"About the time you listen to someone say you can’t do something since it’s never been done before, the person just behind you, does it."—DvJM.

"Tough times will come, but tough people last."—UW-Madison basketball guard Brad Davison, a Minnesota native, 12-13-18.

"If it’s been done before, just do it better or find the story within the story."
--SallyStapleton2XPulitzerwinner&photographer for my ‘81ColeYoungerClanReunion story.

"Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness, and many of our people need it sorely on these accounts."—Mark Twain.

"Burdens are sometimes blessings in disguise."—Steve Hartman.

"Never confuse a single defeat with a final defeat."—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"Sometimes you can see the lessons more clearly, as you look back further into history."—Adam Hochschild.

"I was obliged to be industrious. Whoever is equally industrious will succeed equally well."—Johannes Vermeer.

With SA85, his 170th book, plus countless other literary & photo creations, David Joseph Marcou is Wisconsin’s most prolific author.

Nearly all SA85 photos were taken by DvJM (most in Aut.’81 UK), except GettyIm pic of Bert Hardy/James Cameron-R in uniforms, 1950 Skor.; &-Martin Reed pic of SheilaHardy-Chas.Keeble waving, UK, ca.’07. Photo of black child on ’87 Seoul postcard taken in London by DvJM, 1981. Others by DvJM incl. L-R Bp.FredFreking, LordRbt.Runcie (ex-Abp. of Canterbury mrrd. Prince Chaz.&LadyDiana), & Bp. JohnPaul, 1991 LxX; Brit JournalistofYear Brian Deer, UWE/12; Soho reader, ’81; Photo of British Heritage mag-editor Dana Huntley, taken by DvJM off TV monitor (Prince Charles was visiting US/then); Little blonde girl reading in 2 separate images is Lucy, Canonbury Day Centre, ca. Oct. ’81. Most other pics of kids were also taken by DvJM at Canonbury Day Centre (next door to where George Orwell lived), London, ca. Oct. ’81, except pic of girl near elder lady on train taken in Surrey, UK, Nov. ’81–black girl seen thru window in London’s Brixton, ’81. Horiz. pic of Covent Garden seen from Drury Lane Theatre roof by DvJM ca. Oct. ’81–front-cover pic for his ’93 memoir My London Autumn; DvJMportrait of Bert Hardy w/dogs Lizzie & Kim by Surrey door is inBritNatPrtrGllryPhtClctn(NPGx126230), ca.112581.
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Two quotes. The 1st from Sir Winston Churchill, who, when asked early for his reaction to New York City, said seven words: “Newspaper too thick, lavatory paper too thin.” The 2nd from the American Buying Public: “Will it sell in Peoria?” I've worked very hard 38 years, telling as many people as possible the story of Bert Hardy & James Cameron, two great journalists who made 1981’s London autumn the most memorable three months of my life.

My grades had been abysmal at Mizzou, but I still had hopes of improving in the London Graduate Reporting Program as a Sunday Times intern. But those grades turned out poorly too, not because I wasn’t writing good stories, but I wrote only eight good stories not the required 12. Aiding my mates, I took photos for their stories more than I should have. (But I wish I had all 2,500+ pics I took in London, many seemingly stolen.) I’d been working at photography only two years and was keen on taking pics of people & sights then. Later, when I taught extended ed writing & photography at WTC, the first item I put on my student-tips list was, “Before the interview, research your subject.” I’d been at a loss w/Hardy and Cameron in late 1981, not because I failed to try to research them, but because there was little available on them in libraries I checked. My program moderator, moderator John H. Whale, said re: Cameron, “the name sounds a bit familiar, but I can’t quite place it”. Mr. Whale’s colleague Sally Soames let me know a bit about Hardy early that semester, though I didn’t make the link soon, and Cameron was famous among British journalists as Hardy’s partner. JH Whale was a keen UK journalist; he wanted me to truly earn my H-C story.

Any good reporter must research, interview, write about, and photograph their subject/s to get to the heart of each truthful, detail-rich story. And every journalistic report requires empathy, as well as balanced curiosity and basic facts. Your author knows this, because he lived through the 1981 London autumn without drugs or sex, met several notables, then went home and tried mightily to confirm details at Missouri’s J-School Library.

There was almost nothing to go on. And since I’d pinned my hopes for good grades on the high quality of my reports rather than quantity, that dearth of material set me back. But there was one item MU Photo-J Director Angus McDougall informed me of–Hardy & Cameron had won the Missouri Pictures of the Year Korean War award for their Oct. 7, 1950 Picture Post photo-essay “Inchon”–yet the AM’s terseness baffled & I had a nervous breakdown, which gave me problems that decade, though I did live and work as a journalist in Seoul 1984-87, which I wouldn’t have done w/o H&C.

And w/o my Korea, Matt wouldn’t have been born; he was conceived by his mom & me in '86.

If there’d only been one photojournalist to work for Britain’s Picture Post mag 1938-57, Bert Hardy was the one. And though that magazine’s staff employed many writers and photogs of note, Bert Hardy’s name always comes to the fore among photojournalists. Writer James Cameron, on the other hand, worked there only two years, but with Hardy, they did some of the most memorable coverages in Brit history. Given Mr. Cameron’s 35 years as foreign correspondent for top outlets, his work led Labour leader Michael Foot to call JC the “greatest foreign correspondent of them all".

The name “Bert Hardy” came to me in Sept.'81 when LST photog Sally Soames advised me to have my prints made by Grove Hardy Ltd. SS said GH was “the finest black-and-white printing firm in London,” adding “maybe in the whole world”.

My semester was busy, including coverages of a tense meeting between 50 IRA relatives (re: Maze Prison hunger strikes wherein Bobby Sands had died) and Cardinal Basil Hume at Westminster Cathedral. Also, I photographed Canonbury preschool an hour/day for a month (next day to where George Orwell once lived) – unusual yes, but I’d seen a similar coverage in America, and British authorities, with restrictions, approved me; painter Erica Daborn; paralympic champ Rudi Christopher; Almeida Theatre; El-Hakawati, transitioning under Francois Abu Salem to National Theatre of Palestine. My pics also included Covent Garden seen from atop Drury Lane Theatre; a panda (Chia-Chia); last days of Billingsgate Fish Market; Union Chapel; British Museum and Library (then at one site); Brixton (where there’d been race riots); Soho; Thames Day; Lord Treloar College; Irish protests at 10 Downing Street; skinheads, etc. As autumn passed, I grew anxious to find a big eighth story./ Prem Olsen was my b/w printer then; his lab was near 13 Willowbridge Road, where I lived w/flat-mates incl. Pinki Virani, India-native and author of “Once Was Bombay”, “Aruna’s Story”, “Bitter Chocolate”, etc., and Cal Lawrence Jr., a Newsday editorial director. I asked Prem, and he said he knew of a British photographer who’d taken good photos and told great stories about them. That photographer was Bert Hardy, whom I soon was speaking with via phone to set up an interview. The Hardy's lived in Surrey, and I was told to take the train to Oxted from Elephant & Castle Station. The train took 38 minutes, and Bert was waiting by his sports car to drive me to his 350-year-old farmstead. He’d been raised in London’s Elephant & Castle district and took up farming in “retirement”, but was good at it too. There were 2 interviews with Mr. Hardy where I asked questions and viewed classic WWII-era stills. I needed to return for the 2nd visit esp. to make portraits. I still retain 3 key photos from that, my National Portrait Gallery photo-portrait of Bert standing by doorway with two dogs energized at his feet; my photo-portrait of Bert seated by an indoor window; and the dogs, Lizzie and Kim, playing on a road outside. The Hardys said I’d need to interview a “mystery man” too, soon. That was James Cameron, whose agent told me I couldn’t bring a camera.

