“Once upon a time the world was a realm of unanswered questions and there was room in it for poetry. Man stood below the sky and he asked ‘why?’. And his question was beautiful.

“The new world will be a place of answers and no questions, because the only questions left will be answered by computers, because only computers will know what to ask.

“Perhaps that is the way it has to be.”


James Cameron’s World
(1911-1985)

A Great Journalist Lives His Calling Via the Curiosity and Talents of a Cat

David Joseph Marcou is author of 70-plus personal books including this one, plus director-editor of 14 group anthologies, some of which have won significant awards. He graduated from the Universities of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, and reported from London and Seoul in the 1980s. His writings have been twice-nominated for Pulitzer Prizes (including for his play “Remembering Davy Crockett”), and his photo books twice-nominated for Pictures of the Year International Awards. His periodical publication credits include in Smithsonian magazine, the RPS Journal, Business Korea, and the New York Times. His works are also in many libraries, galleries, museums, and archives globally, including in various Smithsonian Archives and the British National Portrait Gallery. David Joseph Marcou currently lives in the city of his birth and upbringing, La Crosse, WI.
It was an extravagant time, a strident time, a time stricken by walking, taunting, waking fear; a time impoverished and eccentric and redeemed by grace; a fraternal time, a mendacious time, a time to speak, a time not to utter a single word; most of all, it was a time to brook no intolerance, accept no essential slight, receive no gaudy reminiscence of the premeditated, defeated, hoary-headed past, for everywhere one went, there were vanquished and vanished. But the righteous shall inherit the earth, and there were some righteous in the land – clear-thinking, courageous men and women who have made and who can eternally make this a humane, mutually verifiable, and redemptive world. To men like James Cameron, that was all there is and ever should be.

Anthony Bourdain of CNN’s “Parts Unknown” food-culture show may have read Cameron’s writings, for he’s absorbed how to phrase language superbly in any case, with the right combination of irony, poignancy, and accuracy, as he travels. James Cameron was a very great master of these journalistic talents; Cameron wrote about almost everything and everybody but little about food (and he claimed he never understood music); he apparently didn’t enjoy dining, unlike Bourdain, especially after James’s pacemaker was installed in 1971, but he said in a *Sunday Times* profile of him, that he sat down daily at 4AM to a breakfast of marmite and peanut butter on whole meal bread with a slice of onion on top. I hope my interest here in retelling some truthful stories about Mr. Cameron bears agreeable fruit -- taste-wise, texture-wise, and nutrition-wise -- amid memories of key comings and goings he engaged in; JC had been called a “mystery man” by Bert and Sheila Hardy in my 1981 interview with them, but his “mystery” was in his keen display of the “gastronomic habits (and travel-spun, journalistic curiosity) of the alley cat”.

David Dobbs has written in National Geographic’s “Restless Genes”: “[W]e explore to find a better place to live or acquire a larger territory or make a fortune. But we also explore simply to learn what’s there.” James Cameron explored many places, peoples, and ideas while he walked on this earth, to learn what was there; my ancestor Louis Joliet used a canoe to do similarly with Father Marquette. Perhaps even I have explored this world fairly well so far, though I could never say comfortably what James said in his BBC-TV documentary “Venice: The Vanishing Lady” – “I’m here and you’re not”. Meeting and interviewing the Hardys and Mr. Cameron has been part of my exploration, though. Thankfully, it has netted me and readers some decent results. The life-story (to the degree I can now tell it) of globetrotting Scots journalist James Cameron is here to read, share, and preserve, then, for future generations to read, share, and preserve too.—*djm*. 
Chapter 1: The World War I Era.

The early years of the 20th century were a curious and very dangerous era. Due to the central importance of World War II (1939-1945) in that century, it may have been forgotten by many people that World War I was the greatest mass-catastrophe the world had seen up to that point (1914-1919). WWI had been some time in coming. After Germany's emergence in 1871 as a world power, events occurred that resulted in the failure of the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 to disarm the European powers, and the buildup to war, disastrous war, moved ahead.

Nationalism had grown as an idea throughout the 19th century nearly everywhere. And when Germany joined with Austria-Hungary and Italy to form the Triple Alliance – Britain, France, and Russia united to form the Triple Entente. Large standing armies and big navies became par for the course, stimulated by the German naval buildup begun in 1900, and by conflicts like the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905.

In the book 1914, James Cameron's concise, accurate account of the first year of WWI, that author described well, both sides' strategies, which had brought Europe into such catastrophic straits. Balanced, ironic, and compassionate, Cameron began with the superb weather for the summer social season; then came the onset of war. WWI had a great impact on Cameron, because it provided him with his first memories as a small child. He was born June 17, 1911.

When Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, the initially localized war that ensued between Austria-Hungary and Serbia mushroomed. Austria-Hungary, Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria would fight 28 Allied Powers (Italy eventually became an Allied Power in WWI). Russia was drawn into the war on August 1, 1914, and when Germany attacked Belgium soon after, Britain and France were also drawn into war.

The names of some of the battles are still famous: the Marne, Flanders Field, Gallipoli, Verdun, the Somme, Arras and Ypres, and the Hindenburg Line are a few. Add in the sinking of the British passenger liner Lusitania on May 7, 1915, with the death of many Americans on-board, which helped bring the United States into the war in 1917, and its relevance here begins to become clear. More than 65 million men were mobilized for military service by all the participants from 1914-1918. More than 8.5 million troops were killed, 21 million were wounded, and 7 million were either POWs or missing in action in WWI. The percentage of casualties/total mobilized troops was an astounding 57.6 percent!

To both sides' troops, it all must have been terrifying. Not only had machine-guns and cannons been developed and made more deadly, but trench warfare came into play more than before or since. Men were mowed down by the thousands in their suicidal mass-charges through no-man's land. And poison gas was also used more than before or since. Add to that the looming threat of bombs being dropped from the newly-invented airplane, and it becomes obvious why fear was contagious on the front.

An anecdote from French Socialist author Rene Naegelen, who fought in the trenches, is horrific: “Three of us were crouching in a hole under the barrage of artillery fire. Then a flame, a blast; then darkness and smoke, the acrid smell of gunpowder. Was I killed or wounded? I cautiously moved my arms and legs. Nothing. My two friends, however, lying one upon the other, were bleeding. The bowels of one were oozing out. The other had a broken leg; there was a red spot spreading on his breast, and he was rolling his panic-stricken eyes. He looked at me silently, imploringly; then unconsciously he unbuttoned his trousers and died urinating on the gaping wound of his friend.”

A moment of relief occurred late in 1914. Cameron described it poignantly: “That Christmas Eve along many miles of the entrenched front there was to be observed a curious phenomenon: along the parapets of the German positions appeared rows of small lights, and across the tormented frozen mud of no-man's
land came a sound few soldiers had heard for many months – the sound of men's voices singing hymns. After a while it paused, and there was complete silence; by and by the singing began again, louder, and the lanterns were raised above the trench-tops on the points of bayonets. Very soon the numbed and doubtful soldiers of the BEF [British Expeditionary Force] and the French saw the Germans climb out, leaving their rifles behind them, and very soon there were many thousands of men between the [English] Channel and the Vosges [River], meeting together and greeting one another in what words they could contrive, exchanging gifts and sharing cigarettes. This was the Christmas truce that the Commands had refused; it was the subject of many disciplinary measures and it was never to happen again.”

After the American Expeditionary Force entered the war in 1917, the tide turned for the Allies. US Commander Gen. John J. Pershing put things patriotically: “Three thousand miles from home, an American Army is fighting for you. Everything you hold worthwhile is at stake. Only the hardest blows can win against the enemy we are fighting.” What most Americans and the rest of the Allies did not know then was that the Treaty of Versailles, which was to be signed on June 28, 1919, would be the harbinger of an even larger conflict – the biggest war the world has yet seen – World War II. That treaty forced Germany to reduce its army to 100,000 men; to demilitarize the Rhine River region; to stop the importation, exportation, and most production of military materials; to limit its navy to 24 ships (during the war, Germany had 100 submarines alone); to pay exorbitant reparations to the Allies, in money and goods; to give up 13 percent of its European territory, or 71,000 square miles; to recognize the sovereignty of Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria; and to surrender all its colonial holdings. It was a treaty to sharpen one's nerve on, and that's exactly what Germany did the next 26 years.

Other temperatures also were rising. In 1916, Ireland was of great concern to the British government, as it had been for centuries. An Easter uprising in Dublin foretold big events in the Anglo-Irish future. Brits had never gotten used to casualty reports from that colony, and news of the 1916 Uprising was hard to bear. The Irish playwright Sean O'Casey made that rebellion famous with his “Shadow of a Gunman” and “Juno and the Paycock”. That playwright, an avowed Communist, did well enough with his early tragi-comedies to spend his later years in England, though he was forced into that migration, due to riots over his plays in Dublin.

Other parts of the world were heating up, too. WWI stimulated Korean leaders to launch an independence struggle against Imperial Japan, which ruled Korea from 1910-1945. Among the activities of those leaders abroad, Syngman Rhee, then in the United States, planned to go to Paris in 1918, when the fighting in Europe stopped, to make an appeal for Korean independence; but his travel abroad was not permitted by the US government, which considered its relationship with Japan more important. As an alternative, Rhee made a personal appeal to US President Woodrow Wilson, who was in Paris then, to place Korea under the trusteeship of the League of Nations. Persistent, the Irish and the Koreans would gain a crucial degree of independence eventually.

News reporting on the Allied side was dubious during World War I, not that it was necessarily better on the opposition's side. The Battle of the Frontiers in 1914, the first great Germany victory of the war, which wiped out 300,000 French soldiers, or nearly 25 percent of the combatants there, remained unreported in Britain until after the war. The problem, wrote former correspondent Sir Philip Gibbs in 1923, was somewhat shrewd: “We identified ourselves absolutely with the Armies in the field.... We wiped out of our minds all thought of personal scoops and all temptation to write one word which would make the task of [the] men more... difficult or dangerous. There was no need of censorship of our despatches. We were our own censors.” Most correspondents preferred depicting lines of stalwart soldiers burning to go “like greyhounds on the leash, impatient to leap out of the trenches and charge from shell-hole to shell-hole, from cheer to cheer,” according to Phillip Knightley in his telling world history of war correspondence, The First Casualty.
CE Montague (later an assistant editor for the *Manchester Guardian*), first a soldier, then a censor, was highly critical of WWI's Allied correspondents. He wrote in 1922: “They would visit the front now and then,... but it could only be as afternoon callers from one of the many mansions of GHQ, that haven of security and comfort. When autumn twilight came down on the haggard trench world, of which they caught a glimpse, they would be speeding west in Vauxhall cars to lighted chateaux.... The average war correspondent – there were golden exceptions – insensibly acquired [a] cheerfulness in the face of vicarious torment and danger. In his work it came out at times in a certain jauntiness of tone that roused the fighting troops to fury against the writer. Through his despatches there ran a brisk implication that the regimental officers and men enjoyed nothing better than 'going over the top'; that a battle was just a rough jovial picnic,... [and] that their only fear was lest the war should end this side of the Rhine. This, the men reflected, in helpless anger, was what people at home were offered as faithful accounts of what their friends in the field were thinking and suffering.” The effect of this distortion was huge. The “average” Englishman had been accepting all his life that if something was printed in the newspaper, then it was true. Now, in the biggest event of his life, he was forced to check what the press said against what he knew to be the truth. He found the press out, and thus, lost a confidence that has not been totally restored yet today.

The great battles of 1916 showed how dreadful trench warfare and censorship could be, especially the Battle of the Somme, from July-November, Britain's bloodiest defeat ever – 20,000 British troops were killed on the first day of the battle alone. Censors and self-censors worked overtime to cushion the psychological blow at home of the Allied defeat at the Somme, using platitudes and placebos. Afterward, William Beach Thomas, the *Daily Mail*'s correspondent, related: “I was thoroughly and deeply ashamed of what I had written, for the good reason that it was untrue... the vulgarity of enormous headlines and the enormity of one's own name did not lessen the shame.”

Photographers, too, had been hamstrung. First, only two photographers, both army officers, were assigned to cover the Western Front, and since their main task was viewed to be compiling a historical record, not providing newspapers with materials, none of their “realistic” photos were released. The penalty for anyone else caught taking a photograph at the front was the firing squad. At least two soldiers risked it. FA Fyfe, a press photographer who had enlisted as a private, concealed a small camera in his bandolier and took a picture of a dawn attack on German trenches. And the great photographer Andre Kertesz also took a few pictures as a soldier in WWI.

Artists did not fare any better at the front; when they were allowed to go there in 1916, they could not show dead bodies (unlike Mathew Brady's team during the US Civil War). Moved by the dreadful things he saw, CRW Nevinson said: “I am no longer an artist. I am a messenger who will bring back word from the men who are fighting to those who want the war to go on for ever. Feeble, inarticulate will be my message, but it will have a better truth and may it burn their lousy souls.”

At this time, newspapers were just beginning to use photos halfway well, but artists were still liberally employed in that business. The half-tone process of facsimile reproduction had been invented in the 1880s, but was still used only sparingly. And it was 1915 before topical news photos were included semi-regularly in newspapers. In Britain, the periodicals and papers that would use them best early on were the *Sphere*, *Tatler*, and *The Illustrated London News*, the *News* being the first photo pioneer among them. Newspapers everywhere still had a lot to learn about using photos, especially in wartime. And for WWI to continue, in 1917 it became vital “to make the English hate the Germans as they had never hated anyone before.” Propaganda and celebrity tours of the front rose. Even George Bernard Shaw said after a tour, “There is no need of censorship. While the war lasts we must be our own censors.”

America entered the war in April 1917, following the Lusitania's sinking and a heated, Allied propaganda campaign. After America came in, a new type of war correspondent emerged. Before that, even the
Russian Revolution of 1917 had merited only a small bleep on American news charts. But at the end of the war, Ernest Hemingway became the correspondents' hero, with his fictional treatment of his experiences on the Austro-Italian front. Truthfulness, the individual, and objectivity became this school's bywords.

The case of Burnet Hershey introduced the new type of war correspondent. In 1919, he used his initiative to get at the truth by disguising himself to get within earshot of the terrible Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau at a private meeting. There he overheard the Count say: “Clemenceau, that senile old man, hurling insults at our people... we are not so to be treated. The only way for me to articulate my feelings was deliberately to remain seated [when the peace treaty was handed to me].... The Fatherland has been dealt a heavy blow. There is work to be done. We are Germans. We will not forget. We will rise from this shame.” Hershey waited until the Count had finished, then left. He hurried back to the press room at the Hotel Crillon in Paris, and sitting in his frock-coat and Tyrolean hat – “to keep the mood” – he wrote his story.
Chapter 2: James Cameron’s Entrance into the World.

The year 1911 was important in several respects, even if James Cameron never seemed impressed by his own birth in June that year. In 1911, the US Supreme Court dissolved the Rockefeller Standard Oil Trust; and US President William H. Taft sent 30,000 troops to the Mexican border, due to its perilous situation. Trust-busting was alive and well in America, as was the threat of war with a neighbor nation.

Meanwhile in Britain, King George V was crowned in June that year; also in June, 50,000 militant women suffragettes marched in London. It was in 1911, as well, that a young man named John Ronald Reuel Tolkien came up to Exeter; he would soon create *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, teach WH Auden *Beowulf*, and meet with CS Lewis et. al. in The Inklings group, to read Icelandic sagas. Things were happening in many places, despite Cameron's later reticence about that year's importance.

On June 17, 1911, then, James Cameron came into the world, “prematurely and inconveniently and... with some protest and resistance, in a gloomy but unchallengeably respectable apartment house in Battersea, London,” as he wrote in his autobiography, *Point of Departure*. Cameron continued: “This [birth] in itself constituted an error of judgement, since all the circumstances of my arrival had been planned otherwise. My parents were Scottish and, while by no means subscribing to the expatriate enthusiasm so prevalent at the time had the sentimental purpose of delivering me where we had all been delivered, and were indeed hastening north in what they believed to be good season. My mother and father had in fact been passing a final week or two in Monte Carlo, before parenthood put a stop to such diversions, and they were dutifully on their way to Clydeside for my debut when it became necessary to make other and abrupt arrangements. For some time I was held to blame for this, and perhaps I was; I have suffered all my life from impatience, and an eagerness to dispose of the inevitable.”

James's birth preceded future photographer-colleague Bert Hardy's by two years; and he had a lineage that promised a better life for him than for most. James's paternal grandfather had been an Anglican cleric in Glasgow, which did not in itself impress the grandson, for he never joined the church. But young James was taken with his grandfather’'s aquiline visage and long white beard, which never was trimmed.

James's father, William Ernest Cameron, was trained in law, yet eventually wrote two dozen serialized novels after giving up casework. William developed his penchant for writing into a respectable income for his family. Beginning as a weekly columnist for a small Glasgow paper, he soon turned to the writing of serial fictions, which, James later noted, demonstrated a “tremendous aptitude for observation, and a truly telling facility of phrase.” These were “busy tales of shadowed marriages and undiscovered crime and venal judges and star-crossed love,” James wrote in 1967.

Although James's own writing was to be exemplary, William Cameron's son never recounted any of his own rough-and-tumble boyhood adventures (if there were any to relate, of the type that inspired Bert Hardy's early life). James had semi-confused memories of his early boyhood, unlike Bert, who remembered his early years well. Still, in key respects, his memory was very good. He noted in the first chapter of *Point of Departure*: “I am obliged to linger somewhat on the nature of my father because it had without question a tremendous influence on my own. Physically I resemble him hardly at all, yet now I have reached the age at which I knew him best, and at which he died, I am vividly conscious of the perpetuation in me not only of aspect of character, both the good and the bad, but of actual physical traits, tricks of attitude and gesture – a stoop, a fashion of crouching with the elbows on the knees, a dawdling walk. The other day I came upon the manuscript of a lecture my father had given at the Kelvin Hall in Glasgow – I puzzled over it for some time, baffled as to when I could have composed this essay; so closely did the writing resemble my own that I was myself deceived.” Apparently, his memory of his early years revolved around the few things unchanging in his life (for his family's residences changed often, and his playmates were just as illusory) – his father's writing, his mother's fey personality (his
words), and a couple memories of his grandparents.

To compound the instability of his surroundings, family, and friends, there was even some early confusion for him about his name, resulting in his being called “James”. He pointed out in his autobiography that as writing took precedence over law, his father assumed the pen-name “Mark Allerton”. Thus, “[my father] became increasingly known as 'Mark', and when the time came for him to find a name for me, that was the name he chose.” James went on in a footnote: “When I was born my father's close friend was the late JJ Bell, the Scots novelist who had just had a success with a book called Jim Crow. The name, I regret to say, adhered to me in infancy, and for years to come. Indeed until I was in my twenties I had thought my registered names to be James Mark Cameron; only when some passport trouble obliged me for the first time to see my birth certificate did I realize that my name is Mark James. By this time it was rather late in the day to change.”

James Cameron always had very ambiguous feelings, then, about his early life – which included his ability to say WWI had little impact on him, and yet his ability to write two books about that war. He later wrote: “I was three when the first Great War began, and seven when it ended; it could not be said therefore to have made much direct impact on my life. I had a somewhat confused attitude to that War, since while I can personally remember very little about it I nevertheless had the impertinence a generation later to write two books about it, called 1914 and 1916... In consequence it is sometimes difficult for me to distinguish between the true vestigial memories of childhood and the later impressions derived from diligent reading. Do I really remember – as I seem to do – being taken to see General Sir William Robertson reviewing a contingent of the BEF in Hyde Park: the puttees and the flat caps and Tipperary, or have I described the scene so often on paper that I only imagine that I do? Sometimes I could almost swear that I was myself aware of the numbness of those years, of the paradoxes and tensions, even of the Zeppelins... It is manifestly impossible.” But not everything was impossible for James, as subsequent events in his life would reveal.
Chapter 3: The “Roaring Twenties” Roared for Many Reasons.

Soon after World War I, life began to improve for many people around the world. Some places still were primitive in many ways, but prosperity in America and Europe seemed to be admired everywhere. Electricity, telephones, radios, cars, airplanes, brave men, and young women were on the age's cutting edge, and Wall Street boomed during the “Roaring Twenties”. European markets, except in the defeated countries, were also in improved shape then.

Paris was the center of the cultural universe in those days, and many American writers and artists took advantage of that fact by rehearsing their crafts there. The novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald (The Great Gatsby and Tender Is the Night) may not have been as physically rugged as the novelist and journalist Ernest Hemingway (For Whom the Bell Tolls, The Sun Also Rises, and The Old Man and the Sea) or as the playwright Eugene O'Neill (Mourning Becomes Electra, Emperor Jones, Strange Interlude, and Long Day's Journey into Night), but Fitzgerald too, developed characters who had seen enough of and done enough in the world to make a difference. His wife, Zelda, didn't hurt him much either, at least at first. All three men knew France, as did Gertrude Stein, whose insistent poetic style (“Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose”) made her a model for many avant-garde writers. Stein was also one of the great collectors of art in the early 20th century. She had taken up residence with her brother Leo in Paris in 1903. Their address – 27, Rue de Fleurus – became a coveted visitation site for artists who wanted to display their work well. Favorites there were Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse, and the Spanish artist Juan Gris. In later years, the Steins welcomed Fitzgerald and Hemingway too. Later, Leo Stein moved out and Alice B. Toklas moved in with Gertrude.

Other European artists and writers also made world-names for themselves in the 1920s. Perhaps the greatest literary coup of the decade occurred when James Joyce, the Dublin-born novelist and playwright, who had been taught in Jesuit schools and had abandoned his Catholicism, depicted the lives of two male characters (the Irish Jew Leopold Bloom and the artist Stephen Dedalus) in Ulysses, probably the greatest stream-of-consciousness novel ever written. Inspired by Homer's Odyssey, Joyce's epic work covers a day in the life of the two men and reaches its climax when Bloom meets Dedalus, the latter also being a focal character in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916).

Another Dubliner who became famous due to his stream-of-consciousness technique, and of the same generation as Joyce (they were friends in fact), was the playwright Sean O'Casey. O'Casey's early plays based on the Irish struggle for independence from Britain, were effective tragi-comedies. His prose was lyrical, and he also apparently wrote songs for use in his plays. A laborer early on, O'Casey supported Irish independence, but not the middle classes backing the Irish Nationalists. O'Casey treated Irish themes with wit and irony; productions of his plays by the Abbey Theatre were not always well-received. The Plough and the Stars caused a riot in Dublin in 1926 and he soon moved to England. Other important O'Casey plays include The Silver Tassie (an anti-war play from 1928 WB Yeats and the Abbey rejected but which GB Shaw loved); Red Roses for Me (1942); and Cock-a-Doodle Dandy (1949).

Another famous work from the period is The Wasteland (1922), a long poem in five parts by the influential America-born British writer TS Eliot. The poem emphasizes the sterility of modern societies compared to the best societies of the past. He also wrote the tragic drama, Murder in the Cathedral, about the death of Thomas a Becket.

In another form, a British sculptor prepared the foundation in the 1920s for his internationally acclaimed career. Henry Moore took up sculpting and drafting after hearing in a Sunday school at age 11 that Michelangelo was esteemed the greatest sculptor ever. Moore's revolutionary sculptures and his heroic drawings of Londoners huddled in air-raid shelters in 1940 made him a popular figure in Britain all of his life. Moore said, “Art is not practical, and shouldn't be practical. Art is not to earn a living. It's to make a
difference between us and animals.”

But the arts were not the only field of endeavor improving human lives in the 1920s. In December 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright had flown the first heavier-than-air craft near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. In WWI, airplane pilots tossed bombs. “Dogfights” had first become famous during that era, and the possibilities for human aviation grew. Detroit-native Charles A. Lindbergh, who had attended the University of Wisconsin two years, left college to attend a flying school in Nebraska. In 1922, he began flying, and four years later he flew mail from St. Louis to Chicago. Motivated partly by the offer of $25,000 by a Franco-American philanthropist to anyone who could fly solo, non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean, Lindbergh decided he must do just that. In May 1927, then, he took off from a New York City airfield, withstood the pressure, stayed in the air in his Spirit of St. Louis for more than 33 hours, and landed at a Paris airport. He won instant and intense international fame, and went on to win a Pulitzer Prize in 1954 for the story of his historic flight, The Spirit of St. Louis. Unfortunately, Lindbergh had to face great personal tragedy in the 1930s when he and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, lost their infant son, Charles Jr., in a famous kidnapping-murder case. Lindbergh sympathized with Nazism early, in the 1930s.

The most controversial issue of the 1920s in America was not the economy, which boomed throughout – until the October 1929 crash on the New York Stock Exchange – but Prohibition. In 1919, the 18th Amendment to the US Constitution was passed, forbidding the manufacture or sale of intoxicating beverages in America. Supporters of temperance had been growing their power-base since the 19th century, and in 1919, they saw their dream realized. Many people opposed the amendment, but not enough to prevent the Amendment's passage then. Thirteen years later, though, the Constitution was amended again, defeating Prohibition. Meanwhile, the Mafia and other smugglers and illegal makers of alcoholic beverages in the United States, had made a fortune.

