, traveling 18 hours a day. At Nenana, Hegness boarded a train leaving for Seward, 400 miles distant. At Seward, the steamship Alaska was waiting, steam up, and a bundle of plates was turned over to the captain. In Seattle, 1300 miles south, the coast representative of the syndicate, started north with a seaplane. At Cape Jazon, 300 miles north of Seattle, he put out in a speedboat and received the plates, heavily wrapped in oilcloth, as they were lowered over the side of the ship. Fifteen minutes later, he was speeding back to Seattle, arriving there 15 hours before the steamship Alaska. From Seattle the pictures were printed and distributed. A southbound plane was chartered to fly the pictures to the California members, another was started east with prints and negatives for the Central and Eastern bureaus and subscribers. It was a grand scoop.

As speed became more and more essential, experiments were being conducted in many quarters to transmit picture by wire, utilizing the telephonic and telegraphic wires. In 1921, the New York World successfully transmitted the picture of an Indian head to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, using a telephone circuit. In 1923, the first telegraphed picture of the Japanese earthquake was sent from Seattle to Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. The following year, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company demonstrated their first pictures of the Republican Convention in Cleveland in a test of telephone wire transmission. In December of the same year, the Radio Corporation of America gave a public demonstration of picture transmission by radio from England to America. Likewise in

Europe wired transmission of pictures was taking a firm hold.

A new era in picture gathering and reproduction had been opened. It meant that a picture could be received at the newspaper's offices with almost the same speed as the descriptive story; it broadened and accelerated the development of pictorial journalism. The managing editor shouted with the same gusto for the picture as for the story, whether it broke on his back lots or in the Chinese hinterland.

The camera had become a powerful giant in the field of journalism.

And he is still growing!

Chapter III.

THE TRAIN, PLANE, PIGEON, WIRE AND RADIO CARRY THE PICTURE

From the first days of the news picture, the newspapers and picture syndicates have utilized every means of conveyance to bring the reproduction of the event before the eyes of the reader: from the interior of China the donkey and jinrikishaw have brought the flood and famine pictures; the carrier pigeon carried the film in Japan; native runners brought the pictures from the jungle interiors; dog sleds bore the negatives from the Arctic wastes; every known vehicle in Europe and America has expedited the photograph, the automobile, train, speedboat, airplane, dirigible, motorcycle, until man turned to the laboratory and found a miracle in the radio and telephone wire to span the leagues in a lightning leap and carry the picture with the speed of a dot and dash and a wired conversation.

In the beginning, the picture languished far behind the news story; days, weeks, and even a month or two would elapse before the reader would be presented with the illustration. Today we are presented with the ultima in speed; a picture can be snapped in the forests of the Tyrol and in several hours the readers of Los Angeles will be presented with a newspaper reproduction, literally, before the story breaks, for there will be about a ten hour difference in time.

Editors blinked and rubbed their eyes when the late Lord Northcliffe ordered his photographer to charter a vessel, the only one obtainable in Italian waters, to carry him to Tripoli to cover the start of hostilities between Turkey and Italy, and when he docked startled a cab driver by shouting: "Drive me to the battlefield!" It was setting

historic precedent, and the newspaper world gasped still more when the London Daily Mirror carried the first and exclusive pictures of the conflict. It was something new, startling in the world of newspapers, and when the circulation of the Mirror leaped higher and higher with Northcliffe's successive picture scoops, the publishers realized then and there that they would have to follow the dazzling pace set by the great genius of Fleet Street. Chartering ships and trains became a commonplace in the field of news photography. Speed, speed—more speed—became the shibboleth and battle cry of a score of editors.

Into the far corners of the world went the man with the camera, using the fastest means of conveyance to get to and from the scene of the story. It was the day of the ship and train; the airplane had yet to make its appearance. By ship and train the cameraman hurried to the battlefields of the Balkan Wars; and even Northcliffe had earlier dispatched a photographer from far-off London to cover the gold rush in the Yukon. Distances mattered not; it was the slogan of the editor then, as it is today: "Get the picture! And bring it back first!"

When William Randolph Hearst in this country chartered a special train to carry the first pictures of the Willard-Johnson fight in Carson City, Nevada, to his paper in San Francisco for a clean beat of a day or more, he was creating a new epoch in pictorial journalism in this country; and it was not long before other publishers and editors took up the challenge and initiated a rivalry which still holds until this day.

The problems for the syndicate and newspaper editors became a bit more involved, complex. It became not alone their duty to utilize the best and fastest cameras and paraphernalia, the speeding up of printing and engraving methods, but it was their task to establish the best and fastest media for getting the cameraman to the scene and back with

the pictures to the office. Placing the pictures in the mail, with a special delivery stamp attached, was too ordinary, too regular a procedure. The editor could not afford to sit back in his swivel chair and wait for the arrival of the postman.

The syndicate took up a new weapon. A cameraman in a distant city had taken some spot news pictures. How to get them back pronto? Why not give the package of films or prints to a passenger or train employe? It would mean a saving of several or more hours, so the trick was done. The cameraman would entrust the pictures to the passenger or employe, and then phone or wire the office that such and such a party in a certain car would arrive at the station at a certain time, and the syndicate or newspaper representative would be at the station to pick up the package. But great care had to be exercised that a rival paper or syndicate would not pick up the package by "mistake." Train schedules were figured very carefully by the editor, and on many occasions time would be saved by rerouting a package from a distant city on several different lines. Also, many minutes would be saved by meeting the train at a suburban point, and rushing the pictures in by motorcycle. It became a favorite stunt for New York syndicate editors to dispatch a motorcycle man to Manhattan Transfer on the outskirts of Newark to pick up a package on the Pennsylvania system. The motorcyclist would be back in the office, especially if it were located in the Park Row district, at the time the train was pulling into Pennsylvania Station further uptown. The ten minute saving meant that a beat could be established; the sales of the picture added to the syndicate's coffers; to the newspaper it might mean the making of an edition.

The early planes were still too costly a proposition except on very outstanding stories, and then, the syndicate would not hesitate to hire the best available pilots and the

speediest planes, spending thousands of dollars to bring in the first pictures.

There were more thrills in the airplane race from Shelby, Montana, to bring in the first pictures of the Jack Dempsey-Tommy Gibbons fight on July 4, 1923, then there was in the long-drawn out battle between the ring gladiators. Eleven planes competed in the race. Torrential rains and fierce winds held no terrors for the doughty fliers, and when one was forced down, another plane was in readiness to pick up the plates and carry on. Editors in the home offices were glued to the phones, missing their meals and sleep, keeping in touch with the distant points, ready to hire automobiles and fresh planes to keep up the gruelling pace. The pilots, too, reckless in their defiance of the elements, for the planes in those days were mere frameworks of body, wing and wire, felt the cry and surge of battle and refused to quit, keeping on until every ounce of energy was spent. Many of them staggered out of their cockpits on the completion of a relay, haggard, famished, punch-drunk, as though they themselves had partaken in the Shelby "battle of the century." The storm king high above the clouds came near giving them the knockout punch in many a rain-swept corner.

Well lighted fields were scarce. The airmail service had just about started. The country could not boast of more than a half dozen good airports with decent runways. The pilot as well as the editor and cameraman who sometimes climbed aboard with him all took their lives in their hands when a delivery of pictures had to be made. Many a flight started and ended in a field and meadow. Flares on an open field were the only light to guide the starting or the oncoming plane. When Wesley Smith took off from the grassy field at Van Cortlandt Park in New York City on the night of September 14, 1923, to carry the pictures of the Dempsey-Firpo fight at the Polo Grounds to a Cleveland syndicate bureau, flares held by two men and a swinging lantern held

by a third was the only light available to give Smith his directions for a most thrilling takeoff. His time of seven hours in landing safely at a Cleveland field through a lane of flares was considered a marvelous feat in those days. Today the same distance is traversed in about two hours by one of our high-speed commercial Goliaths of the air.

When blizzards, thick fog and terrific rainstorms made it absolutely impossible for the pilots to venture into the air, the syndicate would often resort to the chartered train to carry the pictures. In that event, an entire car would be set up with darkroom, printing facilities, and tables and typewriter for the sorting and captioning of the finished prints, all ready for instant delivery the moment the train would pull in at the station. While the two or three car train swayed and lurched, the employees would calmly go through all their duties of turning out the pictures as if they were back in their own offices. In one trip from Washington to New York in 1925, the special train hired by a New York syndicate to develop and print the Coolidge inauguration pictures made the 226 mile trip in three hours, and 40½ minutes, clipping nearly two hours from the ordinary running time.

On another occasion, a Boston newspaper frantically demanded the pictures of the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia. The weather was terrible. Not a plane could take off. The enterprising Boston paper wanted the pictures for their final edition. The negatives were already in New York. How could the pictures be sent to Boston in time? Finally, the syndicate in New York arranged the hire of a special train from New York to Boston at a cost of $1,000. The two-car train plunged through the storm of the night with a clear right of way, and the pictures were developed and printed enroute. The train broke all speed records between New York and Boston, thundering along the wet rails at nearly a hundred-mile-an-hour speed. The

Boston morning newspaper got their pictures and made their last edition for a clean scoop over all rivals.

The extension of the air mail routes to all parts of the country and the inauguration of the air express service in 1927 helped speed up the transportation of the news pictures, and today, thousands of pictures are being sent daily by this system. Faster commercial planes in the airmail services are continually cutting down the running time, and where it formally took 30 hours for the transportation of a picture from New York to Los Angeles by air, the same distance is covered in only 15 hours. There is hardly a city of any size in the country that is not linked to the airmail network, and the editor, with the assistance of the airmail guide, is able to reckon closely on the time he can expect pictures from a point where a news story has broken, or the time a member newspaper can expect to receive pictures which have been syndicated.

But in spite of the efficient service rendered by the airmail and airexpress, the syndicates still charter the plane on extraordinary occasions, not alone to make the invaluable airviews and transport the photographer to the scene of the story, but also to bring the pictures into the office and assist in wire transmission. In the recent New London, Texas, school-house disaster, in which 455 children and teachers perished, an airplane was chartered to fly from Dallas to Tyler, fifteen miles from the scene of the catastrophe, pick up prints which a free lance photographer had made, and continue on to Memphis, Tennessee, to meet another plane sent from St. Louis carrying a syndicate bureau manager with a portable wired photo transmitter, and then transmit the pictures direct to receiving points in various parts of the country.

Bureau managers are constantly expediting news pictures to various other points by air express, and immediately after shipping in such manner, they wire or phone the office

that such and such pictures are due to arrive on a certain line and a certain time, even giving the waybill number. A motorcycle boy is then sent to the airport to pick up the package. Such procedure in meeting the planes often results in the saving of at least a half hour or more which is considerable, from a newspaper editor's standpoint.

From the earliest days till the present, the plane has been a reliable carrier of the news picture, and the picture syndicate has never failed to rely upon it in time of need. A notable scoop with the aid of a plane was the first arrival of the pictures showing Gertrude Ederle's swim across the English Channel in August, 1926. A package of pictures was dropped from a ship at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, picked up by a waiting seaplane, and then brought to New York in a record-breaking four-plane relay, battling through dense fogs and terrific electric storms to give the syndicate a 24-hour beat. Through the continent's worst flying region, a New York syndicate in July, 1933, sent a plane to Cartwright, Labrador, 1500 miles away, to make the pictures of the first landing on American soil of the Italian air armada of 24 planes led by General Italo Balbo. It set a new record in aerial trips especially to make pictures. In 1931, a chartered plane made a non-stop flight from Managua, Nicaragua, to New York, carrying the first pictures of the earthquake disaster which killed 1000 persons, and resulted in a great scoop for the syndicate.

From the day a ship carried a London Daily Mirror photographer to the scene of the Messina, Italy, earthquake in 1908, to make the first pictures of the catastrophe which resulted in the deaths of many thousands, the steamship has figured in the thrilling annals of picture history. Over the vast stretches of the Atlantic and the Pacific, long before the dirigible and the clipper planes spanned the waters, the syndicates have depended on the fast greyhounds

of the sea to bring in the news photographs from the other continents.

In spite of the occasional outstanding news picture sent by radio from Europe to America, the large liners are constantly bringing in the bulky packages filled with the best of Europe's news and feature offerings. The pursers are entrusted with the packages, and after a survey by the customs men at Quarantine for payment of duty, the pictures are turned over to the syndicate's cameraman who has boarded the ship from the government cutter.

Even this time saving method has not been found to be fast enough on many occasions. A terrible disaster will have occurred in a European country, costing hundreds of lives. A syndicate here will wish to achieve a scoop over its rivals. A radio message will be sent to the London manager of the syndicate that the pictures will be picked up by seaplane off the American coast. A cooper aboard the ship will make a fairly large sized barrel, place the pictures inside, and then solder the sides to make it waterproof. About one hundred miles off the coast, as a seaplane looms in the distance, the barrel is thrown overboard. The plane carefully descends on the swells, lashes the barrel to the pontoons, and pulls it in. The top is forcibly taken off and the pictures removed. After some difficulty, the plane arises and is off for the airport nearest the office. Another device is also used. The syndicate will arrange for the purchase of a life preserver, attach a sealed can with the pictures enclosed, and throw it into the water for the pickup by the plane.

The dirigible Hindenburg was called into service by a syndicate to bring in the first pictures of the 1936 Olympics. A radio message was sent to the skipper to arrange for the attachment of the pictures to a parachute to be thrown overboard on its appearance over Lakehurst, New Jersey. The syndicate arranged for the presence of a customs man to

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CHARGING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Death was the price paid for this picture at Morgan Hill, California. Dr. Garruccio, attracted by the picturesque burro outfit and its aged prospector owner, snapped this photograph. Peter Voiss, the aged prospector, is shown leaping with rage as he runs toward the cameraman. A few second after snapping this picture, Dr. Garruccio was fatally wounded by a charge of buckshot. Authorities developed the film and took Voiss into custody.

© Acme Newspictures

A BREATHLESS MOMENT

Immediately after this remarkable picture was taken, the East Indian leopard sprang upon his trainer, Albert Allcorn. But Olga Celeste, another animal trainer, grabbed a club and drove off the animal, saving Allcorn from serious injury.

© Acme Newspictures

HEADING FOR THE CAMERA

A remarkable photograph of horses tearing down the home stretch on a Long Island race track, taken by Charles Brinkman, a Pacific and Atlantic Photos staff cameraman. He crawled under the rail and flung himself on the ground to point his camera toward the charging horses, escaping only by a few scant inches from being struck by the flying hoofs.

check the contents for duty payment. At daybreak the giant airship swung over the Lakehurst hangar; the package was dropped and picked up. For six hours the dirigible was unable to land because of unfavorable winds, and the syndicate was able to beat its rivals all over the country.

The motorcycle is a favorite means of fast conveyance in and around the city. Every large syndicate has two or three motorcycle drivers, and on big stories, such as championship fights where plans are carefully made in advance, as many as five or six extra motorcycle men will be hired. Through the dense street traffic the motorcyclist will flash in and out bringing in the first undeveloped plates from the fight or the world's series games, making as many as a half dozen trips to and from the stadium. It is a common sight to see as many as a dozen motorcycles bunched outside a fight arena, with riders at the handlebars, all ready to dash off the minute a boy brings out the precious bundle of plates. Others will bring prints later to the local newspapers, and still others will streak to Newark Airport, 14 miles away, to place the bundles of prints aboard the waiting planes. One night, a motorcyclist, with a clear right of way, made the distance in 14½ minutes, just in time to make the plane. He had never thought he could make it, but like the rest of the men in the picture game who always try for success though the odds are against them, decided to make the attempt—and he succeeded. Many of these brave fellows have skidded their machines along wet, slippery streets and highways, always flirting with injury or death, to carry out their jobs. There is scarcely a picture syndicate motorcyclist who cannot show you marks and bruises on his body, the results of accidents.

One night, a rider employed by a picture syndicate was bringing back some undeveloped negatives from the Long Island City Bowl where a championship fight was taking place. Crossing the Queensboro Bridge at great speed, he

hit a car full on, and was catapulted from his machine, landing on his head. Barely conscious, he mumbled to the first passerby who rushed to his aid: "Quick, get a taxi, and give the driver my plates strapped there to the machine. He will be paid at the office." He slumped into unconsciousness. Another valiant soldier of the picture army!

In the frozen stretches of the Far North dog teams are often used as the fast conveyance to bring the pictures of a Amundsen-Ellsworth polar flight or Byrd expedition to a waiting ship or plane. Motor boats chugging in and out of the Ohio Valley flood waters in the winter of 1937, were a frequent sight, bringing cameramen in and out of the otherwise inaccessible places.

In Japan, the carrier pigeons have been used for many years to bring in the first news pictures from the rugged interiors, and well-equipped pigeon lofts, some housing as many as 500 birds, are to be seen on the roofs of such publications as the Asahi, the Nichi Nichi and Yomiuri in Tokyo and the Asahi in Osaka. They are grey-green birds typical of those owned by carrier fanciers in the United States, and are capable of making 50 to 150 mile flights, sometimes beating an airplane to the office. It is a common sight to see a cameraman go out on an assignment in the interior carrying a basket with a dozen or more birds, each carrier wearing an aluminum leg ring bearing its number and name of the newspaper.

After taking his picture, the cameraman dons a black jacket, and under this flowing robe removes the exposed film from his holder and loads it into a black rubber cylinder, about four inches long and weighing less than an ounce. A tiny cap is then screwed tightly on, and the cylinder is then wrapped around the bird's neck by means of a rubber band, while another rubber band encircles the tail to keep it firmly in place. The bird then takes off, never stopping until it alights on a desk in the editor's office. From a distance of

50 miles, the pigeon arrives at the office within 40 minutes. Another bird is then sent with a duplicate film as protection in case an accident overtakes the first carrier. These birds are also often used in carrying films from ships at sea.

The greatest boon to the ever-widening use of the news photograph has been the introduction of the radioed and wired picture. Picture "messages" are being constantly flashed in most parts of the world. Hours, days, even weeks, have been cut down to minutes and hours, and the publishers, alive to the readers' ever-growing demand for the immediate news picture, have subscribed to one service or the other which has its own wire transmitting device.

In the early experimental days, the radio and wire pictures were crude. Details were hardly recognizable. Some looked like wash drawings after the art department's retoucher had finished salvaging what otherwise would have been impossible to print. But the spirit of enterprise encouraged the inventors; some processes were tried out for a while and then discarded, others were constantly improved upon, until today there is hardly a photograph that has been wired that does not compare favorably with the original. Even in the more difficult field, the radio, the photographs transmitted from London and Buenos Aires to New York and back, have taken on the more solid look of an original print, and some radioed pictures, with but an added touch of the retoucher's brush can scarcely be told from originals.

The first pictures of the Japanese earthquake in September, 1923, had been thrown from a Pacific liner near Seattle to a waiting plane. An unusual experiment had been planned to scoop the country at three vital points: Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. A transparent sheet with tiny numbered squares was placed over the picture at the sending end. Sheets of tiny numbered squares were at the receiving ends. The positions and lines of the photograph were telegraphed, as well as the additional data of light and shade to

help the artist fill in the picture at the receiving end. It was a long and costly experiment, but the result bore some resemblance to the original.

The following year the American Telephone and Telegraph Company inaugurated a test of its own facsimile transmitting machine at the Republican Convention in Cleveland, and the result was a startling one, although it showed vertical lines of varying thickness. Three years earlier, the New York World, also using a facsimile transmission over a telephonic circuit, had successfully transmitted the picture of an Indian head from its New York office to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, but for some reason or other, the experiments were later dropped.

The race in wired pictures was on.

In New York two inventors, Marvin Ferree and Joseph Wissmar, working for a picture syndicate, invented a process called Telepix, and on New Year's Day, 1925, successfully sent a picture of the Notre Dame-Leland Stanford University football game from Los Angeles to New York and Chicago simultaneously over the Western Union wires.

All the details of the picture were sent over the telegraph wires in telegraphic dots and dashes of various sizes, representing all the various tones and shadows of the picture. The picture was printed photographically on a metal plate and then placed on the cylinder of the machine. As the drum revolved, deriving its power from a small electric motor, a needle traced over its surface recording all the details of the picture, sending its impulses over a telegraphic relay to a machine at the receiving end. It was all done in daylight. When the picture was finished, it was ready for reproduction. Received on a plain piece of paper, it could be photographed by a regular copying camera to be enlarged or reduced. By simply throwing a small switch, the same machine could either transmit or receive.

Though Telepix was syndicated to quite a number of cities, the A. T. and T. continued on with their facsimile transmission experiments, using a photoelectric cell to translate light and shadows of the picture into sound impulses over the telephone wires and then reconverted into light beams. In a test on March 4, 1925, pictures were transmitted from Washington to New York and San Francisco. The test was a decided improvement over its Republican Convention experiment the year previous, since the effect of the vertical striping was eliminated.

The powerful A. T. and T. added cities to its list, opening its commercial service to the public on April 4, 1925. It charged $50 for a 5 x 7 transmission from New York to Chicago, $100 from New York to San Francisco. Boston was added in November of the same year, and later Cleveland and Atlanta. Telepix grew for a while, then languished. Facsimile was winning out over the dot and dash system.

For eight years the Telephoto, as the A. T. and T. system was called, remained in existence, and the picture syndicates made ample use of it. But after sinking $2,000,000 into the venture, they decided to sell it, and the Associated Press grabbed it in 1934. The AP inaugurated their service on New Year's Day, 1935, calling it Wirephoto. But the other major picture syndicates were alive to the virtues of picture transmission by wire, and so the New York Times Wide World Photos, International News Photos and Acme Newspictures inaugurated their own wire picture services, the Wide World its Wired Photos, the International its Sound Photos, and Acme its Telephotos.

The principles underlying each system of transmitting pictures by wire remain practically identical. The surface of the picture on a revolving drum is scanned methodically by a beam of light reflected into a photoelectric cell which in turn produces a current on the wire directly proportional

to the light reflected from the varying highlights and shadows on the picture. The current is amplified and then sent over the wire in the form of electric impulses to a receiving machine in a distant city. A light valve on the receiver transforms the electric impulses back into light of corresponding intensity, and the process of scanning on an unexposed film wrapped around a revolving drum is repeated. The time for transmitting a picture ranges from eight to fifteen minutes.

One of the greatest features of the phototelegraphic equipment now in use is the portability of some of the machines. One of the portable transmitters, including the case in which it is carried, weighs as little as sixty pounds, and a photographer or operator can carry it with the ease of a suitcase, dashing to the scene of a story by plane, train or auto, ready to transmit direct from the scene of action. His equipment will also include a portable developing outfit, so that he can shoot his pictures, develop, fix and make a print on the spot, then go to the nearest telephone, make his proper connections, and then get the long distance operator to place the call to a receiving point hundreds of miles distant, the same he would do were he to make an ordinary long distance call.

For instance, a flash comes into the syndicate office that a plane has crashed seventy miles from New York, a few miles from an airport. The photographer with his equipment will dash into a chartered plane and take off for the scene. He will snap his picture, develop, fix and print from his negative on the spot, go to the airport, wrap his picture around the transmitter drum, make his connections on the airport telephone and then place his call, say, to a paper in Detroit. While his call is going through, he will make the necessary dial adjustments, setting his proper range for the shadows and highlights of the picture. The phone rings, the Detroit receiving operator is ready, and the picture is

then started. Within a half hour after he has had started the picture, a finished print is already in the hands of the art department for scaling and retouching as any other picture, and within a half hour after that be in the newspaper on the street, in the hands of the reader.

The remarkable feature of this marvel of the news photographic field is this, that the newspaper can go to press with the news picture at about the same time the story is being printed. With the development and perfection of phototelegraphic equipment, the news picture has set a new high standard of reader interest, and its position on the newspaper page is as immediate and important as the story itself. How remarkable it was for New York readers, several thousand miles from the scene, to see the picture of the crushed New London, Texas, schoolhouse accompany the story the very same night of the disaster—to view at one glance the terrible details of fallen walls and strewn masonry as only a vivid picture can portray, and more graphically than the hundreds of words could express. Wire transmission of pictures is truly making newspaper history!

December, 1924, was another important date in the history of news photography. The Radio Corporation of America opened its New York offices to the public for a demonstration of a small machine which was able to receive a picture "hurled" through the ether, across the Atlantic from its offices in Marconi House in London. In less than two years, Captain R. H. Ranger, an R. C. A. engineer, had developed the remarkable piece of apparatus.

Like the machine which transmits photographs by wire, the photoelectric cell is also employed in the radio device to scan the photograph as it rotates on a drum or cylinder. The cell transforms the light waves into electrical impulses which are transmitted by radio in the same way dots and dashes are sent through the ether. The radio impulses are caught by a receiving instrument thousands of miles away,

and the picture is made up of a series of tiny dots. Where the picture is light the dots are very thin and far apart, where there are shadows the dots are darker and closer together. Like the wire transmission, the picture is received in a dark room, on an unexposed 8 x 10 film wrapped around a drum. The only difference between the two systems is that the radioed picture is a varying of dots instead of lines.

The first spot news picture to be ordered and received by a syndicate in this country was transmitted from London to New York on March 5, 1925, and showed the body of President Ebert of Germany lying in state. It took only 25 minutes for the actual transmission of the picture. Five days later the original of the same photograph reached New York on the Aquitania.

Phototelegraphic equipment is now installed in the principal cities of Europe, so that it is now possible for any news story to break anywhere on the Continent, and within several hours reach a reader on the West Coast of the United States.

It is possible, at times, on the complete coverage of a big story to call into action all the facilities known to man for the speedy delivery of the news picture. Dog team can speed pictures from the northernmost settlement in Alaska, the prints placed on a train to a port city, taken aboard a ship to a point near Seattle, picked up by a seaplane, taken to Seattle for a wire transmission to New York, radioed to London, and then retransmitted to a newspaper in Vienna.

The scientist, the engineer, the editor, the cameraman, are today linked in a united, and ever tireless, effort to speed the news photograph to the reader, so that when he scans the picture as he reads the accompanying story over his breakfast table, he can truthfully exclaim: "This picture age is marvelous!"

Chapter IV.

THE EDITOR SCANS THE PICTURE

Two important functions rest with the picture editor of a syndicate; the assigning of a photographer to get the picture and the selection and servicing of the picture to the member newspapers. On a newspaper, the city editor will generally assign the photographer whose prints will be turned over to the picture editor for selection and make-up. In both cases, he is the liaison officer between the man with the camera and the reader who scans the printed subject with either amusement or thrill.

Let us begin with the day's duties of a syndicate picture editor.

The editor on the early morning shift, called the lobster trick, between midnight and eight a.m., calls the attention of the day picture editor to several good news stories that have broken in the early morning hours: a hotel fire at Lakewood, N. J., in which three guests perished, and the arrest of a New York bank embezzler at Providence, R. I. Correspondent-photographers have been phoned to cover the stories and word should be expected momentarily that the undeveloped plates are being rushed back by train porter from Providence, and by bus driver from Lakewood.

The day editor then looks over the day assignment sheet: three overnight assignments have been handed out to staff photographers, the arrival of the liner Queen Mary with an interesting list of notables and also a MUST on a John R. Massey and his bride, both of Pittsburgh, which the Pittsburgh member has wired for coverage; the testing of a new type of airplane at Roosevelt Field, Long

Island, (a clipping announcing the test of the new plane had been attached to the dated page several weeks in advance), and the continuation of the Ross murder trial at the courthouse in Long Island City, (Mrs. Ross had shot and killed her husband in their spacious Jamaica home). The latter story was exciting national interest. There was plenty of thrill and drama at the trial including sensational disclosures involving several well-known Long Island personalities, and only the day previous, the accused woman's mother had been carried out of the courthouse in a shrieking denunciation of the prosecuting attorney.

It promised a good start for the day's presentation of the news in pictures.

A boy brings in a huge stack of miscellaneous mail, envelopes with news and feature pictures from every part of the country. Here is a spectacular shot of a grain elevator fire in Milwaukee, (the correspondent had attached a note that he had duplicated the same picture to the Chicago office), also six pictures of a golf match at Pinehurst, N. C., another showing a mother and father with their eighteen children ranging in age from six months to twenty-two years, another showing a wrecked automobile lying astride a railroad crossing at Wilmington, Delaware, a head and shoulder shot of a young man who claims to be the youngest lawyer in Kansas, a picture of a champion girl archer, another interesting shot of a mother bear and its cub in the St. Louis Zoo, a negative sent in by a Huntington Beach, California, contributor showing six bathing beauties frolicking on the sands. Another correspondent has forwarded an exclusive shot showing a pretty Spring meadow scene with snow-capped Mount Rainier in the background.

The editor scans these with the keen, discriminating eye of the expert. He knows at first glance which he will accept and which he will reject.

The free lance and correspondent-photographer is an important contributor to the syndicate, and usually hail from the smaller cities and outlying sections where there are no staff cameramen.

The editor knows that the Milwaukee fire shot had been serviced by the Chicago bureau. An early morning wire had apprised the New York office of the fact. He will thus service only to New York City members and his own regional list, to the salesmen and one each for the London, Paris and Germany offices. Spectacular American fire scenes always find a market abroad.

He carefully goes through the golf pictures. It is a North-South match and shows the winner and runner-up receiving their trophies, also an interesting shot of the winner on the 18th green. These are the two worth servicing throughout the East. The rest he places on his secretary's desk with a note attached that two have been purchased, and the remainder to be returned.

Then he turns his attention to the parents with their long list of offspring. Always a human interest feature! Such large families are an anomaly, (the reader's interest will center on the farmer, a poor Louisiana farmer, and his wife). How they flabbergast us with their defi of economic facts! It's an immediate purchase.

The wrecked automobile is a rejection. One killed, several hurt. But automobile accidents are so commonplace, and Wilmington is so far away from the editors at Boston, Buffalo and other cities. The immediate news interest will have vanished by the time it reaches those papers. The Boston and Buffalo picture editors will have their own local accidents to reproduce.

The youngest lawyer has a beguiling smile, a nice set of teeth and broad pair of shoulders. But the editor rejects it without a twitch of conscience. Poor fellow, he's going back to Kansas. There's no feature value in a legal Adonis

even if he is the youngest. The correspondent had better wait for an attractive Portia. The readers and the editors always like the good-looking girl as a page adornment. Somehow it smooths the blunt edges of columns of murder and fire stories.

The champion girl archer is a profile shot, the print quite flat. The original negative must have been underexposed. There's a possibility it may have been accepted had it all the perfect tone qualities of a good photograph. Too poor for reproduction. Into the rejection file it goes.

The mother bear and cub is an immediate acceptance. An interesting animal picture with perfect tone quality is a sure-fire sale. Animals, children and pretty girls head the list for feature picture interest. The bathing beauties on the beach find a purchaser for the same reason.

The landscape is bought as a special rotogravure picture to be one of ten to twelve exclusive pictures to be serviced that week as a roto page layout bearing an advance release date. Generally editors of rotogravure supplements need from a week to ten days to prepare their Sunday layout.

The morning papers are carefully searched for any picture possibilities and the stories are clipped for reference as a guide for the editor, the photographer and the caption writer. On page three he finds a story of a penthouse dweller atop a midtown skyscraper who is raising cabbages as big as bowling balls. Good! A photographer is immediately sent to the address. The sports page contributes two items for coverage: Paddy White, the aspirant for the lightweight crown, is training at Stillwell's gymnasium, and the Columbia crew is going out for a practice spin on the Hudson at five o'clock. Two more jobs for the cameramen. A three-year-old musical prodigy has been discovered on the East Side and another photographer heads for the nearest subway.

In the meanwhile the wires are clicking off the news

from far and wide. Violence is growing in the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, textile strike; a beautiful 18-year-old girl has been found slain at Wheeling, West Virginia; a well-known movie actress has been threatened with blackmail; forest fires are raging throughout Washington and Oregon; another duststorm sweeps the Texas Panhandle; a conference of Governors on the relief problem is taking place at the various points to expedite good material to the nearest bureaus; the Washington manager is reminded to rush prints of the conference to the members in those states whose Governors are represented; the Boston manager is told to send a staff cameraman to Pawtucket by the first train and duplicate his negatives to Boston and New York.