When JC answered the door (3 Eton College Rd.), he asked if I was Mr. Markham; Markhams figured in his life. Though I don’t know where my notes are from my H&C interviews, I recall key details, including what may or may not be an apocryphal quote from Gen. MacArthur, when H&C popped in on the UN Commander–“Gdamn it, now what are you two doing here? I learned of the great coverages H&C collaborated on in 1950 Korea--at Pusan/UN atrocities (aborted printing; PP owner Sir Edward Hulton feared aid to enemy), and “Inchon” dramatic coverage of dusky landing by sea/land (only possible two separate days each year due to treacherous tides), pivotal for UN. But I didn’t feel my interview with JC was done, so I phoned for a 2nd meeting; a woman said he wasn’t well. I sent JC a letter w/questions, and he answered, though not in much detail. Later, I kept in contact w/ Hardys and employed Bert’s darkroom for some of my b-w's. The Hardys even sent my son and me a BH-photo-postcard each Christmas until a couple years after Bert passed(7-3-95). Mr. Cameron died Jan. 1985 when I worked for S.Korea’s Yonhap News. Cameron had died (he had passed 1 year earlier) and Cardinal Basil Hume at Westminster Cathedral. Also, I photographed Canonbury preschool an hour/day for a month (next day to where George Orwell once lived) – unusual yes, but I’d seen a similar coverage in America, and British authorities, with restrictions, approved me; painter Erica Daborn; paralympic champ Rudi Christopher; Almeida Theatre; El-Hakawati, transitioning under Francois Abu Salem to National Theatre of Palestine. My pics also included Covent Garden seen from atop Drury Lane Theatre; a panda (Chia-Chia); last days of Billingsgate Fish Market; Union Chapel; British Museum and Library (then at one site); Brixton (where there’d been race riots); Soho; Thames Day; Lord Treloar College; Irish protests at 10 Downing Street; skinheads, etc. As autumn passed, I grew anxious to find a big eighth story./ Prem Olsen was my b/w printer then; his lab was near 13 Willowbridge Road, where I lived w/flat-mates incl. Pinki Virani, India-native and author of “Once Was Bombay”, “Aruna’s Story”, “Bitter Chocolate”, etc., and Cal Lawrence Jr., a Newsday editorial director. I asked Prem, and he said he knew of a British photographer who’d taken good photos and told great stories about them. That photographer was Bert Hardy, whom I soon was speaking with via phone to set up an interview. The Hardy's lived in Surrey, and I was told to take the train to Oxted from Elephant & Castle Station. The train took 38 minutes, and Bert was waiting by his sports car to drive me to his 350-year-old farmstead. He’d been raised in London’s Elephant & Castle district and took up farming in “retirement”, but was good at it too. There were 2 interviews with Mr. Hardy where I asked questions and viewed classic WWII-era stills. I needed to return for the 2nd visit esp. to make portraits. I still retain 3 key photos from that, my National Portrait Gallery photo-portrait of Bert standing by doorway with two dogs energized at his feet; my photo-portrait of Bert seated by an indoor window; and the dogs, Lizzie and Kim, playing on a road outside. The Hardys said I’d need to interview a “mystery man” too, soon. That was James Cameron, whose agent told me I couldn’t bring a camera.

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(Begin Part I)

Author's Note: The comments by leading members of Picture Post's staff and Rene Cutforth are accurate enough, in the documentary style. However, the idea of doing a radio broadcast to serve as vehicle for those comments is purely hypothetical. The original broadcast was on BBC1-TV. The introduction, interim scenes, and conclusion are nearly totally fictionalized, although loosely based on what really could have happened at the time.

SCENE: The farmsted house of Bert and Sheila Hardy, 1977. They are about ready to listen to a radio programme they have been waiting for. Mrs. Hardy is picking up the couple's cups and saucers following afternoon tea. Mr. Hardy has just eaten two brownies with his tea.

Bert: Those were good brownies, Sheila. And the tea wasn't bad either.

Sheila: I thought you'd like them. I'm going to put these in the kitchen, Bert, and then we can turn on the radio. The Picture Post programme is about to begin.

Bert: Yes, it is. I'll turn it on now.

(A kitchen door swings shuts. Their radio then comes on.)

BBC Announcer: And that was the News, with Gordon Bentley. Next up, "The Life and Death of Picture Post: Interviews in Mock Forum Style", which was taped earlier.

(Background music from the late '30s plays. Then, the crackle of footsteps on leaves, and the sound of a taxi honking and a boy shouting, "Buy your Picture Post here!")

(The Hardys' door swings again, as Sheila returns. "It's on already?!", she asks enthusiastically. "Yes, it is," Bert says.)

Rene Cutforth (in forum): In the autumn of 1938, Picture Post took off from an office in Shoe Lane, just off Fleet Street. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in British journalism. Its first number leapt straight to success. The publisher, thinking that, with luck, he would sell a third of them, had printed nearly three-quarters of a million copies. By teatime on that first day, you could not buy a single one in the length and breadth of Britain. Within six months, the paper was going to have a circulation of a million and a half, and five million readers a week.

(Stefan Lorant, the paper's editor, meets with his staff in his office near the beginning of 1939. Everyone is gathered round, busy at their notepads and listening to Lorant, who speaks with a strong Hungarian-Yiddish accent.)

Lorant: Now, I expect us to continue with the good work we have produced so far. You can be proud of your contributions to date, but we need to do more -- much more, to keep competitive. Yes, Mr. Birch. What is it?

(A camera's shutter can be heard, followed by the movement of a photographer.)

Lionel Birch: Just wondering, Mr. Lorant, if you would like me to check into the reported Government shakeup. I guess I'm wondering...
A Radio-Play by David J. Marcou—Page Two

(Another shutter click.)

Lorant: You're wondering? -- we're all wondering. I want you
to cover it and do it well. The Prime Minister has had too many
yes-men working for him, and I want to know if the opposition
is doing its homework. Kurt, you've got enough pictures now?
(Yet another shutter click, and then movement again.)

Kurt Hutton: Yes, Mr. Lorant. I've got all we'll need. Thank
you everybody for being so attentive to Mr. Lorant.

Chorus: Our pleasure. Cheerio! (A door closes.)

Lorant: Honour, how have you been doing with that working woman
report?

Balfour: Not good, Mr. Lorant. It seems that most men in Britain
don't yet believe that women can do...

Birch (in forum): I believe it was the first picture magazine
to reflect all aspects of life in Britain, and some on the
Continent, in ways that all kinds of people could understand.
Previously, there had been magazines picturing pretty kittens
in baskets for the majority, and there had been other magazines
picturing hunt balls and society weddings for the minority;
whereas Picture Post would feature, say, four pages of a party
at the Rothschilds, followed immediately by nine pages on the
life of an unemployed man, of whom there were two million at
the time, when it really did seem that there would always be
two Englands. Picture Post broke new ground, I think, simply
by telling it as it was -- all of it.
(The sounds of people walking on pavement. Cars driving past.
Then three coins hitting in a cup.)

Beggar: Thank you, Sir. Much obliged!

Lorant: No trouble, My Friend. I hope it helps you keep warm
for the rest of this winter day.

Beggar: That it will, Sir, that it will. Every bit helps a poor
man like me.

Lorant: Good to hear it.
(The Beggar sneezes.)

Lorant: Bless you, Friend.

Beggar: Thank you, Sir. The winter is still upon us, no doubt,
and we are showing signs of it.