From 1920 to 1932, the Republican Party controlled the US White House. As significant tariffs went into effect during that era in America, farm prices declined and overall farm supply increased. The Teapot Dome Scandal of 1923, involving illegal oil reserve transfers, which came up soon after President Warren G. Harding's death, proved there was corruption in his administration, but Republican Calvin Coolidge still won the next presidential election, in 1924. The economy seemed sound.

As time passed, more and more investors bought stocks on margin in the New York Stock Exchange, then and now the world's most influential stock market. The fearful thing about buying on margin was that as little as 3 percent of a stock's value needed to be paid up-front by the investor, the remainder being borrowed from the broker. The bull market that symbolize the first few months of President Herbert C. Hoover's administration (1929-1933) saw a surge of such purchases, and the market panic of October 1929 led to bank, farm, and business failures and massive unemployment in America, plus strong aftershocks worldwide. In the 1920s, America tried somewhat to promote world peace, reduce Germany's huge war-debt payments, and push for arms limitations around the world. Time would tell what would become of these lukewarm efforts.

Both journalism and photography had been set back by the First World War. Where there had been only tiny slivers of realism and truth in the Allied coverage of WWI, the ten years after the Treaty of Versailles was signed, saw many key innovations in real-life sensory development. Ernest Hemingway and the man who had gotten the real scoop at Versailles, Burnet Hershey, led the way for journalists. Their truthfulness, emphasis on the individual, and objectivity brought home to other journalists the authentic basis of the world events they were covering.

Two developments in the 1920s led to the greater enlightenment of humanity journalistically: newsreels and radio news. By the 1920s, newsreels alone were reaching as many as 40 million viewers a week in
18,000 theaters across America. Also, in 1921, “amateurs” succeeded in making transatlantic radio contact for the first time, leading to the widespread dissemination of news about current events during the decade. Truer images of the world could be obtained by viewers and listeners then, although opportunities for corruption of the media also became very real.

As for still photography, it had suffered even more than written journalism in WWI. During the Crimean War (1853-1856) and the American Civil War (1861-1865), Roger Fenton and Mathew Brady (mainly via his employees), respectively, had taken dramatic photos of the conflicts they covered. Brady and his subordinates in particular, had taken thousands of huge glass-plate negatives, mainly of the grisly results of combat. Brady's crew set the tone for American photo coverages of many future wars by the way they looked death straight in the eye and lived to tell about it. There was nothing like that courageous insightfulness shown by photographers in WWI, though the men who took pictures then did what they could, in their way. Censorship was the main issue in WWI, and the threat of “friendly” firing squads awaiting them, if combat photos had been taken and discovered, discouraged many men who could have done substantial service to humanity and its historians with realistic photos.

It was a shame WWI's photographers weren't allowed to do more. Just before the war, there had been much growth in the field of American photography. In New York City, Alfred Stieglitz had founded the periodical Camera Notes in 1897, and had published Camera Work, starting in 1903. In 1905 Stieglitz and Edward Steichen opened Gallery 291, which gave many modern painters the chance to display their work for the first time. The Photo-Secession Movement developed there, as well, in which the two men assisted pictorial photographers in similar ways.

In 1906, Steichen, who had been born in Luxembourg, visited Europe again. In the coming years, he experimented with his painting, photography, and the crossbreeding of plants. The war intervened, during which time he led the US Military's aerial photography unit, which was about the only area in which WWI photographers were allowed to assist the Allied war effort and the study of history too. In 1923, Steichen returned to New York as a photographer for Vanity Fair and Vogue Magazines. Steichen's subjects then included the American actress Greta Garbo, the American architect Frank Lloyd Wright, and the British actor Charlie Chaplin. Stieglitz, who kept busy in New York during the war, eventually met, supported, and married the Wisconsin-born painter Georgia O'Keefe, who spent most of her time in New Mexico, working, even though she and her husband loved each other very much for a time.

In the 1920s, a greater sense of realism was brought to photography with the advent of the Ermanox and Leica revolution. These so-called candid cameras were both products of the German camera industry, and their impact was first felt in German picture magazines. The Leica 35mm camera, especially, opened up new vistas for both news and art photographers with its fast shutter speeds and fast lenses (i.e., less light was needed to chemically implant images onto the film via the lens). When WWI had broken out, the halftone process was already well-developed and picture journals became voracious consumers of photographs. But the pictures were generally staged, and the “jumble” was par for the course in picture layouts. Things didn't change until 1928. In that year, Stefan Lorant, a Hungarian emigre, took over as the Berlin editor of the Munchner Illustrierte Press. Immediately, his fresh, provocative picture layouts captured reader interest. And readers kept purchasing that magazine.

The key to Lorant's layouts was his ability to give readers a sense of “being there”, through skillful contrasts in size, mood, and organization in the layout of pictures on two facing pages, the unit of design that had become basic to most illustrated journalism. Lorant knew that the pictures he laid out for readers had to be more than a collection of snapshots. Instead of drawing attention to the layout, as so often was the case before 1928, Lorant's designs used pictures calculated to enhance the special quality of the pictures themselves. “This step,” as stated in the Life Library of Photography's Photojournalism, “was fundamental to the further development of the photo essay.”
The work of Erich Salomon presaged what was to come among photographers who depended on picture editors like Lorant, who believed strongly that “There could be a photographic equivalent of the literary essay,” as Kenneth Kobre wrote in *Photojournalism: the Professionals’ Approach*. With his Ermanox, Salomon took pictures of private political meetings that had never been photographed before. Salomon was a true professional, who met his end at Auschwitz in 1944 with many of his family.

As for other photographers who proved to be more than simply technicians in the 1920s, those who chose to work with Lorant included: Hans Bauman (later known as Felix H. Mann at *Picture Post*); Kurt Hubschmann (later known as Kurt Hutton at *Picture Post*); Georg Gidal (who died in an accident in 1931) and his brother Tim Gidal (who’d also work for *Picture Post* under Lorant, and who next moved to New York, and finally to Israel, where he became a respected scholar of photojournalism); Wolfgang Weber (who later became a noted travel commentator on German television); the very gifted Umbo (Otto Umbehr); and Walter Bosshard (the great German photographer, who gave up photo-reportage after a serious accident at Panmunjom, Korea in 1953).

Another German photojournalist from that era was Alfred Eisenstaedt, who worked a bit for Lorant, and went on to become *Life* Magazine's most prolific producer of cover-photos in a career spanning more than half a century. Eisenstaedt respected Lorant a great deal, and photographed him decently. Andre Kertesz, a Hungarian emigre to America like Lorant, and Martin Munkacsi, another Hungarian emigre to America, both also knew and respected Lorant, and developed great reputations for their own photography with the aid of inspiration from that great picture-editor.

The backbone of the new photojournalism was the individual photographer – Lorant knew this. In 1928-1929 came the breakthrough of photo-reportage conceived as a complete and harmonious whole, the real beginning of modern photojournalism. Readers recognized the new layouts as the most appealing format for presentation of the photographic report. In a few short months, new personnel came into the field, independent of one another and often unaware of the others' existence, at least at first. Soon, most of them knew the other photo-professionals, personally and/or by reputation.
Chapter 4: James Cameron’s 1920s.

William Cameron was busy with his writing in the 1920s, adding to his list of intriguing titles, like: Such and Such Things; The Devils' Due; A Maid and Her Money; The Knight's Move; The Mystery of Beaton Craig; and The Girl on the Green. “Mark Allerton” wrote his novels in chapters, which were serialized, with Lord Northcliffe's help, in periodicals like Answers; Tit-Bits; and the Strand Magazine. Right after William quit some vague job in the War Office, the family moved to Brittany, France. The accessible and cheap resort's name was Parame. In addition to recalling he had to walk four kilometers each way to school daily and that he had to wear a uniform including black alpaca smocks, James wrote in Point of Departure that one day at school in the externat of St. Servan, “there befell me the most memorable and extraordinary incident of all my brief schooldays.... Monsieur [the master or teacher] had been giving us some sort of history lesson... and had abandoned the thread of his discourse and had digressed into some reverie of his own.... Monsieur was anti-German [verging] on the pathological. As he moved further from his original subject and deeper into his private memories his personality quite visibly changed, his voice grew hoarser, his eyes narrowed. He began to say, 'Les salles boches... qui m'ont fait...' and then he did the thing that has stayed in my memory most vividly ever since: he seized his left arm in his right fist and pulled it out by the roots.

“For a moment he stood brandishing it like a club, held by its wrist; then he brought it down on my desk with a crash.

“I think I very nearly fainted. The shock threw me back against the desk behind with such violence that I bruised my spine. The thing was unprecedented; I could not conceive of what trauma of passion could make it possible for a man to dismember himself in this terrible way.... I must have expected either the master or all of ourselves to complete the explosion by dropping dead on the spot. Never before had I witnessed an argument brought to such a ferocious and even magical climax.

“This was the first knowledge I had ever had that the man had an artificial arm.”

James also recalled the school's lessons centered on mottoes, and he “was persuaded that Monsieur Lhote had a special line to God.” He wrote that for the first couple weeks, he “contrived to retreat deeper and deeper into the background.” One day, though, he suddenly realized he had come to terms with the French language. But he couldn't feel much at home because his teacher was still imperious, arithmetic impossible. And William was looking to move the family, perhaps to the Pyrenees. After a few years of Continental life, the Camerons returned to England, and took up residence in the Buckinghamshire village of Wendover. It was there that James's brother, Ken, was born.

Then James's mother, Margaret Douglas Robertson Cameron, became seriously ill. She became addicted to her medications and alcohol. The scenes were like from Eugene O'Neill's Long Day's Journey into Night. James wrote: “The last year of her life was spent in bed, requesting with her old Marie Lloyd charm, more of the stuff that was to kill her... My father and she consoled one another helplessly, discovering for the first time in their insecure and happy life together that love was not enough...

“I have few recollections of her other than lying in bed, increasingly wasting, yet conveying... an impression of a sort of fey exasperation, a humourous acceptance of her illness punctuated by desperate interludes of hysteria; for it is the case that my mother had accompanied my father, gentle and well-intentioned souls that they were, into this retreat of drinking, a surrender that nobody would admit, any more then, years later, I was to admit my own.”

When his mother was dying, yet another incredible event occurred. James wrote: “Early one morning [my mother] had a cardiac spasm that lasted only a few moments; I recall... my father's cry from the next
room... the signal of despair. There ensued a sequence of events that I can hardly rationalize to this day, but am persuaded in the truth: after the telephone-call to the doctor I shortly heard the slam of the doctor's door in the High Street; it was a mile away and it could nohow have been audible and yet I heard it, and the chunter of his little car all the way through the sleeping village to our house... On later consideration I know it must have been impossible, yet I know it happened.”

His mother was only 42 years old when she passed, and though she looked sixty near the end, at the very close of her life, James wrote, “she looked suddenly like a bride.” Despite all the ugly deaths he would witness later, James claimed his mother's death presented to him the form for all other deaths he came close to. She had been taken away from him too soon, and no matter how much he cried and protested, he couldn't change that fact.

But Margaret Cameron's death was hardest on William, her husband. James wrote, “For my father it was the kind of catastrophe that I was to understand only years later, when it befell me even more bleakly. I suppose it was at that moment that my father conceded – perhaps gratefully – his inability to control the complications of life other than in an empty and desultory way. This had some meaning for me since from that moment my father and I became welded in an odd relationship, tender and perverse, and for his remaining years it was I who became the father to my father, so that in the end it was I who was for a time, to be rendered childless.”

When James was 15, his father was in difficult financial straits, and James had to quit school and work full-time. His first employer was Thomson Publications in Manchester, where he was a newspaper messenger boy. He was no happier there than he had been at home. Before long, he was moved to Dundee, where he felt a bit better; he even remembered some of his friends from there fondly years later. But the city itself was awful, he wrote, with more than half of its residents on the dole and alcoholic.

James was a copy boy in Dundee, or an editorial assistant in American-ese, who saw to the correct use of pictures for one thing, pictures used with gruesome stories about murder and mayhem, but without sexual innuendo. His father wrote some of these for the chain. James was good with pictures, and toyed with the idea of becoming an artist. But a chance or two to draw on the job came due, and he decided he could write better than he could draw. Fortunately, he wrote well early in his assignments, and he grew to liking that calling a great deal. His writing would prove to be a blessing, then, because he would be losing even more precious people and things in a few years, and he would need his work to keep him from losing his grip on reality.
Chapter 5: The Great Depression, the New Deal, and World Rumblings.

Calvin Coolidge, America's 30th president (1923-1929), used to say, “The chief business of the American people is business.” He was largely right. Coolidge had become president while serving as vice-president. President Warren G. Harding died in 1923, and Coolidge coolly took office in his place. Coolidge was re-elected in 1924. Following that humble, but industrious president, Herbert C. Hoover took over from 1929-1933. Hoover tried to pick up where Coolidge left off, but the US economy was beginning to show the effects of reckless investments and growth. America had never experienced more economic prosperity than during the 1920s. Hoover, who had been a successful businessman, seemed a perfect fit for the presidency. But the bull market on Wall Street, due to the excessive buying of stocks on margin by investors, hurt everyone. Unfortunately, when the stock market crashed in October 1929, Hoover had little to suggest via market restoration. He believed in a free market, with no government controls whatsoever, and he refused to help businesses or to pay unemployment compensation to people who had lost their jobs. Needless to say, America was in the throes of a real depression by the time Hoover left office.

The Great Depression of the 1930s turned out to be the biggest economic collapse in US history. Millions of people were thrown out of work; thousands of companies, farms, and banks went out of business; and the New York Stock Exchange took years to recover. Also, economies around the world suffered. Americans, to be sure, were ready for a change. Republicans had held the White House 12 consecutive years, a period which had begun well, but had ended in disaster. That party was not entirely responsible for Wall Street's collapse in 1929, but they might as well have been, because the Hoover administration did so little to effectively initiate recovery. Most American voters thought Hoover was inadequate to the task and elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt to be the 32nd US president in November 1932. The second Roosevelt as president (FDR was Teddy's cousin) was to be elected four times; he died 83 days into his fourth term, in April 1945, near the end of WWII. The US Congress passed a law preventing people from holding that office more than two elected terms, because FDR had held so much power for so long.

Upon election in 1932, Roosevelt immediately went to work assembling an array of talented professors, economists, bureaucrats, lawyers, technicians, military strategists, and various other personnel to run the country with him. And together, they put into effect, via the Congress and the courts, a series of programs, agencies, and laws called the New Deal, which helped save the country from total bankruptcy. That complex strategy proved a forerunner of things to come in post-WWII Britain as well. Some people say the reason America emerged positively from the Great Depression owed to our involvement in WWII, starting with Japan's surprise attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Certainly the war effort, which was aggressive and united the country more than at any other time in history, didn't hurt the economy. But it's also true the New Deal's programs, agencies, and laws, to an extent, did help the economy and country.

Most important among the actions taken by the FDR Administration from 1933-1938, when the New Deal had its greatest impact, were the passage of two Emergency Banking Acts, the National Industrial Recovery Act (NIRA), the National Labor Relations Act, the Fair Labor Standards Act, the Social Security Act, and the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Also crucial to any success the New Deal enjoyed were the establishment of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC), the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA), the Federal Housing Administration (FHA), the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), the National Recovery Administration (NRA), the Public Works Administration (PWA), the Work Projects Administration (WPA), and the Farm Security Administration (FSA). The New Deal had “alphabet soup” on the menu, but it tasted okay and it showed key signs of working. And the FSA even included a group of documentary photographers (led by Dorothea Lange, most-famous for her “Migrant Mother” portrait; and Walker Evans, who'd publish with James Agee, “Let Us Now Praise Famous Men”, a photo-essay in book form about poor rural Southerners) that would help positively rewrite world cultural history.
Paul Conkin noted in *Microsoft Encarta 1995* that the federal government expanded greatly under FDR and large amounts of tax dollars went into these programs. But at least the American people began to get back on their feet. Conkin reasoned: “Although in itself [the New Deal] failed to stimulate full economic recovery, it provided the federal government not only with increased controls over money supply and Federal Reserve policies, but also with increased understanding of the economic consequences of its own taxing, borrowing, and spending – thus helping it to limit the impact of later recessions.” Daniel T. Rodgers in *Atlantic Crossings* states the effect of community cohesiveness and planning also assisted Americans. Rodgers adds that Britain’s “shopkeeper’s mentality” during the early 1930s prevented more robust economic growth from occurring. By 1945, though, with the help of William Beveridge’s postwar welfare plan, Britain would discover new, broader economic cohesiveness and opportunities.

The New Deal was over by 1939, as Americans grew more interested in foreign policy and national defense issues. Regardless, that group of programs and policies had given hope to economies around the world that depended on America as a market for their goods, and as the seat of moral leadership for most of the world. In particular, Britain has long relied on America, motivating close contacts between FDR and Prime Minister Churchill from 1940-1945.

Prior to the Great Depression, a new political belief was founded in Italy. In 1922, Benito Mussolini seized power as dictator and head of the Italian Fascist Party. Fascist political ideas include the belief that a nation's government should be all-powerful. Its citizens must work hard and sternly obey the government for the good of the nation. Fascists believe in strict discipline and training for all people, including children, and in the wearing of military-style uniforms. Tolerance is not their biggest virtue. In 1920s Germany, the Nazis were building up to Hitler's election as dictator in 1933. Their National Socialism is similar to Fascism, but based more on German antecedents, e.g., Prussian military authoritarianism and expansionism; the German Romantic tradition, which is skeptical of liberalism, rationalism, and democracy; racist doctrines stating Aryan peoples are superior; and philosophical theories idealizing the state and superior individual as not needing to be ruled by conventional laws.

Two lesser, yet relevant, wars broke out just before WWII: the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) and the Ethiopian-Italian War (1935-1936). In Spain, Nationalists led by Generalissimo Francisco Franco defeated the Loyalists. Franco, who became Spain's dictator after the war, was supported by the Nazis and Fascists, while the Loyalists were backed by the Soviet Union. The Nazi bombing of Guernica occurred during that war, which Pablo Picasso made famous in his painting by that name. In Ethiopia, Emperor Haile Selassie I granted his people a constitution in 1931. Previously, Italy had fought many wars with Ethiopia, trying to colonize it. Then in 1935, Italy invaded Ethiopia and forced Selassie into exile. Mussolini proclaimed Italy's King Victor Emmanuel III Emperor of Ethiopia, after his troops took the capital, Addis Ababa. In 1941 Selassie was restored to power by British troops.

These rumblings grew. In 1936-1937, the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis formed, and in 1938 Germany annexed Austria and part of Czechoslovakia, the latter mainly due to the Munich Pact, which British Prime Minister Chamberlain said created “peace in our time”. But when the Nazis invaded Poland in September 1939, Britain and France surprised Hitler, declaring war on Germany. WWII had begun.

News-makers in the 1930s got their message across via many media – including newspapers, magazines, newsreels, movies, and last but not least, radio. In England, the BBC already knew how crucial radio could be to news distribution; and FDR's “fireside chats” helped Americans. The latter began on March 12, 1933 (*Dictionary of American Biography*, Supplement III, Ed. By Edward T. James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1973) and ended in 1944. Topics ranged from bank and currency crises in 1933 to the Tehran and Cairo Conferences in 1943. Documentary films, nonfictional treatments of real-life situations, also came into fashion in the 1930s, with the best known being Pare Lorentz's “The Plow That
Broke the Plains,” about the American Dust Bowl. The film was commissioned by the US Department of Agriculture; it was the first film the US government ever produced for commercial release (1936).

Another agriculture-related success was the Roy Stryker-led FSA photo project. Documentary photographers like Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Walker Evans, Ben Shahn, John Vachon, and Gordon Parks contributed with it to the national understanding of rural problems. Lange’s “Migrant Mother” portrait best sums up the farm crisis in human terms. Taken of a migrant mother (from Oklahoma) with her children in a California camp in 1936, it shows the duress American migrants were under then.

In 1935 Germany, Leni Riefenstahl’s Triumph of the Will (International Films and Filmmakers, Volume: “Films”, Second Edition. Chicago and London: St. James Press, 1990), the riveting documentary dealing with the Nuremburg (Nazi Party) Congress of 1934, won the National Film Prize. In 1936, Riefenstahl also filmed the Berlin Olympics, which were key not only to American legend Jesse Owens, but also to the Korean Marathon Winner there Sohn Kee-Chung, who had to run with a Japanese flag on his shirt, though he tore it off on the medals stand.

Life was also heating up for Stefan Lorant. After he’d become Berlin editor for the Munchner Illustrierte Presse in 1928, he moved to Munich within the year to become its chief editor. The young man who had gone to Vienna from Budapest at age 20 to photograph stories and films, who had given Marlene Dietrich her first screen-test, and who had photographed The Life, Loves, and Sorrows of Mozart, was beginning to hit his stride. Michael Hallett wrote in The Real Story of Picture Post: “Under his guidance the [Munich] paper became the first modern picture magazine in the world.... when Hitler came to power in Bavaria in March 1933 Lorant was among the first editors to be put in political prison by the Nazis. No reason was given.... Six and a half months later, after the Hungarian government succeeded in obtaining his release, he returned to his home city [Budapest] where within 24 hours he was offered editorship of the Sudan supplement of Pesti Naplo.... During the day he worked in the editorial office and in the evening he wrote the book based on his [prison] diaries... When I Was Hitler's Prisoner was published by the Spring of 1934. Lorant left Budapest for London to find an English publisher.”

Lorant protege Tim Gidal once quoted the religious philosopher Martin Buber: “Every living situation has a new face, like a newborn child, despite all similarity to previous situations, something which has never before existed and which will never be repeated.” Stefan Lorant knew that fact, precisely. He came to a new living situation in Britain in 1934, and he knew he could do something that would not be repeated, at least not nearly as superbly well.

Lorant edited a magazine as soon as he arrived in London in 1934, London's Weekly Illustrated, a few months before he published his prison diaries. And in August 1934, he presented Il Duce (Mussolini) to the English-reading public for the first time, via his new layout of Felix Mann's unforgettable 1931 photos. That photo-essay revealed a behind-the-scenes visit to the notorious dictator, about whose personality and life style the entire world was curious. Both aspects are swiftly captured in the pictures Lorant selected: in the awesome décor of [Mussolini's] working quarters, and in the close-in-head shots of the man at work. Lorant very properly used a very sober layout style to emphasize the nature of a then-potential world predicament.

By contrast, and while still experimenting and developing new approaches, Lorant designed for the Weekly Illustrated in 1934 a glimpse of Paris at night. By employing an overall dark background, he not only strengthened the mood of this photo-essay, but he was also able to hold its various bits together, even though its elements are varied and the layout problem difficult. The photographer was the Hungary-born Brassai, whose sensitive eye roamed from monument to nightclub entertainer, from aging tart to cobbled gutter, as he slowly built up, picture by picture, enough pieces to tell a small, evocative story about a single place.
But Lorant did not feel appreciated on *Weekly Illustrated*, which was produced by the same people who created the old *Clarion* Magazine. Lorant's answer was to edit and fund a brand-new magazine, *Lilliput*, copies of which today are collector's gems, and which turned out to be a fairly good picture magazine. Hiring young journalist Sidney Jacobson, just back from India, Lorant did some unique things with picture juxtapositions at *Lilliput* – including his famous pairing of a photo of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain with a photo of a llama.

Lorant eventually hired Tom Hopkinson onto his staff, stealing him away from *Weekly Illustrated*, after the young journalist approached Lorant for a “paying” job. Lorant soon sold *Lilliput* for more than 10 times what he had initially invested in it. And after a talk with Lorant and the Hulton Press's general manager, Maxwell Raison, Hopkinson became assistant editor for the new magazine Edward Hulton wanted to start with Lorant. Hulton and Lorant met. Lorant was not impressed by Hulton's contacts with Blackshirt Oswald Moseley. But they came to terms.

Tom Hopkinson retold the story of the magazine's start in his introduction to *Picture Post 1938-1950*: “The first issue... came out on 1 October [1938]. Already we were in July, but all that seemed to be happening was the taking of sets of photographs by [Hans] Baumann and [Kurt] Hubschmann. I was anxious for dummies to be made up.... but that was not the way Lorant worked. He could only work when he had generated a head of excitement and enthusiasm. There was also a sharp division inside the firm as to what kind of magazine this was to be. For Lorant and myself the main interest was that it should be strongly political, 'anti-Fascist' in the language of the time; we also believed that the magazine's success depended on its taking such a line. But being 'anti-Fascist' meant being 'left-wing' – and our proprietor, Edward Hulton, was a staunch Conservative.”

