Betsy Wade: Game Changer

BY MYRON KANDEL

Not many people can be credited with helping change the course of journalistic history, but we Silurians can be proud that one of them is our own long-time devoted member Betsy Wade, the worthy recipient of this year’s Lifetime Achievement Award.

In addition to a distinguished newspaper career, which itself merits this award, Betsy is enshrined in history as a leading member of the group of brave and intrepid women who challenged The New York Times for its treatment of female employees. That effort, which developed into a precedent-setting 1974 class action suit, Elizabeth Boylan, et. al. vs. The New York Times, reverberated far beyond the confines of the paper’s offices, then located on West 43rd Street. Publishers and editors around the country began thinking that if the august Times could be accused of treating its women staffers improperly, perhaps they had better re-evaluate their own behavior. Slowly, and sometimes painfully, the tide began to turn toward greater equality, a movement that still hasn’t been fully achieved. Betsy and her six other named plaintiffs deserve appreciation from the generations of women journalists past, present and future, who have benefited, and will benefit, from their courageous action.

To digress a bit, why did the suit use the name Elizabeth Boylan (she married James Boylan, who also became an outstanding journalist, in 1952) when she’s always professionally been called Betsy Wade? The answer is that the name used was the one that appeared on her Times payroll record. And why did the suit lead with her name? Because it! Continued on Page 2

An Editor’s Worth

BY ANNE ROIPHE

A good editor is worth far more than rubies and pearls. But the definition of a good editor is primarily one who likes your work.

Of course it also is one who sharpens and focuses, saves you from over writing or factual mistakes, or catches repetitions, imprecisions, and fudging. I have had editors who taught me how to sharpen, how not to be lazy, how to confirm and reconfirm controversial quotes. I have had editors whom I admired and even loved. And I have had editors who were in a hurry, who didn’t care, who pushed me to be broader, stupider, flatter. But when I had a good editor, one who made me think, who improved the original with a question, a cut, a red pencil around some exaggeration or show-off phrase, I think to myself, I’ll never make a mistake like that again—or so I hope.

My first book editor was at Simon and Shuster. He published an early feminist novel of mine Up the Sandbox. It was 1970. I was 36. He was a new, young editor with a big office and an expense account. He took me to lunch often at restaurants filled with agents and editors and authors, picking at their food, drinking martinis, manhattans, double bourbons, scotch, vodka, At almost every table little, white onions, olives, blood red cherries bobbed in their liquids, up and down. This was not a one-drink crowd. My editor did not have much to say about my book, but he did tell me the office gossip. He did tell me about his disastrous love life and his indifferent famous doctor father. I was married to a psychoanalyst. I recommended a therapist to him. He told me that each afternoon, when lunch was done, he would go back to his office, put his head on his desk, close the door, and sleep the rest of the afternoon away. He was not alone in his regimen of the long afternoon nap.

My book was well reviewed. He took me to lunch at the Four Seasons to celebrate, or perhaps it was someplace like that with fountains and pastry trays and cigarette smoke curling around lettuce leaves. I ate the cherries in his Manhattan leaves. It wasn’t the fruit he was after.

Then I wrote for the New York Times Magazine. My editor there, Lewis Bergman, was sharp and quick—dedicated to the craft. He taught me to push for the answers, to care about the piece I was working on as if the fate of the world depended on getting it right. He didn’t mind a little ruthlessness in pursuit of a fact. I think he felt the profession was a sacred one and the obligations that came with it were vows, never to be broken. We journalists were like priests (no chastity required), but special, seekers of truth. When he liked something I had brought to him I felt joy in every bone of my body. When he felt it could be better I tried as many times as it took to satisfy him.

Then I had to earn more money. That’s what happens when you reproduce and want all your children to be brain surgeons. I wrote for Ms magazine. There the editors were on the hunt for the wrong word, for the incorrect gender use, for the message that had to be the right message. It was like writing for the Daily Worker. It was not exactly about truth or style, or perceptiveness. It was all about The Movement: Politics trumped the truth. It drove me crazy.

I wrote a piece about field hockey. I said that we would know the feminist movement had accomplished its goals when field hockey games were on Sunday.

Continued on Page 8

Society of the Silurians
LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD BANQUET
The National Arts Club
15 Gramercy Park South
Wednesday, November 16, 2016
Honoring Betsy Wade
Drinks: 6 P.M. • Dinner: 7:15 P.M.
Meet old friends and award winners
(212) 532-0887
Members and One Guest $100 each
Non-Members $120

Published by The Society of The Silurians, Inc., an organization of veteran New York City journalists founded in 1924
T his is my first report as President of the Society of the Silurians, and I am extremely happy that I have been elected to such a lively and exciting start. Frank Brunri and Jeffrey Toobin, our first two speakers, packed the house. The National Arts Club was sold out for every event, had to run tables down the long corridor. Of course that was no great hardship for me, because that meant some of you were closer to the bar area.