Cutforth (in forum): The man behind this new view of Britain
was not British at all. He was a Hungarian, called Stefan Lorant.
Lorant had come from a family of newspaper and magazine editors
in Budapest. In Germany, in the 1920s, he became, first, a movie
cameraman and, later, a director. By the time he was was 26,
he was editor of one of Germany's most famous magazine's, the
Munchner Illustrierte.

In 1933, within three days of Hitler getting to power, Lorant
was in jail, in Munich, having refused to have any truck with
the Nazi party. After six months behind bars, he was released
and deported back to Hungary. A book he wrote about his prison
experiences was translated into English, and, in 1934, he
travelled to London to see to its publication.

Then, in 1937, there came a great turning point in Lorant's
life. With 1,500 pounds borrowed from a girlfriend, he started a magazine called **Lilliput**. The public took to it at once. What caught the eye were the photographs Lorant put on facing pages: Chamberlain and the beautiful llama; Gracie Fields and the herald angel from a cathedral dome; an Australian bear and A.P. Herbert. This pairing of photographs got Lorant talking about up and down Fleet Street, and led to the launching of Picture Post; for, before long, the Hungarian sold **Lilliput** and the idea of a big new picture magazine to a man called Edward Hulton, who had recently inherited a fortune.

(The sound of a door slamming, and then two men walking past one another.)

**Hulton**: Stefan! Good issue this week. Splendid job. Sales are up around the 1.5 million mark and I couldn't be happier.

**Lorant**: Thank you, Mr. Hulton. Yes, we've been fortunate. Hitler has given us some good material to rail against. And the soft features are working well, too.

**Hulton**: Yes, I expect that the bully boys don't mind seeing a pretty girl now and again. Same goes for this old-timer!

**Lorant**: Well, we've all got our weak spots, Sir. Now, if the Government would just add some women to its upper level, things would be blissful for us, don't you think?

**Hulton (half-listening now)**: Yes, I suppose something....

**Lorant (in forum)**: When I did that paper, it was really a personal kind of magazine, a personal statement. I had the mind of a liberal. I had progressive ideas, especially after I came out from prison, and I cared. I cared for the ordinary human beings, and I wanted to communicate with them.

(The sounds of water flowing and the tapping of a film cannister on the bottom of a sink. The scene is Picture Post's darkroom. Felix Man and Kurt Hutton are processing films and prints. They both have German accents.)

**Man**: Kurt, what do you have to do now?

**Hutton**: I've got to do another girls-girls-girls story -- **after** I print these new pictures of the staff. And what kind of films did you take?

**Man**: I've got some pictures of politicians -- all kinds of politicians. Some Government men, and some Parliamentarians. They're all politicians, but I tried some candid techniques with them, and I'm curious as to how they will turn out. It'll be a nice change compared with our favorite Nazi snapshots. (Both men laugh, and begin singing, in falsetto voices, "Deutschland Uber Alles." Then, breaking their song off abruptly --)

**Hutton**: I expect you had success shooting them.

**Man**: Let's hope so; I risked my neck for some of these, and I'm just praying they turn out.

**Hutton**: They will, Felix, they will.

**Cutforth (in forum)**: At the heart of the paper's success was a revolution in photography. Its first two cameramen -- both German -- were using the new miniature Leica and Contax. They were after freshness, the fleeting moment, life on the wing.
A Radio-Play by David J. Marcou-Page Four

With the first two cameramen German and the anthropological eye of a Hungarian -- by common consent, a genius with photographs -- deciding what pictures to publish, it fell to Tom Hopkinson, as assistant editor, to make a different sort of contribution in the early days.
(The sound of a door closing. Tom Hopkinson walks forward, toward Lorant at his desk.)

Hopkinson: Mr. Lorant, are you finished with those layouts. The printers are getting nervous again.

Lorant: Nervous, schmervous, they will get this group soon enough. (A page is turned.) There, that's the last of them. You can take these, and give my compliments to your printer friend, what's his name, Davis? -- for a job he's about to do "well-done".

Hopkinson: Yes, it's Davis -- Jimmy Davis. He's a good printer, and a good man. (The sound of pages turning.) As for these layouts, Mr. Lorant, again they look superb. How do you do it? You don't touch anything for the whole week; then, at the stroke of 12 on the last night, you lay them all out. I just don't understand how you get the job done, much less so masterfully.

Lorant: I do what I am good at, Tom. I execute picture strategies. I keep things lively and provocative, and the printers get woke up -- that's a strategy, too.

Hopkinson: Well, I wish I knew how to do what you do. It's a gift, Sir. It really is.

Lorant: Tom, Tom, Tom, YOU have a gift, too. It has to do with the way you see things politically, and ethically. Besides, you're a writer's writer. And you get along well with all sorts of people on my staff. All those things are gifts that belong to you.

Hopkinson: Yes, I suppose; but I still wish I could execute a layout the way you do. Maybe over time I'll learn, if you show me your secret.

Lorant: What secret? I just remember photographic relationships -- what makes the pictures go well together. I was born with it, but some of it can be taught. I'll tell you about it sometime. Now, these must go to the printers. Promise me you will not stop too long to speak with Jimmy Davis. He needs to be kept busy to improve, and talking is not the real battle with him.

Hopkinson: I expect you're right, Mr. Lorant, I expect you're right.

Lord (Sidney) Jacobson (in forum): Tom added some very distinctive qualities to the paper, which no one else, I think, could have done at that time. He added a social conscience in relation to British affairs, home affairs. He added a very high quality of writing, which he insisted upon the whole time, and for which Picture Post really became famous. He was always against the trick headline, the meaningless caption, the glib piece. He didn't underestimate the reader. He held the reader in high esteem.
A Radio-Play by David J. Marcou-Page Five

(The sound of big guns firing, and soldiers marching. Then, a stirring, instrumental rendition of "Deutschland Uber Alles.")

Cutforth (in forum): Behind Lorant's smile of success there was an anti-Nazi obsession. (Hitler's voice can now be heard. He is in mid-speech, giving it all he's worth, and the crowd is loving it. Shouts of "Der Fuhrer!" and "Deutschland!" are heard everywhere. Then, suddenly, we can hear the sounds of people wailing and screaming in the night, with death everywhere. A shout of "Arbeit[Macht]" is heard. Then, silence.)

Lorant (in forum): I realised what Hitler wanted to do, and I believed that he would do it, and I tried to tell people: 'For heaven's sake, do something about it, because, if you take it very easy, he will start a war, and Britain might be destroyed.' So I had got this kind of evangelical mission. (The voice of Neville Chamberlain is heard, in high-pitched tones, talking about how the world could live with the latest agreement with Herr Hitler. And, then, snoring sounds are heard, followed by the crash of glass windows breaking and tires squealing on pavement. Again, troops marching and big gun fire, this time with more breaking glass.)

Cutforth (in forum): 'I recommend you to go home and sleep quietly in your beds,' Chamberlain had reassured Britain. 'Back to the Middle Ages,' said Picture Post, less than two months later, intent on creating a healthier insomnia. It reported the new Nazi persecutions, and presented a gallery of the famous Jews for whom there was no place in Germany. Week after week, it kept hammering away against the British government's foreign policy, its warnings interspersed with entertainment as the country went downhill towards war.

Early on in the war, Picture Post made it clear that it was not going to take the government's line on anything without question. When the Ministry of Information failed to provide pictures of the British war effort, the magazine printed black squares and thanked the censors for their 'far-seeing initiative'. That got the censors moving.

Leaders of public opinion were invited to air their views on the new, fundamental questions. In fact, throughout the war, the question-mark, one way or another, was Picture Post's trademark. In spite of its violently anti-Nazi record, that did not exactly make the paper popular in certain quarters. (The sounds of traffic moving through London, and people pounding the pavement, can be heard next.)

