Crucial Collaborations

Contexts, Departures, Arrivals in the First UN-Fought War (Korea) via the Courageous Coverages and Shining Deeds of Picture Post’s Bert Hardy and James Cameron, and Some Superb UN Troops.

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Researched and Written by David Joseph Marcou.

For My Parents, and for My Son and His Family.

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“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.” – Picture Post's editor from 1940-1950, Sir Tom Hopkinson, in his autobiography, Of This Our Time.

“The true test of any woman or man who might be given the fearsome title 'great' is how she or he handles adversity.” – Msgr. Bernard McGarty, in Times Review; Dec. 3, 1998.

“In the long history of humankind (and animal kind, too), those who learned to collaborate and improvise most effectively have prevailed.-- Mis-attributed to Charles Darwin, and apparently stated by an anonymous but very intelligent source.

“Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.” – Helen Keller.

Crucial Collaborations: A Foreword by Author David Joseph Marcou.

The words “crucial” and “collaborations” have many meanings. In this book, crucial means absolutely essential, while collaborations here means the working together positively of various people and teams. Together the two words mean here: working together for absolutely positive purposes, in terms of teams.

The 20th century was a period of countless crucial collaborations – between the arts and government, between science and religion, between business and engineering, and also between journalism and photography, and journalism and history.

But these combinations are only part of that century's story. The French government collaborated with the Nazis at the start of WWII, a not very positive collaboration, and one that would not have been essential to advancing human history, unless one believes in the positive after-effects of pre-determined forces for good and evil battling each other, and resolving themselves into human progress.

To be sure, FDR collaborated with Churchill and Stalin to bring WWII to a successful conclusion for the Allies. The two World Wars may have both had some semi-justifiable causes, but they also left more than 100 million people dead. Of those two huge wars, WWII seems the more justifiable of the two, but even it might not have had to be fought, if it weren't for the fairly dubious undertaking of WWI, whose very tough reparations treaty and pull-out of US troops, left the door open to Hitler's rise.

During the Korean War, a “limited” international war comparatively, photojournalist Bert Hardy collaborated with writer James Cameron for Britain's Picture Post Magazine, a similar publication to America's Life Magazine. Hardy and Cameron's various coverages, or collaborations, showed the bravery of US Marines during the Battle of Inchon; and also atrocities on the UN side at Pusan. In key ways, their work set the tone for other journalists in Korea and elsewhere thereafter, including in Vietnam. Korea was the first war into which the United Nations sent troops. It has even been called The First War We Lost (Bevin Alexander's book-subtitle.)

My book's accounts and analyses are laid out generally in chronological order, but via thematic sub-sections. Each section on general history is followed by a journalism and photography section, followed by a section on Bert Hardy, then James Cameron, except for chapters where Hardy and Cameron's collaborative story is directly related. These chapters trace both a general and specific coverage of the two men's lives. To be sure, the pair's work in Korea together takes penultimate stage, after a time. There were many crucial collaborations involved in their lives, and to understand their pairing up in Korea, I've set the stage with what else was going on in the world that helped establish their credentials before and after Korea, as well as their works' output and impact as a result of Korea.

Partly due to Bert Hardy and James Cameron's collaboration in Pusan Square, Picture Post eventually died, for their editor went to bat for them then, while their publisher suppressed that picture-story. The editor was fired, and the magazine never got back on its feet properly. Being honestly critical of events and people was part of that magazine's focus and a big reason for its staff's editorial independence, but the publisher did not feel it should be that way always. Bert and James (their first names are used in this book) told me about this when I met and interviewed them separately in 1981 England.

I need to thank many people for bringing this book to fruition, but I will do that later, for there are many people who have supported my efforts. I do thank my parents here, and my son and his family, and God above.
Due to the central importance of World War II (1939-1945) in the 20th century, it may have been forgotten by many people that World War I was the greatest 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 and fairly 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 and social season that summer; 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 a month later, between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, quickly spread. Austria-Hungary, Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria eventually fought against 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 the 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 anecdotal passage 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.”

One moment of relief early in the war occurred late in 1914. Cameron described the situation 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 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.
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.

To be sure, for WWI to continue, in 1917 it became necessary “to make the English hate the Germans as they had never hated anyone before.” Propaganda and celebrity tours of the front intensified. Even George Bernard Shaw said, after a quick 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.
The year 1913 was important for several reasons, and not unlucky, at least for the Hardys. But in addition to 1913’s being the year before the start of WWI and the year of Bert Hardy's birth, other things were going on to provoke the mind and heart.

In America that year, at least two events occurred of far-reaching scope: the 16th Amendment to the US Constitution was adopted, permitting federal collection of income taxes; and the US government recognized the Republic of China. Americans today know the tortuous evolution and lasting impact of both those developments. (*Columbia Chronicles of American Life*, by Lois and Alan Gordon. New York: Columbia University Press, 1995.)

Then too, the British Empire was feeling cracks in its armor. In September 1913, 10,000 people rioted in the streets of Dublin. Although only one person was reported killed in the riot, no fewer than 500 people were injured. Unionists opposed to Irish Home Rule clashed with those seeking Home Rule. More was to come over the next few years in this regard, part of which was outlined previously, but even today, the North of Ireland is still part of the British United Kingdom. (*Chronicle of the 20th Century*, Editor-in-Chief: Clifton Daniel. Mount Kisco, NY: Chronicle Publications, 1987.)

While the world was gearing up for war on many fronts, the first child of seven was born on May 19, 1913, to Albert “Seagull” Hardy, a medical prosthetics maker, and his charwoman wife, Blanche. The new infant was named for his father; but instead of calling him Albert Jr., he was called simply “Bert.”

At the time, the Hardys lived in just one room with a scullery (pantry) on the top floor of the Priory Buildings, near Blackfriars in London. There were four floors altogether in those buildings, with two flats on each floor and a gas-lit stone staircase running up the center of each of the Priory Buildings' two halves. Behind the Buildings was a yard, where the residents smoked haddocks. Young Bert loved to see the haddocks strung from long poles after they had been smoked.

Bert later wrote that his earliest memory was of lying in his cot, high up in the Buildings: “I must have been two or three at the time – I still didn't have any brother or sisters – and my mum and dad had gone out to the pub for the evening. I was lying with my head back, looking up out of the window behind me at the moon with clouds racing past it. I could see a face in the moon, and I was lying in my cot making faces at it, when all of a sudden it pulled a face back at me. I was terrified. I threw the cover over my head and waited in fear for my parents to come home. I never pulled faces at the moon again.”

Bert was eventually joined by six brothers and sisters: Alice (or Lally), Sid, Lily, Charlie, Harry (also called Ginger), and the youngest child, Dolly. As more Hardy kids were born, “we all used to sleep in one big double bed, arranged like sardines, with some at the top and some at the bottom, our feet meeting in the middle. The bed was also the only place to play [at first] in the day-time; but our games were as real as we could make them: once when Sid, Lally and I were playing cowboys and Indians, Sid seized the axe we used for chopping wood (to fuel the little stove in the fireplace), and split my head open in an attempt to scalp me... Cowboys don't always win.”

