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STUDENT WRITING PORTFOLIO

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LEVEL C

File Box Source Texts

Level C

Blackline Masters

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Although a reading grade level range is provided for each of the sources provided, these ratings do not always portray an accurate assessment of a student's reading ability. Reading comprehension levels are derived from a formula that weighs vocabulary, sentence structure, word repetition, and sentence length. True reading comprehension depends as much on a student's experience, prior knowledge, and interest in the subject as it does on vocabulary and sentence structure. With direct instruction, these texts can be suitable for use at many grade levels.

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Introducing Cephalopods

Cephalopods are a group of mollusk that includes the squid, octopus, nautilus, and cuttlefish. Their members live in all the world's oceans. Their three hearts pump blue blood, and they move by jet propulsion. The name "cephalopod" means "head foot" because the foot is near the head. The foot of the octopus and squid has developed into a funnel. To get around, the animals use this funnel to direct water out of their body. Using jet propulsion, the cephalopods can get around quickly. The rest of their body is equally strange—in many of them the digestive tract passes right through the brain! Cephalopods are full of surprises.

Cephalopod Abilities

Cephalopods have incredible abilities. They can change color faster than a chameleon, and they can change their texture and body shape. Although cephalopods are predators, they must keep from being eaten themselves. They have many ways of protecting themselves from becoming a meal. Special pigment cells called chromatophores allow them to change color. They can use these to match their surroundings. They can also make a “smoke screen” out of ink, allowing for a fast escape. Because cephalopods do not have a skeleton, they can even change shape to look like a flounder, sea snake, jelly fish, or giant crab. Cephalopods can do amazing things.

More Than Eight Legs

Among the more unusual sea creatures are the cephalopods, which include the squid, octopus, nautilus, and cuttlefish. Octopi have eight tentacles, squid and cuttlefish have ten, and the nautilus has eighty to ninety tentacles. The name “cephalopod” means “head foot” because the muscular foot is near the head. The foot of octopi and squids has developed into a funnel. To get around, the animals use this funnel to direct water quickly out of their mantle (body), thus allowing for jet propulsion. They also have many ways of protecting themselves from becoming a meal. Special pigment cells called chromatophores allow them to change color. They can use these to match their surroundings. They can also make a “smoke screen” out of ink, allowing for a fast escape. A mimic octopus can even change shape to look like a flounder, sea snake, jelly fish, or giant crab. Thus, there is more to an octopus than just eight legs!

Color for Life

Cephalopod skin can be very colorful. Layers of color-producing cells work together to give different patterns. The color cells, called chromatophores, are found directly under the skin's surface. Each cell is made of a small sac containing color. When the muscles around the sac contract, they expand the sac and expose more of the color inside, much like opening a purse for all to see within. When the muscles relax, the sac closes, diminishing the color. Chromatophores allow the animals to produce highly contrasting patterns, like zebra stripes. They can also change the animal's color almost immediately. This can aid greatly in camouflage. These color cells provide cephalopods with both beauty and protection.

The Donkey and His Driver

A Donkey was being driven along a road that led down a mountainside. Seeing his stall at the foot of the mountain, he decided to take a shortcut home. It seemed to him that the quickest way down was over the edge of the nearest cliff. Just as he was about to leap over, his master caught him by the tail and tried to pull him back. The stubborn donkey would not give up and continued to pull with all his might. “Very well,” said his Master, “go your own way, you silly beast, and see where it leads you.” With that he let go, and the foolish donkey fell head over heels down the mountainside.

Alice Sees the White Rabbit

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her saying to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" Then the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on. Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it. Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

(adapted from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll)

Dorothy and the Cyclone

The north and south winds met where the house stood and raised it up higher and higher until it was at the very top of the cyclone. Toto did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly. Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen. Once Toto got too near the open trap door and fell in. At first the little girl thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through the hole. The strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged him into the room again. Afterward she closed the trap door so that no more accidents could happen.

(adapted from *The Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum)

The Gordian Knot

After conquering Asia Minor, Alexander headed toward Persia. Stopping at Gordium, Alexander saw a huge knot which tied an oxcart to a pole in the center of town. A town hero of old had created the knot, and legend had it that whoever could untie the knot would be the next king of Asia. Alexander determined to solve the Gordian knot. Soon he had the answer. Drawing his sword, Alexander cut the knot in two thus solving the puzzle. Legend or not, Alexander did go on to conquer Persia and became Alexander the Great.

Carthage

Dido was a clever and beautiful Phoenician princess. After fleeing Tyre, she arrived in North Africa determined to start a trading city. Finding desirable land near the sea, Dido asked the owner if he would sell her as much land as she could cover with the skin of a bull. Thinking it would only be enough land to stand upon, the owner quickly agreed. But Dido was as smart as she was beautiful. With a sharp knife, Dido took a bull hide and cut it into very thin strips. She then laid the strips end to end enveloping a huge circle of land with the single hide. The landowner reluctantly sold her the land. Dido built a tower named "Bull's Hide" and founded a city named Carthage, which eventually became a famous trading city.

False Teeth

People have been suffering from rotten teeth for thousands of years. Since rotten teeth were usually pulled out, people needed replacements. The first replacements we know of are dated from around 700 B.C. They were invented by the Etruscans, a culture that flourished in southern Italy before it was conquered by the Romans. These false teeth were carved from ivory or bone or were made from human teeth. Ivory teeth could be used, but they were more expensive. They often rotted and turned green, and they tasted horrible. Fortunately, human teeth were always in plentiful supply, especially after a war. People with rotten teeth hoped for something better but had to wait about 2500 years.

Doctors

In Europe during the nineteenth century, doctors were split into two distinct classes. The learned physician was a dignified man who carried a gold-headed cane and commonly wore a powdered wig, a coat of red satin, and buckled shoes. This "Doctor of Physick" knew Latin and Greek, as he had been to the university and had acquired many technical terms. His learning was more talk than practice, for what was taught in the universities was mostly grand theories about how the body was supposed to operate. They did not spend much time on the details of human anatomy, and the dissection of bodies was considered improper. Despite all his learning, the physician was squeamish about the human body. Refusing to dirty his hands, he would not touch wounds or perform operations. These tasks were left for the more lowly class: the barber-surgeons. These craftsmen did not know learned languages or read books, but they knew how to carve and cut and sew up the human body. Since the surgeons practiced more hands-on training, their experience produced better treatments for wounds and injuries. Unfortunately, the learned physicians refused to listen to the lowly barber-surgeons. It would be many years before these classes merged into one.

(information from *Exploring the History of Medicine* by John Hudson Tiner)

Anesthetics

Chemists discovered that nitrous oxide and ether could deaden pain. Dr. William Morton was the first one to use ether on a patient to deaden pain when he pulled a tooth. He sealed a glass jar containing several ether-soaked sponges and capped it with an air valve and hose leading to a mouthpiece. His patients were grateful to be unconscious for their procedures. Unfortunately, ether had a bad smell and irritated the lungs. Soon chloroform was discovered. James Young Simpson, a Scottish doctor, pioneered the use of chloroform as an anesthetic that was particularly useful during childbirth. Its use for this purpose became more common after Queen Victoria used it during the birth of her seventh child, Leopold.

(information from *Exploring The History of Medicine* by John Hudson Tiner)

Blood Transfusions

If people lose too much blood due to injury or surgery, they will die. Doctors did not think about replacing blood until the seventeenth century. In 1665 Dr. Richard Lower performed successful dog-to-dog transfusions. However, many human-to-human transfusions often resulted in death. This puzzled doctors until 1901, when Dr. Karl Landsteiner discovered that there were different types of blood. We now know there are four main types of blood: A, B, O, and AB. Some blood types are compatible; some are not. When people receive blood from an incompatible donor, they die. Once blood types were discovered, physicians could successfully replace lost blood. Countless lives have been saved as a result.

(information from *Exploring The History of Medicine* by John Hudson Tiner)

Antiseptic

In the past, patients undergoing surgery not only had to endure pain, but half of them died for unknown reasons. Doctors did not worry about bacteria in those days. However, a British surgeon, Joseph Lister, decided to find a way to kill the bacteria on both medical instruments and personnel. Discovering that carbolic acid was very effective in preventing infection, Lister insisted on a rigorous antiseptic routine at his hospital. Instruments, dressings, and wounds were all thoroughly cleaned. Realizing that bacteria could be carried by doctors and nurses, he insisted that medical staff regularly clean their hands with disinfectant. In time his ideas became widely accepted, making surgery and hospitals much safer.

(information from *Exploring The History of Medicine* by John Hudson Tiner)

Standard Time

In the days before the railroad, time depended upon where you stood. Each town set its clock according to the position of the sun in the sky. Since stagecoach schedules did not follow a timetable, this system worked fine. Railroads prided themselves on maintaining a to-the-minute timetable. However, since noon in New York was really 12:12 in Boston and 12:16 in Portland, Maine, conductors spent considerable time constantly adjusting their watches. Although the time issue in the cities was manageable, for speeding express trains a few-minutes' mistake could make the difference between a clear track and a fatal collision. William Frederick Allen, a former engineer on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, determined to make time reform a reality. Dividing the country into four time zones, Allen aimed to provide a railroad timetable that everybody could understand and rely on. Railroad travel would be safer and speedier. Allen's plan for Railroad Standard Time was finally adopted by the railroads to go into effect at noon, November 18, 1883. By 1918 Congress finally gave the Interstate Commerce Commission the legal power to mark off time belts following Allen's railroad time belts. Now our country was truly united in land and time.

(information from *The Landmark History of the American People from Plymouth to the Moon* by Daniel J. Boorstin)

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The Hare and the Tortoise
by Aesop

Not so long ago, a rather arrogant hare was ridiculing a simple tortoise for being so slow upon his feet. “Wait a bit,” suggested the tortoise. “I’ll run a race with you, and I wager that I’ll be victorious.” The hare was extremely amused at this idea, and met the challenge. It was also agreed upon that the fox should set a racecourse for them and act as the judge. When the anticipated time arrived, both started off together, but the hare soon outdistanced the tortoise and being overconfident, decided to lie down and catch a brief nap. Meanwhile the determined tortoise just kept plodding along, and in time he eventually crossed the finish line. At last the foolish hare awakened with a start and frantically dashed through the remainder of the racecourse, only to discover that the persevering tortoise had already won the race.

Moral: Slow and steady wins the race.

Father Damien and the Lepers

Young Father Damien de Veuster, a Belgian-born priest, had volunteered to become the pastor of the infamous leper colony on Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands. It was 1873 when he landed on its shore. By law he could never return to civilization. Being particularly well-suited for his grueling work among the lepers, Father Damien possessed a great deal of fortitude and dedication, had a flair for leadership, was physically very strong, and carried out his duties with a deep Christian faith.

He gazed around compassionately at the lepers who met him on the beach that first day. Some showed no evidence of the ravaging disease, but some were in a state of advanced leprosy. Their tragic plight was mirrored by their environment; what a dismal place they had been exiled to. The colony was on the coast of a peninsula, and towering, jagged cliffs cut them off from the rest of the island. White men had introduced leprosy to these Polynesian people. White men had abandoned them here. White men like Father Damien were the enemy.

Therefore, the uppermost question in Father Damien's mind was how he would help these people. They distrusted him. Somehow he had to gain the lepers' confidence and respect. This he began to do by attending to their immediate physical needs, which were painfully obvious. Receiving inadequate food supplies from the Hawaiian authorities, the malnourished residents also suffered from exposure to the elements because they had almost no clothing. Sick as they were, they were forced to haul their own water from a distant well, and their "hospital" for the dying was a shed.

Immediately and incessantly, Father Damien wrote urgent letters demanding larger shipments of food and clothing. Iron pipes arrived, with which he designed and put together a system that allowed the people easier access to fresh water. Then he convinced the government to grant monthly allowances to families and individuals. With the help of some of the men, Father Damien soon built two stores. Next they constructed a true hospital.

While laboring as architect, carpenter, or mason, Father Damien also attended to the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of Molokai. Once he had built two chapels, Father held church services that became the people's favorite events, because they were attracted to pageantry and music. In his wisdom, Father celebrated the various ceremonies with the utmost pomp and solemnity, for the lepers had no other wholesome forms of entertainment.

Above all, it was the way that Father Damien showed no fear or revulsion that won the lepers' respect and confidence in him. Acting as doctor, with healthier lepers performing nurses' duties, Father Damien personally washed and bandaged the sores and wounds of the lepers who came to the new hospital. He did this for fourteen years. And he deliberately ate from the same dishes as they. Father Damien even shared his own pipe when the lepers wished to smoke tobacco.

Finally the inevitable did occur. Father Damien contracted the dreaded disease. One day in a homily he informed his congregation of this, addressing them not as, “My brethren,” but as, “We lepers…” Oddly, the last few months on his deathbed were some of the happiest in his life, because other priests and volunteers had come to Molokai, as well as an order of courageous nuns. Father Damien was thus assured that his ministry would continue. When Father could no longer walk, “his people”—as he devotedly called the lepers—visited him. Every evening, they gathered outside his door and gently chanted his favorite songs. Reminiscing about the first day when he had landed on Molokai, Father Damien talked about the lepers whom he had first helped, saying, “They are all gone, and I shall be seeing them soon.”

The Wind and the Sun
by Aesop

The Wind and the Sun were debating which was the stronger. One afternoon they observed a sojourner upon the highway, and the Sun peaceably proposed, “I perceive a means of settling our debate. Whichever of us is able to cause the sojourner to remove his woolen cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin.” After the Sun retired behind the clouds, immediately the Wind blew a forceful gale around the unsuspecting sojourner. In response, however, the traveler drew his protective cloak about himself ever closer, until the exhausted Wind desisted. Coming forth, the Sun shone gently down upon the person, who removing his cloak, raised his face to the welcome, glad light.

Moral: Kindness affects more than severity.