Newspaper Seller: Picture Post says Churchill could win the war for us, if the people are allowed to say, write, and photograph what's on their minds. Get it here; you heard it first from Will!

Man on Street: I'll take one of those! (Coins change hands.)

Seller: Thank you, Sir.

Another Man: Why are you buying that Commie bushwa? Don't you know that the editor of that thing is foreign?
A Radio-Play by David J. Marcou-Page Six

First Man: Yes, I know he is foreign. But not like you -- that is, you're foreign to an intelligent thought!
Second Man: Oh, so's you're looking for a rassle, are you?
First Man: No more than usual, Sir! But if one comes calling, I'm game! (A scuffle breaks out, and then a police whistle is heard, several times.)
Lorant (in forum): A man came up, an old lawyer of the Conservative party, in my office, and threatened me that something might happen -- to put me in a concentration camp or prison or what -- if I did not stop attacking Chamberlain's policies. And I said: 'Out you go, otherwise I throw you out.' And when the management tried to get citizenship papers because I decided I would become an Englishman -- nothing.
(The sounds of a door closing, footsteps on floor, pages turning, then a man speaks.)
Man in Library: Miss, do you have a copy of I Wat Hitler's Prisoner? It's by Stefan Lorant; he's editor of Picture Post.
Librarian: Yes, we do, if it's checked in. We've had such a call for books about Herr Hitler lately that I'm not sure it's here now, but I'll look. (Footsteps away, the hushed sound of a book being pulled from the shelf, then footsteps back.)
Librarian: You're in luck, Sir; here it is. May I see your library card?
Man in Library: Of course; here you are. My goodness, I wonder about this Hitler. He's up and down in Europe like a Chinese acrobat. Do you think he'll head here next?
Librarian: Well, we're at war with him; I expect something's going to happen. Let's just hope we can stand up to the little thug.
Man in Library: Yes, let's hope we can.
Hopkinson (in forum): From the spring of 1940, the countries of Europe were falling to Hitler like ninepins. One day, Lorant said to me: 'Hitler will be coming here soon. It will be all right for you Britshers, but we bloody foreigners, we'll be handed over.' I knew then that he would not stay long. He had been a prisoner of Hitler in Munich, and he was not going to wait to be a prisoner of Hitler in London.
(The muffled sound of a car driving up; then people getting out and two car doors are slammed, still muffled. A door is opened and Lorant enters with a real estate agent, Jed Smith.)
Agent: This is the place I was telling you about, Mr. Lorant: 215 West Mountain Road. It's a peach, in my humble estimate.
Lorant (walking round): Yes... it is. I like the fireplace, and this kitchen and dining room should suffice. How about the upstairs. It looks very nice down here.
Agent: Here, let's take a look. Follow me.
(Sounds of feet on stairs. Then at the top, a door opens.)
Agent: Here is the master bedroom.
Lorant: Yes, it's nice. How many other bedrooms are there?
Agent: Two others upstairs, then two in the cottage at the end of the road. And there's a bathroom on both floors here, and one in the cottage. (Footsteps, and a door opens.) Here's the
upstairs bathroom. (Doors open and close.) And here are the other two bedrooms. (Footsteps, eventually.) Do you want to see that cottage now?

**Lorant:** Yes, Mr. Smith. I think I do. Let's see the cottage now. By the way, you said something significant about the previous owner. What was that you said, about him being...?

**Agent:** He was an emancipated man, with a nice family. Yes, I mentioned him at the office.

**Lorant:** Really? I like that word "emancipated". I might have to write a book now about just such a man. Abraham Lincoln was such a man, am I not right?

**Agent:** Yes, he was, Mr. Lorant. Yes, he was.

**Lorant:** Good, then I'll write a book about President Lincoln.

**Agent:** Sounds like a best-seller! (The first verse of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" plays, with a deep-throated singer doing the vocals.)

**Cutforth** (in forum): By September 1940, Lorant had gone to America. He sailed on almost the last ship on which civilians could get a passage. It was the end of a chapter. He has never set foot in Britain from that day to this.

With the sorcerer gone, the self-styled one-man band no longer there to play all the tunes, one might have expected that Picture Post would now lose some of its vitality and influence. The staff was down to five. On the face of things, there could not have been a worse time for Tom Hopkinson to take over as editor. But now, against the threat of invasion, with the help of people who had fought in the Spanish Civil War, the paper published detailed citizens' guides to resistance. (The sound of rifles hitting hands, as ordinary citizens are being armed for Britain's defence. Two dozen men are involved here, as part of the "Home Defence" force, and one man is their leader: Cpt. Frank Stormont. He and a Government liaison officer address the local force.)

**Cpt. Stormont:** You men have just been issued your regulation arms. I want you to all be aware that a firearm is not a toy; it is something that can save not only you own life, but also the lives of your wife and children, your father and mother, your siblings, and your friends. We are all "family" and "friends" here, and you will listen up well now to a Government liaison officer, Cpt. Harris, who has a few things to say about why we must gather in times of emergency. Cpt. Harris, these men will hear you now.

**Cpt. Harris:** Thank you, Cpt. Stormont. Men, I want you to know that you and you alone will be the final defence force for this island, should it come to that. You know that Hitler has already bombed our cities and towns; and you know that the cause of his destruction will come from men like you. Thankfully, the Government and others -- like Mr. Wintringham of Picture Post -- have sent us the signal to arm every able-bodied man for possible combat activity here in Britain. That is what we are doing now, and that is why we shall defeat Hitler and his henchmen. (A chorus of "Hurrah!" is the response, followed by
"We'll get Herr Hitler!")

Cpt. Harris: Now, you all know what the Prime Minister has said. He has said, "We shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender!" Indeed, then, men: We shall never surrender!" (A chorus of "Hurrah for Mr. Churchill!")

Cpt. Harris: That's what I say, too, men, Hurrah for the Prime Minister! Churchill is our man, and he will lead us to victory! (A chorus of "Hurrah for the Prime Minister!" now. One other voice, though, pipes up, once the throng's voices have died down.)

Defence Force Man: But, Captain Harris, if I may be so bold: Why has Picture Post been criticizing our Government's actions as often as it builds the citizenry up? Why isn't every one of its war stories positive, like "Arm the Citizens!" was?

Cpt. Harris: That's a fair question, Sir. I would say to you that a free press is just as much the bulwark of a free society as you men in arms are. Of course, your business is the riskier one; but journalism has a role to play in the proper conduct of our Government's war policies, too; and right now Picture Post has some legitimate questions to ask us. To be perfectly honest, though, and speaking only for myself, I wish they were just a little less vociferous these days in opposition to Government policy than they are. We need support in this war's administration as much as anyone does.

(A shout of: "Picture Post has some explaining to do, Captain, don't you think?")

Cpt. Harris: Perhaps you are right, Sir, but it still is a free country, and we must stand by their right to express themselves, too.

Cutforth (in forum): And while he went on stirring up public concern and official disapproval with criticisms of the war effort generally, Hopkinson also began to ask questions about what was going to happen after the war -- whenever that was going to be. At one time, Picture Post had got itself officially banned from the NAAFI canteens in the Middle East for the kind of awkward questions it had been asking. Its influence, together with that of the Daily Mirror, on the way returning servicemen were to vote in the general election of 1945, was enormous.

(Music from the '40s is heard. Then, the sound of a truck pulling up, and men getting into its backend.)

Pvt. Walker: Geez, it's going to be good to get home, Jimmy.