If there were 20 years younger—or, 55 years younger—I’d call this an “awesome” beginning to our 2016-17 season. And it was particularly good timing to come. In November, we will be honoring one of our own, Betsy Wade, with our Lifetime Achievement Award. For December we are planning on having someone who has covered this insane presidential election. Stay tuned. All our functions will happen on the third Wednesday of the month.

As a 92-year-old society, we are not acting our age. We are spry as ever, and, to boot, we are in fine financial health, and doing good things with that money. Some of you are investing funds for two scholarships to journalism students, one at NYU and another at Carleton College. When I brought it to you, I had no idea how many of you were interested. The New York Times has a Contingency Fund that is there to aid fellow journalists who have fallen on hard times. That includes us, and Betsy Ashton, who has been a part of the society since we started. Unfortunately, she needs a lot of help to keep her small raise. (Plus ça change . . .)

Now let us praise a few other people. Karen Bedrosian Richardson, our treasurer, and Linda Amster, our secretary, keep our records in order. There are Michael Serrill, our second vice president, and Valerie Komor, who take care of our club’s donations to some awards program. And Fred Herzog, our webmaster, keeps our web site in order and makes sure that all our members get their lunch and dinner notices.

Mort, along with Ben Patrusky, keep our board meeting going. The web site has videos of our past speakers and past copies of the Silurian News, as well as articles and reports in the world of journalism. We also have a Facebook page, which board member Bill Dileh is overseeing. But he needs help, because there are so many events that need to be posted. Let us know who would like to help out, please let us know. This is a day and age when many people are involved in keeping an organization front and center.

Before becoming president, I was editor of our Silurian News, and that has been a difficult task. David Andelman, who founded the Silurian News, was the first editor, and David A. Andelman. With an organization full of writers, David is waiting to hear from you and your ideas. All these people, plus others, make up one heck of a team, and make me proud to be President.

Betsy retired from the Times in 2001, after nearly 45 years, but continues to be engaged in women’s rights and journalism. She has agreed to serve as a member of the Silurian’s Contingency Fund, which provides financial assistance to members in need. After all the years that have passed, Betsy, when pressed, still talks nasally about her earliest years in journalism—all the way back to editing her junior high and high school papers in Bronxville, NY, and writing for the Carleton College paper, where she often wondered if it was worth it. Meanwhile, a man in the department, an egotistical former foreign correspondent, did almost nothing. He got down to business right away. Where I had been managing editor of the art coverage, which occupied not headlines and captions. I was assigned the art coverage, which occupied not one page but a half. (Plus ça change . . .)

Eventually, I started writing for Arts & Leisure. My first article, “Will Petrodollars Oil the Art Market?” won a Publisher’s Award. Typically, winners were women who had had long careers at The Times. My name and picture were posted on bulletin boards everywhere in the newsroom. The Times was blasting big news: “We found one! We hired a woman!” However, a few years later, I wanted to change jobs and be a reporter, not an editor. When I told the managing editor, he yelled, “It’s not my job to make people happy.”

Nevertheless, I did succeed in becoming a reporter in the culture department. As a reporter, I was writing two columns of the New York Times news plus other news and feature stories every week. Some weeks I was happy to have my name in the paper nearly every day. Meanwhile, a man in the department, an egotistical former foreign correspondent, did almost nothing. He got down to business right away. Where I had been managing editor of the art coverage, which occupied not headlines and captions. I was assigned the art coverage, which occupied not one page but a half. (Plus ça change . . .)

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**With the 2016 Presidential campaign taking on all the attributes of prime-time reality television, Silurian News thought it would be useful to ask an actual critic to discuss the impression of what she has read, seen or heard.**

**LEIDA SNOW**

Until Hillary Clinton’s bout with pneumonia, the towering issues facing the nation were terrorism, the killing of a black man by a white cop, or features about those struggling to make ends meet. But these were almost never tied to the race going on in the race for the White House.

Instead there was, and continues to be, pure tracking. Pundits opine that neither candidate is liked very much, and Mrs. Clinton isn’t seen as trustworthy. Only rarely is it noted, as it was on Face the Nation, that if anyone could pull Clinton on TV she would track nicely with media coverage. When it’s favorable, as after the Democratic Convention, the numbers rise, and when it’s less positive, when more emails come out, her numbers go down.

Print does better than broadcast and cable, which as pundit Fred Allen once said, “An Internet is the perfect venue for punditry without a license. [But since only rarely do you] could always enroll in my Famous. How do I become one of the nation’s leading pundits? (*) How dare you say “Laverne & Shirley” was the worst thing to happen on TV since the invention of commercials? It’s only your opinion, you rat fink Jew commie kike bastard.”

**HOW I BECAME ONE OF THE NATION’S LEADING PUNDITS (*)**

**BY MARVIN KITMAN**

A question I often asked is how do I become a pundit like you?