The Hardys were not very well off in those days. Albert and Blanche had to scrape out an existence for their family; and Albert often spent his earnings on drinking. Bert wrote: “He was a good old boozzer, my dad, and especially so on Fridays. He worked all his life for a surgical goods company off Fenchurch Streets, as a carpenter making splints, stretcher handles, and crutches. Although he never earned very much he was lucky to have a job, because when the First world war came along, it was
classified as emergency war work, and he wasn't called up. He always got paid on Friday, and naturally his first thought was to celebrate. My mum's main worry each week was how much money would be left out of his wages when he got back.

“It was after midnight one Friday, and my mum was waiting anxiously for him to return. Meanwhile my father, having spent the evening in the pub with his mates, was staggering back across Blackfriars Bridge (which he always called 'the Bender'), wondering how to explain where his money had gone, when he had an idea.

“When he got home, my mum called him a few horrible names. Then she asked him where her money was. Looking almost pleased with himself, my dad said: 'It's all right m'dear. You know how careful I am with your money. Well, just as I was coming back across the Bender, I thought I'd better check my wage packet to make sure I hadn't lost it. But as soon as I got it out of my inside pocket, a bloody great seagull comes swooping down and swipes it out of my hand.'... [T]he nickname stuck.”

Bert idolized his mum and recalled leading his siblings out to the bus stop to meet her after she'd finished her charwoman jobs, when she sometimes was able to buy them a bit of sweets. Blanche's dad was an ex-drayman, whose wife had left him. She lived in a smart house at Crystal Palace, while he lived in poverty near the Hardys' flat; the Hardys gave him money to help out.

Bert's father's parents also lived nearby, on Smyrks Road. The boy was given a penny every Saturday to take a number 36 tram and shop for them. Often, young Bert walked and kept the penny. His paternal grandfather was a master door-painter, who used a comb to produce wood-graining effects. An uncle of Bert's had a deformity that kept him from doing outside work, so he lived there too, and did boot repairs (or “snobbing”) in a wooden hut in the back yard. A lodger named Frank also lived with those grandparents. He was a tall, thin bachelor who worked in a railway goods yard close-by. Frank was better off then most, and owned one of the first radio receiving sets. Bert wrote in “My Life”: “On these Saturdays I spent the whole morning doing the shopping, buying everything from a loaf of bread to a penny packet of hay for the rabbits. They gave me my lunch, and afterwards my uncle would come in from his shed, and we all sat round for the ritual reading of the newspaper. I couldn't read yet, [so my] grandfather would get out an old cracked magnifying glass and read aloud all the murders and gory stories while we listened, spellbound. In the end, though, my mum said I was always to come home before they started reading the newspaper, because I started having nightmares about murder, and woke up screaming in the night.”

Newspapers, and the moon – young Bert may have been terrified by them then, but he also was transfixed by their power. Once, he found a litter of kittens left for dead under a rock in a bucket with water. Bert's challenging early life went on.
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 events.

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 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 he 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 Cameron had confused memories of his early boyhood, unlike Bert, who remembered his moon-fright well. James did try hard to sort out his earliest memories of his father through his father's writings. 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.”

Many variations on the word “vague” appear in the first chapter of James's autobiography. Apparently, his memory of his early years revolved around the few things that were unchanging in his life (for his family's residences changed often, and his playmates were just as illusory) – i.e., the fact of his father's writing, his mother's fey personality (as he described it), and one or two 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 vestigeal 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.

Not everything was to be impossible, though, for James Cameron, as subsequent events in his life would reveal.
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 successfully. Favorites there were Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse, and the Spanish artist Juan Gris. In later year, 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 wrote songs for use in his plays. A laborer early in life, O'Casey supported Irish independence, but didn't support the middle classes backing the Irish Nationalists. O'Casey treated Irish themes with wit and irony; thus, performances of his plays by the Abbey Theatre were not always well-received. His The Plough and the Stars caused a riot in Dublin in 1926, and he soon moved to England as a result. Other important O'Casey plays include The Silver Tassie (a strong anti-war play from 1928 that WB Yeats and the Abbey rejected); 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
that Michaelangelo 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, airplanes were used in combat, with bombs being tossed over the sides by pilots. “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 for 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 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 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 nature 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 superb 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, returned to Europe. 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, gave support to, 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 Muchner 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 Photjournalism, “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 Munkacs, 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.
The 1920s were rough-and-tumble for Bert Hardy in neo-Dickensian terms, as he came to arrive on the doorstep of photography. At least he did not lose any member of his immediate family then. And his extended family remained large and close. Young Bert helped relatives on delivery routes, and he and his family visited them most holidays. He wrote that one Christmas Eve, “I went out shopping with my mum and Aunt Maud at the street market called the Cut, at the back of Waterloo Station, quite near where I lived. The place was very crowded, with everybody pushing and shoving and buying things. And there was a toyshop which was open at the front like a bazaar, with toys hanging up and people clustering round. Among the bustle and confusion, my Aunt Maud pushed her way to the front, pulled out a scooter, and passed it to me without the shopkeeper noticing.

“It was a marvelous scooter, the most terrific scooter you can imagine, with spoke wheels, rubber tyres, and a little seat for somebody to sit on just in front of you as you scooted along. As soon as I got it, I jumped on and scooted like mad all the way back to the Buildings, about two or three minutes away, rushed upstairs with it, and hid it under the bed... something told me that Aunt Maud hadn't pinched the scooter for me, but for her [son] Fred.

“When I heard her and my mum coming back up the stairs, I stationed myself in front of the cupboard as if the scooter was in it. My Aunt Maud came straight in and said 'I want that scooter. Where's the scooter?' and tried to pull me away from the cupboard. I resisted with all my strength. Eventually she gave up: I was allowed to keep the scooter as a Christmas present, and so could retrieve it from its safe place under the bed. In the end, I suppose it was inevitable, somebody pinched it from me.”

At the time, Bert was attending school and working when he could, adding to the meager family income. He worked lighting lamps in the Priory Buildings, sold ice cream, helped in a greengrocer when he was about eight or nine, and then worked for Hammond's grocery store when he was 11.

At Hammond's, Bert came in before and after school, as well as at lunchtime. There, he was amazed by all the different types of customers. He noted in My Life: “Lots of people who worked in the neighbourhood came into the shop to buy ham, bread and biscuits for their lunch, and Mr Hammond, who for no clear reason was also known as Mr Black..., would be behind the counter slicing ham and serving customers....”

Bert also wrote: “The shop only closed when there were no more customers, and there were always more customers – people coming home late from work and so on. Usually we closed at about ten o'clock. Then we had a variety of other jobs to do: cleaning up; weighing out sugar and putting it in bags; and unpacking eggs.”

He worked about 60 hours a week, for which he was paid a bit more than 7 shillings (then, US 60 cents!), plus what he “pinched”. Although Bert was a hard worker all his life, like his mum, he did have a penchant for stealing, at least early on, which he attributed to a lack of morality that came with growing up where and when he did. Though apparently he stopped “pinching” material things as he grew older, he continued “stealing” photos, at least the candid ones, when he didn't get obvious permission to photograph people.