The cables report an attempted assassination of the Japanese Premier and a British warship is on its way to the Mediterranean in another international crisis. Good page one stories! Pictures of the Premier and the warship are taken from the files and serviced.

On stories of first magnitude, the quality of the print for copying and servicing need be only fair as faded lines and spots will be strengthened and the dark spaces lightened and grayed by the expert hands of the retoucher before it is handed over to the engraver.

If there is no picture of the warship in the files, the editor will search Jane's Fighting Ships, a yearbook filled with reproductions of warships of every nation. The picture of the Japanese Premier will undoubtedly be in the files as special attention is always paid to building up the files with the leading officials of every nation. It is very rare indeed when a syndicate does not have a good recent study of the President, Premier or ruler of the leading nations. Pictures of prominent men and women in all stations of life from the world over are sought for continuously as good file material to have available when a story breaks. Newspapers, as well, are paying more and more

attention to their picture files, and personalities, especially those in the limelight, are never discarded. There is always the obituary page to illustrate on the announcement of death.

At the moment the picture of the warship is being copied for servicing, the negatives of the hotel fire arrive. They are immediately turned over to a printer for developing. The editor selects the best one or two shots for servicing while they are still washing. The first selection shows a well exposed general view of the fire at its height, another shows one of the injured being treated on the spot. Among the discarded ones is a picture of one of the victims, badly burned, being carried out. It's too gruesome. Pictures of dead persons with very few exceptions are taboo with most newspaper publishers. It is the exception and not the rule when pictures such as those of Dillinger and Dutch Schultz, America's public enemies, in death are exposed to the reader. It is a standing rule with many prominent newspapers that no pictures of any dead person, no matter what the story or circumstance may be can be published.

Within fifteen minutes after the arrival of the negatives in the office, prints of the fire are on their way to the local evening newspapers, and by train porter to the New England, New York State, New Jersey and Pennsylvania members to meet afternoon or early evening editions.

The servicing of every picture requires good judgment of news and feature values; the news sense of the editor must encompass the required needs of the subscribers from coast to coast, as well as those in foreign countries. The interest may contract beyond a certain unmarked boundary; there may still be an interest alive in Chicago while beyond that the editor may pay scant, or even no interest, in the story such as the New Jersey fire. There are all kinds of imponderables in stories and pictures marked as news. Where the wire can tick off a few descriptive phrases with-

out much loss of time and money, the picture syndicates can hardly afford to service non-interested subscribers with costly prints.

The syndicate picture editor must therefore weigh his servicing carefully before he turns his order over to the printer. Is it a small or large hotel? Are there prominent names involved? Will the death toll increase? Reader and editor interest grows proportionately to the damage and toll of life. A three-stick story on page four will be swung to a full column on page one when the death toll in a hotel disaster will rise from two or three to ten or more. The picture editor will scan the latest news developments carefully before he puts his final OK on the order sheet.

Again he must study his picture solely on the merits of reader attention. Even if there were no loss of lives, the picture may be an unusual one, such as the Milwaukee grain elevator fire shot received earlier. If it only shows a few wreaths of smoke, he will most certainly limit its service. If there are flames shooting through the windows with plenty of smoke showing the picture effect will be enhanced, and the service will be increased. If the shot had been made after the fire is extinguished, the gutted ruins of partially remaining walls will have told the story in almost as graphic terms as the fire itself, and the picture will be given as much attention. In other words, the picture must always convey the full impression of the details and significance of the story.

The human interest element must always be considered, too. In catastrophes as floods and fires the fate of the victims have a stronger appeal to the emotions of the reader than the extent of the disaster. The devastating 1937 Ohio River floods bore out that fact. Flood waters sweeping up to the roofs of homes revealed the magnitude of the catastrophe, but the most stirring pictures taken were not those of the waters but of the refugees and the heroic men

and women who fought to prevent further toll of life. Photographs of a mother, worn from exhaustion, nursing her baby in a refugee camp, a boy with his dog and few possessions he managed to save from his submerged home shown in the background, a lineup of weary, haggard, disheveled refugees outside a tent awaiting their handout of food, and a string of convicts on a levee helping in the battle for life, were the pictorial masterpieces that stirred the world. They told the story as no thousands of words could have impressed.

When the picture of the bank embezzler under arrest at Providence arrived, there was not much time wasted to judge picture or service value. One picture told the story; the shot of the embezzler flanked by detectives arriving at the court-house sufficed. A distribution to members from Maine to Pennsylvania wrote finis to that news story.

The ship news photographer who covered the arrival of the liner Queen Mary brings in several large envelopes packed tightly with the cream of Europe's news and feature offerings of the past week. The editor searches keenly for the spot news which takes immediate precedence: there is the wreckage of an Imperial Airways plane which crashed near Paris, killing eight passengers; the thrilling rescue of a foundering steamer's crew and passengers in the North Sea, and Paris riot scenes showing a street battle between the Rightists and Leftists in the heart of the French capital. Those involving personalities are then selected: Mussolini with his arm raised in Roman salute and chin thrust forward in familiar angle, greeting a Fascist assemblage; Hitler reviewing a battalion of troops; Stalin attending the funeral of a confrere in Moscow; Foreign Minister Anthony Eden of England leaving 10 Downing Street after an important conference with the Prime Minister, and Premier Blum of France being interviewed by reporters after another Cabinet crisis.

© International News Photo

FELLED BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET

With blood from his wound seeping through the white of his shirt, Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago is assisted to a car to be rushed to a hospital in Miami, Fla., the night of February 15, 1933. The Mayor was struck by one of five bullets fired by Guiseppe Zangara in the direction of President Roosevelt, and later died in the hospital. Zangara was put to death.

© Wide World Photos

THE ASSASSINATION OF A MONARCH

This picture was snapped an instant after Petrus Kalemen had fired a deadly hail of lead into the bodies of King Alexander of Jugloslavia and Foreign Minister Louis Barthou of France, at Marseilles, France, in October, 1934. Colonel Piollet is striking the assassin with his sabre while police, soldiers and citizens rush to seize the assassin. He was slain by the mob.

Pictures, Inc.

STRIKE MARCH TURNED INTO BLOODY BATTLEGROUND
Police hammering strike demonstrators into submission when they dispersed a crowd marching on an open field near the Republic Steel Corporation plant at South Chicago, May 30, 1937. Eleven strike sympathizers were killed. This and other pictures taken by news cameramen were studied by members of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee in effort to fix responsibility for the killings.

© Wide World Photos

ATTACKING A CIO OFFICIAL
Ford Company special policemen piling into CIO organizer Richard T. Frankensteen on the bridge near the Ford plant at Dearborn, Michigan, May 26, 1937, following an attempt of the United Auto Workers Union to distribute leaflets to the workers leaving the plant. Frankensteen was brutally beaten. The news photographers were the next target; many had their cameras, plates and holders broken, and others forced to flee beyond the city limits.

There are six duplicate sets of these outstanding photographs. One set is immediately copied for servicing, another given to the mat editor for his page of pictures, another set is rushed by motorcycle boy to Newark Airport to be sent by plane to the Chicago bureau for western distribution, and the remaining sets are given to salesmen to sell to the newspapers for either daily or Sunday rotogravure use.

Competition in foreign coverage is keen. There are few stories breaking in European countries that are not covered by the news photographer. The number of picture syndicates, especially in England, far outnumber those in this country. It is a continual race to make the first and fastest liner back to America, and the pursers are swamped with the bulging envelopes entrusted to them for delivery to an accredited representative of the American syndicate.

Scattered among these spot news pictures are a miscellany of interesting photographs, scenes and personalities from many lands: an English peer and his bride leaving an historic London church, a 105-year-old Scotch woman smoking her pipe, a Hollywood beauty kissing the Blarney Stone, a Normandy festival, an American Congressman and his wife vacationing in the French Riviera, a new type of motorboat spinning along on the waters of the Thames—about ten of these are laid aside for servicing as soon as the spot news pictures will have been copied, printed and distributed. In a few days they will have made their appearance in the large dailies, a week or two later in many of the nation's seventy Sunday rotogravure supplements.

From the fjords of Norway to the burning sands of the Sahara the tiny eye of the camera is trained on the Old World, and the ways of prince and peasant, premier and dictator become familiar symbols to the American reader. However, all pictures are not made available. The censor in many countries determines what should be published; the

official distributor is a government agency prepared to keep from the public anything they deem detrimental to their own interests. The news becomes the propaganda, but the picture syndicate has no choice other than to accept the government's handout and give it world distribution. The reader is left to decide what is real news and what is propaganda.

From these photographs gathered from all parts of the Old World, the readers in America are daily presented with the shifting scenes and personalities; the European setting is no strange and mysterious other world whose characters are delineated by the imagination. We can almost see Stalin and Hitler and Mussolini in the flesh as the camera reveals their grimaces and characterizations. We can see the Spanish soldier and the Russian worker, the London shopkeeper and the French peasant. Before our eyes, on the printed page, they pass in daily review.

The ship news negatives are placed on the editor's desk. Only those of national figure are syndicated: the American Ambassador to the court of St. James returning for a brief holiday, and a motion picture actress whose name is known from coast to coast. The others are placed in the files, properly identified. One never knows when their names will spring suddenly into prominence.

Into the hands of the editor numerous clippings of local events are placed by an assistant, tips on others breaking at the moment are relayed by the city editor, but the syndicate editor, unlike the picture editor of a metropolitan newspaper, pays little attention to these. The blowing up of a manhole on Eighth Avenue or a little known recluse found slain among his rags in a Houston Street basement excites no reaction. The story must be of national sweep, or at least of a regional interest.

The stories sweeping in on wires from all parts of the country go through a more intense sifting in the hands of

the editor. Looking through the thousands of words he knows at a glance what the newspaper editor will want. For a coverage of these stories he selects his best correspondent-photographers from a long list on file and despatches wires instructing them to send the outstanding shots, either by mail or airmail or airexpress to the nearest bureau point and duplicate to New York. The editor has always at hand the name of the correspondent to whom he can turn in any emergency. The able, active correspondents are paid well and promptly. Their telephone numbers are listed in a well kept file in event an outstanding story breaks in the vicinity of their homes.

The picture editor must also have available the names of persons and companies to whom he can turn when a story breaks: publicity men connected with the hotel, stage and screen, large corporations, steamship lines and railroad companies, automobile hiring concerns, police officials, airport officials, and press representatives of schools and colleges. The names, addresses and telephone numbers of capable plane pilots are always listed. A sudden story may demand their immediate services.

In his drawer must always lie airmail and railroad guides and road maps, and close at hand Ayer's Annual, which is a complete listing of newspapers and editors, and an atlas to check places and distances for the guidance of staff photographers and correspondents on story coverage.

At every moment of the day he must be constantly aware of members' deadlines and what planes should be made with airexpress packages to reach the members in time for their editions; the time is figured from the moment the negative arrives till it is printed and captioned, and not a second is wasted up till the time a dust-sprayed motorcyclist dashes up to a plane on a Newark runway ready for a scheduled flight and hands the package of pictures to the pilot.

More packages arrive: airexpressed envelopes with pic-

tures from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and Cleveland. Prints are assorted for local distribution. Others are copied for European sales.

Another photographer is assigned to a fashion show (good fashion pictures are always in demand by the members), and another is rushed to a Coney Island fire (the famous New York resort is known the world over and any considerable damage there is of international news interest).

It is a day of continual selection of photographs, servicing, close watching of distribution, keen awareness of news copy for picture coverage. The picture syndicate editor rarely has an idle moment. When he has it is generally applied to planning a picture layout which he hopes will be exclusive.

He works amid a sea of constant action: caption writers bent over their typewriters striving to keep up with the pace of the ordering; photographers hurrying to and from their assignments; printers exposing print after print to be rushed through developing pans and water tanks, boys ferrotyping and captioning, mail clerks distributing, motorcyclists in and out with their packages. It is a whirlwind of activity, tense, thrilling.

Picture syndicates will turn out an average of 25,000 to 30,000 prints weekly, and each print must stand up under the test of news and feature value and quality of tone and composition.

It is the picture keeping a steady, grinding pace with the news.

Where the syndicate picture editor will evaluate pictures for the perusal of hundreds of editors who will select from the mass those that meet his particular needs, the picture editor of a daily newspaper must subject the pictures that pass through his hands to a more rigid survey. The photograph that he approves will be the one to be printed.

The syndicate editor thinks in terms of mass production,

the newspaper editor concentrates on the single shot; the syndicate editor thinks of distances and train and airmail schedules, the picture editor of the daily is absorbed with the deadline and edition and makeup.

The policies of the newspaper picture editors vary, striking a very close line to the needs and policies of the publishers. One conservative newspaper may scatter only a half dozen photographs through its pages, a tabloid picture paper will adhere to a daily program of four or five full pages of pictures with illustrations with story on every other page.

In former days before the paper had its own staff of photographers, its own photoengraving plant and paid no attention to picture syndicates, it was the fashion to "dress up" the one or two pictures used, generally selected by the managing editor, with decorations of scrolls, arabesques and rosettes. The fancy art decoration redeemed the poor reproduction.

With the introduction of improved engraving processes and the use of more and better news and feature photographs continually pouring in from syndicate and staff photographer, the picture editor was hired solely to concentrate on the intelligent handling and selection of photographs, and give them artistic as well as news meaning. The picture has become as important in matter of content and display as the news story, the caption head as striking and original as the news headline.

A big story breaks. The picture editor of the daily turns to his own file for a stock cut or photograph to illustrate it with personality or scene. If the story occurs within the vicinity of the newspaper office, the staff photographer will be rushed to bring back the earliest possible shot in order to make the succeeding edition. A far away story will throw the editor's dependence on the syndicate to rush it along in the fastest possible way by either train or plane,

or more recently, the transmission of the picture over the telephone wire.

A close contact always exists between the picture editor and the desks of the city and managing editors. There are illustrative possibilities in most stories. The city editor will see to it that a photographer accompanies the reporter, the managing editor will press the use of a picture for an outstanding page-one story, and space for the use of the illustration will be alloted accordingly in the makeup of the pages.

With the daily newspaper, the local story becomes as important for illustration as the seemingly more vital news from far away places. The reader is as much interested, sometimes more so, in seeing the picture of an automobile crash in his own city, though there may have been only a few injured, as in the crash of a car in which many were killed hundreds of miles distant. The picture of a waif lost in the subway, a foundling in a local hospital, the laying of a cornerstone of a local edifice, the addition of new paintings for the city museum, the Mayor honoring fire department heroes—all these events of immediate interest to the reader assume an all-important position in the scheduling of pictures for the daily. Such pictures, at times, constitute a majority of the pictures used. Only the most striking of the news and feature shots furnished by the syndicate will make up the remainder.

On some newspapers, the editors of the sports, society and financial departments will suggest and plan the use of pictures for their respective pages. On others, the picture editor will assume the prerogatives of all departments.

The use of the one-column personality picture is widespread. It helps relieve the monotone of the page of words. As a result, the newspaper sees to it that a good personality file is built up and well preserved.

Seldom does the paper go beyond the two and three

column cut except when the value of the news or the composition of the picture demands it. A large group of persons at an important function cannot be very comfortably compressed into a two or three column picture; the general view of a golf match or a shot of five horses in a thrilling finish will be justifiably "blown up" into a four or five column cut.

Each picture must be weighed carefully for content, quality and composition. The foreign picture must have a background suggestion of locale especially when it is a personality shot, the big news story must convey in a flash the story itself; the pathos, tragedy or humor of a story must leave an immediate, indelible impression. The picture must breathe life, action, vitality, it must be animated to make it outstanding. The value of a photograph of a dust storm is enhanced when a person with handkerchief to face is caught within the range of the camera, the effect of a fire is intensified when firemen are shown battling the blaze or hurrying up ladders to rescue trapped victims. The shot of a counterfeiting outfit reveals a better story when a government operative is shown examining the cache.

Every hour brings to the daily picture editor a fresh supply of photographs: syndicate offerings and those turned in by the staff photographers. There may be four or five editions to make, and the editor tries to give each edition a fresh makeup with the new photographs displacing or supplementing the earlier shots used.

The picture quality is carefully considered. There should be plenty of sharply defined detail and should have all the middle tones between black and white for a perfect half tone engraving. No matter how good the subject may be, it may not be used if it is either too flat or too contrasty.

The editor must study his picture carefully before writing his caption. On the picture tabloids this task is entrusted to a special caption writer. Generally a three or

four line text is written, but it must be brief and concise, containing all the essential facts. The top line or head must be vigorous, and have the "punch". Names of persons and places must be carefully gone over, and the text must be carefully checked against the news story. With feature pictures, original, vigorous captions help enliven the illustrations and captivate the readers.

The picture editor must make every picture worth the space it occupies.

The job of the picture editor of an illustrated tabloid like the New York Daily News is a very important and interesting one. Throughout the day, before the presses start rolling off the more than a million and a half papers, the editor is continually busy with selection and makeup. He sees a daily average of 400 pictures, including about a hundred local shots taken by the staff of 25 photographers.

Dozens of photographs must be selected for the double truck (the inside two page spread), the extra page, and the front and back pages, besides the numerous illustrations with story scattered throughout the paper. His deadline for the pink or first edition is an hour earlier than the written material. The extra page is ready about three p.m., the double truck is all set at four o'clock, the back page at five and the front page at five-thirty.

After a page is laid out on a dummy, the exact size as the form in the composing room, the spaces are numbered as well as the size of the eventual cuts. The photographs with the dummy are handed to the caption writer who scans the pictures for caption suggestions and then hands them back to the art department. After they are scaled and retouched and the subject of the picture written on the back, the pictures are sent to the engraving department. An original listing of pictures is sent along with them, a duplicate is kept in the art department on a loose leaf book as a

record of the size and number of the pictures to be published. The dummy is checked against that record.

The copy desk of the news department which has already been notified that pictures will accompany a story, receives the captions to be sure that they jibe with the story. The captions for the full pages occupy a space of about three square inches. The art of condensation reaches its highest form on the paper like the News. Not a single word is wasted.

Within thirty minutes after the photograph arrives in the engraving room a cut is ready for the printer at work in the composing room who also gets his caption type and puts it in the assigned space. If it is too long, the caption is cut and reset. One printer is assigned to each picture page. Before the cuts arrive he will have built up the spaces for them with blocks of various sizes. The form is locked up and the cuts are then laid on. From the composing room, the form is rolled on a movable table or chase to the stereotyping room where the mats and castings are made. Shortly thereafter the giant rotary presses start rolling off the printed pages.

Although the last edition goes to press at three in the morning there are numerous occasions when the paper is replated at a much later hour, up till about six o'clock, in order to publish a picture on a sensational news story.

The tabloid picture editor will continually vary makeup in order to give each new edition a fresh appearance. The square or rectangular picture, with its even, set appearance is mortised (the lines of the square or rectangle are indented), and the layout of the page assumes a striking blend of artistic composition, appealing to the eye.

The cream of the news photographic world is at the disposal of the daily newspapers. Picture agencies offer them the best of their material either by subscription to the service or outright purchase of the individual picture offered by

the agency salesman; freelance photographers in and around the city submit the products of their cameras, the alert staff photographers are on top of every local story. The newspapers today never suffer a dearth of picture material.

Whether it be on the News, the picture paper with the country's largest circulation, or on the smallest daily using the picture mats, the function of the picture editor is primarily the same. He must judge the picture with a keen appreciative eye of the artist and reporter; he must entertain and instruct his readers; he must learn to discriminate between the interesting and the prosaic, the objectionable and the pleasing. He must never override his readers' good taste.

The picture editor is a strong link in the journalistic chain. The circulation builders can well afford ever to strengthen that link. The readers are taking a great fancy to his work these days.

Chapter V.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE NEWS CAMERAMAN

With a courage born of nerve, sheer audacity and a tenacity of will, the modern newspaper photographer has added a vivid chapter of romance and adventure to the annals of journalism. Spurred by the battle-cry: "Get the picture!" he has stormed the heights with his little black box, captured his objective and returned to his ranks with the picture safely in tow. He is the true soldier of Peace!

The news cameraman is always ready in a flash to meet any emergency; without qualm or fear, he is prepared to go through fire and water at the word: "Go!" He scales dizzy heights of buildings to get the unusual angle, he treads narrow girders on unfinished bridges to get the shot of the men at work; through fire and hurricane and flood he dashes unhesitatingly to snap every view of a disaster. The only anxiety that besets him is: "Did my pictures scoop the town? Did my plates arrive at the office ok?"

At the end of a big story that has carried him far afield, he will return to the office, rummage through the huge stack of negatives he has sent back, and find one lone shot that will be slightly out of focus. It's enough to spoil his appetite for days. Disregarding slaps on his back from the editor acclaiming his great work, he will naively murmer: "Gee, wonder what the deuce caused this."

He just cannot grasp the fact that even the world's best cameraman can once in a while get a slightly out of focus picture. The big, robust, daring cameraman can be so delightfully child-like at times, the schoolboy who is irked because he didn't get 100 instead of 99 on his test paper.

The cameraman thrives on the thrill of a big story. Like a true member of the Fourth Estate, he will dash in and out of taxis, planes, trains and ships, bang his toes, bump his head, tear his clothes, and miss his meals, only to be sure that he gets every shot and angle of the story he's covering. He strives for nothing but the best results, and he will sink into an easy chair the following morning with a singing heart and a boyish grin as he holds the paper at arm's length, and beholds his picture, a five column "beauty" on the front page. Oh, boy, it was worth everything to get just that!

Whether a story breaks in the frozen wastes of the Arctic or the miasmic jungles of the Amazon, the photographer gets his picture. It may take an hour or it may take days to trek to the scene, but he finally gets his picture, and there is no turning back till he does.

There is the story of the three transatlantic fliers, Captain Herman Koehl, Baron Ehrenfried von Huenefeld and Captain James Fitzmaurice, who were stranded on the bleak Greenly Island off the coast of Labrador when their plane crashed into the ice and snow.

Newspapers and syndicates had despatched cameramen in planes to Murray Bay, Canada, on the first lap of a projected flight to reach the men and get the first pictures.

Between the men, heavily clad against the cold of the dying days of Winter, and the three intrepid fliers hemmed in on their Labrador island, lay a thousand mile stretch of bleak Canadian country, constantly swept by fierce blizzards. Cameramen and reporters from the country over had converged toward Murray Bay as the last hopping off point for Greenly Island.

The editors at their office desks were frantically phoning and wiring. "Try at all costs to get through!" was the tenor of their commands. But the hardiest fliers demurred. It would be suicide to try to buck those blizzard winds. The

planes remained on the ice poised for flight but could not get off. Fuel was being constantly brought in by dog sled from Quebec to keep the motors warmed up in case of a break in the weather.

Finally it remained for Captain Edward Jackson of the New York Daily News, a veteran news cameraman who had seen service in the World War and accompanied President Wilson to Versailles for the Peace Conference, to make the "suicidal" attempt. His comrades of the typewriter and camera were startled. He'll never get through! While his editors at the office held their breaths, fearful of a sudden flash from the Canadian wilds that he had cracked up, Jackson kept on going till his plane nosed down on the snows of Greenly Island. He found the fliers being comfortably taken care of by the lighthouse keeper of the island.

His first shots of the stranded fliers, sent back to New York by a relay of planes, thrilled the News' million readers. And millions more enjoyed the sight of the remarkable shots when the News' syndicate, the Pacific and Atlantic Photos, gave them world distribution.

Any moment of the day or night, winter or summer, may suddenly rouse men on the desk or in the darkroom to startling action. The wires may be ticking off a commonplace story from Kenosha, Wisconsin, or Bombay, India, when suddenly the little bell rings, and the operator excitedly bends over to get the first words of a tremendous story breaking.

It was toward the late afternoon of a hot July day in 1921. Editors were poring over routine copy, and the day photographers back from mediocre assignments were lolling in the darkrooms waiting for their plates to develop, when the electrifying flash came over the wires: "The Navy munitions plant at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, has exploded."

Within a few minutes, hired cabs and autos were rushing newspaper and syndicate photographers to the scene; the

early darkness found them piling out at Dover, the nearest town. The sky was alight with the flames from the burning buildings and the air was being split with the explosions of thousands of shells. They could not get too close to the scene. Armed guards turned them back from the roads leading to the blazing inferno.

But pictures have to be taken! There are deadlines and editions back in the city, so while they chafe under the guards' strict orders not to proceed further, the photographers turn to make pictures of the injured and wounded at the hospital in Dover, the sentinels on duty, the alarmed towns-people watching the fire from the nearest vantage points.

Without being told, the news cameraman instinctively knows that if he can't get the best shot possible, whether it's forbidden or circumstances keep the picture out of reach of his lens, he will get the next best shot so long as it will furnish illustration for the story.

However, the restrictions did not keep several New York editors from entering the grounds. Caveo Sileo, assignment editor with the International News Photos, had been home when the news of the explosion was phoned to him from the office. Overhearing the phone conversation, Mrs. Sileo realized there was danger and determined to accompany her husband.

When they reached Dover by auto they were barred from the reservation. After entering an unused entrance they climbed over high fences and jumped to the inside of the grounds. It was a veritable "No Man's Land" with bullets whizzing by and shells bursting in air. For more than two hours, while they crouched beside trees, Sileo, who had taken his camera, kept shooting away with his plates. They then headed back to their car and shot toward Dover where Sileo made more pictures of the injured in the hospitals before returning to New York.

It is a rare occasion when the managing editor of a newspaper will accompany a photographer to the scene of a story, but on this one, Frank Hause, then managing editor of the New York Daily News, hopped from his desk and rushed by car to Dover, accompanied by a cameraman.

From a shaky observation tower, Hause, with the skill of an officer in battle, directed the work of the photographer, and both stuck through the blazing inferno till they had secured a complete pictorial record.

The following day, Mack Baron, International's flying photographer, flew over the scene of destruction. In utter disregard of exploding shells, shrapnel and jagged pieces of metal, Baron passed the word along to the pilot to dip low. Skimming through the air but a few hundred feet above the ground, Baron snapped some remarkable closeups and did not turn back for Roosevelt Field until he had exhausted his magazine. Upon landing the pilot called Baron's attention to jagged tears in the wings.

Carl Nesensohn, a veteran news photographer who has been with the New York Times Wide World Photos since its inception, was in Brooklyn on his way home one July day in 1916 when the sound of a terrific explosion followed by a burst of fire stopped him in his tracks.

It was the famous Black Tom explosion and fire on the Jersey City docks which killed two persons and caused a property loss of $22,000,000.

Across the bay, on the Jersey shore, Carl saw flames shooting skyward. He rushed back to the office, loaded his holders and headed for the Battery. After much pleading and payment of a small sum, he induced the owner of a small craft, hardly much larger than a row boat, to take him across.

While they were nearing the Jersey shore, burning barges, some loaded with exploding munitions, swept by, perilously close. They finally maneuvered the boat along-

side a dock at a fairly safe distance from the fire. Carl told the skipper to wait for him until after he had made a few shots. But when he returned he found the boat gone. The wind was sweeping the fire closer and soon the shore end of the dock was ablaze. Fortunately, a New York City fire boat hove into view and took him aboard. From the ship he was able to take more views. Not satisfied with these, he begged permission to be let ashore for a few minutes, and he managed to get some remarkable closeups, not without, however, getting the soles of his shoes burned and his suit riddled with red hot cinders.

It was one of Nesensohn's many exciting adventures in the news game.

In 1935 he was assigned to cover the passenger liner Morro Castle which still aflame from stem to stern had drifted onto the beach at Asbury Park, N. J. The boat while bound from Havana to New York had caught fire off Asbury Park and 134 passengers and members of the crew perished.

After the smoke and flames had died down on one end of the ship, Nesensohn secured the permission of the Coast Guard to be swung aboard the ship in a breeches bouy. He was the first photographer to set foot on the burning ship.

The steel plates of the deck were still fiery hot but he kept on, shooting his pictures. In many places the plates had buckled into wave-like formations and Carl had to slide up and down before finally reaching the burned out staircase leading to the upper decks.

Jagged pieces of metal and splinters of charred wood ripped his clothing. The hot steel was like a volcano under his feet. He kept constantly to the windward side lest the flames and smoke from the other side of the ship billow back into his face. He finally managed to reach three decks of the ship maneuvering the camera in all directions to get the

© Wide World Photos

REFUGEES OF THE FLOOD

Tired, dispirited, her face drawn from anguish and worry, Mrs. Mary Mooney, of Luxora, Arkansas, huddles her two children close to her on cots provided for them in a concentration camp at Memphis, Tenn. They were fed and housed along with thousands of others who were forced to flee their homes during the disastrous Ohio and Mississippi Rivers flood in January, 1937.

© Wide World Photos

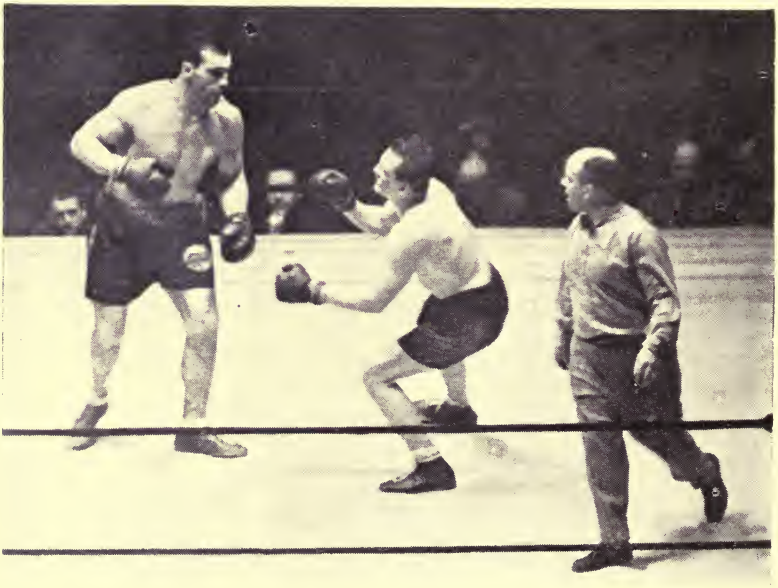
FOUND IN THE SCHOOL RUINS

One of the few survivors of the New London, Texas, Consolidated School disaster looks for her books amid the strewn mass. The school was completely wrecked by a gas explosion, killing nearly 500 students and teachers, on March 18, 1937.

© Wide World Photo

THE PRINCE IS HEADING FOR A FALL

The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, was the victim of a series of spills before he gave up horse-racing. The ubiquitous cameraman clicked his camera the instant the former King was thrown from his saddle while riding in a Welsh Guards Challenge Cup race in England. In another instant, the royal equestrian was rolling in the muddy turf, but was uninjured.



Pictures, Inc.

HIS LAST FIGHT

One of the most dramatic fight pictures ever taken is this one showing Ernie Schaaf, Boston heavyweight, at the instant he went crashing to the floor after Primo Carnera, Italian giant, had landed a straight left to his face in the 13th round of their fight at Madison Square Garden, New York City, night of February 10, 1933. Schaaf lay unconscious for an hour and was then removed to the Polyclinic Hospital where he died four days later following

best angles. He obtained the first shots of the burned out interior of the vessel.

With his clothing burned, ripped and torn, his shoes almost burned through and his face coal black from the soot and smoke, he finally managed to reach shore and return to his hotel to pack the negatives for speedy shipment back to New York.

Later another news photographer went aboard the ship but forgot to keep to the windward side. He was overcome by the smoke and heat of the nearby flames, and fell face down on the hot deck. Fortunately he was spotted by another cameraman and carried off, painfully burned.

For these heroes of the lens, it was just another day's assignment.

Every job has its potential thrills and dangers, but the daring bearer of the camera faces all without the batting of an eyelash.

When word came that the situation in Cuba was becoming more serious, that the regime of President Machado was about to fall, mobs were attacking and being attacked by gun fire, Seymour Ress, Associated Press cameraman, was immediately flown from New York to Miami and then over to Havana in the first outgoing Pan American Airways plane.