Pvt. James: I hear you, Doak. It sure will be great seeing the "seat of empire" again, too. The Missus and me are going to do some celebrating as soon as our ship docks. Say, I see you've got a copy of Picture Post in your rucksack. What does it say about home, these days?

Pvt. Walker: Let's take a look at it and see. (Pages turning.) Well, here it says that the election coming up could be the biggest this century. Do you know who you're voting for, Jimmy?

Pvt. Walker: Yeh, he did a good job winning the war, but Picture Post seems to think Attlee will be better for Britain at winning the peace. I don't know who I'll vote for yet, but I am considering what the paper has to say about Clement. He seems a decent sort, and maybe it's time Labour had a chance to run things.

Pvt. James: Decent sort or not, it will take balls to keep Britain together now, and Winnie's got balls. (Sound of truck pulling out.) Hell, he's got more balls than my old "seat of empire"! (They both laugh.)

Cutforth (in forum): Labour swept into power, and new faces took over in government. As the post-war Britain for which the paper had had such high hopes began to take shape, the trust Tom Hopkinson had in his staff surprised some who had come to the magazine from daily newspaper journalism. The assistant editor was Ted Castle.

(An office at Picture Post. Tom Hopkinson is talking with Ted Castle.)

Castle: I'm telling you, Tom, Hulton is thinking over his options these days, and you'd best ask him how to come down on some issues.

Hopkinson: Ted, if I do that, then I'll be sacrificing the integrity of the paper. My staff and I should be making those decisions, not the owner. Besides, he supports Labour for the time being, and we can make hay with that.

Castle: I can see your point, but he does pay our salaries, and he does contribute a bit creatively, too. Leave some terrain to him, then, and the staff will respect both of you.

Hopkinson: Yes, but this staff is more important to me than any other part of the paper, outside of the readers, that is.

Castle: Well, that is a good point, Tom, but I still think....

Lord Castle (in forum): It was new to me that no writer was ever sent out with instructions as to what was expected. He was never given an angle. We relied on his judgment -- and that went for the photographer, too.

(Hopkinson and Castle are now heard on a London street corner. Traffic and people are passing by.)

Hopkinson: Now, Ted, I'm not going to say this too many more times: I am the arbiter of my staff's independence, and I say let 'em be independent!

Castle: That may be okay for now, Tom, but I'll wager you my weekly salary against yours that there will come a time when you will have to listen to Hulton. It's his show, not ours!

Bert Hardy (in forum): We were all expected to have ideas, think up stories at a Tuesday morning conference. A particular Tuesday morning, I was sitting in this conference, and I put up the idea of doing a story on the Elephant and Castle, and Tom said: 'OK, right, go and do it.'

We arrived at the bloomin' Elephant and Castle. In those days, there were trams, and so on, and murky old foggy days, and we arrived there about two o'clock in the afternoon. We stood in the middle of the Elephant, and we wondered: 'What
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the hell are we going to do? Why did we ever suggest it? We walked around, and I did a few shots -- nothing that meant anything, but sort of using the camera.

Then, one day, we were walking round the back streets of the Elephant, and a voice came from across the road, from an old terraced house, of a rather stout lady, who says: 'How about taking my picture, mate?' So I said, 'OK, OK,' came across and took a picture of her -- not that I wanted to, but it was a contact. And then I said to her: 'What's it like at the back of these places, dear?' She said: 'Well, come and have a look.' It was yards all going on and on, and all washing hanging up. And then, through a window, I saw a couple sitting on a settee making love -- not actually making love, but they were very much in love, it seemed, and I managed to get into the room.

(Two men talking: Bert Lloyd, writer, to Bert Hardy, cameraman.)

Lloyd: Say, do you think the people round here care who you are? Just because we both have the first name Bert, doesn't mean you'll have as easy a sailing as me. And just because you're a capitalist doesn't mean your heart should be any less large than mine, Communist that I am.

Hardy: You've a point, Bert. Just the same, let me look over here by myself and see what's up.

Lloyd (amused now): Anything you say, Bert! The Hardys are as good as the Lloyds, as far as I'm concerned.

(Sound of footsteps, then they stop. Next, a door opens, with muffled voices coming from inside. Finally...)

Man Inside: Hey there, what's up?

Hardy: Hullo, how are you two? Sorry to bother you, but I'm with Picture Post, just wanting to talk to some of the people back here. Mind if I come in?

Man: No, come on in. I see you've got a camera. Not wanting to take pictures, are you?

Hardy: No, nothing like that for now, unless, of course, you wouldn't mind.

Man (shyly): I guess I wouldn't mind. How about you, Jennie?

Woman (herself shy): Well, we aren't doing anything now, Jake. I guess it would be okay. How do you want us to look?

Hardy: Just the way you are, just the way you are.

(A camera shutter clicks, film is advanced, then another click.)

Hardy (in forum): I asked if I could go inside, and, somehow or other, took this picture, which became a famous picture, and they couldn't care less about me. This was the start.

Anyway, the contact was this rather blowzy woman, and I said: 'Where do you work?' She said: 'Piccadilly.' So I said: 'Where?' She said: 'Oh, the Corner House, Piccadilly.' Her name was Maisie, and I found out, of course, she was a pro. She did work in Piccadilly: she walked up and down outside the Corner House.

From then onwards, we always went and saw Maisie, who was lying in bed like a queen every morning, and smoking Woodbines. We'd say: 'Well, Maisie, where do you reckon we can get so and so pictures?' She was our contact. After that, it was just smooth; it went so smooth, it was unbelievable.(End Part I)
Rene Cutforth (in forum): By 1948, Edward Hulton had become disenchantment with the Labour government he had welcomed to power three years before, and he became deeply distrustful of Russia at the time of the Cold War. (The office of a small Russian newspaper. The editor is speaking with his best reporter. They are speaking in English, for obvious reasons, with heavy Russian accents.)

Russian Editor: ... I will tell you this only once more: It is not a question of us liking England or America better; it is a question of our survival in a few years. The Western Alliance is going to win this "Cold War", and we should be thinking of how to adjust to that fact -- not how to do what the Communist Party tells us.

Russian Reporter: But I am telling you, Sergye: If you think the Communist Party is bad to us now, how much better do you think it will become for our little paper if they find out we support the Allies?

Russian Editor: Probably not worse than we have it now. But if things do get worse for us, and they are pretty bad now, then I'd suggest you and I flee for our lives from this hellhole, before our fearless leader does any more damage to dissidents, and to our "former" friends....

Hopkinson (in forum): Our proprietor, Edward Hulton, had come to feel that Russia was really the villain of the piece, and he felt the task of the paper ought to be to show up and expose and attack the Russian menace. This led to a considerable divergence between the feelings of the editorial staff, and the wishes of the owner. I began to get a considerable flood of memoranda criticising the attitude of the paper on this point and that, but, in general, accusing it of being too left-wing. (Hopkinson is speaking with his wife, Dorothy. The sound of dishes clinking can be heard as she moves his tea cup and biscuits out of the study.)

Mrs. Hopkinson: What are you doing, Dear?

Mr. Hopkinson: Oh, just writing a memo to Hulton. He's been concerned -- and that's putting it mildly -- with Bert Lloyd's views on the paper; and I'm writing, offering to pen a formal letter saying that I am aware Lloyd is a Communist, that he has never made any secret of that fact, and that I accept full responsibility for continuing to employ him and for ensuring that his views will not colour any articles of his we print, nor influence the paper's attitude in general. Whew, that's a mouthful. I hope it sails.

Mrs. Hopkinson: What brought all this on?

Mr. Hopkinson: Well, I suppose it's the Cold War. Teddy Castle warned me a while back that Hulton would be flexing his muscle eventually with me. Maybe this is the start of bad things to come.

