

**PERSONAL
EXPERIENCES OF
A CUB REPORTER**

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Personal experiences of a cub reporter by Cornelius Vanderbilt

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CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

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BY
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

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INTRODUCTION

IN the following pages I have set down a few of the more interesting experiences which have been allotted to me during the last three years of my career in the news-gathering world.

Coleridge tells us that human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, too often illuminates only the path we have passed over. These sketches might well be termed, then, the enterprises from which I have emerged successfully; the others, and they make up the minutes of a reporter's daily life, are usually colorless, so I have omitted describing them.

For assistance in the preparation of this book I am indebted to many people, among them the late J. K. Ohl, managing editor of the former *New York Herald*; John M. Siddall, editor of the *American Magazine*; John N. Wheeler, president of the Bell Syndicate; and E. B. McLaughlin, of the *Seattle Times*; and my thanks are due to them for their per-

mission to use such portions of this volume as originally appeared in periodicals and a series of newspaper articles.

THE AUTHOR

DEC. 1, 1921

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CHAPTER I

MOLDING A REPORTER

SERVICE in some form or other should be the keynote of every worthwhile thing in life, and newspaper work gives one a greater scope for serving the public at large, and molding opinion, than any other present-day occupation.

To become a great editor, with a clear and impartial vision of national and local issues is a reporter's highest ambition. Some of us strive even higher, to become publicists and interpreters of great questions affecting our people.

Eventually, I hope by hard study and diligent effort to become a publicist if that is within my realm of opportunity. Again, I have an ambition to control a newspaper syndicate, through

2 PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

which I could contribute to the best papers in the country, irrespective of size or circulation.

At best, the carving of one's career is a difficult task. I found it a harder task than I anticipated. But the glorious privilege of being independent, of earning one's way in the world by a process of brain and bodily energy, is the chief attribute of journalism. At first I found it hard to convince the editors that my writing was not a fad; that I was perfectly serious and sincere about it and was really embarking on a life of work. Those editorial moguls of the oak-desk shot sidelong glances at me as if to question my veracity and my ability to write the brand of news they demanded.

I secured my first position on the former *New York Herald*, and was obliged to write my name on a waiting list, the staff being filled. I was instructed to drop in every few days until a vacancy occurred. Within ten days E. W. H., whom I had known for some time, left the city staff to accept a position with an advertising agency. He informed Mr. J. K. Ohl, the *Herald's* managing editor, that he had a friend who would take his place, who was a "cub" but willing to learn journalism from the very bottom.