He had made some remarkable shots of the soldiers with machine guns and rifles in action, crowds scurrying to safety, a newspaper plant afire, and was on his way to the Pan American Airways office in Havana to put his plates aboard a plane when he was attacked by a mob at the entrance to the airfield. They forced him back into his automobile at the point of guns, smashed his camera and some of his plates, and he was released only after some of the cooler heads had intervened.

When Ress had seen the mob coming, he had the trigger-quick sense, with which so many of the news photographers

are blessed, to conceal some of the plates on his person. After he was freed, he immediately inquired about chartering a plane to fly to Miami but sorrowfully learned that President Machado had taken the only plane available to fly to Nassau, the Bahamas, in a dash to safety. He advised his New York office of his plight, and they at once ordered a plane from Miami to fly to Havana to pick up his plates.

On another occasion, his quick thinking enabled Ress to secure an exclusive picture for his syndicate.

After the announcement of the appointment of William Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury in President Roosevelt's cabinet had come over the wires, Ress was assigned to get a new picture of the appointee. The night editor had phoned Woodin's home in advance, but the butler had announced that he had gone to the home of a friend for dinner. Ress was hurried there, but on arriving was barred from entering. The butler's laconic: "Sorry, sir, but Mr. Woodin will not want to be interviewed or photographed" threatened no pictures. Undismayed, Ress hung about the house entrance for a while, pleading with the butler several times to allow him in, but it fell on deaf ears. The butler had his orders. Finally, an idea struck Ress. On the back of a card, he scribbled: "Mr. Woodin, please allow just one photograph. The office insists that I get a picture and I do not want to return until I do." The butler was persuaded to bring the card to Mr. Woodin. It worked. Ress was allowed to enter and he made several poses. The exclusive pictures were rushed back to the office and shortly thereafter they were being syndicated to all parts of the country.

It proved that there are no such words as "it can't be done" in the vocabulary of the news photographer.

The cameraman must at all times keep a cool head, think fast and keep both feet to the ground. There is no

wavering or retreating. He must keep on firing away with his camera as though he was left alone to man a machine gun nest in the face of enemy fire.

In June 1932, Joseph Costa, New York Daily News photographer, was assigned to go to Washington to cover the bonus marchers. The veterans had camped in all parts of the Capital and were daily becoming more insistent on having their demands met. For a while things were fairly peaceful, but finally the local police threatened to go into the shacks and empty buildings where the men had taken shelter and drive them out. The situation came to a head one July day when the police went into the buildings and at the point of pistols pulled out some of the marchers. Others had to be carried out. Costa made his pictures of these scenes and rushed to the airport to ship his plates back to New York.

He returned to confer with Superintendent of Police Glassford who was standing on a Pennsylvania Avenue lot with a few of his men nearby. Suddenly a group of the marchers, led by a husky fellow holding aloft an American flag, came forward from the other end of the lot. Glassford and his men rushed to head them off, and Costa tagged along with them. One of the policemen tried to snatch the flag from the hands of the leader. Stones flew through the air, followed by a veritable barrage of bricks, lead pipes and pieces of plumbing. The battle raged for about five minutes, and while the police and the veterans were locked in hand to hand battle, Costa stood his ground between them and calmly snapped his pictures. Bricks and stones flew past him and one struck his shoulder and almost felled him, but he kept on shooting his plates. Finally, the police, outnumbered and given orders not to shoot, retreated and took shelter behind the improvised huts. Unmindful of the pain in his shoulder, Costa dashed for the airport and shipped his plates back to his office. They were the most thrilling

pictures taken of the bonus marchers' "war" and received front page prominence all over the world.

Costa returned that night to take the pictures of the burning of the veterans' shacks when the marchers were finally driven out of their improvised homes on the Capital's open lots.

His pictorial record of the story was complete.

Two of the most remarkable news photographs ever taken of the assassinations of high officials were made by William Warnecke, of the former New York World, and Samuel Schulman, an International News Photos staff cameraman.

Warnecke was assigned to make pictures of Mayor Gaynor of New York boarding a steamer at a Hoboken dock in 1910. He went aboard with the official party, when suddenly a bullet from the pistol of an insane crank struck down the city's Chief Executive. As the Mayor tottered with blood flowing from the side of his face, Warnecke who had already trained his camera on the Mayor snapped his picture. It is a remarkable photograph showing two of the official party rushing forward to assist the Mayor at the instant he was shot.

Schulman's historic picture was taken at a later date. He had gone with a score of reporters and cameramen to Bayfront Park in Miami to cover the arrival of President-elect Roosevelt in February 1933. Schulman made a few shots from the bandstand including one of the President-elect seated on top of his car waving to the crowds and Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago and Henry L. Doherty standing close to him. He climbed down into the crowd to greet Mayor Cermak whom he knew very well. Bob Clark, Secret Service man, was passing at the time. The firing started. Schulman saw the orange flashes and said: "This sounds like Chicago, Mayor." The Mayor said nothing, but groaned and collapsed. Clark and Schulman

tried to pick him up, not knowing at the instant that he had been shot. They thought he had been pushed by the crowd. Then Clark felt blood on his fingers and shouted: "He's been shot!" The crowd took up the shout. Schulman slipped back to make his remarkable picture while Clark, L. L. Lee, City Manager of Miami and W. Wood, National Committeeman for Dade County, were assisting the wounded Mayor.

Schulman then turned to get the shots of the assassin, Guiseppe Zangara, who was quickly nabbed. The plates were quickly developed, sets of prints were run off for special distribution, and the negatives were on the way to New York on the early morning plane.

Every emergency is met in a twinkling of an eye, whether it be on the coverage of a flood or fire, explosion or earthquake.

George Watson of Acme News Photos was working in his laboratory in the Daily News building in Los Angeles one March day in 1933 when he saw the developing fluid spilling out the pan and felt the floor shaking under his feet. He felt the trembling increase with recurrent earthquake shocks. It was no time to stay in the building. He grabbed his camera, rushed into the street and took pictures of a crumbling structure. Realizing that more violent tremblors may topple his office into ruins, he rushed back, got some developer and then returned to the street. In the back of an automobile, he developed his plates and rushed to the telephoto office with a finished negative for wire transmission.

Working amid mobs bent on destruction of life or property is dangerous business for the news cameraman. It calls into play every ounce of mental and physical strength and courage. The cameraman has oftimes become the target of the crowd's pent-up hate and frenzy.

The leaders of a mob, especially in a lynching, do not

want their pictures taken for fear of being recognized and prosecuted by the law.

A lynching mob was battering down the doors of the San Jose, California, jail one night in November, 1933, to get to two accused slayers, John M. Holmes and Thomas B. Thurmond, when Louis Gardner, a San Jose Mercury Herald cameraman, along with other photographers, started banging away with their cameras. The fury of the crowd was turned on him when he set off the flash bulbs. They were bent on destroying his plates and camera. Quickly he turned and slipped them to Paul Leaman, a fellow reporter, who raced out of the crowd and tossed them into the automobile of Mrs. Wilson Albee, wife of the news editor of the paper. She rushed them safely to the office.

Gardner was seized and searched, and elbowed about in a rough fashion, before he was released.

Mob fury at Salisbury, Maryland, in November, 1933, spelled many an anxious moment for the cameramen and reporters who were beaten and buffeted before they were able to find a safe retreat in a hotel room.

The militia had been sent by Governor Ritchie to arrest a number of men supposed to have been the leaders of a mob which several months previous had lynched George Armwood, a negro, who had been arrested charged with raping an aged white woman.

After the militia had been forced to retreat in face of overwhelming numbers, the crowd wreaked their vengeance on the newspapermen. Automobiles and cameras were destroyed, and a sound truck was hurled into the Wicomico River. The manager of the hotel where they were stopping came to their aid. He spirited them into a top floor room while a crowd outside and in the lobby were yelling for them. Later they were able to retreat through a back door and race for planes and cars in waiting outside the town limits.

Even the wrath of an individual who is averse to having

his or her picture taken may be turned upon the photographer.

At a wrestling match in Philadelphia in April, 1934, Donald Corvelli, an Evening Ledger photographer, was knocked down by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., when he tried to snap his picture. With a shout of: "I don't like to have my picture taken!", young Roosevelt jumped on the camera several times to destroy it as well as the plates. But quick thinking saved Corvelli's shot. He managed to shove the holder under his coat before his equipment went down under the stamping of feet. It appeared the next day in Corvelli's paper.

A touch of the humorous may sometimes relieve the tension and anxiety on a picture assignment. It smacked more of the slapstick comedy of the early movie days in the following story of George Schmidt, New York Daily News photographer.

Schmidt was assigned to cover the Bud Stillman wedding at the home of his mother, Mrs. Fifi Stillman, at Grand Anse, Canada. He had to fly from Grand Mere 50 miles up the St. Maurice River to get to the house. He and John O'Donnell, a fellow reporter, had made arrangements with the other newspaper reporters and cameramen to cover the job for them. The News men were to get the preliminary stuff that day and fly back to Grand Mere where the rest were waiting. Schmidt, knowing Mrs. Stillman well on previous assignments, had obtained her permission to cover the wedding.

After circling about for a while, the flying boat finally managed to alight in log-filled waters close to the shore of a small island opposite the Stillman home. An employee of Mrs. Stillman's seeing them alight rowed over to them and brought them to the mainland to greet Mrs. Stillman. At first she thought they were guests. When she learned they were newspapermen she ordered them to get out. She

had changed her mind about permitting photographs of the wedding.

Crestfallen, they went back to the island. But the flying boat could not take off. The pilot told them he had to go back alone and he could not take off with the load of three persons. There they were stranded on the island and darkness was coming on. They had not had anything to eat since morning. They hallooed to the man with the boat who took pity on them and brought them back to the mainland. They sat themselves down on a back road hoping that a car would pass to take them to the nearest town. Darkness was fast approaching. Mrs. Stillman's chef, out for a walk, saw them and asked them into the kitchen for a bite. Sandwiches and tea gulped down, they surreptitiously stole back to their places on the road.

Finally a truck carrying chairs for the wedding taking place the following day hove into sight, and the driver told them he would take them to La Toque after they were through unloading. At three in the morning, the truck showed up again, and after a bumpy ride in which Schmidt thought he had broken his plates, arrived at La Toque at seven o'clock.

In the meantime the reporters and cameramen awaiting impatiently their return at Grand Mere had thought that Schmidt and O'Donnell had doublecrossed them, so they decided to take a train to La Toque and then go by car to the Stillman home. The News men tumbled out of the truck as the others were getting off the train, and there were a few angry words passed before they were told what happened. Grins and laughter followed. They then all decided to cover the wedding en masse.

The wedding was taking place on the lawn as the newspapermen drove up. Decidedly, no pictures would be allowed. The place was barred. The cameramen decided to hop the fence. The bride and groom were cutting the

wedding cake when the photographers stormed the grounds. Infuriated, Mrs. Stillman dashed to the end of the table where a pile of large plates were stacked, and one by one, started hurling them at the photographers. Weaving in and out, ducking the plates, the cameramen kept on shooting their pictures. Mrs. Stillman or no Mrs. Stillman, plates or no plates, they could not come a thousand miles without getting their shots. Their work done, they scampered back to the road amid the angry shouts of the Canadian backwoodsmen and the laughter of the New York socialite guests.

On many occasions, newspaper publishers have been forced to take defensive measures to protect their cameramen from violence.

During a textile strike in Passaic and Clifton, N. J. in March, 1926, the police of the two towns beat many reporters and cameramen in an attempt to keep them away from the mills. There was much talk of rough police tactics in dealing with the strikers, and the police did not want the news and pictures to get out. Five thousand dollars worth of cameras and equipments were smashed in their raids on the photographers.

The situation was serious. The New York Mirror sent two armored cars with reporters and cameramen. The New York News sent one.

Despite attempts made by traffic policemen to hold them up on pretexts of traffic violations, they got through, and the newspapermen got their pictures and stories.

Covering the same story, Larry Froeber, Daily News cameraman and other photographers were on the roof of a building snapping the scenes of a riot. Just as they were about to leave, with their backs to the street, they were seen by the police. Larry conducted his fellow workers into an empty room a few stories below when the police opened the door. But they had hidden their cameras in an old stove.

"Damned glad you have no cameras," was the parting shot of the police as they walked out.

The cameraman has braved the dangers of flood and fire, risked his life in war and peace time strife and run the gauntlet of inflamed mobs. He has not come through unscathed. Clubs have left their marks and bullets their wounds. Many a photographer has laid down his life in the line of duty.

Many years ago the Goodyear Company launched its first blimp, a fourteen passenger craft. It was to make a triumphant flight over Chicago.

Fourteen men board the blimp for an inspection flight over the city. In midair the ship catches fire. The men leap from the ship as it drops into the heart of the city and crashes in flames on the roof of a bank building. One who leaps is Milton Norton, an International News Photos cameraman, but not until after he had made a shot of the fire. His parachute floats down but then catches on the cornice of a La Salle Street building. Norton drops four stories to the street.

When he awakens for a brief conscious moment his weary eyes encompass the circle of anxious friends and relatives, and he whispers: "How did my plates come out?"

A loving voice replies: "They came out swell." With a smile on his lips, he breathed his last. He never knew that the negative he had placed in his hip pocket had been pounded into a thousand bits.

Back of all these thrilling stories of the unsung heroes of the press lies just one dominant and all-compelling purpose—the will to serve his editor and the public well. His is the song and sage of the mechanized world in which we live; he seeks no honors, no glory, he goes about his daily duties with but a single thought in mind, a simple and profound loyalty to his profession.

He is the Man behind the camera!

Chapter VI.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE NEWS CAMERAMAN

After many years of tilting with adventure in Hawaii, Samoa, Russia, the Philippines, in which he recorded with facile pen the thrill and danger of revolution, war, intrigue and the day-in-and-day-out event, prosaic recording but never lacking in color, Linton Wells, world famous correspondent, finally returned to his home soil in 1921—a welcome respite from the swirling currents of the Orient. He settled in Hollywood and wrote articles on the movie colony glamor. It was not long before Wells, who could produce as fine a news picture as he could a thrilling yarn for page one, was called upon to play the master role in one of the most exciting picture stunts ever pulled.

Wells was in Los Angeles when the flash was received that the liner City of Honolulu caught fire seven hundred miles from Los Angeles while on her maiden trip from Honolulu, and soon afterward, the relieving word that the United States Army transport Thomas had rescued every passenger and member of the crew and was bringing them to San Pedro. Wells, at the time, was Pacific Coast manager of the Pacific and Atlantic Photos, syndicate of the Chicago Tribune and New York Daily News, which had been organized late in 1921 to service the two live newspapers with the best news pictures from all parts of the world, and later to branch into one of the largest distributors of news and feature reproductions.

Without losing a moment's time, he flashed a radio message to the survivors aboard the Thomas bidding for pictures of the burning ship and the actual scenes of the

rescue. An answer was given that he could get six rolls of undeveloped film for $150, which he accepted.

Then he went to work on a plan of action. Undoubtedly, other picture agencies were also bidding for pictures taken of the disaster. It would not do to wait for the perfunctory arrival of the ship at San Pedro. So he hit upon the idea of boarding the Thomas somewhere at sea to obtain the first photographs and interviews. A wireless to the Captain requesting permission to do so was answered with a curt refusal. The Captain bluntly stated that he would not pick up anyone. Undaunted, Wells went ahead with his plans. He chartered a flying boat and took off in search of the rescue ship.

Visibility was perfect. The sea was as smooth as glass. Wells figured that the Thomas would be in the vicinity of the Santa Barbara Channel, so he ordered the pilot to fly in that direction. Sighting the ship, the aviator maneuvered the plane until it was about fifty feet above the water. Wells then rose from his seat in the bow, tightened his life jacket, muttered a prayer, and leaped over the side. Inside the jacket, encased in waterproof material, was a wad of five hundred dollars.

When, after what seemed an eternity, he rose to the surface, he shook the water from his eyes and glanced around. The plane was already heading back toward the California shore. The Thomas loomed ahead in the distance. Minutes of waving, and then Wells saw a lifeboat being lowered. He breathed a sigh of relief. He felt he could not have stayed much longer in the cold water which seemed to be paralyzing him from shoulder to toe. In a short while he was hoisted aboard and faced the Captain. A torrent of abuse escaped from the Captain's lips when he told him the purpose of the stunt, but after much pleading, the skipper relented and he was

allowed to seek his interviews and purchase his rolls of film.

Fifteen minutes of fast work brought him enough words and undeveloped film to fill many newspaper pages. In the meanwhile he kept an eagle eye open for the return of the plane. It soon came into sight and made a perfect landing some distance from the starboard bow. Wrapping his films and notes in the waterproof material, he dived overboard. Swimming furiously, he fought his way from the sucking currents around the ship to meet the seaplane taxiing toward him. He was hauled into the plane's cockpit, and in a trice, they were in the air, winging full speed toward San Pedro. Three hours later he was in Los Angeles with the first pictures and stories of the disaster—a full twelve hour beat over his competitors.

Some time later, Wells figured in another news photographic exploit which revealed him as a man of extraordinary courage and ingenuity.

Forty-seven miners were trapped 4600 feet underground when a cave-in followed by fire on an upper level cut off their escape in the gold-bearing Argonaut Mine at Jackson, California, a town of 5000 inhabitants in the mountains of Amador County. A desperate attempt to rescue them by boring a tunnel through an adjacent shaft was being started when scores of newspaper men and women and photographers converged on the grief stricken town. Day and night, without a moment's letup, the rescue party toiled on, ever beset by fears that they could not reach the trapped men in time. It was a grim drama that electrified the world.

But the reporters and photographers were confronted with a problem which threatened to nip in the bud one of the best stories in years. The citizens of Jackson were a tough lot, a law unto themselves, and they were "agin" the idea of publicizing their misfortune. So they continually harassed the representatives of the press, goading

them into fights, reviling and threatening them. With the days passing, the tension became greater, and the nerves of everyone were ready to snap. The bellicose Sheriff of Amador County was gun and shield behind the residents and lined up solidly with them to hinder the work of the newsmen and women, with instructions to shoot any man on mine property with a camera. His favorite reply to protests was: "Get the hell out of here if you don't like the way you're being treated!"

The day approached when the rescue party was about to break through to the entombed miners. The photographers were gathered on the porch of the hotel discussing the ways and means of getting pictures at the mine entrance. A group of citizens heard them and sauntered over.

"Listen, you fellows," one husky shouted, "I'm warning you. Get the hell out of this town, and get out quick. I've got a brother down there, and if any one of you guys starts taking pictures, I'm startin' shootin'." The others nodded their heads in assent. A second voiced a like warning. A third and fourth followed suit. The sheriff in the meantime had given strict orders that no pictures were to be taken at the mine entrance. The outlook was hopeless. Most of the photographers that day packed up and left town.

Wells had been assigned to take pictures as well as cover the news. Reluctant to leave, he decided to wire his boss, Teddy Beck, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune. The answer came back: "Get pictures. Dead or alive." He went into consultation with his associate, B. W. Hellings, San Francisco bureau manager. They decided that if Beck wants pictures, he'll get them.

They then bought two vest pocket Kodaks which they placed inside their caps, cutting holes in them so the lenses would have free play. They then tested their

ability to focus the cameras blindly, press the trigger and turn the film accurately without attracting attention.

In the meantime word had been flashed that the rescue party had broken through and found the trapped men dead. Wells posted himself at the mine entrance while Hellings went to the cyanide mill where the bodies were to be taken to be prepared for burial. Seating himself on a pile of lumber, Wells placed the cap covering the camera on his knee. Nearby was a deputy sheriff with a .45 hanging from his hip. The first three corpses were being carried out of the shaft and lifted onto stretchers a scant ten feet away from Wells. He pressed the trigger. In his ears the click sounded like a boom of thunder. But the sheriff made no move. He was safe. He twisted the roller-key and shot again. After his roll of film was taken, Wells rose, stretched, and walked casually back to his car.

In the meantime Hellings had been employing the same surreptitious methods to get pictures of the bodies laid out in the temporary morgue. They met at a pre-arranged spot, and then hurried over to the darkroom of a local photographer which they had hired. They were overwhelmed with joy to find that both strips of film were perfect. There wasn't a single out-of-focus shot. In a little while they were on their way to a plane which they had kept waiting for a week. Off like a shot, they headed for Mather Field in Sacramento, and soon afterward, the only pictures ever taken of the dead miners were aboard an eastbound train—a perfect scoop!

A week later, Wells received a warning that he better never set foot again in Amador County—or else!

Thus the ingenious cameraman learns how to overcome all opposition. Sometimes, as in the case of Wells and Hellings, it is the wrath of a citizenry, backed up with guns, which they have to face. Other times, company officials remain adamant. It may be a mine disaster, an

explosion, a fire, a strike—it's a set of circumstances enough to break down any man's morale and almost forces him to go slinking back to the office with the weak plea that there are simply no pictures to be made.

But the trigger-quick cameraman nine times out of ten will work out a solution. Take the case of Anthony Camerano, a youthful mainstay on the staff of the Associated Press Photo Syndicate.

The night editor had received word that the workers in the power house of the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Company had staged a sit-down strike. It threatened a complete tie-up of one of the two main subway lines in Brooklyn. Camerano, on the night trick, was assigned to go to the Kent Avenue plant. On his arrival there he met a score of other cameramen milling around in front of the plant. It meant the usual pictures—a night flash of the exterior, a shot of the strikers bunched at the windows jeering and laughing at the police and crowd below them. But Camerano wanted an interior shot, and he was determined to get it. But how? The police firmly ruled no photographer was to be allowed in.

Camerano glanced upward and saw that one of the first story windows where some of the strikers were gathered was about fifteen feet above the ground. He went into action immediately. Beckoning Frank Gebman, another news photographer, to one side, he whispered his plans into Frank's ear. They turned and saw the police at a fairly safe distance from the spot. Cautiously making their way to a place directly below the window, Camerano huskily whispered to one of the strikers: "Hey, buddy, make a shot for me. I'll get the camera up to you." The striker, stirred by the boldness of the stunt, replied that he would. Up went Gebman on Camerano's shoulders and handed over the camera to the striker, giving him a few crisp instructions how to use it. In a minute, the camera plotters saw the reflection of a flash. They

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A BLOW THAT ALMOST COST TUNNEY HIS TITLE

Jack Dempsey landing the blow that floored Jack Tunney and kept him on the canvas for thirteen seconds during their battle for the heavyweight crown at Chicago, September 22, 1927. Tunney resumed the fight and won, retaining his crown.

© International Newspictures

HO-HUM—MOVIE LIFE IS SO BORING

Brought to Hollywood to act in the movies, Big Blaze prefers his native haunts in Africa, and gives one big yawn to make you realize he's tired of the movie lots. More of that fearsome display of sharp teeth, and he will probably be sent back.

smiled. There was a chance that the fellow up there might have missed, but still. . . . Gebman climbed on Camerano's shoulders once again, reached for the camera, whispered many thanks, and amid the cheers of the strikers, raced quickly from the scene. Later, the shot was found to be perfect. The two conspirators would have liked to have taken one more grand shot—the look of bewilderment and chagrin on the faces of the company executives when they saw the picture in a page-one spread in the morning papers.

Camerano is a brave fellow. Just one of a legion of camera bearers who withstand all the rigors of their profession without a murmur and take injuries in the stride without a twitch of a muscle.

Tony, as he is popularly called by his co-workers, was covering the sinking of the steamer Lexington in the East River one cold Winter night. With a boy to assist him in carrying the equipment, he had rushed down to the vicinity of the Brooklyn Bridge. From the end of a New York shore pier he made a couple of shots of the funnel sticking up out of the river's murky depths. He then learned that the main part of the wreck was a half mile further upstream. On the run, Tony and the boy jumped into a taxi which he had kept waiting and headed for the scene.

He reached for his spread pan. The bright flare from the magnesium powder was what was needed to illumine enough of the scene to bring the wreckage into sharp relief. From a small bottle he dumped about two ounces of the dangerous powder onto the pan. He could hardly keep it steady. A strong wind was blowing. He reached into the case for his gloves but then suddenly remembered that he had left them in the office. Without them he realized that there would be some danger to the job, but without stopping to weigh the consequences, he kept on with his preparations for taking the picture.

As he tried desperately to steady the pan, the wind blew some of the powder onto his bare hand. He pulled the flash, and then a terrible pain shot through him. The spread pan clattered to the ground. The flash had ignited the loose powder on his hand. He took one glance at it. It was a backened mass from finger tips to wrist. But Tony realized that one shot would not suffice on a story of that magnitude. Biting his lips from pain, Tony had his assistant give him four more holders and then made four more shots. When they reached the office, he handed over the holders to the editor in methodical fashion and then asked for medical assistance. He was rushed to the hospital in a cab. But Camerano was not content to rest until the doctor had phoned the office and learned that all his shots were good. He stayed in the hospital until his hand healed.

Many photographers have been thrust into a "battle line" of a story with but a minute's warning, and, as a result, they have had to suffer tortures because of the lack of adequate safeguards. But they never uttered a squeal so long as they had their trusty cameras and plenty of loaded holders and bulbs. Fair weather or foul, cameramen have dashed into the cockpits of planes wearing their ordinary street clothes, hardly suitable to withstand the rain or snow or the low temperatures of high altitudes, others have recklessly plunged into the thick of a tear gas attack in a strike with no masks or other protection against the noxious effects. And it is a common occurrence for a cameraman to go without food and sleep, sometimes for hours stretching into days, suffering these privations until he has definitely "cleaned up" the story.

When Ernest Sisto, a veteran wizard of the news lens, was told to load his case in a hurry and grab the first train for Port Jervis one August day in 1928, he little knew what troubles were in store for him. He had just returned from an ordinary ship news assignment, having been up

since five that morning. Thoughts of a hot dinner were tickling his palate when the first words hurled at him as he entered the workroom of the Wide World Photos in the New York Times Annex were: "Merrill's plane wreckage has been found near Milford, Pennsylvania, right near the New York border. Get to Port Jervis quickly and go on from there. It's way up in the mountains."

The thoughts that he was hungry and tired, and the fact that he was wearing a thin summer suit and ordinary street shoes, were not in his mind. Plenty of holders, bulbs, his camera—destination, Port Jervis—time, half hour to catch the train on the Jersey side. Snatching a flimsy, a report of the story which had come over the wire, he dashed into the elevator and was off. Weaving in and out of traffic in the cab which he had hailed on the corner he had time to glimpse a summary of the facts: The wreckage of the plane in which Mazel (Merry) Merrill, director of the Curtiss Flying Service on Long Island, and Edwin M. Ronne, manager of the Buffalo Airport, were flying from New York to Buffalo, was sighted by pilots on a mountain top near Milford, and a searching party had been organized to go by foot to the scene of the crash.

Reaching Port Jervis, Sisto learned that a number of news photographers had already arrived there and gone on ahead with the searching party. A hired car bumped him along a narrow, winding path to the foot of the mountain. Before him were the dense woods stretching upward along the mountain side. There was a narrow path which seemingly led into the heart of the dense foliage, and he decided to follow that. It was a tortuous climb. With every step the strap of the camera case cut deeper into his neck and shoulders. The going became tougher. Finally the path dwindled into hardly more than a rail width and then stopped. He hesitated for a moment. In what direction should he go? Before him

lay a thick tangle of trees and brush. He studied the ground carefully and found faint impressions of footprints. He went on ahead, but would stop every now and again to look for the telltale evidence of trampled ground and bent or broken branches. Finally, after what seemed like days, he heard a faroff sound of voices. Gasping for breath, he struggled forward and almost collapsed as he sighted the group amid the wreckage strewn over a wide area.

The troopers and civilians were placing the mangled remains of the fliers into wicker baskets, and the photographers were training their cameras on the twisted fuselage and broken motor. They turned to look at him in amazement. One of the men came forward and steadied him. "How did yuh ever find us?", he asked. "Even trappers would a had trouble gettin' here. And lands sakes, man, do yuh know these woods are full o' snakes and wildcats?" The burly farmhand looked down at the cameraman in admiration. "Well, I'm here," Sisto weakly replied, and went to work opening his case and getting his camera and holders ready for action. What mattered that his clothes were torn in a dozen places and that he could hardly stand from a pain that shot upward from his soles to his knees. There were pictures to be taken!

The searchers were already starting their return trip, the wicker baskets with the grim remains swinging between two long sticks held tightly in their hands, when Sisto completed a half dozen shots of the wreckage. He thought a shot of the men holding the baskets would be worthwhile, but the sharp command of a trooper stopped him. "Nuthin' doin', buddy", he shouted, and he held a pistol in his hand to back up his warning. Sisto rejoined the photographers. "Gee, that would be a swell shot," he kept muttering on his way back, and then an idea flashed in his mind. "Let's help 'em carry the baskets down, and maybe they'll soften a bit." So with their camera cases

tugging at their backs, the cameramen took turns helping the party. Sisto, in spite of a hundred aches, was one of them. It was his idea, so he couldn't reneg. He glanced at his companions. They seemed prepared for this emergency. They had on leather jackets and high heavy shoes. Well, he would know better next time. He kept on hobbling like a wounded rabbit.

When they reached the edge of the woods, the troopers relented and allowed the cameramen to take the pictures they wanted so badly. They figured the fellows deserved at least that much for being so helpful.

The cameramen reached Port Jervis just in time to catch a train; not a moment to spare to stop for even a sandwich. They were too tired even to talk of food. Sisto slumped down in his seat. Numbed so by fatigue he was insensible to pain, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. One of the fellows looked down and saw a splotch of blood at Sisto's feet. They bent down and removed his shoes. His ankles had been scraped through clean to the bone. The bottoms of the shoes were filled with a half inch of blood. They bound his feet with handkerchiefs. Sisto slept through it all.

Photographers who covered the story of Floyd Collins trapped in Sand Cave near Cave City, Kentucky, in the early part of 1925, suffered the privations of hunger and lack of sleep for two solid weeks, but they realized that it was nothing in face of the tortures the trapped man was enduring in his vain effort to escape. They only hoped and prayed that he could be brought out alive. The drama of the grim struggle to free the man had gripped the world. The tunnel which led to the place where Collins was locked in had collapsed. It necessitated the driving of a shaft which took two weeks. The fight was fruitless. Collins was found dead. During all that time the photographers were ever on the scene not daring to leave for a

moment lest the flash come that the rescue party had finally reached him.

William Eckenberg, a Wide World photographer, who was rushed from New York to cover the story, relates that in the beginning he had taken a hotel room in Cave City which meant continuous riding back and forth over a bad 12-mile stretch of road. As the story grew, and efforts were intensified to reach the victim, Eckenberg realized that he would have to stay on the scene every moment of the day and night. He gave up his hotel room and lived at the cave site. He says that for the last four days of the story he never got to bed, and lived for the best part of the time on greasy sausages. He lost twenty pounds covering the story. Though he was one of the fortunate few to escape having pneumonia, he went down with a bad case of influenza two days after returning to New York.

Eckenberg recalls an interesting experience during the coverage of the story. It reveals the unflagging zeal of a cameraman to cover all angles, not daring to miss a single shot, even though worn by fatigue and hunger. One midnight he heard that an opposition photographer had secured a copy of a picture Collins had made ten days before he was trapped. There wasn't a moment to lose. The picture was in a town 80 miles away. Eckenberg hopped into his car and drove it at full speed over rain-lashed, winding roads. He finally secured the original print, made flashlight copies just in time to make a train connection for New York. The undeveloped negative reached his home office in time to give him an even break with the opposition.

Being caught between two fires is not an unusual predicament for the photographer when he is covering a strike riot or a flareup during a demonstration, but Jerry Frankel, a New York Journal cameraman, never expected to be caught in that fashion when he was told by the city

editor to go to a house in the upper '70's and photograph a certain young woman.

At the time, the police were searching high and low for Two-Gun Crowley, a young desperado. He had taken the life of a policeman in Long Island, and he was believed to be involved in a number of subsequent shootings. The city editor had received an anonymous tip that the young woman was a friend of Crowley's. This information was never imparted to Jerry. He left the office thinking it was just another casual assignment.

