A Roundtrip, From Artist to Journalist to Artist

BY BETSY ASHTON

Those who remember me as the consumer editor of WCBS-TV and CBS News may well wonder how I made the switch from journalist to professional portrait artist. It’s not the typical move from the newsroom. But I was an artist before I ever picked up a microphone.

From the time I was old enough to hold a pencil, I sketched things — mostly people — especially my teachers. “Betsy, what are you doing? Bring that up here,” the teacher would scold. When I walked the paper up to her desk, her tone would change. “Oh! May I keep that?” And so I figured that I had potential as an artist. I also grew to love history, political science, debating, and international relations, but I majored in art in college. My first job involved illustrating ads for the GC Murphy Company — not exactly great art — so I quickly switched to teaching art in high school. But overcrowded classrooms filled with kids who took art mainly to escape music or shop or have a “play period” prompted me to go back to graduate school for a Master of Fine Arts degree, with the intention of teaching art in college and painting.

My timing was terrible. In 1969, the art world was totally enamored with Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and people who threw balloons full of paint at the wall. I was not an Abstract Expressionist, Minimalist, or looking to do the next shocking thing. People interested me: their characters, stories, motives, how they change or are changed by the world around them. I had already painted dozens of portraits of fellow high school teachers and their friends, and had done more than a few cartoons for various publications. I found myself having the wrong skill set in an art world that I thought was going bonkers. In the summer of 1970, Gene Davis, my timing was terrible. In 1969, the art world was totally enamored with Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and people who threw balloons full of paint at the wall. I was not an Abstract Expressionist, Minimalist, or looking to do the next shocking thing. People interested me: their characters, stories, motives, how they change or are changed by the world around them. I had already painted dozens of portraits of fellow high school teachers and their friends, and had done more than a few cartoons for various publications. I found myself having the wrong skill set in an art world that I thought was going bonkers. In the summer of 1970, Gene Davis, The Memoirist: A Journalist With Creative License

BY ANNE ROIPHE

You could say a memoir writer is a reporter whose assignment is herself. But that is only partly true.

A memoir writer is a journalist with a point of view that cannot be purely objective. There is always an agenda in the writing which would spoil decent journalism but serves as the fuse that fires memoir with its energy, its passion, its intensity. A good journalist needs to tread with caution and listen with a degree of skepticism, and check the facts. A memoir writer on the other hand needs to abandon caution, confront the dangers, expose the very things that we are trained to hide from others, our flaws, our greed, our excessive egos. The good journalist learns to keep himself still, like a guard dog at the doors of hell, seemingly asleep, his tail barely twitching, but ready nevertheless to devour what may come his way. A memoir however requires a letting down of the guard, a willingness to be uncomfortable, to rush around and bite if necessary, to growl, if you must, to admit to longings that might bring shame or regret to yourself and others. Memoir therefore risks the anger of those who, like unwilling dandelions, get caught in the current’s worth of personal stories included in fiction and non-fiction, and bald opinion.

Anne Roiphe is a novelist and journalist and the author of two memoirs and a football.

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George Bookman: Distinguished Silurian at 98

BY MYRON KANDEL

The oldest member in every organization is a special person. But the oldest member of the Society of the Silurians, George B. Bookman, who turned 98 last December, is much more than that. He’s exceptional — due to a remarkable career in news, wartime service, public relations and a commitment to improving journalism.

George started his professional journalistic career in the dark days of the Great Depression, when as a student at Cornell College he obtained a paid summer internship in the financial department of the New York World-Telegram. But his taste for journalism went even farther back: as a young teen-ager he wrote a social column for a newspaper on the Jersey shore, where his family spent its summers.

He subsequently spent more than three-quarters of a century in communications as a magazine and newspaper reporter and editor in Washington and New York, as public information officer at the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Botanical Garden, as an author and as an active participant in a number of journalistic organizations.

Nowadays, he’s showing some of his 98 years. His step is a bit slower, his memory not as keen as it once was (though his mind is as sharp as ever!). His genial nature is still as endearing as ever. Ned Potter, whose retelling is now a part of his legend, has said, “He’s never a reply within the hour. And he’s still the news junkie he’s been most of his life.”

