

Silurian News

Published by The Silurians Press Club, an organization of veteran New York City journalists founded in 1924

**LIFETIME
ACHIEVEMENT
AWARD DINNER**

Honoring Steve Kroft

*The National Arts Club
15 Gramercy Park South*

Wednesday, October 16, 2019

Drinks: 6 P.M. • Dinner: 7:15 P.M.

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NOVEMBER 2019

Reporting Chappaquiddick

BY ANTHONY MARRO

When Newsday moved out of its Melville plant back in August, most of the pictures on the walls were put up for grabs. Rita Ciolli, the editorial page editor, grabbed and sent me one that showed me and Bob Greene and others standing on the bridge at Chappaquiddick a few days after Sen. Ted Kennedy had driven into the tidal pond, a July 1969 accident that resulted in the death of his passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne. It shows that, like most reporters on the job back then, I was wearing a suit and a tie. A few nights later I was back on the bridge again, but this time wearing only my underwear.

I dove into the pond and touched bottom, which wasn't difficult because the water seemed to be only about ten feet deep. I came up and then dove down again four or five times. Kennedy had said that he had tried to rescue Kopechne, but that the current had been too strong. Greene, who headed Newsday's investigations team, wanted to know just how strong the current was. But as a man with a Sydney Greenstreet sort of bulk, he didn't think he was the right person to test it.

It was such a dark night that I kept

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Marro, left, and photographer Ken Spencer in front of the Harbor View Inn at Martha's Vineyard in 1969.

Recalling the Clattering of the Keys

BY BILL DIEHL

To many of us Silurians, it is a familiar memory: the clacking of 100, or 500, typewriters, as reporters and editors worked toward their deadlines in open newsrooms. The sometimes deafening noise could be almost soothing. For some, the typewriter itself became a crucial part of the writing process, and many were reluctant to give it up when computer word-processing arrived in the early 1980s.

One reluctant convert was longtime print reporter and CBS commentator Andy Rooney. "I like being a writer but I also like writing," Rooney wrote in his 2002 book *Common 'Non' Sense*. "The only time I feel in control of my life is when I am sitting at my typewriter—computer now—typing."

Like Rooney and many of us of a certain age, we grew up with typewriters. In high school I needed an extra credit to graduate and took a "touch typing" class, so it was me and 30 young women. As the years went by and I became part of some big broadcasting newsrooms, that typing course became important. I didn't have to produce my copy by the "hunt and peck" method like many of my colleagues. I too joined the computer brigade—not exactly kicking and screaming, but with the realization that I had better learn computer skills or my job would be in jeopardy.

Yet when computers were introduced at CBS Radio, correspondent Reid Collins rebelled. The day he arrived in the newsroom and a computer was on his desk instead of a typewriter, he tossed the machine into a wastebasket and walked out. Collins was suspended. A short time later he went to CNN, where he later gave up his protest

and started using a computer to write his newscasts.

Recently I took an informal poll of some of my fellow Silurians about their typewriter memories. Here are a few of the responses.

Bert Shanas, who worked at the New York Daily News for many years, recalled that when the paper made the switch from typewriters to computers, Jimmy Breslin couldn't handle it. He wouldn't go near a computer and would dictate his columns to his secretary, who would then type them into the computer.

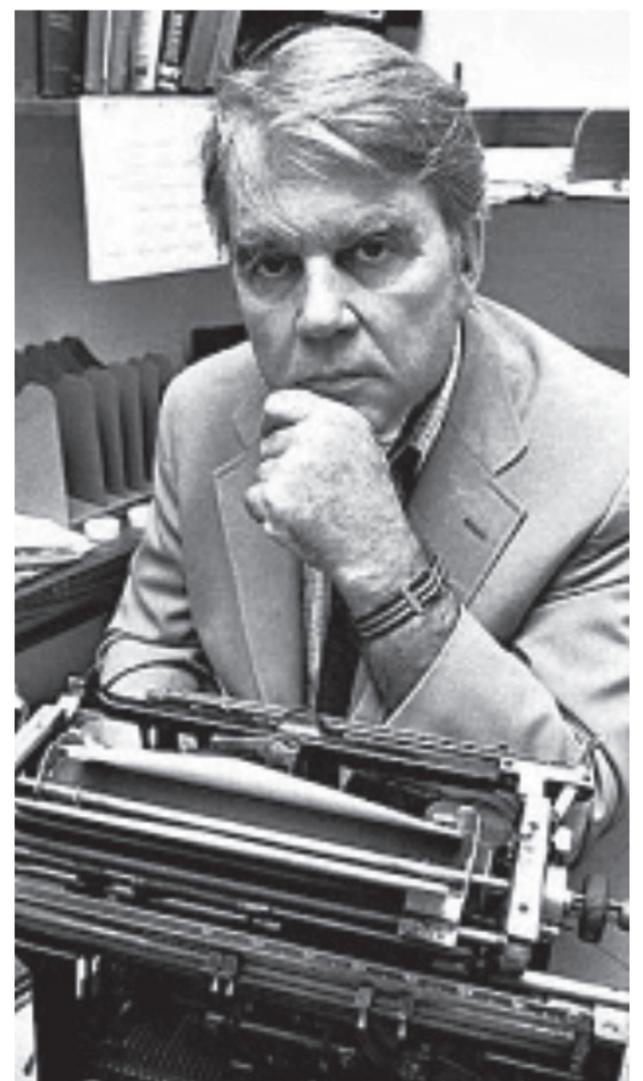
When WNEW Radio passed into history, veteran WNEW reporter Mike Eisgrau landed a job as Communications Director at the Javits Center, which was using a computer system. Mike says he was able to rescue an IBM electric typewriter from the storeroom and used it throughout his tenure at Javits. "I did use the Javits computer system, but never mastered the mechanics very well, so I used the IBM to type addresses on envelopes," he says.

Silurian Clyde Haberman sent me an article from 1999 that he wrote for The New York Times. A few excerpts: "Bit by bit—byte by byte?—computers have pushed typewriters to the same musty shelf where you'll find buggy whips, bottles of cod-liver oil and, any day now, New York City subway tokens," he wrote.