Jerry arrived at the address, a brownstone house, climbed a flight of stairs and knocked on the door. A voice boomed from behind the door: "What d'ye want?", and then the door was thrown open. Jerry was face to face with a man whose eyes glittered in wrath. Jerry asked for Miss . . . ., and the door slammed in his face. "Well, isn't he the kind soul," he mused, and retreated to the first floor landing. Just as his hand rested on the knob to turn it, a crash of gunfire split the air. Then a return blast from the room above him. A bullet tore through the vestibule door, a scant few inches from where he stood. He flattened himself against the wall. Suddenly, a lull in the shooting, and then the door crashed in. A half dozen policemen streamed in, and he found himself looking into the muzzles of pistols, while he quakingly explained who he was. They told him they've got Two-Gun Crowley cornered in the room above them. Jerry was no longer the quaking soul. In a few minutes he was everywhere around the building, shooting pictures of the manacled Crowley and the room in which he had made his last stand. Then back to the office with the first pictures on the story—and a grand beat. His eye-witness story went into the first editions, and over the wires—and made his triumph complete.

Dodging bullets and tear gas bombs kept the cameramen on the qui vive while shooting pictures of the steel

strike disorders in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois during the late Spring of 1937. The news photographers were right in the thick of the battles at Warren and Youngstown in Ohio, at Monroe, Michigan, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and at the fatal clash at South Chicago in which eleven persons were killed and a hundred injured. It was gruelling time for the boys. It meant for most of them to be on the job nearly 24 hours of the day for no one could tell where the next flareup would occur. Their press passes meant little or nothing to the police and strikers locked in battle. Oftimes they became the special targets for both sides.

There was trouble brewing in Monroe when Albert Haut, Detroit manager of the Wide World Photos, was advised by the New York editor to get there in a hurry. The Republic Steel Company officials were determined to reopen their plant on a specified day, and the pickets were just as determined to prevent the reopening.

Haut arrived in Monroe a day before the strikers were to be ousted from their picket line located about a half mile from the plant on the only accessible road which they had blocked off. After shooting pictures of the pickets halting cars, policing the road and breakfasting at the commissary tent, he rushed back to photograph the deputies being sworn in as part of the vigilante group which the mayor was gathering. Then off to the hired darkroom where he developed his negatives, made prints and proceeded to send wired photo transmissions to various newspapers throughout the United States.

The real trouble was expected on the morrow. Haut surveyed the scene of the possible riot, and decided that the best vantage point would be the main road where the two forces, the vigilantes and the pickets, would undoubtedly meet. On one side was a branch road and on the other a lake. Haut figured that a hired truck would

be a swell thing to give the photographers elevation and ability to maneuver quickly for good position.

He talked it over with the other cameramen. They liked the idea. The truck was hired and placed in what they thought was the best position. The men were ready for the "fireworks." Some ground shots were made as the foes clashed. Then from somewhere a tear gas bomb was thrown among the strikers. A strike sympathizer pointed to the cameramen and insisted that one of them had thrown it. Suddenly, without warning, a veritable barrage of tear gas bombs burst over and around the truck. Some pickets dashed over and started using the truck as a barricade. That meant a new deluge of tear and nauseating gas bombs. Between shooting pictures and ducking the bombs, the cameramen had their hands full. With tears streaming down their faces and many vomiting from the effects of the nauseating gas, the photographers shouted to the vigilantes to stop shooting, but of no avail. The bombs fell thicker.

The cameramen then decided to take their truck down the road, but the pickets followed them. The fighting was scattered in all directions, and their truck maneuvered back and forth as the fighting progressed around them. In spite of the thick fumes, Haut remembered to take two precautions which kept him on the job shooting his pictures without a letup. One was not to rub his eyes and the other to take a deep breath when he saw a nauseating gas bomb explode near him. He was then able to hold his breath until most of the fumes had evaporated. He escaped being hit by the projectiles by a margin of inches as they swished over his head. However, in spite of all precautions, he managed to inhale some of the gas. When the fighting was ended, he staggered back to the darkroom, developed his negatives, made prints, sent messages to the New York office, and transmitted many of the pictures by wire over his portable set. He collapsed when the work

was ended, and suffered vomiting spells for a week afterward.

Haut was also in the thick of it when the riot broke out at the Ford automobile plant at Dearborn, Michigan, on May 26, following the attempt of the United Auto Workers Union to distribute leaflets to the workers leaving the plant.

Union officials Frankensteen, Reuther and others, followed by newspaper reporters and photographers, had mounted the ramp stairway leading to the bridge near the plant. Some husky looking fellows sauntered over and told the union officials to get off the bridge. In a trice the men piled into Frankensteen as the photographers kept shooting the pictures. Then the fracas started on the other side of the bridge where other officials were being forced down the opposite stairway. The cameramen raced around to that side to make a few pictures of the fighting which continued for about twenty minutes. A Ford policeman dashed over and relieved Haut of most of his holders. Undaunted, Haut climbed a parked car to shoot pictures of a girl union leader being manhandled. Instantly, another Ford man was on top of Haut and snatched his holders from him while another pointed to the camera case. Hoping to save what might be a few good shots, Haut scrambled down, grabbed his case and ran with the Ford man after him. He escaped. Some of the other photographers were pursued in cars outside the city limits. One startling shot came out intact—and one of the most damaging to the Ford cause. It showed Frankensteen, with coat pulled over his head, being mauled unmercifully.

The coverage of the Republic Steel strike riot at Youngstown, Ohio, on the night of June 19 nearly cost the life of Edward Salt, a cameraman on the staff of the Youngstown Vindicator.

Salt had already started on a two-weeks vacation when he learned of the long feared riot between police and

pickets had broken out in Poland Avenue, in a foreign section of the city where hatred for police, steel company officials and newspapermen had been running high for more than two weeks. He dashed back to the office and reported for duty.

Arriving at the scene he found police blocking the road at two places. They tried to turn him back, but, after much persuasion, he was allowed to go on.

In a gas filled pocket between a towering hill and an elevated railroad, Salt found the pickets milling around in the streets while police tried to force them back. The fumes from exploded gas bombs nearly choked him. His first picture came almost immediately when pickets brought out an empty tear gas shell. He then pushed through the police lines, down into a "no man's land," where police and deputy sheriffs hidden by trucks, cars and other protection, were returning the fire of snipers from the overlooking hillside.

Down there, he learned a police car had been overturned, looted and set afire by pickets. It was out in the middle of the gas-filled "no man's land." Salt started out, wanting that picture in particular for the Sunday edition. A string of automobiles protected him as he hunched along the sidewalk while bullets whizzed overhead. When he reached the end of the parked cars, he realized the danger of attempting to take a picture. Away from both police and pickets, he would have been the immediate target of a crossfire as soon as he flashed a bulb. He decided it was too risky. He would wait a while.

Just then a battle broke loose. Several hundred feet from him, pickets rushed police. Officers retaliated with a barrage of tear gas. Shot guns and tear gas rifles boomed all around. He made some shots as the crowd of men and women broke and ran in an effort to escape the gas which police shot after them as they ran up the hillside.

The battle died down and Salt started back to the

police lines. When he reached the end of parked cars, he heard someone hiding in the shadows across the street shout: "Let him have it now." Salt ducked behind a car, held up the camera which they could see in the bright moonlight, and waited a moment. Then he walked out.

He was half way between the car and a telephone pole when one of the men yelled for him to come across the street. Salt couldn't answer back because of the gas mask he was wearing. Anyway he wouldn't take the chance. Going there would undoubtedly mean a beating by the pickets, and secondly, water released from fire hydrants by pickets to carry away the tear gas, formed two miniature rivers. Salt ducked behind the pole.

He heard one man say: "I don't know how to pump this thing," and another asked for the gun. A moment later a charge of shot hit Salt in both legs. Almost immediately there was a second shot, pellets tearing into his arm. With the second shot, he dashed from behind the pole and ran. He headed for a fire station where reporters and another photographer had taken refuge from a menacing crowd of strikers. While several strikers lurched for him, Salt hammered on the barred door and was admitted. Seeing his blood stained clothing, they decided immediately to take him to a hospital.

Firemen and reporters told him they could never get the camera through the picket lines, so it was left behind. Salt stuffed the exposed film in his shirt. They reached the car with little trouble. Twice as they were leaving the zone they were stopped by barricades and ranks of men closing the street. But picket captains, advised he had been shot, had the men clear the way so they could get through.

A few minutes after Salt reached the hospital, the first fatal victim of the riot arrived. He had been killed instantly by a gun charge, almost directly across the street from where Salt was shot. In all, two men were killed,

and more than two scores of others wounded or burned by tear gas. Nineteen shot gun pellets had crashed into Salt's legs and arms. He was in the hospital for some time.

Later, Salt revisited the scene of the shooting. The pole behind which he had taken refuge was pitted with dozens of shotgun pellets.

The steel strike disorders everywhere were terrifying experiences for the news photographers. At Warren, Ohio, three cameramen, Charles Wilk, Cleveland manager of Wide World Photos, Mack Baron, of International News, and Jack Hines, Associated Press staffer, were fired upon and dropped into a ditch as bullets whizzed over their heads. At the time, they were taking pictures of a food airplane landing in the Warren steel plant enclosure.

Dodging bullets in the steel strike was just one of the many thrills experienced by Baron in his long career as a news cameraman. "Buck," as he is popularly known, has oftimes been called the "ace flying photographer," and the "fearless photographer," and has lived a veritable charmed life amid the dangers of his career. He has taken the longest chances but has always come out on top. "It can't be done," are words that are as unknown to him as a Tibetan chant. Now the Morro Castle disaster. . . . Buck will smile proudly when he recounts that experience. It brought him his greatest fame.

The phone jangled wildly in the bedroom of Baron's home in Sunnyside, Long Island, one early morning in September, 1934. Buck stirred several times in bed, then finally forced himself to answer the phone. He switched on the light, glanced at the time (it was a little after three), then glued his ear to the receiver. It was his office calling: "The liner Morro Castle's afire off the Jersey coast. May be hundreds dead. Get down to North Beach airport right away. We'll have a plane ready for you to hop off at daylight." Instantly Buck was alert.

As he fairly dived into his flying equipment, he took one glance at the window. Rain was slashing at the panes. "Flying weather, eh? Well, maybe. . . ."

When he reached the airport in his car, everything was ready. Bill Gulick, a pilot for the O. J. Whitney Flying Service, had already warmed up his plane. They then waited for daylight. Dawn came with hardly a break in the weather. A misty rain was falling. They stepped outside the hangar door and could scarcely see an object ahead of them. Both shook their heads. Bill was game to take a chance and go out a little distance. They started and pretty soon were in the thick of it. Baron could barely see the outline of the wing tip in the heavy fog and rain. They kept on going.

The pilot had secured the approximate position of the burning ship before he left the hangar. An accurate judge of the distance and familiar through years of flying with the lay of the land below him, Gulick nosed his plane toward the Jersey shore and kept on going. There was no going back so long as the gas held out.

Buck sniffed. There was a strong smell of smoke in the air. They must be somewhere near the burning liner. The pilot turned the plane in the direction from where the smoke was drifting. Then suddenly, the mist lifted, the clouds rolled back, and the sun came through. They had a perfect visibility from an altitude of 500 feet. There, not a half mile away was the ill-fated ship spouting flames and smoke.

They circled the Morro Castle, and Baron obtained about twelve shots in less than six minutes. They came down to about deck level of the burning ship for a few closeups. They could see a handful of persons clustered on the bow of the ship, waving frantically to them. A half-filled lifeboat was pulling away. They were grieved that they could not aid in the rescue, but they realized they were helpless. Two passenger ships and an oil tanker

nearby was a welcome sight. Buck asked Gulick to nose down so that he could get a fairly good closeup. The heat was intense and the smoke nearly choked them. Several times they almost went into a spin, but Gulick's able piloting kept the plane going over and round the ship until Buck had used all his plates. Then they turned northward.

The return trip was more dangerous. The fog had returned, and with it a squall with rain. The weather was getting worse each minute. They figured the best thing to do was to fly as low as possible and follow the shore. Many times they fairly skimmed the waves. A crash seemed inevitable, but, finally, with sighs of relief, they sighted the houses in the vicinity of North Beach airport. They came down to a safe landing.

At the airport Baron learned that a half dozen planes had tried to take to the air but were forced to return. It meant that his pictures were exclusive. An hour later the prints were rolling off the ferrotyped machines to be rushed to newspapers all over the country. It was fully an hour after that before another plane with photographer flew over the ship. It was one of the finest picture scoops in history.

Later, Baron's thrilling pictures were introduced at the inquiry into the disaster. His outstanding shot, the one showing flames and smoke rolling upward from bow to stern, won him the National Headliners Award for the best news photograph of the year.

Any moment of the day or night may bring a flash of another story like the Morro Castle fire, the Argonaut mine disaster, a strike riot, a train wreck, an explosion. Everywhere the men with the cameras are prepared for the dangers, the thrills, the privations. They seek no acclaim, want no special awards. They will modestly tell you: "It's just part of the day's work!"

Chapter VII.

THE CAMERAMAN ON THE JOB

The news photographer "writes" the story with his camera, jotting down the facts with the pressing of the button on his speed gun or the release of the shutter. He manipulates his "pencil" of light and shadow with the same agility that the reporter records the event, and the moment he lifts his film from the fixative, ready for washing and drying, is comparable to the moment the reporter affixes his "30", marking the end of the story.

The cameraman must have the "eye for news" as well as the "nose for news," but the eye must have the assistance of the perfect equipment. The cameras which have been found to be the most practicable for press work are the Graflex and the Speed Graphic.

Compact and sturdily built, and able to register as high as 1/1000th of a second with their anistigmatic lenses, these cameras have been found most suitable to withstand the wear and tear of frequent usage, and the ability to stop the fastest speed of the racing automobile and the plane in flight.

These cameras are equippd with adjustable lens boards for the substitution of long and short focus lenses, and wire finders to sight the picture. Flash speed guns perfectly synchronized to the shutters for a speed up to 1/200th of a second enable the cameramen to snap their pictures more handily and speedily when the use of the flash bulb is required. The Graphic with an f.3.5 or f.4.5 lens is the camera used for the everyday assignment. It has a spring back for the insertion of the plateholder which eliminates the necessity of removing the ground glass and enables the photographer to change holders quickly without waste of

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SURGEON OPERATES UPON SELF

Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane of Kane, Pennsylvania, is shown in this unusual photograph as he operated upon himself for inguinal hernia. A local anaesthetic was used and Dr. Kane chatted and laughed throughout the operation. In 1921 Dr. Kane startled the medical world by removing his own appendix.

© Wide World Photos

AN HISTORIC BIRTH

The first picture of the quintuplets born to Mrs. Olivia Dionne as she lay recovering in her backwoods home near Callander, Ontario, Canada, with the tiny forms, weighing together only six pounds, six ounces, by her side. They have grown into five plump, rosy-cheeked girls.

© Wide World Photo

HE REACHED FOR A SMOKE INSTEAD OF THE RIP

Harold Parkhurst, Rosedale, Long Island, daredevil, nonchalantly lights a cigarette while falling from an altitude of 5000 feet, from a plane flown by Chick Soule. This thrilling picture was snapped by Harry Knapp from another plane flown by Alfred Bragos.

time. The Graflex, an excellent reflecting camera and built for speed, is used in covering many sport events as prize fights, football, baseball and hockey games. The Graflex, with a 20 and 28 inch focal length lens, is heavier and stockier than the Graphic, and is termed "Big Bertha" by the cameraman. Though a bit cumbersome, it is ideal for the sports event.

Before the photographer goes out on an assignment, he goes over his camera to see that everything is working properly. There must be no chance of a breakdown during the coverage of a story; the lens is clean and tightly screwed on, the shutter-adjustments are accurate, the tension spring works properly, and the position of the speed gun shutter-relay is correct. The news cameraman watches and guards his equipment with the care and attention of a parent for its child.

When the holders are loaded with either film or plates, the photographer dusts them so that no particles of dirt will cling to the emulsion causing pin-hole marks. The speed gun is tested frequently to see that the synchronization is perfect.

With the camera in perfect condition, holders freshly loaded with either Orthochromatic or Panchromatic film or plates, plenty of flash bulbs, and the light but sturdy tripod packed in his case, the news photographer is ready for come what may.

The editor calls him over to the desk and tells him that Myrna Loy is arriving on the Twentieth Century train. Hollywood actresses are always good copy. The cameraman saunters over to the railroad station. The publicity man from the studio who employs Miss Loy is on hand, and he informs the cameramen the name and number of the Pullman car in which she is riding. Miss Loy catches sight of the photographers and smiles as she stands on the step about to put one pretty foot on the platform. The lighting

conditions are fairly poor, so the cameramen use their speed guns. In a trice, the boys have adjusted their scales, and shutters, sighted her through the view finders, and off go the flashes. The newspaper reproductions that afternoon will show her smiling, framed by the pullman car door. At one glance, the readers will know that she is arriving by train. The picture will have immediately told the story.

There is a simple, but urgent, lesson taught by this routine assignment. The cameramen knew instinctively that they must give their picture locale or setting. Part of the train had to show in the picture. On another occasion, similar to this, they may vary the picture with a pullman porter assisting her off the train, and at another time, they may pose her sitting on a trunk amid much baggage. But the purpose in each case is identical. Miss Loy is arriving by train, and by no other conveyance. It is a salient point in picture coverage to present to the reader the visual fact that the scene or setting is just as the caption indicates.

The news value of the picture is enhanced three-fold.

An American snapped in London should be seen talking to a policeman, or "bobby" as he is called there, caught looking up at Westminster Abbey, or strolling through a London street with the background clearly indicated to show that it is London, and not the main street in Paducah, Kentucky. In Paris, to be seen with a gendarme or glancing at a typical Parisian kiosk plastered with French ads or seated at a sidewalk cafe; and so on, with the setting of the country he is visiting as the subject's background.

When the European celebrity visits this country, the news cameraman aims for the same type of picture. A head and shoulder closeup of a London notable visiting New York is of no value whatsoever to the editor of the London Daily Mirror, if the picture has been syndicated to England for sales purposes. The background of New York must be shown: if he is photographed in a hotel, the camera-

man snaps him glancing outside the window even though but a blur of skyscraper is shown in the distance; or if he is strolling Fifth Avenue, a passing bus materially aids.

The correct posing of an individual is of extreme importance. The stiff, straight look ahead deadens the picture. Even the faint semblance of a smile will enliven it, and there must be a slight turn of the head, a sort of semi-profile to hint that the subject is interested in other matters than the lens of the camera.

When there are more than one person to be photographed, the subjects will be told by the cameramen to engage in conversation, looking toward each other, or if seated at a desk or table, to look slightly down at some papers on the desk or table as if the camera had caught them off guard in the midst of a business conversation. The picture must have the feeling of naturalness.

In the home, the man or woman can be photographed talking over the phone, listening to the radio, reading a book or reclining back on the chair or sofa in a homey, relaxed mood, in other words, snapped in a familiar and natural pose.

In many cases, if the person has not figured much in the news before, and the photographer knows that there are not many good closeups of the person in the files of his newspaper or syndicate, he will make an extra full-face view. In case of a future story break involving that person, it will be perfectly useable for a one-column release. Such one-column cuts are being constantly used by newspapers to illustrate stories.

A picture can also be taken of a person who figures in the action of a story, and the one illustration can convey the whole meaning and action. A young woman of slight build has knocked out a 190-pound masher. The photographer asks her to crook her arm, with her fist tightly clench-

ed, and look down admiringly at her biceps. This was how she flattened her tormentor. It tells the story in a flash.

The photographer may also ask a person to rehearse a scene in order to portray more graphically the incidents of the story. A lad of nine, crossing a railroad track, discovered a broken rail. He heard a train approaching. He ran down the track, waving his handkerchief frantically. The engineer saw him in time and stopped the train. The boy became a national hero. The photographers arrived when the boy had already returned home. They brought him back to the track, and asked him to run toward them, waving his handkerchief. It was the best picture on the story.

The contrast of size must also be shown in the picture. Robert Wadlow, the world's tallest man, was brought from his home in Illinois to join the circus in New York. A diminutive air hostess standing alongside him on his arrival at Newark Airport emphasized his tremendous height. If the photographer had snapped him alone the reader would not have realized his unusual height, and could just as well be five feet tall, so far as the picture itself would indicate. Later he was snapped walking in Central Park. Holding a tot of eight by the hand also emphasized his tallness.

A New England man possessed the smallest Bible in the world. The photographer focused on the tiny book held in the palm of a hand. The contrast of the Bible to the size of the normal hand indicated to the reader its true dimensions.

The person snapped in action is always the desirable picture. A musician is photographed playing the instrument, the radio singer in front of the microphone lifting his or her voice in song, the blacksmith in the act of hitting his anvil, the housewife bent over her stove, the sea captain turning the ship's wheel, the child skating or rolling a hoop, the college youth bent over his studies, the person on the street caught in a walking shot.

The still object can be enlivened with the placing of a person in the picture. The cameraman assigned to the flower show asks a pretty girl to hold the prize bloom; a woman studying a new aluminum pan at the Hardware Exhibition animates the picture. Where the object in itself is of unusual interest, as a prize winning painting, the photographer will make a closeup with no one showing in the picture, unless he can get the artist to pose alongside.

At times the picture editor will instruct the cameraman to get a series of pictures on a particular subject. The one wanted this time was the manufacture of dolls. The assignment was given a month before Christmas, and the editor was anxious to obtain an interesting series for an advance rotogravure release.

The cameraman covered the assignment thoroughly from the testing of the raw materials to the final shipment of the dolls. He showed the chemist examining the materials, the dolls' heads molded and dipped in lacquer, the workmen setting the eyes in the sockets with tweezers, the painting of the eyebrows, lips and dimples, the attachment of the heads to the bodies, a woman worker sewing a mohair wig onto a buckram cap, the apparel placed on the nude dolls in the assembly room, and then the final packing and shipping.

A lone picture on this subject would have meant little or nothing; the series of eight or ten pictures was a complete series, and told the story in perfect sequence.

At the Hairdressing Show and the Shoe Manufacturers' Convention the photographer will get the layout of the latest coiffures and the newest shoe models. Two or three of the most striking hair twists and patterned footgear will suffice on a coverage of these kinds. Closeups of the girls' heads turned to show the full effect of the latest coiffure and just a glimpse of the ankles with the full showing of the shoes are all that are needed by the photographer.

It is a warm Spring day. The photographer has been told to get a layout of Spring pictures. The picture editor may give him some suggestions, but usually the cameraman will have the pictures he wants fixed firmly in his mind the minute he leaves the office. He will turn to the park, make shots of the children roller-skating or sailing their boats on the pond, snap a couple of vagrants on a bench warming themselves in the sun, saunter into the Zoo and snap the crane on the green stretching her feathers, stroll over to the poorer Ninth Avenue district and photograph the kids playing ball in the street and the housewives sitting on the stoops for a moment of fresh air and a temporary escape from the hot, stuffy kitchens. On his return to the office, he will shoot a sidewalk cafe, a row of bootblacks polishing the shoes of coatless men, and a bock beer sign on a saloon window—all the signs of Spring that stir the big city to the awakening of the season.

The news cameraman covering the ever-colorful and ever-stirring scenes of the big city has through years of experience, and the application of a keen sense for the news coupled with a lively imagination been able to cover any type of assignment. He always strives for the different, the unusual, shifts and varies his attacks in his effort to escape from the sameness and the stereotyped. He is given a wide latitude in the semi-news and feature assignments, and he thrills as much in getting an unusual feature picture as he does in obtaining a scoop on a big news event. The artist in him ever struggles for expression.

The news is combined with the feature material for the cameraman who covers the arrival and departure of the ocean liners. When the ships come in, bearing their notables, Americans returning from vacations abroad and Europeans of note arriving for a visit, the news cameraman is among the first to greet them. Bearing a special pass which is non-transferable, the photographer boards the

revenue cutter at the Battery in New York and is taken to Quarantine. Up a narrow ladder he climbs to get aboard the ship. On occasion, the line's publicity man will greet the cameramen and assist them in selecting the passengers to be photographed. With the New York skyline as a background, the cameramen will line their subjects against the top deck rail, some waving their hands, others pointing or looking toward the distant skyscrapers, and then obtain the piquant shot of the pretty young lady with the exposed knee.

The ship news photographer deals with well known names. Therefore, he must be considerate, quietly persuasive, and strictly the gentleman. It is not entirely the height of good style to shout: "Hey, Queenie, look this way!" as a photographer did when posing Queen Marie of Rumania on her arrival in this country some years ago. The breaches of good taste are rare these days. As a result, all celebrities, with very few exceptions, will gladly accommodate the photographer.

There are many stories below deck, too. A six year old child traveling alone from her home in Poland to be met by relatives in Pittsburgh, an Esthonian who is traveling here to meet his brother whom he has not seen for 50 years, a Dutch bride and groom in their native costumes, all make good copy for both reporter and cameraman.

The photographer will have learned from his editor that the ship had battled a terrific storm while in midocean or gone to the rescue of a sinking ship. Some liners will carry their own photographers and darkrooms, and the news man will obtain prints showing the mountainous waves battering the liner or the rescue of the crew in distress. At other times, he will press inquiry among the passengers who may have obtained the pictures with their personal cameras, and secure a roll of unexposed film upon payment. The possibilities of good pictures on an incoming liner are many,

and the cameraman is keenly alert from the moment he boards the ship at Quarantine until he leaves it upon docking at its Manhattan pier.

Society news occupies an important space in the newspaper page, and as a result the editor is anxious to obtain pictures of debutante and dowager at the lawn party, the fall hunt meet, the hotel luncheon, the costume ball and vacationing at Palm Beach, Newport and Southampton. The society wedding will find a battery of cameramen standing outside the church doorway waiting for the appearance of the bride and groom after the ceremony.

Arrangements for the appearance of the photographer at a society event are made a day or more in advance. Permission is generally granted. The experienced society photographer knows the leading matrons and debutantes on first glance, and so he will quietly mingle among the guests taking the shots he wants as they stroll or stop for a moment of conversation. He takes full-length shots. The public is interested in what society is wearing, and the cameraman, by polite inquiry, will learn the material and style of the dress, suit and hat, and the name of the fur flung around her shoulders. The fashion description makes the caption complete.

The field of sports offers the cameraman a constant succession of thrills and action.

Some of the most vivid and stirring pictures taken by news cameramen have found their way into the sports pages: the knockout blow at the prize fight, the wrestler's face twisted in distortion as his opponent grips him in a deadly hold, the ball player's slide into home on a steal from third, the speed boat churning the water into a milky froth, the steeplechaser taking a nasty spill, the neck to neck finish in the horse race, the save by the goalie in the hockey game, the mile runner breaking the tape for a new world's record,

the racing automobile swerving at the turn and crashing through the fence.

It is a championship fight. From the moment the gong sounds, the cameraman on the high stand overlooking the lighted ring, keeps his head lowered into the hood of his Graflex, keeping his eyes glued on the mirror reflecting every action of the fighters. Down goes the camera curtain as the fighter gets a right to the jaw. The blow has been registered. Another good action, the camera clicks again. The magazine has been exposed. Sturdy twine is wrapped around it, and down it goes into the upraised hands of a boy who rushes it to the gate entrance. It is handed over to a waiting motorcycle rider who is off in a cloud of dust rushing it back to the office. Within a half hour or less, according to the distance of the arena from the office, the plates are already in the developer. Shortly thereafter, plane, train and wire transmission will carry the pictures to the world's far corners.

When covering championship fights, newspapers and syndicates use every strategy to get the plates back to the office in fastest possible time. At one time, an ambulance clanging its way through the city streets was actually conveying a darkroom and the "patients" were excited syndicate employees developing the plates; on another occasion, a changing bag in a motorcycle with sidecar was speeding the developing of the pictures.

The photographers leaving the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City some years ago were faced with a dilemma. Motorcycle men stationed at the entrances were awaiting the plates, but the cameramen could not get through the jam. One photographer used his wits to score a scoop. He kicked through a plank of the arena's pine floor, and dropped through into a sea of mud. Splashing his way through the darkness, he reached the outer rim of the arena. There he kicked through another

panel, emerging not far from the entrance, and in a jiffy was in a speeding car enroute to his office, the first news cameraman to reach Newspaper Row with the pictures of the knockout blow.

The same excitement that attends a championship fight is present at a World Series baseball game. Several cameramen will watch for the closeup action at first and third base, while several more will be in the stands with their telephoto lenses. The action at home plate is carefully watched. Click go a score of cameras when the player rounds home after lifting a four-bagger into the stands, or the slide into home on another player's sacrifice hit. From the moment the first ticket purchaser lines up at the window in the wee hours of the morning the cameraman is kept continually on the go: the players warming up, the rival managers, the bleacherites, the notables in the stands.

There is one picture the public has never seen: the players in the dressing room before the game. The managers are set against it for there is a belief that the players will meet defeat if they allow themselves to be caught by the cameras in the dressing rooms. Managers of teams who are about to clinch a pennant will not allow a group picture to be made until the pennant has actually been won. Superstition again—but what can you do with fellows who believe so thoroughly in rabbit feet, elephant charms, and other talismans.

The football game offers a more difficult problem to the cameraman. Instead of concentrating on a given spot as first and third bases in baseball, and the limited space in boxing, he must keep the ever moving mass formations constantly within range of his camera. He must also be conversant with the various plays, and shoot at the exact moment as a player is off for an end run, a plunge through scrimmage, the start and finish of a forward pass. He is faced with changing light conditions and adjusts his speeds

accordingly. Poor weather does not stop the game, and the cameraman stands his ground on a sideline as rain and sleet batter his face, and driving snow almost blinds him. There is no retreat: he sticks until the final whistle ends the game in the gathering dusk of a late Fall afternoon. Many a deciding play has been made in the last few minutes of the game.

At the track meet, the click of the camera is like the staccatic burst of machine gun fire. Event follows event in rapid succession, and the cameraman is ever on the move, snapping the pole vaulter going over, the shotputter in action, the 100-yard dashers flashing across the tape in a lightning burst of speed, the milers swinging around the first turn, the hurdlers going over the obstacles in a perfect rhythm and motion of arms and legs. Some news cameramen have been known to take as many as seventy pictures at one day's events such as the Penn Relays in Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

In horse racing the cameraman tries for the thrilling drive toward the finish line and is ever on the alert for the spill. Generally he works from the judge's stand or the outside rail. One of the most unusual head-on shots was taken by Charles Brinkman, when he was employed by the Pacific and Atlantic Photos syndicate. He crawled under the fence, flung himself face down in the turf, and turned his camera up toward the charging horses, drawing himself back in time to miss the flying hoofs by inches. It was quite foolhardy, but he got an unusual shot. The race stewards later put a ban on such attempts. A horse shied, spilling its rider, when he saw a cameraman leaning from under the rail. It was too risky a venture for cameramen, jockeys and horses.

In every form of sport the cameraman watches for the crucial moment of play: at the tennis game he strives for the closeup of the player connecting with the ball, and often gets

the unusual shot of the ball in midair or seemingly glued to the racquet at the moment of contact; working from the sidelines at the polo match with his eleven inch lens, he gets the charging rider with swinging mallet, and at the soccer game, the player leaping into the air as his head bounces the ball back into play. Every second of play must be watched, and the photographer is a tense bundle of nerves and concentration from the minute the referee or umpire signals the start of the game.

The same photographer who covered the sports story may be called upon the same day to cover the fire, the accident, the crime. These big news stories can be safely placed in one category. The cameraman knows that there are certain shots to be made to cover the story fully. Speed on such events is most essential, and so he clips time with his split-second shots to rush back to the office with the essentials. He follows a fairly well-set procedure in big news coverage.