Until very recently, he was present at most Silurian luncheons and dinners. And he was a treasured presence, especially because he was often accompanied by Ruth Bowman, his lady love for the last three-quarters of a century. He also has a distinction that many of his friends — including this writer — can attest to and envy. They never heard a negative word expressed about him. He has legions of devoted admirers.

George showed his talent early on. Following graduation from Haverford as a member of Phi Beta Kappa in 1936, George sold a lengthy magazine article titled “Life Symptom at Graduation” to the Ladies Home Journal. It appeared while he was working at The Villager, a Greenwich Village weekly. In addition to writing and editing news, he sold ads. After a year there, he created, together with two equally young friends, an “ultra-progressive” newsletter for students and then started a newspaper feature service, which ran out of money after a few months. Next came a stint with the Metuchen (N.J.) Sentinel.

His big break came in 1939 when David Lawrence, the columnist and magazine publisher, hired him as a cub reporter. It was the beginning of a career, the equivalent of a lifetime, which included his work at The Villager, at Time’s Washington bureau. Next came four years later. So he went back to David Lawrence’s magazine and later moved to Time’s Washington bureau. Next came Fortune’s board of editors in New York, and when that proved a bit dull, he went to the Wall Street Journal in 1942 as public relations chief of the New York Stock Exchange. At the NYSE, George won the respect of the many often-cynical Wall Street newspaper reporters, who found him trustworthy and knowledgeable. He helped the exchange president Keith Funston popularize the slogan “Own Your Share of American Business,” which attracted a new generation of investors to the stock market.

Along his journalistic path, George met and interviewed some of the world’s most famous people. Among them, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, the Shah of Iran, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Nelson Rockefeller, Ludwig Erhard, Wild Bill Donovan, Jimmy Hoffa, John Monnett, William McChesney Martin and Pope Pius XI, to name a few. When the Pope offered George an opportunity to head his rosary beads, he declined, and George said he was not a Catholic, the Pope suggested he give them to someone who was. George gave them to his parents’ long-time housekeeper, who was thrilled with the gift.

After he and Janet bought a Revolutionary-era home in Milford, NY, adjoining a sprawling arboretum owned by the New York Botanical Garden, George received a job offer he couldn’t refuse: heading public affairs at the Garden, which involved spending two days a week at the arboretum. So he left the bulls and bears of Wall Street for a more bucolic setting. Among other achievements there, he broadcast a program on gardening that ran on WCBS radio for two years.

Then in 1979, the NYSE asked him to help out again, and George decided to create his own consulting business, with other clients, including the Dreyfus Corp., Time Inc., the Business Roundtable and the U.S. Dept. of Energy. He remained busier than ever, at an age when many of his contemporaries were retiring, and he continued working until he was nearly 86.

He has also maintained his love for the news business, having been active in a number of journalistic organizations in addition to the Society of the Silurians. He served as president of the Deadline Club (the New York chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists); headed the Admissions Committee of the Overseas Press Club for many years, and appeared in the Financial Follies show of the New York Financial Writers’ Association, among other activities. “I like the company of other news people,” he told me recently.

In addition to writing hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles, speeches, broadcasts and reports, George wrote his autobiography, “Headlines, Deadlines and Lifelines,” largely at the urging of his children. It was published four years ago and is filled with personal letters to and from his wife dating back to his World War II days, and to his parents even before that. It’s a fascinating account of a remarkable life.

“The book,” he explained, “has been written for personal reasons, not to become a New York Times best-seller, but if that should happen, I could live with it.”
When Anchors Are Weighed Down by Facts

BY MERVIN BLOCK

I’ve obtained an interview with the author of a new book about anchors’ blooper and blunder: me. But is it proper for me to interview myself about my book? Of course, I, me and yours truly are all of one mind. No conflict. The title of my book is “Weighing Anchors.” When Network Newswriters Don’t Know Write from Wrong.

Q. What does the book say about anchors?

A. Plenty. It documents deceptions, distortions and delinquencies.

Q. How did you come to write the book?

A. I kept hearing anchors making mistakes, some serious, some startling, sometimes apparently deliberate — like fiddling with facts. I figured the mistakes would add up to a good read.

Over the years, I’ve read a lot about anchors’ wardrobes, their hairdos, and their delivery. Yet rarely about what they do. The only anchor whose name I can immediately bring to mind is the late Tom Brokaw. I couldn’t find any article or book that covered the newscast in question. And I kept at it.