After Lorant collected all the pictures he needed on the weekend before the first *Picture Post* was to hit the news-stands, he and caption writer S[i]dney Jacobson went to Aldenham, the place in the country where Lorant lived. He said: “We worked the whole of Saturday and the whole of Sunday. During these 48 hours *Picture Post* was born. [That dummy] turned out to be the first issue, with hardly any changes.” *Picture Post*'s office on Shoe Lane, just off Fleet Street, was very busy: On the first day, all its allocated 750,000 copies were sold. *Picture Post* sold almost double, with its inaugural issue in 1938, what *Life* Magazine's inaugural issue (380,000 copies) had sold in 1936!
Chapter 6: James Cameron’s 1930s.

When Cameron transferred from Dundee to Sunday Post in Glasgow, he had to adapt to an unusual journalism: “In those days there was no tangible demarcation line between the functional processes in the editorial department of a provincial newspaper of this kind. Between the sub-editor [copy editor] branch and the reportorial staff no such schism or tribal difference existed as exists today, since everybody on the newspaper was both alternately, or even simultaneously. Much of my time was occupied in writing articles of a character almost excruciatingly homely and domestic, treating of the more trivial sort of family or social incident in a style, which I soon bitterly found came fairly easily to me, that somehow combined the facetious and the didactic, the worldly-wise and the innocent....”

James was glad his articles were not to be signed due to the paper's editorial policy, for he assumed the character of A Feckless Housewife, A Henpecked Husband, Wee Wully, The Saftest o’ the Family, Always a Wallflower, A Bairn Without a Name, “and kindred archetypes of the ridiculous, eccentric, or pathetic”. The articles had to use the “homely idiom of the Scottish working class, which is to say a costive coyness larded with apostrophes and Doricisms which bore as much likeness to the demotic speech of the Gorbals, say, as it did to Greek.” Animal stories too were popular, so James had to write under the name of Percy the Poodle and An Unloved Alley-cat, as well. And he ghosted stories of prominent boxers, released murderers, and minor functionaries in the Royal Household.

Cameron also had to serve as editorial assistant to an “eerie creep” who wrote a series called Secrets of Mayfair Vice Rings, which James had to scout out around the court. He noted: “Between those endeavors and my consistent oeuvre of canny suburban humour a kind of balance was maintained. I learned to do almost anything after a fashion, and nothing well. I was paid six pounds a week.”

On the Sunday Post, he also learned that Scottish journalism of the 1930s was an even rarer bird than he was used to. The “ancient and proper canon” was and is to separate editorials from hard-news stories. James wrote that this was “accepted everywhere – except, to be sure, where I worked in those peculiar days.” However, the habit of blending editorial commentary with hard-news was to travel with him his entire career. He later would refer to his “subjective style of journalism”, though his personal take on events and people expressed many truths about them.

Then one day, Sandy Trotters, who was the editor of the Scottish Daily Express, offered him a job on that paper as a “down-the-table sub”. He jumped at it and its salary of nine pounds a week, thinking it a foothold in national journalism. On the strength of the new job, he and Elma Murray were married back in Dundee. His father, whom he had not seen in years, seemed happy. James later wrote about he and his wife's new life: “We rented the ground-floor of a strangely ugly and splendid house by the Botanical Gardens in Glasgow, and furnished it with odds and ends. By day we danced around Glasgow as though it had been Babylon; at night I would take the tram down to Albion Street and fulfill my place in the noble calling of the Fourth estate by putting paragraph-marks on five-line stories about rent strikes to Renfrewshire. And then the war broke out.”

Leading up to this, William Cameron had been failing. His bronchial asthma, which he'd had for years, grew worse. And he took a fall that wrenched his leg badly and greatly discouraged him. James wrote: “The major punctuation-mark came when he found himself no longer able to write at all. In all the years up until then, through all the difficulties and solitudes, he had always managed to turn out the regular installments of these endless serial stories... and however banal and predictable [the formula-tale's] content it was always treated with the ghostly hint of sardonic originality that was the Mark Allerton touch, and the copy was always on time.

“Now he found himself unable to do this; not only was he incapable of concentrating his mind on the
simple situations he himself had created, but more often than not he was unable to put on paper words of any kind....

“So I took to writing stories for him. It was not very difficult.... The copy was delivered on time, and accepted without comment by the editors. I congratulated myself on the success of the strategm. It was only after my father's death that I learned that the publishers had at no time been deceived. It was considerate and delicate of them that they had said no word either to my father or to me.” William was admitted to a nursing home; he had lost his ability to reason. It was 1939.

James's father told him when WWII began to “have nothing to do with it”. That September, James had other things on his mind. He would lose his father three months into the war. Also, he and his wife had conceived a child days before war was declared. Nine months later, he was to lose even more – his beloved Elma, in childbirth. Their newborn, named Elma for her mother, arrived safe and sound, but James's wife didn't survive. He viewed that death that day – and she had died in an oxygen tent the moment he arrived with flowers – as “the end of my short and little marriage, the end of my short and little life”. Yes, his new job at the Daily Express had been a step up, but now he came to learn, via tragedy, he had responsibility without power, the reverse of what journalists are said to have.

James Cameron did not become obsessed with the war, just as his father advised he should not. Oh, the German armies were overrunning France and the BBC had him do a broadcast “about regret, and solidarity, and determination,” but he instead became “totally involved to the point of obsession with the technical problems of maintaining, and optimistically rearing, a two-weeks-old baby in a furnished room off the Great Western Road in Glasgow.” He was grateful, years later, for the preservation, “by a series of flukes and miracles, [of] the daughter who fortunately could hardly know how profoundly she was, for so long, to be the hub and purpose of my life.”

Called up for military service, James was rejected for “organic cardiac disease” and told that “in no circumstances should I be exposed to an altitude more than three thousand feet. From that point various exigencies of life were to oblige me to join, in one fashion or another, in the activities of five different armies and two navies, and to pass the intervening periods largely in aeroplanes at a height of twenty thousand feet. I emerged from my medical [examination] unnerved to the point where I hardly dared cross the street, but within two years it became clear that, whatever had happened to my soul, I was at least physically indestructible.”
Chapter 7: World War II: Total War.

Just as World War I had been the greatest catastrophe humanity had known until that time, at least in terms of numbers of people killed, World War II was the biggest calamity of all time, again in terms of numbers of people killed. While more than 8.5 million troops were killed in WWI, some estimates put the number of total people killed in WWII as high as 60 million. More than 7 million Jews, Catholics, and Ukrainians, died in Nazi death-camps. And nothing like the atomic bomb had been unleashed on humanity before. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were obliterated, along with most of their populations, with one device each that could have fit into a large dump-truck. The war needed to end, and US President Harry S. Truman decided to drop those two atomic weapons when and where they were released, to save the lives of countless Allied troops. It was a difficult decision, but maybe the right one.

WWII was fought on land, on sea, and in the air, relentlessly. Civilians suffered as much as soldiers, especially from the bombing of towns and cities. The Nazi air-blitz over London was at least as wicked as the Allied bombing of Dresden. The Brits were a bit more prepared to be bombed than the Germans and Japanese apparently, and they and the rest of the Allies had morality on their side, it seems. When Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, most Americans were still getting back on their feet at the end of the Great Depression. Many of the men would be off to war by early 1942. Americans may have been “slow” to react to both World Wars, but when they reacted, each time they turned the tide of war for the Allies. Britain got the message about Hitler soon enough, and after the debacle of Munich in 1938, the old warhorse Winston Churchill was in power by late May 1940. He lobbied capably for passage of the US Lend-Lease Act, so that materiel and services could be obtained on loan from America, as they were needed by Britain and the Allies, to fight the war.

The great miracle before America's official entrance into the war in late 1941 was the incredible pluck of the British people on the home-front. Hitler bombed London at will for many months, but the Brits kept going to their air-raid shelters and kept putting out the fires. Many people have said that the pre-WWII years had been a “dreary era” in Britain, and in America there was the Great Depression, but what that era boiled down to was this: People soon learned that if they truly wanted something, they had to struggle and work hard to earn it.

While near-anarchic conditions had led to WWI, followed by an era of unbridled individualism in the 1920s, the late 1930s were driven by collective ideologies and the notion of consensus-building, at least in America and Britain. In Prof. Arthur Marwick's essay “Middle Opinion in the Thirties: Planning, Progress and Political 'Agreement'", he makes a good point about the 1930s, or the "devil's decade". Contrary to what most people believed about British public opinion in that era, there was more agreement then between people than disagreement.

Marwick began: “It is the aim of this paper, first of all, to stress in a way previous commentators have not done, that there was in fact a very large groundwork of social and political 'agreement' in the thirties; and then to show that it was from this groundwork that there arose the ideological structure which took Britain safely through the forties and brought her to rest in the fifties.”

The Nazis and Fascists made little headway in Britain or America in the 1930s, and that may be due to the latter's interest in democratic ideals of diversity, interdependence, and freedom, things extreme right-wingers (and extreme left-wingers, too) have little interest in. Thus, it can be understood why British centrists could endorse a “National Government of the Right” in 1931, a “National Government of the Left” in 1936, and a “Conditional (governed by wartime factors) Consensus Government of the Right” in 1940. And in 1945, British centrists “changed horses” again: the Labour Government of Clement Attlee was a “Conditional (governed by peacetime factors) Consensus Government of the Left.” Consensus-building also occurred from 1933-1945 in America. Allied military leadership in WWII was almost as
consensus-driven, though commanders could be more authoritarian than British and American citizenry generally were then. But Supreme Allied Commander Gen. Dwight Eisenhower was a true consensus-builder, able to keep British Commander Gen. Montgomery and his troops in tow when needed, as well as Soviet Commander Marshall Zhukov and his personnel did, at least in wartime.

The names of the key battles of WWII are still famous: the Evacuation of Dunkirk; the Battle of Britain; North Africa; Pearl Harbor; Burma; the Coral Sea; Midway; Guadalcanal; Stalingrad; Kursk; the Normandy invasion (D-Day); the Liberation of Paris; the Warsaw Uprising; the Italian Campaign, the Philippine Sea; the Battle of the Bulge; the Rhine Crossing; the Liberation of the Death-camps; Berlin; Iwo Jima; Okinawa; and finally the Atomic Bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, among many.

Without consensus-building efforts by their political and military leaders, business people, journalists, entertainers, bureaucrats, athletes, other citizens, all military personnel, and without sufficient physical resources, without great courage and skill, and without a little help from above too, the Allies would not have won the war. When US Gen. Douglas MacArthur accepted the signatures of surrender, then, from the Japanese leadership on-board the battleship Missouri on September 2, 1945, in Tokyo Bay, WWII formally ended. MacArthur became governor-general of Japan during the US occupation there soon afterward. He was a capable leader then, and earned enough respect from Japanese and American leaders to take on an even bigger task in 1950-1951 Korea, as we will see in later chapters.

After WWII, another war began almost immediately – the Cold War. The Soviet Union had kept many thousands of troops in conquered Eastern European countries at war's end. Also, Soviet troops occupied the northern half of Korea then. That “Land of Morning Calm” had been liberated in the southern half by US troops. No matter what the rest of the Allies said, the Soviets weren't budging, anywhere. In October 1945, the United Nations Charter was ratified by that organization's first members, though, and at least the issues between the two sides were being discussed.

FDR had passed away in April that year, and by year's end, wartime British PM Churchill had been defeated by Labour Party leader Clement Attlee. Those passings entailed sad transitions for the Allies in many ways, but life went on. In the Soviet Union, Joseph Stalin still controlled things with an iron-fist, and would continue to, until his death in 1953. Stalin had always been a dictator, but he had still been a vital ally of America and Britain during WWII. After the war, he was less than an ally; he was – very basically – a Communist dictator to watch out for.

When all was said and done, journalists in Allied countries didn't complain much about the censorship they had to undergo from 1939-1945, or about the propaganda the Allied side put out. It had been total war, and even self-censorship had been a generally accepted part of the collective Allied response, though some publications still complained occasionally about government interference in news gathering and distribution, interference that might have been more an issue in some more recent wars. Also, the weaknesses of the Treaty of Versailles had been forgotten by the Allies, though not by German leaders and people.

US journalists like Ernie Pyle and Ed Murrow, and photographers like Robert Capa, WE Smith, Margaret Bourke-White, and Edward Steichen (who headed a stellar Navy Photographic Unit), thrived on finding human truths in the war, and the Big Truth was that Allied citizens wanted and needed to fight and win then, and they saw why and how to more honestly do both, unlike some people in the WWI-era. A Robert Capa photo-essay from the Spanish Civil War, “This Is War!” boldly stated the situation, in Spain and in the Second World War, too. Even the “slow-to-anger” Americans knew where they stood by the end of 1941 – on the side of the Allies. This truly was war!

But Phillip Knightley still could conclude a chapter about the early war period entitled, “Their Finest
Hour' 1939-1941," from his First Casualty, by quoting from a friend of James Cameron's, the Christian author Malcolm Muggeridge: “So it was not all a period of glory. Churchillian rhetoric, JB Priestley's cosy radio chats about war aims and post-war Britain, the heroism of the ordinary Englishman, all transmitted by the correspondents to an American audience that gobbled it up and asked for more. 'And why not?' asks Malcolm Muggeridge. 'It was all true, all heroic, all forever memorable. By the same token, all false, all squalid, all eminently forgettable – the heroism no more than indifference, Churchillian rhetoric as empty as Laurence Olivier's pounding out Henry V's peroration before Agincourt, Priestley's down-to-earth good sense the purest fantasy.'”

Ironically, Picture Post, to which Priestley regularly contributed, was one of the British publications that did complain about censorship and distribution issues. So intensely motivated to defeat the Nazis were Stefan Lorant, Tom Hopkinson, and their colleagues, that they questioned many British government actions. The first editorial comment critical of the government's approach toward Hitler ran right after the Munich Pact of 1938. It was a John Heartfield photo-montage, showing two elephants with wings by a lake, one of them already flying. The caption reads: “The elephants are happy. They are flying about the sky. [They] are happy because they have got peace. For how long have they got peace? Ah, that no-one can say.”

Along this line, Robert Kee noted in his 50th anniversary collection, The Picture Post Album (1988-1989): “The absurdity of some of the early Ministry of Information censorship was exposed by the use of black blank spaces where censored photographs should have been, with the captions which would have illuminated them intact underneath, while alongside ran an uncensored photograph of the men who had order the censoring.” One November 1938 photo reveals a “Keep out!” sign that includes the statement “This is a private war...” with some dark greenery in the background. The photo's caption reads: “BLACK-OUT: A Symbol of the War which Mustn't Be Photographed. We began this war with high hopes, because we felt we had a job to do. We were told that propaganda was of first-rate importance. We felt we could show the British people what their fighting forces were doing, and show the world how Britain was reacting to the War. Not at all! For a few weeks we knew there would be confusion. But now – two months after war began – we get twenty pictures showing the German side of the War for every one showing the British. Is this democracy? Is this common sense?”

Driven by the Socialist ideals of men like Lorant and Hopkinson, neither being an instinctive centrist, the staff came to look upon the Churchill government as a better one than the inept Chamberlain regime, but still too Conservative. Picture Post did support many government decisions and measures, though, during the war. It was so caught up in the defense of the home-front, in fact, that, with technical advice from former Spanish Civil War (Loyalist) International Brigade men, it set up a private school for training the Home Guard, even making its own mortars for home use against the enemy in English villages, for about 38 shillings each. Another early issue gave an historical account of Napoleon's plans of more than a century before, entitled, “How to Invade Britain.”

Then, in July 1940, editor Stefan Lorant decided that, with or without the British nationality he had been trying to acquire, he was, as an anti-Nazi with some Jewish ancestry who had previously been jailed by Hitler, more likely to survive somewhere else than in Britain or the European Continent. Lorant had protected his German photographers by banning photo-credits early on in Picture Post. Now he protected himself by sailing to America, the country he had already scouted for his A Picture Post Special: The United States, a book that subtly lobbed Americans to join the Allied war-effort. Kee noted: "So personally, however, had Hopkinson by this time absorbed Lorant's talent for photo-journalism that the brilliant Hungarian's departure brought about no discernible difference in the character of the paper at all.... [U]nder Hopkinson's editorship it advanced from strength to strength in both journalistic quality and importance.”
Lorant later said all Hopkinson did was copy old layouts interminably. And *Picture Post* did face more tangles with the British government. “An increasing ability to be responsibly awkward was even honoured with some further attention from the authorities when, irritated by valid enough questioning of the effectiveness of some of the military equipment in the Middle East, the Ministry of Information tried to limit *[Picture Post's]* circulation among the troops there by temporarily withdrawing the government subsidy paid to retailers. Very typically *Picture Post* turned this action itself into an important issue to be questioned.”

Now, much has been written about how Allied journalists honorably practiced self-censorship during WWII – after all, Allied troop movements shouldn't be announced by the Allied media in advance of military actions. War reporters have always been forced to consider certain protocols, then, with some stories. But, while *Picture Post* did think several of these protocols legitimate, it did not sit on its hands either – thus, did it gain its reputation for editorial fairness and independence. Unlike WWI, journalists saw and recorded an awful lot of WWII. This was part of WWII's “positive process”, if any war that kills 60 million people can be termed positive. But looking back on it today, most Allied citizens still consider WWII to have been a justly-won conflict; some may still even call it a “popular war”.
Chapter 8: James Cameron During WWII.

Just before he died, William Cameron told his son James: “This is preposterous and horrible. I had not thought to see such an imbecility again – so soon; the other [war] is barely over, and look what that did to us all. Take care and have nothing to do with it, my boy. My God I wish I felt better at this moment; there's a great deal I should write about this.” Perhaps this was William's final lucid moment, maybe not. His advice to James may have been sound. And yet the son felt he had no choice but to keep trying to manage with his family, his work, and yes, even the war. James later wrote: “[T]he German army was moving through the Low Countries and into France and the war had become war. This I appreciated through the crescendo of news pouring in through the tapes; I read it with wonderment and watched Europe collapse, as everything else had collapsed.”

Moved to London and promoted to deputy chief sub editor for Beaverbrook's Daily Express, James found himself woefully inadequate to the task. He later wrote, “Sometimes I would almost hope that a bomb would fall upon our [paper's] establishment and put us all out of our misery, and several times this nearly came to pass.” But he was at least meeting some new people: “A maximum of half a dozen of us got the paper out each night, and some of them have gone into the annals of that blackout age: Brian Chapman, Bill Knott, Basil Denny, Tim Healey, Sailor Mapleson, the incomparable Percy Crisp.” James was finding his way again.

He soon even was doing a side-job of radio-essays for the BBC. The first historical piece by James published in “The Best of Cameron” is “Footnote to an Old Friendship” (Jan. 20, 1941), and poignantly covers his early youth in Brittany and his schooling. He mentions the schoolmaster once defended his British background in front of the other boys, which Cameron was grateful for. Even more than this, James remembered the owner of a small hotel in that town, a Papa Dubocq, who was very kindly disposed towards James, and who memorably wore green sabots (wooden shoes). Cameron wanted the French people to know the British hadn’t forgotten them early in the war.

Unable to bring his daughter with him to raise in London, James left her with her mother's mother in Aberdeenshire, which he calculated to be the least likely part of Britain to be bombed by the Germans. Once every four weeks, he diligently made the difficult, even miserable, trip by blacked-out train to see little Elma for a few hours, then back to London. Growing semi-resigned to his lot and looking for love, James took comfort in the friendship of an artist on the paper's staff, Elizabeth O'Conor. He wrote in Point of Departure: “[A]s I spent my nights fitting the fragmentary story of the war into the compass of a four-page newspaper so did she reinforce this operation by drawing the maps whose function was to define to a hungry nation the relative positions of Narvik and Kirkemoln. Of Sirte and Benghazi, of Arras and Sedan, embellished with monstrous arrows to indicate the changing fortunes of war. She was both kind and tranquil, she was beautiful and she was generous; she was as vulnerable as I but more composed, and nobody else did or could have done what I had supposed impossible: she took me over the barrier between the past and the present, and opened all the closed doors.”

Compare what James wrote about Elizabeth with what he wrote about his late first wife, Elma, regarding the last days of her life, when he worked on the Scottish edition of the Express. Stanley Baldwin had defined the calling of journalism as “power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages,” but instead, James, who was editing “great numbers of very small accounts of very small happenings,” found: “My menial share... represented responsibility without power. As I scribbled my paragraph-marks on the flow of minute reportages of council meetings in Bothwell or stabbing-affrays in Renfrew Street, I was haunted by consideration of doom.

“These arcane technicalities I would endeavor to explain to Elma the next day; she would listen with the slightly remote and smiling sympathy of one whose own considerations were not only greater and more
personal but also more immediate: the baby was expected at any time.”

Elma was deeply loved by James, as Elizabeth was, after Elma's death. But Elma was not a journalist, and James somehow felt out of his element when their daughter was on the way. Still, he was devastated by his first wife's sudden demise. In the coming years, he would look for just the right romantic love to replace the romantic love he felt for Elma, and Elizabeth was to be very close to just right for him for a long time.

James's marriage to Elizabeth in 1944 began modestly well: “[It] was like entering a theatre already in the second act; we united our children – my baby daughter, her baby son – and for the first time for three despairing years there seemed for me some point in establishing a root in life. We set up house in Markham Square, in the lunatic moonlit world of the Chelsea of the early 40s, inhabited by the sweet and shifting companionship of the lost years, most now untimely lost or quenched or overtaken – Brian Chapman, Dylan Thomas, Anthony Devas, Warren Chetham Strode, John Davenport, the gentle and beloved Vicky with whom I was to plod in hilarious despair through twenty years of mutually hopeless exhilaration.”

James was making friends, albeit friends who could not wholly remove the despair from his life. Sometimes they added to it. Elma's demise following the loss of his parents, all occurring before mid-1940, was a lot with which to contend. Despite his having a family and friends again, then, James looked for new mountains to climb – low-level or high. The war could not deter him from yearning for more. He was escaping from boredom: “Continually I supplicated the Express to remove me from the imbecile thralldom of the office and return me to the only job I knew: the reporter's job, the features job, anything in which I felt I stood a fair chance of fulfillment. I had no need to point out what was obvious: that I would never make executive material, that I had no gift of leadership or command, and that I knew that to the day of my death I would be obliged to count out on my fingers the number of letters accommodated in a 42-point heading of Cheltenham Bold across four columns. It took a long time, but finally I prevailed; I think my entreaties and my arguments finally bored them past endurance, and quite suddenly I found myself a foreign correspondent. It sounded rather more farouche than in fact it turned out to be.”

The year was still 1944, and James was proving he knew himself better than anything or anyone else did. He knew he wanted to be first-rate at something, he later wrote, and subjectively motivated foreign correspondence was it. He recalled in 1967 his new, if dubious, position: “I joined my elders and betters as an itinerant bagman of what most of the time were dreary tidings, chasing around from one manifestation of human error to the next, feeling uneasily, though rarely admitting it that the world we saw was usually at its worst, and not infrequently because of our presence.” Although he was often satirical about himself and others, James Cameron still knew that “presence” he was part of, was what he had to bank on. He would be a great gadfly, if nothing else.
Chapter 9: The Cold War Begins, or How the World Got Back to “Normal”.

Immediately after WWII, America was in capable hands with Harry S. Truman, the vice president when FDR died, who became president from 1945-1953. Born and raised on a Missouri farm, Truman served in an artillery unit in WWI, and when he returned home, he opened a men's clothing store, which soon failed. He next went into democratic politics, and with the backing of the Pendergast Machine of Kansas City, was elected to the US Senate in 1934. He voted consistently for New Deal programs, but his name first became famous when he led a Senate investigation committee that exposed wasteful spending in the war effort. As a result, FDR chose him as his running mate in the 1944 election.

After FDR's death on April 12, 1945, Truman seemed to have little problem implementing the late president's war strategy. He decided to use the atomic bomb, to save the lives of countless American troops, who otherwise would have been needed for an all-out invasion of Japan. And he supported America's allies then. But he did not support Stalin after the war, due to the Eastern European Sphere of Influence the Communist dictator was establishing. Some of the countries that came under Soviet domination there were: Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Albania, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Romania. The Truman Doctrine, also known as the Containment Policy, applied to US aid to Greece and Turkey first, so they could ward off Soviet aims, but then grew into a far-reaching strategy by all America's post-war allies, to fight Soviet domination around the world.

Some of Truman's other achievements as president included the implementation of the Marshall Plan, which greatly helped in the reconstruction of post-war Western Europe; the founding of the United Nations (est. 1945) and NATO (est. 1949-North Atlantic Treaty Organization), the latter being the military and political alliance led by the United States and involved in the 1990s war with Serbia; and the partial passage of Fair Deal legislation, which might have included civil rights laws, more funding for education, and the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, but didn't. Fair Deal successes did include the continuation of New Deal programs relating to farm subsidies, public housing, Society Security, and a minimum wage.