Why do some diehards even to this day cling to an obviously outdated technology? Haberman quoted Lois Gould, who said, "the perfection I see on the computer screen I find dangerous. It looks good, therefore you think it's right."

Another writer, Frances Whyatt, says the typewriter "slows you down enough to make you better."

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CBS's Andy Rooney at his beloved machine.

President's Report

Right Back At It!

School's back in session and we are off to a smashing Fall season as Silurians!

Not that this summer has been wanting for excitement. Let's see, trade wars, hurricanes, tweetstorms, and for your leaders no cessation of our efforts to line up an amazing second (and final year) of my presidency. I must go out on a high note.

So, after watching an amazing mini-series on Roger Ailes on Showtime, with the peerless Russell Crowe in fat suit playing the Great Bloviator, not to mention Sienna Miller as his long-suffering wife, Seth McFarlane as his mouthpiece, Simon McBurney as Rupert, Josh Stamberg as Bill Shine, and Naomi Watts as Gretchen Carlson, how could I not go in search of the journo whose indefatigable efforts painted a picture that is worth certainly a thousand words, or at least seven televised hours. Which is how Gabriel Sherman, author of *The Loudest Voice in the Room*, came to be our debut luncheon speaker for the Fall season. If nothing else, I was dying to learn how he organized SIX HUNDRED interviews into a book.

Then, there's our Lifetime Achiever for our dinner gala. I first stumbled across him in the Fall of 1980, when, having just left The New York Times following 12 eventful years at home and abroad, I joined CBS News as a neophyte television correspondent. In the next cubicle, in what was then called "the Northeast bureau" at 524 West 57th Street, was another neophyte (at least to CBS, certainly not, like me, to the entire world of television journalism). His name was Steve Kroft. While I went off to Paris (until Larry Tisch bought CBS News and decided he could do without most of the overseas bureaus, Paris being one of them), Steve went onward to stardom.

Now, as a brilliant coda to his career as one of the great 60 Minutes pros, Steve Kroft will be joining us on the evening of October 16 as our lifetime achievement award winner. Incidentally, he will also, as it happens, be the tenth CBSer to carry home this award, beginning with Walter Cronkite in 1969.

Here's the full list—quite a collection of greats: 2014, Sandy Socolow; 2005, Mike Wallace; 2003, Don Hewitt; 2001, Charles Osgood; 1994, Joseph Wershba; 1990, Marlene Sanders; 1983, Fred W. Friendly; 1973, Edwin Newman; 1969, Walter Cronkite.

Anyone who doesn't recognize a name is welcome to ping me and I'll be happy to remind you.

Of course, that's not all we Silurians are about. I encourage everyone to get involved in our Press Freedom committee, chaired by one of my distinguished predecessors in the president's chair, Allan Dodds Frank. And of course there is the entire awards process. The inimitable Jack Deacy can always use a judge or two or three. Finally, you are reading, right now, one of the great media properties still actually being printed in these United States, edited by the incomparable Michael Serrill who, next June, will step eagerly into the seat I now occupy. So write for it. You will have any number of eager, deeply informed and unquestionably appreciative readers.

Until the winter!

All the very best,
David A. Andelman



COPY BOY!!! BUT I WAS A GIRL

BY ROBERTA BRANDES GRATZ

I started at the New York Post in March, 1963, when the Post resumed publication after the four-month newspaper strike. Publisher Dolly Schiff broke with the consortium of publishers who had been united in fighting the unions. Dolly, ever unpredictable and quirky, decided to go it alone and settled with the unions.

I had just graduated from college and desperately wanted a New York newspaper job. I didn't want to go the normal route of working at a small paper somewhere, accumulate clips and then try to break into New York. As a teenager, I had spent a hateful time in a Connecticut suburb and had no intention of ever leaving New York City again. I had been born there and grew up in Greenwich Village. New York City was in my blood.

I applied to the New York Post for a "cub reporter" job, a category that exists more in fairy tale newspaper movies than in reality. Instead, I was offered a job as a "copy boy," with the hollow assurance that I would eventually get a tryout as a reporter. Who knew what "copy boy" meant, but it was a start and I grabbed it.

"Copy boy" is what reporters yelled when they pulled a page of a story out of their typewriter that needed to be taken to the editor. Sometimes it was just "boy." "Copy boy" is also what editors called out when they had edited pages needing to be taken to the composing room. Rarely did any reporter or editor even look up to see to whom they were handing the copy.

At the time, I was the only female among a group of boys (Tony and Joe Mancini among them) but never thought twice about answering the call of "boy." Then came the first black copy boy. Life changed. Suddenly, the call became simply "copy" and the word "boy" was banished forever.

These were the heady days of great New York Post reporters – Pete Hamill, Ted Poston, Ed Kosner, Helen Dudar, Murray Kempton, Fern Marja Eckman. I was star struck, happy to watch, learn and look forward to a future among them. Editor Paul Sann, with his cowboy boots and stick phone, looked like he had just come off the stage from a performance of "Front Page." Editorial Page Editor Jimmy Wechsler had taken on Joe McCarthy and exposed Nixon's campaign slush fund, prompting the candidate's famous "Checkers Speech." Jimmy was the consistent liberal voice of the city.

Friends asked, "why do you want to go to the Post, it will be the first to close." Well, we all know how that worked out, even though the Post is a shadow of its former self.

I finally got a tryout but only by a fluke occurrence almost worthy of a grade B movie. I had asked to work as a copy girl for the 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, when Lyndon Johnson was nominated to serve a full term. On the last day of the convention, a birthday party for LBJ was held on the Boardwalk. All the reporters were out on other stories so the editor sent me up there to take notes. Johnson was presented with a giant cake depicting the United States. He took the first slice out of Texas. So I came back, and instead of notes, wrote the story with the Texas slice as the opener. It ran front page the next day with a great photograph. The buzz in the city room was that Roberta had her first story. My tryout came two months later and I lasted as a reporter until the Murdoch takeover 14 years later.