The Twelve Dancing Princesses
Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen (1835)

There was once upon a time a king who had twelve daughters, each one more beautiful than the other. They slept in one royal bedchamber, in which their beds stood side by side, and every night when they were in them the king locked the door and bolted it. But in the morning when he unlocked the door, he saw that their shoes were worn out with dancing, and no one could find out how that had come to pass. Then the king caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever could discover where they danced at night, should choose one of the princesses for his wife and be king after his death, but that he must discover it within three days and nights' time. Many came and undertook the enterprise, but to no avail.

Now it happened that a poor soldier who had been wounded and dishonorably discharged, found himself on the road to the town where the king lived, and there he met an old woman. In answer to her query as to where he was bound, he replied in jest, "I had half a mind to discover where the princesses danced their shoes into holes, and thus become king." The unusual woman instructed him not to drink the wine that would be brought to him at night, and to pretend to be sound asleep. She also generously handed him a cloak, which when worn would render him invisible so that he might apprehend the princesses.

For two nights, the soldier avoided the wine, feigned slumber, and followed the princesses, who descended through a magical opening that opened onto a wonderfully pretty avenue of trees, all the leaves of which were of silver, and shone and glistened. The soldier thought, "I must carry a token away with me," and broke off a twig from one of them. After that they came into an avenue where all the leaves were of gold, and lastly into a third where they were of bright diamonds. He broke off a twig from each. They came at last to a splendid, brightly lit castle, from whence resounded the joyous music of trumpets and kettledrums. They entered, and each princess danced with a prince till three o'clock in the morning when all the shoes were danced into holes, and they were forced to leave off. But before he departed behind them, the soldier managed to slip under his cloak a small goblet from a table.

When the day and hour arrived for the soldier to give his answer, he took the tokens, and went to the king, before whom he narrated, "In a mysterious castle with twelve princes, your twelve daughters danced their shoes to pieces in the night," and he brought out the twigs and the goblet. The king then summoned his daughters, and asked them if the soldier had told the truth, and when they saw that they were betrayed, and that falsehood would be worse than useless, they were obliged to confess all. Thereupon the king asked the soldier which of them he would have for his wife. He responded that since he was no longer young, he would gladly have the eldest beauty. Then the wedding was celebrated on the self-same day, and the kingdom was promised him after the king's death.

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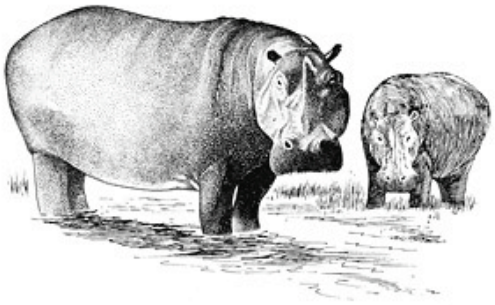
Hippopotami: River Horses

An African legend explains *why* hippos scatter their dung about. When the Creator was giving each species of animal its place on earth, a pair of hippos begged to be assigned to rivers. Looking at them doubtfully, the Creator explained he had already assigned the rivers to the crocodiles, which were *fierce* and *hungry* predators. "It would not be fair to the fish," the Creator argued, "to place two nasty predators among them." The hippos *wept* and *wailed*. On their knees they solemnly promised never to harm the fish but eat only grass for the rest of their lives. Reluctantly, the creator agreed. To this day, hippos *vigorously* scatter their dung along the riverbanks *because* they want the Creator to see it contains no fish. Thus the legend had been designed to explain a peculiar habit of the river horse, *which* scientists have failed to understand, and to illustrate how hippos changed from carnivores to grazers.



The best viewing of hippopotami occurs at Kudya Discovery Lodge, a resort on the banks of the Shire (Sheeray) River and only two kilometers from the M1 or main highway in Malawi. Two hippo families live at Kudya, *where* the river widens. Outstandingly attractive, the eye-catcher at Kudya Lodge involves the blended structure and style of the three lounges, *which* are located on the banks of the river. Designed on the circle rather than the square, the lounges are circular with steep, thick thatch roofs and circular windows and doors on all sides. From both inside and outside the impression is quite unusual, *extremely* pleasant and instantly inviting. Happily, two hippo families make their homes in the river just a few meters from the lounges. As guests enjoy a full meal, snacks, or drinks, the river horse family directly in front of the Hippo Lounge twitch their nostrils, flick their *swiveling*, *periscope* eyes, and wiggle their tiny ears, occasionally lifting a head above the water, letting fly a small bellow or low, satisfied grunt as one family converses with another. They *grunt* and *snort* like trumpets warming up before a recital, like rusted bugles blown by amateurs, or like snorkelers in two feet of water. You watch them. They watch you. Everyone is happy. Hence, for watching river horses in comfort and ease, there is no place in the world to equal Kudya Discovery Lodge *because* the food is tasty, drinks cold, and service in the tradition of the Malawian national slogan, "The Warm Heart of Africa."

Family life centers around the group, between six and twenty animals, *since* hippos appear highly gregarious. At Kudya, the pods containing from six to eight individuals represent family groups rather than herds. While there is one *specific* and *favored* spot in the river or lake where the pod congregates—a kind of home base—it is normally surrounded by a water and land territory belonging exclusively to that family *which* might stretch for two kilometers along the river. Ideally the territory should contain substantial clusters of water reeds. A family *normally* consists of an adult male, his three or four wives, and their offspring. Reaching maturity at seven years of age, young males begin to cause problems in the family. Anxious to mate, they bother their sisters and other female relatives in the pod. Adolescent teenagers become aggressive. One cannot fail to notice a river-horse family which is *experiencing* and *suffering* this adolescent problem *because* there is much

snorting, snuffling, and sniffing in the pod, much grunting and grumbling, growling and groaning in the group, and much splashing, spouting and spraying of water.

After dark, they emerge. In habits, hippos are amphibious and nocturnal grazers and herbivores, or vegetarians. They are amphibians. By amphibious—double life—is meant that they thrive *equally* well in water and on land since hippos can close their tiny nostrils and stay beneath the water for five minutes, frequently remaining submerged with only their wee nostrils protruding. Hippos live a double life. They live a double life and therefore are amphibious *because* they inhabit the water for half the day and the land for the other half. Hippos are nocturnal. This means that they sleep and wallow during the day, *while* becoming active at night, wandering around in search of their favorite grasses, and eating a ton or so of them. They are nocturnal herbivores. Emerging from the river as darkness falls at Kudya, lodge guests drop off to sleep to the rhythm of their chomp, chomp, chomp while they systematically, efficiently, and regularly cut and trim the lawns. They are herbivorous amphibians. Dramatically their huge silhouettes are projected against a blood-red dawn sky, *which* vanishes rapidly in the tropics as the hippos head back to the river and sink into the water just as the tip of the rising sun *grows* and *glows* across the stream, changing quickly from crimson to orange-red, and finally to the yellow-white of daybreak. Hippos are avid grazers. Since the life cycle is, and the habits of river horses are, governed and determined by their *amphibious* and *nocturnal* nature, they live in the water during the daylight, on land at night, in the water to sleep, on land to feed, in the water at dawn, and onto the land at dusk. At daybreak they submerge.

Inevitably, the ancient Greeks humorously called them "horses of the river" from hippo (horse) and potamus (river). In appearance, they clearly resemble overly fattened pigs. Being mammals closely related to the pig family, they have relatively *short*, *sturdy* legs and unusually thick skins. Obviously and by definition, mammals are warm-blooded, produce milk abundantly for their young, which are born live and ultimately grow hair. Since it only boasts a tough, tiny tuft on the tip of its tail, which passes rather weakly for hair, the hippo nearly missed being a mammal. Unhappily hippos are naked mammals. Do they hurriedly rush into the water at dawn *since* they are primly embarrassed by their nakedness? Are they prissily modest? Are they quaintly shy? Surprisingly, males can easily weigh more than three tons at maturity. Three tons of nudity might undoubtedly become an embarrassment. Naturally a hippo might rather slip carefully, quietly, and unobtrusively into liquid oblivion. While they eventually become expert swimmers *because* of their conveniently enormous weight, they can readily *walk*, even *prance*, reportedly, on the bed of lakes and rivers. Unquestionably, among living quadrupeds—four legged creatures—the hippo and white rhino constantly compete for second place in size, ranking predictably behind the elephant. They average around 3,000 kilograms, compared with 5,000 for a typical male elephant. Consequently, the considerable size of hippopotami utterly dominates the first impression of them, as they eagerly slink silently and softly into the silver stream at a red dawn, fully justifying their description as "horses of the river."

Hairless Hippopotami

Hail the horrendous hippo because in appearance it must be the ugliest of the land mammals. After some time you think the hippo so ugly that it has a kind of handsome charm, possibly rugged charm or even fearful charm. Unquestionably the appearance seems dominated by a massive head, wide square muzzle combined with beady, button eyes and tiny ears. It is the ridiculousness of the contrast which suggests, even demands a verdict of ugliness. Contrast also appears in color. Varying from dark brown to grayish black, hippos are decorated and trimmed with bright neon pink around the eyes, along the sides of the face and over the underbelly. If not considered totally ugly, the color appears at best garish since pink is usually associated with the small and cuddly, not with dark three-ton monsters. Given that hippos rarely leave the water during the day, visitors normally see only periscope eyes and two, tiny flickering ears breaking the surface of the lake or river. Can anyone be surprised the legend argues, that hippos hide in the water when it is light because they are ashamed of their appearance, even if flattered as being handsomely charming, ruggedly charming, or even fearfully charming?

Hail the historical hippo, who has become the starring character of many legends. Why hippos have become hairless, why they stay in the river all day and come out only at night to feed, and why their eyes, ears and nostrils show above the water, has been explained by a legend. In ancient times the hippo sported glossy brown hair, silky, soft ears and a magnificent, bushy tail. Being extraordinarily vain, the hippo spent hours admiring himself at the river bank, turning, twisting, and twirling this way and that to show off to best advantage while the hare watched in disgust. Ultimately this vain behavior infuriated the hare, who collected a large pile of soft dry grass under an umbrella tree and then coaxed and persuaded the hippo it would make a marvelous bed. When hippo slept, the hare turned arsonist by setting the bed on fire. With his hair in flames and fire sweeping through the bush all around him, the frightened hippo fled into the river with only his eyes, ears, and nostrils occasionally and fearfully poking above water. Fiercely the forest fire flared. It blackened the earth. Endlessly it raged. When hippo eventually emerged, he was buck naked. “Oh! Shame!” he cried—he was totally nude. “I am doomed!” he wailed—he was totally frightened. “I shall die of sunstroke, U.V. rays, ozone, and all that!” he wept. Consequently, he made a pact with himself that he would never emerge in daylight again until his hair grew back. Hippo still waits. Never has he looked at his reflection in the river because he despises his appearance. For millions of years hippos have been punished for the vanity of their ancestors, a curse descending from parents to children through the generations. Henceforth, according to the legend the hippo remained so ashamed of his naked hairlessness, he became nocturnal.

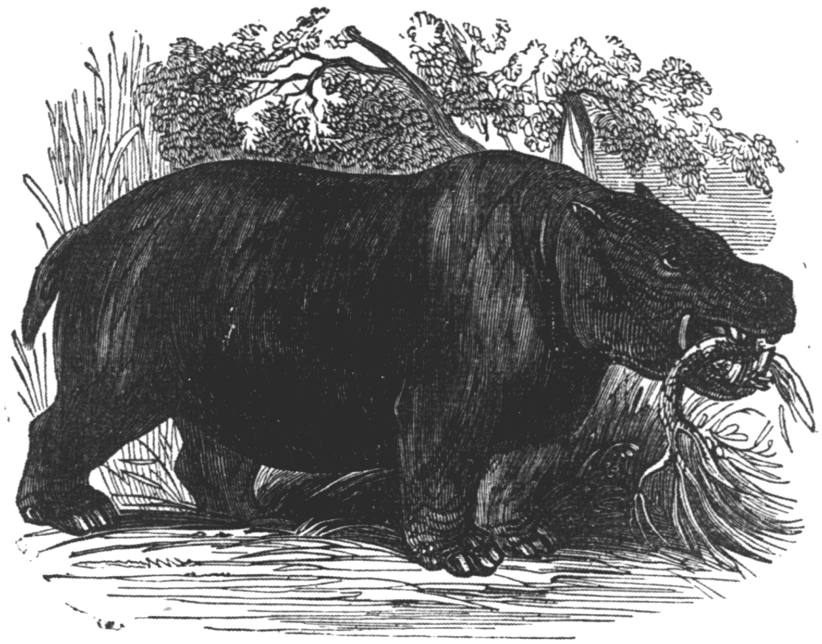
Hail the hippo as he swims, wanders, and dominates his habitat. For an ideal habitat, hippopotami like rivers and lakes with swampy edges and bays. Normally they favor bodies of

water, usually slow moving, bordered by vegetation, with tall reeds in which they can hide. Favoring watery and swampy regions where the types of grasses they eat can be discovered, hippos flourished and multiplied all over tropical Africa, which embraces the vast area south of the Sahara Desert and north of the Republic of South Africa. While within that region favorite rivers include the Congo and White Nile, the Zambezi and the Shire along which long grasses and reeds grow in the water, hippos also favor shallow lakes and permanent swamps. They like floating reeds. When vegetation breaks away from the banks and begins to float down the river, it appears like islands. Floating masses of this vegetation, called sudd, can sometimes destroy the environment because it clogs up the river, slows its flow and causes flooding, prevents boats from passing, and damages hydroelectric installations. Obviously grasses and reeds in the sudd are tasty to the hippo. By eating them and opening water passages through the sudd, hippos keep it moving, which maintains a balanced river ecology. Healthy habitats ensure healthy hippos.

