

Mr. W. C. Simons, Publisher,
Lawrence Journal-World,
Lawrence, Kansas.

New York, N. Y.,
Dec. 20, 1941.

Dear Mr. Simons:

I noted with considerable interest the passing of your fiftieth milestone as a publisher, recorded in the last issue of Editor and Publisher. Please accept my most sincere congratulations on having successfully weathered the turbulent storms of the journalistic world for the past half century period--a world turned especially topsy-turvy for the past score of years.

It is hardly likely you have even a remote recollection of me, though I served as your composing room foreman from August to October in the year of Our Lord 1909--ten hours a day, \$16 per week and plenty of overtime at straight pay, with no regrets on my part.

Those were the days when Roy Roberts quite helpfully assisted in making up the paper (I had a premonition at the time that Roy would make his mark in the newspaper world); when the old Negro pressman made your rollers for you; when Harry Kemp loafed in the office at night (he was the first person I ever knew who went without a hat and sometime I'll look him up in Greenwich Village to find out if the habit still prevails); when the thermometer registered 106 in Lawrence on the September day the flash came that Peary had discovered the North Pole. The name of Grace Farris, listed as your circulation manager, strikes a familiar chord in my memory, though I do not recall the name of the linotype operator who resigned while I was there to take a job at K. U. or the name of the youngster who succeeded him. (I was a matured printer of 20 at the time.)

The year 1910 found me in Louisville, Ky., where for twenty-six years I went up and down with the fortunes of The Herald and The Herald-Post, until their final merciful demise in 1936. By the grace of God I ~~found~~ had the good fortune to cast my lot with The New York Times in December of that year and have spent the most satisfactory years of my life of printing in The Times composing room.

Strange as it may seem, though still only a printer, a flow of crusader blood in my veins has impelled me to evolve a plan by which newspaper competition can be successfully restored to hundreds of American cities. (Did you know that 676 of our cities with populations of more than ten thousand are without competitive newspapers--that more than thirty millions of Americans are without a single dissident journalistic voice? Glorious freedom of the press.) The plan has received the approval of several highly competent newspaper men and it is quite possible you will hear of me again in a role other than ^{that of} a printer.

^{that} Again I extend my most sincere congratulations, along with the wish many more years of honorable, successful journalism remain for you. I am

Very truly yours,

Willard G. McCormick
Willard G. McCormick,
New York Times Composing Room.