Stepping carefully over twisted hose, plunging through pools of water, he will train his camera on the firemen pouring streams on the flames, get several shots of the smoke billowing from the roof and windows, then dash over to get a picture of the fire chief directing the battle. There may be a back draught and firemen may be tumbled to the ground; he will rush to get his shots of the injured being treated by the ambulance surgeon. To get the general view he will climb atop the roof of a neighboring building. On a four or five alarm fire, a boy will have accompanied him, and he will send the lad scampering back with the first few shots. If the fire starting from an inconsequential blaze sweeps to intensity, and no boy will have accompanied him to the scene, he will rush to the nearest taxi driver to give him the first plates for a speedy trip to the office. When the fire will have died down, he will focus his camera on the smouldering ruins, and, if permission is granted, will accompany the firemen into the building to make interior shots.

Night views of fires are more difficult, and the spread pans to give a more intense light than the flash bulbs are brought into play. The pouring of the magnesium powder onto the pans is a risky procedure. Great care should be taken that the powder bottle is securely corked after pouring as a flying spark from the fire may fall into it and cause a violent explosion. Many news photographers have been seriously injured by the exploding of the powder in the bottle or on the pan before the cameraman was set to release the trigger.

In the early days of news photography, before the introduction of the spread pan, the cameraman covering the night fire would follow a still more dangerous routine. He would set up his camera on tripod on a neighboring roof. An assistant would pour the powder into the rain gutter near the edge of the roof, throw a flaming stick into it from a distance, and then run. Sometimes the force of the explosion would tear the edge of the roof away, and both cameraman and assistant would have to make a hasty flight lest the owner catch them. But, invariably, the cameraman first got his picture!

A murder story breaks. The scene of the crime is an uptown apartment house. The cameraman will start at once for the scene. He is notified by the police officials that the husband of the slain woman is on his way from his office. As he steps from the taxi, a battery of cameramen pull their flashes. The janitor has been questioned, and the boys will be allowed to take his picture. The routine covers the questioning of other persons. Sometimes the cameramen will be forced to stay outside the building, while on other murder stories be permitted to occupy a nearby room or stay in an outer hallway. Days may pass before the news photographers are allowed inside to make pictures of the room.

The cameraman never leaves the scene of the story until

he is relieved by another photographer, and must keep in constant touch with the office to advise or be advised of further developments. A break in the story may come at any moment.

Another photographer will have been dispatched to the nearest police station. He awaits there the arrival of suspects or witnesses held for further questioning, or the distribution of pictures of the victim or suspects by the police.

Evidence is sent to Police Headquarters, and so another cameraman is sent there. One of the most important pictures in the recent Titterton murder case in New York was a closeup of a strand of upholsterer's twine found on the scene of the crime. This lone clue later led to the apprehension of the murderer.

The cameraman on a crime story must not overlook any possible picture. Hours may pass after a crime is discovered before further witnesses are questioned or evidence revealed, but the photographer must be patient, and have his ears and eyes wide open for any new turn or break in developments.

On a riot story the cameraman will have to have the agility of a cat and the fleetness of a doe to get the desired shots. Here is a policeman battering a rioter's head with his night stick; a quick turn of the head, and he sees a detective in grips with another civilian; look out, a mounted policeman is heading in his direction, and the photographer steps away in the nick of time. Over there, the crowd is breaking and running, and the cameraman trains his box in that direction. A yell of warning, he ducks his head in time to escape a flying brick. The sight of the police card stuck in the band of his hat may sometime mean nothing to the enraged police and crowd, and he becomes involved in the melee as a target from both sides. He must be careful that the surging crowd does not crush him and his camera to the ground. The photographer cares little that he suffers a few

bruises and cuts, or tears in his clothing, so long as his equipment is intact. He does not want to miss a good shot of the battle.

Photography from the air has stirred the imagination of the news photographer from the earliest days of the profession, and he finds it a keen, exciting adventure.

Jimmy Hare, soldier of fortune and photographer, took the first air view of Manhattan from a free balloon in 1906. But his success was not crowned with easy effort. For a week the balloonist and Hare rested on Staten Island waiting for a favorable wind. At last the day came, and up they went. Suddenly the breeze died down to a mere fan-wave, and the balloon could not rise further. Hare's quick wits found a solution. He pitched the balloonist's overcoat and his own overboard. It helped a little, but not much. Then went Hare's extra plates and holders over the side. The balloon lifted higher, and Hare took his picture. Later, he took the first photograph from an airplane in this country on a short flight from Fort Sam Houston at San Antonio, Texas.

Today, taking pictures from the air is a daily occurrence. With his hands firmly locked on the side handles of the aerial camera, the photographer will order the pilot to cut and bank, while he gets his desired shot, a forest fire, a burning arsenal, a ship in flames at sea or breaking up on the rocks, a dirigible floating in the distance, a formation of Army planes zooming by, an airview of a city, a shot of a country estate or plane wreckage high up on a mountainside.

The cameraman may have to fly through fog and mist and cloud, rain and sleet and snow, to get his picture, but there is nary a thought of danger or disaster in his mind when he boards the plane. He will sometimes wear inadequate clothing but he would rather freeze than order the pilot to return. Airsickness may make him deathly weak, but he will quiet trembly hands and limbs to focus sharply

on the scene. The coolness, daring and loyalty of the flying photographer is summed up in the experience of the cameraman who was tumbled out of the plane when it was forced to land on a rocky terrain, turning over when it nosed into a stone wall. The photographer's first words on scrambling to his feet were: "Wonder if there's a nearby farmhouse, so I can phone the office."

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NABBING A TEXAS OUTLAW AND HIS WIFE

While his wife struggles with officers at the left, Marvin Barrow, member of a gang of Texas outlaws, sinks to the ground, at right, after being shot in gun battle with the posse near Dexter, Iowa. Other members of the gang escaped after the battle in which machine guns, rifles and pistols blazed. The cameraman was just as quick with his camera as the police with their guns to make this unusual picture the moment the posse closed in.

© International News Photos

FALLING TO HIS DEATH

A split-second shot of a tragedy—the automobile turning over throwing out Miss May Cuncliffe, English auto racer, and her father, during a 100-mile race held at Southport Sands, England. An instant later he was pinned beneath the car and killed.

© Signal Corps, U. S. Army

"GOING OVER THE TOP"

The zero hour, and the American doughboys clamber over the top from their front line trench somewhere in France during the World War. Note the soldier thumbing his nose at the enemy. The Signal Corps photographers were right up at the front to snap scenes such as this, and many were killed and wounded.

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IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE

The war photographer plunged ahead with the front line troops to make this striking picture of American doughboys, Third Infantry gunners, firing 37 mm. shells during an advance against German entrenched positions in northern France.

Chapter VIII.

THE CAMERAMAN COVERS THE DAILY EVENT

EVERY news picture tells a story, and behind that, lies the hand that guides the camera, the eye that envisions the scene and the mind that grasps the news fundamentals with an unerring precision—the perfect coordination that lifts the news cameraman from the mere picture-taker to the expert recorder of life on a camera plate.

The art of news photography is much more than the pressing of a cable release, the adjusting of scales and shutters and the sighting of an object through a view finder. It is the ability of the news cameraman to go beyond the mechanics of exact procedure, and feel, sense and record the story with the vividness of the news gatherer.

Each story presents a different problem, a different attack. The news cameraman brushes aside all difficulties, and overcomes all obstacles. He reaches the zenith of his career after years of tilting with the exciting, the thrilling, and even the prosaic.

Not every story is a shipwreck, five-alarm fire or plane disaster. He follows life in its true course, the moments and incidents that are drab and dull. His daily assignments follow the uninteresting routine of club meetings and dinners and cornerstone layings. They may be thankless jobs, but he accepts them all willingly. It is not for him to choose, it is for him to do his duty and do it well.

From the moment he leaves the office with his camera case in hand, he has one fact etched clearly in his mind. He must bring back the picture. There is no such word as failure. He will have seen to it that his case is packed with the essentials, his sturdy, compact 4 x 5 Speed Graphic,

a dozen holders loaded with fast emulsion films, a dozen flash bulbs, a speed gun accurately synchronized, a tripod with a Crown head. His films and holders will have been properly numbered, his camera will have been gone over that there is no loose screw and part. The story has been given to him by the editor. He sallies forth into the unknown.

If it is a club meeting or the laying of a cornerstone set for a certain hour, he will take his leisurely time, providing, however, he arrives there a few minutes ahead of schedule, so that he can present his proper credentials, make his introductions to the right persons in charge, learn who is present, and with a sweep of his eye take in the scene which he will photograph. He then opens his case, withdraws and sets his camera, gets his focusing distance. Let the meeting or the ceremonies begin. He is ready!

If it is an accident or disaster, he knows that speed is necessary; every second counts. He will hop into a taxi and order the driver to make the fastest possible time. He knows that his camera will record only what is before it. He wants to reach the scene before the fire dies down or the accident victim is carried away. It may be broad daylight or raining heavily, he knows what speed he will shoot, what aperture opening he will set; his camera is ready in his hand all set to shoot the moment he arrives at the scene of the story.

On a story of this type, his job is a bit more exciting than his brother reporter. The latter can arrive there too late, but it will not make much difference. He can get his story from the eyewitnesses or police remaining on the scene, or can get the information he desires from other reporters. It makes no difference to him that the fire has been extinguished or the injured persons have been rushed to the hospital. He will have been told all the details which in a moment can be phoned to a rewrite man at the office.

But not so with the cameraman. It is necessary that his camera record all the details: the fire at its height, firemen pouring water on the blaze, the rescue of the victims, or at the street accident, the ambulance surgeon bending over the victim or lifting him onto a stretcher to be rushed to the hospital.

Many unusual photographs on such stories have been taken by the Johnny-on-the-spot cameraman, and such pictures live in the memory of the readers. Who will ever forget the picture that appeared in the New York Daily News showing the form of a dead woman lying on the pavement of a narrow Brooklyn street awaiting the arrival of the ambulance to carry it away as the husband in the foreground sags broken-heartedly against the wall of a building looking toward his mate, gone forever, the victim of an automobile accident? Or that shot taken at a tenement house fire showing two victims, clad in their night clothes, rushing into the house of a neighbor, one looking back with horror on her face at the flames destroying her flat?

These are the pictures that send a thrill through the office, from managing editor to copy boy, with cries of exultation: "It's a beaut'!" "It's great!" "Some picture!", leaping from the throats of every employe from the moment the darkroom printer holds the plate up to the red light in the developing room. It is like the discovery of gold in the prospector's pan, the uncovering of some ancient ruins by the archaeologist, the scaling of the peak by the mountain climber, it is the cry of "Eureka!" on the finding of a treasure! But it is no sinecure, no chance stumbling, no Lady Luck to guide the way; it's by dint of hard, conscientious work, day in and day out that brings a golden moment of achievement to the news cameraman.

The faculties of the news photographer are ever alert to the picture possibilities. He can sense the story, the pic-

ture, whatever or wherever it is. One day, a photographer was on his way to an assignment in downtown New York. Waiting on the corner for the traffic light to shift from red to green, he saw a cat gripping a kitten in its mouth start across Broadway. The traffic policeman saw them, too, and up went his hand in a flash to stop traffic. The photographer leaped into the middle of the street, and in a few seconds had his camera trained on the cat, the traffic cop with arm upraised, the automobiles brought to a standstill. The result was one of the greatest pictures ever made. The syndicate, which later secured the negative for its files, is still selling hundreds of prints, and the photograph has been reproduced in every part of the world. It took less than a minute for the cat to cross the street. Had the photographer just hesitated for a second he would have been too late, and the golden chance would have been lost forever.

On another occasion, the news cameraman, through instant action, recorded another epic of the camera. A few photographers were shooting pictures of Columbus Day exercises at Columbus Circle in New York when a distant shot rang out. All but William Eckenberg, a Wide World cameraman, thought it was the backfire of an automobile. He immediately turned and ran toward the direction of the firing. It was about a block down the street. When he reached there a huge crowd had already gathered around the prostrate form of a thug who had been shot down by a policeman. Pushing through the crowd, Eckenberg reached the open circle where the man lay groaning, with hands pressed on stomach, and a girl holding his head in her lap. The policeman was waiting for the ambulance to rush him to the hospital. Eckenberg got his pictures, and pushed his way back to the rim of the crowd just as the other photographers arrived. But they could not squeeze through, the jam had become too thick by this

time, and they had to be content scrambling up to the second floor of a nearby building to get some shots which showed mostly the heads of the crowd. Quick decision had given Eckenberg a news triumph of the camera.

Coolness in any emergency is also another requisite of the news photographer, and it may take years and years of training for the cameraman to keep his eyes and hands and nerves steady at the critical moment. It may not be funk, but just a bad case of stage fright, which will place the beginner in an awkward situation.

A youthful cameraman, who had just entered the employ of a syndicate a few months previous, had his camera set on tripod making a general view of a building near Broad and Wall Streets in New York when a terrible explosion rocked the whole neighborhood. With his arms circled around the camera and tripod the photographer managed to save them from falling. Further down the street cries of the injured filled the air. A truck filled with dynamite had exploded directly in front of the Morgan offices. Shattered glass filled the street. Dozens of bodies lay sprawled on the sidewalks. The cameraman moved forward to take some pictures, but he was trembling from head to foot. Nervously he shoved holders in and out. He was the only cameraman on the scene and it was fully a half hour before a score of other news men appeared. He then ran to the drug store and phoned his office describing the scene and told the excited editor that he had taken some pictures. He rushed back. Out of his darkroom came a half dozen plates, but not an image on a single one. In his nervousness and excitement he had forgotten to do something, he himself did not know. He slumped; his chance of a lifetime had come and gone. An experienced cameraman would have stood the shock of the catastrophe and coolly gone about his job of taking the

pictures. Those are the moments when the photographer is put to the iron test.

Imagine the moment when Tom Howard, Chicago Tribune and New York News photographer, was called upon to shoot the picture of the execution of Ruth Snyder at Sing Sing prison, the first time a picture was ever taken there of an electrocution. It is a test which will even shatter the nerves of the hardest of cameramen. But Howard had to go through with it. It was an assignment; it was his job to take the picture.

It was all pre-arranged for the reporter in front to move his legs so that Howard could focus on the chair with his tiny camera strapped to his ankle and connected by bulb resting in his pocket. It was all guess focus, and Howard pressed his bulb four times, as much as he could possibly make without exciting the suspicions of the guards. Though his whole body quivered and shook, he remained outwardly calm. There could be no misfire, and he steeled himself to rigidity the instant he pressed the bulb. The slightest motion of his body would have thrown the pictures entirely out of focus.

Only until he reached the News darkroom and thrown the films into the developer, did he relax, though his body still shook like a leaf. But the ordeal still was not over. The first film lifted to the front of the red light showed only the feet, the second was a blank, the third also showed the feet but more of the body occupying a corner of the negative, and the fourth was the shot, slightly out of focus, but retouchable and useable. The men in the darkroom let out a whoop. The job was done. The picture was, and still is, a sensation of the news world.

Whatever the ethics of the case may be, it is not for the cameraman to question. The News defended their picture; others attacked it. It was not for Howard to

argue, pro or con. He was simply told to cover the story, and he did.

The public has been too often presented with the picture of the cameraman, by medium of film or story, as a brusque individual who dashes into bedrooms to snatch photographs from bureau drawers and walls, or rummage through the pockets of a victim for his likeness. There may have been a few instances of the like in the early days of catch-as-catch-can and hurly-burly journalism, when cameramen sniffed scornfully at the word ethics. Those were the raw, rough days when the tabloids and others of a sensational tinge were jockeying for position in the race for circulation. The years, however, have chastened the editors; with circulation and security won, the papers have settled down into a state of fair respectability, and the cameraman no longer strikes terror into the hearts of his subjects.

The cameraman today still yearns and strives to get the picture on the story, but he will not violate the fine rules and ethics of good journalism that hold in the city room. The public no longer shies at his presence; the majority of persons will gladly assist the gentlemanly cameraman, and the police have learned to cooperate as they seldom did in the past. A picture of a criminal is wanted: the headquarters will kindly release a rogues gallery shot; a new picture is wanted after an arrest, the boys will be allowed into an anteroom to allow them to make the shot of the prisoner being questioned by the district attorney or held between detectives before he is led back to further questioning or thrown into a cell.

There is no longer the need to follow the tactics of the early Park Row photographer who was assigned to get pictures of a man accused of a fiendish crime on Long Island. The keeper of the jail had barred the photographer from the building, saying the prisoner was very weak. Hanging around until after dark, the cameraman borrowed a

crowbar from a neighboring blacksmith shop, climbed on a roof and attacked the barred window. He located the cell where the half-conscious prisoner was stretched out on a cot, broke in and set off a flash of the accused man. The cameraman then made his getaway.

Today there is cooperation all along the line. Detectives on a major crime story will often gather in pictures of the victim, and if there are enough copies, will distribute them, or if there is only a single shot, will allow the cameramen to make copies then and there. Judges, too, at court trials, will set aside a special place for the cameramen, or allow pictures of witnesses to be taken in anterooms. Pictures may also be allowed to be taken between sessions, say at the noon hour or after the testimony has been finished for the day.

In the Loeb-Leopold murder trial in Chicago in 1924, the presiding judge allowed photographs to be taken at the noon session. At the Hall-Mills murder trial in Somerville, N. J., in 1926, Justice Cleary laid down a rule limiting pictures to be taken from the sides of the room, and at the trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby, in Flemington, N. J., in 1935, two photographers were allowed in to make pictures for release to all syndicates and newspapers.

In a murder trial at Detroit, when jurymen protested that flashlights had prevented them hearing the evidence, the judge said: "Please be patient. The safety of the administration of criminal law is publicity," and the photographers remained undisturbed.

Even in France it is not unusual for special lights to be erected to assist the cameramen to get the pictures of the court proceedings. This was done at the trial of "Bluebeard" Landru, who went on trial for the murder of ten of his numerous financees, so that pictures could be taken of the passing of the death sentence.

Attacks on photographers are quickly settled, and condoned. Just recently a prisoner broke away from his guard and felled a cameraman about to take his picture. The guards pounced on the prisoner, striking him in the jaw, and the cameraman was allowed to snap his shot.

When Dr. Alice Lindsay Wynekoop, defendant in a murder trial in Chicago, fainted during the proceedings, a photographer tried to snap the picture. A defense attorney hurled a three pound law book at the cameraman, striking him in the forehead in an attempt to prevent the picture being taken. The attorney later apologized.

The photographers today will strictly abide by the court's decision on the privilege of taking pictures. The Federal Courts will allow no courtroom shots; the cameramen will make no attempt to override the edict. In Washington no pictures are allowed to be made during a Supreme Court session.

Any other rules set down against the taking of news photographs are closely observed. The Senate in Washington allows no pictures to be taken during any of its sessions; the House of Representatives permits no photographs to be made on the floor when the members are convened. The cameramen in the Capital will make no move to violate the rules. Their gentlemanly conduct has redounded to their benefit because where they are privileged to make their pictures they are treated with every courtesy and consideration.

However, a cameraman will feel that there is no abuse of privilege or conduct when he snaps a picture of a person who figures in the news, even though that person may be averse to having his or her picture taken. Justifiably, the photographer feels that he is recording a story with his camera and is entitled to present his camera-story for publication by the same token a reporter is privileged to present his written material for public perusal. Just so long as he

does not break the rule of decency and fair play in getting his shot. He would not think of taking a picture of a judge in an intoxicated condition or a young woman found in a promiscuous situation.

Once a photographer at a night club snapped a picture of a young woman, well-known to the public, engaged in conversation with a young man. After the picture was taken, the young lady quietly asked the cameraman not to have the picture circulated. It might embarrass her; her husband was away, and the public might give the picture the wrong interpretation. The young man was a good friend —but there was no further explaining. The cameraman pulled his slide, snapped out the plate and deliberately exposed it. The young woman thanked him profusely. He had won her friendship for life, and on many occasions thereafter she 'phoned him to give him tips on many exclusive society pictures. However, he had learned his lesson, too. Thereafter, he first begged the kind permission of persons at night clubs and society events before setting off his flash.

Men and women who are in the public eye today are generally not averse to having their pictures taken. Many of them have learned it is far better to face the camera with a pleasant smile than to duck and run and witness themselves in newspaper reproductions in the most ludicrous poses.

At one time, J. P. Morgan, the mogul of finance, would use every strategy to evade the cameraman. Caught aboard a ship returning from Europe one day he ran toward the photographer brandishing his cane; on another occasion, he was caught by the flash of a speed-gun ducking behind some palms. They were not in the least flattering. His attitude suddenly changed when he appeared before the Senate Munitions Committee hearing in Washington, and allowed himself to be taken in all sorts of poses. He even

smiled when his photograph showing a midget on his lap was circulated far and wide.

There are still a few persons who will flee on the approach of the cameraman. Greta Garbo tries to elude the news photographer on every occasion, and Katherine Hepburn, the movie actress, follows suit. Miss Hepburn, accompanied by her maid, was entering a New York theatre one night, when she spotted a photographer training his camera on her. She turned on her heels and fled. The camera clicked. The following day a newspaper reproduction showed the form of the actress contorted in a flying leap. It was far from flattering.

Rudy Vallee, the crooner of love songs, is another celebrity, who tries to avoid the cameraman. In Boston, recently, a battery of cameramen were awaiting his appearance outside a court building. Sighting them, he turned and fled inside, the photographers after him. Into an elevator they went, but they were so jammed together that they had no room to work their cameras. On leaving at an upper floor, Rudy dashed into a closeby room and barred the door. In hushed tones, the cameramen went into consultation. A few minutes passed, and a heavy hand knocked on the door. A voice announced that he was an employee who must get into the room at once to transact some business. The door was opened, and the grinning photographers entered. The cameramen got their pictures.

There are some persons who feel unusually sensitive about their facial features or expressions. The former Mayor John O'Brien of New York felt that his pugnacious jaw did not show to the best advantage in news pictures, and for a long time stormed at the cameramen who tried to get his picture. But he finally succumbed, and the man with the fighting jaw became quite friendly to the news photographers.

Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, left his dinner in a New York hotel one evening because he did not want to be photographed while eating. "They always get you like this —I've seen so many come out like this," he added, distorting his face to illuminate his point. However, he needed only to explain his objections to be accommodated. The photographers caught him in more favorable poses.

The late Senator Huey Long, the Kingfish of Louisiana, was an enigma to the news photographer. In New York, whenever he visited the city, he was the gracious soul, and the click of the camera was a familiar sound in his hotel room. He even posed at the bar one day showing how he mixed his favorite drink. In his home baliwick, he presented the reverse, and no cameraman dared take his picture alighting from the train or walking in the street without fear of being attacked by one of his bodyguards. A blow to the face and a smashed camera was the reward reaped for many such an effort.

The late Sir Basil Zaharoff, the mystery man of munitions, did everything possible to evade the cameraman, but the telephoto lens caught him on a few occasions during his frequent sojourns in the French Riviera. One cameraman after a long time caught up with Robert Elliot, New York State executioner, the most elusive of persons, and a story on Elliot will always carry the single, poor, slightly-out-of-focus profile.

The public must realize that it is hard to avoid the quick-trigger cameraman, and it is far better to succumb graciously. The brandished cane or stick, or threat of punishment and reprisal, will never intimidate the news photographer.

In the sports field, it is mostly gracious acquiescence, although there are a few individuals here and there who grudgingly pose for the camera. Babe Ruth would let out a few explosive remarks before doing his stuff for the

photographers; Big Bill Tilden, the tennis star, would nettle the cameramen with his temperamental outbursts, but since turning pro has become an amiable subject. Fred Perry, former world's tennis champion, and now a pro, has always endeared himself to the cameraman with his kindly, gracious ways. Mike Jacobs, the sports promoter, sees to it at all times that the photographers are given the most courteous consideration. In his sports arena, he has moved the cameramen into the front row seats so that they can get their ringside shots. By far and large, the well-known figures of the sports world have shown themselves to be true sportsmen and women in their relations with the men with the cameras.

The cameramen covering the White House have always found its occupants to be very pleasant and agreeable. Although President Wilson was a bit cold and aloof, and President Coolidge somewhat gruff and eager to pose his own shots, they never dissented. President Harding made a hit with his warmth and geniality. The boys have taken President Franklin D. Roosevelt to their hearts. He has been found to be most attentive to their wants. Only one incident has marred their visits to the White House, although it was not really the fault of the cameramen. A candid camera shot was circulated with the caption that the President was deeply worried about his problems. It showed his fingers pressed to his forehead. In reality it was a reflex motion to shade his eyes from the glare of the flashlights. Rightfully, the President was irked.

The kindliness of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in their relations with the press, is illustrated in the following incident.

George Alexanderson, a Wide World photographer, was covering the President's stay at his Hyde Park estate, and lived with other news cameramen at a nearby Poughkeepsie hotel. During a lull in his assignment, George

decided to take a cooling plunge in a public pool, and while climbing a ladder for a dive, slipped and injured his ankle. In terrible agony, he was assisted back to the hotel. But he was downhearted for another reason. There was to be a picnic that afternoon arranged by the President for the cameramen on the lawn of his home, and George decided to go. A three-dollar pair of crutches was bought by the boys, and he hobbled onto the lawn. Suddenly the end of the crutch struck a hole, and he fell. The pain was excruciating and he could not rise. He was carried into the President's home, and Mrs. Roosevelt rubbed alcohol on his ankle until the physician arrived. Comfortably tucked into a car, he was carried back to his hotel room. An X-ray the following morning revealed he had a broken leg. All during his convalescence, he was the recipient of many messages of good cheer from the Roosevelts who also saw to it that he was well taken care of. They sent him many large baskets of flowers.

It was a demonstration of friendliness which the cameramen will never forget.

The settings can either be a White House office or a lumber camp in Wisconsin, a dowager's ballroom or an East Side tenement. The Welcome mat is stretched out for the photographer's reception. Men will straighten their ties and crease their pants, women will curl the loose ends of their hair and look twice in their mirrors to see that they have their lips and cheeks correctly rouged. The photographer is no longer taboo. The press and the public must be served!

Arriving at a private or public function, a press representative or publicity man will see to it that the boys are placed at a special guest table, the notables are picked out and properly identified for the captions and left-to-right positions, and ample time given to make the pictures. There may be a slight inconvenience to other guests as the flashes

are made or when the cameramen rush forward to make the close-up shots. But they are used to that by now. The cameramen make their two or three pictures needed to cover the story and quietly retire.

Covering a fire or automobile accident, the flash of the police card is all that is needed to give the cameramen all the room necessary to make their pictures. The police and fire officials are courteous to the photographers and it is only the rare occasion when a gruff voice of a bluecoat shuffles a cameraman back from the lines. In the majority of hospitals the cameramen are allowed to take pictures of injury and maternity cases providing the patient is willing and is not in too serious condition to pose.

In covering stories on the property of individuals and corporations it is necessary to get the oral or written permission of the owners either by direct contact with the owners or through the owners' secretaries. However, there are many corporations which have made it a practise to keep photographers away from their properties, especially when there is serious property damage. When a wreck occurs, the private subway and elevated lines in New York immediately post guards to keep the cameramen away. The same holds true with many railroad companies, steamship lines and oil companies. But whether it seems foolish and unreasonable, the cameraman accepts the ban graciously, and stays away.

The proper cards of identification will permit the cameraman into most places, and it is very essential that he has them ready for display before he starts out on a story. A special park permit will allow him to shoot his pictures in Central Park and the Bronx Zoological Gardens in New York; a cutter pass will enable the cameraman to board the government tug which leaves the Battery daily to meet the incoming ships at Quarantine; Navy, Army and Coast Guard permits will allow the photographer to cover activi-

ties of these branches of the Government's defense. In some cases, the photographs of the latter have to be submitted to headquarters in Washington before they are released for publication.

In Washington the permit is the open sesame to most places: the photographers carry about ten special passes which are issued by the White House, the Navy, the Coast Guard, the Army, the Treasury, the Capitol, House of Representatives and several other branches of the government.

The White House Photographers Association, organized in 1926, has a membership of about 70, and holds its members to strict accounting for any violation of a government rule or order. The association was begun primarily to obtain for the news photographers all the privileges and courtesies which were being extended to other representatives of the press.

The spirit of cooperation among the newspaper photographers is a fine evidence of the spirit of fair play and sportsmanship that pervades their ranks. In New York the Press Photographers' Association, now in existence for many years, is an organization devoted to the recognition and development of the rights and privileges of the news cameraman, and with the true fraternal spirit, will assist each other in time of need. A photographer who by chance has arrived on a story a few minutes late, or will experience difficulty with his equipment can count on the assistance of his fellow worker to get the needed picture. However, the photographer who has worked on a story alone or obtained an exclusive picture is not required to share the benefits of his scoop. The forces of initiative and resourcefulness are still given wide play, and a scoop on a story is still the desired thing.

With the fine cooperative spirit in its ranks, the agreeable, gentlemanly approach to their subjects, the kind re-

© 1937, Wide World Photos

CONSOLING DYING PANAY VICTIM

Lying amid the tall bamboo reeds on the Yangtze River bank, Sandro Sandri Italian journalist, who suffered an abdominal wound during the bombing of the United States gunboat Panay on December 12, 1937, is being comforted by Luigi Barzini, a fellow Italian newspaperman, who was also on the Panay. For hours Sandri lay there, suffering untold agonies, until aid was summoned and he was carried with 12 other wounded to Hohsien, five miles away. He died the following afternoon in Hohsien's town hospital.

© International News Photo

THE SHIP'S GOING DOWN!

A remarkable picture of the sinking of the French transport Sontay in the Mediterranean during the World War taken by Thomas Grant, an official photographer with the Allied forces in Salonica. Grant was aboard the Sontay enroute to England when the ship was struck by a torpedo fired from a German U-boat. From a lifeboat into which he had leaped in stockinged feet he made this striking shot. Several minutes later the boat sank.

© 1937, Wide World Photos

THE PANAY'S GRIM FAREWELL

The murky waters of the Yangtze slowly climb higher upon the stricken United States gunboat Panay after she had fought to the last against a squadron of Japanese bombing planes on December 12, 1937. Survivors, including many wounded, from amid tall reeds on the river bank, watched the vessel slowly sink, then disappear.

© 1937, Wide World Photos

BRAVELY ENDURES PAIN

Chief Quartermaster John Lang of the United States gunboat Panay, whose jaw was split open and suffered the loss of several teeth when hit by a shell fragment during the bombing of the ship by Japanese planes on December 12, 1937, tries to stop flow of blood while resting on improvised couch amid tall reeds of the Yangtze River Bank.

© Pictures, Inc.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Little do they know what the future holds for them as this Italian soldier bids his wife and children good-bye before sailing from Naples on the Saturnia to join his comrades in the war in Ethiopia—one of the most significant pictures taken by Joseph Caneva, Associated Press photographer, during his coverage of the African campaign.

© Robert Capa from Black Star

FALLING TO HIS DEATH

A machine gun bullet from an Insurgent trench on the Cordoba front in Spain finds its mark, and the Loyalist soldier tumbles to his death—one of the most startling pictures to come out of the Spanish war area. It was taken by Robert Capa, a photographer who had attached himself to the Loyalist forces. Capa and the soldier were in an isolated trench, separated from the main body of troops. The soldier wanted to rejoin them. He clambered out of the trench. At that instant the bullet struck him—and Capa automatically snapped his camera.

© News of the Day from International News Photos

THIS IS WAR—1937 STYLE!

The Chinese baby, bleeding and blood-splattered, cries for its parents, but they are dead, victims of the Japanese bombers which neatly dropped their eggs on the North Station at Shanghai. Hundreds of Chinese refugees were slaughtered when the planes circled the station and unloaded their cargoes of heavy explosives.

gard for the susceptibilities and feelings of the victim of misfortune, the newspaper photographer has emerged from the rough seed bed and forcing house of the early days of picture work to be a true Knight of the Camera.

From the publisher down to the reporter and cameraman on the street, a new tendency, a new feeling for the rights of the individual has sprung up to earn the respect, good-will and earnest cooperation of the public.