Hail the unhappy young hippo as he becomes excluded from family life. It creates family furor. When adolescent males reach maturity and become determined to mate, they are driven out of the pod, out of the family, and eventually out of the territory. Naturally, junior vigorously objects. Observers may note a young male who is lounging and swimming five or six meters from the family pod. He has become excluded. Snorting a great deal, grunting, complaining, and grumbling about the family treatment of him, the young rascal will slyly seek to return to the pod. That intensifies the uproar. At that prospect the family will likely set up a chorus of grunts and snorts and with exploding guttural growls warn him to stay away while vigorously churning up the water. The message is clear. Seeking to prevent a weakening of its gene pool by inbreeding, the family must drive out the young male to prevent incest. It's an ancient law. When a young male is being excluded, the hippo family provides sustained entertainment for observers. The youth bitterly complains. Noisily the family commands and demands he get out. Pleadingly junior begs to stay. Masterfully the head of household demands obedience. The family is divided. Older members become seriously determined to enforce the rules, younger ones feeling sorry for their sibling because they think he is being mistreated. Endlessly the uproar continues. Along with repeated grunts, groans, and grumbles, there is much splashing as the head of the family snorts spouts of spray high in the air. Junior absolutely must go. Sorrowfully he is expected to leave the pod, quickly get out of its territory, eventually attract a mate from another kinship, and ultimately set up a family of his own. It's famous family feuding.

"Hail the humble, handsome hippo!" rings forth while guests raise their glasses in the Hippo Lounge at Kudya Lodge around seven in the evening as hippo fever rises. Anticipation slowly builds. Having ordered pre-dinner drinks, guests begin scanning the menus considering their choices for the evening meal. Since night has fallen, everywhere along the low, darkened banks of the Shire, hippos begin to graze on the soft grasses, and hopefully a few will choose the lawns of the lodge. Kudya management does not hire men to cut its lawns because the hippos do it for free. Selectively they crop the grass but neither touch nor trample the flower beds. A waiter whispers. One hippo is near the swimming pool. Switch on the pool lights. Another is on the lawn directly beside the lounge not ten feet away. How did it get so close without drawing

attention? A waiter motions. Out of the lounge, on to the lawns guests move, slightly huddled together as if not quite sure what to do, how to behave, or who to trust. A waiter points. Sure enough. Behold! Old three ton has settled in, to crop the grass with his squarish muzzle almost the width of a lawn mower. Guests will eat dinner to the sound of chomp, eventually sip their bedtime drinks to his chomp, chomp. For the next eight-hour shift, the magnificent muzzle mower will chomp out the rhythm of Kudya, an eating machine welcomed as a wild yet tame attraction to guests as well as tireless, unpaid labor for the lodge. Guests lift their glasses, "Hail Kudya's guardians, hail the lodge's grasscutters, and hail its laboring mascots, the hairless hippopotami."



Grazer and Carnivore

The environment around Kudya Discovery Lodge possesses all the elements of a suitable, even friendly habitat for hippos. To the left of the lodge and along the Shire stretch a large bed of reeds where the hippos enjoy feeding, relaxing, and wallowing during daylight hours. Occasionally small islands or masses of vegetation, which are called sudd, float by. Each of the two hippo families have their specific spot in the water where the pod members meet. That forms their respective homes. Each then possess a water territory stretching in all directions from the home pod. When the animals cautiously climb up the banks in the evening to graze, they also recognize a specific land territory or family property. Scattering their dung might be an effort to mark this territory, just as the lodge has built a wall to help define its and their territory to keep the hippos from disturbing or even threatening the farmers whose farms lie close at hand and who cultivate maize, a favorite hippo food. Both the lodge and certain Malawian farmers are interlopers located on hippo property. They have not bought it. Hippos will not sell. Interlopers must behave. No one should squat on someone's property and then mistreat the owner, should they? On the other hand the Shire hippos must be proud to be the only ones in the world with a lodge built on their property. Kudya must water its lawns and keep the grass growing as a rent payment for the use of hippo land. Hence a hippo family has three zones in its habitat, the home pod, a water territory which embraces a substantial reed bed and a land region containing the preferred type of grass. Hippos are fussy eaters. They like certain water reeds as well as water and land grasses. At the lodge they never touch bushy plants nor the flower beds. As long as the lodge grows the kind of grass they like, hippos will eat it. A suitable habitat requires an adequate supply of vegetation because six or seven three-ton hippos consume an immense amount of food.

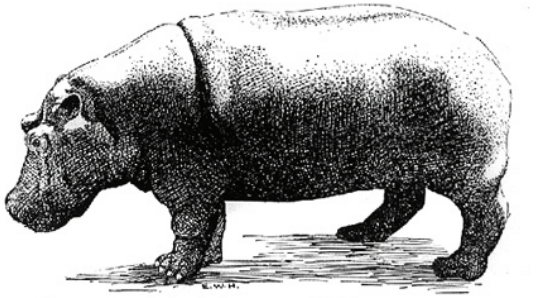


FIG. 96. A typical ambulatory animal, *Hippopotamus* sp.

Hippos are loving parents. After breeding and eight months of pregnancy, they give birth on land, when the baby weighs about thirty kilograms. The mothers are careful to keep the young safe, driving away crocodiles, which are the major serious danger. When the calves are very young, the mothers carry them in the water on their backs and then gradually teach them to swim and wallow. Normally only one baby is born at a time, which will be weaned around twelve months because hippos are mammals and suckle their young. Parenting is primarily the responsibility of the mother, but after weaning, the baby hippo becomes a member of the pod where all adults in the family will help to socialize it and—if a male—drive it out at maturity. Hippos act as responsible parents.

When he had been driven out, the lonely young male ultimately accepted he must leave his family territory. Migrating along the river, he passes in and out of the territories of other families. Looking for a young female just reaching maturity (about four years of age), he was seeking a mate. Once he found a pod that contained a female who showed some interest in him, he would win her favor against all the complaints of her relatives. Seduction was his game. Like most families, kin of the female would be unreasonably critical of the new suitor and while blowing spouts of water into the air, would groan, grumble, and grunt hoping to drive him off. Meanwhile, like a teenager desperately trying to be cool, the young hippo suitor rumbled low, "Come!" rumbled louder "Over here!" and rumbled yet again, "Make a dash for freedom, for love, and for me." Like opera singers in an angry duet of strife and competition, the household head and father loudly, even raucously, bellowed, while the youngster softly and seductively crooned:

Father: Groan, grumble, and grunt
Be gone, you nasty runt!
Suitor: Sniff, sniffle, and snort
Ignore your father's retort.
Be my consort.
Father: Groan, grunt, and grumble
Cease your wretched mumble.
Suitor: Sniff, sniffle, and snort
I am of good report.
Call me "Mort."
Father: Grunt, grumble, and groan
Be off, you lazy drone!

For human onlookers the uproar in the pod was difficult to distinguish fully from the hassle which went on when the family had driven out the mature son. Carefully one had to watch to see whether a son was being expelled, or a stranger male like Mort was seeking to entice and seduce a daughter away from her kin so that they might separate because they were in love, and together begin a new family.

The first sign visitors encounter after receiving the welcoming salute while passing through the large gates of Kudya Discovery Lodge warns "Beware of Hippos." After dark you might come upon them anywhere. At times they have been known to enter the lounge, awaken guests by cropping the grass beneath their bedroom windows, and manage with sniffing accompanied by some mighty, heavy breathing to rearrange the wicker furniture on the bedroom patios. Nervously cautious animals that they are, it seems surprising the resident family hippo near the lounge does not seem to object or fear the motor boats which dock at the lodge before and after, transporting guests on game-viewing tours. They appear curious but unafraid. Having constructed a long brick wall behind the lodge, Kudya had two objectives in view. While management hoped to encourage the hippos upon their nightly expeditions to stay around the lodge because they should be close at hand for the viewing pleasure of guests, it also wanted them to perform their tasks of keeping the grass neat and trim. Furthermore, the lodge hoped

partly to prevent the animals from moving into nearby settlements, causing devastation in village gardens and being chased and annoyed by angry farmers. Kudya Lodge seeks to arbitrate and keep the peace between hippos and farmers.

Carnivores and grazers are enemies. In the legend of the African creation it might be recalled that crocodiles (carnivores) and hippopotami (grazers) were permitted to share the rivers of the continent, the creator's main concern being the welfare of the fish. Crocodile and hippo are not exactly predator and prey in the fashion of the lion and zebra or cheetah and impala. The crocodile cannot take down an adult hippo, but it will kill and eat the babies if the opportunity arises. While no love is therefore lost between crocodiles and hippos, they tolerate each other, maintaining a respectful distance between themselves in the water. They keep to themselves. In conflict between a carnivore and grazer, one expects aggression to arise from the former. It follows that since carnivores are usually predators, grazers are normally prey. Furthermore, it is not expected that one species will come to the assistance of the other, for example a zebra and buck helping each other against a lion. Such ideas are legends. Consequently, the following true story unfolds in a legendary fashion because it confounds expectations.

One evening when a hippo was grazing on the banks of the river, a crocodile, which was lying like a dead log near the shore, watched intently as a young impala nervously approached to drink. Suddenly, huge vice-like jaws clamped over the front leg of the little buck, and the croc began slowly to slither and wiggle backwards, pulling the struggling animal into the river with the intention of drowning before eating it. The buck cried out. The uneven struggle raged between predator and prey, as the water splashed and sprayed and foamed up almost covering both of them. The cry became urgent. Momentarily the impala freed itself, but the crocodile lurched, catching its prey by the hind legs as the buck began its sprint. Its death wail trilled. Nearby the hippo annoyingly shook his head from side to side, became agitated as if sniffing the air of death, vexed as he pawed and stamped the earth, and irritated as he sought to focus his eyes. Suddenly the hippo focused. Deliberately he ambled over. He lifted one leg. Raising one foot, the hippo delicately placed it on the head of the crocodile, which slowly but surely sank beneath the water, held down by the three-ton weight. Since the impala's head had remained above water, the croc would obviously drown first unless the hippo lifted his leg. The carnivore had no option. Predator had become prey. Roles were reversed. When the croc surrendered and the impala limped free, the hippo lifted his foot while the defeated predator, now a shamed carnivore, slithered into the river and disappeared, possibly in pursuit of some helpless fish. Thus ended the true legend of a determined grazer and unlucky carnivore defeated by inter-species cooperation.

Reverence for the Dead

As with the great African hippopotamus, so with the pygmy hippo of West Africa. Their appearance is dominated and dramatized by the pink mucus which squeezes out of the pores of their skin to keep their bodies cool. Protecting the skin from the sun's ultraviolet rays, the pink fluid is like sweat. Consequently, the phrase "sweating blood" is derived from the hippos secretion of this pink grease. Both species of hippo are extremely sensitive to the sun so that the great African remains in the water all day while the pygmy—less interested in the water—hides in the deep shade. During the day the sticky mucus is also helpful because it assists the skin to retain water and disinfects wounds, preventing them from festering. The pinky appearance is useful.

While the habitat of the great African Hippo spreads over the whole of East and Central Africa, the pygmy hippo, which is about half as tall, half as long, and half as heavy, is confined to West Africa. Certainly few are wild. In modern times most live in game parks, the parks of East and Central Africa being famous, while those of the pygmy hippo in Ivory Coast and Guinea, being less so because fewer tourists travel there. Hippo habitats must have and maintain permanent water supplies, the death rates being horrendous in the Central African highlands when water pools shrink to mud holes in the late dry season. Clearly habitat loss threatens hippopotami—especially the pygmy hippo—with extinction.

For the pygmy hippo, family life is brief. Avoiding people as well as other hippos, each marks out and guards its own territory. While both genders mark their territorial boundaries with their droppings, the territory of the male is much larger than that of the female. Clearly as a safety precaution, the pygmy changes its daytime resting areas once or twice a week. After seven months' gestation, a single calf is born, which the mother hides in the bushes because it cannot swim, returning regularly to nurse it. Weighing ten times more at five months than at birth, the pygmy hippo within a couple of years, when it is a bachelor, will be ready to mark out its own territory. It will be sexually mature at five years. Compared with the extensive life of the great African hippopotamus, that of the pygmy is like a one-parent family. Family life is brief. While the great African Hippo is amphibious, the pygmy hippo is mainly a landlubber which goes into the water occasionally. Consequently the pygmy produces and displays more pink mucus. While the great African is nocturnal, the pygmy is only partly so because it begins to eat in the afternoon and finishes by midnight. Great Africans eat till dawn. Eating only vegetation, both the great and the pygmy are herbivores. In contrast the great hippo chomps quietly, while the pygmy is a noisy eater that can be heard from a distance of 150 feet. The pygmy hippo is more popular in zoos because it eats less and does not remain underwater (is not amphibious), with only eyes and ears protruding so that visitors cannot see it.

As recounted by modern factual legends, hippos are mightily protective of their sick and dying. When a hippo became ill and lay upon its side upon a riverbank, the jackals and vultures smelled death and began to gather and circle. First the jackals rushed forward. Quickly fifteen or more great African hippos moved forward almost with military precision. The jackals retreated. Hippos fell back. Jackals again rushed forward. Snatching, sniffing, and snapping at the fallen hippo, which now seemed to have died, the jackals yelped in anticipation. With wild squawks a dozen vultures landed, keeping one eye on the carcass and the other on the jackals. The hippo military formation rushed forward again as the vultures and jackals scrambled to safety. For an hour this hippo advance and scavenger retreat protected the corpse. Again the jackals and vultures invaded while the hippos looked bewildered because suddenly a huge, threatening crocodile struck out of the water, heading directly for the dead hippo. Yet again the jackals and vultures scattered. Driving the croc back into the river, the hippos stood staring at it while the jackals and vultures jumped and descended upon the carcass, tearing it apart. Clearly the scavengers would not be denied. The legend seems to suggest that the herd of hippos held reverence for the dead and for the corpse, which had been a mother to some, a sister to others, and a friend to most.

Joseph Pulitzer

(1847–1911)

In the newspaper circulation wars of the 1890s, publisher Joseph Pulitzer was one of the leading combatants. His chief opponent was William Randolph Hearst. The two used every tactic, including sensational yellow journalism, to get people to buy their papers.