Bert also had to keep up with his school work, which wasn't easy. He did halfway well in mathematics and art, and recalled a prize he had won for a natural collage he did. He thought highly of his teachers, especially Miss Cook and Miss Phillips. Also, he was becoming good at working with machines.
put together a cat's whisker radio set first, then a radio kit, and was delighted when each of them worked. In the upper elementary grades, he was taught by men. One of them took Bert's class on a tour of Trafalgar Square once, leaving Bert in charge of his Box Brownie camera a few minutes. While the teacher was gone, one of the boys dared Bert to take a photo. He did so, and when his teacher returned, Bert said the cardboard jammed under the lever to prevent others taking pictures had fallen out and the shutter had accidentally clicked. He would take up a Box Brownie in 1951, again on a dare, to take a memorable photo for *Picture Post*, of two showgirls on a Blackpool beach-railing.

Bert had many friends, and he found many types of people interesting all his life. He wrote about his best friend, Bobby Messenger, in *My Life*. The two youngsters used to help out their families by pinching old tarry wooden blocks, with which the roads were paved then. These they collected in an old sugar box on wheels, which they would trundle back home, selling some to neighbors and keeping the rest for their family fires.

Once, they got caught by a stern policeman, who had replaced the usual officer that helped them. The boys ended up in a magistrates' court in Soho soon after. Bert wrote: “There was me and my father and Bobby Messenger and his father. My father was shaking like a leaf. Bobby's dad, who had been gassed in the First World War and had a tendency to pass out under strain, keeled over and crashed to the floor. The magistrates, two ladies in flowery hats, and a man, were glaring at us as if we were hardened criminals.”

The boys were let off due to good character references from the Friar Street School, where they attended. Bert wrote that the reason his moral sense wasn't well-developed had something to do with his attending a Sunday School at a Catholic church on Lancaster Street. He had won books for memorizing biblical texts, “But I stopped going there after the priest came down to the lavatory when I was having a pee... one Sunday, and made indecent suggestions.”

At age 14, Bert Hardy left school. After losing out on a mechanic's post (he didn't know what 13 x 13 was), his Aunt Maud, a charwoman, told him about a job she'd seen advertised on Craven Street, at Central Photographic Service. He was hired as a full-time messenger boy the day after leaving school. He wrote: “My job was to go round the chemists' shops in the West End collecting films for processing, and delivering ones which had been processed.... In between..., the Scottish girl [co-worker] taught me how to develop and print, and also some other interesting activities you can get up to in the darkroom.”

Although films were often scratched or lost, the ever-alert Bert wrote that there were many compensations for him. For one, a surgeon had nude photos of his “popsies” and himself printed at Central. Bert carried around some “extras” in a grubby envelope, which one day he lost. He knew they must have fallen out of his pocket at home, so he rushed there and seeing his mother's face, knew she had found them. Breathlessly, he said, “Mum! I'm... in terrible trouble – I had a packet of pictures to deliver to the Law Courts.... I don't know what [they were], but I've lost them, and now I'm [in] for it.”

His mother was relieved. She asked if he was sure he didn't know what they were, and he said no. She made him promise he wouldn't look at them, then she took the envelope of intriguing photos from safekeeping inside her blouse, so he could “deliver” them.
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 that he had to walk four kilometers each way to school daily, and that he had to wear a uniform that included black alpaca smocks too, 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 that 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 of 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 about to die, yet another incredible event occurred in James's life. He 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 find full-time work. 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.
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 by way of 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.

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 worked. 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 got 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.”

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.
CC-Chapter 10: The 1930s: Journalism and Photography During the 1930s.

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. FDR's topics ranged from the 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 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 hitting 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 of 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 to start 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.

Sir 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[j]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!
As Bert Hardy learned more about developing and printing pictures at Central Photographic Service, he began to take on work at home, too. Soon, he purchased his own camera for ten shillings (US 80 cents) from a pawnshop. He figured out all his picture-taking by trial-and-error. He took pictures of his family first, and worked his way up.

Bert's first commercially viable photo was a view of King George V and Queen Mary riding in an open carriage along Blackfriars Road. In postcard form, it sold to about 200 family and friends. Next, he took pictures on weekends at “beanos,” or pub-sponsored picnics. The week after, postcard-sized prints sold well to pub regulars. He rented a suit for the beanos.

The young photographer went to evening classes in woodworking, gas engines, and gymnastics too, and kept up with his woodworking all his life. The family had moved to a new house on Lancaster Street by 1930, and Bert was courting his first wife-to-be, Dora, then. He felt very lucky to have his own room.

Feeling like joining a sporting club, he and brother Sid picked the rugged Norwood Paragon Cycling Club. He took pictures at their events and sent some pictures to a new magazine, *The Bicycle*, and they used them.

One day, he met the staff photographer for *The Bicycle*, George Moore, who showed him some finely detailed pictures. Bert asked Moore how he got them, because the young man was still using plate cameras, and the staffer told him he used a Leica 35mm. Many bike races started early mornings and Bert had just learned a Leica could “freeze” fast-moving bikes in low-light situations for him too, when he bought one. He began saving every penny for his first Leica. In his autobiography, he wrote: “Unknown to me, the influence of 35mm or 'miniature' camera photography was beginning to make itself felt at this time. German photographers like Kurt Hutton and Felix Mann had come to England and were working for *Weekly Illustrated*, edited by Stefan Lorant.... With its fast lens and speed of operation, it was able to capture a feeling of intimacy and movement which hadn't been open to photographers before.”

Once Bert had bought his new “35er”, “I found out very quickly how to use the Leica for cycle racing. Swinging the camera with the movement and using it in general as an extension of my eyes came naturally to me. I also discovered by experimenting that it was possible to take pictures in practically any light – even candle light; and because I couldn't afford to buy made-up developers, I made my own 'super-soup' out of paraphenylene-diamine, metol, glycin and soda sulphite. This enabled me to force development, so that even when pictures were very under-exposed [usually in low-light], I could still get something out of them.” Needless to say, *The Bicycle* loved his new work, and even sent him on his first foreign assignment: the world cycling championships in Copenhagen, a good experience, he recalled.

By the mid-1930s, Bert Hardy had learned the “join-up” technique he later used to great effect when Queen Elizabeth made her entrance at the Paris Opera in 1957. Fifteen photos went into one very memorable image then. (“Operatic Entrance,” by David J. Marcou, *Smithsonian Magazine*, March 2007.)

Bert was making only two and half pounds a week (US$4) for Central then and was about to marry Dora. His boss decided he couldn't afford Bert anymore, so before the 23-year-old had even asked Mr.
Duke for a raise, his boss fired him!

On the advice of a friend, Bert went round to the General Photographic Agency (GPA), run by William Davis. He had been told Davis needed a miniature cameraman, which Davis hadn't really given any thought to, but Bert showed him some 15 x 12 prints the man liked. Davis asked to see the negatives; Bert returned with them, and his new boss-to-be gave him a try-out. Bert won the job with pictures of the Hungarian comedian Szakall, which were printed in the Daily Mirror.