Ironically, as staunch an anti-Communist as Truman was in foreign affairs, some American leaders saw his pro-Labor, pro-Big Government stands as signs of Communist influences in his life and administration. In February 1950, then, Sen. Joseph McCarthy (Rep-Wis), chairman of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, first charged the US State Department with harboring Communists. The House Un-American Activities Committee joined the fray and questioned many government personnel to see if they ever had Communist affiliations. Due to the investigations, many people lost their jobs, especially from “blacklisting” (the exclusion of people from jobs or roles they seek to hold, because they are under suspicion, or because they have been convicted, of committing a crime). In any event, in early 1950 McCarthy was a hero to conservatives, and even to some centrists.

Meanwhile, in 1945 Britain, Labour Party Candidate Clement Attlee succeeded Winston Churchill as Prime Minister, paving the way for the creation of a welfare state there. Some of the measures taken by his government were the nationalization of industry and the establishment of a comprehensive social welfare system, including a national health care program, which the United States still hasn’t fully implemented in parallel fashion. Also on Attlee's watch, the British Empire declined, as India, Ceylon (now Sri Lanka), and Burma, key remaining colonies, gained their independence.

Many people were at first pleased with the Labour government, but not everyone, with good reason. The Labour Party was supposed to be Socialist, and thus, friendly to the middle and working classes. But Norman Gelb wrote in his book The British: “Most of the leaders of Britain's Labo[u]r Party, some of the country's unions, and many of its diminutive radical socialist factions are of middle-class origin. But that cannot be taken as evidence that class lines are being dissolved. Those people belong to a tribe all their own – the would-be working class, which even includes an aristocrat or two – Katherine Whitehorn, a
perceptive columnist for the London Observer, note[s], 'Fleet Street [the traditional newspaper district in London] is full of people who hiss “middle class” with the intonation of “nigger”, who nonetheless pull in high salaries and own houses full of interestingly expensive objects; obviously they feel themselves working class in the sight of God.”

The Conservative Party was rebounding fairly well. Their newly appointed chairman, Viscount “Uncle Fred” Woolton, was a good organizer and talented politician. And the Conservative Research Department under RA Butler recruited several capable young men, like Reginald Maudling, Iain Macleod, and even Enoch Powell. Only one unfashionable figure marred the party's New Look: In August 1945, aging heir-apparent Anthony Eden wrote anxiously to Lord Edward Halifax that Churchill seemed in the mood to proclaim his intention of leading the party at the next election. Halifax's then-widely-held view was “Disastrous.”

In July 1946, Britain suffered the trauma of bread-rationing, which had never been required during even the darkest days of two world wars. Luxuries like nylons, whisky, and chocolate were mainly for export— a fact of life rubbed in by anti-Labour advertisers. One real venture Attlee had begun by then was to give authority for housing and health to the volatile Welshman, Aneurin Bevan. Bevan took on diehard doctors over the creation of a national health program. Housing was not his main concern, even though there were many refugees and homeless in Britain then. But the National Health Service was formed in July 1948.

Abroad, Jewish guerillas blew up the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, and kidnapped and flogged a British officer and three NCOs, causing riots in Liverpool and Manchester. And in a speech at Fulton, Missouri, Churchill declared the “Cold War” started and the “Iron Curtain” real. Russia had lost upwards of 20 million dead in the war, and her industry had been wrecked, plus the 1946 harvest there had been ruined by drought. But it was not until the end of 1947 that Ernest Bevan's “Now 'e's gone too bloody far” marked a real break in British efforts to reach agreement with Stalin. Bevan was afraid of American withdrawal from Europe, as had occurred after WWI, leaving a weakened Britain as the only counterpoise to Soviet expansion. Luckily, America's Marshall Plan restored the European balance of power. Announced in 1947 by Gen. George Marshall, it was backed by Congress with $13 billion. It not only restored Western European economies, but also helped rebuild their militaries.

By 1949, a divided Berlin (Free vs. Communist) made news often. Then on January 22, 1949, an event little noticed in the West occurred: Chinese Communist troops entered Peking. Shanghai fell in May. On October 1, the People's Republic of China, with Mao Tse-tung as head, was proclaimed before a crowd of 200,000 in the Square of the Gate of Heavenly Peace in Peking. The Nationalist Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek withdrew to Formosa (Taiwan), announcing the start of “World War III”. Britain soon recognized Red China, complicating Truman's life.

The most important media development in the post-WWII era was the mass production and commercial use of televisions. The first public TV broadcasts were made in Britain in 1927 and in America in 1930. There was no regular schedule of programming then. The first regular-service TV broadcasting began in April 1939, in connection with the opening of the New York World's Fair. Scheduled broadcasts were interrupted by WWII, and resumed after the war. Only 12 TV stations operated on a regular basis in 1946 America. But a boom in interest in 1948, caused the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to halt the licensing of new stations late that year. The moratorium was ended in 1952, when 2,053 stations were granted TV broadcast licenses. The tempo of development in post-war Britain was just as rapid. Following a 6-year war hiatus, the BBC resumed TV broadcasts in 1946 on a limited basis. That company, as part of a plan to make TV available to 80% of the population, opened the world's largest transmitting station in 1949. Eight added stations were built by 1952 and the plan was fulfilled. The tremendous interest and growth in TV broadcasting in both countries sparked similar responses around the world. Other media suffered setbacks as a result, and many of the less appealing news distribution
alternatives fell by the wayside. Sometimes, even the best news distributors could not compete, and died. Of course, TV generally uses moving pictures to present its news well.

But still photography has long been able to do much useful and often dramatic and/or humorous presentation of news too. That will continue to be the case. Historically, the first photo-montage used in Picture Post, one already mentioned, had been that of two elephants “flying”, used to poke holes in the unrealistic optimism that followed Neville Chamberlain's deal with Hitler in 1938, the Munich Pact. Elephants were to come into play many times in that magazine before its final issue in 1957. For instance, in its July 13, 1946 issue, Picture Post published a story entitled, “The Happy Elephant,” photographed by Werner Bischof. The lead-picture is another lesson in how to use photographs satirically. The introduction to that 1946 photo-essay, which serves as a kind of caption for the photo above it, of an elephant playfully lying down in a stream, states: “Yes, he's heard of the atom-bomb. He knows all about the breakdown of the conference – of all the [peace] conferences. You can't tell him anything new about bun-rationing. But just now the elephant's thinking of his holiday. It's a good many years since he had the last one, and he means it to be good.” The text continues that idea at one point: “The elephant hasn't had a holiday for years, and there are some members of his family whom he scarcely knows by sight. This year he means to get away and get to know them. For a week or a couple of weeks, you can count him out. He'll be down by the sea or in the country, rolling in the water, basking on the sand. For a week, or a couple of weeks, he won't be worrying – and the best thing anyone can do about it is just to let him be.”

Like any good photo-story, even this light-hearted one says something about how things in Britain and around the world are going in 1946. Another part of the text explains: “[The] elephant – the ordinary mass of simple human beings – has been having a pretty thin time lately. Nothing has gone at all as he hoped, and everything only too much as he expected. The war, he hears, is ended – but it's quite uncertain if and when there will be any peace. The war ended in a loud bang; and the main concern of everyone since has been as to when and where the next bang will go off. Proposals for stopping the bangs altogether have so far proved to be only the occasion for fresh arguments and threats. The elephant loves a quiet life, and so far he's had to work harder than ever in his life before – or just as hard. But he refuses to despair, perhaps things will turn out better than they look like doing.” Was Labour playing the “elephant” for a fool in 1946, or was it the other way around? And what of Picture Post's relationship with “ordinary” readers? Reader point of view was and is key.

Robert Kee pointed out in The Picture Post Album: “[Editor Tom] Hopkinson's principle that captions must enhance the picture and not just describe it had always been an essential part of Picture Post's character. The touch did not have to be intrusive. The caption to an agency picture of some happy Easter chicks in April 1947 ran: 'The Easter symbol of hope after Europe's worst winter since the Middle Ages.' Another undemanding agency picture carried the simple narrative; 'The first course in a chameleon's breakfast and the last second in a grasshopper's life.' Regular coverage of the arts, particularly plays, films and opera, emphasised a sense of balance.” Kee concluded: “Above all the paper had that supreme journalistic asset: the character of an old friend whose behaviour was nevertheless unpredictable.”

By 1948, relations between Hopkinson and owner Edward Hulton were growing tense. There was a dispute over whether or not Hopkinson should fire Bert Lloyd, a Communist writer for the magazine. The editor wanted to retain him. Hulton finally agreed with his editor, after Hopkinson wrote a letter to Hulton promising the man that he would not let Lloyd's Communism color any of Lloyd's articles. Then, Hopkinson wrote in Of This Our Time, “early in 1950 I began to be bombarded with complaints, first, the familiar ones from Edward Hulton expressing anxiety over the Communist danger and his conviction that Picture Post was 'too left-wing.'”

Hulton had experimented with liberalism during WWII and for a time thereafter, but in the February 1950 general election, he was a Conservative again – perhaps partly due to bribery found at the Board of Trade,
which was uncovered in 1948, inquired into, and reported to and by the news-starved media. According to Hopkinson, it was all a hoax. In any case, Hulton became upset that Labour MPs – one or two of them radical leftists – should be working for his magazine. Hopkinson wrote: "There may have been some justice in these criticisms. Looking back, I can see a number of mistakes, and it is all too evident from the replies I wrote – and kept – that I was touchy and resented criticism... [Hulton] hated disagreement, would accept a proposal he disagreed with rather than engage in argument, and found it easier to dictate long memos through his secretary than to meet objections face to face. Nor did I see what concessions I could make to his changed outlook which would not involve betrayal of the paper itself – of readers, staff, and my own principles. Since I have never claimed to possess many, I clung all the more closely to the few I had.” Kee pointed out in Album that another reason for Hulton's views in 1950 was the “not inconsiderable influences of his beautiful wife, Nika,” a Conservative herself. Tensions were brewing.
Chapter 10: James Cameron from 1945-1950.

Foreign correspondence was a very different game than sub editor work, James Cameron soon discovered. His new position needed real patience, brains, stamina, and courage. He wrote: “It was not so much a case for the psychiatrist as the mathematician. The dimensions of the world got blurred and unsteady when you were careering about it at 600 miles an hour, not just occasionally but all the time, when you could change from the Arctic to the tropics in the space of a day. You began to get a vague notion of what relativity is all about. You could cross the International Date Line and have a week with two Tuesdays in it, or indeed no Tuesdays at all. I once crossed the line on my birthday, which meant it vanished; the day disappeared completely. If I did that every year, would I never grow any older?”

James was moving in new circles and at infinitely greater speeds than ever before, but he still needed something like stability: “Now and again I got back to what I was by now rather desperately attempting to define as home; to that end we had moved into the imitation countryside of Sussex. There I waited a while, made tentative advances to the children, drew a picture, drank warm beer with a few ageing acquaintances, read a book on the care and maintenance of goats. In a week or so it all began again. It was difficult to insulate oneself even temporarily from other people's business in those first years of what we all rather fulsomely called peace. Very soon one's resistance weakened, one reached for the paper – a fatal gesture, committing one to another few years of bewilderment.”

He was absorbed and bored with his calling simultaneously. His job and his family status temporarily seemed to mean little to him. He wrote of the effects of speed vs. inertia, and events, in this way: “They scampered by: argument and effort, a receding succession of minor crises, strikes, blockades, demarches, elections, lynchings, witch-hunts, coups d'etat, famines, plebiscites, flag-showings, flag-burnings. A dark man [Gandhi?] fell, holed by a toy bullet, in Delhi. The desolate columns of refugees moved across the plains, into the valleys; shrill calls for charity and blankets rang through Kensington and Lake Success while the victims continued, inconspicuously and with muted protests, to die. A good deal of chauvinist prattle, mostly incomprehensible, bounced back and forth between the nationalists and one-worlders on both sides of the frontiers. To the east some new nations appeared. Here and there a few people clung articulately to the vestiges of faith and reason; they were generally denounced, impartially, as idealists, Communists, or imbeciles.”

James was in a blue funk, but was starting to make sense of things again. He pottered around his house and tried his hand at gardening – to no avail. He said those things made him feel “bogus”: “It is the case that a certain quality of chameleon allows me to pass inconspicuously in any curious foreign environments, but perversely I could never develop a protective colouring in my own home. I always looked at what I was: a seedy journalist taking time off in Sussex. It was clearly not to last, nor did it.” If he looked the seedy journalist, his job, his calling, would save him.

New ideas were on the horizon. Mahatma Gandhi had coined a term that means “truth and firmness”, because he never felt “civil disobedience” or “passive resistance” fit what he was doing with his life and his protests. The word comes from Sanskrit: “Satyagraha”. James Cameron may not have admired Gandhi as much as he did Prime Minister Nehru; but James's day would come, when Satyagraha was to be his weapon too. He wrote in 1967: “I went to India, China, South America. I crept around post-war Europe, diffidently, like King Wenceslas's page, in the warm footsteps of my learned leaders like William Forrest and Sefton Delmar. I went to Siam and Burma and Indonesia and the Caribbean and to eccentric and even pretentious places like Patagonia and Afghanistan, and indeed even Tibet. I went to everywhere in the world, and half the time – such was the permissive journalistic climate of those years – mainly for the simple purpose of going, and not for any end product or discovery that could conceivably have been worth the fare. I cannot think of any trade or calling that would have accorded a fairly young and earnest person like myself the same extravagant resources to examine the planet.” Like Evelyn Waugh, he
claimed he never aspired to being a great traveler: “I was simply typical of my age; we traveled as a matter of course. I rejoice that I went when the going was good.”

Still, he felt changed after seeing his first A-bomb test, on Bikini Atoll in 1946. He had been living in India, trying to reconcile the differences in his mind between Mahatma Gandhi and Stafford Cripps, trying to live reasonably with Jawaharlal Nehru and Mr. Jinnah, when he was called away to Bikini. He was apprehensive as he traveled across America by train, and by ship, the USS Appalachian, to the islands. James's description of the dropping of that first test bomb after World War II is as accurate today as it was when he wrote it. But what he wrote about the second test, also at Bikini (though this time underwater), a few weeks later, still encompasses and should provoke humanity: “If the first bomb had somehow seemed a lesser thing than one had expected, this indeed was infinitely greater. There was a feeling as the enormous water-dome swelled and expanded in perfect symmetry to a monstrous bulk that it would never stop developing, that it would increase indefinitely and overwhelm us, and not only us, but everyone, even the world.”

A critic had been born, if he wasn't one before; and his father’s pacifism was finding fertile ground. James wrote in 1967 about Bikini: “[N]o event... had a more stunning and lasting impact on my future attitudes to almost everything.” Moreover, he would help found the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in 1958, partly because, in 1946, and “[a]t home, nobody gave a damn. [T]he bomb had been promoted like the debut of some new-type roadster or refrigerator... Because Operation Crossroads was ill-conceived, ill-chronicled, because after all the hysterical trailing of coats it did not, in fact, blow the roof of the world off, most people were left with the impression that atom bombs were overrated things and fortunately not the grim responsibility they had always seemed.” Most people were wrong. The Japanese might have listened to James in 1946, but they were busy being ruled by Gen. MacArthur, who had played a real part in the dropping of two such payloads.

By 1950, James was a close friend of India's Nehru, who would support the UN resolution on Korea. In Korea and Vietnam later, James Cameron would risk his life often, yet always knew he was “part of a machine whose only purpose was that of killing people”. And, he also noted: "I am far from persuaded that these horrible and dangerous times were not for me the easy way out.”
Chapter 11: Bert Hardy and James Cameron in Korea.

James Cameron resigned as a foreign correspondent with the Daily Express in an open letter published by The Times on March 11, 1950. The stated cause was the unfair linkage of Socialist War Minister John Strachey to convicted spy Klaus Fuchs by the Express's sister-paper, the Evening Standard. James later wrote that Strachey's public renunciation of Communism before 1950, in the government man's book The Betrayal of the Left, was clear evidence Strachey was no longer a fellow-traveler. Picture Post's Editor Hopkinson soon hired James, who later wrote: "I admired Tom Hopkinson, I liked what I knew of Picture Post, and the idea of its vast acreage of space and leisurely weeks in which to prepare to fill it appealed to me very much... Here I would stay and become a tranquil commentator on the secondary aspects of life.

“In that, as in almost everything else concerning my own life, I was quite wrong.”

In Korea, mandated UN elections had been held only in the South after liberation in 1945, where the US-backed Syngman Rhee became president (1948). The Soviet-backed Kim Il-Sung ruled the North. On June 25, 1950, after “minor” skirmishes between North and South, North Korea invaded the South. US President Truman then won a UN Security Council Resolution authorizing the use of force there (he never got a declaration of war from Congress, and called the conflict a “police action”), due to the Soviet boycott of the Council at the time. For several weeks, the North Koreans pushed UN Forces farther and farther towards the south-eastern tip of the peninsula.

A few weeks before UN Cmdr. Gen. Douglas MacArthur's daring decision to launch a very risky amphibious counterattack against the North Koreans at western port Inchon on September 15, 1950, Bert Hardy and James Cameron were sent to South Korea to cover that war for Picture Post. Writer Stefan Schimanski and photographer Haywood Magee had originally been sent there for that purpose, but Schimanski was killed in a mid-air explosion over the Sea of Japan. Magee had not been on the plane with him, and was called home. Bert Hardy had been vacationing at Hexham when a phone call came in for him from Hopkinson, who told Bert about Schimanski’s death. The photojournalist immediately volunteered his services, as did James Cameron. Hopkinson wrote: “Our best trouble-shooting cameraman was Bert Hardy, and the reporter most experienced in war coverage was undoubtedly James Cameron, who had joined us only recently from the Daily Express.”

In early August, then, the pair arrived in Tokyo, at Allied headquarters. James wrote a book in 1950, called Touch of the Sun and described how he and Bert got prior UN approval for their Korean War coverage: “Getting accredited to Supreme Allied Forces was almost frighteningly simple. Bert and I... went to a desk somewhere in a gaunt, stark building full of what appeared to be welterweight champions in Fifth Avenue uniforms, and explained our requirements to a corpulent American major, who said 'Sure, sure' in a preoccupied way, and 'Fine and dandy, fine and dandy'. He waved us cordially... to a young woman who filled in a form and sent us to someone else who had us photographed and filed... and finally gave us a little card which said that we had been... guaranteed as reliable people to penetrate the higher mysteries of the United Nations Command. No one at any time... asked to see our passports.'

For others, that accreditation process might have been a little stiffer, but while Bert and James were in Japan and Korea, they were not restricted by overt military restraints or censorship. The British pair arrived in Taegu and met with Gen. Walton Walker, Commander of the US Eighth Army, senior UN officer in the field in Korea. Taegu was being evacuated, and Bert and James were immediately shown an annotated map of the American troop dispositions, without either of them being asked about their identities.

Their first photo-story was “We Follow the Road to Hell” (Picture Post, September 16, 1950). After Bert and James had trimmed their belongings to one or two vital items in Taegu, just before the UN retreat to
Pusan, it became necessary for Bert to put his canteen to use. The most memorable image from their first visceral exposure to that untidy war was Bert's photo of a US GI giving water to a badly wounded, elderly Korean man. The photographer related how he obtained that picture in My Life: “[W]e walked some distance back along the hot dusty road, until we came to an old farmhouse with a gateway and a courtyard. There were a lot of American soldiers milling around the courtyard, but none of them seemed to notice an old Korean peasant lying on the ground in the blazing sun.

“I decided to have a closer look. He must have collapsed from exhaustion, or heat, or both. There was a smear of blood, still wet, on the wall behind him, where he had hit his head in falling. His eyes flickered, so he was still alive, but his lips were parched. I thought I'd give him a drink of water to see if that did him any good, but then I had a better idea: one which would give me a good picture. I asked an American soldier if he would mind giving the old man some water while I took photographs. The American smiled: 'Sure,' he said, 'just so long as the water comes out of your bottle and not mine.' As far as I was concerned, it was a small price to pay. I took a few pictures and we carried him into the shade.” That picture of the old man sipping was used on a full page by the magazine.

Just after Bert completed his camerawork for that first report, James needed to get away, so he flew to Tokyo with Bert's films, to write his story. When he returned, the pair used the tented area near Pusan as their base of operations. They made many trips back to Taegu before MacArthur's decision to invade at Inchon; and they were photographed in front of their tent, together. One of those portraits of Bert and James was used on the cover of Bert Hardy: My Life, with James cropped out. British troops arrived in Korea in late August, and the two journalists visited the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had plenty of whisky to share. They met Winston Churchill's journalist-son, Randolph then, and drank with him too.

After fighting grew oppressive near Taegu, Bert and James made their last trip back to Pusan in early September, on a hospital train filled with wounded Americans and South Koreans. Another report seemed possible, but needed something additionally. To James, it was an ordeal. Later, he wrote about Korea's biggest port: “Pusan was by now the administrative capital... It was wholly devoid of glamour, it had not even the minimum pretensions to architectural design, and... [t]he bazaar went on for miles, rickety and dull... windows full of hair-oil and old magazines, bits of machinery; all the third-rate spurious stuff piling up like rubbish at a breakwater.”

Then something happened; and it was time for truth and firmness. The day after Bert Hardy and James Cameron had arrived back in Pusan, they’d just finished visiting the train station again, when they saw something in the city square that would change their lives forever. Bert narrated in My Life: “[A]s we were leaving the station we were stopped in our tracks by the sight of another type of human cargo which had come down from the North, and was now filling the square outside.

“About sixty of them – from boys of no more than fourteen to old men – were squatting miserably, dressed in rags and tied together with ropes, in the square.... The human degradation reminded me of the scenes I had witnessed at Belsen. Our enquiries drew the answer that these were 'political prisoners' – not north Koreans, but people suspected of having the Wrong Views.... At intervals, a batch of them would be separated from the rest and herded into the back of a lorry which then drove off. Our impression was that they were being taken off to be shot. We were appalled, and decided that we must try to do something about it.”

James Cameron wrote in his own autobiography that the number of men squatting in the square that day and being treated so abysmally was more like 700. The disparity in figures may have arisen from the fact that Bert Hardy was probably referring to the first batch brought into the square, his “first take”, while James Cameron – the more contemplative writer – was probably referring to the total number of prisoners
the pair saw that day. In any case, the two men knew there was a picture-story in the situation.

The reporters immediately contacted the Red Cross and the UN Command in Pusan – to no avail. They would later take the prisoners' case further, but James wrote in 1967: “[I]n all the pious announcements, in all the international attitudes, and likewise in the minds of men, this was a United Nations show if it was anything, and if the bell tolled in Pusan, it tolled for us.” A Reuters dispatch published in the New York Times on July 14, 1950, had told a similar story to the two British journalists. There it was reported that Kim Tai Sun, chief of the South Korean National Police, had said that 1,200 Communists had been executed by South Korean police since the war began, because they were considered “bad security risks”.

These were not the only examples of atrocities perpetrated by UN Forces. In recent years, early atrocities were reported to have occurred at No-Gun-Ri. And Pulitzer prize-winning author John Toland (a fellow La Crosse native) wrote in his history of the war, In Mortal Combat, that during the summer of 1950, UN troops were murdering innocents, just as the North Koreans were: “Far to the south, a British correspondent from the London Daily Worker had just been escorted into Taejon by the North Koreans. Alan Winnington, an intellectual adherent of the Communist Party, was appalled at what he saw after crossing the Yalu River. He passed through hordes of refugees fleeing the American bombings. He had seen a mustang rake the people with its guns. 'It left screams, moans, babies' cries, calls for help, blood, bereavement and life disfigurement.’” Needless to say, thousands of refugees also fled with UN troops, fearing for their lives at the hands of Communist troops.

There were semi-justifiable reasons for UN Forces to be “fighting fire with fire” in Korea. As Bevin Alexander pointed out in Korea: The First War We Lost: “All across South Korea, advancing American troops found grisly evidence of North Korean killings of political and military prisoners, murdered before the North Koreans retreated. At Sachon, near Chinju in the extreme south, North Koreans set fire to a jail where 280 captive South Korean police and government officials and landowners perished. At Anui, Kongju, Hamyang and Chongju, American soldiers found mass-burial trenches in which hundreds of people, including women and children, were buried.

“But around Taegu the horrors were most staggering because they involved thousands of persons... [Also] after Taejon had fallen to the North Koreans on July 20, North Korean soldiers and officials arrested between 5,000 and 7,000 South Korean civilians and packed them into the city jail and the Catholic Mission. After the first US troops crossed the Naktong in the counteroffensive, the North Korean security police at Taejon began executing these prisoners. They were taken out in groups of one hundred and two hundred, their hands tied behind them and bound to each other. They were led to previously dug trenches and shot. As the Americans neared Taejon, the executions were speeded up, and the last killings took place just before the city fell on 28 September. Included in the killings were at least forty American and seventeen ROK soldiers. Only six persons survived this holocaust: two American soldiers, one ROK soldier, and three South Korean civilians.” While Bert Hardy and James Cameron were in Pusan, the only UN-controlled city left on the peninsula, numerous ships and much equipment began piling up there. And soon, the pair saw many UN troops, as well. James called the Inchon venture about to be launched, “Operation Common Knowledge”, though the North Koreans probably didn’t know as much about it as he suggested.