First of all, I explain there are no openings in the field. Already there are far too many pundits. It is my humble opinion considered opinion pundits should be licensed like poets or fisherman. If the petitioner persists, I explain it is very hard to become a pundit. You have to study your Hegel and Kant. Eat lots of fresh vegetables, and go to bed early at night. I guess I wasn’t too encouraging.

I myself reached the pinnacle of this line of work. True, there are no fact-checkers.

The ideal basic training for my later career was a TV critic. For example, The Times ran an extensive piece about Trump’s business successes and losses. The Times reported the $25,000 donation from his foundation to the Florida District Attorney’s campaign—an illegal act that resulted in a fine—leading her office to drop a case it seemed to be building against Trump University. But as of this writing, the story hasn’t gotten much traction on network television.

Yet there are many television packages about the heads of state or corporate officials who contributed to the Clinton Foundation and also got to see the Secretary of State, but rarely a mention that there was no suggestion of any quid pro quo. Occasionally some commentator will note that the bar seems set very low for Trump and exceedingly high for Clinton, but then the discussion returns to the emails or to why Mrs. Clinton failed to hold a press conference in hundreds of days.

It’s true that the former Secretary of State has been less accessible to the political press. As one reporter noted, you can often get Trump on the phone. On the other hand, he said, Trump’s replies to questions are filled with misrepresentations and verifiably false statements, so it isn’t clear how meaningful that access is. It also appears that Mrs. Clinton is running a more conventional campaign which, defined, picked up after Labor Day. ABC’s David Muir sat down with Clinton and her running mate, Tim Kaine, for an interview in Ohio shortly after the holiday, with segments airing on Good Morning America and the evening news. And she held what would become a daily meeting with reporters on her plane shortly after Labor Day.

As a New Yorker, I learned early that campaigns generally take cities for granted. Yet while the most recent census data tell us that 60 percent of Americans now live in urban areas, there has been little campaign coverage of the key issues affecting our cities—homelessness and affordable housing, mass transit, infrastructure ranging from bridges and roads to WiFi highways. Secretary Clinton has policies on some of these, but they don’t get covered.

Meanwhile, 60 Minutes recently repeated a segment about smartphone hacking. Apparently, most voters needn’t worry that much, but any elected official or corporate officer should. They’ve either been hacked and may or may not know it, or they will be hacked whether they know it or not, according to the report. So whether Mrs. Clinton had a private server or not becomes moot.

The September Commander in Chief forum on NBC was yet another missed opportunity. Given 30 minutes with Hillary Clinton, moderator Matt Lauer spent about a third of the time on emails. Her Iraq war vote from a decade ago got additional precocious minutes. Trump, surrounded by an invited audience of veterans, wasn’t pressed about his five deferments or the Vietnam War, his denigration of a Gold Star family.

**How is my opinion equal weight: facts, true facts, and no facts.**

**Should you be challenged as a pundit, your defense can be:**

- The facts are accurate.
- I made them up myself.
- Of course, you have no idea who actually hears you as you cast your pearls of wisdom at the swine, I mean, Internet news junkies.
- It’s a lot better than going up to the roof of your high-rise and yelling at the wind.
- Or becoming one of those bores at dinner or cocktail parties who wouldn’t shut up about Trump or Bernie.
- Enough of giving away my trade secrets. It’s bad enough I’m not getting paid for spilling the beans about my craft.

Should anyone want to know more, you could always enroll in my Famous.

- How do I become one of the nation’s leading pundits? (*)

**Continued on Page 4**

**Campaign 2016: A View from the Critic’s Corner**

We know Trump thinks highly of Vladimir Putin. But our intelligence community is worried about covert Russian influence operations in the United States. Trump hasn’t been consistently confronted with that. And, so far, there’s been no in-depth follow up to his personal attacks on President Obama that might be seen as dog-whistles to fire up racist elements in his supporters.

When Mrs. Clinton spoke in Cleveland shortly before her reluctant announcement that she was suffering from pneumonia, many television outlets covered her speech in full. It was a subtlety of her remarks, while Trump’s visit to a black church received wide coverage.

Focus group reflects what they see on television: Trump is a racist and Clinton is a liar. The data show there remains a lingering distrust of Clinton over criminal justice issues. According to The Times, “the focus groups and interviews with young black activists suggest many of them are not aware of Mrs. Clinton’s plans regarding police conduct, mass incarceration and structural racism broadly.” But Mrs. Clinton’s first speech of the campaign focused on criminal justice and she has made serious proposals on the issue. You’d have to go to her website to follow them.

Focus group members reflect the views of numerous Americans. They, and by extension we, want to know what the candidates’ plans are to make their (our) lives better. Perhaps if the media asked the candidates about that, or reported when either candidate spoke about their plans, folks would have a clearer idea of where their votes should go enthusiastically.