The Post was an early leader in hiring and featuring women reporters. But this



Gratz beams at the retirement party for Ted Poston, right, while Jimmy Wechsler reads a tribute.

was still the '60s and early '70s, when the women's movement was just heating up. Many interview subjects were startled when a young female reporter walked in. During my interview with actor Ben Gazzara, he kept unbuttoning his shirt, one button at a time, exposing his hairy chest. I wrote the story with each unbuttoning noted.

When I was pregnant with my first child in 1967, this was more than the male-heavy city room could bear. I was the first reporter/mother the Post had had since World War II. The only other one had started during the war and was then a grandmother and the fashion editor. Several female reporters were married but not mothers.

As more women joined the ranks and women's issues came to the fore, interesting clashes unfolded. There was the "byline strike" we waged to give our interview subjects the right to be labeled

Ms., not just Miss or Mrs. *MRS.* Schiff strongly resisted, even though Schiff was her maiden name. Then there was the battle Lindsay Van Gelder, then pregnant, and I waged together to share a job so we had more time with our kids. At first the union resisted, not wanting to lose a slot. Mrs. Schiff, whose staff of nurse, cook and chauffeur isolated her from the issue, also objected. We lost that one.

Complaining about Mrs. Schiff was automatically part of daily chatter. But who would have expected a buyer to appear that would make her look good. When Murdoch bought the paper in 1978, the Post for me was history.

Silurian Roberta Brandes Gratz is an award-winning journalist, urban critic and author of six books on urban development issues, the last being: We're Still Here Ya Bastards: How the People of New Orleans Rebuilt Their City.

Welcome New Members

Ann Crittenden is an award-winning journalist, author and lecturer. Three years after launching her journalism career as a researcher and writer at Fortune magazine in 1967, Crittenden joined Newsweek, where she wrote about financial matters and became a foreign correspondent. She was a reporter at The New York Times from 1975 to 1983, writing on a wide range of economic topics and initiating numerous investigative reports. She has also been a visiting lecturer at MIT and Yale, an economics commentator for CBS News, and executive director of the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

Crittenden's books include *The Price of Motherhood*, published in 2001 and named one of that year's Notable Books by The Times. Her most recent book, *If You've Raised Kids, You Can Manage Anything*, appeared in 2004. She has also written *Sanctuary: A Story of American Conscience and the Law in Collision* (1998) one of The Times' Notable Books of that year, and *Killing the Sacred Cows: Bold Ideas for a New Economy* (1993). Her articles have appeared in virtually every national

newspaper and numerous magazines, including Foreign Affairs, The Nation, Barron's, and Working Woman.

Crittenden is a native of Dallas, Tex., and a graduate of Southern Methodist University and the Columbia University School of International Affairs. She is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and has been on the board of the International Center for Research on Women.

David Seifman was the political editor of the New York Post from 2013 until his retirement in April. He joined the Post in 1973 as a part-time copy boy, while a student at CCNY. He worked his way through the ranks to general assignment reporter in the 1970s, around the time the Post was undergoing a profound change, moving from Dorothy Schiff's ownership to Rupert Murdoch's. In 1982, Seifman was assigned to cover City Hall as a vacation replacement. He was named City Hall bureau chief in 1989, also taking over the newspaper's weekly "Inside City Hall" column, which he wrote until 2013, when he was named political editor.

The Birth of *the Daily News*

BY SALVATORE ARENA

Looking back, it seems only fair to characterize the New York Daily News as the social media juggernaut of its day. Introduced in June 1919 as America's first tabloid, the News was a revolutionary picture newspaper launched at a time when the dominant broadsheets competing frantically for New York City readers had little use for photographs.

With the News marking its 100th anniversary earlier this year, the time is right for retelling the long-forgotten story of the birth of the scrappy tabloid, for decades the largest circulation paper in the country, now suffering as much as any newspaper from the crippling competition of the internet.

The News was founded by Joseph Medill Patterson, who was born to considerable wealth and social position in late 19th century Chicago. Patterson's maternal grandfather was Joseph Medill, the millionaire owner and publisher of the Chicago Tribune. His father was Robert Wilson Patterson Jr., top editor at the Trib and eventually Medill's successor. Young Patterson was sent east to Connecticut at age 14 for his formal education, first to the exclusive Groton School and then Yale University.

When he returned to Chicago in 1901, he worked as a reporter for the Tribune, but did not find the job to his liking. He turned to politics, winning two terms in the Illinois legislature as a Republican. He soured on the GOP when he learned his election was the result of a backroom political deal. He turned Democrat for a time, taking a commissioner's job in the city administration.

But by 1908, Patterson had had what today might be called a conversion experience. He declared himself a Socialist and served as campaign manager for Eugene V. Debs, the perennial Socialist candidate for the Presidency. It was as an avowed left-winger that he embarked on his next career, as a fledgling writer and playwright of Socialist tracts and stage dramas, reflecting his strong conviction that what America needed was a redistribution of wealth.

Then, at the urging of his cousin, Tribune Publisher Robert R. McCormick, Patterson returned to the paper for a successful tenure as Sunday editor, increasing the Sunday circulation by more than 100,000 readers with novel coverage of motion pictures and features that encouraged reader participation by offering small money prizes.

It was while serving as an artillery captain in an Illinois National Guard unit during World War I that Patterson first spied a London tabloid, the Mirror, then selling nearly a million newspapers daily. He convinced fellow Army officer McCormick that New York City might be the place to introduce such a paper. Their conversation took place on July 20, 1918 on a French farm in Mareuil-en-Dole as the Second Battle of the Marne was shaping up.

With financial backing from the Board of Directors of the Tribune—both young men's mothers were board members—Patterson dispatched a team to New York to get the ball rolling. Space was subleased from the New York Evening Mail at 25 City Hall Place, and a small staff of editorial, advertising and circulation personnel was hired.

Oddly, Patterson ran the News from Chicago by means of letters, telegrams and occasional visits to New York. The News, he had decided, would be a morning paper because morning papers had the advantage of being on newsstands all day. It was to be a combined newspaper and magazine, tersely written, with lots of pictures and features aimed at the city's vast working class.