With GPA salesman Bertram Collins, Davis used to skim the papers daily to come up with story ideas for Bert. The photographer admitted later that some of the subsequent photo-stories were quite foolish. For example, “One story of mine was entitled 'Britain's Only Bird Surgeon,' which was published in Weekly Illustrated, showing a budgerigar tied with elastic bands to a piece of wood, supposedly about to undergo surgery, and there was the even more ridiculous 'A Fish Goes to Hospital', which made a four-page spread in Picture Post.”

Before long, Bert invented his own synchronized flash, to use with his Leica. He could now take pictures at speeds of up to 1/1000th of a second. In fact, his first pictures for Picture Post were of a girl who wore billowing skirts and turned cartwheels on stage, calling herself “The Human Pinwheel”. Even earlier than that, in 1937, the Hardy family [because son Michael had been born by then], had moved to Brixton and Bert took some high-speed pictures of Dora throwing Michael into the air. A funny, fictitious caption was written by Collins to accompany the photo-story in the Daily Sketch: “Britain's Finest Baby? Doctors despaired of the life of this baby when born a year ago, but today he is claimed to be the best developed child in Britain, due to special physical exercises developed by his mother, Mrs Hardy of Brixton.”

Other soft-feature picture-stories Bert did included a series with a girl and a chimp, called “Anne and the Chimp”. It ran for a year in the Sunday Graphic. He also took pictures of the Royals visiting the zoo at Regent's Park, and he did a series with his son, Michael, called “Peter and the Panda”.

Once, Bert had to serve as Davis's assistant while the boss photographed jazz artist Edmundo Ros and some dancers. After Davis finished with his large-format camera, Bert took some shots with his “little camera”. They sold Bert's pictures, not Davis's.

Large-format photographers did have one advantage over 35mm cameramen then: Large-format photos could be printed immediately, so Bert did not do hard-news pictures right away. Thus, he concentrated on soft-feature sequences. But one hard-news photo chance eventually did come Bert's way when there was a stabbing in his old Elephant and Castle neighborhood. He took pictures of the victim and the stabber, an exclusive, and saw those pictures published on a full back-page in the Sunday Express.

Davis got full credit for himself on all Bert's pictures. Bert had been freelancing, through GPA, for Picture Post since that magazine's fourth issue, but nobody knew his name yet. Two weeks before WWII began, he did get seven pages in Picture Post for a photo-story on a carefree day-trip to Calais, called “Channel Crossing”. He also photographed war preparations.

One day, Bert took a photo with a plate camera from a ladder of people queuing for gas-masks by the Brixton Town Hall. It appeared on a full-page in the Illustrated London News and in America's Life. When war began, on September 3, 1939, Bert was “hanging around Downing Street trying to get any pictures I could of the Prime Minister”. WWII would keep him plenty busy.
When James Cameron transferred from Dundee to the Sunday Post in Glasgow, he had to adapt to a most unusual form of journalism. He wrote: “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 remembered he was glad his articles were not to be signed due to the paper's editorial policy, because he assumed the character of A Feckless Housewife, A Henpecked Husband, Wee Wully, The Safest 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.

He 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”, and that's what it was, though his personal take on events and people expressed a great deal of truth, nonetheless, 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 stratagem. 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.”
CC-Chapter 13: 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 arguably, 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 1930s were driven by collective ideologies and the notion of consensus-building, at least in Britain and America. 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

Allied military leadership during WWII was almost as consensus-driven, even though troop commanders could be more authoritarian than the citizens of Britain and America 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 sufficiently 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 do so, until his death in March 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 Edward R. Murrow, and photographers like Robert Capa, WE Smith, Margaret Bourke-White, and Edward Steichen (who headed the 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 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 lobbied 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”.
William Davis, Bert Hardy's boss at GPA, grew fearful just before WWII was declared. Thinking London would be obliterated, Davis headed for the countryside. Bert's wife, pregnant with their second son, Terry, took Michael and went to Melksham and safety. Gas rationing was in force, but Bert still managed to drive down to see his family just after his new son was born.

When the bombing threat subsided a bit, Davis returned to London, as did the Hardy family. Bert was making 20 pounds a week in Davis's absence; before his boss had left, he had been making only about 7 pounds a week. Davis sacked Bert and his salesman, Bertram Collins, when he found out they'd been making hay.

The fired pair rented an office with a darkroom, and Criterion Press was formed. Soon, Bert got his first freelance commission for Picture Post, about shelters in Newcastle, where there had been an air-raid already. The lighting was terrible and Bert didn't use a flash, but after he push-processed his film three hours, Picture Post used them on four pages; so did Life. Tom Hopkinson now knew Bert's name.

Bert covered the home-front for Picture Post then. His “The East End at War,” “The East End Parson,” and “A Gun Is Fired” told poignant, positive stories about British responses to Germany bombings. And he did a report on women knitting Army woolens with writer Anne Scott-James, when she cursed at him for stealing her cigarettes, a gift. He didn't know she smoked!

Then in January 1941, Bert covered a fire brigade for a few nights, and struck pay-dirt on one especially busy night. He almost lost his life that night in a basement fire, but got out and came up with such compelling images of brave firemen, that his photo-story “Fire Fighters!”, in the February 1, 1941 Picture Post, earned him the first photo credit in its history.

There had been no photo credits used there before, because the magazine's regular photographers were Felix Mann and Kurt Hutton, both Germany-born, to keep their identities secret from the Nazis and their Germany relatives safe. Lorant had been very sensitive to their fears, and no British photojournalists, until Bert, had warranted enough attention for a credit. Hopkinson, the new editor, had a limited credits policy, giving them occasionally. But even after Bert's first credit, Mann and Hutton's names were kept out of the magazine during the war, great as their work was too.

In Churchillian style, the caption with Bert's credit (under the layout's final photo) reads: “The Man on the Ladder: In Clouds of Smoke and Steam He Faces the Fire Alone. All night long they have fought the fire. They have fought it in the streets streaming with water. They have fought it within the buildings blazing like a furnace. On to the flames they have poured a hundred thousand gallons of water, concentrated at colossal pressure. And still the fight goes on. From our rule of anonymity we except these pictures. They were taken by A.[for Albert] Hardy, one of our own cameramen.” The photo above the caption-credit shows a fireman, leaning over the edge of a fiery building, possibly on a ladder. It reveals the terrors of war.

Bert also did photo-stories on a railroad terminal and a North Sea fishing trawler, and he took pictures of Churchill too. Next, he was called up to service in June 1942 and was assigned to the Royal Army Film Unit. After training with a friend or two who would die in the war, he took some PR pictures.

In January 1944, his luck improved, and he began taking pictures of the preparations for D-Day. When D-Day struck, on June 6, he took pictures of the wounded returning. And several days later, he went
across himself, capturing on film the Liberations of Paris and Belsen, plus the Rhine-crossing. Along the way, the 31-year-old photographer met Robert Capa, who said he admired Bert's work.