The September Commander in Chief forum on NBC was yet another missed opportunity. Given 30 minutes with Hillary Clinton, moderator Matt Lauer spent about a third of the time on emails. Her Iraq war vote from a decade ago got additional precious minutes. Trump, surrounded by an invited audience of veterans, wasn’t pressed about his five deferments or the Vietnam War, his denigration of a Gold Star family.

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A Stroll Down Memory Lane

March 31, 1972, page 2

Raskin to Khos

The annual Quarter Century Award, to be sure, is ample alone to make a dinner notable. The following is a galvanized production, last year's winner, the late Joseph Raskin, to the delight of the guests, to the no small degree, because he had been a frequent and enthusiastic contributor to the Silurian News. His contributions were well received and his memory was kept bright in our minds.

He was a man of many talents, an author of many books, a correspondent for many newspapers, and a dear friend to all. The award was given to him in recognition of his contributions to the world of journalism and his dedication to the craft.

No More Stag

The printed tickets for the dinner were not working, although apparently members did not want to see the original ticket with the tickets, and the tickets were canceled. The tickets, however, were printed, and the guests were entitled to attend. The tickets were canceled, and the guests were entitled to attend.

No More Stag

First on the roll call was Dorothy Diehl, not a joiner but our long-time executive secretary. She handed out the tickets to guests who had already placed their order.

No More Stag

There were no overarching themes or continuity between segments, no wrap-up. However, as the headline writer asked: "Is there a score in the Silurian fall issue?"

The New York Financial Writers, 33 years young, has fixed its by-laws to include women members, so long as they meet all the other qualifications. The group also expanded its membership area, formerly restricted to New Yorkers, to those in their field in Connecticut and New Jersey may now apply.

The Times-News

San Francisco Holdout

difficult deal regarding the Press Club of San Francisco voted to remain staid. Feasibility was the issue, said the editors, not discrimination.

Downstate California, however, the Los Angeles Press Club broke tradition by naming a woman to its executive director, after the club had made available only one bar and a barman for the entire turnout — 230 tickets sold — thereby missing a bonanza. The Silurians of course did not sell any tickets for the event.

Women’s World

As the debate went on, Mr. Trump’s ignorance was predictable. Those who say she should have acknowledged the pneumonia diagnosis she’d been given multiple times and ran in the first place, then collapsed, were evident. Watching the pundits after the first debate, I was disappointed — but not surprised.

Listening to the TV pundits and the broadcast audience was, as Jeff Greenfield pointed out, this isn’t a normal campaign. We know how the media and the elites saw the debate, but we don’t know how the voters experienced it.

As this goes to press, there are two additional events — a mile and a month more of campaign media coverage. Advance apologies for my non-psychoanalytic abilities.

Most journalists want to be seen as fair. Both Clinton and Trump have been in the public eye for decades. Their values can be seen in their records. Members of the media who want to fulfill their responsibilities might repeatedly remind readers, listeners, viewers, and those on social media, to look beyond the daily chatter to what these two have actually done in the past as a guide to what they might do in the future.


Campaign 2016: A View from the Critic’s Corner

Continued from Page 3

family, or his dismissal of Senator John McCain’s courage because he had been family, or his dismissal of Senator John McCain. Continued from Page 3

Nordstroms

Jo Coppolla.

Ex-Post, Helen Staunton.

As first to be enrolled, whose patience crowned the men-only precedent, Miss Staunton of course was called to speak for the new contingent. Her good looks and her remarks, bringing to the realm of world classics notwithstanding, doubts must now feel better, may even not feel too bitterly any more about this new turn.

New York Daily News

In Canada, the Toronto Men’s Press Club opted for the status quo auntie but the Thunder Bay, Ontario, Press Club voted to welcome women. The Canadian Women’s Press Club, for its part, accepted several men who applied after the National Press Club accepted women in 1970. An ex-member of the Women’s Press Club of Canada and the Heritage magazine changed its shingle to the Media Club of Canada, recognizing two trends in one swoop.

Washington Slides

Helen Thomas of U.P.I. in November became the first female president of the National Press Club in Washington. More recently, two women for every man turned up in the sell-out audience to hear Gloria Steinem’s address to the club members.


No More Stag

No More Stag

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No More Stag
Fourteen years ago, Silurian Barbara Lovenheim wrote about two Jewish families who successfully hid from the Nazis in the center of Berlin. Now the printed work has been revived as a compelling e-book. This is its story and the story of the Jews who made it through.