Mrs. Hopkinson: At least it sounds like you're taking a step in the right direction, Dear.

Mr. Hopkinson: Let's hope so. I worry about this sort of thing
affecting the staff and the paper -- not Bert's views, but Hulton's.

Mrs. Hopkinson: I know how you feel, Tom; but don't forget who runs the show. Edward Hulton is a big man to some, and we are little people in his scheme of things.

Mr. Hopkinson: That may be so, but I expect to become a bigger player on behalf of my staff in the months and years ahead.

Mrs. Hopkinson: Let's hope you can always do what's right, Dear, that's the main thing.

Sir Edward Hulton (in forum): I remember, we once produced a picture of one of those attractive towns in Italy, saying: 'This is a pretty town, but think of the poverty of the people behind it.' Some of us on the board said: 'Look, this is a little too much. We have a social message, but this is a picture of a pretty Italian town, and to keep harping on how poor the people were at the back of the market-place, this is not going to sell the paper, and it is really becoming rather absurd.' So it was in that way that we started to diverge.

(The sound of big guns firing is heard next, and troops overrunning a position, with bayonets drawn and overrun soldiers crying for God's help in Korean. Silence.)

Rene Cutforth (in forum): In 1950, war broke out between North and South Korea, the first war in which United Nations forces were ever involved.

(Next, the sounds of big guns firing, landing craft hitting along a sea-wall, and troops shouting, "Down, stay down!" Bert Hardy and James Cameron are there.)

Hardy: Jimmy, Christ Jesus, we've got to keep down, but I've got to get pictures, too, otherwise this whole damned excursion of ours will be a bust. What to do?

Cameron: I tell you this, Bertie My Friend, I'm not about to get my head shot off here. I want to live a while yet; what do you think you should do? Are you or are you not going to be the first man over the sea-wall at Inchon?

Hardy: I'm going over. I don't have any choice; the light is fading and I've my pictures to take. After all, that's what the sons-of-bitch pay me for. (The sound of a tin helmet going on Hardy's head.) There -- haven't worn won of these ever, including during the Big One. Maybe it'll bring me some luck. Wish us happy returns?!

Cameron: Yes, many happy returns, break a leg, glad tidings, all that rot. Just be careful, you damned fool!

Hardy: Yeh, I'll have to be.

(More gun-fire and rocket bursts. Hardy can then be heard, blaspheming at the top of his lungs. More soldiers arrive and follow him over the sea-wall. Then, silence.)

Cutforth (in forum): In issue after issue of Picture Post, and in dispatch after dispatch, he and James Cameron brought the terrible scenes home. And then there came a moment which was to shake Picture Post to its very foundations.

(The sounds of roped, bare-footed men walking on dirt, and R.O.K. soldiers shouting at them. An officer gives orders in English,
with a strong Korean accent.)

R.O.K. Officer: All right, you men, divide up and shoot these miserable sons-of-bitches, with my order. (Shouts come up form the soon-to-be-executed men: "Don't, please don't!")

Soldier #1: I will not kill these men, Sir, whether or not you give the order.

R.O.K. Officer: Then, we will have to shoot you. Private Kim, shoot this man!

Pvt. Kim: Yes, Sir!

Soldier #1: Scoundrels! God will make you pay for this.

R.O.K. Officer: God will do very well to keep quiet for a minute. Go ahead, Private, kill him!

(The sound of a gun being unholstered. Then, one crisp, clear shot is heard.)

R.O.K. Officer: Now, the rest of you men, divide up and do your work. (They hesitate.) I'm telling you: OBEY MY ORDERS!!! (The sound of movement among the troops. This time there are no shouts from the prisoners.) Ready, aim, fire! (The report of gunfire is everywhere. Then, absolute silence.)

Hopkinson (in forum): The final story which Cameron and Hardy sent back showed the ill-treatment of prisoners from North Korea by the South Koreans and their American allies.

Hopkinson (in 1950): This is a provocative story, Ted, but I have to use it. It's the only choice I have; the news-element is just too big to let go of it.

Castle: Just be prepared for hell to break loose with Hulton. He won't sit still for this one. You'd best get ready for the proverbial excrement to hit the fan.

Hopkinson: You're right, I know. But greater things have to be accomplished here than keeping our publisher happy; we need to get our Allies thinking about that damned war!

Castle: It is a damned war, no doubt; but Hulton thinks the Communists will break our necks if they get the chance, and he's probably right about that.

Hopkinson: Well, we'll rev the engines up and see if the printers can handle this story, after I have Cameron edit his piece. He and Hardy should be back home soon. They'll stop off in India briefly, but then they'll be here in London, for a time at least.

Castle: Let's hope Cameron brings some "soothing" sidebars to go along with his other work. It couldn't hurt at this stage.

Hopkinson: You're right there, Ted, very right I suspect.

Cameron (in forum): They looked rather like what I had seen some years before, in Belsen. They were emaciated, they were brow-beaten, they were terrified, they were brutally used, and, of course, they were there for the simple reason that Syngman Rhee's government argued that they might be political opponents. They were not prisoners of war, they had been prisoners long before the war began. Some of them were the merest children. This was a straightforward case of political tyranny. This was all done under the United Nations flag, and literally so -- the United Nations flag flew over these camps. This was a shocking state of affairs.
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(The sounds of water, falling from a fountain, can be heard. Hardy and Cameron are visiting with Pandit Nehru and his daughter and grandson. Three generations of Indian Presidential leadership are there. Hardy commences taking pictures.)

**Hardy:** That's good, Mr. President -- the three of you together is perfect. Yes, there, and there, and one more, there.

**Cameron:** Excellent, three generations of Indian leadership, that's my prediction!

**Nehru:** Yes, that's what we say, too. Did you get all the pictures you will need, Mr. Hardy?

**Hardy:** I think I did, Mr. President. Thank you for being such a good sport! I'll wager this report goes over just as well as Sidney Jacobson's and my cover story of you did in 1947.

**Nehru:** Yes, I still love your cover photo, and the picture-essay that went with it.

**Rajiv Ghandi:** Grandfather, do you think I could go in now. I'm getting very, very hungry.

**Nehru:** Of course, Rajiv. You go in and have the servants get you something. Now, scat!

**Indira Ghandi:** Yes, get moving, Rajiv; and don't eat only sweets. I want you to grow up straight and strong, not fat and lazy.

**Rajiv:** Yes, mama. I will grow up straight and strong, just for you and Grandfather.

**Cameron:** He's a good boy, your grandson.

**Nehru:** Yes, I know he's a good boy; but he still loves to have his grandfather spoil him. (Laughter, then silence.)

**Hardy (in forum):** They were all tied together, and they were all crouched on the ground, and the heat was out of this world, and, every now and again, one would scoop some water from the ground to try and quench their thirst, and would be immediately banged on the head with a rifle butt for even moving. When Jimmy and I saw this, we thought: 'God, somebody's got to do something.' We then went to the Red Cross, who said: 'It's none of our business. It's the United Nations' business.' So we went to the United Nations. They said: 'Nothing to do with us. It's the Red Cross.'

(The offices of Picture Post. Castle and Hopkinson are talking.)

**Castle:** I still say, just forget the story for now. And if you do run it, have Cameron rewrite it completely. We can work with Hardy's pictures, too. Then Hulton will appreciate our gesture.

**Hopkinson:** I've thought of that already, Ted, but how could we redo this story so Hulton would like it? I don't think there is a way to tell what happened and to appease Hulton, not at the same time. It's a lose-lose proposition.