At the time, New York City was home to 17 newspapers: seven morning papers and

10 afternoon dailies. Hearst's afternoon New York Journal, with a circulation of 687,000, was the kingpin. The New York Times was tops in the morning with a circulation of 341,000, just ahead of the New York World.* Yet, within four years of its debut, the Daily News was outselling them all, dethroning Hearst's Journal and prompting him to start his own tab, the Mirror, nearly a carbon copy of the Patterson's News.

The News named Arthur Clarke, a former Chicago Trib hand then working for Hearst in New York, as its first Managing Editor. Also doubling-up from Chicago as circulation director was Max Annenberg, a member of the infamous Annenberg clan known for its underworld ties and the strong-arm tactics. Annenberg and Patterson wisely shunned the combined distribution system used by all New York papers and set up an independent delivery operation that the News would control.

The debut issue hit the newsstands on June 26, 1919 as the *Illustrated Daily News*, at two cents a copy, but looking nothing like the iconic newspaper we have come to know. An editorial promised a newspaper of interesting pictures, brief news stories, convenient size, larger text type and dedicated to the interest of the

few issues. "It is essential to get news pictures," the publisher instructed his staff in a memo from Chicago after the News hit the stands. "That is our lifeblood and if we do not excel in that we are done for." To help achieve that goal, he urged that the staff become "picture chasers."

"Green reporters who do leg work can get a lot of good news pictures every day by hunting around and asking for them," he told them, adding, "This thing has got to go and the paper has to get better every day."

Contests were another preoccupation, especially little ones in which winners would get from one to five dollars. "Bright Sayings" and "Embarrassing Moments" became News staples. Others such as "My Motor Car Experience," made brief appearances before being dropped. The printing of first-run fiction and limerick contests would prove to be the best drivers of circulation.

Though growth was painfully slow at first, the tabloid soon became a hit with readers. The challenge was to convince reluctant advertisers, especially the city's major department stores, that a newspaper which offered more pictures than words was getting into the hands of people who actually had some buying power.



Founder and first publisher Joseph Medill Paterson.

Sweeney, of course, was the statistical average New Yorker, representing tens of thousands of readers, then hundreds of thousands, who were finding the Daily News an entertaining diversion during their morning subway, trolley car or railroad commute.

The "Tell it to Sweeney" campaign ran for six years. The News paid circulation had grown to 150,000 papers daily at the end of 1919, passing five other dailies in the process. By 1921, the News was operating in the black. In its fourth year it attained the largest daily circulation of any newspaper in the country. In 1925, it hit the million mark. By 1926, it was selling more newspapers on Sunday than any other paper in America.

Not until the News passed the million-circulation mark did Patterson move permanently to New York to guide it.

The News reflected the spirit of the times. It was frivolous, irreverent, at times outrageous; its forte was sensational coverage of crime and scandal, with the best in comics, contests and entertainment features blanketing both Broadway and Hollywood. It won intense reader interest and loyalty, and developed a brief, concise news presentation and a trenchant editorial style that in time was adopted by many papers. Virtually by itself it developed the photograph as a major news medium. In 1947, it reached its peak circulation: 2.4 million daily and 4.7 million on Sunday, including many readers living outside the five boroughs. For years, it had more than twice the daily circulation of any other paper in America.

The News remained profitable into the 1970s, though its circulation began a very slow decline after its peak year. There were many reasons for this, but that is a story for another day.

Patterson was proud—perhaps a bit too proud—of his creation. Asked if he had succession plan for the News, he replied, "The paper won't last five years without me."

He passed away in 1946 at age 67. But the Daily News—in print and on the World Wide Web—lives on. As one of its old marketing slogans proclaimed, it's "too tough to die."

*The 17 newspapers and their circulations at the end of 1919:

Mornings: Times, 341,689; World, 334,698; American, 304,240; Sun, 137,171; Tribune, 120,559; Herald, 103,597; Call, 30,003. **Afternoons:** Journal, 687,624; Evening World, 353,862; Telegram, 189,717; Evening Mail 103,235; Standard Union (Brooklyn), 55,291; Eagle (Brooklyn), 43,442; Times (Brooklyn) 41,289; Post, 30,439.

Salvatore Arena was a reporter and editor at The Daily News for 35 years followed by a decade as a spokesman for the MTA. He is now a public relations consultant and freelance writer.



The front page of the first issue of the Illustrated Daily News.

country and New York City.* The front page featured a photograph of the Prince of Wales. The 16 pages included an all-photo centerfold and back page, short news items and a mish-mosh of reader-friendly features and promotions—a key ingredient to the formula that would eventually help win the paper massive circulation gains.

One News insider at the time wrote years later that "the first issue of the Illustrated Daily News ... had a *What is it?* aspect of the wholly unfamiliar. It wasn't a newspaper. It wasn't a magazine. And not by the wildest imagining would anybody have expected a demand for it."

Patterson was not satisfied with the first

In 1922, three years into the life of the paper, Patterson's chief marketer, Leo E. McGivena, another former Chicago Tribune staffer, launched a groundbreaking market research project investigating just how much excess income was in the pockets of the folks on Manhattan's Lower East Side. The study concluded that the immigrants and their first-generation offspring had retail needs and the disposable income to fulfill them. The report became the backbone of a famed marketing campaign, targeting advertising agencies and their major clients with the slogan: "Tell it to Sweeney! The Stuyvesant's will understand."

Buses, Trains, Planes, and Clumsy Heroes

BY GERALD ESKENAZI

Okay, I understand the image that my fellow journalists have of sportswriters: We're sitting in a press box, protected from the elements, writing our stories. Oh, yes, and we also spend a lot of time talking to half-naked athletes in locker rooms.

All true. But that's only part of the story. For over the years all of us have had to improvise to get that story—and it hasn't always been handed to us. In fact, I've been in all sorts of moving objects interviewing subjects. And sometimes funny things happen when you're traveling with famous people.