I consulted LexisNexis and check a transcript of the network that carried the newscast. And I kept at it. I also consulted a database of new disease therapies. Interview anchors who have published books, some written by anchors, and some are written by staff writers. There’s no way for an outsider to know what mistakes. You might call them anchors’ bloopers and blunders: me. I reorganized the material, tried to sharpen it and added a lot of new material.

What were some of the most common problems in the scripts?

A. Inaccuracies, grammatical errors — mangling and strangelang — and carelessness with the truth. In many such cases, exaggerated efforts to use “tonight” even when the story broke many hours earlier, even the previous day. Although I did identify the culprits in my book, I hesitate to mention them here. After all, I try to focus on the sin, not the sinner. You try to know the names: the evening stars, who don’t always shine.

Here’s one misrepresentation: On a 6:30 p.m. newscast, an anchor said there was news “tonight” that an attack on a prison in Iraq had occurred at sundown. The sundown was in Iraq, but never mind. On the next night in Manhattan, 24 hours later, that anchor said the attack occurred “tonight.” In fact, Reuters had moved a story the day before to the 2:47 a.m. ET; Reuters said the attack had begun around 10 a.m., ET. That was 32 hours before the anchor called it an “overnight” attack. That’s why I called that account “The Overnight Life of Brian.”

Another irregularity also sticks in my mind: an ABC correspondent was anchoring “World News.” The fill-in anchor, Jake Tapper, whose regular day job was covering the White House, began a story this way: “We’re learning more tonight about an unusual story of survival in Wisconsin.” But the story of the man who slipped in waist-high snow and was buried under snow for several hours had occurred earlier — more than four and a half days earlier. Tapper didn’t let the reader know the man’s age, occupation or even the name of his town.

As for my book about a CBS anchor is titled “When Exclusive News is Not Exclusive — and Not Even News.” No wonder I call one section, “Alas, Poor Couric.” What do you think of your book — honestly?

Q. What do you think of your book?

A. I think the book is a fun read — if you are interested in broadcast news. I also think it will be a personal game-changer.

As we said goodbye — and more interesting. — on him. What would the anchor tell me, assuming he could get him (or her) on the phone? Would the anchor say, “I never wrote that”? I would have asked, “Well, why did you read it on the air? You’re the managing editor of the newscast. And you’re responsible for every word uttered on your newscast.” So why talk to anchors before using their names? Say, do movie and theater critics phone actors before lambasting them in a review?

Q. How did you proceed?

A. After I collected a fistful of faulty scripts, I’d try to find a theme, then write an article for my Web site. After a while, I wrote an article that was about to make my site (mervinblock.com). At the outset, I couldn’t find any article or book that covered the newscast in question. And I kept at it.

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A. After you ran across an anchor’s mistake, did you talk to the anchor and get his side of the story, his explanation, for what went wrong?

A. No. Why not?

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As for the anchors, they all have their strengths. But to borrow from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Block, the anchors have been weighed and found wanting.

Mervin Block wrote news for Walter Cronkite on the CBS Evening News, for Frank Reynolds on the ABC Evening News, and freelanced at NBC News. Block had worked at stations in Chicago and Dallas, and held top executive and reporting positions. Cronkite, anchor of the CBS Evening News, was a mentor. Block is the author of nine books. Block is an adjunct professor of broadcast news at the Columbia Journalism School.

Continued on Page 6
Continued from Page 1 known for painting stripes, insisted I paint nothing but stripes on huge canvases — not that I have anything against stripes — but I didn't want to paint the rest of my life laying down and ripping up masking tape. And I was too ambitious to want to pursue an aesthetic that would be dismissed as passé or irrelevant by critics and historians. I needed a new direction.

Opportunity came from a surprising event. A friend, whose portrait I had painted, told me about a few law cartoons that were filmed for an arts conference held in Washington's Mayflower Hotel. Then-F.C.C. Commissioner Nicholas Johnson spoke there about his book, “How to Talk Back to Your Television Set,” the thesis of which was, if you don’t like what you see in television, don’t just sit there and complain about it; come up with a better idea and pitch it to the program directors of your local stations. These are the public airways, he explained, and you should have a say in how they are used.