BY MICHAEL S. SERRILL

The time is late 1942, the place Berlin. For ten years the Nazis have been brutally attacking the Jewish community, restricting Jews’ ability to work and where they can live, even dictating what they can buy, wear or eat. Tens of thousands have been deported to an unknown fate, yet still, more than 30,000 Jews still live in Germany’s capital city, many of them working as slave laborers in factories, including one run by Siemens, then and now one of Germany’s largest industrial companies. Word spreads that the Gestapo is about to launch a huge raid, sweeping up Berlin’s remaining Jews and sending them east to Auschwitz and certain death in the gas chambers. By the time the raid does take place in February 1943, thousands have gone into hiding and spending the next three years, hunted, barely one step away from their relentless pursuers led by Nazi propagandist and virulent anti-Semitic Josef Goebbels. Barely 1,400 survive to the German surrender in July 1945—effectively successful Anne Franks who managed to elude their determined pursuers for years.

In the late 1990s, Silurian Barbara Lovenheim was introduced to three of these survivors. Erich and Ellen Arndt were living in Barbara’s hometown, Rochester, New York. Erich’s sister, Ruth Arndt Gumpel, was a widow in Petaluma, California. They were eager to work with Barbara on a memoir. The resulting book, Survival in the Shadows, was published in 2002 by Peter Owen, a small publisher in London. The history of the book since then should be an inspiration to everyone with an unpublished manuscript langushing in the bottom drawer of a desk.

The British publisher sold barely 1,000 copies, a tribute largely to its high cover price. Peter Owen then sold the German rights to Siegel Verlag, a publisher of the Bertlesmann group in Berlin. This edition sold more than 5,000 copies. The book was reviewed in top newspapers and discussed on a host of radio stations. Most reports highlighted the crucial role of non-Jewish Germans in protecting the fugitives from Nazi oppression by feeding, housing and employing them. Both Barbara and the Arndts were invited to the German capital to tell their extraordinary tale and to be honored by the German government. TeamWorks, a Bertlesmann film company, optioned the film rights.

Years passed. The film was never made, while the book disappeared from store shelves. In 2012 Jane Friedman, a top editor at Harper Collins, left to found an independent e-book publishing company, Open Road, encouraging authors to submit new and old print books. Her editors would take a look and convert them to e-books if accepted. Open Road also created an archive for the Holocaust books they acquired. Friedman added Survival in the Shadows to her list. Open Road has now sold at least 15,000 e-books copies of the book, largely through a series of major cross-promotional campaigns with Amazon and BookBub. The e-book was also twice a best-seller on the Wall Street Journal Books page. Print sales have also increased in tandem with the enthusiastic word of mouth from e-book readers.

But above all, the success of Survival in the Shadows suggests its truly timeless value. Though we know how the story ends, that doesn’t diminish the suspense and drama we feel as the Jewish protagonists play hide and seek with the Gestapo in the heart of the Nazi empire. The book focuses on seven survivors: Dr. Arthur Arndt and his wife, Lina; their grown children Erich and Ruth; Erich’s fiancée, Ellen Lewinsky, and her mother Charlotte; and Bruno Gumpel, a friend of Erich’s who after the war marries Ruth. The family is not particularly religious and Dr. Arndt long considered himself a patriotic German who is not a Jew. He was a medic in World War I and was awarded an Iron Cross for his service. He could not imagine the Nazis would dare target him for deportation. Only at the last possible moment does his son persuade him to go into hiding to save his life.

The seven fugitives credit more than 50 Germans, many of them patients of the doctor, with either hiding them, helping keep the secret of their whereabouts. One heroine was Anne Gehre, Dr. Arndt’s patient who hid the doctor in her small apartment and helped the group find other hiding places. Another was Max Koehler, also a patient, who employed Erich in his factory and allowed him to stay overnight. Ellen soon moved in and by 1945, as bombs shattered the city, all seven were living there. Earlier, several had been constantly on the move, seeking a safe place to sleep. Ruth kept a toothbrush in her purse. At one point, Erich and Ellen lived with an prostitute so she could sleep in her bed when she wasn’t entertaining a client. The tiny apartment was just blocks from the offices of Adolf Eichmann, the tyrannical Nazi who helped conceive the Final Solution and was in charge of carrying it out.

But finding shelter was just one challenge. Members of the group had to earn money to buy food and goods, posing as bombed-out Gentiles. Ellen and Ruth worked as seamstresses and maids and were eventually has a nurse in Petaluma, California. They were used to cook and serve meals to his colleagues, whose advances they managed to fight off. Charlotte at one point worked to a restaurant, sit down with a German officer and order a meal. When she exclaimed she had mislaid her ration cards, the officer graciously paid for her dinner, then tried to make a date with her.

Toward the end of the war, the 6,000 Jewish fugitives who had survived in hiding in Berlin were starving. [WAIT: YOU SAID AT THE START WE ESCAPED TO THE END OF THE WAR... SO THAT MEANT IN THE FINAL DAYS AT LEAST 4,600 LIVED UNTIL 1945... FROM A TOTAL OF 6,000... A Dịch Vu SUCCESSFULLY EVADED THE NAZIS! IS THAT WORTH SAYING?]. And, as the Allies closed in, the danger of being blown up by Allied aircraft, which bombzed the city relentlessly. Remarkably and entirely by chance, the small factory owned by Max Kohler, a German Patriot in 20, in a neighborhood which had been rehabilitated and is today a working space for architects.

