

others in his position had gathered strength from those same eyes. Claude needed no bracing. He had chosen his path three years ago, and he would stick to it. He turned toward his lawyer and glanced at the back of the court room. A wave of blue eyes seemed to roll toward him. He was mildly shocked by the strange sensation and looked away. The eyes weren't filled with sympathy, he knew. They were almost icy and glazed with a sparkle from deep inside the witnesses, generated partly by pride and also by the strange religion which held their faith. Again Claude felt that he was on the outside looking in. He wondered if there were any others behind him whose eyes were brown instead of blue.

Marge's eyes were blue. Last night when they had been planning the way in which they would spend the next few years away from each other, Claude had wondered what she would say if he suggested entering the service. The desire to find out had lasted only a second and he was glad he had said nothing. He knew what Marge and the others believed. It was his creed, too.

The chamber door opened and the court room became very still as the jury

filed in. The judge asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor," the speaker replied.

The judge faced Claude. "You will rise and be sentenced," he said.

Claude stood between his lawyer and the prosecutor as the judge said, "You're a young man, Claude. You're an American. You believe in the democratic way of life. Other young Americans are fighting for their beliefs on battlefronts all over the world. I'm going to give you another chance to fight, too — not at the front, but behind the lines. You may have until 3 o'clock this afternoon to make up your mind. Then, if you decide you still don't want to fight in the army of the United States, I'll read your sentence. Remember, you have five hours to think it over."

"Thank you, your honor," Claude said. Then he turned with his lawyer and walked to the door with sure, easy steps. The trial was over, and he was relieved. He didn't look at the witnesses waiting for another trial to begin. Five more hours... Marge met him at the door. He put his arm around her, and they walked down the hall outside the court room.

That "Exciting Newspaper Life"

JOAN WERNER

If you were to enter the City Room of a morning newspaper, such as the Indianapolis Star, at noon, it would be virtually deserted. That "exciting newspaper life" of which people often speak would seem definitely false. The shiny black and silver typewriters would have ceased their noisy

clatter. The sleek black teletype machines, with their yellow paper tongues curling to the floor, would squat dormant and waiting.

About 1:30 in the afternoon a glimmer of life is injected into the long room known as the City Room. The arrival of the city

editor along with a handful of reporters marks the beginning of the working day for the morning newspaper.

After the city editor has taken his place at the large double desk, the business of the day begins. The reporters with regular "beats," such as the City Hall or Federal Building, get a few tips on what is expected to come up during the day. The others, who go by assignments, merely wait for the city editor to make out the assignment sheet. One reporter grimaces as she sees her name opposite "Casualties." Her job entails checking the casualty lists by the War Department against the lists already run in the paper; and, from that, writing the story for the next day. Another picks up a stack of copy paper and several pencils as he proceeds to his post at the police station.

Beyond the copy desk at the far end of the room, the telegraph editor shouts "Hi!" to everyone as he flicks on the light and hangs up his coat. In a few moments the steady tap-tap of the United Press teletype machines in the Western Union room is heard as the latest news from the war fronts is carried over the wire.

Countless stories come in during the course of the afternoon — by mail, by wire, by phone. During the afternoon a reporter or rewrite man may be asked everything from, "What's happened to Pegler's column?" to "Has England declared war on Japan yet?" and "Where is Dumbarton Oaks?"

The phones ring intermittently with such statements as, "I'd like to get my son's picture in the paper. He's overseas. How do I go about that?" and "You used my son's picture with a write-up last week, and I've never got it back yet. It's the only one I have, and I don't want to lose it."

Or the reporter may get an excited

woman who trills, "I just saw a robin! Oh, I'm so happy! I'm sure the end of this awful war can't be far away. Why, honey, he sat up on that branch, and just *trill-l-l-l!* It did my heart good just to hear him. I know that if he could sing like that the end just couldn't be far off. I'm sure it will all be over in the next two weeks! I just *had* to call and tell you!"

And then there are the people, full of self-importance, who come in with their autobiographies and can't seem to understand why the paper won't print them.

Between these phone calls and personal interviews, the reporter writes up odds and ends — "little stuff." This includes meeting notices, church and school items, and stories for the soldier page.

"Let's make it short," the city editor says as he doles out the stories. "Only got five columns tonight."

About this time an irate member of the "Ladies of the May," or some such organization, calls in to give the unfortunate one who answers the phone a dissertation on how awful she thinks it is that you can't *ever* print anything the way she sends it in! It does no good to explain that all stories are re-written to meet certain standards agreed upon by the "higher ups" of the paper; and that you can't print a list of twenty-five or thirty names because there is a paper shortage now, and you don't have the space.

A little before five the reporters start coming back from their "beats" and assignments. Between five and six the tempo of the day is heightened to its peak. All the teletype machines are running now — occasionally the voices of the Associated Press men can be heard shouting over the tumult of the ten machines in their tiny office. The high whine of the wirephoto machine is discernible above the roar. Men from the various mortuaries come in

with "obits" and pictures. The managing editor stands in the hall in discussion with two reporters and the harried city editor. Copy boys saunter down the hall with pictures being sent to the Engraving Room, quickening their slow gait when they see the managing and city editors.

At six the copyreaders are all assembled around their large horseshoe-shaped desk. The reporters on the city side leave for dinner or home, and by quarter past six all is comparatively quiet again, save for the steady hum of the machines across the hall.

During the evening there are few calls save mortuaries reporting death notices and obituaries. Occasionally, however, a reporter gets an indignant publicity seeker who bears a tale of "shameful injustice."

"I would like a piece put in the paper about my returning from the hospital. I was in a *terrible* automobile accident two months ago, and I'm just now coming home."

"Well, I'm sorry, but we don't usually put that sort of thing in the paper."

"Well, I've seen it about other people!"

"I believe you're mistaken. We don't run such information; it might have been one of the other papers. We do, of course, report the accidents, but as far as running an item saying that you have returned from the hospital, I'm afraid we wouldn't be able to do that."

"Well, my husband brought in a story all typed out the day after my accident, and when it came out in the paper there wasn't hardly *anything* left of it, and they didn't even mention my *name*!"

"Well, if that was the case, you should have notified us at the time. It's too late now to reprint it. It's lost all its news value."

"I think it's a shame the way you hush up some of these accidents just because those responsible are prominent citizens!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not the one who has the final say as to what will or will not go in the paper."

"And who is that person?"

"Oh-h-h . . . the city editor, for one."

"What is his name?"

"Robert Early."

"Thank you. I'll contact him through my attorney!"

The remainder of the evening is fairly quiet, unless the police reporter calls in to report a fire or holdup. Even though this may be the case, the City Room never resembles that of the silver screen, where a city editor, suffering from high blood pressure, bellows orders to reporters with hats perched precariously on the backs of their heads.

By 10:15, and the arrival of the first editions, only the city editor, his assistant, and a handful of reporters are left to see the effect of their labors in print.