Pulitzer was born on April 10, 1847, in Makó, Hungary. He came to the United States in 1864 and fought briefly for the North in the American Civil War. After the war Pulitzer moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he found work as a reporter for a German daily newspaper. Through buying and selling interests in newspapers, Pulitzer gained control of the St. Louis *Dispatch and Post,* which he merged to form the *Post-Dispatch*. The paper won readers and profits with its campaign to expose political corruption.

Pulitzer expanded his empire to New York City with the purchase of the *World* in 1883 and the founding of the *Evening World* in 1887. In addition to their circulation wars and crime coverage, Pulitzer's newspapers were a powerful voice in support of the Democratic Party and labor causes as well as a constant foe of the privileged, large corporations, and government officials. The *World* was so critical that Pulitzer was indicted for criminal libel of, among others, President Roosevelt, the financier J.P. Morgan, and the statesman Elihu Root. The case never came to trial.

Pulitzer's own political career included a seat in the Missouri legislature in 1869 and an even briefer term as a United States representative from New York. Pulitzer died aboard his yacht in Charleston, S.C., on Oct. 29, 1911. His will left the newspapers to his three surviving sons, endowed Columbia University's journalism school, and established a fund for annual prizes to be awarded for excellence in journalism.

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*"*Pulitzer, Joseph." *Compton's by Britannica*. *Britannica Online for Kids*. Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., 2012. Web. 9 Dec. 2012.

Joseph Pulitzer, (born April 10, 1847, Makó, Hung.—died Oct. 29, 1911, Charleston, S.C., U.S.), American newspaper editor and publisher who helped establish the pattern of the modern newspaper. In his time he was one of the most powerful journalists in the United States.

Reared in Budapest, Pulitzer sought a military career and emigrated to the United States in 1864 as a recruit for the Union Army in the American Civil War (1861–65). After the war he went to St. Louis, where in 1868 he became a reporter on a German-language daily newspaper, the *Westliche Post*. In 1871 he bought a share of that paper but soon resold it at a profit. Pulitzer had meanwhile become active in politics, and he was elected to the Missouri state legislature in 1869. In 1871–72 he helped to organize the Liberal Republican Party in Missouri, which nominated Horace Greeley for president in 1872. After the party's subsequent collapse, Pulitzer became and remained a lifelong Democrat.

In 1874 Pulitzer acquired another St. Louis German paper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, and advantageously sold its *Associated Press* franchise to the St. Louis *Globe* (later *Globe-Democrat*). Four years afterward he gained control of the St. Louis *Dispatch* (founded 1864) and the *Post* (founded 1875) and merged them as the *Post-Dispatch*, soon the city's dominant evening newspaper. On Oct. 5, 1882, Pulitzer's chief editorial writer shot to death a political opponent of the *Post-Dispatch*. Public reprobation and his own ill health prompted Pulitzer to shift his newspaper interests to New York City, where he purchased (May 10, 1883) a morning paper, the *World*, from the financier Jay Gould. He soon turned that paper into the leading journalistic voice of the Democratic Party in the United States. Pulitzer founded the *World's* evening counterpart, the *Evening World*, in 1887.

In his newspapers Pulitzer combined exposés of political corruption and crusading investigative reporting with publicity stunts, blatant self-advertising, and sensationalistic journalism. In an effort to further attract a mass readership, he also introduced such innovations as comics, sports coverage, women's fashion coverage, and illustrations into his newspapers, thus making them vehicles of entertainment as well as of information.

The *World* eventually became involved in a fierce competition with William Randolph Hearst's New York *Morning Journal*, and the blatant sensationalism that both newspapers resorted to in espousing the Spanish-American War of 1898 led to the coining of the term "yellow journalism" to describe such practices. Failing eyesight and worsening nervous disorders forced Pulitzer to abandon the management of his newspapers in 1887. He gave up his editorship of them in 1890, but he continued to exercise a close watch over their editorial policies.

In his will Pulitzer endowed the Columbia University School of Journalism (opened 1912) and established the prestigious Pulitzer Prizes, awarded annually since 1917.

"Joseph Pulitzer." *Encyclopædia Britannica. Encyclopædia Britannica Online.* Encyclopædia Britannica Inc., 2012. Web. 09 Dec. 2012.

Joseph Pulitzer, 1847–1911

by Seymour Topping

Joseph Pulitzer was born in Mako, Hungary on April 10, 1847, the son of a wealthy grain merchant of Magyar-Jewish origin and a German mother, who was a devout Roman Catholic. His younger brother, Albert, was trained for the priesthood but never attained it. The elder Pulitzer retired in Budapest, and Joseph grew up and was educated there in private schools and by tutors.

Early Years

Restive at the age of seventeen, the gangling 6'2" youth decided to become a soldier and tried in turn to enlist in the Austrian Army, Napoleon's Foreign Legion for duty in Mexico, and the British Army for service in India. He was rebuffed because of weak eyesight and frail health, which were to plague him for the rest of his life. However, in Hamburg, Germany, he encountered a bounty recruiter for the U.S. Union Army and contracted to enlist as a substitute for a draftee, a procedure permitted under the Civil War draft system.

At Boston he jumped ship and, as the legend goes, swam to shore, determined to keep the enlistment bounty for himself rather than leave it to the agent. Pulitzer collected the bounty by enlisting for a year in the Lincoln Cavalry, which suited him since there were many Germans in the unit. He was fluent in German and French but spoke very little English. Later, he worked his way to St. Louis. While doing odd jobs there, such as muleteer, baggage handler, and waiter, he immersed himself in the city's Mercantile Library, studying English and the law.

Beginning of a Career

His great career opportunity came in a unique manner in the library's chess room. Observing the game of two habitués, he astutely critiqued a move and the players, impressed, engaged Pulitzer in conversation. The players were editors of the leading German language daily, *Westliche Post*, and a job offer followed.

Four years later, in 1872, the young Pulitzer, who had built a reputation as a tireless enterprising journalist, was offered a controlling interest in the paper by the nearly bankrupt owners. At age twenty-five, Pulitzer became a publisher, and there followed a series of shrewd business deals from which he emerged in 1878 as the owner of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and a rising figure on the journalistic scene.

Personal Changes

Earlier in the same year, he and Kate Davis, a socially prominent Washingtonian woman, were married in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Hungarian immigrant youth—once a vagrant on the slum streets of St. Louis and taunted as "Joey the Jew"—had been transformed. Now he was an American citizen and as speaker, writer, and editor had mastered English extraordinarily well. Elegantly dressed, wearing a handsome, reddish-brown beard and pince-nez glasses, he mixed easily with the social elite of St. Louis, enjoying dancing at fancy parties and horseback riding in

the park. This lifestyle was abandoned abruptly when he came into the ownership of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

James Wyman Barrett, the last city editor of *The New York World*, records in his biography *Joseph Pulitzer and His World* how Pulitzer, in taking hold of the *Post-Dispatch*, "worked at his desk from early morning until midnight or later, interesting himself in every detail of the paper." Appealing to the public to accept that his paper was their champion, Pulitzer splashed investigative articles and editorials assailing government corruption, wealthy tax-dodgers, and gamblers. This populist appeal was effective, circulation mounted, and the paper prospered. Pulitzer would have been pleased to know that in the conduct of the Pulitzer Prize system which he later established, more awards in journalism would go to exposure of corruption than to any other subject.

Failing Health

Pulitzer paid a price for his unsparingly rigorous work at his newspaper. His health was undermined, and with his eyes failing, Pulitzer and his wife set out in 1883 for New York to board a ship on a doctor-ordered European vacation. Stubbornly, instead of boarding the steamer in New York, he met with Jay Gould, the financier, and negotiated the purchase of *The New York World*, which was in financial straits.

Putting aside his serious health concerns, Pulitzer immersed himself in its direction, bringing about what Barrett describes as a "one-man revolution" in the editorial policy, content, and format of the *World*. He employed some of the same techniques that had built up the circulation of the *Post-Dispatch*. He crusaded against public and private corruption, filled the news columns with a spate of sensationalized features, made the first extensive use of illustrations, and staged news stunts. In one of the most successful promotions, the *World* raised public subscriptions for the building of a pedestal at the entrance to the New York Harbor so that the Statue of Liberty, which was stranded in France awaiting shipment, could be emplaced.

More Difficulties

The formula worked so well that in the next decade the circulation of the *World* in all its editions climbed to more than 600,000, and it reigned as the largest circulating newspaper in the country.

But unexpectedly Pulitzer himself became a victim of the battle for circulation when Charles Anderson Dana, publisher of the *Sun*, frustrated by the success of the *World*, launched vicious personal attacks on him as "the Jew who had denied his race and religion." The unrelenting campaign was designed to alienate New York's Jewish community from the *World*.

Pulitzer's health was fractured further during this ordeal, and in 1890 at the age of forty-three, he withdrew from the editorship of the *World* and never returned to its newsroom. Virtually blind, having in his severe depression succumbed also to an illness that made him excruciatingly sensitive to noise, Pulitzer went abroad frantically seeking cures. He failed to find them, and the next two decades of his life he spent largely in soundproofed "vaults," as he referred to them, aboard his yacht, *Liberty*, in the "Tower of Silence" at his vacation retreat in Bar Harbor, Maine,

and at his New York mansion. During those years, although he traveled very frequently, Pulitzer managed, nevertheless, to maintain the closest editorial and business direction of his newspapers. To ensure secrecy in his communications, he relied on a code that filled a book containing some twenty thousand names and terms.

War Years

During the years 1896 to 1898, Pulitzer was drawn into a bitter circulation battle with William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*, in which there were no apparent restraints on sensationalism or fabrication of news. When the Cubans rebelled against Spanish rule, Pulitzer and Hearst sought to outdo each other in whipping up outrage against the Spanish. Both called for war against Spain after the U.S. battleship *Maine* mysteriously blew up and sank in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898. Congress reacted to the outcry with a war resolution. After the four-month war, Pulitzer withdrew from what had become known as "yellow journalism."

The *World* became more restrained and served as the influential editorial voice on many issues of the Democratic Party. In the view of historians, Pulitzer's lapse into "yellow journalism" was outweighed by his public service achievements. He waged courageous and often successful crusades against corrupt practices in government and business. He was responsible to a large extent for passage of antitrust legislation and regulation of the insurance industry.

1909–1911

In 1909, the *World* exposed a fraudulent payment of $40 million by the United States to the French Panama Canal Company. The federal government lashed back at the *World* by indicting Pulitzer for criminally libeling President Theodore Roosevelt and the banker J.P. Morgan, among others. Pulitzer refused to retreat, and the *World* persisted in its investigation. When the courts dismissed the indictments, Pulitzer was applauded for a crucial victory on behalf of freedom of the press.

In May 1904, writing in the *North American Review* in support of his proposal for the founding of a school of journalism, Pulitzer summarized his credo:

> Our Republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which popular government is a sham and a mockery. A cynical, mercenary, demagogic press will produce in time a people as base as itself. The power to mold the future of the Republic will be in the hands of the journalists of future generations.

Topping, Seymour. "Joseph Pulitzer." pulitzer.org/biography. The Oryx Press, 1999. Web. 08 December 2012.

Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary

by Alleyne Ireland

Chapter 2: Meeting Joseph Pulitzer

(Original page 39)

Before I had time to examine my surroundings, Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the major-domo. My first swift impression was of a very tall man with broad shoulders, the rest of the body tapering away to thinness, with a noble head, bushy reddish beard streaked with gray, black hair, swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half closed, the other was of a deep, brilliant blue which, so far from suggesting blindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eagle-like glance. The outstretched hand was large, strong, nervous, full of character, ending in well-shaped and immaculately kept nails.

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A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, and vibrant, gave out the strange challenge: "Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm into dinner."

I may complete here a description of Mr. Pulitzer's appearance, founded upon months of close personal association with him. The head was splendidly modeled, the forehead high, the brows prominent and arched; the ears were large, the nose was long and hooked; the mouth, almost concealed by the mustache, was firm and thin-lipped; the jaws showed square and powerful under the beard; the length of the face was much emphasized by the flowing beard and by the way in which the hair was brushed back from the forehead. The skin was of a clear, healthy pink, like a young girl's; but in moments of intense excitement the color would deepen to a dark, ruddy flush, and after a succession of sleepless nights or under the strain of continued worry, it would turn a dull, lifeless gray.

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I have never seen a face which varied so much in expression. Not only was there a marked difference at all times between one side and the other, due partly to the contrast between the two eyes and partly to a loss of flexibility in the muscles of the right side, but almost from moment to moment the general appearance of the face moved between a lively, genial animation, a cruel and wolf-like scowl, and a heavy and hopeless dejection. No face was capable of showing greater tenderness; none could assume a more forbidding expression of anger and contempt.

The Sargent portrait, a masterpiece of vivid character-painting, is a remarkable revelation of the complex nature of its subject. It discloses the deep affection, the keen intelligence, the wide sympathy, the tireless energy, the delicate sensitiveness, the tearing impatience, the cold tyranny, and the flaming scorn by which his character was so erratically dominated. It is a noble and pathetic monument to the suffering which had been imposed for a quarter of a century upon the intense and arbitrary spirit of this extraordinary man.

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The account which I am to give of Mr. Pulitzer's daily life during the months immediately preceding his death would be unintelligible to all but the very few who knew him in recent years if it were not prefaced by a brief biographical note.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the village of Mako, near Budapest, Hungary, on April 10, 1847. His father was a Jew, his mother a Christian. At the age of sixteen, he emigrated to the United States. He landed without friends, without money, unable to speak a word of English. He enlisted immediately in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry Regiment, a regiment chiefly composed of Germans and in which German was the prevailing tongue.

Within a year the Civil War ended, and Pulitzer found himself, in common with hundreds of thousands of others, out of employment at a time when employment was most difficult to secure. At this time he was so poor that he was turned away from French's Hotel for lack of fifty cents with which to pay for his bed. In less than twenty years he bought French's Hotel, pulled it down, and erected in its place the Pulitzer Building, at that time one of the largest business buildings in New York, where he housed the *World*.