**Castle:** I suppose you're right, Tom. But I keep thinking that Hulton has been waiting for a chance like this for a long time. Just think of his memos to you; they're full of venom, and you haven't even had a story that he could jump on recently. This story is very "jumpable", to say the least.

**Hopkinson:** You're right, as always, Ted. I wish this whole thing would go away sometimes. And yet, I've been looking for a story like this all the while. Here's our chance to make a difference,
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and we won't go down without a fight.

Castle: Then if you must fight, give it all the thought you can, because the next few weeks won't be easy. You can bet on that.

Hopkinson (in forum): I could see when I looked at it that, in the climate of that time, the story was dynamite. It was a criticism of what was felt to be 'our side', for ill-treatment of prisoners. I therefore waited until Cameron got back, and questioned him, but there was no doubt that the story was 100 per cent genuine, and that this was no isolated case.

(The offices of Picture Post again. Cameron is there and Hopkinson is going over the atrocities tale with him.)

Hopkinson: Jimmy, we've got good pix from Bert and this story now has to ring true like they do -- without seeming prejudiced.

Cameron: So, does this section seem okay to you? (Reading:) "Yet barbaric scenes like these were permitted to take place, cynically, in the most public place possible, under the blue-and-olive banner of the United Nations, with all our supervisors claiming they are unable (because they haven't tried) to stop the excesses of a domestic Government that is about as democratic and high-principled as Caligula's Rome..."

Hopkinson: Yes, that's excellent, hard-hitting but excellent. I don't think you have to cut a word from that section. It strikes to the quick, but the quick needs striking.

Cameron: Well, I knew it was good; I just didn't know how good.

Hopkinson: One thing, though: The next time you run into a story like this, be sure to come back with pictures of the victims after they have been done away with. We could use proof that they were actually killed.

Cameron: I know, but we had no choice. We either tried to do something to save those miserable wretches, or they died. We hoped to stop their deaths by going to the authorities, and in the end, it probably didn't help them one bit. Maybe this way we can at least stop the insanity of this war, before any more is committed in the name of "democracy".

Castle (in forum): We didn't rush it into print. It was a scoop, and a temptation which I am sure would not have been resisted in the rest of Fleet Street. We wanted to be fair, and to be fair in our treatment of all the pictures we had, and the description of what was happening.

(The offices of the same Russian newspaper, two weeks later. A woman reporter is with the lead reporter now.)

Lead Reporter: I tried to warn Sergye. I knew he was playing with fire. I wish he would have listened.

Woman Reporter: You know Sergye -- strike while the iron is hot. Well, he "struck", and the Government struck back.

Lead Reporter: Yes, if he only would have suspected that they had his girlfriend's apartment bugged, he might be alive with us today.

Woman Reporter: What is it about men? Don't they get it? Most women are poison, especially in Russia.

Lead Reporter: You've got that right, Natasha, yes you do!
Cameron (in forum): I drained it, as far as I could, of any kind of emotion at all. Over and over again, we wrote this thing. Tom Hopkinson and I, between us, I wrote it and he vetted it, until it became austere, almost to the point of aridity. That, of course, was a calculated effect. I did not want anybody to say: 'There's this emotional devil, Cameron. He's always going out and beating his breast about some bloody thing or other.' I wanted to make it clear that this was not a gut-reaction on the spot; that this was a long-considered thing. I never worked so hard to write so badly.
(Cameron is sitting alone, drinking in his study now. He has drained everything from his story, except the truth, as he sees it.)

Cameron: God Almighty, why did you have me do this story? Why? (Slurring his speech) I'm not exactly a God-loving man most of the time, but I could be if you gave me another story to do now -- one of equal worth, but with none of the controversy. (He throws his glass.) Christ, what crap! (Pausing, then slowly) No, no, the only way for a good journalist to earn his keep in this world is to bring injustice to an end. If he or she doesn't do that, then he or she is not worth their salt. Shit, I wish I had another drink. Now, I'll have to get up and pour myself another one. What a damned balmy life this is....

Michael Middleton (in forum): I was in Hopkinson's room when the telephone went, and, after he had listened for a moment or two, I heard him say: 'I am prepared to discuss it, but I won't accept that as an instruction.'

Hopkinson (in forum): It had been Edward Hulton on the phone, and he told me that the article on the Korean War had to be taken out of the paper.

Hulton (in forum): I said: 'This is really outrageous.' He was suggesting that atrocities were being committed by our side, and they were not really being committed by the North Koreans. I felt extremely strongly about this, and I said: 'I cannot have this article.' Then Hopkinson said: 'I cannot accept that from you.' So I said: 'Well, that's absurd, because, after all, I am the proprietor, a controlling shareholder and the editor-in-chief.' I hold the view -- which is not, I suppose, held by every editor -- that, if a capitalist puts money into a newspaper, buys a newspaper or starts a newspaper, as we did, not only has he the right, I think he has the moral duty to oversee the social and political line it takes. I think he has the duty to do so, or he should sell it. This is my view -- a rather old-fashioned view, but it is my view.
(Printing presses are running in the background. A meeting of Picture Post staffers is being held over the noise.)

Hardy: ... But I say that these kids and old gents were being taken out and shot. We may not have perfect proof, but, My God, look at their faces in these pictures. They weren't going to a country fair, were they?

Hopkinson: I agree, Bert, but back to the text. Let's see how
this part reads again: "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." Yes, that is good, and not too biased. I hope that Hulton reads this, when he has a stomach for it. (A door opens; presses stop.)

**Castle:** Tom, Hulton wants you to resign, I know, and now the dirty bloke has gone farther than even I suspected he would. He's putting out a story that you have resigned.

**Hopkinson:** What?! How could he?!

**Castle:** Here's his statement, it's going into tomorrow's Daily Mirror. This is incredible!

**Hopkinson:** I suppose I'll have to have it out with him now.

**Castle:** Maybe not. I've got an idea....

**Hopkinson (in forum):** Meetings went on throughout the week. Various attempts were made to persuade me to resign. I was shown a statement to be put out by the general manager, saying that I had resigned, following a dispute about the Korean War. I said that I was not resigning at all, and that, if they wanted to get rid of me, they would have to sack me.

(Printing presses are running again.)

**Hopkinson:** Let me read this one more time, Ted, then...

**Castle:** It looks like he's here to read it with you, now.

**Hulton:** Okay, Tom, this is it. I'm stopping the presses. I read Cameron's latest "rewrite", and it's disgusting. Sammy, come over here! (A man runs in.)

**Sammy:** Yes, Mr. Hulton?

**Hulton:** Sammy, I want the presses stopped.

**Hopkinson:** But, Mr. Hulton....

**Hulton:** No "buts", Tom; you can no longer think about handing in your resignation. You're fired! Is that clear?!

**Hopkinson:** I guess it is, Sir.

**Hulton:** Sammy, do as I said. (A switch is thrown, and the presses stop.)

**John Pearce (in forum):** There was, in fact, only one practical solution. We couldn't sack the chief proprietor. We could sack Tom Hopkinson.

**Cutforth (in forum):** And sacked he was. A few of the staff resigned in protest, but most were persuaded, by Hopkinson, to stay on.

(The offices of Picture Post. The staff is gathered round.)

**Hopkinson:** And so, Lloyd and Birch have left, and others of you may go. But I want to say this: This is still the best paper going in Britain, perhaps the best paper anywhere, and you will be ill-advised to leave it. I know many of you have families to support. Bert, Jimmy, Bob, Anne, most of you, in fact, have families to make expenses for; so all I can say to each of you is to stay on here. The same goes for the rest of you, too. The Hulton Press is still a great press, and you will continue to make it so -- at least for the foreseeable future.

