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### JOURNALISM

#### Chiha Dies.

Philosophers may point out that death is not an end. They may even agree that it is a beginning. Whatever it is, it has taken away a man who was greatly needed by Lebanon and the Near East.

Michel Chiha died midweek of a heart attack. Up to a few hours before his passing away, he carried more than one weapon with which he defended the rights of his countrymen. As a journalist, he repeatedly led man's thinking. As a banker, he directed Lebanon's economy. As a humanitarian, Chiha made headlines in the unknown and unheralded pages of public service.

**Sound Thinker.** Michel Chiha wrote about many subjects. His editorials were the morning breakfast of Premiers, Ministers and Ambassadors. His directions mapped the road to many a political group and his words found a listening ear in various Arab quarters.

He certainly had a precise set of ideas to advance and his language left no doubt as to where he stood. He was always brief, to the point and amazing. His personality filled more than one world and his efforts covered several fields.

His thoughts were studied, calculated and lucid. He never made the mistake of blurring his ideas and, as a journalist, he wrote with vigor and vim.

**Humanitarian.** As a banker, Chiha shunned the limelight to live in the shade of big mountains. As a humanitarian, he made good where it was needed but never made it a point to seek recompense or fame.

He lived a full and rich life. He left behind a treasure of words and deeds. If death is a beginning, Michel Chiha is sure to be equipped for greater life. He left this world at the very summit of achievement. He created an organ of information, LE JOUR, and made it echo the beautiful things of life. He wrote poetry and prose and made words reach brains and hearts in astounding ease. He died only to live and be better Loved and appreciated.