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What lay between these two events may be summed up in a few words. At the close of the Civil War, Mr. Pulitzer went to St. Louis, and in 1868, after being engaged in various occupations, he became a reporter on the *Westliche Post*. In less than ten years, he was editor and part proprietor. His amazing energy, his passionate interest in politics, his rare gift of terse and forcible expression, and his striking personality carried him over or through all obstacles.

After he had purchased the St. Louis *Dispatch*, amalgamated it with the *Post*, and made the *Post-Dispatch* a profitable business enterprise and a power to be reckoned with in politics, he felt the need of a wider field in which to maneuver the forces of his character and his intellect.

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He came to New York in 1883 and purchased the *World* from Jay Gould. At that time the *World* had a circulation of less than twelve thousand copies a day, and was practically bankrupt. From this time forward Mr. Pulitzer concentrated his every faculty on building up the *World*. He was scoffed at, ridiculed, and abused by the most powerful editors of the old school. They were to learn, not without bitterness and wounds, that opposition was the one fuel of all others which best fed the triple flame of his courage, his tenacity, and his resourcefulness.

Four years of unremitting toil produced two results. The *World* reached a circulation of two hundred thousand copies a day and took its place in the front rank of the American press as a journal of force and ability, and Joseph Pulitzer left New York, a complete nervous wreck, to face in solitude the knowledge that he would never read print again and that within a few years he would be totally blind.

Ireland, Alleyne. “Meeting Joseph Pulitzer.” *Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary*. New York: Mitchell Kennerly, 1914. 39–44. Print.

Newspaper Wonder: Joseph Pulitzer

by Will Lane

(Original page 229)

A young man, Joseph Pulitzer by name, was looking out across the trail of a small westbound ship as it fought the waves of the Atlantic Ocean about a century ago. He had no right to be on deck, for his berth was in the cheapest part of the boat, and he was supposed to stay in the dark and dismal place they called the steerage. The ship pitched and rolled, but Joseph did not mind that. He didn't even mind the uncomfortable, crowded steerage. He was excited about the new life he was planning to live in the United States. He was seventeen years old, strong, and healthy. But he was very thin because he had shot up to his height of over six feet much too fast. He was peering ahead, trying to catch sight of land, but his eyesight was bad, and he could make out nothing.

As he stood there, he did not dream that in the future he would cross this ocean many times in his own yacht with its crew of forty-five men.

Now from a hatchway he heard one of his fellow passengers from the steerage calling to him, "Joey, Joey, come down and eat." And then came the voice of another, "Where is Joe? He's so full of jokes and tricks I bet he's hiding from us."

Joseph was indeed hiding. But now he was hungry. And he was homesick too. He thought of his father, buried in the Jewish cemetery of a little town back home in Hungary and of his mother, who would be praying for his journey in her little Catholic church.

Down below in his berth, there was still some of the sausage and herring she had given him when he left, and even a little of the black bread she had baked. He thought to himself, "Should I go down and eat?" And then he heard another call from above him. "Land! I see land!"

No, he would not go down. He was not going to spoil his plan just to get a little something to eat. If the ship was approaching Boston, he must stay where he was, for he knew he must not be on the ship when she docked in Boston Harbor.

What he wanted was to join the United States Army. It was for this that he had passage on the ship. He had learned in Hungary that the United States was fighting a terrible Civil War.

Joseph wanted to fight for the North, but he was afraid the Army might not take him because of his poor eyesight. Besides, he was too young. In Europe he met a man who said, "I'll get you in. Don't worry. Just stick to me."

But on the ship he began not to trust this man. He heard that make-believe friends sometimes got young men into the United States and then sent them off to work in the mining camps and swamps. Joseph could speak only a few words of English, and he would not be able to defend himself against such a plot.

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No, he must not land in Boston with this man. So now, without making a sound, he slipped over the ship's side and began to swim to shore. If he had done this in later times, he would have been breaking the law. But in 1864, when Joseph dived into Boston Harbor, there was no such law. He swam a few strokes underwater, and when he came up above, he could make out the lights of the city, and he knew what direction to take. When he had reached shore, he was sorry he had not had time to make a bundle of a few extra socks and some sausage. In his wet clothes he spent the rest of the night on a park bench. Next day, he had no trouble at all in enlisting in the Union Army. The war had been going on for three years, and there was a great need of men. The recruiting officers didn't find out about his poor eyesight, and he cheerfully added a year to his age. His joy was great when he heard that he was to be sent to a cavalry regiment, for he loved horses and was a fine rider.

When he reached the regiment, he was not so pleased; the men in his company were almost all Germans, and he wanted to be with Americans. For some time they did not get into any fighting. The Germans treated him roughly. They made fun of his long, thin body, his long nose, and his Hungarian accent.

One day he saw a corporal bullying a small, helpless private. Joe always had a hot temper, and now his temper flew out, and he punched the corporal. That was a thing a man can't do in any army, so he was put under arrest. Before anything further could be done, however, he was saved because he was a good chess player. It happened that the colonel in command liked to play chess, and there was no one else in the regiment who could play as well as Joe. Besides, the colonel liked Joe's good humor and admired his mind, so he made Joe his orderly. Soon after that they left camp, and there was plenty of fighting.

In another year the Union Army won the war, and the soldiers who were left went home. This time Joseph thought he'd better go to New York where he supposed there would be more chances of getting a job. The United States Government did nothing for the veterans of the Civil War until years later when Joseph no longer needed it. In 1865 when the war ended, there were thousands of ex-soldiers looking for jobs. Those who had trades or some experience got work. But Joseph didn't have a chance. He had no trade, and his English was still pretty poor. He lived for a while on the few dollars he had saved from his pay as a soldier, thirteen dollars a month.

One day, he sat on a bench in a park in New York not knowing what to do next. He sat there in his old uniform. It was worn almost to rags, and he needed a shave. He counted the few pennies he had left. Like many Europeans he was fussy about having his shoes shined. He had enough money for that, so he got up and walked to a shoe-shining place, but the man would not let him in. "The way you look, you drive away my customers," he said. Joseph went back to the bench. He was cold; someone had stolen his Army overcoat.

He couldn't know, as he sat there, that the time would come when across this very square there would be a tall building with a golden dome that was to be known as the Pulitzer Building. He could not know that he, Joseph Pulitzer, would own that building and that his mighty newspaper, *The New York World*, would be published there.

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Not dreaming any of this, sitting on that park bench, he made up his mind to get away from New York. He thought the city of St. Louis would be a better place for a young man starting out. Besides, some joker told him that there weren't any Germans in St. Louis and that he would learn English better there. But St. Louis was full of Germans, some of them great men. This turned out to be just as well for Joseph.

He hadn't enough money for a train fare, so he did what many a poor workman did; he "rode the rails." On a dark, moonless night, he slipped into the railroad yards across the Hudson River and lay down on the underbody of a railroad car. There he hung on until he saw that the train was getting into a station. Then he jumped off and waited on the side away from the depot. Sometimes he crouched between the two cars, and once he was almost crushed when they banged together. When he was in luck, he could climb into an empty express car. It was all very dangerous, but not as dangerous as it would be now because there were no electric wires or connections in that day.

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When at last he jumped off in St. Louis' dingy railroad yard, he was covered with soot, and his face was black with coal dust. Then he found that between the station and the city, three great rivers meet, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio. They were much too wide to swim. Every cent of his money was gone. He did not have even a penny, which was the fare for crossing the rivers on a ferry.

He was hungry and he was shivering with cold. The lights of St. Louis looked like the promised land to him, but how could he reach them? A ferryboat came into the slip. Joseph called out and asked if there was any way he could earn his way across the ferry. The ferryman asked if he could fire a boiler. Joseph said yes, even though he had never done it. All night he poured coal into the fiery furnace, and that is how Joseph Pulitzer, who later became one of the world's greatest publishers, reached the city of St. Louis.

He had many odd jobs after that, each for a short time. He was a gatekeeper for the ferry; he unloaded fright from the riverboats; he was a "mule skinner" for one day. For another day he was a waiter, but he was nervous and lost that job when he dropped a steak on a customer's head.

Through it all he found hours to spend at the library. And no matter how little he earned, he put some aside each week. And he would always pay for his room and board ahead of time. That made him feel safe enough to look for a better job. He took one where he was in greater danger than he had been during the war. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad sent him on a legal errand to every county in the state of Missouri. It sounded safe enough, but far from it. Joseph had to go through long stretches of wilderness, and the country was overrun with bandits like Jesse James and his brothers. But he made good at this job, and after that things went better. He made friends through his chess playing, and through these friends he got a job on a German magazine.

Then came a big year for him. He had been in the United States for four years, and now the great future that lay before him opened its door. It began when without his even asking for it, a friend got him a job as a reporter on a German newspaper. "But why do they choose me? I am unknown; I have no luck. Why do they give me this important job? It seems almost like a dream," he said.

But it was no dream. He loved the work, though it was hard. His working day was from ten in the morning until two the next morning.

He was still thin, tall, and gaunt. His English was still not perfect, and the reporters on other papers played tricks on him. They sent him out on wild false tips to out-of-the-way places, but he always laughed at their tricks. He was good-humored and full of fun and jokes. He was bold, and he always managed to be on the spot when things happened. He would come running, with no coat or collar, with a pencil in one hand and a notebook in the other.

He had so many news "scoops" that the editors of American newspapers began to say to their young reporters, "You'd better stop kidding Joey, and try to imitate him instead. We're tired of getting our news by translating Joey's stories from the German paper."

One of these papers was the St. Louis *Post and Dispatch*, later called the *Post-Dispatch.* Joe heard it was for sale. Its machinery was broken, and it had few readers. Joe took it over and built it into one of the great papers of the United States. He worked so hard that he had a breakdown, and for a rest he went back to Europe to see his mother.

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Joseph now began to play a big part in politics. Under his leadership the *Post-Dispatch* fought the cause of the weak. People in and out of St. Louis read his paper. In Arkansas, in Tennessee, and in other states they waited for Joe's newspaper. Joseph Pulitzer moved on swiftly to bigger success. He had grown a reddish Vandyke beard and had a mustache, so his face seemed to have a better shape. He was no longer a figure to laugh at. He was a powerful and able newspaper publisher, but he was not yet a rich man. Yet when he heard that *The New York World* was for sale, he wanted it. Like the *Post-Dispatch*, the *World* had been a failure. Pulitzer bought it and built it up into one of the most powerful papers in the world. It was a fighting paper. Pulitzer hated tyranny. He fought against too much power for the president of the United States and fought for more power for Congress and the states because he said that was true democracy. He opened the pages of the *World* to many a great fight for liberty.

The New York World became a smashing success, and Pulitzer was now a millionaire. But his eyesight grew worse. He liked to play cards, but he now had to have special cards made with very large figures, so he could see them. His chessmen and board also had to be made larger than the usual sets. He grew slowly blind, and he had to have his secretaries read even his own paper to him. He looked handsome and dignified in his great sweeping overcoat and big soft hat, but he was ill as well as blind. He had a yacht built for himself in Scotland just the way he wanted it. The yacht was magnificent, three hundred feet over all. On the main deck there was a dining room, a music room, and a sitting room for Mr. Pulitzer. For his crew of forty-five there was a gymnasium.

He said, "I love this boat. In a house I am lost in my blindness, always fearful of falling downstairs. Here the narrow companionways give me safe guidance, and I can find my way about alone."

He no longer went to his office. Far off from the hurry and excitement of his newspapers, Joseph Pulitzer wanted to leave something behind him, something that would last a long time. He thought out a plan to make newspapers better, not just his own, but newspapers everywhere. So he planned a college that would teach journalism. Up to that time, most newspapermen had learned their business while they were working at it. Now he wanted to prepare them for their life work in the way a doctor or a lawyer is prepared in a college. He offered one million eight hundred thousand dollars to Columbia University in New York for such a school, but the trustees of the University said no, it wouldn't work. Later on, wiser heads at Columbia accepted the gift, and the Columbia School of Journalism was built. It has become a large and powerful college, and there are now schools of journalism in many places.

But Joseph Pulitzer did more than that. He left money to send poor boys to college both in America and Europe. He set aside half a million dollars to be used for prizes. Each year there would be prizes for the best book of the year, the best play, the best poem, the best cartoon, the best news story, the best editorial, and many more. They are known as the Pulitzer Prizes and are greatly coveted.

And so the tall, gangling Jewish immigrant, though he is dead, is still doing great work for the newspapers and the talented people of the United States.

Lane, Will. "Newspaper Wonder." *The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls, Volume 9*. New York: The University Society, 1958. 229–234. Print.