Bert was particularly lucky (and skilled) in Paris, where German snipers interrupted the triumphant return of Charles DeGaulle, Bert's images of the great French leader greeting the crowds and of the crowds running for cover after the snipers opened up, yield a strong sense of “being there”. Their immediacy and strong compositions might have pleased even Lorant -- who told me many years later that Bert was a B class photographer, not among the very best. Of course, Lorant had his own reasons for playing the game of favorites. Bert's photos of Belsen are more horrifying, but just as compelling.

But before he got to Belsen, Bert initiated the rescue of some Russians who had been German slaves. They had become trapped in a basement fire looking for blankets, after being liberated in Osnabruck, Germany. Bert related in *My Life* how he went to work, after sending his driver for more help: “We stopped instantly and leapt out of the jeep. I clambered through a hold in the pavement, down a metal ladder, and followed the direction of the cries along a dark, smoke-filled passageway. The dense fumes made it impossible to see and almost impossible to breathe, and I was on the point of giving up when I stumbled into a human figure. It was a woman. I wasted no time in grabbing hold of her and dragging her back along the passageway.

“While he was gone, I went back down the hole again, and managed to heave up another half-suffocated woman.... When Harry [my driver] finally turned up with the Pioneer Corps, they were able to form a human chain and get the rest of the people out more quickly. Now they had arrived I was able to get on with taking pictures.” He had first put his camera down, to save human lives, which was not all that common then, if today.

In Belsen, Bert got so angry with the German guards he threw a plate of food in one of their faces. Corpses were everywhere. Anne Frank had met her end there. When the three Allied Armies were united soon after, Bert took pictures of Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Zhukov, commiserating together.

Then Bert went home on furlough for a month. His next assignment was as Lord Mountbatten's personal photographer in Asia. There, he photographed military executions, people in Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Java, India, and beautiful women on Bali. In Singapore, he showed Mountbatten meeting Aussie troops.

Bert had many close calls in WWII, like the risky night with London firemen, the Osnabruck rescue, and one flight that nearly cost him his life too. In Malaya, a flying boat had been filled with huge sacks of rice to take to Kuantan, cut off by the Japanese. The plane barely took off. After two airborne hours, it tried to land in a short space on a jungle river. Bert wrote: “We came roaring in.... leveled off, and hit the water with a smart belly-flop. The thin hull of the flying boat... promptly split open like a wet paper bag. The sacks of rice... tumbled to the bottom of the river.

“Water poured into the aircraft, so we all rushed up a gangway to the flight deck, which was on a higher level. The pilot rammed the throttle through the emergency gate to give the four engines an extra turn of power, which luckily carried us nearly to the river bank. As the plane sank slowly in the water, we all scrambled out onto the wings, and waited there until we were rescued by villagers in dugout canoes.”

Bert left Asia in mid-1946, with only some teak furniture. Customs cost him, but at least he was home.
CC-Chapter 16: World War II: 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.

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 close 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.
Immediately after World War II, 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 had 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. Also on Attlee's watch, the British Empire virtually vanished 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 Labour 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 Macleod, 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 guerrillas 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) was in the 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 President 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 for some time yet. 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 a 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 worse 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. Thus, tension was brewing.
As indicated before, Bert Hardy was very busy from 1940 on. That didn't change when he arrived back home from the war in September 1946. Within a few days, Bert got in touch with Tom Hopkinson, and they had lunch together. The editor offered Bert a job as a full-time employee of Picture Post at a salary of 1,000 pounds a year. Bert knew that was a lot of money then, but wasn't sure it was enough to cover his new expenses, so he asked if he could talk with his accountant. The accountant told Bert that sum would be enough, but by then Hopkinson had talked to the Directors, and was empowered to offer him 1,500 pounds a year. It was an offer the photojournalist couldn't refuse.

Bert recalled in *My Life*, “It was good to be back at work for *Picture Post* at a period when the paper was at its greatest.” After doing some work in Britain, Bert went with Sidney Jacobson to cover India's first Parliament. While there, Prime Minister Nehru gave them a 10-minute interview. Bert wrote: “Sidney was talking with Nehru, and I was shooting away quietly when Nehru absent-mindedly picked up a rose from the bowl on his desk and sniffed it. I took the picture instantly; it was what I wanted. It said something about Nehru, and it made the cover of *Picture Post*. Tom thought very highly of these pictures.”

Other photo-stories by Bert in the early postwar period included his coverage of a gypsy festival and bull-fighting in France; a Scottish girl and Polish soldier's married life in Poland; Princess Elizabeth's wedding (one of his pictures, of the princess's and her maids of honor's swirling veils, earned him a publication in *Life*, plus in *Picture Post*); the Greek Civil War; a wedding in Mont, France; Marlene Dietrich's meeting the press at London's Savoy hotel; monks in Burma; the starlet Mercy Haystead in Italy; Audrey Hepburn at London's Richmond Park; the tennis player Gorgeous Gussie Moran; Lord Beaverbrook's back; and the “anti-racial” mixed marriage of Bechuanaland's leader, Seretse Khama, to the white English woman, Ruth Williams.

From 1945-1950, Bert Hardy traveled half the globe for *Picture Post*, and wrote that he was happy to do so. But he added, “For all that, some of my best work was to be done much nearer home.” By contrast, then, to his more exotic jobs, he also went to the Gorbals, Glasgow's most miserable slum. The great photographer Bill Brandt had been sent up there first by Hopkinson to cover the area. Bert wrote: “Bill returned with his usual contrasty pictures of the backs of policemen standing at ends of streets, but nothing which really showed the human side of poverty. Tom decided to send me with Bert Lloyd [the *Picture Post* writer and a Communist], to see if we could do any better.” Bert wrote that he and Lloyd quickly got down to the “nitty-gritty of it”: “The poverty was much worse than anything I had known around Blackfriars, and that was saying something. The long narrow streets were lined with tenement blocks with grimy, uncleaned windows, and tattered rags for curtains. There was a tremendous amount of vandalism and drunkenness. Slowly, as we walked the streets, the misery of the place began to get to us.”

Bert noted that the children and men (most of the men drank heavily, he wrote) had it hard, then added; “But the people I felt most sorry for were the housewives. It was not their fault their flats were dirty: they were so rotten and damp that it was impossible to keep them clean. And it wasn't as easy for them to go and get drunk as it was for their husbands.”

Moreover: “Each of the great blocks of flats had just one lavatory at the bottom of the stairs, often with the door kicked off; and none had any proper washing facilities. I had to admire the spirit of the young girls, who still managed to look pretty amid all the squalor.” The residents kept their gas-jets burning at night to keep the rats away.
One day, he was directed to “two rooms: in the front room, a girl aged about sixteen, obviously pregnant, sat at a table covered with dirty cups, and a Sifta salt packet, while her brother slept in a bunk behind her. In the next room the man who lived with the girl's mother lay drunkenly sleeping, at eleven in the morning, in a bed with filthy sheets.”

When the story was used, the first page was made up of photos by Brandt, and the rest were Bert's pictures. Bert won his first Encyclopaedia Britannica British Press Pictures of the Year Award for his part in that photo-story. The latter also produced his favorite image of all time – of two Gorbals urchins walking up a street arm-in-arm. He said they reminded him of is own rough-and-tumble childhood.