I took the book and inhaled Johnson’s words. Julia Child was teaching French cooking on television, so I decided to teach art on TV, and spent the summer reading every book I could find on television production. Fortunately, there weren’t many, so I quickly moved on to assembling a portfolio of projects that could be taught on TV. Two of Washington’s five local program directors gave me a chance to audition. The immediate corporation hired me to do a weekly segment on WTTG-TV’s daytime “Panorama” program. (It had three hosts, one of whom was Maury Povich.) I was paid $50 a week.

President Nixon, forever bored with Washington press corps, spoke at that conference. I found the reporters far more interesting than Nixon’s speech and got the impression of equal pay for equal work. Three days later, he called back to say, “I'd like to talk to you about a new job I've been offered.” He wanted me to do a couple of 3:30 second reports on the movement’s key issues, then go to the studio and record them. I wrote one on the use of the term “Ms.,” another on the concept of equal pay for equal work. The good journalist never invents details. It is to report on political, calamitous ways of life, to make you think you’re doing something. It's risky business and I was too ambitious to want to pursue an aesthetic that would be dismissed as passé or irrelevant by critics and historians. I needed a new direction.

Thus began a wonderful 20-year run as a radio and television news reporter, sometime anchor and host, filled with the joy of learning, while earning far more money than I’d ever dreamed possible. There was no time for art, except once. In 1977, assigned to cover the courts for WILA-TV in Washington, I sat through a big trial with an artist who wasn’t very good. I told my boss that I could do the sketches far better. And so I became the only television news reporter ever to do her own courtroom sketches.

I retired from television at the end of the 1980’s, when I married the president of a major corporation, who lost his job shortly thereafter. He soon convinced me to go with him to Antigua to restore his old plantation house. That sounded attractive. And so I restored a house and gardens, traveled a great deal, and wrote an (unpublished) novel and memoir. It was an unapologetically necessary return to work. But what work? The networks weren’t hiring 60-year-old women who had been out of the labor force for 20 years. And writing — at least my writing — did not provide much income.

Quite by accident, I ran into Everett Raymond Kilnsler, who had painted my then-husband’s portrait as well as seven U.S. Presidents and hundreds of dignitaries. Hmm! Maybe I could go back to painting people, do what I love, and possibly make enough money to survive and thrive in my dodge. Kinstler agreed to become my mentor, directing my study throughout a two-year time up that involved winning scholarships and studying full-time at the National Academy of Fine Arts and the Art Students’ League. What a thrill to find realism alive and thriving amid the finest workshops and instruction in the country. I joined the Portrait Society of America and the National Arts Club and Salmagundi Clubs.

Age was, thankfully, not an impediment. Kinstler was, and still is, painting in his 80’s, Aaron Shikler, who painted Kennedy’s portrait, is 90 and still painting. To them, I’m a kid. Four years ago, I set up my own studio next to the Silvercup Film Studios in Long Island City. After painting a lot of folks for free to build up a portfolio of sample work, I am now — thank God — getting paid. I did Myron Kandel as one of my samples, and was invited to paint Hal Holbrook for the Players’ collection (it’s at the top of the stairs on the second floor). It hasn’t been easy launching a luxury product at a time of deep recession, but I’ve found work. You can see my paintings on my Web site at www.ashtonportraits.com.

Right now, I’m painting a portrait of a former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James that will hang in the U.S. Embassy in London. My work will be hanging next to Gilbert Stuart’s John Adams and George Washington. Not too bad for starting over at 60.

Anne Roiphe: The memoirist has no fact checker.

Continued from Page 1 the material that is his or her story, his or her truth.

The good journalist never invents details, tempting though it might be. The memoir writer may sometimes tell you the color of the curtains or report on the lading of the sun when those facts may or may not be correct. Details are needed so the reader can more easily enter the story and sometimes the little details are written to capture emotion rather than reality.