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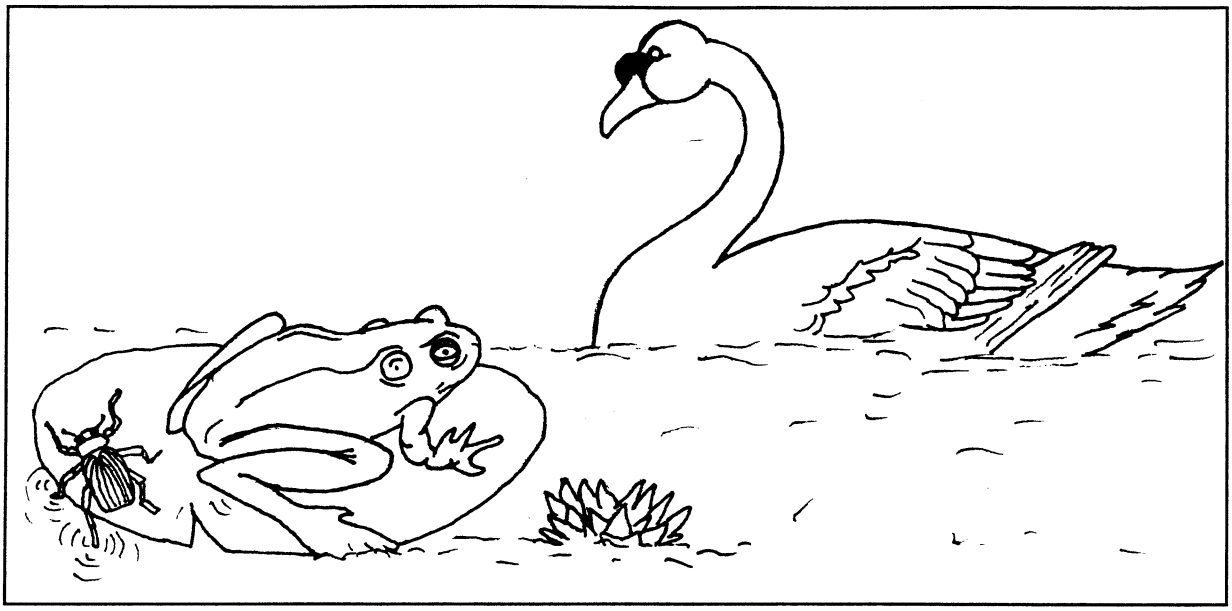