Case in point: the bus. A group of journalists was leaving Midtown New York one winter's day for a trip to Kutsher's Country Club, the old

fighters. But it wasn't over yet. For on the way back, guess who was in the driver's seat again. This time, he took a different route when we got to the city. He was driving on the East Side and went across 125th Street. He stopped the bus at a corner, where a couple of teenagers were hanging out. He opened the door and smiled at the kids. They gawked back—it was Muhammad Ali! Smiling, Ali closed the door. And then he drove us back to the hotel where we were staying and began to sing, "He's got the whole world in his hands."

Some time later I was going to the Indianapolis 500, and wanted to interview Roger Penske, the truck-rental mogul who owned the pre-race favorite car. Penske also was an auto-racing icon, having made his mark

just set the world land-speed record in a jet-powered car at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. And he was coming to New York. I got hold of his Goodyear tire sponsors, and said, "It would be a great idea for me to go driving around Manhattan with Craig. What do you think?"

They agreed. I rented a car and met him at his hotel. "You drive," I said. He had never driven in Manhattan. We got to a red light. He stopped—and then made a right turn. Pedestrians yelled at him and cars honked.

"What are they upset about?" he asked.

"You can't turn on red in New York City," I said.

We drove for a few blocks and I was about as comfortable with him as I would have been with a learner-driver.

wrote about him in the next day's paper.

That afternoon, he saw me in the pit area.

"Hey, come over," he shouted. "I want to introduce you to my friend." Which he did, telling his friend, very proudly, "This is the guy who wrote about me in *The New York Times*."

I realized at that moment that even icons—the man who broke the sound barrier, for goodness' sake—love to read nice things about themselves.

And then there was the time I was in Argentina, writing about wine. The vintner invited me to his estate. It was, of course, in a spectacular setting.

"We are roasting a cow in your honor," he said. And there, on a revolving spit, was the carcass. It was being tended by a couple of fellows in gaucho gear. Then the winemaker said, "For you, here are the bull's testicles. A delicacy." I gulped and smiled. I cut them up in little pieces and tossed some lettuce over them to hide the fact I didn't touch them. Didn't want to insult my host.

Then he announced we were going for a ride. He saddled up a couple of horses and we went on a nice slow pace. All of a sudden, my horse, oblivious to my commands in English, took off. Do I jump off? I wondered. What would my obit say? Stupid thoughts crossed my mind. But luck was on my side. The winemaker's inamorata galloped alongside me and took the reins. The car ride back to Buenos Aires was uneventful.

The Long Island Rail Road had a promotion involving the Yankees. The railroad wanted to show suburbanites how easy it was to get into the city and go on to Yankee Stadium in the Bronx from there. So they sent Ron Blomberg, the outfielder, as part of a P.R. stunt. I went along.

The last time I had seen him was at Yankee Stadium. I had made the mistake of offering to cover an afternoon game although the important Jewish holiday of Rosh Hashanah would be starting that night. I thought I'd have plenty of time to see the game, write it up, and still get back for evening services. Lo and behold, the game was tied in the ninth inning and I started to kvetch. How could I have done something so stupid?

I didn't count on Blomberg, a Jew from Georgia. He took the plate in the bottom of the ninth with a man on, and drove home the winning run. I told him how grateful I was in an interview in the locker room. He confided to me that if the game had gone into extra innings, "I would have left to go to temple."

I thought about that as I spoke to Blomberg on the train. After a few minutes, someone came by with a tray of sandwiches. "Oh, my favorite," said Blomberg as he snatched one.

It was a ham sandwich. Thank you, Ron.

Eskenazi is a former member of the Silurian Board of Governors. He was a sports writer for the Times from 1959 to 2004, and over that time boasted a total of more than 8,000 bylines, the second most, he says, in Times history. This story is adapted from one first published in Forbes.



Ali volunteered to drive the press bus and promptly turned it over when it arrived at its destination.

Catskills resort where George Chuvalo was training to meet Floyd Patterson in a heavyweight fight. As I got aboard, I suddenly squinted. For there in the driver's seat was...Muhammad Ali—yes, that Muhammad Ali. He was driving us all there! Ali was going to do the TV commentary on the bout, so the promoters figured they'd also have him plug the fight.

Turns out that Ali also owned his own red-and-white bus, so he knew how to drive the press bus. It was uneventful until we got to within half a mile of the hotel. There was snow on the ground and heaped in piles on the side of the road. Suddenly, Ali drove too close to the side. He hit a snowbank—the bus suddenly tilted, and turned on its side. We were tossed around but no one was injured. Because the bus was on its right side, we all scrambled out through an emergency window.

Ali was walking away from the bus when I asked him, "Do you have a license?"

He looked sheepish. "Suspended," he replied.

Well, I got my story—but not the one I expected, covering a couple of

in European competition. The best place to get him for an extended talk, his P.R. man told me, was on the flight to Indy. "Roger's leaving in his private plane from Teterboro Airport," I was told. "Why don't you go with him?"

So I did. We sat next to each other at takeoff. When we were a few hundred feet off the ground, I started to ask him a question.

"Sssh," he said. He cocked his head, listening for something. Then he said to the pilot, "I thought we had that fixed."

Scared witless, I started listening to the engine noise myself. Turns out there wasn't a serious problem; type-A Penske would have nothing less than perfection. (The night before the 500 race, his car was dismantled to the smallest screw, each one wiped clean, and reassembled.) I do remember Penske telling me what it means to have it all. When our plane landed, we walked a few feet to his waiting Cadillac.

"Pretty convenient," I said.

"That's what it's all about, Jerry," he replied. I've taken that as my mantra.

Craig Breedlove was the world's fastest human, on the ground. He had

Finally, we got back to the hotel. He had to parallel park. He backed into the car behind him. At least we weren't traveling at 300 miles an hour.

I also interviewed the first man to break the sound barrier—on the ground.

Chuck Yeager was going to drive the Indy 500 pace car. What a great idea for a story—an American hero of the air, down to earth. (Tom Wolfe would make Yeager even more famous with his book *The Right Stuff*, which was turned into a movie.) And I would be sitting beside Yeager.