The journalist is not allowed those small leaps of imagination. The memoir writer needs them because the emotions of the story are crucial to the endeavor. Of course the facts should be true but a small allowance is made at the edge of the bedside of a dying father. For instance, it is possible to describe, by the oxygen tent, a cup of coffee turning cold, when the author is not fully sure that the coffee was cold or was there in the first place. The memoir writer will not fabricate the pain of the moment. The good journalist will not describe the unknown or unknowable, or invent the convenient telling detail. As journalists our responsibility to our readers is to add to the depth of their understanding of the world we all inhabit. It is to report on political, calamitous ways of life, to mine our own stories for the truth of our private experiences, the moral implications for others, and to explore the terrain of the private on the assumption that there is nothing unique under the sun and we need each other’s most intimate tales to learn how better to survive our own journeys. Also memoir writers, unlike our finest journalists, are often out for revenge against the crimes of negligent parents, cruel twists of fate, death itself. Memoir writers recognize Job, calling out God for his lack of justice, as a colleague in good standing. The journalist is more like a spelunker down in the caves. It’s risky business and you better get your footing right but your eye is on the outside, no time for dreaming.

Many of us are both journalists and memoir writers. We use our tools in the service of both disciplines. But we know the difference the way the sailor knows his ropes.
Gloria Steinem received the Silurians Lifetime Achievement Award at a gala dinner at The Players on Dec. 4. President Myron Kendall presented her with a plaque inscribed, “In recognition of a lifetime of excellence as a writer, editor, feminist, and activist, whose advocacy for gender equality has placed her in the pantheon of civil libertarians everywhere.”

Steinem was introduced by Tony Guida, who noted that “Gloria has always defined feminism as a revolution, not a reform. And we all know that revolutions don’t succeed overnight. Sometimes they just don’t succeed for years. Sometimes, I guess, they don’t succeed at all. And really sexism is still rampant in this culture.”

Guida, the Silurians former president, quoted a remark that Steinem made in 1962 in an article she had written for Esquire: “I’ve never heard a man ask for advice on how to manage a career and marriage.” Her comments were prescient since a year later, Betty Friedan published her groundbreaking manifesto, “The Feminine Mystique.”

Now, 50 years later, Gloria Steinem has not lost a step in fighting for the revolution. “This world of ours has always been ruled by men and what a mess we have made of it,” she told the audience. “It isn’t that women are going to do a better job looking after this world, if we do it by ourselves. No, it’s because we understand now that if it’s truly going to be a success, they are more likely to choose the most aggressive solution, even if it’s wrong. And a group of women are more likely to choose the most conciliatory solution, even if it’s wrong. But if we have a group that really represents humanity as it exists, we are much more likely to have a full range of alternatives.”

Steinem remained with the kidnappers out of concern told of how The Times and other media Cape by climbing over a wall of the compound, were able to escape. When I was something manufactured at the time. And indeed when she tried to be a journalist her very first writing had to be under a man’s name, otherwise she couldn’t be published. So I suggest that like many women now, I am living out the un-lived life of my mother. And this is a huge step forward.

“We should be proud of this, but it’s also true that we need to move forward to a time when parents live out their own dreams. And children don’t feel that they have to carry on in order to make up for lost talents and lost lives. I think however that the reason I’m really moved by this award is the big one—how much my mother would have loved it. She wanted so much to come to New York, be a journalist here. She would have loved so much to be in your company.”

Steinem went on to talk about the “Top 50” reasons she loves journalism. Journalism, she said, is a professional because you can do it almost anywhere. “I once interviewed circus people who told me that the sword swallower is the most revered person in the circus world because, he or she, doesn’t need a high wire or elephants or even a tent,” she said. “The sword swallower can work wherever it’s possible to attract a crowd.”

And I think the same is true of us and even more so now that technology has made it possible for us to put words down in different places.”

As Steinem continued to enumerate her top 10, she said, “Writing allows you to say what you wished you’d said on the spot. For instance, the other day I spent three hours waiting on the tarmac in a plane and finally the pilot offered a movie to pacify us. And the young man next to me said ‘I don’t watch chick flicks.’ I don’t know if I could have challenged him on the spot but when I went home I thought, how about prick flicks! For all the movies that have glorified World War II as the last time we could be both villains.”

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Gerry Eskenazi had an article on the Opinion page of The Wall Street Journal (Jan. 22) about the regard Brooklyn fans had for the late Stan Musial.

Linda Holmes was honored by the Shelter Island town board when they proclaimed Dec. 27, 2012, “Linda G. Holmes Day in the Town of Shelter Island.” The honor was in recognition of her eight years of service on the Suffolk County Planning Commission, Town Planning Board, Chair of the Town Drug Abuse Prevention Council and several other committees over the years.