On September 11, the two Brits sailed from Pusan on the USS Seminole, a small transport ship. Four days later, the armada arrived at Inchon; it was one of only two days yearly that the tides would allow an amphibious assault. For some unknown reason, when the attack began, the press boat, marked with big letters, led the way. US Marines followed. Frank Devine, First Marine Division, Able Company, First Platoon, who went in too that night, later said about conditions there: “It was dark, rainy, and scary. And the sea wall was in front of us [standing tall].” In his book American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur, 1880-1965, William Manchester included those Marines among “certain crack troops,...elite units which
demonstrated gallantry in the face of overwhelming odds.” He compared them to the Spartans at Thermopylae, the Bowmen of Agincourt, and the French Foreign Legion at Camerone, among several such units in history.

But since it was dusk and he needed pictures, Bert Hardy went over the seawall first, just as the Marines were arriving. James wrote: “One of my enduring memories of that strange occasion is of Bert Hardy on the seawall of Blue Beach, blaspheming among the impossible din, and timing his exposures to the momentary flash of the rockets. That is the difference between the reporter's trade and the cameraman's. His art can never be emotion recalled in tranquility. Ours can – or could be....” James wrote in “Inchon” (Picture Post, October 7, 1950): “The twilight was alive with landing craft... and Marines, more Marines – forty thousand men on Operation Inchon, twenty-five thousand to be put ashore... I decided that I was too frightened to be seasick....” Frightened the pair may have been, but everyone on the UN side who went in at Inchon had work to do, and they did it. The press and the Marines had hit the wrong beach at Inchon, one that was being “softened up” by US artillery, but they still overcame the odds and did their jobs. James Cameron wrote in 1967 that the beach was a “tormented quagmire, a lunar landscape of mud ground into pits and gullies by the tracks of the machines.”

When the British pair had what they needed on the beach, they headed for the Mount McKinley, the armada's communications ship. Hardy recounted, in his autobiography, what followed: “The next day, Jimmy and I went back ashore. I was wandering around with my Contax and Rolleiflex, using the open-frame viewfinders for quick, spontaneous stuff. The South Korean troops were wandering round Inchon settling old scores, smashing windows and kicking in doors. I passed a shop which had been smashed in and looted, and where a couple of old Korean men were sitting. When I came back half an hour later, they were both lying on the ground dead. They had been shot. On the same day, I took one of my best pictures ever, of an old Korean peasant walking along with his hands up among the rubble and destruction. Being liberated didn't seem to mean much to him at the moment.'

The Picture Post caption for one Bert Hardy picture of an old man with his hands up, youngsters following him, is: “This Is What Happens to Humanity When It Is Liberated Twice Within Three Months.... Its old ones caper round like crazy goats, its young ones put out more crazy flags in a confused desire to please, its crazy infants surrender in advance, and its spokesmen utter their final crazy verdict; 'Sank you!' Which, being interpreted, means that humanity, with the best will in the world, can stand no more liberations like this.”

The caption writer sympathized with James's assessment of the situation, and maybe with Bert's, too. But if William Manchester was right about the First Marines at Inchon, then as ugly as the battle there was, it was still a positive UN triumph. James wrote in “Inchon”, after he had described the initial landing: “In effect, that was the taking of Inchon... the smashing of the gate to Seoul, the turning point. The rest... [came the next day,] the consolidation, the flattening of ruins, concealment of corpses, tending to wounded, the turning of Red Beach into a fabulous marshaling-yard of heavyweight war-machinery. And, somehow, the handling of the Koreans who had survived that terrible night, the sifting of the friends from the enemies, the quick from the dead, the simple from the suspects.” James then added for posterity: “All the fear came first. Perhaps we shall never understand how it came off exactly as it did, nor why the enemy failed to do any of the three things that could have crippled the whole enterprise. Anyhow, God was on the side of the big battalions; they were even that big.”

After the battle, Bert and James had to get back to Japan to send their materials to London. The pair got on a rocket-ship bound for Japan. It took them two days and a night, and they arrived in northern Japan, in the evening, after a rough voyage. Next, they had to get to Tokyo. They boarded an amphibious aircraft loaded with wounded soldiers, and finally, they arrived at Tokyo Airport. Bert ran up to a BOAC plane just starting down the runway, tossed his films to the steward, and asked him to get them to Picture Post's
office in London. The steward did his job, and Tom Hopkinson was very happy he did. Hopkinson wrote in his autobiography: “As I turned over Hardy's prints when they first came out of the darkroom, I knew that I had never had a better picture story in my hands, and decided that no one but myself should select the photographs to be used and lay them out.”

“Inchon” won the Encyclopaedia Britannica Picture Sequence Award. As Leslie Shaw stated in a British Journal of Photography article about Bert Hardy, the same picture-story “then went to America, where a similar competition was run in collaboration with the Missouri School of Journalism. That year [1951] there were so many pictures of the Korean War entered – American pictures – that a special category was instituted just for that year's war pictures. And Hardy won that, too, which, as he said, 'pleased me no end!'”

En route home, the pair did a story in India. James loved India and was a good friend of Prime Minister Nehru; and Bert had taken a famous picture of Nehru smelling a rose earlier. Bert later told how he took a photo of three Indian Prime Ministers: [O]ur time with Mr Nehru was very relaxed. At one stage we were joined by his daughter and her child, Rajiv. I decided to photograph them together by a lily pond. It seems remarkable now that I was picturing, in Mrs Ghandi and her son, the next two Prime Ministers of the country.”

James also recalled that visit and Nehru, plus that UN troops crossed the 38th Parallel then. Nehru told him: “It's always wrong to assume you can succeed by pursuing military means to the utmost and the last. Every major war there's ever been has shown that....” James Cameron noted that Nehru was “too many men within himself”, that he “inherited from Harrow and Cambridge too many petrified aspects of old-world conformism that could never really survive the pragmatic exigencies of revolution”. “Nevertheless”, James added, “I greatly loved him.”

When the British pair returned to London, James worked hard to revise his Pusan text, because Hopkinson knew it was “dynamite”, as were Bert's photos of roped men, crouching. Part of James's text reads: “They are roped and manacled. They are compelled to crouch in the classic Oriental attitude of subjection in pools of garbage.

“They clamber, the lowest common denominator of personal degradation, into trucks with the numb air of men going to their death. Many of them are.”

Jorge Lewinski wrote in The Camera at War (1978): “Hopkinson checked the facts painstakingly, and the story was ready for publication in Picture Post. At the last minute, Sir Edward Hulton, the owner of the magazine, intervened and suppressed it on the pretext that it would help the enemy. [Sir Tom] Hopkinson resigned [he was fired actually], and the story did not see the light of day until it was shown recently in a television programme.”

James Cameron's stolen text and the story of Hopkinson's firing were published side-by-side in the November 1, 1950 Daily Worker. The ethical issues had been whether the facts, however painful, should be told, or hidden – whether all the pictures should be published, or some suppressed, whether truth was to win out, or convenience. Some correspondents were accused of being traitors to the UN cause then, like those who wrote about Seoul's “Execution Hill”, or those who photographed shot North Korean women, and appeals were also made to Bert Hardy and James Cameron's patriotism.

According to Mrs. Sheila Hardy, her husband Bert and James Cameron produced at least two other photo-stories in Korea: one called “Training the South Koreans” (about the recruitment and training of ROK troops--Picture Post, September 23, 1950), and one about a UN prisoner of war camp (Picture Post, September 30, 1950). Also, Mrs. Hardy said one of her husband's photos from Korea appeared in a
Picture Post photo-story in mid-1951, called “Korea, One Year On”. Bert's and James's Korean work has appeared in countless other places, too. Although the pair was assigned to Korea only six weeks, they were very busy then and later.

James Cameron stuck around Picture Post until early 1952, while Bert Hardy worked there until its close in 1957. In January 1951, they were sent to Tibet to cover the Dalai Lama, whom it turned out, they could not meet. They returned to London via Kashmir, then went to Spain, where there was a series of dangerous labor strikes. Cloak-and-dagger activities were not limited to Spain. On May 1, 1951, Ted Castle, Tom Hopkinson's replacement, was fired. Frank Dowling was named editor; his son, Brian, was a regular writer on future photo-stories with Bert. In My Life, the photographer recalled one of their ploys used on a jaunt to Paris: “In summer all the cafes have tables with large parasols outside on the pavement. I wanted to capture the feeling of Sundays with everyone looking natural, so I didn't want anyone to know I was taking photographs. Brian and I sat down at a table with a drink, and I set my Rollei at a distance of about six feet.... Whenever I saw a good subject, I would start to explain to Brian how the Rollei worked... Because of the reflex viewfinder it was easy to aim the camera without looking as if that was what I was doing. And the shutter action was so quiet that nobody noticed what we were doing.”

By then, James Cameron had left Picture Post. One of his first stories after his departure was a poignant tribute to King George VI for The Illustrated London News, on February 23, 1952, just after his death. The first lines suggest what is to come from the generally anti-monarchical James, who admired the shy, unpretentious George nonetheless: “When a King dies, we, who have to put into words the strange grief and grievous strangeness of the time, then know how ill we have served ourselves over the years. While the King lived we spoke of him as this, and as that, endowing him with all the remote virtues of an infallible man; such men do not die. But the King died; and we found somehow a different thing: that we loved him. When the King dies, the worn words are empty; there is nothing left to say.... (The Best of Cameron)

Later in 1952, James Cameron was named chief foreign correspondent for the News Chronicle, where he worked until 1960. While employed there, he interviewed Nobel Peace Prize-winner Albert Schweitzer. Schweitzer, who was a medical doctor as well as trained in advanced philosophy, music, and theology, was a hard taskmaster at his hospital in French Equatorial Africa. James concluded that he could not write a book discrediting Schweitzer, as some of his friends wanted. The journalist decided that, despite his gruff veneer and “few” people he helped, the good doctor was fairly harmless.

Meanwhile, in Korea after the Battle of Inchon, UN troops took back Seoul, crossed the 38th Parallel, took the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, and fought their way to the Yalu River, the border between North Korea and Communist China. Chinese troops soon entered North Korea en masse, and defeated UN troops at the Chosen Reservoir, where US Marines eventually fought their way out, after taking horrible casualties. That first Korean War winter was especially frigid and hard on both UN and Chinese troops.

On April 11, 1951, Gen. MacArthur was fired by President Truman as UN Commander in Korea, because he'd early wanted to attack China itself. Gen. Mathew B. Ridgway replaced him, and “Old Iron Teats”, as Ridgway was known for tacking a grenade on one side of his chest and a medical kit on the other, quickly regenerated UN troop morale. Periods of intense fighting ensued, on land, in the air, and at sea, with tanks, fighter-jets, and battleships. Some of the most desperate fighting occurred on hills named: Old Baldy, Capital, Pork Chop, T-Bone, and Heartbreak Ridge. The Korean War was also marked by riots in UN prisoner of war camps; unproven charges of the UN use of germ warfare; the exchange of sick and wounded POWs; and the disclosure of atrocities on both sides relating to POWs.

In July 1951, negotiations began for a cease-fire, after Mao Tse-Tung had mistakenly turned down in January 1951 a UN offer to give the opposition territory that included Seoul, and after UN troops
mounted a decent comeback. Mao wanted all of Korea. After much discussion of the POW repatriation issue, and the breakdown of talks in late 1952, a cease-fire was signed on July 27, 1953. Casualties numbered about 2 million military personnel on each side. About 36,000 US troops died in the Korean War.

Gen. Ridgway wrote, in *Microsoft Encarta 1995's* "Forgotten War": “From a general viewpoint, the Korean War was one of the by-products of the cold war, the global political and diplomatic struggle between the Communist and non-Communist systems following World War II. The motives behind North Korea's decision to attack South Korea, however, had as much to do with internal Korean politics north and south of the 38th Parallel (the boundary between the two republics) as with the Cold War. Contrary to the prevailing view at the time, North Korea apparently attacked South Korea without the knowledge of either the Soviet Union or the People's Republic of China. The Soviet Union, which expected a war at a later time, was boycotting the United Nations (UN) when the attack occurred. The Communist government of China, meanwhile, was hoping to invade the island of Taiwan without having to deal with a military response from America.” Nineteen nations fought in the Korean War, plus America.

At this point, it's helpful to review an excerpt from the publisher's essay in the very first issue of *Picture Post*. It was there that Sir Edward Hulton wrote: “Man must build up from the love of self, to love of family, city, province, country. From this he must learn to understand and love all his fellow men throughout the world.” How far had Hulton come from that position by 1950, if at all? Did Bert Hardy and James Cameron observe that virtuous rule? And why hasn't the world been able to embrace more mutual love and respect over the many millennia than it has? Jesus of Nazareth was said to have uttered a sentence that has great meaning in this context: “Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown mercy.”(Mt.5:7) And if what the great *Life* photojournalist David Douglas Duncan wrote in his 3 July 1990 letter to me about Bert Hardy and James Cameron is true, it may be because those three journalists were merciful enough: “Bert Hardy and others at *Picture Post* earned everybody's respect, and not just for [their] Inchon shots.”
Chapter 12: Joe McCarthy, Rock and Roll, JFK, the Beatles, Journalists, and the World.

Joseph Raymond McCarthy was born on November 14, 1908, in Grand Chute, Wisconsin, and educated at Marquette University in Milwaukee. He practiced law in Wisconsin until 1939, when he was elected a circuit court judge. During WWII, he served in the US Marine Corps, acquiring the semi-fictional nickname “Tail-gunner Joe” as a captain during service in the Pacific theater of operations. In 1946, he was elected as a Republican to the US Senate from Wisconsin, and was re-elected in 1952.

McCarthy first attracted national attention in February 1950, charging that Communists had infiltrated the US State Department. Though his specific accusations were, mainly, not proven, he repeatedly charged high-ranking officials of subversive activities. In 1953, as chairman of the Senate Sub-committee on Investigations, McCarthy continued his probe of alleged Communist activities, and in April 1954, he charged the secretary of the army with concealing foreign espionage. In rebuttal, the secretary charged that sub-committee staff members had threatened army officials to try to win preferential treatment for a former consultant to the sub-committee, who had been drafted. In the Senate inquiry that followed, which gained widespread media attention, McCarthy was cleared of the charges, but the Senate still censured him for the methods used in his investigations and for his treatment of certain senators and senate committees. McCarthy's influence waned, after taking a much-publicized lambasting from TV commentator Edward R. Murrow, and he died in 1957.

Joe McCarthy's influence on American life in the 1950s and beyond was considerable, if very mixed. Communism did experience vast growth around the world from 1945 to 1975, and the Containment Policy that developed in Western societies from 1945-1990, did help bring an end to Communist domination in many parts of the world. McCarthy had a real role in the implementation of that policy early on in America. On the other hand, by taking on the Truman Administration so forcefully, which also must be given substantial credit for the development of Containment Policy, McCarthy risked political suicide. Truman did feel pressure from McCarthy as well as from the House Un-American Activities Committee to aggressively fight Communism; but it's conceivable that, had there been no Joe McCarthy, there still may have been a strongly anti-Communist stance from Truman. Truman didn't like Stalin in 1945, and he despised North Korea's Kim Il-Sung. In fact, he didn't like dictators much, period.

Moreover, the narrowness that characterized McCarthy's thoughts on Communism, including the blacklisting of Hollywood actors and artists, resulted in the onset of youth rebellion in the nation during the Eisenhower Administration (1953-1961) – rebellion that would culminate in anti-Vietnam War protests and black ghetto riots during the late 1960s and early 1970s. Hollywood had a hand in that rebellion, as a result of McCarthyism.

In about 1955, then, the music of several American urban, black rhythm-and-blues artists, led by Chuck Berry and Antoine “Fats” Domino, began to be called “rock and roll”. Soon adopted by white musicians like Bill Haley and Elvis Presley, their music was aggressively marketed to mass audiences, particularly teenagers. In the 1960s, rock and roll took root in Britain, as well, where groups like the Beatles and Rolling Stones soon became immensely popular around the world. One of the attractions of rock music to teenagers was the challenge it presented to older generations. Entertainers like Elvis Presley and Little Richard helped cause real rifts in some families. The earthy lyrics of rhythm-and-blues, which was sometimes blended with country western lyrics and melodies, made direct hits on more subdued family beliefs and traditions.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was born in Brookline, Massachusetts on May 29, 1917, into an Irish-American, Catholic family. The second son of financier Joseph P. Kennedy, who served as US Ambassador to Britain under FDR, John graduated from Harvard. He won early fame in 1940 with his book Why England Slept, about Britain's lack of preparedness for WWII. During that war, John won acclaim for his bravery as
commander of PT-109, a torpedo boat, saving the lives of his crew after the boat was rammed by a Japanese destroyer by the Solomon Islands.

In 1946, John Kennedy was elected to Congress as a Democrat from Massachusetts, and in 1952, became a US Senator. He married Jacqueline Bouvier in 1953, and they had two children, Caroline and John Jr. While recovering from back surgery, JFK wrote a book about political heroism, *Profiles in Courage*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1957. In 1960, he ran against Vice President Richard Nixon for the presidency and won narrowly, becoming the youngest, and first Roman Catholic, US president ever. His idealistic advice to Americans was: “Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.” In 1961, as part of his “New Frontier”, he created the Peace Corps, which sent volunteers abroad to serve the poor. He also stimulated the moon race, saying Americans would land there by 1970 (1969 turned out to be the year the first men, Americans, walked on the moon).

Threatened by Communism in Fidel Castro's Cuba, JFK ordered an invasion there in 1961. The “Bay of Pigs” foundered. But in October 1962, after Soviet missiles were detected on that island, JFK threatened a naval blockade of Cuba, if the missiles weren't removed. Soviet leader Nikita Kruschev utilized diplomatic channels with JFK, and the missiles were removed, giving the US president his greatest foreign policy coup. He went to West Berlin in 1963, and pushed for better US-Soviet relations. In July 1963, a nuclear test-ban treaty was signed with Britain and the Soviet Union. Also that year, there were 17,000 US advisers in South Vietnam; JFK thought the war could be won. He was assassinated in Dallas, Texas on November 22, 1963, apparently by Lee Harvey Oswald. Lyndon B. Johnson succeeded JFK, and he expanded the war in Vietnam. Kennedy's chief adviser had been brother Bobby, who himself was gunned down, in 1968, while running for president.

Meanwhile, in 1950s Northern Ireland, there was turmoil relating to the establishment in 1949 of the free Republic of Ireland and the Unionist State of Northern Ireland. The latter was still part of the United Kingdom. Also, the economy of Northern Ireland was unsound in the 1950s and Catholics felt discriminated against. Conversely, those Northern Irish loyal to Britain, were trying to hold onto the gains implicit in their UK status. Because of all this, irregular members of the outlawed Irish Republican Army (IRA) began a campaign of terrorist violence against the Unionists in 1955. Violence has been going on between Irish Catholics and Protestants for centuries, but each act of new violence breeds renewed hatreds, and Northern Ireland has had its share of violence since 1955, though there is more power-sharing now than there used to be there.

Also in 1955, rebels on the Crown Colony Island of Cyprus intensified their terrorist campaign against Britain. And in 1956, the Hungarian Uprising sent shock waves throughout the Soviet Union, which responded with force. In 1959, Belgium gave up its claim to the Congo; a UN-fought war ensued. While arranging a truce, UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold died in a mysterious plane crash in Northern Rhodesia (today's Zimbabwe). In 1960, South Korean President Syngman Rhee was ousted by students. And in 1964, Chile broke off ties with Cuba, but resumed them with the USSR.

Many great journalists and photographers sharpened their talents on the whetstone of WWII, hitting their prime in the 1950s and 1960s. John R. Hersey was one of these. Born in China in 1914 and educated at Yale and Cambridge, he wrote several books about WWII, including *Men on Bataan* (1942) and *Hiroshima* (1946), the latter being a graphic account of the residents of that Japanese city on the day the A-Bomb struck. (*Hiroshima* was re-released in 1985 with a new chapter.) The former *Time* war correspondent became a senior editor at *Life* after the war. His works also included the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *A Bell for Adano* (1944); *The Wall* (1950); *The Child Buyer* (1960); and *The Call* (1985). For many years, Hersey taught writing at Yale.
For their part, cameramen like WE Smith, Leonard McCombe, David Douglas Duncan, Carl Mydans, Wayne Miller (who worked for Edward Steichen in WWII, and was his assistant for the *Family of Man* book and exhibition in 1955), and many others, also enhanced their careers during WWII and soon after. WE Smith produced especially fine work then, and from 1945-1978 extended his fame. Born in Kansas in 1918, Smith covered the Pacific during WWII, after starting with *Life* in 1939. Seriously wounded during the war, he later photographed such legendary photo-essays as “Country Doctor”; “Spanish Village”; “Nurse Midwife; and “A Man of Mercy” the latter being about Dr. Schweitzer. His most famous work is the photo-essay book *Minamata* (1975), about the effects of mercury-poisoning on a Japanese fishing village. Smith's work shows the sensitivity and deep moral concern with which he treated his subjects.

There were several gifted women journalists and photographers working during WWII and soon after too, especially Margaret Bourke-White, the *Life* photojournalist, and Marguerite Higgins, the *New York Herald* reporter. But contemporary women journalists have been more influenced by a reporter who came of age in the 1950s and 1960s. Barbara Walters was born in Boston in 1931. Educated at Sarah Lawrence College, she initially worked in the publicity department of an NBC-TV affiliate in New York City, and then produced women's programs for an independent station and produced and wrote public affairs programs for CBS.

In 1961, Walters became a writer-reporter for NBC’s “Today Show”, which she later co-hosted. In 1976, she was hired by ABC, where she was a correspondent and anchor for the evening news broadcasts. In 1979, she became co-host for ABC's “20/20”. More recently, she retired from the ABC talk-show, “The View”. She has also done many famous news-maker interviews over the years. In addition, Walters has contributed articles to women's and family magazines, and wrote the book *How to Talk to Practically Anybody About Practically Anything* (1970). She is a role model for women journalists everywhere.

To be sure, by the mid-1950s, TV had become a powerful force in industrialized nations. And TV news has been crucial to people nearly everywhere ever since. Edward R. Murrow knew that and became one of the great early TV journalists in the 1950s, after serving as a much-lauded CBS radio correspondent in London during WWII. Murrow was born in 1908 in Greensboro, North Carolina, and was educated at Washington State College. After his radio and TV years, Murrow headed the US Information Agency in the 1960s. The Journalism School at Washington State University is named in his honor.

One of the big media developments in the 1950s was the expansion of the humanist tradition, both in journalism and photography. In the humanistic tradition, people and/or environmental influences on people are the main focuses of media coverages. Leading this development was the international group photo exhibition and book, *The Family of Man*, organized for New York's Museum of Modern Art by its Photography Department Curator Edward Steichen, a famous photographer himself. In the *Family of Man's* introduction, Steichen wrote: “I believe The Family of Man exhibition, produced and shown first at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and now being circulated throughout the world, is the most ambitious and challenging project photography has ever attempted.

“The exhibition, now permanently presented on the pages of this book, demonstrates that the art of photography is a dynamic process of giving form to ideas and of explaining man to man. It was conceived as a mirror of the universal elements and emotions in the everydayness of life – as a mirror of the essential oneness of mankind throughout the world.

“We sought and selected... [p]hotographs of the individual and the family unit in its reactions to the beginnings of life and continuing through death and burial. Photographs concerned with man in relation to his environment.... Photographs concerned with the religious rather than religions. With basic human consciousness rather than social consciousness.
“Photographs concerned with man's dreams and aspirations and photographs of the flaming creative forces of love and truth and the corrosive evil in the lie.”

Steichen wrote that 503 photographs had been selected from 68 countries, with 273 men and women photographers – amateurs and professionals alike – represented. A Russian proverb is quoted in Steichen's book, “Eat bread and salt and speak the truth,” which sounds very much like something Jesus once said. A Navajo Indian is also quoted; “Before me peaceful,/Behind me peaceful,/Under me peaceful,/Over me peaceful,/All around me peaceful...”

William Blake wrote: “For Mercy has a human heart,/Pity a human face....” – used opposite an Asian woman weeping into the arm of another woman, who is holding a baby in the other arm. There is a Bourke-White view of a Korean man, doing a floor bow, and an Al Chang photo of soldiers being consoled during the Korean War.

Carl Sandburg wrote that exhibition/book's prologue, stating: “If the human face is 'the masterpiece of God' it is here then in a thousand fateful registrations. Often the faces speak what words can never say. Some tell of eternity and others only the latest tattlings. Child faces of blossom smiles or mouths of hunger are followed by homely faces of majesty carved and won by love, prayer and hope.... Faces having land and sea on them, faces honest as the morning sun flooding a clean kitchen with light, faces crooked and lost... And faces beyond forgetting, written over with faiths in men and dreams of man surpassing himself. An alphabet here and a multiplication table of living breating human faces.”