We arranged to go for a drive around the track a few days before the race. He was like a kid behind the wheel. He gunned the car and hit the first turn at more than 100 miles an hour. Then he pointed to a tiny sign and said, "See that?" I couldn't really. "I've got exceptional eyesight," he explained. Then he said, "Watch this. I'm going to brake hard when we come to a stop. You'll feel all those g-forces!" Wow. Did I. It was the weirdest feeling, something between having Andre the Giant sit on your chest and hurtling through space without a parachute. I

How I Saw the Light During the Great Blackout

BY MORT SHEINMAN

On the night of the Great Blackout of 1965, when the lights went out all over the northeast U.S. and parts of Canada, I was working at 7 East 12th Street, then the headquarters of Women's Wear Daily. I have a picture to prove it. I had no idea that more than half a century later, that picture would become wallpaper in WWD's current home.

The date was Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1965. I had been a WWD reporter since 1960, but in October 1965, in one of those moves that must have seemed like a good idea at the time but wasn't, I switched from reporting on the garment business to selling ad space in the paper. When the lights blinked out at 5:27 p.m., I was alone. My fellow ad men, who worked from 9 to 5, were gone. Editorial people worked from whenever to whenever, never punching out as early as 5. One glance through our 12th Street windows told me it wasn't a simple building fuse that failed. I wanted details, so I groped my way down two flights of stairs to the newsroom. I opened the stairwell door to dimly discern my former co-workers, also in the dark, gamely trying to not bump into things while pondering what to do next.

I hadn't set foot in the WWD newsroom since switching to the business department a month earlier. I wasn't allowed to. The so-called "wall" between news and advertising was as impenetrable as anything conjured in a Donald Trump fever dream. The cavernous newsroom had all the charm of a showroom featuring cheap office furniture, its linoleum-covered floor a wading pool of crumpled copy paper, sandwich wrappers and cigarette butts.

After a month in the relatively antiseptic atmosphere of the business department, I felt at home again.

Reporters were scrambling for flashlights, or even candles, hoping to reach sources by phone. No cell phones in those days, of course, just landlines. But they were working. Someone from the custodial staff had uncovered a carton of lanterns and was distributing them on desks. Our printing presses, at that moment sitting silent in the basement, could not start humming until power was restored. When would that happen? No one knew, but we had to proceed as if we'd be able to produce a newspaper that night.

Suddenly, a familiar voice cut through



While visiting WWD, Mort Sheinman contemplates his younger self.

Photo by Lisa Lockwood

the darkness: "Mooort, is that you? Can you help us? I know you're no longer on the staff, but if you could . . ."

It was John Fairchild, the man himself. I didn't know what Mr. Fairchild had in mind, but I was eager to make any contribution I could to the editorial effort, to rejoin my former teammates, even if only for a night. I asked one of the editors if I could write a piece describing the blackout scene at WWD: what the reporters were doing, how they were getting around town, what stories were being assigned, how we were coping. Sure, he said, looking bemused.

I found an unoccupied desk, already adorned with a lighted lantern and an idle typewriter and rolled in a sheet of copy paper. Moments later, Tony Palmieri, the dean of our photography staff and a good

friend, came by and quietly made a picture of me. The first time I saw that photo — or even knew it existed — was 36 years later, when it popped up in an anniversary issue of WWD. Earlier this year, when someone thought of digging up "historic" pictures from the paper's past and hanging them in the corridors, it was exhumed from the archives, enlarged to the size of a small billboard and mounted in the hallway leading to the newsroom. I knew nothing about it until Lisa Lockwood, a former colleague who is now WWD's news director, emailed a copy to me with this query: "Is this you? This photo is currently on display in the lobby of our floor. Some people said it was you. Is it?" It was me. The 1965 edition.

Postscript: The city got its power back around 6:30 the following morning. We

never did publish the night before, but managed to get out a paper 24 hours later. That issue, the one dated Nov. 11, 1965, carried our blackout coverage, including my modest contribution, but because I was still part of the advertising department, my byline was not permitted to appear.

Eventually, I, too, saw the light. I returned to where I belonged, to the news department, back to many other bylines and, yes, even a few more blackouts. And until I retired, I'm happy to say, I never left work as early as 5 p.m.

Mort Sheinman is a former president of the Silurians and a long-time board member and membership chair. He was at WWD from 1960 to 2000, when he retired as the newspaper's managing editor.

GABE SHERMAN ON AILES AND TRUMP

The Silurians' first luncheon guest of the season was the author of The Loudest Voice in the Room, the best-selling biography of the late Fox News chieftain Roger Ailes. Gabe Sherman was also intimately involved in the production of the seven-part Showtime series based on the book. He spoke to an overflow audience at the National Arts Club in September. Excerpts:

On the research for the book, which involved more than 600 interviews over three years; Ailes himself refused to cooperate:

It was like being a telemarketer. I had this giant Word file. I can't even count how many hundreds of people who had known Ailes. And I would call them. I'd call them at home, at work. I don't know what my batting average was, but it definitely wasn't over 50 percent. If you cast a wide enough net you're going to find people who are willing to help you. But especially in that first year it was a lot of banging my head against a wall.

On Ailes reaction to being the subject of an unauthorized biography:

Ailes became consumed by his own paranoia. He hired private investigators to follow me and my wife and hired political

operatives to set up websites. One of the websites was Conservapedia. He made an entry under my name. One of the first sentences of the entry called me a 'New York intellectual.' You might as well say 'Jew alert, Jew alert.' I was getting anti-Semitic emails. Breitbart started putting my face on their home page. One of their headlines called me a Soros-backed attack dog. . . . We got a really unhinged death threat. This is what people like Trump and Ailes do. It's identity politics and they really incite people.

If he thought it would make me stop, it actually had the opposite effect. He was clearly hiding something and now we know the full extent of it. . . . I knew about some of the [sexual] harassment but the women were too terrified to say anything on the record. . . . It wasn't until Gretchen Carlson filed her lawsuit in the summer of 2016 that the dam broke. Dozens of other women came forward. Ailes' downfall led to the Bill O'Reilly firing then the New Yorker and New York Times doing the Harvey Weinstein story. So Carlson deserves a lot of credit.

