

"The Reporters" by "Flaccus in The Conning Tower, New York World," March 1924.
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"They are ordinary men like you and me;
You'd find it hard to spot them in a mob
But when anything occurs on land or sea
They're pretty sure to be right on the job.
They're ready for a wedding or a way,
A murder, an election, or a cruise.
They feed on trouble, then come back for more,
The snappy lads who father in the news.

"Oh, in England they call 'em the pressmen,
The boys with the pencil and pads,
Those pushing, ubiquitous, sometimes iniquitous
Fresh, irrepressible lads.
We call them, on this side, reporters,
But what is a name more or less,
To those dashing, spectacular, wise and oracular,
Clever young men of the press.

"If the British should unearth a Russian plot,
Or the Turks should start a rumpus with the Greeks,
You will find a bright reporter on the spot,
Who has known about the thing for weeks and weeks.
If a chorus girl should shoot a millionaire,
Or a foreign prince should wed a movie queen,
You can bet your life that some reporter's there
Collecting facts and pictures of the scene.

"Where angels fear to tread they rush right in.
They do no dread the devil or his wife.
You snub 'em and they greet you with a grin,
Then they ask you for the story of your life.
They can scent a crime or scandal miles away;
They can hear through walls of iron if they choose;
But we couldn't do without 'em for a day –
The Snappy lads who gather in the news.

"So here's to the gallant reporters,
The boys with the pencils and the pads,
The calm, undisturbable, cool, imperturbable,
Nervy, inquisitive lads.
Each time that we pick up a paper
Their valorous deeds we should bless,
The bold, reprehensible, brave, indispensable,
Sensible lads of the press."