Lovenheim still finds it remarkable that the Arndts were able to survive in the belly of the Nazi beast. And she believes the book resonates today. "Considering the horrible situation in Syria," she says, “and the number of refugees who have to hand mouth all over Europe, and the ever-present sense of terror that innocent refugees as well as ordinary citizens, have to face, the story of the Arndts and the Germans who defied Hitler to help them is as relevant today as it was seven decades ago.”

Michael Serrill is second vice president of the Society of the Silurians, and a former editor at Time, BusinessWeek and Bloomberg News.

Frank Bruni: Free Rein

Frank Bruni’s peripatetic journalist’s career has brought him acclaim in many fields—but it was the Presidential election that dominated his talk and the Silurian headlines at the kickoff luncheon on Sept. 21.

Now a New York Times op-ed column, Frank Bruni told the Silurian Barbara Lovenheim asked him how he would describe his career. ‘It’s a little bit of a weird thing, because I’m not a part-time stringer for The Times or The New York Post or The Washington Post. I’m a freelance writer and lecturer, as well as an author. For me, being a freelance writer is part of what I do. But whatever the winner turned out to be, he suggested, “a month later, everyone will be talking about 2020.”

And what did Frank Bruni expect to be doing by then? “I wouldn’t be surprised if in five years I’d be covering football. I’m a football fan.”

—Gerald Eskenazi

A Pair of Frank Recipes

While today, Frank Bruni is more concerned about the temperature on the political circuit than in any oven, his heart is still in the kitchen. Next February, he’ll be launching an entire book of recipes for one of his favorites—Meatloaf. But here are a few of his other favorites from years past.

PUBLICAN CHICKEN

INGREDIENTS

• ½ cup extra virgin olive oil
• 2 ½ tablespoons fresh lemon juice
• 1 ½ tablespoons brown sugar
• 1 tablespoon Espelette pepper or Spanish smoked hot paprika
• 1 tablespoon dried oregano
• 1 teaspoon salt
• ½ teaspoon garlic
• ½ teaspoon warm water into tomato paste can

PREPARATION

1 In a large mixing bowl, combine oil, lemon juice, brown sugar, Espelette pepper or hot paprika, oregano, garlic and salt and pepper. Mix well.

2 Flatten chicken and add to marinade, turning it until coated. Cover and refrigerate for at least one hour or overnight.

3 Prepare a grill, arranging coals or a fire. Stir in basil and oregano. Cover with lid slightly askew and simmer about 30 minutes.

4 Return meat to pot, along with any juices that accumulated in bowl. Cover with lid slightly askew and simmer, stirring frequently, until meat is very tender and tomatoes are cooked, about 2 hours. Warm water may be added to sauce, in 1/2-cup portions, if sauce becomes too thick.

TUCCI RAGU

(Actor Stanley Tucci’s favorite as well)

INGREDIENTS

• ½ cup olive oil
• 1 pound stewing beef, trimmed of fat, rinsed, patted dry and cut into pieces
• 1 pound country-style spareribs, trimmed of fat, rinsed, patted dry and cut in half
• 1 cup coarsely chopped onions
• 2 cloves garlic, sliced
• ½ teaspoon salt
• 1 tablespoon chopped fresh oregano leaves, or 1 teaspoon dried oregano

PREPARATION

1 In a stew pot over medium-high heat, warm olive oil. Sear stewing beef in a heavy cast iron skillet. When the beef is browned, remove from skillet, set aside, and reserve.

2 Add onions and garlic into pot. Reduce heat to low and cook until onions begin to soften, about 5 minutes. Stir in wine, scraping bottom of pot clean. Add tomato paste to pot. Pour 1/2 cup warm water into tomato paste can to loosen any residual paste and then pour into pot. Cook to the worst of it.

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4 Remove meat from skillet and reserve. Slice and serve.

It is nice to report, too, that women continue to get better jobs in our profession. In New York City, for instance, Gloria Wolford Johnson, as general news editor, is one of five supervising editors responsible for United Press International’s daily news reports to U.S. newspapers.

And they’re keeping good jobs! Former news reporter Isabelle Keating Savell has been renamed by Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to the New York State Workmen’s Compensation Board at $33,500 a year.

—Dudley B. Martin

A Stroll Down Memory Lane

Richard Bernstein, a veteran correspondent for Time magazine and The New York Times, is a freelance writer and lecturer, as well as an author. In 1971, Bernstein was studying Chinese in Taiwan when he became a part-time stringer for The Washington Post. That led to a full-time position at Time magazine in 1973, when he was assigned to write about Asia while based in Hong Kong. In 1980 and is now director of the school’s journalism department.

Sally Wendkos Oles is an award-winning writer who specializes in child development, family life, human relationships and health. She is the author of “Early and keep reading” in Time magazine, and is the author or co-author of 11 books.