On Ailes' and Fox News's impact on the 2016 presidential campaign:

It's hard to underestimate the boost that Fox News and Roger Ailes gave

Trump. They had known each other since the '80s. They were both New York fixtures. Then in 2011 Ailes gave Trump a weekly Monday morning 8 a.m. segment on Fox and Friends [for him] to call in and sound off on the news of the day. And that coincided with the time that Trump began promoting the [Obama] birther conspiracy. . . .

During the 2016 election Trump developed a more intense relationship with Fox viewers than Fox's hosts had. An example that we all remember was the first presidential debate in Cleveland and the question that Megyn Kelly asked about his history with women. And Trump fired back and they had that weeks-long feud. Viewers were saying that Trump was right and Megyn Kelly was wrong. Ailes was caught between his candidate Trump and his star talent. Ailes was losing control of the audience. Trump was taking over. And in the wake of Ailes' firing and Trump's election Trump is de facto the head of Fox News. He has filled that void that Ailes left. It was a relationship that Trump benefitted from and then was able to co-opt. . . .

After Ailes moved to Palm Beach and was in exile, he was no longer of value to Trump. Ailes grumbled to people that



Gabe Sherman speaking at the Silurians September luncheon

Trump never called, and when he died his widow Beth Ailes said that Trump never called to offer a condolence.

Reporting Chappaquiddick

Continued from Page 1

coming back up to find myself disoriented, spinning around to try to find where the bridge and the shore were. But the current wasn't strong and I found myself thinking that it was good that it wasn't because the only thing between me and the Canary Islands was a 320-pound reporter who at dinner that night had consumed two double Tanqueray martinis and several glasses of wine.

I was 27 at the time, having joined *Newsday* in 1968. I had first worked at my hometown paper in Rutland, Vermont, and then had spent a year at the Columbia Journalism School, where the most useful thing I'd learned was how to drive in big city traffic. Much of the reporting that I did before and after has gone down the black hole of lost memory, but there are things about Chappaquiddick that I still remember clearly. It was the most important story I had worked on up to that time.

I should stress that my testing of the current proved nothing. Since we didn't know just when Kennedy had driven off the bridge — the official inquest later said that it could have been anywhere between 11:30 p.m. and 1 a.m. — we couldn't use local tide tables to pick a time a week later that would have matched the tidal flow. In the end, we did it at 11 p.m. so that we could catch the last ferry back to Edgartown at midnight. The tide could have been stronger or weaker when Kennedy was in it, and the only thing it proved was that I'd go jump in the lake when Greene told me to.

There were four of us there from *Newsday*: Greene, Jon Margolis, myself and Ken Spencer, a photographer. I flew from *LaGuardia* to *Martha's Vineyard* on the third day after the accident (it cost 25 bucks), checked in at the *Harbor View Inn* and stayed for around ten days, writing seven stories and contributing to several more, including a major recap after we returned to Long Island. Why was *Newsday* so interested in this story? This was a time when *Newsday's* publisher, Bill Moyers, was transforming *Newsday* from a typical suburban newspaper into a sort of daily news magazine, with a stronger focus on national and foreign reporting. Moyers had expanded the *Washington Bureau*, started a full-time *Albany bureau*, sent a columnist to Vietnam, and created a full-time investigations team, sometimes known as "Greene's Berets."

My mother wasn't happy with some of my stories saying that Kennedy had behaved badly. "It takes two to tango," she

told me. But as a reporter in Washington I later came to know several people who had known Kopechne and they said it was unthinkable that she would go off for a midnight tryst on a beach with any married man, whether a Kennedy or anyone else.

It was Greene who did one of the most important pieces of early reporting from Chappaquiddick. Two nights after the crash he waited until dark and then walked the 1.2 miles from the bridge back to the cabin where the party had been. He knocked on the door of every cottage along the way. Greene had a knack for putting people at ease. He asked the cottage owners three questions: had anyone been at home the night of the crash; had there been any lights on between 11 p.m. and 2 a.m.; and was there a working telephone? That allowed him to write that by the time Kennedy had gotten back to the party site he had walked past six occupied houses, all of them lighted and clearly visible from the road, and four of them with telephones. It was a story that others quickly copied because it showed that Kennedy may have been more concerned about somehow extricating himself from the situation than in getting immediate help for Kopechne.

The initial coverage had been eclipsed by the moon landing, which happened the same day, and had tended to depict the accident as yet another Kennedy family tragedy. James Reston, *The New York Times* columnist who had a home on the *Vineyard*, had in fact phoned in a story that began: "Tragedy has again struck the Kennedy family." It didn't mention Kopechne until the fourth paragraph. It was the later reporting by Joe Lelyveld that raised questions in the *Times* about Kennedy's conduct. And there were many questions because, as Robert Sherrill wrote, the accounts by Kennedy and his companions came out "in bits and pieces, always incomplete, grudgingly, loaded with contradictions and inconsistencies."

Fifty years later there is still much that isn't known and probably never will be, given that the people who really knew what happened — Kennedy and Joe Gargan and Paul Markham, who returned to the crash scene with Kennedy and tried unsuccessfully to rescue Kopechne — now are dead.

Kennedy was on *Martha's Vineyard* for a weekend of sailboat racing. The accident took place after a party that Kennedy and his sailor friends had staged for six of the "boiler room" women who

had kept track of delegates during Robert Kennedy's presidential campaign. Mary Jo Kopechne was one of them. She had left with Kennedy while the party was still going, saying they were taking the ferry back to their hotels.

Because there was no autopsy, we don't know just when Mary Jo died or whether she could have been rescued if Kennedy had sought help immediately. John Farrar, the diver who recovered Mary Jo's body the next morning, said that she had pulled herself up behind the front seat of the upside-down car, which is where any air pocket would have been. He told us that he didn't know if the trapped air would have lasted for two minutes or five hours, but that she might have been saved if he had been called right away.

We don't know what happened between the time Kennedy and Kopechne left the party and ended up in the pond. They left at about 11:15 p.m. and Kennedy insisted that he went off the bridge at about 11:30 p.m., having taken a wrong turn that led to the bridge rather than to the ferry dock. But a deputy sheriff said that he saw Kennedy's Oldsmobile on the road near the turnoff to *Dike Bridge* at 12:45 a.m., which was long after the ferry had stopped running.