While Bert waited for notification from Britannica, he combined with photographer Kurt Hutton and writers Lionel Birch and Hilda Marchant to do a “silly story” called “The Pretty Girls of Leicester”. He was pleased with a picture Hutton said would be a waste of film: of a wall-eyed chambermaid who had begged to be included. Her face appeared with this picture-story, too.

At one of the magazine's Tuesday story conferences, Bert put forth the idea of his doing a photo-story on his old neighborhood. Hopkinson like it, and Bert Lloyd and Bert Hardy went there. Leslie Shaw quoted the photographer in the British Journal of Photography's “Giants of Fleet Street: Bert Hardy, Part Two,” (August 1, 1980): “I remember we stood in the middle of the Elephant and Castle area, and wondered what the bloody hell were we going to do?... and then a voice came from one of the terraced houses... 'Ow about taking a picture of me, luv?' – and the ice was broken!”

The woman, a prostitute named Maisie, led them to some rooms in back, where Bert saw a couple on a settee: “I went inside and there was this young couple – a [Canadian] bloke just out of prison or something, and a young prostitute. I said, 'Don't move – take no notice of me.'”

The photo was used in Edward Steichen's internationally-acclaimed group book and exhibition, The Family of Man. The photo-story won Bert his second Britannica Award. He wrote: “Bert [Lloyd] and I covered just about every aspect of the Elephant and Castle with Maisie's help.” They wanted to thank her properly. She asked for a bottle of port and a bottle of wine, which they gave her, and then she drank them with a friend, after taking a night off from work.

Bert Hardy also did a photo-story with Lloyd on the River Tyne. They traced it back to its source at Deadwater, and followed it through the market town of Hexham and along Hadrian's Wall. It was early summer, 1950, and Bert decided to take Dora, their two sons, and an exchange student from France staying with them, to Hexham a month later, because the area was so beautiful. That was around the time all hell broke loose in Korea. It was to be a vacation they would never forget.
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 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 he 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”. He wrote: “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 then, his job 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. 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.”

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 that 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 more-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 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, in which he described how he and Bert obtained 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 an American GI giving water to a wounded, old 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 American 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 had 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 Korean, 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. Pulitzer prize-winning author John Toland 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 Taegon 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 Taegon 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 Taegon, 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, a large number of ships and a lot of 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 couldn't have known 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 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 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, n 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 that 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 Bert Hardy his third Britannica Award, and, as Leslie Shaw stated in the *British Journal of Photography* story about Bert already mentioned, it “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 Cameron loved India and was a good friend of Prime Minister Nehru; and Bert Hardy 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 the fact 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....” 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. 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. But did we win the Korean War, or didn't we?

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 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 side, 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 the United States.” Nineteen nations were involved in the Korean War, plus the United States.

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.”
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, when he charged that Communists had infiltrated the US State Department. Although his specific accusations were, for the most part, 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, then. 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 University. 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, when he saved the lives of his crewmen after the boat was rammed by a Japanese destroyer off 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” founndered. 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 Khruschev 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 intensifi ed 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 (in 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. 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 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”. Most recently, she announced her retirement 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 University. 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 breathing 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.

The post-Korean War period for Bert Hardy at *Picture Post* hadn't gotten off to the best start, with Bert and James's problems in Tibet, plus Hulton's firing of Hopkinson-replacement Ted Castle six months into the job. But Bert was resilient, and could bounce back well from nearly everything, and that's what he did. His marriage to Dora was failing, but he wouldn't.

When the magazine's circulation began to decline in late 1951, a strategy was thought up to gain more readers. Bert ended up taking a photo that's very famous and can be seen on the front cover of Robert Kee's 50th anniversary tribute to the magazine from 1988-1989, *The Picture Post Album*, as well as on the front cover of my complete history of *Picture Post* -- *All the Best*, published in 2013 for the 75th anniversary of that magazine's debut – of two showgirls in Blackpool sitting on a beach-railing, the wind blowing up one of their skirts. Bert took the picture on a dare, with a Box Brownie, just as with his very first photo, in Trafalgar Square many years before.

Bert also took photos in the 1950s of the religious shrine Fatima; of political leaders in Egypt and the Sudan; of dangerous elephants in Kenya's Mau-Mau country; of a party hosted by the Duke of Edinburgh, featuring Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra, in London; of rebels in Cyprus; and of London's Piccadilly Circus, which won him his fourth and final Britannica Award.

Then in 1956, Bert lost both his parents, with his mother dying first, followed by his father six months later. Albert Sr. had come out of the hospital to attend his wife, Blanche's, funeral, and the family was making plans for him to live with one of Bert's sisters, but that never materialized.

Bert took more pictures of celebrities: Sugar Ray Robinson in Paris; Jimmy Durante's nose on a piece of croquet equipment; Sir John Barbirolli of the Halle Orchestra; Ingrid Bergman and her twin baby girls in Naples; Marshal Tito and his wife in Belgrade (an exclusive); Sir Anthony Eden and Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov at the Berlin Conference; and Queen Elizabeth at the Paris Opera (an “inclusive”).

In Berlin, Bert ventured into the Communist sector with some friends, and tried to take a picture secretly of a man being fined for jay-walking. The East German policeman heard Bert's shutter and tried to confiscate his camera, but Bert and his friends ran as fast as they could and got back to West Berlin.

None of Bert's images had ever been trickier, though, than his live-action join-up of the Queen's entrance at the Paris Opera in 1957. Sent there as part of a team of *Picture Post* photographers and reporters for Elizabeth II's first official visit to France, Bert made an incognito entry. He wanted “in” for the event, even though the French were using an exclusionary system, so he borrowed an oversize dinner jacket and hid his camera under it, with only a standard lens.

When a group of dignitaries arrived, Bert said a few words in French, joined the party, and got in. He wrote: “I quickly looked for the best vantage point to get a good picture of the Queen coming in. I went up the magnificent staircase, and found a little box by the side.... It was a fabulous panorama, and I began to realise that the scene was just too large for a standard lens... The only thing to do was make a massive 'join-up'.... I started taking shots of the vast entrance hall, working slowly from left to right, and from top to bottom, and making sure that the edges of each shot coincided as far as possible with some feature like the edge of a balcony or pillar. In all I took about twenty separate shots, and the last shot of all showed the Queen climbing the stairs. After I sent the film back, I telephoned Sheila [Mrs.
Hardy-to-be, a *Picture Post* photo researcher] to explain to her what I had done, so she could tell the make-up man how to piece the jigsaw together. The finished picture was the most ambitious example ever of the technique I had learned from William Davis, and published on 20 April 1957.”