Cynthia Terenzio is president of Cynthia Terenzio Productions, creating content for broadcast and digital media. Her journalistic career goes back to the mid-1980s, as WOR Radio News correspondent. She frequently joined CNN, where she produced, directed and reported for programs such as Sheehan This Week and Sheehan Today. In 2001, she moved to News12 New Jersey, covering the statehouse in Trenton and she’s been a New York-based freelance field producer for Entertainment Tonight Canada.
OBITUARIES

Lawrence (Larry) Van Gelder, who made the rounds at four New York City newspapers before joining The New York Times and becoming a beloved stalwart of the newsroom for the next 43 years, died at home on March 11 of leukemia/lymphoma, a rare cancer. He was 83. Van Gelder, a native New Yorker, started as a copy boy at The Daily Mirror in 1955, then moved to The World-Telegram and Sun, The World Journal Tribune and the Daily News before settling in at The Times in 1967.

As a Times reporter, film critic and obituary writer, he produced more than 5,200 bylined articles. In addition, he served as an editor on the culture and metro desks before retiring in 2010.

Jean Briggs, a mainstay of Front Page listings, including:

BY JOAN KELLY BERNARD

Martin Hollander: Newsday's Serious Man

WITH a nod to the Coen brothers, Martin Hollander was a Serious Man. He was devoted to his family, generous with friends, and a consummate working professional. He was, as Newsday described him in his obituary, "graceful and at ease under pressure ... an editor whose flair for language and eye for detail enabled him to shape news events into poignant opinion pieces."

Marty, as he was known to friends and family, died at age 78 on June 23 of a sudden, rapidly advanced metastatic cancer. A resident of Port Washington, N.Y., he had been married for 43 years to Elizabeth, of Huntington Station, N.Y., daughter Danielle and granddaughter, Jean. He was a serious student of World War II and current events, especially issues involving the State of Israel. He loved crossword puzzles, his dog books, intelligent TV series like "The Wire," and movies of all kinds—yes, including those of the Coen brothers. He was a regular at the Cinema Arts Centre in Huntington and a devotee of the annual Philadelphia Flower Show. As his close friend, former colleague, and Long Island Press senior editor Spencer Ramsey told Newsday, "There will never come a guy like him who knew so much about so many things in journalism."

He didn’t shrink from personal involvement with issues, serving on the East Meadow school board in 1980s and being a labor activist while at Newsday. He was looking forward to launching a letter-writing campaign to Silurian leadership to drop the fruit and cookies and restore the fancy desserts. Seriously.

In recent years, he served as a volunteer at the American Museum of Natural History. One day, a group of young women from Japan approached the information desk and asked him, "How do we get to Harvard?" He resisted the impish, and predictable, "Study hard!" and simply said, "You go out that door, turn left to the subway, take the C train to Penn Station, get on Amtrak to Boston, then take the subway to Cambridge from there. It will take you about four hours. If you leave now, you can be there by dinnertime."

Stunned at the distance, they explained they just wanted to see an American university. So Marty, learning they planned to stay the weekend, suggested they check out NYU instead.

Marty is survived by his longtime companion, fellow Silurian Francine Brown of Port Washington, his daughter Danielle and granddaughter, Elizabeth, of Huntington Station, N.Y., and daughter Jessica of Greenpoint, Brooklyn. He also maintained a warm and supportive relationship with his ex-wife and mother of their children, Nita Hollander of Huntington Station.

BY LAURIE BRENNER

Silurian Joan Kelly Bernard works at the American Museum of Natural History and was a colleague of Martin Hollander for much of his time at Newsday.

WELCOME TO OUR WEB

Do you know that if you missed any of our lunches or dinners during the past four years, you can still see and hear such illustrious guest speakers as Robert Caro, Gloria Steinem, Gay Talese and Mimi Sheraton on our very own website? Links to videotapes of their presentations to the Silurians, along with those of just about every other luminary who’s been a guest speaker since 2012, are available at www.silurians.org—and so is a wide selection of other material, including the brand-new SilurianList (see page 8 for the print edition), where you can run a free ad for something you want to sell or buy, or let us know about a new project such as a book or a blog.

You’ll also find information about upcoming events such as the next lunch or dinner—complete with profiles of the featured speakers and information on how to make reservations—as well as a variety of other listings, including:

• Digital back copies of the Silurian News.
• Brief biographies of all new members, which remain posted for six months.
• Obituaries of members, also online for six months.
• Brief bios of all officers and board members.
• Links to other websites about journalism.
• Links to members’ blogs.
• Information about joining the Silurians and a downloadable application form.

Co-editors Ben Patrusky and Mort Sheinman, plus webmaster Fred Herzog, make it their business to keep the site up to date and relevant. They invite you to make it your business to check it out.