Evan Wiener’s new e-book, “America’s Passion: How a Coal Miner’s Game Became the NFL in the 20th Century,” about the origins of professional football in the coal mining country of western Pennsylvania, came out recently on smashwords.com and can be purchased for $2.99.

Polly Guérin has recently published “The Cooper-Hewitt Dynasty of New York,” a story of wealth and generosity, politics and integrity and family and community that unfolded in New York.
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lent and right, I now understand that we
spent on World War II. And all these
bands\] and instead giving millions to
wealthy women, so we see that \[wealthy
women\] are looking," she said "for all the women
flicks, don't you think?"

Moving to another topic on her list,
Steinem recounted the day when she
once had at Ms magazine, which she
founded in 1972 with Letty Pogrebni. "We
were looking," she said "for all the women
she had to find an in-law or in-law, and it was
just as fascinating how long this list was. Now
women were [working] in banks and belling
against [supporting their hus-
bands] and instead giving millions to
women's groups.

Douglas was not active as a feminist and
reformer. Several years ago she
founded the Women's Media Center with Robin Morgan and Jane Fonda to
make sure that women were in the
media and to provide a level play-
ing field for men and women journalists.

"We are beginning to see that there's
nothing in this science thing, no is-\n
sues," she continued. "We have the
power to change consciousness, change
directions. Here is where we can see what
that we stick together and provide a com-
ity for each other, supporting this kind
of exploration and purpose. I'm very
happy, I'm sort of a believer and I hope
that this is just the beginning of any sub-
versive organizing cells."

Eye-Openers Are Not an Exact Science

Continued from Page 3

from Palmer. I then invited Douglas to
collaborate on his group's work, only to be
stymied by another twist in the tale. When
he began he hesitated and of a sud-
lenly began to weep. After a while, gath-
ering himself, he said, "What he told you is
just not true" and, a beat later, added,
"He already has it all, he didn't have to
do what he did." He then proceeded to
tell me his version of the discovery story.

According to Douglas, he had been
invited to a talk about his team's ef-
fort to researchers at Palmer's institution.
Douglas was in a quandary. He un-
derstood that the team's work was
touchy; the Palmer's group was tackling the
same piece of the puzzle. He had con-
cerns about disclosing in full measure as-
cerns about disclosing in full measure as-
less knowing where the
quences were off and that he had got-
ten the timing all wrong, owing perhaps
to major stressors in Douglas' personal
life. And since I hadn't been an eye wit-
tness to the events, Palmer told me my-
editor, I was in no position to judge. In the
end, I didn't pursue it, I just decided to
leave it be.

"I must admit to having once been
paranoid about a new way of
lumpish, but rather by a

Douglas' allegation. But because I be-
lieved Douglas, I had him "reporting" his
findings first (technically true, if you
count his oral presentation at Palmer's insti-
tution) and Palmer "publishing" first
(also true), a subtle but, to my mind and
the knowledgeable readers of the
magazine, a significant distinction.

It was the policy of the magazine to
allow scientists whose work was cited an
description of Palmer's and Douglas' parallel
investigations. Being in no posi-
tion to reference scientific squabbles and in
which of the teams had had
little choice but to stay away from
Douglas' allegation. But because I be-
lieved Douglas, I had him "reporting" his
findings first (technically true, if you
count his oral presentation at Palmer's insti-
tution) and Palmer "publishing" first
(also true), a subtle but, to my mind and
the knowledgeable readers of the
magazine, a significant distinction.

As for my Cleveland kidney spe-

tialist, I might note that going public with such
material was afoot than I had imagined.

Douglas decided to bare all. Palmer
was in a quandary. He under-
derstood that going public with such
material would be a total

But Douglas had no way of proving conclu-
scively what he was alleging. And he
had no information on which to
base a charge, especially against so revered
ag as Palmer without unassailable evi-
dence would almost certainly put an end
to Douglas' career. But Douglas was
depressed and despairing over hav-
ing been cheated out of primary credit for
such a key discovery, was hard put to ex-
plain his sudden outburst of
frustration and accomplishment would commit
such an unconscionable act, and was at
a loss as to what to do about it. As was I.

Douglas then had been named director of the
not-for-profit Council for the
Advancement of Science Writing.