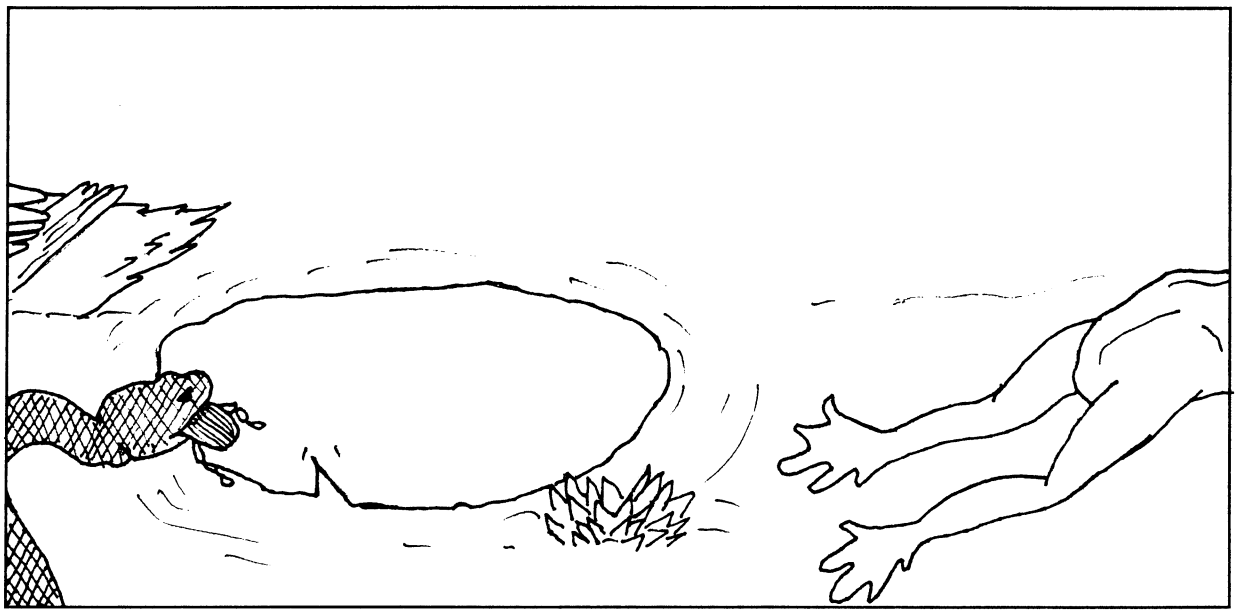

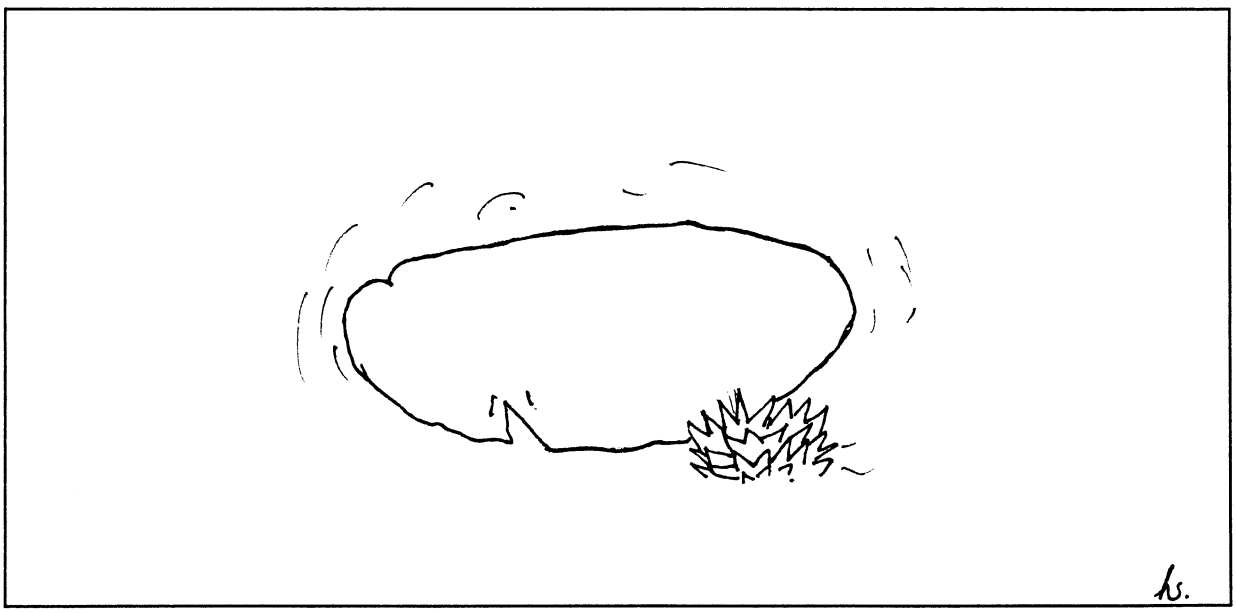

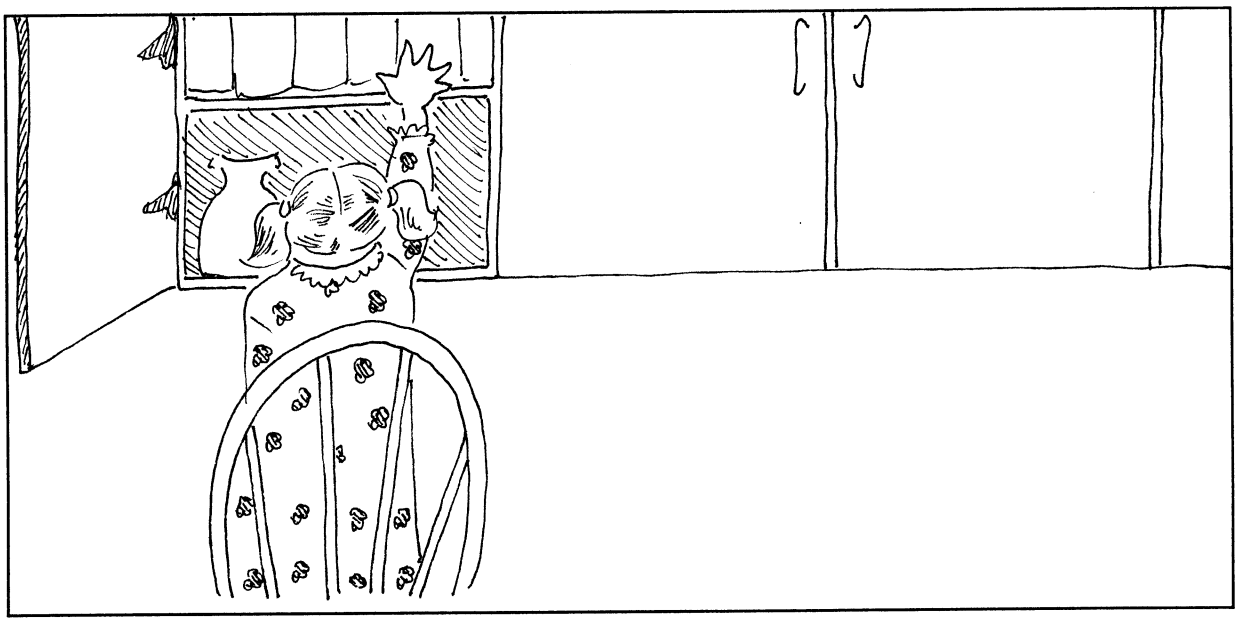

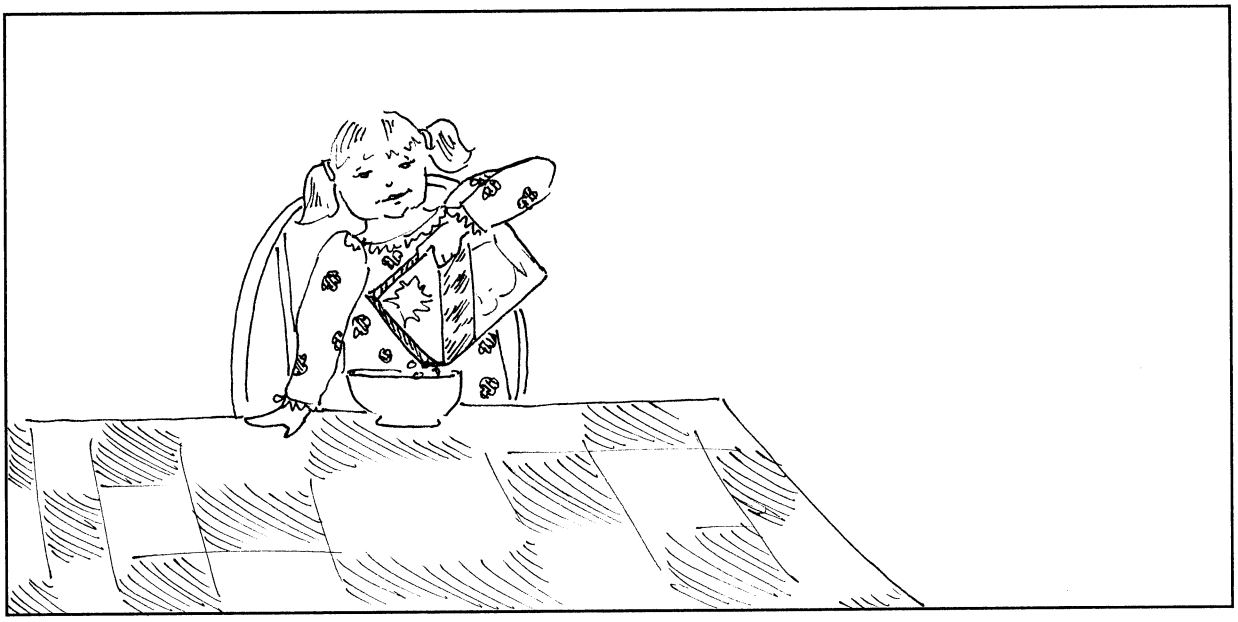

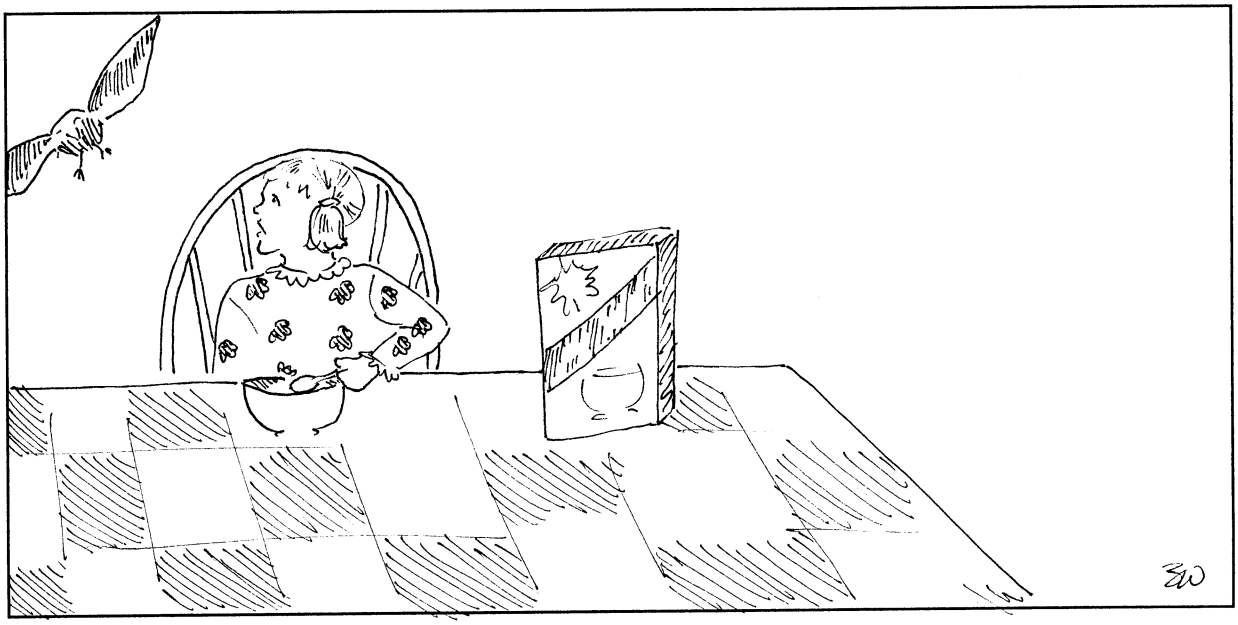

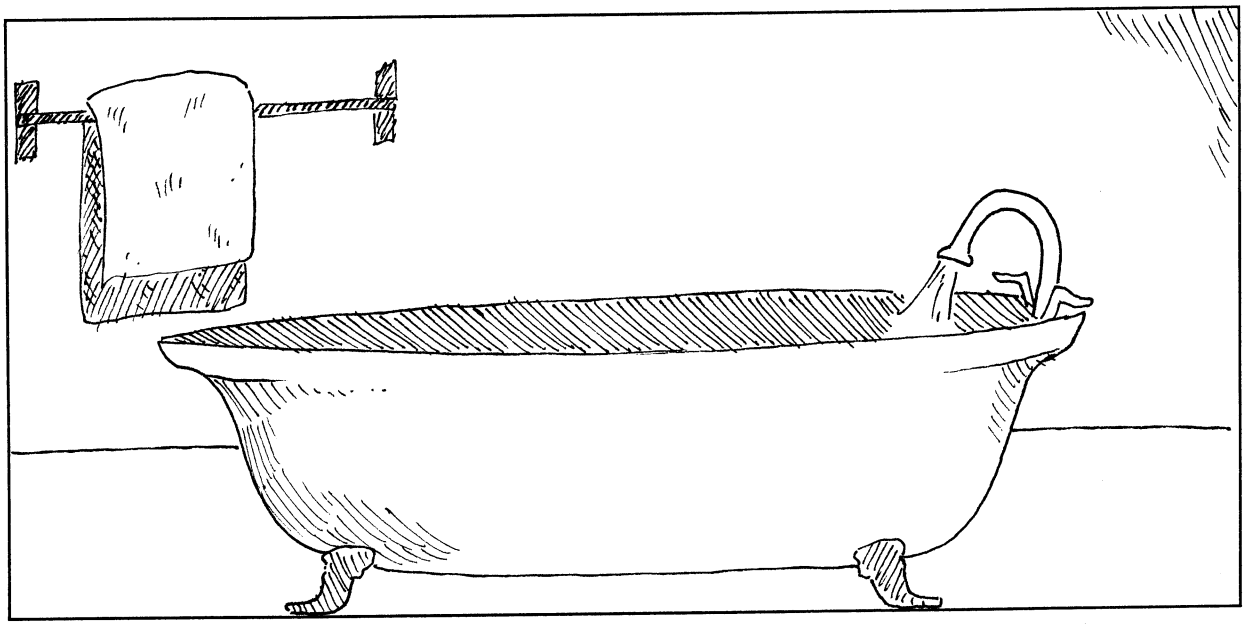

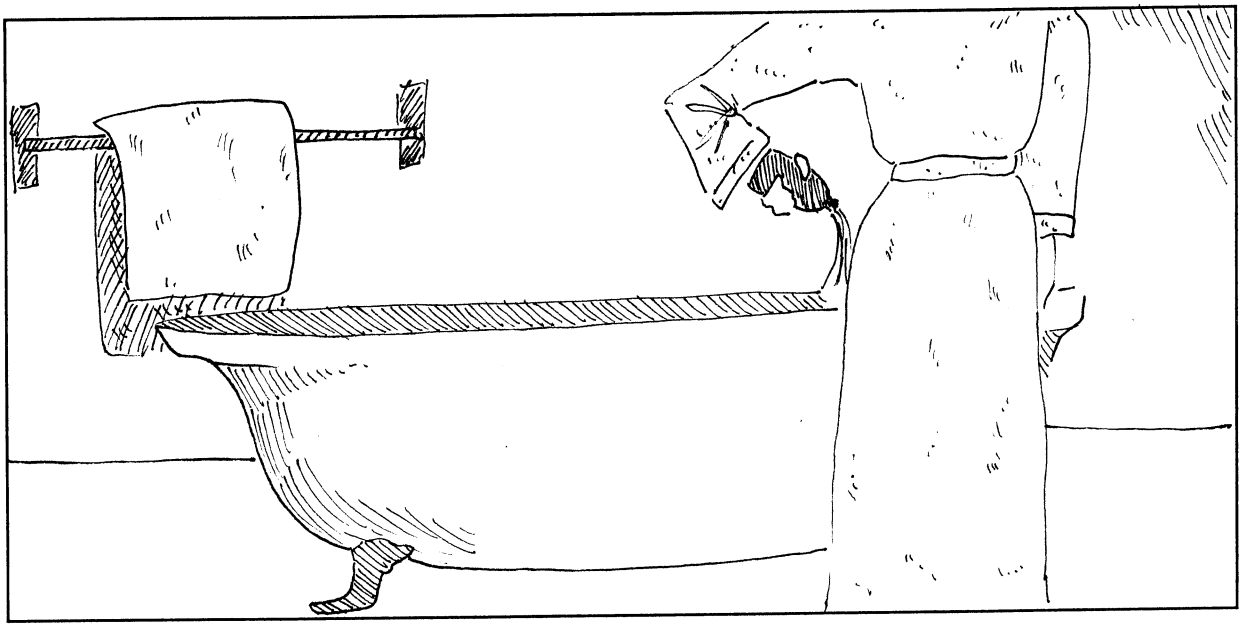

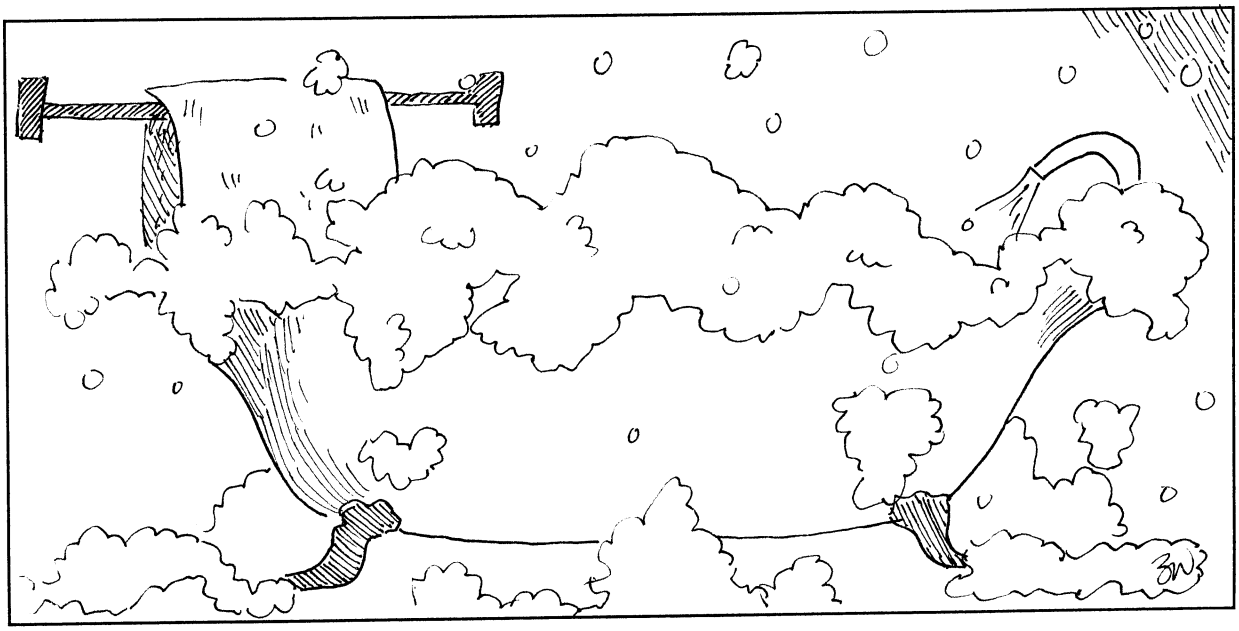

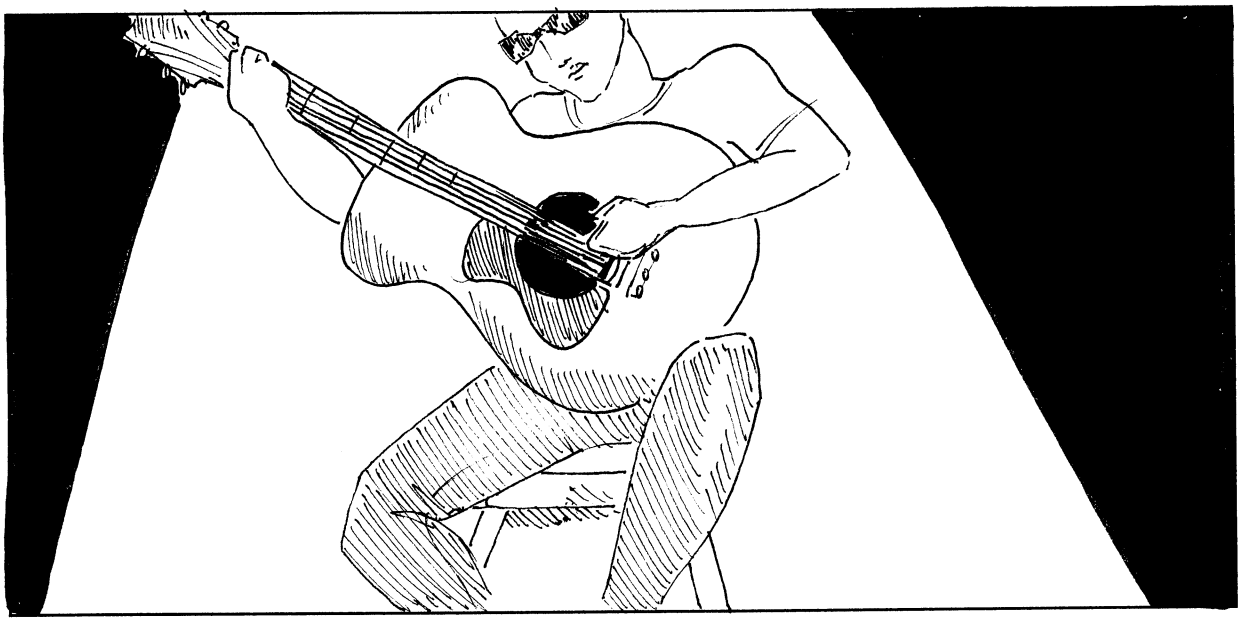