Bert's photos of “ordinary” or everyday people, though, were some of his best. His three photos in The *Family of Man* were images of this type; the ex-convict and prostitute from his Elephant and Castle photo-story; a Buddhist monk, exasperated in a study-class; and a Burmese woman and girl, lighting candles in a place of worship. In the *Family of Man* book, the monk image was used opposite photos of Robert Oppenheimer, Albert Einstein, and a little boy by a blackboard, with the caption: “... the wise man looks into space, and does not regard the small as too little, nor the great as too big; for he knows that there is no limit to dimensions.(Lao-tse)”

On June 1, 1957, Edward Hulton closed *Picture Post*. He blamed the rise of television as the culprit in his magazine's demise. Most of the staff was let go, but Lady Hulton arranged for Bert to stay on and do odd jobs for other Hulton publications, including *Lilliput*, plus family, farm, and children's magazines. He also started his own freelance advertising photography business with son Terry, while son Michael, just back from the Army, got a job as the Paris photographer for the *Daily Express*.

Bringing his candid, story-telling approach to his advertising work, Bert made money with his “Strand Man” cigarette campaign (“You're never alone with a Strand”). The Strand Man was a model looking very much like Frank Sinatra and dressed in fedora and trench coat, who smoked cigarettes in various nighttime sites around London. After firing an accessory woman model, Bert got the solo shots he wanted on London's Albert Bridge at about midnight one night. From a few hours' work, “... we got eight national Press advertisements, for which I was paid 80 guineas (about US$125) each, and two 48-sheet posters, for which I paid 250 guineas each... and I was asked to shoot the whole campaign, which lasted over a year.”

He also photographed campaigns for Heinekens, KLM Airline, BP, and the Electricity Council. Along the way, he was invited by Germany's *Stern* Magazine to take pictures with Malcolm Muggeridge as a writer for a special issue, and he returned to Belsen for that.

Then in 1962, he was fired by Odhams, which had taken over the Hulton Group. Around that time, brother Sid noticed a small building for sale just off Blackfriars Road, in their old neighborhood. Bert bought it, Sid did the conversion work, and the photographer soon had a new developing and printing lab. He also enlisted the aid of former *Picture Post* lab technician Gerry Grove, and Grove Hardy Ltd. was born. After Gerry Grove passed, it was simply called The Bert Hardy Darkroom Ltd.

After five years of freelance work, Bert and Sheila (his wife by then, after his divorce from Dora) decided to buy a farm. They found a 50-acre estate with a 300-year-old stone farmhouse in Surrey that looked good. On February 21, 1964, they moved in. Their bible was Primrose McConnell's Agricultural Notebook, a 19th-century text. Bert recalled: “There were pigs which had to be weighed every week (until they reached the ideal weight for sausages), and half a dozen calves which broke out occasionally through the rotting fences. Sheila had to learn how to use the milking machine, though she eventually found that she preferred to milk cows by hand. We also had sheep and horses, and meadows to look after.”

The big-time, rough-and-tumble, city-raised photographer had turned an abrupt about-face and become a gentleman-farmer. What did his future hold? And how much time would he still devote to his photography? Time, no doubt, would tell.
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.”

“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 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 dinner then, 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.

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 would not work for any more newspapers as a full-timer. He stuck to that self-discipline too, though his column appeared often in the Manchester Guardian in the 1970s and early 1980s.

In 1965 then, James Cameron became the first Western freelancer during that war to visit North Vietnam, which was 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 by 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.

Back from Vietnam, James 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, *Here Is Your Enemy*, also called *Witness in Vietnam*. 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 State 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.
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. The My Lai Massacre, of unarmed civilians in 1968, directed by US Army Lt. William Calley, was a sore point too 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 South Vietnam 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 Sub-committee 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, which began 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. 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 helped establish their newspaper 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.

That 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 on August 9, 1974, 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, and 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 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. Other notable Vietnam-Era photographers include 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.
Bert Hardy did not photograph the Vietnam War. Along with the Spanish Civil War, they were about the only major wars he didn't cover during his adult life. He had retired from photojournalism by 1965. Just before he took up the life of farming and running a photo lab, though, he did have one more “fling”. He wrote about it in his autobiography: “We moved in at the end of April [1964]. We had to learn about farming from scratch.... It was back to the land with a vengeance, so I did the only sensible thing in the circumstances; I took off with Lionel Birch on the Queen Elizabeth to do a promotional book on the great liner for Cunard. Sheila, the farmer's wife, was left with only Primrose McConnell [their farming textbook] to aid her.

“It was an enjoyable trip. When we reached New York, Lionel stayed on and joined his wife at the World Fair.

“On my return trip, when we berthed at Southampton, most of the passengers were going on to Cherbourg, so I joined a party given by the purser and some of the ship's officers. Sheila was waiting on the quayside in the Mercedes to take me home, but I didn't want to go for the time being. We smuggled her on board, and carried on with the party.

“At last, in the early hours of the morning, the party broke up. An angry customs man, who had been waiting half the night for me to disembark, irritably waved me through while Sheila was sneaked off the ship. At least he could go home to bed. Sheila and I got into the Mercedes, and we began to drive home.

“After we had got hopelessly lost a couple of times and our speed had dropped to about five m.p.h., I handed the driving over to Sheila. We arrived back at the farm just as it was dawn. It was a beautiful morning and I felt restless, ready to start my new life as a farmer. Instead of going to bed, we climbed the haystack. It was very ticklish, but of all the uncomfortable places I have slept, that was the best.

“I was back home.”

In December 1971, Britain's Creative Camera Magazine published the report “Bert Hardy: Anything for a Story.” It is a collection of excerpts (with photos) from his then-unpublished autobiography, which Bert worked on with writer Brian Dowling. The story's opening editorial note, like the conclusion above to Bert's published book, involving his haystack episode, says a lot about his life before 1971: “Anyone who has ever met Bert Hardy could never call him anything but Bert. With his cockney 'konk' a voice almost literally from Lambeth Walk and his plain, blunt approach to photography, he could never be anything but Bert. Now retired, he was probably the greatest British photojournalist of the forties. He was a reliable stalwart in the ranks of Picture Post and someone whose photographic brilliance, although recognised by his contemporaries is now largely unknown by the younger generation of photographers.

“When the Picture Post Seminar was held at Guilford School of Photography, he really was the star of the show, stealing the limelight from the always self-effacing Tom Hopkinson and providing many of the most enjoyable moments of that day. A full report appeared in the British Journal of Photography on 11 October 1970.

“... his start in photography was accidental. He left school at fourteen and his first job was with a chemists D and P firm. He learnt there a very practical approach to the problem of getting an image out
of a film and of concealing the failures of the customers. In his later days this became a pride in craftsmanship which would never let him finish a story until he was sure it could not be improved and a determination to get the picture, no matter how difficult.”

In the excerpts, Bert tells several stories: about his try-out with the General Photographic Agency (and how he “nearly murdered [the comedian] Szakall”); the stabbing-exclusive he got in the Strand; his first commission for Picture Post (the air-raid shelter photos from Newcastle); his WWII fire fighters photos (which won him the magazine's first photographer credit); and his and James Cameron's Korean War coverage. The last excerpt is especially relevant. When referring to his photo of the old Korean man who had been wounded and who received a drink from a GI, using Bert's canteen, the photographer said: “... the incident illustrates the opportunism which the professional news photographer must cultivate. He must show his emotions and sympathy in his pictures first; in his actions, second. He isn't there to help, after all – he's there to work; and it may often be hard to have to remember that.”