A recent editorial in "Editor and Publisher," the weekly Newspaper for the Makers of Newspapers, sounded the clarion call of the new spirit of today's journalism:

It read: "The press will and should defend its right to full pictorial as well as literary reporting of all public events, but it is time to pull up and reassess the value and inherent justice of reporting and photography that invades the family circle and cater to morbid and curious minds. Undoubtedly they make circulation, but if they also make intelligent readers distrust and even detest newspapers, the net result cannot be profitable."

The publisher is heeding the call, and so is the cameraman. There is no longer the need to think of the news photographer as the anonymous, half-shadowy figure who slinks and sleuths. In spite of fiction, film and fable, the cameraman today is the brave, self-reliant, respectful person of gentlemanly habits and appearance, who sacrifices health and pleasure for one attainment—service and loyalty to the press and the public.

Chapter IX.

THE WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

In peacetime, a sudden catastrophe will convulse the world with its horror—an earthquake, a flood, a fire, an explosion, a shipwreck—and the report of hundreds of lives lost will stir the placid citizens to the realization that peace has also its dangers, that life amid peace is not so secure, after all. Flaming newspaper streamers announce the event; accounts of the story fill column after column of news print; photographs of the catastrophe are sought after by the editors like priceless gems—and no expense is spared to assign the cameraman, and transmit the photograph by the fastest possible means.

"To hell with the expense," a correspondent at Managua, Nicaragua, was cabled, when the editor in New York was told that it would cost thousands of dollars to carry the pictures by plane from the earthquake-stricken area. The plane made a non-stop dash through fog and storm to land the pictures safely at a New York airport.

Within several days, the story is virtually forgotten. The good citizens go back to their placid, routine ways, and another period of time elapses before the world gets another painful jab. The newspapers fill up again with dull, routine news, and the editors bite nails, wondering where they can dig up an important enough story to warrant a front-page, three-column banner.

In wartime, the first stories and photographs of the battles sicken and revolt the readers, and then, with days passing, assume a prosaic form, so that hardened consciousnesses accept the blasting of cities and the destruction of life with but an occasional "Isn't it terrible," and then sink back to personal dimensions, its fears confined largely

to the two-cent rise in the price of prime ribs of beef and the delayed payment of the gas bill.

War pictures, at the time, have little effect. In fact, the reader, surfeited, so he thinks, with war news and scenes of troops marching, shells exploding, refugees on the march, says: "O, let up a bit with that stuff!", and turns the pages quickly to read Polly Prim's menus and the baseball scores.

Throughout the World War, though thousands of war pictures were taken, distributed, and printed, here, the readers were scarcely impressed by the brutality of the conflict. Stern censors behind the lines kept the revolting scenes safe from the public gaze. A plethora of views showing troops on the march, mothers and sisters preparing jams and knitting sweaters for the boys in the trenches, British and French and German officials conferring on this or that plan of attack, and of course, the cleverly prepared propaganda to show the bestiality of the enemy to give our entrance into the war a moral boost, deluged the press, but they were monotonous. Let's have more baseball and beauty contest pictures!

It was not until long after the conflict was ended that the world was allowed to see the uncensored stuff the war departments unhesitatingly released—and the closeups of bayonets sticking into soft flesh and severed arms and legs rotting in the sun gave the world the true meaning of war. Who made the pictures? Many were lost in the anonomity of a private or officer, and identification largely remains unsolved. Individual effort was merged with the whole; the results are the work of hundreds of cameramen, many of whom died with a bullet or shell fragment stopping them as they plunged ahead with the attacking troops, the cameras still clutched tightly in their hands.

Our own War Department has copies of war photographs for sale at the Munitions Building in Washington.

The reader can obtain a 6½ x 8½ inch contact print, a single weight, gloss finish photograph for only thirty cents. There are also enlargements from movies made in the region of Exermont, camouflaged cameras among the ruins in various battle areas and also pictures of a number of the photographers themselves. Stories in connection with their exploits? The War Department replies they have none! The photographer-soldier's duty was done. Only his unidentified work remains, and his heroism is emblazoned on the face of every photograph that is filed in the records.

At the beginning of the world war, newspaper photographers, who had hurried over from England to get the first shots of the German troops sweeping down through Belgium and those of the refugees streaming ahead of the terror, recklessly exposed themselves to danger, and there are many stories of London cameramen, secreting small cameras on their persons, sneaking through the German lines in Belgium, giving the world its first pictorial evidence of the invasion of that country. If they had been caught—well, no doubt, it would have meant the firing squad. Then the military stepped in. The photographer in mufti became the camera-armed member of the ranks, subject to the sternest discipline, and ordered what and what not to make. The photographer swung his camera in and out of a maze of orders, regulations, whizzing bullets, bursting shells—just another soldier among the millions serving God and country. Many a potential Steichen went crashing down into a gas-choked shell hole to be stilled forever—only an identification tag around his neck to remind the War Department to forward a telegram to the nearest kin.

Soldiers clambering the trench tops at the zero hour, the charge with the bayonet, the bodies littering the pitted ground after the attack, the prisoners marched back—there are hundreds of such pictures in the department's files. There is one among them, a rather blurry shot, of

a shell explosion near Sedan, France. The photographer, Lieutenant Estop, who had automatically clicked his camera, was blown to bits. Only the camera, flung to one side, was found intact. But they are not the only outstanding pictures to reveal the horrors of war.

One of the most stirring pictures to be brought back to England for publication in the early days of the war showed a Belgian woman refugee seated on the curbstone of a small town in Belgium. She is too tired to move forward. Only a few possessions she managed to save from her small farmhouse near Liege are perched beside her frail form as she bows her head in resignation to the inevitable. The nightmare of her flight is etched in the shadowy hollows of her sunken cheekbones and the lack of food and sleep in the dark circles pinching her tired eyes. A frail, helpless thing caught in the swirl of the holocaust!

Thomas Grant, an official photographer for the Allied forces in Salonica, had made hundreds of pictures around the battle lines, but the best remembered of his war shots were those taken while on his way home to England for a furlough—the torpedoing of the French transport Sontay on which he was sailing with hundreds of others, bound for a port of peace. Within four minutes, a deadly missile streaking through the waters of the Mediterranean from a German submarine had struck the vitals of the ship and sent her bottomwards.

Grant was asleep in his cabin when the crash came. He grabbed a lifebelt and made for the deck in his stockinged feet. Suddenly remembering his camera, he dashed back into his room and flung the strap of the camera case around his neck. He then made for the lifeboat to which he was allotted in "abandon ship" rehearsals, but it had already been lowered and was bobbing up and down in the high waves, far below him. He took the one chance left. The end of a dangling rope was

within a few inches of the crowded boat. He slid down, but by that time the boat was carried away, and he was left there, hanging on for dear life, his feet spinning in the swirling sea. Fortunately, another wave carried the boat toward the side of the sinking ship, and an outstretched pair of arms grabbed his legs and pulled him in.

The ship was already going down by the bow. Men hanging on to ropes and ladders were lifted higher and higher as the vessel nosed deeper into the heavy seas, and as the cries of the trapped victims, many of whom were still lined along the deck rails, rose in the misty air, Grant trained his camera on the terrible scene. One unforgettable sight was the brave captain waving his cap and shouting "Vive la France!", as the ship plunged beneath the waves.

But Grant's troubles were not over yet. The gunboat, one of a convoy of two, had gone after the submarine with depth charges, while the other was engaged in rescue work on the other side of the stricken vessel. So for what seemed an interminable age, the lifeboat was hurled from wave to wave, rapidly filling with water. The occupants worked frantically with cupped hands and headgear bailing out the water, but in spite of their efforts, the boat was steadily filling. To protect his camera, Grant covered it with his coat, as the spray from the high waves soaked him to the skin. When hope of safety went glimmering, the gunboat returned and hove to. Drawing near, a giant wave stoved in the boat against the steel hull of the rescue ship, but quick work on the part of the gunboat's crew brought aboard every member of the lifeboat. A few minutes later the lifeboat disappeared beneath the water.

Drenched through and through, cramped tightly on lower decks, with but little food and an occasional sip of coffee to assuage their thirst and hunger, the rescued were

landed at Malta, a full 24 hours after the torpedo had taken its toll.

Another tragic chapter in the World War's annals was closed. Forty-nine lives were lost when the Sontay sank; two others died aboard the gunboat. Manw of the badly injured were rushed to Malta's hospitals. Grant's photographs, later reproduced in English, French and American newspapers, revealed in no mincing terms the horror and brutality of submarine warfare. The few words: "French transport Sontay sunk in the Mediterranean by a U-boat," which was released to the press, conveyed a vague, almost meaningless picture, just another incident in the ceaseless orgy of blood-letting the world was experiencing. The photographs left an unforgettable stamp on the minds of readers everywhere. The bloody depredations of the submarines left a somersaulting sensation in the pit of the stomach.

The photographer assigned by a neutral newspaper or syndicate to cover a war embroiling other nations is up against almost insurmountable odds. The red tape which the warring nations unravel at the time is like iron fetters that hinder the slightest motion, and censorship bears down like a scourge. Every bit of film is scrutinized, and some of the best stuff secured at times amid the greatest dangers and risk of life and limb is ruthlessly scraped. We still have to see the actual battle scenes, the hand-to-hand encounters, in the Italo-Ethiopian war, the Spanish civil war, and the present raging Sino-Japanese undeclared war. Though the latter, by far, has been the most revealing.

This is what confronted Joseph Caneva, a veteran American news photographer, when he was sent by the Associated Press Photos in New York to cover the Ethiopian conflict. For weeks he had to cool his heels outside the doors of Italian officials in Rome until he could get the necessary permit to travel on to Ethiopia and join the Italian forces. And still the best picture, in the

estimation of many, is not what he secured at the fall of Makale, or other points in the Italian advance, but right in Naples before he sailed on a troopship to the scene of the war. The picture in reference shows an Italian soldier standing on the quay bidding goodbye to his wife and two children. Anguish is etched on the woman's face while she holds her baby close with the other tot perched on his shoulders, wearing his father's tropical headgear. The husband, who looks like a recent conscript from an Apenine village, grimly smiles, so obviously a mask to the emotions that is tearing his vitals before he plunges into the unknown adventure. The poor, helpless victim of a command—and one suddenly becomes repelled at the whole sickening business of war. An unimaginative censor must have let that one slip by, because the implication is so terrible, but on the face of it so casual a scene to the unthinking observer. It was fortunate, in this case, that the censor could not understand that there are more horrors to war than two foes coming to grips in a trench. And this picture proves it!

Caneva had plenty of good equipment with which to "shoot" the war. He had a 4x5 Speed Graphic with a Carl Zeiss f 4.5, 13.5 cm. lens, and an extra seven inch lens for long range work, also a 4x5 Graflex with a 17-inch telephoto lens for extra long range shots, and a plenteous supply of cut film, 150 dozen packs in all, with special tin containers holding two packs each. He landed in the troopship at Massaua, and then ten days later left for the Army base at Asmara. But he could get little assistance from the officials. He was forced to set up his own darkroom in a sheet iron barrack where he shut out the light by hanging blankets across the windows. He made a darkroom light with which to scan his films while developing by cutting out the side of a tin can, wrapping it with red paper and inserting a candle. It was a far cry from the modern darkrooms in his own syndicate back

home, but Caneva realized he was face to face with primitive conditions in a faraway world, and he did his job with the true courage of a pioneer. The heat was terrific during the day, so he was forced to do his developing at night. His most difficult problem was to secure cool water to dissolve his chemicals and rinse his negatives. He finally located a well outside the town and carried the water back to his barrack room in a discarded gasoline drum. He had to wash and rewash his films because scum clung to the emulsion. The plate holders and cameras had to be constantly cleansed of the grit and sand which seemed to choke the air. It was all backbreaking work amid enervating heat, poor food, little sleep, oppression of flies and insects—and still he was far from the battle lines!

Caneva was the only American photographer with the Italian forces on that front, and some time elapsed before he was granted the permission to accompany the troops on their southward march into the wild, rugged stretches of Ethiopia. He was the first cameraman to enter Makale, the first large Ethiopian stronghold to fall beneath the relentless sweep of Il Duce's troops. The last part of the march meant a two-day blistering hike by foot even though natives carried the heavy equipment. In spite of a wracked body, Caneva was plagued by one worry. How was he to get the negatives back to Asmara to make the necessary connections to London, and then to the United States? He realized that he had less than three days in which to return to develop his negatives, have them censored and then put aboard the London plane. Scarcely resting to sleep, and snatching a bite on the run, he made the gruelling return trip in two and one-half days. Within ten days, the first pictures of the fall of Makale were published in the United States—and was one of the greatest picture scoops in the entire Ethiopian campaign.

The developing problem in Ethiopia, one of the

world's hottest countries, was overcome in a unique way by Ladislas Farago, a photographer who represented the New York Times Wide World Photos. He cooled water from 100 degrees to 60 degrees by having his native helpers wrap bottles in wet cloths, hang them from tree boughs and swing them to and fro. He always did his developing at midnight, working under a protective gauze tent.

Covering the Civil War in Spain has been a most hazardous but not very productive, job for the news photographer. The cameramen working there have been hampered by the strictest regulations set down by both the Loyalist and Insurgent forces. As a result, very few pictures have portrayed the actual battle scenes in one of the world's most sanguinary civil wars have found release in the press. Aside from the entry of the Insurgent forces into Malaga, Bilbao and Santander, and a scattering of scenes depicting the ruins that followed the aerial bombardment of Madrid, Valencia and Almeria, there have been very few photographs to show the wide extent of the terrible destruction of lives and property that has ravaged Spain.

What has been conceded to be the most unusual photograph to come out of the war-stricken country, and which has been given wide display in newspaper and magazine, shows a Loyalist soldier falling at the instant a bullet crashes into his brain. This starkly gripping picture was taken by Robert Capa who had left Paris for Spain soon after the outbreak of the war. He and the soldier were stranded on the Cordoba front. They had been separated from the main body of Loyalist troops by a sudden charge of Insurgent forces. The soldier was intent on getting back to his comrades. As he clambered out of the trench in which they were isolated, a machine gun rattled and the soldier was hit. At that instant, Capa, who was directly behind him, automatically snapped his camera, and then fell back beside the body of his dead companion. Several

hours later, when it was dark, Capa crept across the ground to the Loyalist lines, and safety.

The war in Spain indirectly cost the life of a popular woman photographer, Fraulein Gerta Taro. Affectionately known as "La Poquena Rubia," or "the little redhead," by the Loyalist soldiers who loved her, she was injured fatally at the front last Summer when a truck swerved and struck her as she was standing on the running board of an automobile. Always clad in a pair of blue denim overalls, the 23-year-old camerawoman was a familiar figure in the Government trenches. She was able to get passes to anywhere in or behind the firing lines, and no general, no matter how busy or of how sullen a disposition, would ever refuse her to pose. The untimely death of the girl who laughed at bullets and shells was a deep blow to the hundreds of Loyalist soldiers and officers who knew her and respected her stout courage.

The slaughter of hundreds by the aerial bombs at the Place and Cathay Hotels and the Wing On and Sincere department stores in the Shanghai International Settlement have through startling newsreels and still pictures become familiarized symbols to the world of what is taking place in the Far East bath of blood. There are no words to describe the gruesome horror of the scenes—the mangled corpses outside the shattered hotel and store fronts, the removal of the bodies into trucks like so much litter, the wounded waiting for removal to the hospitals—all the sickening, wrenching sights of a war come to one of the world's most populated cities. There was no heavy hand of censorship to halt the distribution of these pictures. Taken within the Settlement confines, no Chinese or Japanese official could discard them, and they were shipped in toto to the first boat and Clipper plane to speed them on the way to the United States.

Because of the seriousness of the conflict, its extent, and its potential threat to the peace of the rest of the

world, newspaper syndicates everywhere are utilizing every means to secure the most telling pictures.

On the staffs of many of these syndicates serving them in Shanghai, Tientsin and Peiping, are to be found photographers of many nationalities, a veritable "foreign legion" of cameramen. Even well known news correspondents as James Mills of the Associated Press, and Hallett Abend and Anthony J. Billingham of the New York Times, who are as adept with their cameras as they are with their pens, have been "shooting" pictures and rushing them back to the States. Both Abend and Billingham were wounded in the bombing of the Shanghai department stores.

While accompanying a Chinese officer to the front near the North Station in Shanghai, four photographers, Eric Mayell, Arthur Menken, Rudolfo Brandt and H. S. Wong, working for American concerns, were bombed and machine-gunned by Japanese airplanes. They had a miraculous escape from death.

When the first bomb dropped, scarcely 200 yards from them, they deserted their automobile and fled into the fields. But the planes followed them, dipped low and loosed a volley from their machine guns. The men ran from the fields into a nearby dugout. Till this day they still wonder how they ever escaped being either wounded or killed.

To expedite their material home, the cameramen in the Shanghai sector chartered planes to fly over the battle ground to Hong Kong to connect with the Pan-American Clipper planes for their regular flights over the vast stretches of the Pacific. Even boats arriving at San Francisco and Victoria, British Columbia, with refugees have been contacted for the ordinary tourist's kodak shots.

The Japanese official photographs, most of which have been showing their soldiers on the march in Peiping, Tientsin and the far-flung North China area of operations,

have been coming into this country by the scores. Every airmail from the Orient brings in a fresh shipment—but, of course, they tend to show but fragmentary details of what is actually taking place there, and then only to reveal the Japanese in the most favorable light. The Chinese propaganda machine creaks along far behind that of their enemy's, and few, if any, pictures have been seen here stamped with their official release.

An incident showing how the Japanese resent any outsider's attempt to picturise their movements, took place in Peiping shortly after the start of the undeclared war. Sheridan Fahnestock, a young American on a round-the-world cruise, was beaten over the head by Japanese soldiers when he attempted to take pictures of a cheering crowd of Japanese civilians and soldiers outside the Italian Embassy. On the same day, Bonny Powell, an American newsreel photographer, was shoved around and threatened with bodily harm when he focused his camera on a motorized column of Japanese troops.

An amusing sidelight of Japanese hostility took place a few days later also at Peiping when a dozen United States Marines on the boundary of the Marine Corps Compound started firing away with their cameras at a column of Japanese infantry marching past. A Nippon officer stopped his car and demanded that the Marines stop taking pictures, but they kept right on clicking their shutters. The Japanese officer fumed. Finally realizing that he could do nothing then (except, perhaps, start another international complication), he stalked back to his car, summoned staff photographers attached to his own army, and ordered them to remain taking pictures of the Marines. Let's hope the Japanese War Office doesn't dig up that picture of the "shooting" Marines as a casus belli!

The world has now seen the full horror of a civilian population mercilessly shattered and torn by the implements of modern warfare. In Shanghai, Nanking, Dessye, Al-

meria and Madrid, the ravages of long range guns and bombing planes have taken their toll of innocent men, women and children. Photographs, more than words, have brought home the lesson, and all the implications, of what modern warfare means. Risking death amid the shambles of destruction, the war photographer is delivering a powerful message of truth—a horrifying one, nevertheless—but one that should rout the glorifiers of war. His camera is a magnificent weapon for peace!

Chapter X.

THE WOMAN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

There was a day when the male news photographer sniffed scornfully when told that it was possible that the woman with the camera would match wits—and plate for plate, picture for picture—with the man firmly entrenched in the profession. Humph! Woman? Impossible! The job was too risky, too dangerous. Reporters once made kindred statements. They were mistaken, too. Women photographers are edging in, overcoming all objections, belieing the popular illusion as to their frailty, lack of nimbleness in covering a spot news assignment, inability to handle weighty equipment.

Slender Margaret Bourke-White, photographer-extraordinary, has climbed narrow steel girders hundreds of feet above the street pavement, plunged into the gaseous bowels of coal mines, leaped from log to log in swirling currents to snap hardy Canadian woodsmen; 18-year-old Harriet Platnick, of Hempstead, Long Island, crashes through police and fire lines, scales walls and fords streams, to get news pictures of crimes, accidents, forest fires, train wrecks; a 23-year-old wisp of a girl, with a thick mass of tousled brown hair and dancing blue eyes, Miss Mary Louise Morris is a member of the Associated Press Features staff, and daily fares forth with camera slung over her shoulder to cover every variety of news and feature story. There are scores of girl photographers scattered throughout the country whose news pictures have been accepted readily by newspapers and syndicates. Frail? Well, they may be slender, but they've got the wiry firmness of fine steel to withstand any sort of rigor and trial. Lack of nimbleness? One look at Miss Bourke-White on

the job, and you have the apotheosis of the fastest action this side of Glenn Cunningham's burst of speed across the finish line. Inability to handle equipment? A glance at Miss Platnick firing away plate after plate, at a crime or fire scene, and you will reappraise your woman photographer with a new value and consideration of her merits. The woman with the camera has really come to stay!

It was a case of dogged perseverance, determination, and a virtue of completing a job once she started it, that brought Margaret Bourke-White the remarkable success she has attained as a photographer.

Her early years were spent studying and playing with strange pets: turtles, caterpillars and reptiles, including a baby boa constrictor. Her father was a naturalist, and the fondness for the wonders of the universe was her heritage. She studied Natural History in high school. Her first interest in the camera started at Columbia University when she took an amateurish course in photography, chiefly for credits. Then followed several years at the University of Michigan where she studied biology and herpetology, a branch of zoology that treats of reptiles and amphibians. Lack of finances forced her to seek a position at the end of two years. A job at the Natural History Museum in Cleveland for a year enabled her to save enough money to go back to college, this time, to Cornell University, where she entered the senior class. She was determined to finish her college education. But she again needed more money to finish her course. So she turned to photography as a means to pay her way through. She took pictures of the students and campus life, and sold many of them. She employed student salesmen, and her photographs gained instant popularity.

During her Spring vacation, she stuffed a number of her outstanding pictures into a portfolio, and came to New York. She visited the office of a well-known architect. Among the pictures she carried were a number showing

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BEATEN TO DEATH

A horrible moment snapped by the ever-vigilant cameraman as a striker armed with baseball bat attacks a prostrate business man during the truckmen's strike in Minneapolis, Minn., in 1934. The victim later died from the effects of the blows.

© Acme Newspapers

"NOT IN THE LINE OF DUTY"

But one of New York's finest believes it's all in the day's work to fill a cup with water and fed a helpless sparrow perched on a building ledge.

campus buildings. She was keenly interested in photographing structures. The attraction of steel girders and masonry was to prove a valuable asset for her in the coming years.

The architect was in a hurry to catch a train. Sorry, but he could not see Miss Bourke-White. The persistent young lady tagged him as he was leaving. He simply must take one look at them. The architect capitulated. All right, just one minute, then. He took one glance at the photographs and then called the young lady into his office. Members of his staff were summoned. It was the turning point in her life. She knew then and there that photography was to be her life work.

After graduation, she returned to Cleveland, and established herself in a small apartment, converting it into developing, printing and reception rooms. In the beginning it was a struggle, but her fine work soon attracted attention. Architects handed her plenty of assignments. One fine interior of a bank building won her an introduction to a president of a steel company. It was the opportunity she was long waiting for. She had her heart set on making an interior of a steel mill: the huge cranes, ladles, the dazzling splutter of molten steel, the iron-muscled, broad-chested workers, stripped to the waist, facing the open furnace doors, handling the ingots and bars, blinding with their white-heat, with the ease of a child playing with a ball. She asked the executive's permission to make the photographs. He complied, and off to Europe he went, while the slim girl day after day, and night after night, faced the terrific heat and clatter to make dozens of shots. Many she threw into the wastebasket. She was not satisfied until she had made what she thought was the perfect set of pictures. When the steel president returned, he took but one glance at the photographs, shouted a cry of delight, and ordered a dozen at $100 apiece for a privately printed book.

It marked the beginning of an active and highly suc-

cessful career. She was given the highest recommendations; industry in all parts of the country sought her services. Then in 1929 came an offer from Fortune magazine to join its staff. She accepted, and came to New York, where she also opened a studio to do commercial work.

Her position with the magazine embarked her on exciting and colorful career; every moment was charged with thrill and action. She covered industrial news subjects with the fidelity of a newsman "shooting" a fire or accident. In the summer of 1930 she was sent to Germany to make a series of photographs of the country's immense industries, starting with the shipping docks at Hamburg and continuing on through the network of plants closely grouped in the Ruhr Valley. But her heart was set on going to Russia. The great social experiment going on there intrigued her. After waiting a while for her visa, she departed for Moscow, and within several days, found herself a welcomed guest of the Soviet government, at will to travel the breadth and length of the country. She brought back a wealth of photographs, many of which were reproduced in her splendid book, "Eyes on Russia," and others in the newspaper rotogravure sections. Her name immediately leaped into front-page fame. It was startling, fantastic! A woman had dared invade that strange, mysterious land, where untold dangers threatened, and came back with a set of photographs which were so bold, so revelatory of the new state in a process of reconstruction. It was NEWS, big NEWS!

But Miss Bourke-White was not content to sit back and rest with the adulations of an admiring public and press pouring in. She yearned for new adventures. She packed her cameras, and off she went on an assignment to cover the drought areas. From Nebraska she flew to Texas, and back. She would arise at four o'clock in the morning, work for seven or eight hours, pack her equip-

ment, and off again she would go by plane to a new location. She realized it was a news assignment, so she would hurry through her job, and fly back to New York with her negatives in order to make the magazine's deadline.

Hardly a breathing spell, and she was off again, this time to cover the yacht races for the America's Cup off Newport, Rhode Island.

It was while covering this assignment that she had a narrow escape from drowning. She had hired a motorboat to get some unusual angle of the Vanderbilt craft. While making a sharp turn, Miss Bourke-White, who had run forward to get a shot she wanted, tripped and fell into the water, still clutching the camera. While she floundered about, never letting go of the camera, her own skipper and the crew of the Vanderbilt yacht headed for her and fished her out. She never even thought of how near death she was; her only regrets were that the camera was soaked and ruined, and immediately returned to Newport to get another camera to resume her work. The job must go on!

The incident is typical of this young woman, who never gives a thought to self, but doggedly carries on, never tiring, never flagging in spirits, with but one desire uppermost in her mind, and that is to get only the best possible pictures.

She made two more trips to the Soviet Union, and brought back more unusual photographs and two movie travelogues.

Nothing apparently has deterred this amazing woman photographer from seeking and finding the most unusual and out-of-the-way places with which to add to her pictorial masterpieces. She has gone a thousand feet down into the bowels of the earth to make a series on coal mining, where she walked and crawled through muck and dirt and pools of water to get her pictures, and came staggering out into the sunlight, her face scratched, her clothes torn, and her hands and face as black as that of any coal

miner's. Her only concern was that her camera and plates were intact. Again she has gone along skeleton girders a thousand feet above the city pavements to make some unusual angles of a skyscraper. And traveled a thousand and more miles into the Canadian wilds to get a breaking up of a log jam in the Spring. In the early part of 1936 she flew to South America and made a series of photographs of coffee growing in the interior of Brazil.

But more and more, as evidenced by the work she has done, her interest turned from the early years of "staged" photographs of commercial work to pictures close to life. She felt drama pulsating in the things happening throughout the world. She felt that she could not afford to miss any of it with her camera. So she has gone on recording more and more of the things which can be considered news. And withal, she deemed it her purpose and goal to interpret these stirring things of life with a fresh meaning and outlook. She sees a meaning and a purpose —and a story—in the most humble person and object. Because of this increasing interest in the factual world, she came in the fall of 1936 as an "editorial photographer" to Life magazine. She has been on their staff ever since, where her indefatigable efforts have been crowned with new successes. She is establishing herself as a news photographer-extraordinary.

It may be of interest to note the fine photographic equipment Miss Bourke-White has available for covering her assignments. She has the following cameras: a 3¼ x4¼ Linhof, with which she uses two Tessar lenses, one an f4.5 with a 13.5 cm. focus, and the other also an f4.5 with a 15 cm. focus, an Angulon f6.8, 9 cm. lens, a Telexenar f5.5, 27 cm. lens, and a Tessar f6.3, 18 cm. lens; a 3x4 R. B. Auto Graflex with an f4.5 Kodak Anastigmat lens, of 7 inch focus; a Soho Reflex, Tropical Model, camera, with which she uses a Zeiss Tessar f3.5, 13.5 cm. lens and a Cook, Series X, 162 mm. lens; a Fairchild

Aero Camera, Model F8, with a Schneider Xenar f4.5, 24 cm. lens, and a Super Ikonta A camera. She also uses a Contax for candid camera studies and a 5x7 View Camera for special studies, particularly with photomural work in mind.

Crack photographer, picture editor and art director—all three—each a man's job in itself—are embodied in the slim, dashing form of 30-year-old Miss Jackie Martin, of the Washington, D. C., Herald, said to be the only woman picture editor of a metropolitan daily in the United States.

Any day of the week will find this tireless, vivacious woman buried deep in a stack of pictures, selecting for the daily and Sunday pages, turning now and again to hand out an assignment to one of her staff of able news cameramen. Pausing for a few moments, she will toy with a brilliant idea that has suddenly entered her mind, and off she will go with miniature camera to the Capitol building to make an unusual series of news photographs. On her return she will fling herself once more into the tornadic-speed of selecting, making up the picture page, and assigning, only interrupting her work to hurry into the darkroom to supervise the printing of the pictures or make suggestions regarding the cropping and enlarging of the prints. The day over does not mean that her work is done—for she will hie to a night society function to get an exclusive layout of pictures. Her ambition is to fill the Herald with the most distinctive news and feature pictures, and she is succeeding.

A very determined young woman is Miss Martin. And always has been. Ever since she left Eastern High School in Washington, her life has been a succession of swift, colorful experiences.

At Syracuse University where she entered on a scholarship, she covered her expenses by shining shoes and waiting on tables. But the financial struggle was a bit too keen for her, and she was forced to leave at the end

of the freshman year. The temporary halt in an ambition only spurred her on to attain greater ends in the outside world. She secured a position as a woman's sports editor of the Washington Times, then later went over to the Underwood and Underwood news service as society editor. While there, photography became an obsession. She studied day and night, asked a hundred and one questions of the news cameramen she trailed here and there, and finally became so experienced in handling the camera that she asked for, and received, a job as news photographer with the, then, Washington Times Herald. She covered the fire, crime, accident and other news stories as ably as any of the male photographers on the paper.

While on the Times Herald she accepted an offer to become publicity director and auditorium manager of the Arcadia, Washington's "Madison Square Garden." Then the newspaper world lured her back once more, and she joined the Herald as assistant society editor. A short period in that position, and then over to the Washington News as feature writer, followed by a return to the Herald where within six weeks she became its picture editor.

From the outset she was determined to make its photographic staff one of the best in the country, and sought the latest improvements in darkroom technique. It meant many a stiff battle with the business department, but she won out. Today the Herald has few rivals in the complete modernization of its photographic layout. On her staff are two assistants, eight photographers, six artists and several darkroom men.

During her seven years tenure with the Herald as picture editor and art director, she has gone out constantly with her camera to bring in many notable picture scoops, and even found time to make a trip to Europe to study newspaper pohtographic methods in Copenhagen, Paris

and London, bringing back with her many ideas which she incorporated into her work here.

While in England a member of the Royal Photographic Society was so impressed with her work that she was proposed for membership. In 1936, shortly after she became an Associate, two of her photographs were selected for display at the Society's annual exhibition, an honor few women have achieved.

Miss Martin has the daring and fearlessness of the male news photographer. During the funeral services held for the late Speaker Byrns in the House of Representatives when no cameramen were allowed in, she managed to get in and obtain an exclusive shot which appeared in the Herald the following day for an eight-column spread.

Two years ago, at the opening of Congress, she made the only picture of the Cabinet members listening to the President's address, taken with her Contax from the press box where the camera boys were barred. A year later, when the President appeared again to make his address, Miss Martin attempted to duplicate her feat, but she was discovered and ejected. But a few minutes later she was back in a lower tier after scaling a rail, and startled the rival picture editors the following day with another Herald reproduction of the similar scene.