Sandburg ends the Steichen group's collection with: “A camera testament, a drama of the grand canyon of humanity, an epic woven of fun, mystery and holiness – here is the Family of Man!” Given that some critics over time have written off the Eisenhower Years, or the 1950s generally, as bland and boring, except for films and songs of rebellion, those critics must not have genuinely ever viewed The Family of Man. Bert Hardy's work is included in it, and The Family of Man is well worth viewing, remembering, and being inspired by.
Chapter 13: James Cameron from 1953-1965.

Like many people, James Cameron did not mind meeting a celebrity every now and then, especially pretty females. One of these was Brigitte Bardot. The great French beauty and film star had come to Moscow as a “Fraternal Delegate to a Moscow Conference”, and Cameron hadn't heard of her yet. He did notice, though, that she was quite nice to look at. She was introduced with several other French film stars to a Bolshoi audience. James wrote: “The great point of the evening was that we were all invited on to a rather splendid dinner-party after the theatre at the Sovietskaya Hotel; we were to accompany the ladies to a *soiree francaise*.” The journalist was designated to accompany Ms. Bardot, and he was feeling very avuncular toward her that night. He wrote: “What waited around the corner, then, was for this reason little short of tragedy. We drove across town in a haze of perfume and kindling excitement, with the tense air of buffaloes who, after long days in the desert, scent the water-hole at last.”

Unfortunately, an enormous policewoman stopped them at the hotel, and told James to go away. The hotel was not for foreign guests, she said. But then James saw a group, including Frenchmen, enter. The correspondent asked why they were being allowed in. "Ah," said the wardress, kindly, “they are French foreigners. Good night to you.” Using a Korean War TV simile, it must have seemed to Cameron like Capt. Benjamin Hawkeye Pierce in M*A*S*H's just having reached his favorite hideaway with a beautiful nurse, only to see Col. Margaret Hot Lips Hoolihan emerge from that hideaway barking orders from Col. Henry Potter for the Captain to go to emergency surgery post haste. Cameron wrote: “So I went back to the National [Hotel] and watched a television film about the development of light industries in the Ukraine. Much as I normally enjoy that sort of thing, it wasn't quite the same. For the first time I began to understand the Cold War.”

In 1953, Cameron went to French Equitorial Africa (Gabon) to interview Albert Schweitzer, the famous cultural missionary and doctor. Cameron found many flaws in Schweitzer and his staff’s techniques, but would not press his advantage editorially too hard, because he felt generally Schweitzer was accomplishing some good things too. In 2008, Christopher Ralling did a BBC4 Radio Drama “The Walrus and the Terrier” about the meeting of Schweitzer and Cameron. (One of Bert Hardy’s dogs I photographed with him was the terrier Lizzie; their other dog was Kim, a border-collie. My best photo-portrait of Hardy and his dogs is in the Photographs Collection of Britain’s National Portrait Gallery, NPGx126230.)

In the late 1950s, James said he enjoyed being chief foreign correspondent for the *Chronicle*. Unfortunately, he said, it lost some of its progressive nature just before it closed, and began to reject the cartoons of James's best friend there, the notable “Vicky”. Feeling betrayed by the Labour Government, Vicky finally took his own life. James resigned from the paper four months before it folded, mainly due to Vicky's death. Because none of the Chronicle's departing employees received a pension, James decided he’d not work for any more newspapers as a full-timer. He stuck to that discipline too, though his column ran often in the *Manchester Guardian* in the 1970s and early 1980s.

In 1960, the final year the *News Chronicle* operated, Lord Beaverbrook, James's former boss, asked James to come to his home to discuss some business. The journalist had just published his book *1914*, and Beaverbrook was interested in having this former employee write a book about his own activities in 1916. As Max Aitken, Beaverbrook had been involved in a pivotal matter with Winston Churchill that year (Churchill had to be “eased” out of the government then.), which resulted in Aitken's obtaining a Lordship. James soon wrote the book *1916*, with Beaverbrook's patronage, but the writer long said he was unhappy with it. When Beaverbrook had James over to his home for that dinner, the party also included Churchill and Aristotle Onassis. Onassis didn't interest James; Churchill did. The former *Daily Express* journalist had idolized the former prime minister for years. The great man arrived on that occasion in a most unusual way – he had been borne in by footmen – and ended up sleeping through most of dinner. James said he was saddened by the latter, even if it still was an honor to be in Churchill's presence.
James Cameron authored a trim volume called “The African Revolution” in 1961. He’d already traveled around the world many times, and this little book about the history of the “dark continent” should be a valuable addition to collectors’ libraries of books by notable journalists.

In 1965, James Cameron became the first Western freelancer during that period to visit North Vietnam, then engaged in civil war with South Vietnam. James had tried for months to get permission to travel there from the Communist regime of Ho Chi Minh. Finally, it came, and his group was “in”. As difficult as the North Vietnamese made the visit for James, photographer Roman Cagnoni, and Malcolm Aird, the threesome still empathized with the Communists. As Aird said, “It was interesting to see how quickly you are on the side you are working with. In North Vietnam the Americans to us were the enemy.” Westerners accused the trio of being Communist dupes. James Cameron always said after his time in Vietnam that the only thing he was trying to let people know concerning the Communist North Vietnamese was that “they were human beings too”. Many people still have opinions on that subject today.
Chapter 14: Vietnam, King, RFK, First Men on the Moon, and Rocky.

The Vietnam War (1959-1975) mainly involved America from 1965-1973. It was characterized by pervasive guerilla activities, and the expanded use of helicopters. Also, the use of napalm killed or maimed many people and devastated the ecology of Agricultural Vietnam. A People's War, soldiers and civilians often could not be distinguished from each other, and many atrocities occurred. The war in Vietnam was the sequel to the conflict begun in 1945 between the Colonial French and the Communist Vietminh. In 1954, the Vietminh besieged the city of Dien Bien Phu, and its French garrison surrendered. The Vietnamese states were separated along the 17th parallel, and in 1955 the Republic of South Vietnam was formed, with Ngo Dinh Diem as president.

President Truman first sent US advisers to the South in 1950. Southern supporters of the North or Vietcong, began attacking them in the late 1950s after President Eisenhower sent in more advisers, and in 1959, the Vietcong attacked the Diem regime itself. President Kennedy sent US troops into the South in 1961, and Buddhist monks set themselves on fire, protesting the South's Catholic leaders. In November 1963, Diem was executed after a coup; Kennedy was assassinated three weeks later. The United States grew more involved after the Tonkin Resolution was passed; 200,000 US ground troops were in the South by January 1966.

In November 1967, the United States announced that more than 15,000 US troops had been killed since 1961 in Vietnam, and more than 100,000 wounded. Anti-war sentiment grew in America, and President Lyndon B. Johnson offered to stop bombing in the North, if peace talks could be arranged. The Tet Offensive (1967-1968) failed to win the North its military objectives, but in America many people began to believe the war was un-winnable, due to a strong shift in media opinion against the war. CBS news anchor Walter Cronkite, a very trustworthy reporter generally, visited Vietnam and mistook the Tet Offensive as a Northern victory, when historians generally call it an Allied success. He returned to America and spoke about peacemaking. Then too, the My Lai Massacre, of unarmed civilians in 1968 directed by US Army Lt. William Calley, was a sore point for US peace demonstrators. Johnson didn't run for re-election then and stopped the bombing.

When President Richard M. Nixon took office, he announced the “Vietnam-ization” of the war and withdrawal of US troops. When peace talks in Paris did not progress – despite Ho Chi Minh's death – and when a coup occurred in Cambodia, Nixon resumed the bombing of the North. South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, who'd been elected in 1967, was re-elected in 1971. More Communist victories in Cambodia, Laos, and SouthVietnam led to further US attacks in the two outlying countries. By March 1973, all US troops had been removed from Vietnam. The Watergate Scandal kept Nixon occupied with his own defense, and the South Vietnamese lost several key cities. By April 1975, Saigon had fallen, and peace followed. The Vietnam War had divided sentiment in America as no other war in the 20th century had. The Cold War had become a Hot War again, and then things cooled thereafter.

Martin Luther King Jr., the prominent African-American civil rights leader and proponent of nonviolent resistance, was born on January 15, 1929 in Atlanta, Georgia. The son of a Baptist minister, King was himself ordained a minister at age 17. He married Coretta Scott in 1953, and became a pastor in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1954. In college, King had studied the passive resistance philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi. Later in 1954, King led a bus boycott, challenging the racial segregation practiced in the South at the time. Rosa Parks, who would not give up her bus seat to a white person, also was instrumental in bringing down segregation there. Due to the boycott's success, King was named president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), a civil rights group. In 1959, King visited India, where he studied Gandhi's Satyagraha (truth and firmness) idea further. In 1960, he gave up his pastorship in Montgomery, to become co-pastor with his father of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, enhancing his position as a national leader in the civil rights movement.
In 1963, King led a key campaign in Birmingham, Alabama, for voter registration, desegregation, and improved education and housing for blacks. He was arrested several times there. On August 28, King gave his “I Have a Dream” speech in Washington, DC. In that speech, he said: “I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character.” King won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964.

King espoused nonviolence and had many supporters, but not all blacks backed him. The Ku Klux Klan hated him, and some blacks felt they should respond to the KKK's violence with their own violence. By 1967, King had joined the anti-war movement; the Vietnam War was immoral, he said. Tired but not intimidated, King said on April 3, 1968 that he had “been to the mountain top and seen the Promised Land”. The next day, he was gunned down in Memphis, Tennessee. White supremacist James Earl Ray was convicted of, and sent to prison for, the crime. In the 1990s, the King family said they did not believe Ray killed their husband and father. In 1983, the third Monday in January every year was designated a federal holiday in King's honor.

Another American leader of world importance killed in 1968 was Robert F. Kennedy, JFK's brother. RFK was born in Brookline, Massachusetts in 1925. He interrupted his studies at Harvard during WWII to serve in the US Navy. He went on to receive his law degree from Virginia, and in 1952, he managed his brother's senatorial campaign. (RFKs first child was born in 1951, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, who'd become lieutenant governor of Maryland; her godfather was Sen. Joe McCarthy, a good friend of Joe Kennedy, RFK's father.) From 1955-1957, RFK became famous as special counsel for the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee checking into Teamster Union executives David Beck and Jimmy Hoffa. After his brother was elected president in 1960, RFK became US attorney general, strongly enforcing civil rights laws. In 1964, he resigned and was elected senator from New York. His main concerns were the problems of the poor, disadvantaged, and urban ghettos. In 1968, he ran for president as a Democrat. While celebrating his victory in the California primary, Jordanian Sirhan Sirhan shot him. Next day, June 6, 1968, RFK died.

In July 1969, Apollo 11's crew landed on the moon, the first time humans had been there. US astronaut Neil Armstrong said, “That's one small step for [a] man, one giant leap for mankind.” Edwin Aldrin landed with him. JFK's prediction had been accurate. A month later, the only professional heavyweight boxer ever to retire undefeated, Rocky Marciano, died in a plane crash.

Meanwhile, Britain, like America, was enduring rebellions in dress, entertainment, and social behavior. The negative side was a rising crime rate and growing drug culture. The Harold Wilson Labour Government (1964-1970) increased educational opportunities for the young; eased laws on divorce and abortion; ended the death penalty and curbs on homosexual relations; prescribed for women equal pay for equal work; and lowered the voting age to 18. Britain did not send troops to Vietnam, but offered moral support. Inflation was a huge problem, and in 1970 Edward Heath, a Conservative, became Prime Minister. He had problems with British miners' not wanting to accept wage-price controls, and with Catholics in Northern Ireland, where the Parliament was abolished in 1970.

Journalism in the industrializing countries came in for a revolution during the 19th century. It was strongly influenced by the Industrial Revolution, begun in the early 1800s and by the spread of progressive education. Newly literate masses were demanding more and more reading material; and industrial advances, like new types of printing presses and photography, were helping publishers meet that demand, inexpensively in the case of newspapers. In America mid-century and later, Joseph Pulitzer, Edward Wyllis Scripps, and William Randolph Hearst began large newspapers to supply readerships in the big cities. Wire services, exploiting the invention of the telegraph, facilitated rapid gathering and dissemination of world news. These services included Reuters, based in England, and the Associated Press (AP) and United Press International (UPI), in America.
Toward the end of the 19th century, the New York Times started to truly build its reputation for comprehensive coverage of national and international news. Later, during the Vietnam War, that paper also was important, even crucial, to public opinion. US advances and setbacks in Vietnam, both military and psychological, were regular journalistic fare then. At home, America was going through much of what Western societies were then experiencing – i.e., social and political rebellions of distressing kinds. Urban unrest was getting worse; crime rates were rising; the use of hallucinogenic drugs was increasing dramatically; and rock music and other art forms were attacking nearly every American institution, even many worth saving. The nation was coming apart at the seams, and its leaders didn't seem to care to do much about it except to send troops to Vietnam and cover up the truth.

Into this atmosphere of cynicism, aggression, and doubt, came a Defense Department aide named Daniel Ellsberg, who had been copying a secret Pentagon document -- a history of US involvement in Vietnam that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had requested be compiled. Ellsberg knew the document could be evidence in the indictment of US administrations' policies early in the war. It documented questionable US peace talk strategies and dishonorable US tactics in the war. Once Ellsberg had copied the document, which would become known as the Pentagon Papers, and had decided to get it published, he talked with the New York Times. Reporter Neil Sheehan worked with him. That paper began to publish the series on June 13, 1971. The Nixon Administration obtained a court order to stop the paper from publishing more stories in the series. The Times appealed the decision, but by the time it was adjudicated before the US Supreme Court, whose decision was announced on June 30, the point was moot: the Washington Post and Boston Globe had already published the entire history.

Around that time, the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist was burglarized. As they came to be known during the Watergate Hearing, the Nixon Administration's “plumbers” were responsible for that break-in. The plumbers had been trying to do anything they could to prevent leaks to the press of government information, especially secret information, and they were breaking laws to do that. After the Democratic Party Headquarters at Washington's Watergate Hotel had been broken into on June 17, 1972, and five men, the plumbers, had been caught in the act, the situation became more and more calamitous for Nixon. The five's arrest led to the disclosure of a White House-sponsored plan of political espionage and money laundering against Nixon's enemies that was unprecedented. Washington Post reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein covered it first, and followed up their first report with story after dramatic story, all of which made Nixon's situation more perilous.

As additional information came out in the Congressional hearing that pressed relentlessly on, and which included the release of Nixon's Oval Office tapes, Nixon and his men lied precipitously (“stonewall” and “cover-up” were often-used words then), trying to save their jobs. As a result, when the American public and the Congress heard the truth – including proof-positive that Nixon had ordered the FBI to stop investigating the break-in a few days after it occurred – men like Attorney General John Mitchell, White House Counsel John Dean, White House Chief of Staff HR Haldeman, White House Special Assistant on Domestic Affairs John Erlichman, and President Nixon himself all lost their jobs. The nation had never lost a president before his term had ended, except when they'd died or been killed. This was a political tragedy and triumph of incredible scope in America. The Nixon Administration (to its perpetual chagrin, the Congress, and the press had played leading roles in making both possible. Woodward and Bernstein, under managing editor Ben Bradlee, helped establish the Washington Post as preeminent in reporting on the US government. Nixon had had to resign. In 1975, the two reporters published their book on the investigation, All the President's Men. It was made into a movie by that name, starring Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford. American readers and viewers were moved by the sheer spectacle of the affair.

The South Vietnamese government, right after the fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975, surrendered to the North Vietnamese Communists about nine months after Nixon's resignation of August 9, 1974. The
military surrender was almost anti-climactic, except that many men from many nations, including more than 57,000 Americans, had lost their lives in Vietnam's "isolated" civil war.

Legendary French photojournalist Henri Cartier-Bresson, who began taking pictures around the same time as Bert Hardy (1930), coined the photographic term "decisive moment". It was Henri's belief that all the dynamics of each good photo come together, to present a moment when the purest, greatest image composition and interest is arrived at. Robert Capa took such a photo during the Spanish Civil War, when he photographed a combatant being struck by a fatal bullet, just as that victim begins to fall. Henri took such a photo when a female Nazi collaborator, with shaved head, was being brought to justice by her neighbors. So too did Margaret Bourke-White when she photographed death-camp survivors staring into her camera, just before liberation. Bert Hardy took such a photo when a young man was squatting among all the other political prisoners that day in 1950 in Pusan Square as that young man squinted out of the corner of his eye at Bert. And Eddie Adams took the same type of photo in Vietnam – his view of a South Vietnamese police chief shooting in the head a civilian-dress Communist who had just been responsible for killing many of the police chief's family. All of these photos depict the horrors of war; but then all war is truly hell.

Adams won a Pulitzer Prize for his stunning image, one of four such prizes in photography won by the AP Saigon Bureau’s staff during that period; AP Bureau Chief Ed White directed key activities then. Other notable Vietnam-Era photographers included the Brits Larry Burrows, Philip Jones-Griffith, and Don McCullin, who knew the effects of war well; Burrows even died there. Vietnam's War seemed to have brought out the best and worst in the American and perhaps even the British peoples.
Chapter 15: James Cameron During the Vietnam War Era.

Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* begins: “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.... It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.” In his introduction (he also wrote the commentary) to the book *Vicky*, a tribute to the *News Chronicle* cartoonist who was one of James Cameron's best friends, James likewise, begins fairly positively, and then moves on disconcertingly: “Vicky was by no means the greatest draughtsman of his time, though incomparably the wittiest. He had an extraordinary visual ability to penetrate below the actualities of a politician's appearance into the essence of his character, to distil from the droop of an eye or the shape of a nose a whole world of motivation. Harold Macmillan never came to life until Vicky re-gestated him and brought him forth as Supermac. The nature of Mr R.A. Butler never seemed comprehensible until Vicky perceptively cast him as a Butler. It was Vicky who made it obvious that General de Gaulle was, in fact, twelve feet tall, and permanently attired as the *Roi Soleil*. His tireless concentration on the marionette grin of Mr Edward Heath came nearest of all to taking the smile off that uncertainly convivial public face. He worked very hard at these syntheses, and greatly did all the lesser caricaturists profit by his industry. He came in to study and cherish their characteristics as a puppet-master might, and when for mortal reasons any of them passed out of his reach he mourned them unconsolably.

“Vicky was the most political human being I ever met... He himself had been wounded by life; thus his compassion extended instinctively to all its other victims, to all the refugees and casualties of war and poverty and suffering; nor was this an abstract pity but a direct and meaningful thing... He was the most vulnerable man I knew; he had no armour at all. A cynical Vicky would have been alive today....”

James Cameron knew human beings, and what they are capable of. Perhaps that is why he went to North Vietnam the year before Vicky died – to prove something to himself about his own life and human beings, and even about God. The venture was risky -- physically, morally, economically -- but he went, and did his job. To some people, when they first read James's series on North Vietnam in the *New York Times* in December 1965, it may have seemed he really was a Communist dupe. Listen to the way Premier Pham Van Dong cajoles him, or is it the truth?

“I agree that some of these successful guerilla operations in the South seem incredible, given the huge disparity of strength between them and the United States. The fact seems to be – and I do not say this to diminish our people's bravery or skill – that the American soldiers are unexpectedly easy to fight. That was surprising. They have infinitely more arms and resources than those that we in Vietminh had to face when we were fighting the French.

“But I tell you, from experience, that half as many French in the South would be giving our people more trouble than the 170,000 Americans. I can understand it. If I were an American young man I wouldn't want to fight here either. The whole situation is nonsensical and wretched.”

But if Pham was semi-deceptive in the first segment, he was more honest elsewhere: “But the war is costing us terribly dear. I'm not acting when I say that I am obliged to cry, literally cry, at the suffering and losses. And they will get worse, make no mistake.”(12-11-65)

Roman Cagnoni's photos (2) show: North Vietnamese men and women honoring (by chanting and raising their arms, wearing banners) the American Quaker Norman Morrison, who immolated himself in front of the Pentagon on November 2; and Pham laughing at what President Ho apparently has said.

Still, a lieutenant colonel who gave James a briefing, indicated the type of resolve the North Vietnamese were showing in the field: “... 'Our people know what they are fighting for, which is simply their homeland. The American boys do not. I don't blame them; it must be extremely hard to die for a concept
that just says ‘anti-Communism’, especially when it must be obvious to the intelligent ones that by no means all the Liberation soldiers are Communist....

“... [w]e are putting a strong emphasis on what we in our language call “catch-and grasp” – hand-to-hand fighting....

“...[I]t is intensely disagreeable [to the Americans], and you have to have a particularly good reason to be able to do it.” (12-8-65)

James Cameron then cited the case of the Indrang River Valley, where savage fighting had killed many on both sides. He suggested to the officer that the Americans were claiming victory; the lieutenant colonel just called that '[a]nother miscalculation of Mr. McNamara,” stating the U.S secretary of defense put too much trust in B-52 firepower, which the officer said did not have as pronounced an effect as the Americans thought.

Cagnoni's photos (3) show the North Vietnamese to be resilient people. The front-page photo shows children playing in a Hanoi park, near a bomb shelter. The two photos on the follow-up page show: two street dancers entertaining a crowd; and men and women repairing a street together. There is no indication of fear in these North Vietnamese, but then there were no bombs exploding at the time.

James later wrote: “I had never in my life felt more in genuine need of a rest and never did one seem more unlikely. I had hardly returned before I was whisked off to New York for a major confrontation on the television with an imposing and masterful cast of United States pundits, who were at some pains to imply that my observations and opinions of the Viet Nam war were not those of a sincerely objective journalist, as defined by strict American standards. Time magazine made its predictable assault on me, calling me a 'conduit'. To these and similar strictures I could only make the old response that I had never in my life made claim to being an 'objective' journalist if 'objectivity' meant the uncritical presentation of wrong or foolish events and attitudes, and that since I had vigorous and bitter opinions about the war in Viet Nam there was neither honesty nor point in pretending otherwise.”

James confessed to being alarmed until then by the Americans, who for so long had shown the world a “terrifying charity and menacing goodwill”. He was invited back over for a little “promotional activity” for his new book, called Here Is Your Enemy in America, and Witness in Vietnam in the UK. But he feared that “to have argued the possibility that North Vietnamese were made of flesh and blood, and capable of pain and anger, was heresy.” He was on many American talk shows, both radio and TV, and traveled constantly from city to city. He came away thinking this was a “realler America than I had known in the past”. Soon, he found the steam was running out of the groups that had been arrayed against him. He was very happy, then, “not to be intellectually lynched”. He was drinking and smoking too much and had an alimentary problem, but “I felt, for the first time in many years, that I had discovered an America that put Time in its place.”

At the beck and call of many people who wanted to know about Hanoi, James still was not visited by those he truly needed to talk with: “[A]t no time after my return from North Vietnam was I ever required to see, consult, or inform anyone... from the Foreign Office or the State Department.” But his “numbingly taxing fantasy of the United States tour” and his alimentary problem combined to put him into the hospital, around the time he became a new grandfather. Along the way, James Cameron had seen to the publication of his five-part series on North Vietnam in the New York Times, with editorial assistance from Tony Lewis. Maybe he was changing his mind about Americans or was he still a cynic? A few years' later, America pulled out of Vietnam and James Cameron was vindicated; he had made a bit of a difference, after all. He'd been persuasive. His critics had been silenced, at least for a time. Maybe he was getting good at this foreign correspondence business. At least he was a gadfly who cared. There are few of those
around these days, it seems.

Two years later, James Cameron wrapped up his 1967 autobiography in a different place – or at least a place where the fighting was not quite so murderous: West Cork, in southernmost Ireland. It is a place of rock, grass, sea, and the sardonic birds guarding the sea. James referred to a recent trip to New York, then wrote: “I love this place [West Cork]; it will not last long; nothing lasts long.” He expanded his thoughts: “For some twenty-five years I tried to combine the careers of a normal man and a professional nomad; it made for a vigorous and various life and it had its own transient rewards, but it fulfilled neither. Loneliness over a long period engenders the wrong responses to love, and there is nothing, wherever it may be, to compensate for that.”

James Cameron may have reflected morosely then; he would be divorced and remarried in four years, to an Asian Indian. Earlier, he seemed ready to chuck it all in. He did lose good friend Vicky in 1966; but what was wrong with his second marriage? Equally disenchanted by the “morality” of wars, he wrote: “Two world wars within my lifetime... have anaesthetized our moral perceptions, [producing] the illusion that there can be a justification for killing millions of men, women and children in... Dresden, Stalingrad, Hamburg and Hiroshima, and a hundred places more.... [but] nothing can justify murder as an act of policy. This... argument [won't] be accepted... where even the professional priests bless the machinery of death in the name of Christ....” Strong words, but Cameron took on big subjects and covered them courageously, eloquently; often he acquitted himself as well as Dickens had, though Cameron was likely living in even more politically charged times.