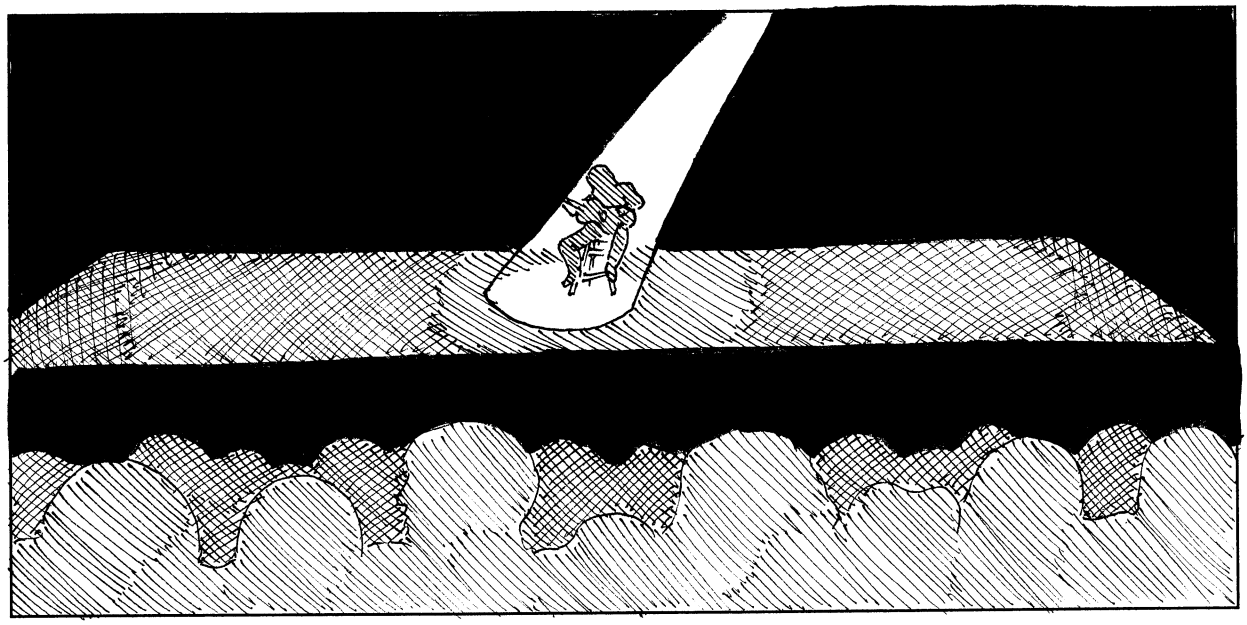

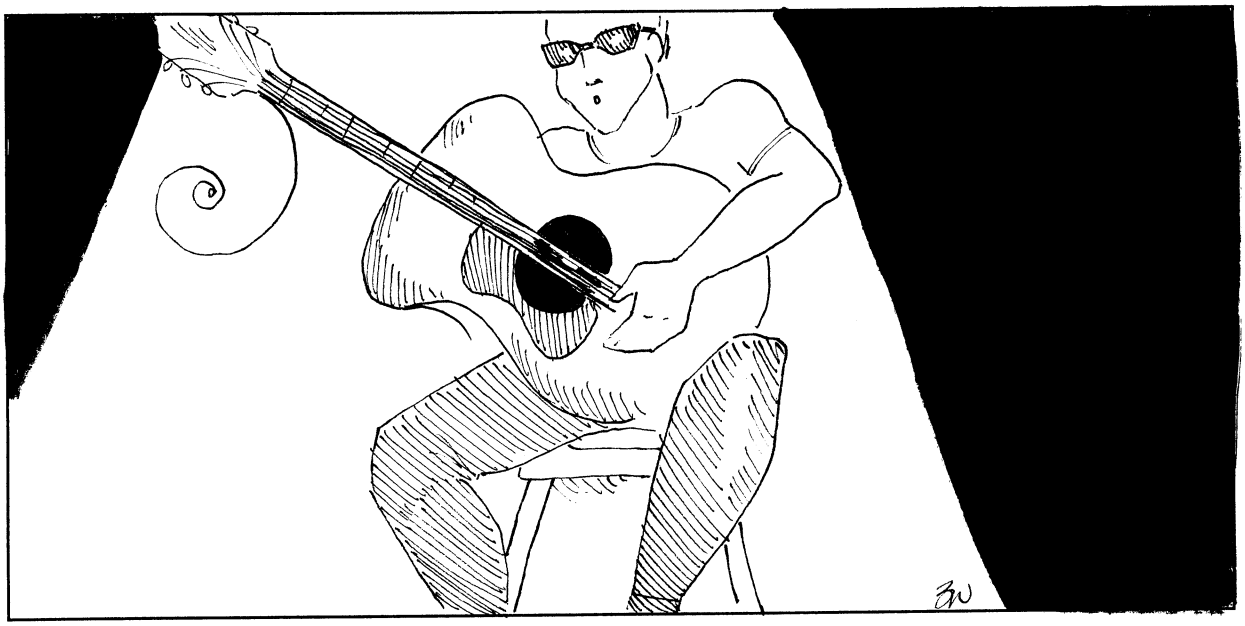

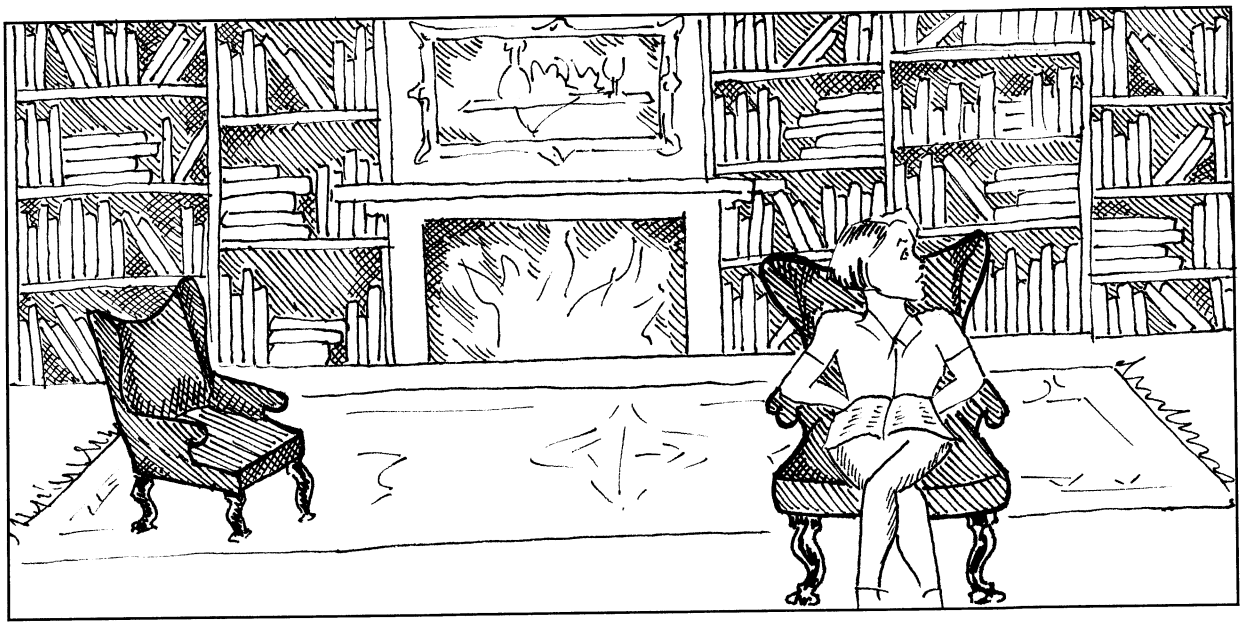

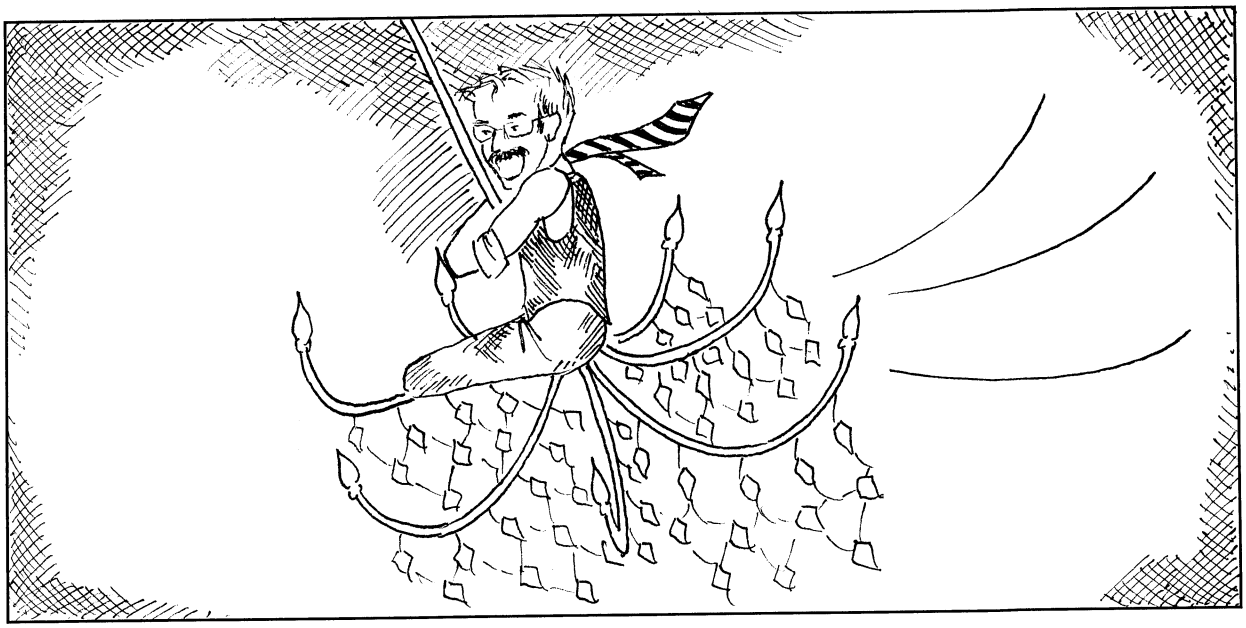

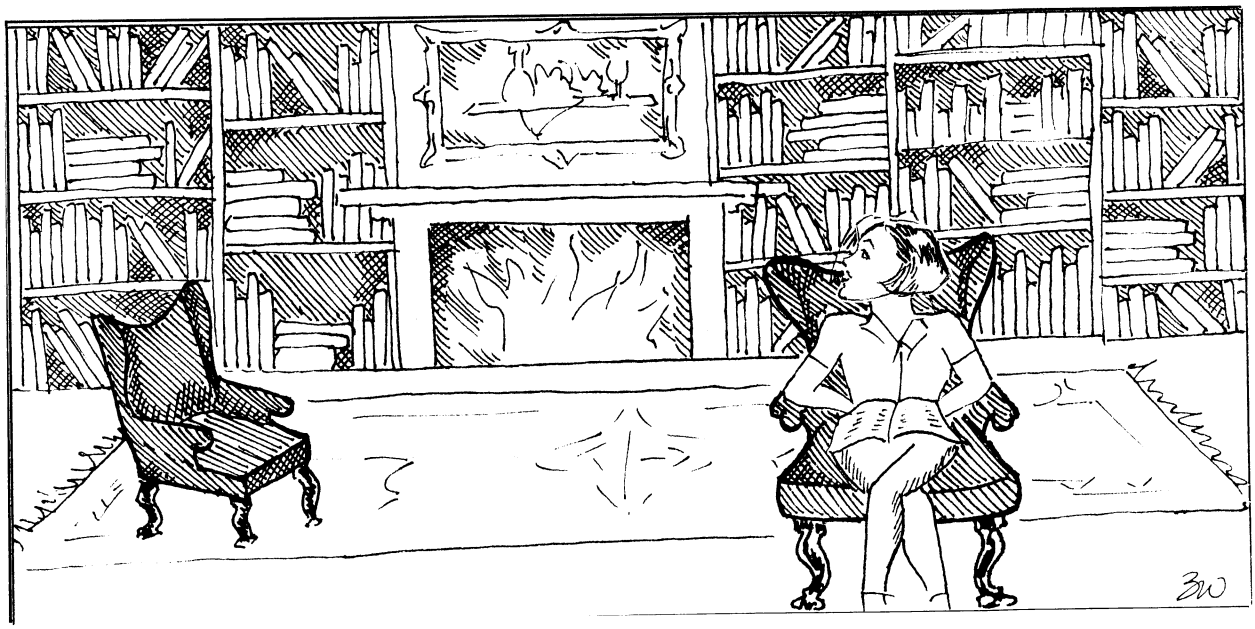

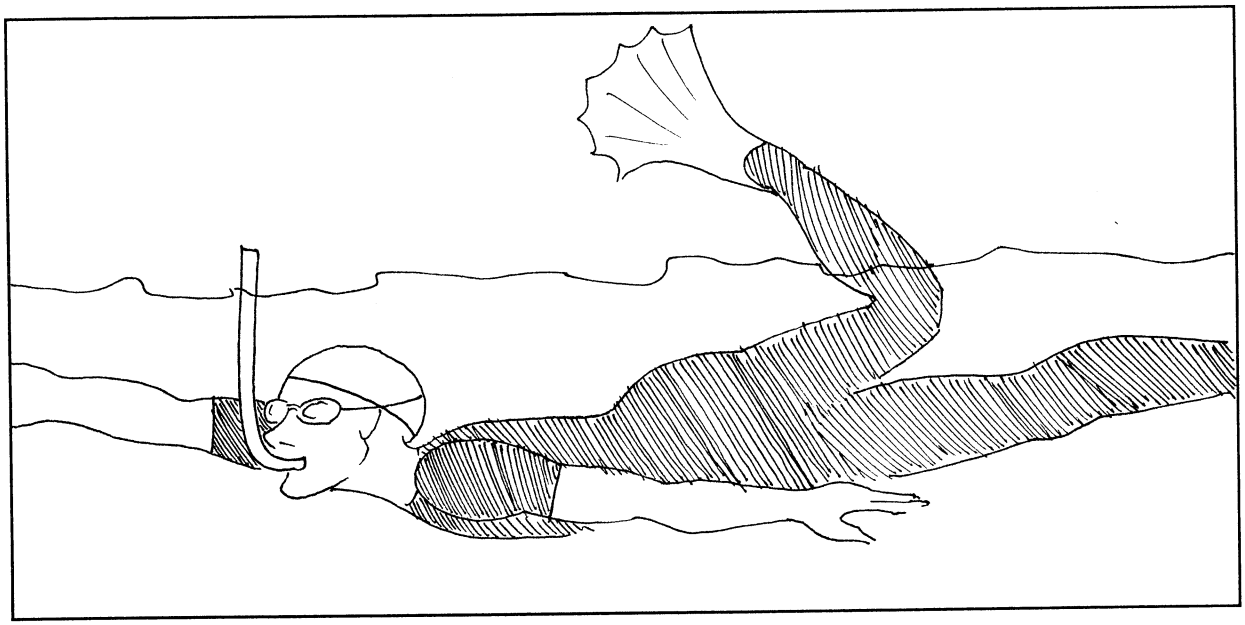

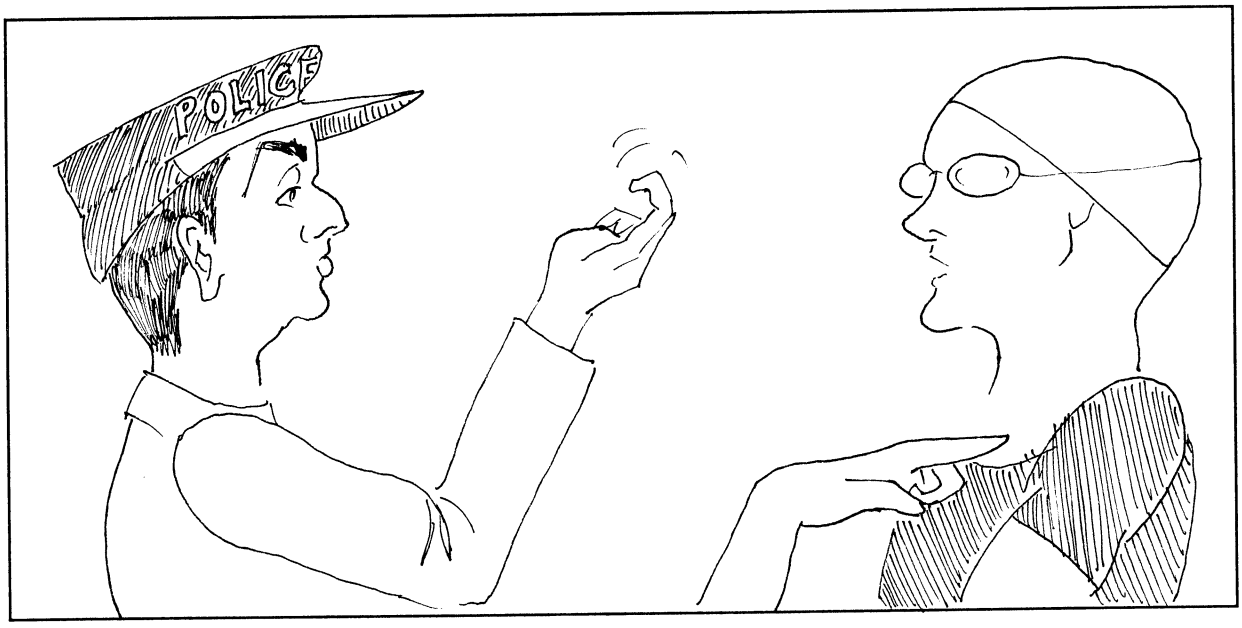
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