All during the Democratic Convention sessions in Philadelphia in 1936 her remarkable pictures of the leaders and delegates filled page after page in her paper. A never-to-be-forgotten scene took place at the social dinner given by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, preceding the formal opening of the Convention. Delegates looked on with amazement as Miss Martin, smartly gowned in a latest Paris creation, swept through the ballroom, followed by a tall State Trooper, carrying her camera case. She literally "stole the show." While all eyes were focused on this stunningly attired woman, she, unconcernedly,

shot picture after picture of the party leaders assembled there, obtaining an exclusive layout.

Miss Martin does most of her work—when she breaks away from her desk—with Leica, Contax and Speed Graphic. The largest part of her work during the past four years has been with a Contax with a Sonnar f:1.5 lens, but recently bought a Leica, also with an f:1.5 lens, and she is getting splendid results with that camera as well.

Just recently, News Week magazine carried a page of pictures she took of Supreme Court Justice Van Devanter, who had resigned, and Town and Country, a popular sophisticated monthly, had a three page layout of hers on a party given in Washington for Doris Duke, the nation's wealthiest heiress.

Though her enthusiasm lies in the miniature camera field, her "boys" on the staff prefer the Speed Graphic. But Miss Martin does not split hairs with their judgment. She firmly believes that both types of cameras have their essential uses on a metropolitan daily. The invaluable combination of candid camera (the Herald has five of them), and the Speed Graphic are bringing in results—and that is Miss Martin's sole desideratum.

At the present time Miss Martin is building a model, air-conditioned candid-camera darkroom in the Herald building, which, when finished, will be dedicated by Mrs. Roosevelt. She already has built one in her own home.

This amazing young woman is setting a pace in picture editing and news photography which is fast outstripping many a male competitor.

Only 23 years of age, Miss Mary Louise Morris is already making quite a name for herself as a news photographer. In a little more than a year on the staff of the Associated Press Feature Service in New York, she has accumulated several nice scoops, and many interesting experiences. She largely goes after the news feature subjects, and frequently makes a series of photographs for

the picture page which the syndicate produces each week.

In the beginning she was quite taken aback as the recurrent question popped at her: "Are you REALLY a news photographer?" It seemed incredible that the short, slim lass—and so pretty—could really be one of the army of camera bearers so long known to the public as seasoned, hardy fellows, most of them in the late twenties or early thirties. The persons she was about to "shoot" often twitted her as she asked them to pose. "Now, really, stop spoofing," they would say. "That fellow there (they pointed to the male reporter who accompanied her to get the story), must be the cameraman, not you. Now start your questions." And it took a lot of convincing to make her subjects realize that she was all in earnest.

However, Miss Morris is now quite a veteran at pressing the button and pulling the flashes. She is no longer nervous or abashed, and before anyone she is photographing has a chance to fling a challenge, she has already made her picture.

Long before she had graduated from Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, Miss Morris had tinkered with a camera. At the age of eight she handled a Brownie with proficiency, and later in her 'teens bought a simple Eastman and went off to England to make a very interesting set of photographs. She knew then and there that photography was her forte, and set about to learn more of the technical knowledge required in handling one of the more intricate machines. At first she wanted to take up reporting, but then decided that her camera would enable her to cover the news she was after with greater facility. She was unusually picture-minded. She was especially interested in the workaday world, in people around her, in the expressions on their faces, and the movements of their hands and bodies.

It was with a bit of trepidation that she sought a job on the Associated Press Feature service—but one look at

the work she offered, and the editor said the position was hers. But it was no easy sailing. Plenty of hard work, sufferance of sly jibes from her fellow workers—but she tightened her lips, and went on, with success from the start.

Since her work is more on the feature side of news, she has more time to think and plan, and carefully figures out what she is going to "shoot." She has plenty of time to plan her attack, for she makes appointments in advance with the persons she is to photograph.

"This sort of thinking must be done," she says, "if photographs are to have more meaning and sincerity than the wholly "gotten up," "knock your eye out" stunt pictures which so many people are going after these days."

She never resorts to feminine wiles to induce help from her fellow-photographers. She makes them feel that she is just another one of the "boys", and in this way, has earned their camaraderie and respect. She proved to be a darn good scout when she was assigned to get a series of intimate studies of John L. Lewis, the labor leader, when he was taking part in a bituminous coal conference to regulate hours and wages in the industry held at the Hotel Biltmore in New York the winter of 1937.

The only pictures she could get in the beginning—or anyone else, for that matter—were the routine shots of him entering and leaving the lobby elevator. Nothing doing on any other pictures, the photographers were told. No pictures during the conference, and no pictures, before or after. And the reporters were given the same cold shoulder in regard to news.

Several of the reporters thought of a swell stunt. There was a tiny anteroom leading off the main meeting room. They wanted to hide there and overhear the conference talk. But—and there was the rub—the door leading into the room was always kept open. Now if Miss Morris could just with some excuse get into the main

room, edge near the door, and close it—why, that would be great! Miss Morris quickly thought of a plan. Easy! She would enter the room just as the conferees sat down and start searching around as if she lost something. The plan worked. The "lost something" was a flash bulb, and she kept nearing the door, the meanwhile searching here and there for the "lost bulb." The delegates promptly offered their services in the search, and they were soon down on hands and knees looking under tables and chairs. Pretending that it might be behind the door, Miss Morris innocently closed it. And then turned around: "Sorry, gentlemen, I must have lost it elsewhere." Her tone was a sorrowful one. The delightful interlude of trying to help a damsel in distress must have so bewildered them that no one even thought of the closed door. And the conference went on, with two pairs of ears glued to the other side of the door, taking in all that they said.

The grand favor was to be reciprocated the following day when Mr. Lewis startlingly announced to a group of reporters begging him for a statement that he would only be interviewed by one man—one to whom he had made a promise some time back. It proved to be one of the two men who were in the anteroom the preceding day.

Miss Morris saw her chance. "Say, old pal," she nudged the lucky reporter, "remember that stunt yesterday." But she did not even have to ask. The reporter dragged her into the room where Mr. Lewis lounged, and introduced the girl photographer to the gruff, affable labor leader. Sure, Miss Morris could have all the pictures she wanted. They were the only layout of intimate studies made during Mr. Lewis's stay in the city.

Miss Morris uses a Rolleiflex camera a large part of the time, usually with one or more flashbulbs placed in standing reflectors, and synchronized with a Mendelsohn flashgun. She also has a Contax and a Soho reflex camera which she uses occasionally.

Ever since she was a babe in arms, Miss Harriet Platnick, 18-year-old news photographer of Hempstead, Long Island, has heard the parlance of cameras, plates, bulbs, speed guns and all the "shop talk" daily expressed by news cameramen. Her father, Samuel Platnick, a veteran news gatherer with the camera, has operated a studio in their home town for more than fifteen years. Her brother is also an experienced news photographer. Therefore she got used to handling cameras ever since she has learned to walk.

At ten, she owned her own Brownie camera and was successful in developing and printing her own work. At fifteen, armed with a 4x5 Speed Graphic, equipped with a Carl Zeiss Tessar f4.5 lens and a Mendelsohn speedgun, which was in a sad condition after being passed down from her father to her brother to herself, she took her first news pictures. It was an auto accident in which two were killed and others dying. Pretty bloody. She nearly quit, but thought it over, gritted her teeth and decided if she was to maintain her livelihood with a camera, she had to take the bad with the good, the pretty with the pretty horrible.

Her contacts with New York newspapers began through her father. He had wide acquaintances among picture editors, and at first when the assignments came in, he would send her out to cover the story, providing there was to be no rush and excitement.

She would cover the assignments and her plates would go in to her father's outfits under his name. Of course, this was only after many months of careful schooling under the watchful eyes of both her father and brother. With them she would work shoulder to shoulder making plate after plate, and by comparing results, she was able to improve her work. Finally, word leaked out that Mr. Platnick had a daughter who was responsible for many of the shots coming in from Long Island.

Some of the editors resented that fact. The idea of a girl taking straight news photographs, did not somehow, fit into the scheme of their daily lives. Now they are, or almost are, over it.

Like the girl photographer of the Associated Press, Miss Platnick has become quite used to hearing people say: "Look, that's a girl taking those pictures," with an incredulous tone of voice that seems to indicate that a lens could not possibly work in conjunction with skirts and a pair of silk stockings.

Miss Platnick also believes in never asking for, nor taking for granted an special favor because of her sex. She has never asked for easy assignments. If the job calls for scaling the side of a building for an altitude shot, then up she goes. If she has to row half way across Long Island Sound and argue her way on board a yacht and forcible ducking at the hands of an irate crew to get a shot of a Europe-bound millionaire, then she hires a boat and shoves off.

There was that incident in 1936 when the Baroness Eza von Blixen Finecke, who planned to fly the Atlantic, was left behind by her pilot. The Baroness went into deep seclusion. The papers wanted pictures, but the Baroness said no in her exclusive retreat at the Hickville Aviation Country Club. There was a ring of cameramen at the gate, so Miss Platnick left her camera in her car, and strolled past the gate and tried to put on that "swanky" look. She insisted to the doorman that she had an appointment with the Baroness and that if he would take her card in the Baroness would see her. This he did. The Baroness appeared but said that she didn't recall ever having an appointment. Finally, the Baroness consented to pose for a picture. Miss Platnick "just-one-more'd" her into a complete layout.

There was another time up in Lettingtown, Long Island. J. P. Morgan was sailing in a few days for

Europe. The Sunday previous, he attended church at St. John's, and it was a pretty general assignment. As J. P. entered church, he covered up with a big top hat. On the way out, Miss Platnick was waiting, and she made a six-foot closeup shot of him in a crowd which prevented him from escaping. As they reached the end of the walk, the financier began to swing his cane perilously close over the heads of a few photographers and quite close to her, but she got the picture. Miss Platnick honestly believes that the grand mogul of finance actually smiled when he saw her there.

Daily, Miss Platnick receives the so-called "tips" from State Troopers, police and other individuals from all over the island.

Remember those first pictures of Dick Merrill and Jack Lambie tuning up their plane just before hopping to London and back? The girl photographer had the good fortune to get a good break on that story from a State Trooper who happened by the Farmingdale Airport, and noticing the work going on, phoned her. Dick and Jack were more than surprised when she asked them to pose for a layout of pictures.

At another time, Jack Dempsey, the fighter carried her camera case all over the beach while she was taking pictures of orphans at the beach.

The Hempstead miss contacts the newspaper offices in the usual manner. A phone call to the picture or city desk, a description of the picture, a dash to the darkroom to take the films from the holders and wrap them in light-proof paper and insert in an empty 4x5 box; then into her car she goes to the nearest station, finds a trainman to take the package to New York, gives him a few hurried instructions, and then on another phone calls the newspaper or syndicate desk advising the time of arrival, and they have a messenger pick up the package.

For her equipment, Miss Platnick still carries a Speed Graphic, but this time a new one. She also uses a candid camera, a Zeiss Ikonta, with a Kalart Speedgun. She has her own car, which is equipped with a case of bulbs, tripod, changing bag, panchromatic films, rubber boots for wet assignments, dry clothes in case of a spill, and other odds and ends which go to make up a complete outfit.

At nights the wisp of a lass listens closely in on the local police radio station WPGS. It frequently happens that a number of signal 10's will follow each other in quick succession (they are accident code calls), and Miss Platnick will dash to each scene, covering each one rapidly and thoroughly, so as not to be beaten by rivals.

That's the life of a girl photographer—only eighteen years of age!

Now who can say, in all fairness, that the girl photographer cannot cover the news?

Chapter XI.

THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER GETS THE PICTURE!

By Charles H. McLaughlin
(McLaughlin Aerial Surveys, Inc.)

News-Photography-from-the-Air can hardly be called a definite profession. It is just one of many branches of aerial photography, but when there is something sensational to be covered it can be very exciting.

We might divide it into two general classes: spread news and spot news. For the former, the pictures must be outstanding and of more than ordinarily good quality; they should be unusual pictures of subjects that have a lasting interest with the general public. As these pictures can be used at anytime, they are for the most part carried in either the rotogravure or second news sections. The latter, i.e., spot news, covers events of immediate and unusual interest, the forest fire, flood, explosion, the sport event, etcetra. As it is difficult in many instances to get very close to the scene for some of these pictures because of conditions presenting themselves, the pictures must be shot as well as possible under the circumstances and then rushed to the paper which is usually holding up an edition for them.

Sometimes, as in the case of the arrival of the liner Normandie after her maiden voyage, the work is a combination of both these classes.

Therefore, when we received an assignment to cover the Normandie's arrival we had to plan our flight in order to get exceptional views and at the same time make certain

© McLaughlin Aerial Surveys, Inc.

A SEA QUEEN AND HER PAGE-BOYS!

Escorting the majestic liner Normandie up the North River to her royal berth, the tiny tugs skim the water in white-foamed excitement—an interesting spectacle taken by the aerial photographer who waited for the exact moment when the wind died down allowing the Normandie's smoke to plume straight upward instead of across her bows. It was a long wait from the time she left Quarantine—but the picture was worth it!

© McLaughlin Aerial Surveys, Inc.

CLOUDS OVER MANHATTAN

The aerial photographer on the way home from a Connecticut assignment glimpsed the skyscrapers of Manhattan through a rift in the sea of clouds, 12,000 feet up, and snapped this interesting shot of cumulus and tiny blocks of steel and stone.

By Thomas McAvoy, courtesy TIME, Inc.

"Now let me look this over——"

THE CANDID CAMERA INVADES THE WHITE HOUSE

When Thomas Dowell McAvoy was assigned to get pictures of the signing of the Brazilian Trade Agreement at the White House in 1935 he resolved to get something different than the other cameramen. Unobserved, he quietly pressed the button of his miniature camera twenty times—and here are some of his results. It was the first complete candid camera study of the President in an official capacity.

By Thomas McAvoy, courtesy TIME, Inc.

"How's Brazil?"

that they were received by the newspaper in the shortest possible time.

Rather than use our regular plane, we chose an autogyro for the reason that when a well-heralded event takes place such as this one, there are many planes in the air and all of them circling the subject at the same time. The procedure followed is that everyone flies in a right circle and as they come around into position they shoot a picture and circle for another, but each photographer must wait his turn. This results often in the best view being available only to the ones fortunate enough to be in position when the subject presents itself for a good picture.

With the autogyro we were not obliged to fly the circle. We pulled the nose up and throttled the motor to a speed about equal to the Normandie's and hugged her close while waiting for the view we wanted. The day was a bit windy and there was a downdraft on occasions which carried the smoke from the Normandie's stacks down across the forward decks frequently obscuring the bow completely. Still we didn't shoot. Competition in the air was keen, and we realized we would have to get the one outstanding shot to have it published.

We therefore bided our time. The big ship had already passed the Statue of Liberty and was getting on past the tip of Manhattan. There was the picture—the ship and the cluster of skyscrapers—but to our dismay, the smoke was still being blown downward or forward. Suddenly about the time she was passing the Holland Tunnel the wind subsided and the smoke plumed directly up for some hundreds of feet. Two quick shots! We had what we wanted and again the smoke came down.

It takes a new liner coming into New York more time than usual because of a two or three hour wait at Quarantine and its slow progress up the Hudson River. Therefore, instead of waiting until the ship was finally berthed at her pier, we landed at Miller Field on Staten Island

and met a motorcycle messenger from a picture syndicate who took the films we had exposed in the lower bay and at Quarantine. He rushed these back to his office.

Off we were again on our flight and we returned to make some more shots of the liner slowly churning the river. After getting what we wanted of these and the skyscrapers of New York as a background we made a quick flight to Jersey City Airport, delivered the plates to a second messenger, and then rushed back in time to catch the liner docking. We then landed at North Beach on Long Island and sent a third batch of film on its way. We then returned to Roosevelt Field where the autogyro was stored. What a thrill on returning to the city to find the front pages displaying pictures carrying our credit line!

Spot news work comes up suddenly. It is seldom that we get an opportunity to make any plans. An early morning call!—the Akron crashes; the Morro Castle burns; the Lindbergh baby is kidnapped; a big flood—get pictures! Get anything, but get it quick! Frequently there is fog, rain, snow or it is not yet daylight. But we take off if we have a fifty-fifty chance!

We have our bad breaks, too. When the big floods swept Johnstown and Pittsburgh in 1936 we couldn't get through until the flood was old news.

During the big flood at Hartford, Connecticut, a few years ago we were more fortunate in getting pictures promptly and making all editions for the newspaper who had chartered us.

When the Lindbergh kidnapping story broke, we could do nothing but get views of the house, the police cars, or the crowds nearby. Every ground photographer was getting them too, so we tried something different. At the time there was talk of the baby still being in the neighborhood. We therefore climbed up to 12,000 feet and shot comprehensive photographs of that whole section of New

Jersey. We submitted the group to the papers and they all used them. Their artists put a white ring around the house and suggested possible routes for searching parties to take through the Sourland Range of mountains. Not many hours after the pictures were published we received calls from the police requesting prints for studying the topography and guiding the searching parties.

Very often when we are up on a commercial job and there is no news work to be done we either look for or create news. By making news I do not mean that we distort or falsify. It is simply finding something there that on first glance did not exist.

For instance, one day while taking pictures over Connecticut so many clouds blew in that I could not complete my work and had to return. When such a thing happens one naturally loses a certain amount of money for cross-country flying and we had already been on that same job twice before. It was disheartening. I was anxious to retrieve some of the losses, so we climbed up through the clouds and watched for an interesting opening. In flying south over Manhattan Island, we managed to get eight or ten beautiful shots of the city through the clouds. We developed them and took them to the papers and the rotogravure sections grabbed them right up. So did a number of magazine editors and to our delight we did a lot better than break even on the day's work.

Very often when flying cross country under more favorable conditions many interesting subjects present themselves, and always with rotogravure in mind we try to get several views that are both interesting and beautiful.

There is more than just an airplane and camera required in the making of aerial photographs. Different types of work call for changes in cameras, wearing apparel and grades of film.

During the summer one can wear most anything in a cabin plane, and if flying an open job a helmet and goggles

are necessary accessories. During the winter months and especially on clear, cold days there is no clothing too warm. Sheepskin-lined flying suit, helmet and mocassins, and a pair of leather mittens with wool or fur lining are standard equipment. Putting them on in a warm place adds to one's comfort when aloft as no cold air gets in once they are fastened.

There are two types of aerial cameras for news work. One is adapted to roll film and the other to cut film or plates. The former is preferable when many pictures must be taken in rapid succession. Its drawback is the length of time required for developing and drying the film. In news work this is often a distinct handicap. However, there are many features in its favor as being able to carry enough film for several hundreds of shots and only having to load the camera after each hundred exposures. Until very recently the roll film has been faster and of better quality than cut film or plates.

The smaller cameras are usually equipped with magazines for either plates or cut film, and while they do not usually compare with the roll film in quality, they can be handled very much faster. A motorcycle can rush a magazine from the airport to the newspaper or syndicate and in little time the films are developed and printed, while if only a few shots are made on a roll the camera must be taken to the darkroom so the exposed film can be cut from the roll sealed in a container and then sent to the laboratory for developing. This greatly delays the dispatching of the prints to the newspaper or syndicate.

In aerial work filters are extremely important. One chief reason for this is that as soon as you are more than three or four hundred feet above the earth you encounter blue haze, and the higher you go the denser the haze, so naturally a denser filter is required to cut it. For low flying I recommend an "Aero 1" filter which cuts a certain amount of blue haze but also softens white objects

Chapter XII.

THE PUBLICITY MAN GETS THE PICTURE!

By Hamilton Wright, Jr.
(Hamilton Wright Publicity Organization)
New York City

(Mr. Wright has had published many thousands of publicity pictures in newspapers and magazines throughout the world during his 18 years as a publicity executive. His organization headed by Hamilton Wright, Sr. and the author's three brothers enjoy an enviable reputation in publicity circles. It specializes in pictorial publicity and represents many foreign governments, resorts, universities and great industrial corporations.)

Every outstanding personality on earth was made outstanding with the help of news publicity. News publicity can make or break any man. Daily it controls the theatrical box office, the flow of business at resorts, the elections, the sports events, the popularity of social luminaries, reactions pro or con to Government decisions, crusades and campaigns of every conceivable nature.

Well directed publicity can saturate public opinion like the Flood. Poor publicity?—well, if it's poor you never know the difference because it just isn't. Thanks to journalistic standards today editors are the bull dogs for press agents. Poor ideas hit an editor's waste paper basket with a sickening thud. An idea has got to click or it doesn't get into print. An idea today must be sound, constructive, interesting.

Pictures in modern publicity today is still in a sadly developed stage. The written word is 100% more per-

fected in the realms of publicity than emulsionized ideas. I don't mean that publicity pictures are not mechanically perfect. Far from it. Exposure, timing, and printing are as a rule excellent. Indeed, I'd say that 60% of the photographers who take publicity pictures are top notch men. But—out of every 100 publicity photographs you won't find three that can create news. And herein lies the key to success in pictorial publicity. What you need is an idea. And you have to know what is essential in a picture to carry that idea across. Remember, pictures don't lie. The camera sees everything—all your faults or all your good points. Every picture should tell a story. A perfect publicity picture needs little or no caption writing —it sells itself.

I have an idea for a publicity picture. I've had it for two years, and I've never used it. I'll pass it along, and the first press agent who uses it will, I guarantee, get it published in every third newspaper and magazine in the country. It's an idea for some winter resort. There isn't much left in winter resorts that hasn't been published. Editors are submitted the same humdrum pictures every season—skiing, jumping, skating, personalities, etc. What's left? Nothing! You've got to manufacture it. In order to get the name of the resort published in hundreds of newspapers you've got to give the papers a picture containing so much dynamic and interesting material that they'll gladly publish your picture. Here's the idea. Ten men skiing through the air simultaneously in line formation! Impossible? Almost! In order to get this picture you would have to search for a hill with a projecting slope a la ski-jump. Let's assume you can't find it. Then get a team of horses, a half dozen men and build it. You can't find ten ski-jumpers? Then bring them up from the city —or from a nearby ski club. They won't come? Then pay them. They can't jump together? Then train them.

They don't do it right? Then do it again next week. And keep after it until you get them.

But getting this alone is using an idea for only 50% of its possible value. How much nicer it woud be to have these ten boys sailing over the heads of a mixed group of winter vacationists relaxing for a moment during a snowshoe hike. Imagine them nonchalantly talking in knotted groups, some sitting, some strolling, some standing, some enjoying a hot beverage. Perhaps some tables or chairs are nearby. Alright—let's move the whole works right under the spot where our ten skylarking heroes are going to emulate the men on the flying trapeze—winter tempo!

Thus we have a double-barrelled wallop in our picture. We have human interest galore. We have spectacular interest. We have news interest—it's something new—never been seen before. We have resort appeal, and, last but not least, we let the world know that the town of Snow Use of the Snow Use Winter Sports Vacationland is alive and kicking, and here's where you, dear newspaper reader, want to come when you think of winter recreation. We haven't mentioned the newsreels, but you can rest assured they'd go for this like a kitten goes for milk.

Radio City, John D. Rockefeller's $100,000,000 depression-built emporium of business in the heart of Manhattan, is perhaps one of the outstanding examples of what paper pulp can be made to do to pay dividends. Here, publicity played a major part in turning the tide of investment from a much prophesied white elephant into one of the smartest building investments in the history of Manhattan. Confronted with a $3,000,000 annual rental for property he owned in the area now Rockefeller Center, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. elected to make that property pay him $3,000,000 plus annually. He did, and it cost him $100,000,000.

I was fortunate enough to be associated with the en-

tire development shortly after the major part of the construction work had been done. Prior to that time news was sent to the press almost daily heralding: "A 70-story building will rise at 49th Street and Fifth Avenue"—"The world's largest theatre, a Music Hall will be built at 50th Street and Sixth Avenue"—"French, English, Italian and German Buildings will front Fifth Avenue between 49th and 51st Streets". It was excellent news, real news. The papers gobbled it up. But the time shortly came when they had become so saturated with this news that it no longer had sufficient reader interest to justify widespread publicity. The story had been told not once but ten times, and it was wearing off. Yet the time was coming when publicity was needed more than ever before. Offices were nearing completion for occupancy, and the renting department needed all the publicity the development could get to close leases.

Studying the situation in all its aspects there was one thing left to do that had not been done—pictorial publicity! No pictures dramatizing the tremendous operation had been taken. No pictures showing four dozen men working at top speed in military-like formation with rock drills boring into the bowels of Manhattan's solid work had been made. They hadn't been made because four dozen men never worked on one spot, yet there were at times ten dozen at work throughout the development. I brought four dozen together, shot the pictures, and they were published not only from coast to coast but in many foreign countries. Rather than await the completion and placing of an important bit of sculpture we went direct to the artists' studios and had them assemble plaster models of gargantuan statues they were working out. Result—pictures in all the papers.

No stone was left unturned. If pictures didn't exist we made them exist. Time and again newspapers carried half-page rotogravure spreads of the entire development

after it was completed and work was still going on within itself. But each time a news vehicle had to be provided. Once we arranged to have four autogyro planes, the only four in the East, fly over the Center in formation saluting the development. By luck we were able to get the first cabin autogyro and incidentally the first pictures ever taken of it. The day was set, and over they came at two p.m., one from Philadelphia, one from Floyd Bennett Field and two from Westchester County. By the time they got into formation the clouds let loose a downpour that nearly spelled disaster for the gyros. Again we scheduled it for the following Saturday, and on Sunday a week later papers from coast to coast carried spectacular pictures of those four ships majestically displayed against "John D. Rockefeller's new $100,000,000 building development shortly to house executive offices of the nation's greatest businesses."

Perhaps the most spectacular shot was one made on the spur of the moment during a lunch hour on top of the RCA building then skeletonized up to its 68th floor. I noticed that the steel workers thought nothing of sitting on the edge of a girder with a yawning abyss of nothing between them and the street. I suggested that a 60 or 70-foot steel girder be hoisted over the street, and asked the men if they would sit on it and eat their lunches while we took pictures. The response was so great that we had to cut the number down to eleven, and away with our cameras at a subject that made the reader hold his breath and solemnly swear to himself that he would never be a steel worker.

I will now turn to another outstanding example of creative ability in picture publicity. Like other big colleges, Fordham University has the usual classes in chemistry, botany, and the other sciences. Legitimate news slowed down to a standstill one month not so long ago, and we were forced to turn on the "heat" in an effort to get publicity. Just because there is "nothing going on"

is no reason why you should accept your check every month from any client. He pays for publicity, and he either gets it or you don't get paid.

One day we wandered into the microscopic section and noticed a half dozen boys looking through the instruments. The idea struck us immediately to line up fifteen or twenty in such fashion that we could get a perfect alignment, almost uncanny in perspective, of those boys all observing at the same time. Consultations with the professor resulted in the boys being called into Room A after school hours, and we went to work. It was essential that the boys be all of uniform height, dressed alike, and using the left eye. A few foot stools brought uniformity in head height, white jackets came out of the laundry, and we went to work. This picture was comparatively simple to get—a chance thought—and it received widespread publicity.

Readers throughout the country may still remember one unusual picture given prominent display in rotogravure, showing a trio of planes flying in perfect formation over a speeding express train in Florida. A lot of perspiration was spent on that one.

The Blankety Blank Railroad has as its greatest competitor for Florida bound travel the Blankety X Railroad. I may be telling stories out of school in relating this incident, but it is done to show that sometimes even the great minds in railroading miss a bet to advertise themselves.

We were negotiating with the Blankety Blank outfit for a contract to handle news publicity for the winter season. The decision was constantly put off through jealousy on behalf of a certain advertising agency who thought we were doing work they should have done and taking money away from them. We told the agency we would give them a regular 15% commission off the total allotted for publicity, exactly the same profit they would

have made if the money were spent for display advertising, but apparently it did no good.

In the meantime, we had, with the encouragement of the Blankety Blank's traffic department gone ahead and arranged to have their crack train, making its annual inaugural run to Florida, the recipient of a crackerjack news picture event.

The annual Air Meet was underway in Miami, and we thought it a fine idea to have the Army send one of its smoke screen laying planes fly up the line to meet the train bound south for Miami, and salute it with a smoke screen, while four other Army planes fly in tandem formation right behind the locomotive.

All arrangements had been made two weeks ahead of time with New York to Miami phone bills running close to $60. Yet the rail officials couldn't make up their minds whether they wanted to go into this or not. In fact, the cost to them was in pennies compared to the amount they spent for their display advertising.

With ten hours to go before the flight was scheduled they advised us to call it off! It was sickening, and it made me so mad that I grabbed the phone, called their competitor, the Blankety X line, and arranged the stunt with them. But it could not be done for a week as their crack train did not start until a week from this date. In the meantime, the Miami air meet ended, and the army planes went back to Texas. A truly sensational news picture was lost.

What could we do? One other thing. We could arrange for four civilian flyers handling exactly the same type of ships. More phone calls to Miami, more headaches when we learned there were not four planes alike available. It was necessary to have them all white for photographic purposes. We finally found three of a certain type in Miami. They were small single-seated,

two or three cylinder powered gliders, not very fast and not able to maneuver quickly.

Our job was still in the embryonic stage. Working with the factory in the North we learned that two more were available in Florida, one in Jacksonville and one in St. Petersburg. We got them all to Miami.

The day came. Up they went flying north to Palm Beach to meet the Special of the Blankety X line. Our camera plane, a powerful Stinson, followed them down the line as they attempted to get into tandem formation over the engine. Only two could keep in line, and the stunt flopped that day because the other three just didn't get in their places. I later learned that high winds made it impossible. Well, five times over a period of two weeks we kept at this stunt and finally got it. We didn't get what we wanted, but we got the next best thing.

All arrangements, all the details, were of the long distance variety, and thanks to Karl Voelter of the Miami All American Airport, our close friend, who worked with us on a hundred similar stunts during our regime as publicity directors for the City of Miami, we got the best pictures possible.

Needless to say, the striking picture appeared from coast to coast with the Sunday rotogravure sections giving it a prominent position much to the amazement and chagrin of the Blankety Blank Railroad.

Chapter XIII.

THE MINIATURE CAMERA ON THE NEWS JOB

When the first "candid camera" pictures of the delegates' conferences at the League of Nations meeting at Geneva first arrived in this country, the editor of a large picture syndicate who first saw the intimate, unposed shots of the European bigwigs, the first of their kind, pointedly remarked: "These will revolutionize the news picture field." The small prints were arresting, exciting. Nothing like them had ever been made before. Here was Ramsay MacDonald with hand cupped to ear, another of Premier Laval of France in a moment of animated conversation with another foreign delegate, all snapped within the sacrosanct portals of the League to which a news cameraman had never been admitted.

The photographer was Dr. Erich Salomon, a portly, bespectacled German, who up to the age of 42 had not even been an amateur photographer. Working as publicity director for the famous Ullstein publishing house in Berlin in 1928, he had heard of a wonderful small camera that could be held in the palm of a hand and could make pictures without the aid of a flashlight. He decided then and there to buy one, and learned to operate it very efficiently. It was the Leica camera. Salomon, who enjoyed a wide acquaintance among Europe's statesmen, decided that he would take pictures of them in their most natural moments, conversing, laughing, seriously concentrating, yawning, revealing the human side of the great men to the public. He called himself a photo-journalist.

The word "candid camera" was coined by the London Graphic which had published the first of Salomon's unusual

pictures in 1930. One of the pictures was startlingly frank in its subject and appeal, and created a sensation in the photographic world. The picture had been taken at two o'clock in the morning in a conference room of The Hague. Louis Loucheur, French Minister of Labor, was holding his hands to his weary eyes; French Premier Andre Tardieu was slumped back on a couch, with eyes almost closed, apparently exhausted. Old Henri Cheron, French Finance Minister, seated in a high-backed chair, was dozing off. Between Cheron and Tardieu sat Germany's Foreign Minister Dr. Julius Curtius, slowly succumbing to the smooth fingers of Morpheus. The light from a huge lamp in back of the couch was softly reflected on the delegates' stiff shirt-fronts and the high foreheads of Cheron and Loucheur. The meeting of men to decide the existences of millions of subjects! Unaware to these leaders, Dr. Salomon had stolen off to one side to focus his tiny camera—and they never knew that their picture had been taken! On looking at the picture, the reader could almost feel that he had been present at this momentous meeting.