Two years after he covered North Vietnam, James was in the Holy Land, covering the Six Day War for the *Evening Standard*. One of his leads didn’t waste time: “We stand on the edge of a truly tragic absurdity. The Middle East War which now seems inevitable must surely be recorded as the most stupid, meaningless, wholly political and indeed preventable war of all time. If we start blowing each other up here, as doubtless we shall, then the whole proposition of homo sapiens is in question. In a lifetime of describing the human aberrations I have never been involved in anything as senseless as this – and yet I comprehend the folly only too well.” He authored a book called “The Making of Israel”, which put his Middle East work in fuller context.

In 1971, James Cameron was involved in a jeep-bus smashup en route to Calcutta, a city he didn’t like, though he generally thrived in India. Eventually, back in Britain, a pacemaker was implanted to take over much of the burden of his heart-muscle. He’d write a play about his heart called “The Pump”, which won the Prix Italia Award in 1973. In the interludes in one hospital or another, he began having conversations with William Cameron, telling him how much he loved him, and thinking it odd he could speak with his dad, but his mom, who had died earlier, was nowhere in sight. He also said comically that the blips on the heart monitor in hospital, seeming to come as slowly yet dramatically as hanging swords, reminded him of his times on TV.

During his battles with heart and other ailments, Cameron became even more philosophical. He writes in “Indian Summer”: “It seemed petulant to complain, with the big act closing in. Ordinarily I would have been frightened to death. Indeed I was frightened to death. Yet that was the wrong phrase too. I could honestly say, even at that point, that I had never been afraid of death; the consolation of the unbeliever is the he cannot be intimidated by oblivion. But dying, now – that was a different matter. I was somewhat afraid of dying, because I am fundamentally a coward and always mistrusted myself in a situation of pain.” His third wife (Moni) and family got him through some rough times then. And he came to the conclusion: “It was a good old heart, thought I, when I gave it any thought at all…. Which is partly why he wrote his only play then, “The Pump”, about the heart.
By 1972, Cameron was doing more broadcasts for the BBC, including one on a man captured in Colombia who the authorities hoped was the notorious Nazi leader Martin Bormann. Cameron hoped somehow it wasn’t Herr Bormann, simply because many other Nazi henchmen were being captured and tried before international tribunals then, and he hoped the phantom of Martin Bormann would live on. He seemed to believe some phantoms deserve to.
Chapter 16: Carter, Reagan, Freed Hostages, Thatcher, Aaron, and Disco.

Jimmy Carter was born on October 1, 1924 in Plains, Georgia. In 1943, Carter enrolled in the US Naval Academy, and in 1946, he began his military service as an officer. That same year, he married Rosalynn Smith. In 1948, he began work in submarine training school. When his father died four years later, he left the Navy to run his family's peanut business in Plains. After entering politics in 1962, he lost the race for governor in 1966, at which time he became a “born-again Christian”. In 1970, he was elected Georgia's governor. A representative of the New South, he was liberal on racial matters and ran for president in 1976, winning vs. incumbent President Gerald Ford, who had become known as “the man who pardoned Nixon”.

President Carter's worries included inflation and a runaway oil-energy policy. He backed a strong NATO, and won a Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALTII) Treaty with the Soviets. Although he was a president who believed in human rights, critics said he did not apply his rights policy evenly, and that’s why he retaliated against Soviet intervention in Afghanistan by leading an international boycott of the 1980 Moscow Summer Olympics. His greatest triumphs were in providing the framework for the Egypt-Israel Peace Accord in 1979, and in bringing to an end the US lead vis-a-vis the Panama Canal. That same year, though, Iranian militants seized the US Embassy in Tehran and took a large group of Americans hostage. They were released shortly after Carter left office, in January 1981.

Ronald Reagan was born on February 6, 1911 in Tampico, Illinois, above a store where his Irish-American father sold shoes. In the depression year 1932, he graduated from nearby Eureka College. He was hoping for a Hollywood career, and after working as a sports announcer briefly, he won a contract with Warner Brothers in 1937. He acted in about 50 films in the next 15 years. A former Democrat and supporter of FDR, in the 1950s Reagan became a staunch conservative, because he didn't like government bureaucracy and Communists in the Screen Actors Guild, which he'd been president of. In 1952, he married Nancy Davis, a conservative actor. For the next eight years, he was public relations speaker for the General Electric Company.

In 1966, he was elected Republican governor of California. Eventually, he learned how to compromise with the Democratic legislature, and also learned how to use TV positively. After two failed runs at the presidency, he campaigned against President Carter's foreign policy, and won. The hostages in Iran were freed on Inauguration Day. An assassination attempt in 1981 seriously wounded Reagan. He recovered, enacting tax cuts. After three years, the economy improved a bit; he was re-elected. He had colon cancer surgery in 1985 and met Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev the same year. The Reagan Administration was charged with selling arms to Iran to fund Nicaragua’s insurgency, but the controversy didn’t touch him. And he signed two missile-reduction treaties with the Soviets.

Margaret H. Thatcher was born in 1925 in Grantham, educated at Oxford, where she studied chemistry. In 1953, she became a tax lawyer, and in 1959 was elected to Parliament. As minister of health and science under Prime Minister Heath (1970-1974), she became infamous for eliminating free milk from the schools. In 1975, she succeeded Heath as head of the Conservative Party, and in 1979, she was elected Britain's first woman prime minister.

Bolstered by the success of her Falklands Islands policy in 1982, she led her party to a big victory in the Parliamentary election of 1983. In 1984, she barely escaped injury when an IRA bomb exploded in a Brighton hotel during a party conference. In 1987, she became the first 20th century British prime minister to be elected to three straight terms. In 1990, her tax policy and reluctance to see Britain fully integrated into the European Community, led to the formation of a new Conservative Government, led by her protege John Major, after she resigned. Mrs. Thatcher had led Britain in hard times. In addition to the Falklands War, the after-effects of a permissive era in the 1970s, forced her to work for what she got.
Also, she was the daughter of a shopkeeper, which did not sit well with some of the Conservative aristocracy. But her Falklands triumph – Argentine invaders were defeated by a British force, surrendering to the latter in June 1982 – and the country's relatively good economic condition kept her in power until 1990.

Meanwhile, in 1982 America, “Hammerin’ Hank” Aaron was elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame, in Cooperstown, New York. Aaron had hit more home runs than any man in US Professional Baseball History, including the New York Yankees' Babe Ruth. Henry L. Aaron was born in 1934 in Mobile, Alabama. He played right field for the Milwaukee (later Atlanta) Braves from 1954-1974, and for the Milwaukee Brewers from 1974-1976. In 1957, he led the Milwaukee Braves to a World Series Championship, earning MVP honors that season. On April 8, 1974, while with the Atlanta Braves, he broke Ruth's career record of 714 homers, and became a sports icon for Americans of all backgrounds. By the time Aaron retired in 1976, he'd set numerous league records, including: most home runs (755); total bases (6856); extra-base hits (1477); runs batted in (2297); and times at bat (12,364). He also appeared in 24 All-Star games, besides being elected to the Hall of Fame.

Henry Aaron has long been outspoken about the somewhat limited role for blacks in baseball, especially black executives. An executive himself for many years with the Atlanta Braves, he has not been hired to a general manager job with any major league team yet; and it's true there are fewer black executives in baseball than white executives. But a national TV report in 1998 indicated that blacks are not as interested in playing baseball as was once the case, even though many of the best American baseball players, professional and amateur, have been black.

In the world of popular music and dance, in America and Britain, as well as many other places during the 1970s and 1980s, several contradictory trends emerged. Couple-dancing, enhanced by the individuality of the 1960s, returned in the 1970s with the hustle and other elaborately choreographed dances. Many of these dances were performed to disco music, a basic form of rock with strong dance rhythms. Two very popular films with disco themes were released during this period – “Saturday Night Fever” (1977), with John Travolta and Karen Gorney; and “Staying Alive” (1983), also with Travolta, plus Cynthia Rhodes. The movie “Grease,” a modern rendition of life in the 1950s, also was released, around 1980. It too starred Travolta, plus the Australian singing sensation, Olivia Newton John. Travolta’s dance-film performances combine elements of Glenn Miller, the legendary 1940s swing bandleader, and Elvis Presley, of the swivel hips. The Bee Gees, the British rock group who first performed the song “Staying Alive,” were popular then and for many years thereafter, as well.

Alongside the disco movement, which dominated popular music and dance in the 1970s and 1980s, the more extreme punk rock movement brought in its wake slam dancing, which involved leaping, jumping, and sometimes physical attacks, and in the mid-1980s, the acrobatic solo dance form known as break dancing. At that same time, in a nostalgic impulse, the swing, or big-band, sound was revived – complete with waltzes, foxtrots, and jitterbugs.

Just before 1900, two magazines were started in America that inspired many other magazines to try their luck in the business: the *Ladies' Home Journal* (1883) and the *Saturday Evening Post* (1897), both begun by Cyrus Curtis. Also, in 1888 the National Geographic Society was started, which soon published its cultural-environmental exploration journal, *National Geographic*. All three of these magazines are still published today.

Many other notable American general interest magazines came onto the scene in the early 20th century: e.g., *Reader's Digest*, *Life*, *Look*, and *Collier's*. Not all these publications could compete long with other leading magazines, or with other media, but *Reader's Digest* and *Life* did well. More specialized magazines eventually overtook some of them: e.g., *Playboy*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *TV Guide* had a combined circulation of 28 million a year by 1980. Some journalistic magazines also did well for a time; a few are still published – e.g., *Time* and *US News & World Report*.

Social criticism was very important to some magazines at the turn of the last-previous century. What Pulitzer and Hearst were doing for newspapers, the publishers of *McClure's* and *Everybody's* were doing for magazines. Although both could be sensationalist at times, they also unearthed many social evils. Their investigative journalists were called “muckrakers”. These literary crusaders helped bring about anti-trust, child labor, and pure food laws. It doesn't seem there are many true muckrakers around in 2013, just a lot of muck and rakes.

In 1975 at the University of Missouri School of Journalism, the first Journalism School ever created anywhere (1908), Investigative Reporters and Editors (IRE), a national organization for modern crusading journalists, was established. When I attended Mizzou (1980-1984), IRE was a top-of-the-line organization, inspired by the investigative journalism revived during the Watergate era.

In the *Washington Post's* Watergate coverage, the anonymous source “Deep Throat” gave much useful information to reporters Woodward and Bernstein. Some states have even passed shield laws to allow journalists to guard the anonymity of their sources. Reporters used to fight outside censorship harder. Many of them practice self-censorship these days instead, to protect national security or criminal prosecutions, or to safeguard boosterism in community journalism. American journalism took an early interest in deeper investigations of crime, corruption, hygiene, etc., due to British antecedents, which is ironic, because the British only began establishing university programs in journalism towards the end of the 20th century. Many British journalists still often have degrees in literature, politics, history, computer science, etc., if they have university degrees at all. Both Bert Hardy and James Cameron left school for good at about age 14. Both men rose to the top of their profession via hard work, luck, personal study, and street smarts. All in all, a good journalist can sometimes be successful without a college degree, but good jobs are now generally hard to come by without a college degree.

During the autumn of 1981, I was a student in the University of Missouri's London Reporting Program. It was an exciting semester for me, even if I did receive low grades from my instructor. Although I knew my writing requirement was to turn in 12 written reports then, I decided I'd spend half my time taking photos, because I was new to photography (though I was 30 years old) and London and its environs held ample photo-subjects of interest and intrigue. And I was on my own enough that I could write and/or photograph anything or anyone, as long as they were willing and/or I was discrete. I did the best I could, and I enjoyed Britain a lot. In any case, after covering a jazz concert; a remarkable disabled youngster; a British theatre or two; a pain relief conference; a mannerist painter; a meeting between 50 IRA relatives and England’s Catholic Cardinal; a Palestinian theatre troupe; and one or two other events and people of interest, I ran out of story ideas with two weeks left in semester, 4-5 stories short of 12.
Which is how I arrived at the doorsteps of both Bert Hardy and James Cameron. I'd talked with Sally Soames, a Sunday Times photojournalist (my office, her office, and the office of my writing mentor, Sunday Times assistant editor and chief proofreader John H. Whale, were in the same building), in early September, and she had given me the name and address of a photo processing firm – Grove Hardy Ltd. She said I must have my pictures printed there, because “it's one of the best black-and-white printing firms in the world”. Now, I had plenty of things on my mind that September, and finding a new printer was not at the top of my list, for I was already relying on one or two printers near where I lived. By mid-November, I was looking for more story ideas and talked with my regular printer, Prem Olson, about needing to do more stories. He said he'd heard of a British photojournalist who'd taken “good” pictures, but who had “very good stories to tell about his pictures”. I got the man's name from him, and called the photojournalist via phone.

The first “mystery man” turned out to be Bert Hardy, of Grove Hardy Ltd. He said I could interview and photograph him, if I was willing to take a train to Oxted, near his farm in Surrey. I agreed, and he said he'd pick me up at Oxted. Somewhere in all this, I realized he was the same man Ms. Soames had mentioned in September. I spoke with her again, and she said that Bert Hardy was a “very nice man”.

In a day or two, I left from London's Elephant and Castle Station, as Mr. Hardy had instructed, heading for Oxted. The train took 38 minutes to arrive there. Along the way, I observed the backyards of suburban and lower-middle-class families. There was plenty of wash on the lines and the places didn't look all that clean, but I put that out of my mind for the time being. Bert Hardy was waiting when my train pulled in at Oxted. His sports car of a decent sort was fast-enough, and as we raced along the road, he talked of his club meeting the night before, where they had discussed the A-bomb. We also spoke of Missouri, where he'd won an award for his photos of the Korean War.

Mrs. Hardy, Sheila, was waiting for us when we arrived at their farm. She was friendly, like Bert, and the three of us went inside. Bert told his wife I was from Mizzou and she seemed impressed. We also spoke of my writing mentor, John Whale. I was asked if I wanted a brownie dessert and something to drink, and I had a brownie and perhaps a cup of tea. We spoke about the types of photos Bert took during his career, and he interjected, “Mainly pictures of people”. I asked what people, and he told me about many types – “ordinary” people, celebrities, news-people. He mentioned famous names, like Sugar Ray Robinson, Johnny Ray, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, Marshall Tito, perhaps the Queen, as well. And then Sheila got out one of Bert's photo albums. It was filled with gorgeous photos he'd taken. One series showed a shop-girl, and the image seemed very well-done and story-oriented.

The Hardys also showed me Bert's photo-monograph, which I asked to buy. They told me they didn't have extra copies, but if I gave them the money, they'd pick one up in Limpsfield, nearby, and get it to me during my second visit, during which I could take my photo-portraits of Bert. I gave them the money. We talked more, I took notes, and then it was time to leave. We made another appointment, and then Sheila drove me to the train station.

At our next meeting, we looked over more pictures, and I asked if I could have some copies for my story about Bert. Sheila asked which ones, and I said I'd phone her, because I needed to pick up the photo-prints at Grove Hardy in London anyway. (Later, I picked up seventeen or eighteen 8x10 prints of Bert's there, plus they did a print of my best view of Bert with his dogs, a photo-portrait by his kitchen doorway.) Bert signed the monograph they had picked up for me in Limpsfield. I asked that it be inscribed to Leon Hsiao, a Taiwanese photographer-friend of mine back at Mizzou.

We talked of Bert's Korean War work, and he said, “There is another man you should meet. In fact, I'd say you have to meet him.” I asked who this “mystery man” was, and Sheila said, “He's one of Britain's greatest journalists. His name is James Cameron.” She then told me who his agent was. I said I'd call the
agent. I can't recall if the man who worked for Rank Film visited a few minutes later, or if he visited before we sat down for the second interview, but I was taking pictures right along that second day, and the Rank man was there for part of them. I took pictures of the three of them, which I've since lost. Early on, though, I sent copies of some of my photos to the Hardys. When we'd wrapped up our interview that day, Sheila drove me back to the train station. Along the way, she asked where I'd have my picture-story about Bert published. I said I'd try with *Time* and *Life* Magazines, but wasn't exactly sure where yet. We also spoke about Bert's lack of interest in motor-winders on cameras. He was an old-school purist in that sense at least, because he believed in the virtues of individual snaps.

When I returned to my shared Islington flat, I wrote a letter to *Life* Magazine. A few days later, I received a phone call from a *Life* editor, I believe her name was Rosemary Robotham. We talked transatlantic for at least 20 minutes, while my flatmates, plus Welshman Andy Cavanagh, waited for me to finish, so they could ask me some questions. *Life* didn't publish my picture-story about Bert Hardy. They had published quite a few of his photos during his career, I found out. Since 1981, I've published many of my stories, reviews, photos, and several books relating to Bert Hardy's career. And an archival print of my best photo-portrait of Bert with his dogs Lizzie and Kim, taken by me by his kitchen doorway, is in the Photographs Collection of the British National Portrait Gallery in London. I still hold the copyright.

In 1981, James Cameron published a collection of his writings called *The Best of Cameron*. In one of his reports there, he asked the question: “What does a chap have to have, or be, to make a go of this branch of the trade?” He answered his own question in this way: “I am damned if I know. Nothing technical, that I have ever been able to spot. I have the luck to be more or less okay with a couple of languages, since I was reared in a wild succession of French village schools; the price for that was formal ignorance; I am about the most under-educated man I know. I never even learned to count, and to this day I employ someone to do my expenses.

“What else? A certain resilience, I suppose, an acceptance of all manner of administrative chores quite unconnected with the business of writing, since the getting of the story is a very small part of the job of getting it back to the office. Mostly, I would say, an awful and continuing curiosity, and a kind of obsession with the notion that everything that goes on, anywhere, is part of a recognisable human pattern.

“I have a feeling, probably a bit absurd, that you really can't consider a story anywhere on earth in total isolation; even if only subconsciously you must be aware of what a bloody small world it is; and it is the interaction of things that makes the job absorbing. At least I feel that, which is probably why I have often fallen down so badly on important detail.

“A few strong prejudices help. If you want to be solemn about it you can call them values, or beliefs, or what you will; something, anyway, that permits one occasionally to get pretty angry, or even the reverse.

“I have never been too good at the basic principle of reporting, which is total objectivity. I imagine I have been a bit subjective about everything I've ever done; I get no pleasure out of facts I dislike, and a great deal from those I do, and I am told it creeps into the copy. Somehow I feel it's a little late in the day for regrets. One survives.

“I can't really be objective even about this. I am loaded with memories, of good times and rotten times, of strokes of good fortune, and some terrible flops. I wouldn't have had it otherwise. All I know is that, however long you have been at it, one never sits down at the typewriter, in the dreary hotel bedroom or the Press Room or the rooftop or the dugout or the office desk, staring at that ghastly blank paper, but what one says; brother, this is it; this time they will find you out.

“And if you feel it with enough doubt and worry and misery and fear – somehow, they don't.”
James Cameron's definition of a foreign correspondent may not be the most concise essay excerpt he ever wrote, but it is the best description anywhere of the general content and style of his foreign correspondence. I feel hard-pressed, then, to say in a few words what occurred when I met him in 1981.

I phoned his agent. And after a bit, he lined up an appointment with JC. I proceeded, then, by way of Chalk Farm Underground Station to 3 Eton College Road on the appointed day. At the front door, JC (intentionally or unintentionally) confused my family name with Markham. (He had once lived in Markham Square, I believe.) I shyly corrected him, and then we were inside. There, in his well-appointed living room and his den, which had plenty of books (some of them authored by JC), and some knick-knacks from his many travels, including some good African figurines, I was appreciative of his politeness: He offered me a gin-and-tonic before long.

Seated, we began talking about his work and his contacts over the years. He had been a good friend of the American journalist Charles Collingwood, and a friend of Studs Terkel, as well. In fact, he said he had once been left alone on Studs’ Chicago radio show for an hour, live, while the host went out for some coffee. JC held his own for the full hour apparently. We also spoke of French photojournalist Henri Cartier-Bresson (JC: “There will never be another one like him.”); Bert Hardy (BH), who reminded him of Cartier-Bresson, in a way; the late Prime Minister Nehru of India; Korea; and a few other notable people and places.

As I might have expected, if I had read his work in advance (I couldn't find anything about JC or BH in the London libraries I checked, and there was no internet in those days), JC was outspoken about some things. He said that in Korea, Gen. MacArthur had once said to BH and him: “Godammmit, now what are you two doing here?” JC also commented on BH, “You either learned to work with him, or you took him out and shot him.” However, he was very fond of a picture Bert Hardy had taken of Nehru, a close friend of JC's. He said, “This was Nehru's favorite picture.”

If anyone else was in the house during our interview, they were silent. I wondered if any of his family was home, but didn't ask about them. At the time, Cameron was married to Monee, his Indian wife. At one point, I turned to look at the books on a shelf, and pulled one out or at least pointed to it. It was What a Way to Run the Tribe, an early collection of his journalism. Feeling semi-lucky, I asked if he had any extra copies; he said no. And that was that. Eventually, the cigarillos he was smoking ran out (I believe they were either Princes of Denmark or Hamlets), and it was getting late, so I began packing my stuff together. I hadn't brought my camera, because his agent said I'd not be allowed to take any photos there. I may have brought a mini-tape recorder, but don't remember using it. Since then, I've regretted not bringing my camera and at least sneaking a photo.

Soon, I’d picked up the photos I'd requested at Grove Hardy Ltd., and decided to phone JC too. He said I couldn't visit him again then, because his arm was bothering him. It may have been rheumatism or phlebitis; I don't recall what was said about that exactly. I phoned JC from America only once; I asked him for a phone interview. He said he preferred typed questions. I sent them and he dutifully replied. I wrote a story about him in Seoul, at the time of his death in January 1985, but lost that story in 1987. I'd shown my story to Ed White, AP's Seoul Bureau Chief in 1985 (who'd been AP's Saigon Bureau Chief during the war) and a Mizzou J-School grad like me; Ed liked it. He said I should show it to the British Embassy. I've since published a lot of writing about JC, BH, Picture Post – among countless subjects I've written about and/or photographed.

I didn't always agree with JC's views, but I've always respected his reporting, life (he nearly died in a car crash near Calcutta and wrote An Indian Summer, about that and his early time with wife Monee), and his right to his views. He went through a lot and his reputation, as with Bert Hardy's too, deserves good
feedback. The *New York Times* obit said: “[JC] became noted for his wide travels through postwar Europe, the Far East, and Africa, as an elegant writer and observer of detail, and as a committed Socialist.” JC once wrote for the *Guardian* about a boy he’d corresponded with who’d died of a cerebral condition: “Now you are in heaven, Nicky, give ’em hell.” We can say the same for JC now too.
Chapter 18: Notes on Hardy and Cameron.

Although Bert Hardy and James Cameron collaborated on Picture Post picture-stories outside of Korea as well, their Korean War coverages together are exemplary, representing shining deeds, their own and often those of the best UN troops too. In the 20th century, it took many related collaborations involving many people, for Hardy and Cameron to arrive in Korea together. And although Pusan and Inchon are the biggest parts of their Korean story, they were very busy for six weeks in Korea, so there were many good things they accomplished there, to fit in well with the rest of their long and distinguished careers in journalism and photography.

James died in 1985; Bert in 1995. Both their centenaries have come and gone. There is a series of commemorative lectures called the James Cameron Memorial Journalism Lecture Series (and Prize). Ben Bradlee, who directed Woodward and Bernstein during their Watergate investigation as managing editor of the Washington Post, gave the inaugural lecture. There was a memorial service for Bert Hardy in November 1995 (he passed on July 3 that year) at St. Bride's Church (the Church of Journalists) in London. His centenary in May 2013 seems to have been marked with a bit more fanfare than James's was in June 2011. London's Photographers' Gallery held a showing of his work. Also, Getty Images' London Vice President Matthew Butson, whom I've known more than 20 years, gave a public talk in 2013 about Bert's life and work. Graham Harrison, a few years ago, wrote a long, very good essay about Bert, titled “The Life and Times of Albert Hardy (1913-1995)”, using Bert's full given name. I did a fuller biography of Bert in early 2013, “The Cockney Eye”.

Both James and Bert authored books, and I've mentioned some of theirs in this biography. Both men occasionally gave public lectures. Both men were very helpful to young reporters and photographers, including me. It was hard at first, to write well-received stories about them at Mizzou and soon after my graduation there; but I've come to write many good stories about them, though also a lot about countless other people too. I didn't keep in contact with the Camerons long, but even after Bert's passing in 1995, his widow, Sheila, who'd been a picture-researcher at Picture Post whom Bert fell in love with, has been helpful to my research about Bert and JC.