**Fyfe Robertson (in forum):** I've always understood Hulton and his wife owned about three-quarters of the equity in Hulton Press. Therefore, in the strict sense of ownership, I hold that
he was entitled to withhold a story, if he thought that it was biased in a way that would affect public attitudes, and I think he can make out a case for saying that that was so. But, in killing that Korean story, he killed something much more important. He killed a myth which had come to be taken at fact; because, until Sir Edward Hulton changed his political views, the myth had never been questioned: namely, that Picture Post's editor and his staff were, editorially, completely free. 

Cutforth (in forum): There is a widespread belief, among all the millions of people who used to read it, that television killed Picture Post. Not true, says Stefan Lorant. 

Lorant (in forum): Television did not kill Picture Post in England, television did not kill Stern in Germany, television did not kill Paris Match in France, television did not kill Italian magazines. Television was in all these countries, so why should it have killed in England? This is an excuse. 

Cutforth (in forum): The magazine was to go on for another seven years after the Korean episode, and there did come a time, towards the end, when advertising was diverted from some magazines into commercial television. 

Hulton (in forum): It has been suggested that Picture Post could, if Hopkinson had been there, or some very competent editor had been there, have gone on. I do not think so, because, owing to the attitude of the advertising agents, they took the view that the thing for the future was television. They had invested labour, mental activity and money in dealing with television, and they told me that they would devote all their advertising either to television or to the national and Sunday press. I am practically certain that, no matter what editor you had, it would have been almost impossible to have continued. (Stefan Lorant is standing in front of his property, just getting in his mail.) 

Postman: I hope it's good news, Mr. Lorant, it's all the way form England. 

Lorant: It's from Edward Hulton. It seems he wants me to edit Picture Post again. My goodness, what with the latest royalty check from my Lincoln-book-publisher and Mr. Hulton's letter, this has been an excellent day for "the post". I doubt I'm going back to England anytime soon, but it's nice to have an offer anyway -- know what I mean? 

Postman: Yes, indeed I do, Mr. Lorant. Yes, I do. 

Cutforth (in forum): There were vestiges of the old approach, but, despite the fact that it still had good photographers and writers, the circulation went on going down, as it had begun to do after Hopkinson left. At one point, Lionel Birch, who had resigned over the Korean episode, went back to the paper. 

Birch (in forum): As for editorial policy in the television years, I suppose the polite word for it would be 'pragmatic'. The paper was blown about here and there, in a desperate, circulation-building search for the next expedient. Certainly, there was a feeling that the editorial policy was influenced, in varying degrees, by things like circulation reps' reports,
advertising agents' views, management's hunches. So it was not really surprising that a lot of readers began to feel that this was not the same magazine as the Picture Post to which they had warmed in the 1940s.

(The Picture Post darkrooms again. This time, Gerry Grove, a lab technician who would someday become Bert Hardy's business partner, is just showing Hardy one of the photographer's pictures.)

Grove: You see, Bert, we really did a good job with your join-up. The Queen looks radiant on that opera staircase, and so do the French. You really outdid yourself shooting 15-plus stills for one composition likes this. Still, you could stand to carry around a wide-angle lens once in a while. (Laughter.)

Hardy: Gerry, I appreciate that many people wonder why I don't take pictures with wide-angle lenses, but your darkroom work is super, and this time you really outdid yourself. Thanks, Matey.

Gerry: We do what we can. You know that. (Laughter again.) Now, let me get back to my other work. You can take this up to the editor, I guess. He should be happy to see it.

Hardy: That he will. Yes, I think he will...

Hopkinson (in forum): Who really killed Cock Robin? In the last seven years of the paper's life, there was at least one editor per year. Several of them were very able journalists, but, at that rate of change, not one had a chance to settle down and follow a consistent policy. I think the truth is that a magazine has a special character of its own, and it has to keep to that character. It is for that particular character that the readers buy it, and it is this character which keeps the staff enthusiastic and united. In its last years, Picture Post became not one magazine, but many different magazines. Some issues looked like copies of the New Statesman, and some looked like popular Sunday newspapers. So I do not think, myself, that television is to be blamed for killing Picture Post. I think Picture Post just lost its sense of direction and wandered off into the fog.

(Music from the '50s plays. Then, an announcer comes on.)

BBC Announcer: That was "The Life and Death of Picture Post", a BBC Radio Presentation. Now, for an interview with Winston Churchill, we go to Tim Woodlawn.

(Sheila Hardy turns the radio off, and once again, the couple are engaged in conversation.)

Bert: That was spell-binding, don't you think, Sheila?

Sheila: Yes, it was quite good, although a little incredible in the interstices.

Bert: Maybe, it was. Maybe, but I did like the way Cutforth got over his points in the mock forum meat of the show.

Sheila: Oh, didn't you like some of the action scenes? I thought your last one with Gerry was humorous, and your comments about the old Elephant and Castle were good, too.

Bert: What did you think about Jimmy's drunken outburst? A little bit too dramatic, wouldn't you say?
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Sheila: Yes, I'd say so. But then what do women know?
Bert: That would depend on the women!
Sheila: Oh, you're awfully sure of yourself today, Mr. Hardy. Better watch it, or I'll have your tongue.
Bert (muttering): Wouldn't be the first or the last time.
Sheila: What was that?
Bert: I said I've got to get ready to meet Freddy White. We're going to that talk I told you about at the club. Nuclear disarmament and such. (Their phone rings. Sheila answers it.)
Sheila: Hello. Oh, hello, Mr. Markham. Bert, it's our American friend, David Markham.
Bert (moving off): Oh, say hello to him for me.
Sheila: Yes, he says hello, too. We just finished listening to a BBC Radio Programme about Picture Post, so it's funny you should call now.... Yes, we're still as involved as ever in re-telling its story.... Well, I don't know about that; it seems to me that you do a good job of helping to re-tell its story, too. I liked your manuscript, after all.... Yes, I think we might have a potential publisher in mind, but you'll have to approach them with a letter or two first. Send it to Mr. Michael Pritchett, that's P-R-I-T-C-H-E-T-T, of Whale & Sons Limited. The address is: 45 Shakespeare Road, London W3 6SE.... Yes, of course we'll be references for you.... You're quite welcome.... What, yes we do have a copy of that picture that you can have.... I like it, too. Bert and Jimmy look good in it, and it was just before Inchon, so I can see why you're interested.... I'll send it right away.... Yes, the BBC programme was quite good; we especially enjoyed the Elephant and Castle and Paris Opera segments, but the entire presentation was good.... Yes, I'll see about getting a transcript for you.... You're welcome.... It was good talking with you, too. I'll fill Mr. Hardy in on all your activities these days. He's getting ready to go out now, so he won't be able to talk this time; but next time I'll make sure he does.... Yes, have a good day also. And thank you for calling. It was good hearing from you.... Best wishes to you and yours, Mr. Markham.... Good-bye, then.
Bert (he's back): What did Mr. Markham have to say? And I'll bet it's more about Picture Post.
Sheila: Yes, it was more about the paper, and your pictures. But we can talk about that later. Here, let me tie that for you.
Hardy: It really was nice hearing that programme, wasn't it, Luv? And then you get a call from Mr. Markham. It's almost, what's the word, "kismet"?
Sheila: Yes, that's the word. Now kiss me, you Friendly Old Man, you.
Bert: Yes, I still can do that satisfactorily. (They kiss.) You know, I'll bet I don't have to be over to Freddy's until 6:30. What do you say we....?
Sheila: You go straight to, Mr. Hardy, or I'll, I'll....
Bert: Enough said. I'm off. And please be good while I'm gone.
Sheila: I'm always good when you are gone.... (End Radio-Play)