Martin Hollander: Newsday's Serious Man

**NOVEMBER 2016**

**SILURIAN NEWS**

**PAGE 7**

*Ouch. He asked legendary restaurant owners and editors to high standards. Fellow intimates described his obituary, "graceful and at ease under pressure ... an editor whose flair for language and eye for detail enabled him to shape news events into poignant opinion pieces."

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BY LAURIE BRENNER

Silurian Joan Kelly Bernard works at the American Museum of Natural History and was a colleague of Martin Hollander for much of his time at Newsday.
An Editor’s Worth
Continued from Page 1
afternoon TV, right alongside the NFL or major league baseball. I’m still waiting. The editors wanted me to be more upbeat. I did what I could.
I also wrote for Cosmopolitan. They paid very well. Of course they were paying very well, but I had to have at least three expert quotes. I knew experts. I would invent the quote and then ask for a second one. They would rephrase and give me the quote. It was awful stuff. It was formulae, flat, it needed examples which I could easily invent. I would also invent my own name. I don’t know how I did it. I didn’t have to bother everyone I knew until they said what I needed them to say.

All right, I coached a little. It wasn’t that the pieces were useless. It was that the Cosmopolitan message of female empowerment through sexual and emotional skills was a bit like selling toothpaste. Sometimes the smiles were fake.

And then I wrote for the New York Observer. My editor there was a serious political writer who would talk with me about his next subject at all hours. He made my pieces better. I learned from him. He didn’t know much about the emotional issues I sometimes wrote about, but he knew how much a writer needed clarity. He wanted to make him happy. Happy with my column, happy for ever. But then he moved on into his own byline, and I had a new editor who was very young. I had to explain the references, the metaphors, the allusions. He had never heard of D.H. Lawrence or Ph. Why should he have? But the pleasure in writing the columns was diminished without another person’s thoughts, suggestions, company.

I also wrote for women’s magazines on psychological matters, on style, on why women had their noses fixed, on why the hippies (I was a fellow traveller) did what they did. I had read a book. They would rephrase and give me the quote. It was awful stuff. It was formulae, flat, it needed examples which I could easily invent. I would also invent my own name. I don’t know how I did it. I didn’t have to bother everyone I knew until they said what I needed them to say.

Something to say about the work. She sees where it could go farther, where it could be more accurate, more embracing, more poignant, or piercing. A good editor knows that a writer is very childlike and likes to be carried. She doesn’t just ask questions. She does dare to tread, because whether the work is fiction or journalism, opinion or the story, the writer is alone in the dark of her or his mind and needs, seeking additional light, a hand along the way. Editors are busy. They have many paragraphs needing editing, they have deadlines and rivals, and money pressures. They can’t coddle or flirt, or whisper sweet nothings in everyone’s ear. Sometimes they snap, or growl, or just turn their backs. A writer appreciates that an editor is not a substitute for a friend or a spouse or even a child or a gentle dog. Editors can bite and draw blood.

My three martini lunch editor died before he was 45. My editors now order salads and diet coles and check their phones during lunch. I am always sure they are talking to or messaging a writer more interesting and profitable than me. But I could be wrong. They might be confirming their child’s playdate, or their dentist appointment, or looking at the balance in their checking account. Somehow, I just don’t dare ask. In the writer’s world it works like this: Ring a round a Rosie, we all fall down. But not without dancing and singing, not without expecting the best and giving the best we can at any given time.

Anne Roiphe’s latest book is Ballad of the Black and Blue Mind. You are likely to find other musings about editors and more in her five memoirs, the most recent one, Memoir of Lust Without Reason.

Calling all TV news editors
Looking for TV news editor to edit footage of various stories related to international missions in countries to help people and events at the United Nations.
Contact: Dr Judy Kuriansky DrJudyK@aol.com (917) 224 5839

Calling all writer/reporters
Looking for writers and reporters to cover unique stories about missions in different parts of the world related to the UN global agenda, i.e., mission to help Syrian refugees; trainings with survivors of disaster, etc. (or to edit and pitch my stories).
Contact: Dr Judy Kuriansky DrJudyK@aol.com (917) 224 5839

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Help! I need to get out of my kitchen!
Writer, journalist, commentator looking for a workspace, ideally in a newsroom and happy to do light editorial chores in return) or setting where there are people around and a sense of life and liveliness. Working on two books, columns for everyone from the Saïd al-Hassouni to CNBC to Suddeutschezeitung; TV appearances from France 24 (French & English) to SkyNews. I spend a third of my time in Paris, so I won’t always be under foot.

Requirements include Wi-Fi, a/c in the summer, heat in the winter! Will bring sense of humor and a limited pocketbook. Make me an offer!
David A. Andelman dadandelman@gmail.com 917-325-2822

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SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Calling all TV News Editors
Calling all writer/reporters
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Help! I need to get out of my kitchen!

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SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1

SILURIAN NEWS NOVEMBER 2016

Continued from Page 1