Bert then goes on to describe how he separated working from helping in Pusan: “As usual, I took pictures first, and asked [questions] afterwards. If you always ask first, you get very few pictures....

“I noticed some of the prisoners eyeing puddles of dirty water. If they thought the guards weren't looking, they scooped up a handful and drank it; but if the guards caught them moving from their crouched position, they hit them on the back of their necks with a rifle butt.

“From time to time, a batch of prisoners was taken away, kneeling in the back of a truck. We couldn't find out where they were going, but it seemed most probably that they were being taken to be shot.

“Jimmy and I were enraged. We hurried to the U.N. Headquarters and protested. 'Can't you do anything?'...

"None of our business,' they said.

"But it's happening now, this moment.'

"Nothing we can do. Try the Red Cross.'

“We hitch-hiked the seven miles or so to the Red Cross Headquarters, and made our protest again.

“Sorry,' they said, 'it's not our business. Better try the U.N.'

“We have tried the U.N.,' we said.

“Sorry,' they repeated. 'Try the U.N. – it's their business, not ours.'

“We did, in fact, try the U.N. Once more, and were given no satisfaction. The lorries went on driving away, unchecked. Perhaps. Anyway, we were helpless....

“We felt if the UN cause were just... then it ought not to be tainted by fearful injustice of this kind; even if it was a South Korean affair and difficult to control.” After the story was suppressed by the publisher, Bert recalled: “The [London] Times published a full report within a few days, and the Communists got wind of our having suppressed the story, and made great play with it. Altogether, it was a sad episode.”
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 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.

Two years later, James Cameron wrapped up his 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. [L]oneliness over a long period engenders the wrong responses to love, and there is nothing, wherever it may be, to compensate for that.”

James may have reflected morosely then, because he knew 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 perhaps.
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 is why he retaliated against Soviet intervention in Afghanistan by leading an international boycott of the 1980 Moscow Summer Olympics. His greatest triumph was in providing the framework for the Egypt-Israel Peace Accord in 1979. 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 his Inauguration Day.

An assassination attempt in 1981 seriously wounded Reagan. He recovered and saw to tax cuts. After three years, the economy improved, and he was re-elected. He underwent 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 insurgency in Nicaragua, but the controversy did not touch him. Also, he signed two missile-reduction treaties with the Soviets.

Margaret H. Thatcher was born in 1925 in Grantham, and was 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 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 he 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.

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 managership 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 simple 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 is combines elements of Glenn Miller, the legendary 1940s swing bandleader, and Elvis Presley, with 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 begun, 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. More specialized magazines eventually overtook many 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 in the world (1908), Investigative Reporters and Editors (IRE), a national organization for modern crusading journalists, was established. At last check, IRE is located at an Arizona university, but when I attended Mizzou (1980-1984), it 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 source “Deep Throat” gave much useful information to 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 in the last couple of decades. Their journalists generally 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 be successful without a college degree, but good jobs today are 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 (even 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. 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 the Catholic Cardinal of England; a Palestinian theatre troupe; and one or two other events and people of interest, I ran out of story ideas with only about 10 days left in the semester, and about four 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, and 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 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, 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, newspeople. 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 monograph, which I asked to buy. They told me they didn't have extra copies, but that if I gave them the money, they'd pick one up in the town of Limpsfield, nearby, and get it to me during my second visit, which was required for me to 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 17 or 18 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 Hsaio, 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 whom, 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 the day. I took pictures of the three of them, which I've since lost.

When we'd wrapped our interview up 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 about that 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 inter-action 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: “Goddammit, 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 at the time of our interview, they were very quiet. I wondered if any of his family was home, but didn't ask about them. At the time, he 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 modestly 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.

A few days later, I 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 soon, 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 and his life (he nearly died in a car accident near Calcutta and wrote a book, 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 things. 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 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.
Afterword: Crucial Collaborations: Especially Those of Bert Hardy and James 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 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 Lecture Series (and Award). Ben Bradlee, who had 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 1913 seems to have been marked with a bit more fanfare than James's was in June 1911. 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, I believe gave a public talk in 2013 about Bert's life and work, or will soon. 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.

Both James and Bert authored books, and I've mentioned some in this dual biography. I don't know if James gave public lectures later on, but Bert did. Both men were very helpful to young reporters and photographers, including me. It was hard at first, to write well-received stories about them after Mizzou; but I've come to write many 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), my son Matt and his wife, 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 assist us are: Steve Kiedrowski and Julie Klein; Charles and Christine Freiberg; Roger Chase; Larry Krause; Richard Dungan; David W. Johns; the Yi Do-Sun Family; the Sim and Majeska Families; Matt Butson; Jon Tarrant; Sheila Hardy; the Mark and Jean Smith Family; Art Fahey; Dale Barclay; Mr./Mrs. Roger A. Grant; Mr./Mrs. Bob Mulock; the Petras Family; lunch-mates Jerry and Dave; Cleo, Pierce and Sean Murphy; Portia Lee and Stacy Armstrong; Lois Wason; Mr./Mrs. John Medinger; Mr./Mrs. Kevin Blum; Mr./Mrs. Mike Mosher; Mr./Mrs. James Hobart; the Missouri Group of Authors (all were teachers of mine); couriers; medical/consulting providers; confessors; the Diocese of La Crosse; the FSPA's and SSSF's; food, apparel, and appliance providers; BuyDig; Best Buy; Pearl St. Books; the City Housing Authority and its great staff; Government Services generally; the *La Crosse Tribune*; the La Crosse Public Library/Archives Staffs; the Wisconsin and Missouri Historical Societies; Aquinas Schools, UW-Madison, Ulowa, and UM-Columbia; Smithsonian Institution Archives and Magazine; the British National Portrait Gallery; the National Assembly Library of Korea; National, University, Public and Private Libraries globally; DigiCopy of La Crosse; Blurb of San Francisco; and to be sure, God above.
(above) Heroic Picture Post Photojournalist Bert Hardy with his dogs Lizzie and Kim, Surrey, UK, 1981, by David Joseph Marcou, with Archival Print of this image in the British National Portrait Gallery Photographs Collection.

(above) Bert Hardy and James Cameron, Near Pusan, Korea, 1950, Courtesy of Getty Images


(above) Three Generations in Same Family of Indian Prime Ministers, PM Nehru, His Daughter Indira, and Grandson Rajiv, by Bert Hardy for Getty Images.


(above) US Marines Landing at Inchon, Korea, Sept. 15, 1950, by Bert Hardy for Getty Images.
(left) Pusan Boy, from Pusan Atrocities Picture-Story Portfolio, Korea, Early Sept. 1950, by Bert Hardy for Getty Images

(above) Crouching Man, from Pusan Atrocities Picture-Story Portfolio, Korea, Early Sept. 1950, by Bert Hardy for Getty Images

(left) Original Publisher-Suppressed Pusan Atrocities Picture Post Picture-Story, Korea, Photographed in Early Sept. 1950 by Bert Hardy with Text by James Cameron for Getty Images.


(below) President Eisenhower Campaigning for Re-election, 1956, by Bert Hardy for Getty Images.