My family and friends have also been helpful, especially my mom and dad (Rose and David A. Marcou, Dad died in March 2015); my son Matt and his wife Jessica; and my six siblings. Also, I'm grateful to the memories of John H. Whale, my London writing mentor; my dad's parents (David A. Sr. and Agnes Fitzgerald Marcou); my mom's parents (Roman and Ida Brunner Muskat); Tony Skifton; Charles Casberg; and Charles Keeble. Extended family/friends who assisted us are: Charles and Christine Freiberg; Roger Chase; Steve Kiedrowski and Julie Klein; Richard Dungar; David W. Johns; the Yi Do-Sun Family; Sheila Hardy; the Hardy, Cameron, Marcou, Amarnek, Sim, and Majeska Families; Getty Images; Matt Butson; Jon Tarrant; the Mark and Jean Smith Family; Dale Barclay; Prof./Mrs. Roger A. Grant; lunchmates Jerry and Mike; Clio, Pierce and Sean Murphy; Linda Raisbeck; Portia Lee and Stacy Armstrong; Lois Wason and daughter Kathy; Mr./Mrs. John Medinger; Mr./Mrs. Kevin Blum; Mr./Mrs. Mike Mosher; Dr./Mrs. John Larson; Dr./Mrs. James Hobart; Dr./Mrs. Ronald Malzer; Dr./Mrs. Daniel Ecklund; Dr./Mrs. Kevin Cook; the Missouri Group of Authors (all were my teachers); couriers; medical/dental/chemical/consulting providers; spiritual counselors; the Diocese of La Crosse; the FSPA's and SSSF's; food, apparel, and appliance providers; Therese and David Friedman; CNS; Care Wisconsin; BuyDig; Best Buy; Pearl St. Books; the City Housing Authority and its great staff; Government Services generally; the La Crosse Tribune; British Journal of Photography; RPS Journal; other journalists; the Viterbo University Holocaust Survivors Series; the La Crosse Public Library/Archives Staffs; the Wisconsin and Missouri Historical Societies; Aquinas Schools, UW-Madison, Ulowa, and UM-Columbia; David Haberstich and various Smithsonian Institution Archives, Libraries, and its Magazine too; the British National Portrait Gallery; the British Library; the National Assembly Library of Korea; other National, University, Public/Private Libraries and Archives globally; DigiCopy of La Crosse; Blurb of San Francisco; and God above.

“To multitudes of people throughout the world, James Cameron was the supreme journalist of our age, of the whole post-Auschwitz and post-Hiroshima period.” – UK Labor Party Leader Michael Foot.

Despite the publicity bestowed on others named James Cameron, including the famous film director and also the founder of America’s Black Holocaust Museum, the winds of a lasting fame are now upon the journalist by that same name. The British James Cameron had for fifty years worked as a journalist, dispatching copy from every portion of the world to inform, lambaste and inspire democracies. It was a timely and timeless copy – a copy unparalleled for its intuitive insight into every form and stirring of life, the indecency and the routine, the courage and the grace. And, until the end, it was a copy unparalleled for its skeptically sane grasp of human people and events.

In 1965, before it became popular to criticize the Vietnam War, Cameron had a thought, after seeing only pro-American coversages of that war: “In my innocence, I decided we [the documentary team he led] might try to see what it looked like from the other side.” He came to write a story, or rather a series of stories, for the New York Times. The history is iconic in key places – of a plucky, eagle-eyed pro making his way to the homeland of America’s enemy and to a superlative news-scoop. Cameron was the first Western free-lancer to travel behind “enemy” lines to report that war. (Britain was not at war in Vietnam, so Cameron was a traitor to neither side.) He had been granted this “privilege” for his forthrightness on previous fronts: Berlin, Moscow, Israel, China, Korea, and Albania. Accurate, decisive reporting had been his hallmark; the North Vietnamese respected the truths James expressed.

The eye-witness account Cameron gave was of a focused enemy “army”, whose girls drilled in the streets with muskets to shoot down American planes. Cameron quoted a North Vietnamese colonel who spoke for his people: ‘We are well aware that the forces against us are stronger, and richer, and infinitely more powerful. We have already had great losses, and I am afraid we shall have greater yet. The price of all this is horrible. But quite honestly I do not see how we can lose. How long it will take I do not know. I may not see the end myself. But I expect my children will.”

The colonel was eloquent, but so was Cameron: ‘What is taking place in Vietnam, both south and north, is an offence to international decency, both disgusting and absurd, and one of its chief wrongs is that it is corrupting both the assailants and victims alike.

“However, what is quite clear in this lunar landscape of North Vietnam is that the people have a totally unshakable determination to win the war, on their terms. Not to make an end to it, or find a way out of it, or ‘conclude an agreement’ about it. They have the extraordinary and rather impressive nerve to insist upon winning it.”

Cameron reported, then, on Vietnam. And he commented on the American involvement there. James foresaw the trauma that would beset America. He saw how dangerously the United State had committed itself to a foreign terrain where it was not always wanted. He saw the undeterred strength of a bold, if tiny, nation. He recoiled from what he saw and kept faith with Journalism.

It was a faith in intelligent detachment that Cameron had. It was a curious faith to an extent, but it was not without its compensations. James Cameron knew how far anybody can be expected to keep his wits and heart about him. He knew how far the scientific approach may fear to tread. He knew of the differences between disinterestedness and lack of interest. He knew, and he wrote – with the highest degree of credibility, steely tenacity and no malice aforethought.
Perhaps it is reasonable to invoke a comparison at this point. What applied to the late Edward R. Murrow, Cameron’s contemporary, applied equally to him. He ennobled the calling of journalism and foreign correspondence as it ennobled him. That art form, when practiced well, reserves a place for a man or woman who is rigorously inquisitive, chastened by and eager to explore the novel and potentially reconstructive shape of human experience. Cameron, as with Murrow, redefined the work, then, even as he continually recounted the manifold and significant expressions of life on earth.

Although Cameron was superb reporting news from around the world for many decades, his work at home in Britain perhaps best exemplified the reformative impact he would have on “progressive” journalism in the 20th century. His obituary essay on the death of a king may be the most memorable work he ever undertook. The account was one of his most timely and convincing pieces of writing; it penetrated monarchy’s flaws as an institution, and revealed its origins in the effective world of history mixed with fantasy.

Cameron made many poignant and pointed remarks on the life and death of King George VI: “When a king dies, we, who have to put into words the strange grief and grievous strangeness of the time, then know how ill we have served ourselves over the years. While the king lived we spoke of him as this, and as that, endowing him with all the remote virtues of an infallible man; such men do not die. But the king died; and we found somehow a different thing: that we loved him. When the king dies, the worn words are empty; there is nothing left to say.” He added: “Only in a strange country like ours could an apparently indestructible fortress be built on such a slender web of compromise and affection, that no logic could create and no law enforce.” That journalist’s willingness to depict the truthful aspects of monarchy (an institution he’d long felt uneasy about) was no accident. It relates to some of the traditions of news reporting. Cameron may have been saying that, come what may with monarchy, it is pragmatic and idealistic at once for all people to be fair to other people, even monarchs, and hopefully they will be fair to you too.

In connection with his fair-mindedness, Michael Foot, the former British Labor Party leader, said at James’s funeral: “(James Cameron) brought to Fleet Street (London’s famed newspaper district) a quite different code of conduct than had been seen before.” This code was imbued with an ironically rich veracity, a fail-safe decency, a cultural awareness and a literary skill that made him an “incomparable” correspondent. He, like Murrow, was a “sainted”, chosen scribe, who endeavored to know the world’s longstanding problems intimately and to describe them in such a way as to suggest, almost privately, to the reader, a means of reform. Without his hard-won, tough-nosed prescriptions for change, “development” if you will, the world would be a lesser place and the change less quality-oriented.

There are stories, enchanting to hard-headed, about Cameron that may tell more of his demeanor. There was always an irresistible charm and very dry wit about the man that captivated subjects and audiences alike. Studs Terkel, Cameron’s close friend, found those qualities especially endearing. Once, Studs set out to show just how endearing. It seems Cameron, an intermittent guest on Studs’s radio talk show in Chicago, was put to the test once by the irreverent American. Studs, it has been said, when “things were getting a little slow,” would wander benignly off the set, to fetch a cup of coffee. When Studs failed to return to interview Jimmy Cameron after the commercial break, Cameron found himself center-stage minus a script. Studs yielded the mike for one hour that day, during which Cameron had no choice but to take every opportunity to turn in a thoroughly meritorious performance. Studs was a poet, after all, who knew his man, and Cameron the poet who scored.

My own intuitions and memories about Cameron fit in here too. He could be a “sweet” man, but with a sharply critical mind – a man and a personality who thought and felt before he spoke and knew the whys and wherefores. There is a certain distance between strangers that may lend itself to semi-shocks, if on first approach we do not recognize something instinctually positive and/or akin to us in each stranger. To
James Cameron, that distance was vital. Although he may or may not have remembered me personally long after the day we met, at the time he knew the distance I had come and had yet to go. He knew the distance between the present and the uncertain future.

The day was rainy and almost indolent. But there was something in that suggestion when he answered the door that my name was Mr. Markham (a reference to several things in Cameron’s background), that made me think I needed to listen well. Perhaps I wanted to go back to my flat instead before then, but since Bert Hardy and his wife had said I must meet this “mystery man”, I held steady and entered. It turned out to be a very significant day in my life. I may have asked all the wrong questions that day, I don’t know, the obvious ones he so earnestly answered or else so easily put down. But some questions I forgot to ask in his home, he would answer later in an effective letter to me, which may have been the only letter he ever sent me.

We began our interview on an opportune note. Yes, he had traveled and worked with Bert Hardy. Yes, Bert Hardy was something more than a proficient eye with a sound mind and a sturdy heart. And yes, Bert Hardy could make it on any of the picture papers of today. We discussed the trips to Tibet and India the two had made together. We talked of their adventure at Inchon, when the press boat advanced with its letters spelled-out gigantic “PRESS”, landing before the US 1st Marine Division arrived. Then, he showed me a photo of Prime Minister Nehru taken by Hardy when the pair had interviewed Nehru heading home from Korea. He showed it to me with pride, saying it was Nehru’s favorite portrait. Cameron seemed sure-footed-enough, as had Hardy – able to get along well with world leaders, including his longtime friend PM Nehru.

Cameron spoke of working for Sir Edward Hulton, the famous publisher of the Picture Post, the British equivalent to Life magazine. He described the process whereby Hulton had pulled an accurate, historically-significant picture-story on South Korean atrocities under President Syngman Rhee from the presses. That picture-story was intended to balance another vital picture-story on North Korean atrocities that was intended for publication in the same issue with the Hardy-Cameron report. Cameron had not been happy with that rebuttal (he’d eventually leave the Picture Post). As he enunciated the facts to me, he disclosed more of himself – and appeared every inch the man behind and in the midst of the provocative scenes he had reported so well.

James Cameron had gone to work for the Picture Post at the request of that magazine’s editor, Sir Tom Hopkinson. It had been a very positive request, for Cameron had established a reputation at the time as a journalist who looked beyond the apparent to the true facts, before filing his stories. He also damn well knew how to write! It was initially a congenial affair. The journalist had been looking for the right opportunity to sell his feature work, and the Post had offered it. The relationship lasted two years. During that time, he laid claim to the title of the most able, steadfastly ethical journalist on “this sceptered isle”.

When Cameron left the Post, he moved to The Illustrated London News, for which he wrote evocatively his monumental piece “The King Is Dead”. He was only on the News, however, one year. From there, he went to the News Chronicle, a feisty, popular sheet that appealed to everyday readers with a thoughtful, informative message. It was the demise of the Chronicle that moved Cameron until his death. Michael Foot, the UK Labor Party Leader of that generation, said: "Cameron's genius flowed in the truly great and truly liberal News Chronicle of those times. Many contributed to the triumph: Sir Gerald Barry, his editor; Tom Baistow, his foreign editor; and Vicky, the cartoonist, soon to become the closest friend of all. His passion and his wit and his readiness to fit every incident into the worldwide scene were all part of his charm. His matchless integrity was part of it too, and yet he could wear his armour without a hint of pride or piety. He could raise journalism to the highest level of literature, like a Swift or a Hazlitt.” Discouraged a bit, Cameron still managed to find more
work for himself of a relevant and authoritative kind.

In the two or three years preceding his death, Cameron was not about the world in his usual fashion. Instead, he occupied a somewhat rustic London home at 3 Eton College Road with style, immersing himself in the revival of a BBC world travel series he hosted. (He’d so far been known to Commonwealth TV audiences for “Men of Our Time”, “Cameron Country” – which developed from “One Pair of Eyes” - and the autobiographical 1984 series “Once Upon a Time”.) After his stint with the Chronicle and some free-lancing too, and with his TV series, he acted as a go-between for British audiences and a sizable part of the world. He was a notable catalyst in an experiment in understanding that extended around the Commonwealth and back home again. He accomplished his work with an unsentimental, yet moving, detail-rich and accurate, comprehensive eye. Today, we should not forget that part of his work; it helped educate countless viewers to the ways of international fellowship.

Along the way, James Cameron had worked at the “best job in the world – foreign correspondent”, which position he guarded jealously but could also make light of too. At various times in his career, he referred editorially to his passport/visa status. There it said simply, “Temporary Person Passing Through”. In other words, try as hard as we like in Journalism and grateful though we are for our work, we, like every other being on this planet, are basically “transients” in the grand scheme of life on earth.

The standards by which Cameron judged himself were always strict. He claimed to have modeled himself after the great writers Nevinson and E.B. White. In all likelihood, he also read and admired the best of Shakespeare, Cervantes (especially his Don Quixote), Thomas MacCaulay, Charles Lamb, Jonathan Swift, George Bernard Shaw, and George Orwell. His reports on North Vietnam were related to Orwell’s accounts of oppressive British rule in Marrakech.

Of his newspaper talents, one friend had this to say: “Apart from being the most memorable byline in the British press since the war (WWII), James was the most professional of professionals and the most gifted of journalists. He was a superb writer who was always able to get to a place as quickly if not quicker than anybody else, write perfect copy and deliver it in a form ready for publication.” I don’t know exactly how Cameron came about his perfectly literate, accurate and telling copy. But what it is that gets into his language is unmistakable. It is an intelligent quarrelsomeness at times, but a refined emission of good sense often, and a fluent hand. These features combined to make for a profoundly instinctive writer – with a deeply persuasive, emancipated flair. Cameron may not have been a Christian in the end, but if he was one, he was a non-doctrinaire, socialist-ecumenist Christian. It’s my bet, though, that the main thing he liked about religions, if anything, was the possibility we could all go to heaven. He didn’t want death to mean oblivion; he wanted a happy reunion with his family and friends, including his first wife, Elma, who died giving life to their daughter, Elma.

Cameron denied a belief in Christianity much of his life, which is a question he answered for me at the end of our interview. He apparently had several relatives who were Christian Reverends, including his paternal grandfather, but he’d seen many religions, and probably noticed they all had some very serious flaws and only a couple subtle strengths. It is likely, then, his quote about journalism is equally true for his ideas about agnosticism: “It was long ago in my life as a simple reporter that I decided that facts must never get in the way of truth.” James made it explicit as recently as six months before he succumbed that he was in no way a Christian. That fact, along with other inclinations of his, may have put him in a category with Arthur Koestler, the continental misfit and anarchic egalitarian, if it were not for the acute pragmatism that fortified Cameron’s idealism. But the latter was still a radical like Koestler in his taste for the idiosyncratic in human domains. He attacked the roots of the mundane with a tenacity that was rebellious. He adhered to the mundane in an “anarchical” way – testing his findings with the lively intensity of a worldly scientist at work on significant and intriguing research. However, in his “scientific” method, Cameron was something of a refugee. He did not often collaborate with scientists, but did exhibit
a subtle understanding of their work through discerning reportorial techniques and reasoning.

For all his proximity to the world and to his work, though, James could also be said to have been influenced by existentialism. Continually, he located himself “just-enough outside” the range of standard social forms to accurately describe those forms via language that was relevant, personal, and concrete. He was to a commendable extent, then, the discrete “alien”, who constantly found himself within intelligent range of social discourse, even when he was opposed to mainstream beliefs. His commentary on a dinner party attended by a failing Winston Churchill is evidence of his ability to see great men clearly and to pronounce on their demerits and their strengths honestly. He never tired of working alongside certain men, those who shared his profession. Although he once bragged of only setting foot on Fleet Street once in 15 years, he never failed to speak his heart on the most commonly uncommon vocation any man or woman could ask for: “I have been dubious and critical and even arrogant about the business by which I lived,” he said, “but let it be recorded that to the end of my life I shall acknowledge that the only male company in which I am content, in which I know where I am, is that of newspapermen.”

Sir Tom Hopkinson used to call his photographers “thoroughbred racehorses”, because without their key input, Picture Post would not have existed much less shined. In a sense that what James Cameron and I both long felt about newspaper journalists; they dig deeper into stories generally than TV and radio journalists can afford to. And the really good ones cover stories until ultimate truths are learned by readers.

James Cameron embarked on a career others would envy and aspire to, in the backwaters of Scotland – Dundee, that is. Raised in Brittany and out of school before his secondary education could begin, Cameron came around in the world of Journalism amid the most hearty, spectacular, yet, in their way, intensely believable of men and women. Initiated through the concoction of romanticized accounts of love affairs, murders, and other equally “sordid” materials, James developed a certain ranginess and breadth, and a penchant for the “sensibly over-dramatic” even though he soon adapted his writing even more to accurately represent the situations and people he was describing.

Perhaps he had acquired the trait of literary authenticity from his father – a barrister who abandoned his calling for the love of another – the creation of very good popular romances. “Mark Allerton” provided the world with verbal pictures a child’s imagination might respond to and repossess in positively personal ways as adults. In his autobiography, “Point of Departure”, James recalled a near-but-vaguely-far relationship with his father. Out of this peculiar attached detachment came a relation to the world any journalist worthy of the name must own – a feeling of interest in and oneness with the world, and yet it is a world one must view constantly from at least a middle-distance.

James Cameron may have learned the lesson of “semi-detachment” equally well from his mother. Like Mary Tyrone in a famous O’Neill drama, Mrs. Cameron was a fay, retiring, psychologically plagued woman during her final days. She was, by all accounts, a decent woman who became distant and removed from reality near the end. Like the son of an alcoholic who sees the disastrous effects drink has on the parent involved, however, Cameron chose not to imitate her radically distant mien. He found a kind of radically-stimulated, very accurate middle-distance and stayed the course with it.

As time passed, then, Cameron remained attached and detached from the world and moved by social policies that sought peace and non-transgression by all concerned parties. Through his latter-day columns in the Guardian newspaper, he sought to convince those who had the capacity for difficult forms of belief to alter their course accordingly – on nuclear disarmament, politics, economy, and “obtuse” cultural phenomena. He was shocked by public nudity, he claimed, scandal-mongering, and bingo lotteries that abounded then in Britain. At that time, he composed his handiwork less often, but was no less relentless.
In the final weeks of his life, he could not readily respond to the tenacity of the opposition. Downed by a chest infection (after bouts with a serious heart ailment stemming from a traffic accident in India, and throat cancer), he still met with friends occasionally and discussed affairs he most earnestly felt a need to verbalize. There may have been a peace, though, that drew his final moments to a close. Cameron, after all, had fought long and hard to keep his feet on the ground and his eye toward the best of human lives. He must have realized he had achieved his goals, won a decidedly significant number of battles and completed his rounds all in good faith.

It should be added that James Cameron had a fate beyond journalism in a key way: he had a family. Married three times (his first marriage ended with the death of his wife in childbirth; soon after, through some economically horrible times, he converted to socialism); his second marriage to a fellow journalist ended in divorce; he finally discovered a lasting love with his Indian wife, Moneesha Sarkar. Cameron was a good father and loving husband. And India was often a paradise to him. Whenever he was there, he imbibed its spirits. He did not fail to criticize Indian society, though. His primary thirst was always for human truths.

A more personal observation here: Often in our lives, we are struck by the authenticity of the worlds that some others speak to us. Sometimes, perhaps on only a handful of occasions, the message is particularly poignant and meant to be heeded. James Cameron gave of himself throughout his life to causes, like disarmament, that he could in no way put down. When he spoke, then, people listened. I too listened to a man some consider to have been the best – better than James Reston, Malcolm Muggeridge, Tom Wicker, David Brinkley, and, yes, even the great Edward R. Murrow. What I heard from him, partly, was this: Do “only” what you can in this life. But do it over and over again and get it right. Whatever you do, don’t change simply for change’s sake. Be as irreverent and persistent as you like, but damn it all, tell the story, operate on the patient, debug the product accurately and effectively – as accurately and effectively as anyone ever has, and you will make the world a little better for your passage through it. If you don’t have the stuff for one profession, then for God’s sake get out of that profession and get into one you can do better. Don’t be afraid of the heat, fight back always when it’s needed, and learn to appreciate the minds and skills of all others who are decent – even if you need attack them at times for positive reasons.

Remember this, though – the world is not forever at war; its meaning is peace. Always, always include that thought, that feeling, in your principles and stick to them, and you might not die alone. And if there is a heavenly master, he or she surely won’t keep you out of heaven, regardless of your official standing in the army of human beings on earth.

Finally, although he possessed an exacting mask of defiance and sophisticated scorn, the heart of James Cameron was as democratically quick and resolutely pacific as that of any other man or woman who ever penned thoughtful accounts that go by that demanding appellation – good Journalism. I met Mr. Cameron (and Mr. Hardy immediately before him) seemingly by accident, but in the few hours I spent with those two men, I felt positively intrigued with, and inspired by, them. I may have been penniless to provide instant analysis then, but my intellectual and emotional riches have grown since then, whenever I recount their stories.

One thing I enjoyed about Mr. Cameron during our interview was his wit. It was brought out especially when he said you either learned to work with Bert Hardy, or you took him out and shot him. To be sure, though, James wanted no other photographer at his side when he asked Bert to take hundreds of photos of the South Korean atrocities situation in Pusan. At the close of a Sunday Times profile on him, in his voice though he said it was written up from his interview by Susan Raven, James apparently said: “We lead a very quiet life. (Moni: Oh, James, you do tell whoppers. We go out all the time and people come round quite a lot. Sunday is the only day we’re quiet.)”
James Cameron has in a sense died or “gone quiet” — his gutsy, cerebrally passionate, revealing career is over. But he is, in a similar sense, still alive — that tradition of good Journalism, in fact the calling to good Journalism, lives on. It is a tradition of time-honored memory and of a gentlemanly-enough, dogged, captivating Journalism — a tradition, a calling, that James Cameron lived fully, inspired by the curiosity of an alley cat, and with a keen cat’s talents. As a result, Cameron the decently equipped, human explorer came to “learn what was there”, in fact who was there too. He was very good at these things, and deserves continuing recognition.

In “The King Is Dead”, James Cameron, who didn’t have much use for monarchs previously, was courageously eloquent at the close, because here had passed a monarch he did love and respect: “On the coffin the white wreath still rested, the widow’s wreath to ‘Bertie,’ the same that had been laid on it at Sandringham. The flowers were wilting and frayed, for the wind and the rain had beaten on them a long time, and the king had been seven days dead, and the new Elizabethan Age had begun.”

My series of books on Picture Post heroes is very much complete. It can now truthfully be said, for me and for many others perhaps too, the age in some ways without, yet forever with, James Cameron, Bert Hardy, and Picture Post, has begun.

Author’s Note, July 2015: In 1987, the first annual James Cameron Memorial Journalism Lecture and Prize was given in England, where it is still given. Washington Post star-editor Ben Bradlee gave the inaugural lecture. David W. Johns assisted with the editing of this book’s Afterword in 1985; AP Seoul Bureau Chief Edwin Q. White (known as “Quigley”, when he was famously AP Saigon Chief) critiqued the Afterword in 1985. Ed suggested I should show it to the British Ambassador in Seoul. I demurred at the time, but haven’t demurred since then.—djm.

Author-Bio, July 2015: David Joseph Marcou is author of 70-plus personal books, plus director-editor of 14 group anthologies, including award-winners. He graduated from the Universities of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, and reported from London and Seoul in the 1980s. His writings have been twice-nominated for Pulitzer Prizes (including his play “Remembering Davy Crockett”) and his photo-books twice-nominated for Pictures of the Year International Awards. His publications include in Smithsonian magazine, RPS Journal, British Journal of Photography, Business Korea, and New York Times. His works are in many libraries, galleries, museums, and archives, including in various archives of the Smithsonian, the MOMA’s Library in New York City, the Library of Congress, South Korea’s National Assembly Library, the British Library, Britain’s National Portrait Gallery, the Wisconsin and Missouri Historical Societies, and the La Crosse Public Library Archives. David lives in La Crosse, where he and his half-Korean-American son (Matthew) were born and raised. Matt is an Army Special Ops veteran and now an Engineering student at Drexel University; he is married to Jessica, a Temple University alumna, accomplished artist, and teacher; Edison is Matt and Jessica’s much-beloved canine friend.