The "candid camera" had triumphed, and Dr. Salomon's intimate studies were in immediate demand.

Years before Dr. Salomon's imposing entrance into the field, Dr. Paul Wolff had made hundreds of interesting studies with the Leica, and his work was arousing great interest in the field of art photography in Germany.

The tiny camera that could use movie film so successfully was the invention of Oskar Barnack employed by the Leitz Company at Wetzlar, Germany. He made one for himself in 1914 and one for Dr. Ernst Leitz, Sr., president of the company, and the first picture ever taken by a Leica showed a Berlin kiosk covered with a Government poster announcing the official proclamation of the mobilization of the German Army. Barnack did not turn seriously to the improvement of his camera until after the war. He then added a

new lens, the Elmar, designed by Professor Max Berek, also employed by the Leitz Company. By 1926, the Leica had made its appearance in the show-window of nearly every photographic dealer in Germany. Starting with Model A, the Leitz Company steadily added improvements, until today its Model G practically leaves the camera fan nothing further to be desired to take any kind of picture under any kind of condition.

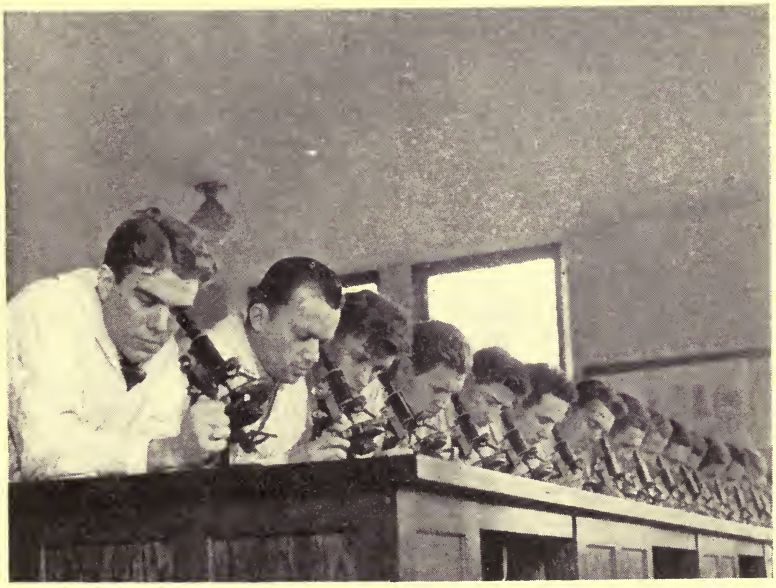
Soon after Leica's appearance on the market, other miniature cameras, or minicams as they are popularly known, were turned out by rival manufacturers, and in 1931, the Contax, the Leica's chief competitor, was offered to the public by the Zeiss-Ikon Company, the world's largest camera manufacturers. Today there are as many as 40 different makes of miniature cameras defined as those which use film two and a quarter by three and a quarter inches or smaller. There are as many as 100,000 miniature cameras in use in this country alone. The "minibug," the tyro or the professional cameraman using the miniature camera is to be seen everywhere today, training the compact marvel of precision on every conceivable subject. The bacteriologists, botanists, dentists, and physicians are finding it an invaluable aid in their professions; the librarian is using it to photograph old manuscripts; the commercial artist is finding it a boon to his work; nearly every large newspaper and picture syndicate in the country has added one or more to its photographic equipment in their pursuit of the news picture.

The most astonishing feature of the miniature camera is its ability to capture all the details of the subject on its tiny one inch by one and one-half inch film, taken under any kind of light, and have the details faithfully enlarged on a print eleven by fourteen inches, enough to satisfy the most discriminating camera fan or editor. Enlargements have even been made up to eight feet square and larger for commercial purposes. There have always been small hand cam-

© Hamilton Wright

THEY CAN'T PICK UP THEIR NAPKINS

Lunch hour found these steel workers perched on a girder 68 stories above the street, without the slightest concern either for the photographer making a shot from another steel beam. The men were at work at the time on the completion of the Rockefeller Center in Manhattan.



© Hamilton Wright

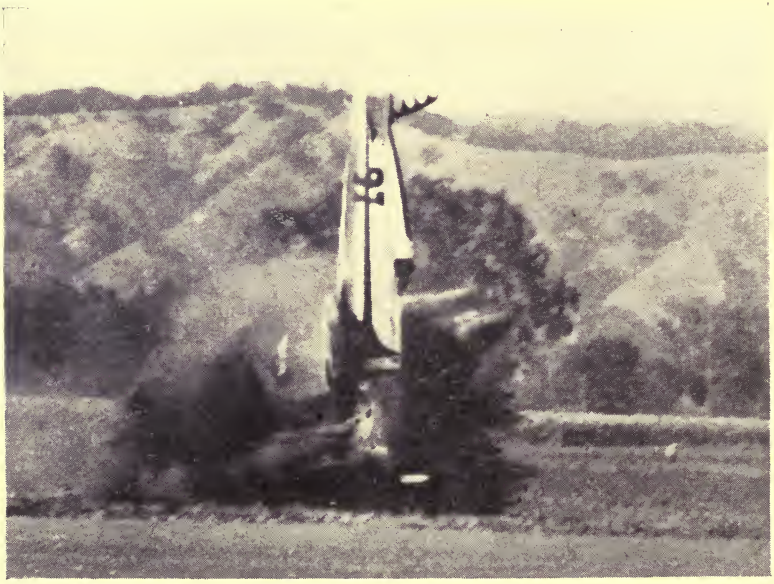
FUTURE LEADERS IN SCIENCE

A perfect line-up of Fordham University members of a class in microscopic anatomy under the direction of Dr. James A. Mullen, Associate Professor of Biology, preparing for final tests in the subject.

© Wide World Photos

A FLAMING GIANT OF THE AIR

Flames consume the last fabric of the huge German dirigible Hindenburg and the former proud monarch of hte air is shown but a twisted mass of steel ribs—taken in about a minute after the first flames shot out of her tail while maneuvering for a landing at Lakehurst, N. J., May 6, 1937. The body of one of the passengers who had leaped lies in the foreground. Thirty--five passengers and members of the crew were burned to death. Photographers waiting for a routine landing recorded the greatest picture story of all time.



© Acme Newspictures

AND THE FLYER ESCAPED UNHURT

It was a miraculous escape for Gordon Israel when he attempted to land his plane while going 80 miles an hour after winning the 50-mile free-for-all race at the Omaha Air Races, August 12, 1934. The plane bounced, landed on its nose, and then settled to the ground. Israel was unhurt and walked from the smashed plane unaided.

eras on the market, but the coarse film grain, when enlarged, was the bane of the photographer's existence. Even as far back as 1880 there was a camera called the Stirn which could be strapped around the body, with its lens poked through a button-hole, and there were others that had the size and appearance of watches, and still others called detective cameras in odd sizes and shapes. But with the present minicams, the fine precision instruments they are, have all the advantages of its compactness plus the favorable results of the large hand cameras. And with the aid of fine grain developers, the results have fulfilled the age-long dream of the cameraman.

Fast, anastigmatic lenses are a feature of the miniature camera, and speeds up to 1/1250th of a second can be obtained to snap the fastest action of a racing car or speeding plane. An exchangeable lens enables the photographer to shoot anything from closeups of bugs and flowers to the views of the distant skyscraper or mountain top. He has the choice of using a standard, a wide angle or telescopic lens. The built-in range finders, which operate with any of the many interchangeable lenses enables the photographer to focus his picture with accuracy by a simple turning of the lens barrel, and were first installed by both the Leica and Contax manufacturers in 1931.

To the minifan the entire business of owning and using the miniature camera has been so absorbing and fascinating that he eats, sleeps, and talks focal lengths, lens speeds, range finders, angle view finders, and the rest of the accessories as sun shades, self-timing devices, filters, which continue on into the darkroom vernacular of the fine grain developers, fixing and hardening solutions, the printing papers with their grades of contrast. One fan will compare his results with the next, and the perpetual question will be bandied back and forth: "What stop and speed did you use for such and such a shot, and did you use Plenachrome

film or Superpan?", and so on. Then, of course, there will be the topic of the new device recently placed on the market: "Did you get such and such a lens, and such and such a filter?" There are 336 gadgets alone which the Leitz firm sells for their miniature camera, but, of course, all are not necessary for the immediate purchaser.

There is even a correction lens on the market for the man who wears glasses, so he can properly focus, and a remote release and shutter winder for the man who is interested in nature photography, so that by using two cables attached at a distance to guides and rollers on the winding knob of the camera, he is able to snare a series of the wild animal in his lair or the mother bird with its young in the nest.

For special purposes, as astronomical observatories, lenses have been built up to about six feet in height for use with the Contax.

To the newspaper and syndicate picture editor, the question of the miniature camera had to be weighed more solemnly than to the man on the street who saw in it an instrument for relaxation and personal pleasure. Could the crime, the fire, the accident, the feature story be covered with the same speed and accuracy as the larger cameras? To some of these questions which flitted in and out of the editors' minds, as the country took to the miniature camera by storm, the answers came back in the affirmative. The miniature camera became part of the darkroom equipment.

Since speed is essential, the developing times for the cut film and glass plates used in the Graphic and Graflex, and the film used in the miniature cameras, were compared. The plate holder film is still the fastest to develop and more easily to handle. For instance, the standard developing time for a negative used in the larger cameras takes six minutes; the fast Super X film in the Leica and Contax takes twenty minutes. The newspaper cameraman thereby still

clings to his Graphic and Graflex; it truly is a marvel for speed both on the job and in the darkroom. But the miniature camera is also an invaluable aid, especially in the coverage of semi-news and feature stories where the five or six picture series will give a vivid running account of a story, and also enables the cameraman to enter places where a camera case is immediately barred. Its feature of inconspicuousness is one that gives it great value in a newspaper office.

The picture magazines, like Life and Look, and others that feature a summary of the news in word and picture like Time and News Week, are making extensive use of the miniature camera, and many unusual news pictures have been taken by the men with the minicams employed by these magazines.

Carl Mydams, one of the many photographers employed by Life Magazine, was assigned to cover the crash of a Western Air Express liner in the mountains outside Los Angeles. The Martin Johnsons were among the passengers aboard the ill-fated ship.

"Deep mud and almost no road made climbing on foot the only way to the crash," he narrates. "The first four miles were in a heavy mountain downpour. The last two in a sub-zero snowstorm. Then having reached the top, we news cameramen had to wait for hours for a team of mules and a tractor to draw a truck and a hay rick to the mountain top to carry down the injured. Our only shelter was an old wood shed used in the summer time by a fire lookout. When it came time, many hours later, to make pictures of the transfer of the injured from the lookout house and the crashed plane itself, to the truck and hayrick, my speedgun which had been soaked in the heavy downpour during the climb up, had frozen and would not work. I made all my pictures with a Contax on the light of the moviemen's one

minute flares and was able to cover the complete transfer of the injured."

Mydam's equipment consists of two Contax chassies and six supplementary lenses. He usually works with a two inch lens in one camera and one of the five lenses which the situation calls for, in the second camera. His third camera is a 3¼ x 4¼ Speed Graphic with a Carl Zeiss 3.5 lens, a Kalert rangefinder and a Mendelsohn speed gun. Mydams believes that this equipment combination will cover any situation that might arise.

One of the most unusual series of news photographs was taken by the unobtrusive minicam. When Thomas Dowell McAvoy was assigned to cover President Roosevelt's signing of the Brazilian Trade Agreement in the White House early in 1935, McAvoy laid careful plans to get something different than the other cameramen. His film for the Leica he was using was specially sensitized in an ammonia bath. While the other cameramen waited until the President finished his routine letter-signing to get their shots, McAvoy quietly pressed the button of his miniature camera twenty times. They were the first complete candid camera record of a President in an official capacity, although a few years earlier Dr. Salomon had for the first time snapped a news picture of a President performing an official duty in a part of the White House other than his office or library. At the insistence of his friend Premier Laval of France, Herr Salomon was admitted to the Lincoln Study in the White House to make pictures of Laval's conference with President Hoover. While Laval, conversing through an interpreter, gesticulated in typical foreign manner, Salomon made several interesting shots—and the candid camera's intrusion into the sanctum sanctorum of the White House was the first big stone cast into the pool of American news photography to create ever widening ripples.

Another famed minicam-armed explorer of the news

world, Peter Stackpole, whose pictures have filled many pages in Time, Fortune and Life magazines, first created a sensation with the candid camera shot he took of Herbert Hoover fast asleep during Secretary of Labor Perkin's speech at the University of California Charter Day exercises several years ago. He made the picture while on a special assignment for an Oakland Republican paper which could find no space for such a shot of Republican Hoover. A friend of his insisted that he send it, along with several other shots, to Time magazine—and it was that shot that started him upward on the road to fame. The magazine immediately hired him as a member of its staff.

The most exciting assignment, Stackpole says he has had, was his first with Fortune when he was assigned to Hearst's summer estate at Wintoon in Oregon. The pictures were to accompany an article on the Hearst Empire. Stackpole had been given a list of about fifty subjects to be sure to get but he had only two days to do the job. He managed to cover most of the fifty and still take additional material such as Hearst's guests, the publisher's Tyrolian hats, his foreign auto plates on his car and other details that might have escaped a less enterprising cameraman. When the issue came out, more of the circumstantial shots Stackpole had taken about the place were used than the many given him on the list.

Stackpole, whose series of candid camera shots such as the bridge photos in Vanity Fair, the Hearst story in Fortune and the Cardinals baseball training camp in Florida, Noel Coward backstage, life of the Admiral of the U. S. Fleet and the Dartmouth Winter Carnival in Life magazine, have won wide acclaim, uses a Model F and G Leica with Summar F.2 lens, Elmar 50 mm. 3.5 lens, Elmar 90 mm. F.4 lens, 135 mm. Telephoto lens and Elmar Wide Angle lens. He says that he uses also a Contax often because with it he has three speed lenses of three useful focal

lengths, a Biotar 40 mm. because of its fine depth of focus at large stops, the rapid F1.5 Sonnar 50 mm. lens for extremely poor light and the 85 mm. F.2 telephoto lens which he says he finds useful for performance photographs. For assignments requiring stopped action indoors where the light is too poor to use either the Leica or the Contax, he uses a Welta roll film camera with synchronized speed gun.

Another sensational news picture, the electrocution of Gerald Thompson, sex slayer, at the Joliet, Ill. prison was made with the aid of a miniature camera by William Vandivert, now with Life magazine, and employed at the time by the Chicago Herald and Examiner. He carried a Contax with a F1.5 lens past the guards slung in the crotch of his pants. He took ten shots, eight of which turned out well, and one-third of another negative was blown up to a 16 x 20 print to make a complete back page. The results were all the more remarkable because he had to guess focus at fifteen feet, but he got them "right on the button."

Vandivert also had a narrow escape from death or serious injury recently when he accompanied four union organizers into a laundry intending to call a sitdown strike. The owner of the laundry took a shot at the group. When the police arrived in response to a riot call the owner put the finger on Vandivert as the spokesman for the organizers, and he spent an uncomfortable afternoon in the prosecutor's office explaining that he had just gone along for the fun and a series of pictures.

Another Life magazine cameraman, Bernard Hoffman, had an amusing experience one day when he was getting ready to make a series of pictures in a "hot dog" factory. Just as he was about ready to shoot his pictures he discovered that the damp, salt-laden air had coated the lens on his camera. He made some repairs, and then, because of a soggy connection, blew out all the light fuses in the place. The "hot dogs" had to lie low for a while.

Besides his miniature cameras, the Leica and the Welta for flashlight shots, he also uses a 5 x 7 Korona for personality studies, still life and wide angle shots.

Picture editors on the dailies and syndicates are continually assigning cameramen with minicams to make the five or more picture series. The circus is in town: the cameraman will make a layout of the performers, the clowns, the animals, and most interesting of all, the children spectators who, in the unposed moment, gaze with eyes wide opened in amazement while the aerial acrobats go through their stunts. Children are among the best subjects to capture with the minicams. Quietly, the cameramen will steal unawares within shooting distance to get the most natural pictures. With the larger cameras, children consciously stiffen and assume the most awkward poses; they are very much aware of the lens being trained on them. Some of them have a fear of the flashlights, and the sudden burst of light will frighten the smaller children into screams and tears.

The miniature camera is also well adapted to the dinner, night club and theatre. All the natural poses of the celebrity eating, drinking, conversing, smiling, seriously engrossed in a moment of deep thinking, render the series of pictures the most life-like possible, and the aura the public places over a well known figure is replaced by a much more sensible depiction of him when they see his likeness in a real human mood and moment. By jove, he's human—he can throw his head back and really guffaw! The minicam has caught him at that moment. There is no ego or pose when the miniature camera catches him off his guard.

Barred doors have disappeared as if by magic before the cameraman armed with the miniature. With the camera comfortably fitting into his pocket or safely hidden beneath his coat, the photographer has invaded courtrooms, select dining rooms, debutante parties, board of director meetings,

state ceremonials, diplomats' conferences, gambling halls, clip joints, and gone off into a quiet corner and taken his pictures without a person aware of his presence. The mighty gun with the silencer—but more effective! The angle view finder—that deceptive looking gadget—has conquered many an unwilling subject!

What miniature camera to use? The question is asked a hundred times daily, across the shopkeeper's counter, the student's desk, the artist's easel, the newspaper cameraman's darkroom. Some prefer the Leica, others will swear by the Contax, others the Robot, the man with the thin wallet the $2.50 Univex or the $12.50 American-made Argus, the rich tyro the Zeiss' $650 Contaflex. Each one has its particular attraction for the minifan. It is just a matter of taste and individual preference—and the pocketbook—for one will have a certain feature lacking in the other. Each day brings forth a new camera, a new improvement, so it is impossible to judge which is the best. With proper handling, a picture of perfect tone and structural balance can be obtained from one as well as the next.

The miniature camera has accomplished one big thing. As a bright, new weapon in the ceaseless quest for the photographic gem, it has stirred the imaginations of thousands to the possibilities of new triumphs in the photographic field. To the news cameraman, ever tireless in his recording of the human drama, it is opening new vistas of accomplishment. Spurred by faith in its powers of achievement, he will record new picture documents to give to the world as imperishable data.

Chapter XIV.

THE GREATEST PICTURE STORIES HINDENBURG CRASH — PANAY BOMBING

The Chinese have a proverb: "One good picture is worth ten thousand words." This is often exaggerated, but on two stories, it was an understatement. The pictures taken of the dirigible Hindenburg disaster on May 6, 1937 and the bombing of the United States gunboat Panay in the Yangtze River on December 12, 1937 presented the full horror of the catastrophes as no amount of words could have ever expressed—they were the most dramatic and spectacular picture stories of all time.

Twenty-odd cameramen, movies and still, were on the ground at Lakehurst, N. J., awaiting the routine landing of the giant Hindenburg with 97 persons aboard. At 7:20 p.m. the first of her landing lines was flung to a ground crew of Navy men and civilians. The second followed, and then suddenly a burst of flame shot out from the port side of her stern. Cries of horror rent the air as a terrific explosion shook the giant bag, and in an incredibly few seconds the flaming ship, racked by successive explosions, sank earthward, a dragon-tongue of fire spitting from its nose turned skyward. In less time than it takes to tell, the burning mass crashed to the earth as more explosions followed, and mountains of flame and smoke blotted out the sky.

Just before she struck the ground, passengers and crew leaped from the fiery hell, some to be crushed beneath the flaming hulk, others to be dragged to safety by the landing crew who at first ran for safety and then turned back risking death and injury to save many lives.

Ambulances clanged to the scene, doctors and nurses rushed to give first aid, and fire fighters turned great streams of water and chemicals into the cauldron of smoke and fire.

Those 49 seconds that turned a glistening monarch of the air into a fiery mass of twisted aluminum ribs and snuffed the lives of 35 persons were caught by the veteran cameramen as they stood there, horrified and gaping, but with steady hands completed the picture record of a disaster which time will never dim.

It is the first time in history that the news photographer was able to record on his negatives the start of a major catastrophe.

Murray Becker, Associated Press photographer, was focusing his camera on the Hindenberg as she maneuvered into landing, aiming for a nice twilight shot, when the first flames spurted across its tail. In that split-second, before the ship began to dive, he snapped the first picture of the flaming dirigible while on an even keel. The others raised their eyes to the view finders, but the ship was already heading earthward.

The cameramen steeled themselves to rigid control of hands and eyes as they clicked picture after picture, snapping out holders, one after the other, and then raced forward toward the settling inferno to get the closeup shots of the victims plummeting to the ground and others with clothing burnt from their bodies and flesh hanging in strips being assisted from the scene by Navy men, Marines and civilians. Disregarding the explosions that continued to tear the flaming mass apart and the terrible heat which beat their bodies with the fierceness of a thousand open-door furnaces, the photographers kept on shooting every available plate to cover the story completely.

Every newspaper and syndicate photographer on the job turned in remarkable pictures of the disaster. The New York Daily News had two men, Charles Hoff and

Robert Seelig, Sam Shere represented International News Photos, Samuel Meyers was the New York Times Wide World cameraman, William Springfield was Acme News' staffman on the job, Murray Becker worked for Associated Press, and four Philadelphia newspapers had staff cameramen there, Jack Snyder representing the Record, Joseph Nelson the Inquirer, Gus Pasquarella the Ledger and Harry McGonigal the Bulletin.

Despite the fact that he was struck down by one of the landing cables as he was about to take a shot of the ship at the first explosion, Meyers regained his feet in an instant, and though shaken up, started shooting his pictures which were as complete as any of the others.

Prior to their landing at Lakehurst in two News' planes long in advance of the arrival of the Hindenberg, Hoff and Seelig had taken many pictures of the ship from the air. A plane was still on the field when the explosion occurred. Their first plates were handed to the pilot who flew them back to North Beach, Long Island, and then rushed by car to the News' office. As a result, the News was the first on the streets in New York with the pictures of the disaster.

While the photographers continued shooting their pictures, Miss Patricia O'Malley, press representative of the American Air Lines, raced from cameraman to cameraman, collecting their holders, and then made for a plane which the Lines had waiting on the field to bring the Hindenburg's passengers to Newark. On its arrival at Newark Airport, waiting motorcycle drivers, dispatched from the syndicates' offices, grabbed the plates and streaked back to New York.

While these were being developed and printed, relief photographers and portable equipment for the wire transmission of pictures direct from the scene were already enroute by plane to Lakehurst, and a short while thereafter planes were shuttling back and forth to bring fresh mate-

rials and men, and return new stacks of undeveloped negatives.

In the New York offices, editors, printers and boys worked right through the night and morning, without a single letup, to rush the remarkable pictures by plane and train to newspaper members. Editors everywhere filled page after page with the pictures, replating in many instances. An outstanding example of speed in picture reproduction was the ability of the New York Times to place pictures of the disaster in its first edition, a little more than an hour and a half after the first flames were sighted on the Hindenburg's tail.

Within ten minutes after the arrival of the undeveloped plates in the offices, syndicates were placing the prints on the telephone wires to be whirled to every part of the country, and West Coast readers of the morning papers were able to see the complete picture story in front of them.

Motorcycle messengers rushed prints to the Radio Corporation of America in downtown New York to be radioed to London and Buenos Aires, and the following morning radioed pictures front paged the English and Argentine editions.

The astounding shots that revealed the majestic queen of the air crumpling into fire streaked ruins were within a few hours hurtling from city to city, from continent to continent, with every device known to the news photographic world to speed them on their way.

Two amateur photographers also broke into print with their miniature camera records of the Hindenburg's last landing. Arthur Cofod, Jr., armed with a Leica, had a full-page layout in Life magazine, showing the disaster from start to finish. His hands shook violently as he took his first shot, but steadied himself and took the others successfully as he held his ground. Foo Chu, a Chinese amateur, who had casually gone to Lakehurst to try for

interesting angles of the Hindenburg with his miniature camera, secured an excellent series which were purchased by the New York Daily News and used in continuity form in double-truck display.

From those men who with their trusty Graphics had gone down to Lakehurst to cover another routine assignment, and the amateur photographers who with their ever-handy miniatures had chanced upon the story, have come the "pictures of the century." To them belong full and everlasting credit. It was a story where only cameramen with steel nerves, steady hands and eyes, and lightning action could get the epic pictures they secured, the most dramatic and remarkable ever made till that time in the history of news photography.

Then seven months later came the bombing of the Panay and the news photographer added fresh laurels to his crowning list of achievements. The Panay pictures were secured under far more trying conditions, a greater risk of death and injury, than those which the cameramen got at Lakehurst. When we read the story of that horrible Sunday adventure on the Yangtze, it is a miracle that any pictures were secured at all.

It is another bright tribute to the bravery of the news cameraman.

From the moment the power-diving Japanese planes roared over the ship riding at anchor 28 miles upstream from Nanking, unleashing their first bomb, a direct hit putting the fore gun of the ship out of commission, Norman Soong, New York Times Wide World photographer, recorded with his Leica strung from his neck, a series of seventy pictures, showing every phase of the Panay's proud but helpless fight against overwhelming odds.

Soong was on the top deck of the ship that fatal afternoon of December 12, discussing with others the incident of the morning, the boarding of a Japanese officer at Nanking, when the first warning whistle was sounded.

Oncoming Japanese planes, a formation of three, had been sighted. "Look, there they are! See the red balls on them!", someone had shouted. Soong scented trouble. He made a dash for his room where he had left his camera. A second later came the deafening explosion of a bomb. It was a direct hit. The ship shook from stem to stern. Wood splinters, glass and water were thrown over him as he sought a vantage point from which to shoot his pictures.

Fragments of the shell had left their marks. There were wounded men all over the ship. Lieutenant Commander J. J. Hughes was thrown against the bridge wheel, breaking his right leg near the hip. J. Hall Paxton, Second Secretary of the U. S. Embassy, was struck by a shell fragment on the shoulder. The gunners ran for the machine guns and started firing. Smoke and the dust of flying debris left the men choking for breath. Again came the pursuit bombers with their deliberate dives, and more deafening concussions.

Through the thick of it Soong kept on clicking his camera. Two newsreel photographers, Norman W. Alley and Eric Mayell were right there with him filming the terrible moments for posterity. Alley cranked his camera on the machine gun deck close to the machine gunners futilely training their small weapons on the zooming ships. Alley was hit in the leg by a shell fragment and a finger on his left hand was scratched by a bullet, but he wasn't the least bit fazed and continued to crank his camera.

On the starboard deck was Mayell who was working from an exposed spot. The planes kept returning in formation. Every time the bombs struck the photographers would duck and then return to their cameras to snap the effects of the explosions. No cameramen, even in the World War, had ever shot pictures under more harrowing conditions. It is remarkable that their pictures came out as well as they did. Soong finished a roll of film, then made a dash for

the engine room hatchway. By that time the Panay was shipping water rapidly.

At 2:05 p.m., exactly 35 minutes after the first shell struck, Lieutenant A. F. Anders who was unable to speak because of his throat gashed by a bomb fragment, scribbled on a bloody pad orders to abandon ship. · An outboard sampan was lowered over the port side and the wounded taken off. The planes dived low to machine gun the boat. A bullet pierced the side and killed Seaman Charles Lee Ensminger. Then came their turns for the uninjured to leave the ship. Soong was only able to save his Leica and a few rolls of film. The rest of his equipment went down with the boat.

The wounded were tenderly placed among the twelve-foot reeds on the bank of the river, on the few dry spots that could be found in the swamps. The uninjured did everything to alleviate the sufferings of the dying and the wounded. While they waited for help to arrive from the town of Hohsien, where Mr. Paxton and others had gone to break the news and summon aid, Soong took some of his most outstanding shots. Dusk was already approaching, and Soong had to work quickly before the light disappeared.

Three of his most dramatic pictures made there were the ones showing Sandro Sandri, Italian journalist, who was struck by a bullet, being comforted in his dying moments by Luigi Barzini, a fellow Italian newspaperman, who was also aboard the Panay; Chief Quartermaster John Lang, whose jaw was split open by a bomb fragment, sitting on an improvised couch and trying to stem the flow of blood, and the brave Lieutenant Anders with bandaged throat and arm lying prone on a makeshift bed.

At nine o'clock that night a relief party arrived from Hohsien, and the five-mile trek began over a dangerous river bank which at times threatened to give way under his feet. Alley had hidden his camera in the swamps lest Japanese

soldiers surprise them and destroy it. Doors and bamboo couches were used to carry the thirteen wounded men. Soong, an American-born Chinese, and Paxton with their knowledge of the language were helpful throughout the trip, and prevented the survivors from being fired upon by Chinese sentries.

The news of the tragedy was already reverberating throughout the world. Day after day, the story was front-page news. But the public was more anxious to see the pictures than they were to read the accounts.

Picture syndicates and newsreel companies made feverish preparations for the safe despatch and arrival of the reels and films.

American and British gunboats brought the survivors to Shanghai. There Soong developed his films and made prints. Three American destroyers carried the films, reels and prints to Manila arriving there a day before the China Clipper, giant trans-Pacific plane, was scheduled to leave for the United States. Alley accompanied his 4500 feet of precious film. While in Manila, Alley had his leg wound treated before continuing on his way.

The morning of December 28 came. The Clipper glided into the bay off Alameda, California. Motorcycles rushed the packages into the syndicate offices in San Francisco, a short distance away. The pictures were soon humming over the telephone wires to newspapers all over the country. Millions of readers saw for the first time the horrible tragedy of the Panay bombing.

The cameramen who recorded the Panay bombing have made news photography, a symbol of greatness, a profession to be very proud of, indeed.

The Hindenburg crash, the Panay bombing—no other stories have ever tested the cameraman's courage more. Amid two outstanding trials of peace and war, the newspaper photographer has proven that he will never flinch in the line of duty. He does not have to be told: "Get that picture!" He gets it!

every large picture syndicate in an editorial capacity — the former Pacific and Atlantic Photos, syndicate of the New York News and Chicago Tribune, Acme Newspictures, Associated Press Photos and the New York Times Wide World Photos where he is at present.

He not only deals with the newspaper photographer — that daring, resourceful fellow who seeks no glory but only strives to "get that picture" — and relates thrilling adventures that lie behind so many of the masterpieces of the news camera, but he also tells of the history and development of news photography, the rise of picture papers here and abroad, the transportation of pictures by train, plane, dog sled, pigeon and the present-day marvel of scientific research — wired transmission. He also tells of the war cameraman, the aerial photographer, the woman gatherer of news pictures. Every phase is completely covered.

The author presents a word picture of an interesting and engrossing profession that is sharply focused and well composed.

The **WORLD** *Is Thinking In Terms of* **PICTURES**

Newspaper publishers and editors are realizing more and more the value of news pictures as a circulation builder and advertisement attraction. The growth of pictorial news in this country in the past decade has been nothing less than sensational. There is scarcely a daily or weekly anywhere in the country which is not using photographs in one form or the other. Many of the larger newspapers subscribe to syndicates for news pictures in print form, still more take the matrix service, while others are turning to the use of inexpensive one-man engraving plants for the publication of pictures of local interest. THIS IS THE PHOTOGRAPHIC AGE IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

Behind this remarkable growth in pictorial news lies a great story — one that is now being told for the first time in this book "Get That Picture! — The Story of the News Cameraman," written by A. J. Ezickson of the New York Times Wide World Photos.

He not only deals with the newspaper photographer — how he gets his daily picture, the routine shot or the "scoop" but relates in thrilling manner of the adventures that lie behind so many of the masterpieces of the news camera, he also tells of the history and development of news photography, the rise of picture newspapers here and abroad, how pictures are transported from faraway places, brought thousands of miles by plane, train, dog sled, pigeon and the present-day method of wired transmission — a marvel of scientific enterprise and research.

The author searchingly goes into all the bypaths of the news picture field, presenting in vivid detail all the experiences of his sixteen-year connection with picture syndicates.