We don't know if Kennedy was driving while drunk because he waited ten hours before reporting the accident, which was too late for him to be tested. We don't even know for sure that they were headed back to Edgartown, because Mary Jo had left her handbag and her room key at the cabin where the party was, which wouldn't be expected of someone going back to her hotel for the night.

And we don't know if Kennedy tried to hide his involvement, although there were things that suggested that he did, including Gargan and Markham telling the other women that Mary Jo had driven off by herself, and then Ted's swimming the short distance back to Edgartown, changing into dry clothes and speaking to a hotel desk clerk at 2:30 a.m. to establish that he was there at the time.

The dearth of information was due in part to the limited investigation conducted by the police chief, Dominick Arena, who never interviewed Gargan, Markham or any of the women at the party. But Arena insisted that a truncated investigation was all that he needed because the only crime he could charge Kennedy with was leaving the scene of

an accident and Kennedy had admitted to that.

Arena was well regarded in Edgartown, and showed a great deal of patience in dealing with the press. I remember him not only letting us into his home for questioning several times but offering us coffee and donuts. During one of those visits he took a call from someone in Alabama who told him that people there didn't think justice was being done. "What the hell does anyone in Alabama know about justice," Arena replied.

I remember ransacking the files of the *Vineyard Gazette*, and interviewing ferry workers and real estate agents and lifeguards, all while trying to show that Kennedy—who we knew often had been in Edgartown itself—also had been on Chappaquiddick and should have known that the only paved road on the island led to the ferry dock while none of the dirt roads did. I never found that he had been on Chappaquiddick before that weekend, but the judge in the inquest later concluded that Kennedy didn't mistakenly take a wrong turn but knew full well that he was headed to the beach.

I remember that there was so much late night drinking and partying by reporters that Margolis told our editors "there are people here who are living in glass houses and throwing stones."

And I remember that we ate very well, and that I had two of my favorite New England dishes — clam chowder and Indian pudding — almost every day. I also remember once when I was late getting back from reporting and found Margolis and Greene being served dinner. Margolis had a steak the size of a catcher's mitt that had mushroom caps on it. Greene had a platter with two boiled lobsters standing up facing one another and wearing orange peel crowns. Right at that moment a police officer came into the restaurant and shouted: "Special news conference in ten minutes." Greene looked down at his lobsters and then up at me and said: "Why don't you take this one, Tony."

Anthony Marro spent the years between 1963 and 1981 as a reporter for the Rutland (Vermont) Herald, Newsday, Newsweek and the New York Times. He then spent six years as managing editor and 16 years as editor of Newsday, retiring in 2003. He was a member of reporting teams at Newsday that won Pulitzer Prize Gold Medals for Public Service Reporting in 1970 and 1974.



Reporters examine the bridge from which Kennedy and Kopechne plunged into the tidal pond. Marro is on the far left, Greene the heavy set man in the middle.

Recalling the Clattering of the Keys



Diehl bangs away in the days before the computer takeover.

Continued from Page 1

Silurian Myron Rushetzky recalls that even though Jack Newfield had a desk in the back of the New York Post newsroom, he often liked to write his column at an unoccupied spot near the City Desk in the middle of the newsroom. "Jack was a pecker; a hard, loud pecker," Myron recalls. "I would wince as he banged away on the computer keyboard like it was an old manual typewriter."

Another denizen of that time warp, Rushetzky recalls, was legendary New York Daily News police reporter Pat Doyle, who wore a fedora, a three-piece suit with a watch chain, and banged away on a typewriter as deadlines neared. He was right out of "The Front Page."

Silurian Press Club president David Andelman says he still has his old Smith Corona, not unlike the relics that populated the newsroom of the New York Times when he arrived there in 1968. Andelman also has an Olivetti Lettera 32 that traveled with him through at least 50 countries and multiple wars. It is of such a vintage that the Olivetti museum in Venice wanted to exhibit it. Andelman recalls that when he returned to New York from his last Times foreign posting in 1979, computers were just arriving in the newsroom. But there weren't enough for everyone. Terminals were installed on a lazy susan so reporters could share them when they were ready to submit their typewritten stories for "transmission" to the desk for editing.

Michael Serrill, first vice president and our Silurian News editor, was hired as an associate editor at Time magazine in 1983. His first interview for the job was with a top editor, Jason McManus. Serrill was astonished when he walked into McManus's office and saw a Royal manual typewriter sitting next to his desk. Time actually had bought into a computerized word-processing system, but decided it was inadequate, and so there were hundreds of terminals languishing in the basement. "It would be a couple years before Time Inc. adopted the ATEX word-processing system," Serrill says, "in which everyone had a screen and keyboard attached to a giant mainframe somewhere in the building." Did he miss his own Royal manual. "Not a bit," he says. "Time's system was to have Production retype every

version of a story, and if they were backed up on Friday closing nights, you hung out until the early hours of the Saturday morning. The computer system cut out all that waiting."

Silurian Scotti Williston was the CBS bureau chief in Cairo during the Iran/Iraq war and recalls reporters having to register their typewriters when entering Iraq. One journalist was distraught, she says, when his newly registered machine was stolen.

Al Wasser, who was an editor at WNEW Radio, and later ABC and CBS, says that when CBS started using electric typewriters, a few manuals were stashed away in case the power went out. When forced to use a manual, "I didn't have the finger strength to touch type firmly enough," he says. "This was TV and extra copies were needed, so I had to write stories with the good old hunt and peck."

In 1978 The Writers Room was born in Greenwich Village, a quiet haven where writers worked their magic with typewriters on paper. Now the computer is king. Donna Brodie, Executive Director of The Writers Room, says typewriters were phased out over a decade ago. "We hung in there for a very long time," she says, "with a separate room for typists, until all the typists gave up typing."

One of my favorite typewriter images is watching Jerry Lewis in the 1963 film *Who's Minding the Store*. Jerry does a typewriter skit to the sound of Leroy Anderson's

"Typewriter Song." It's a classic, one of his best comedy routines. As I type this on my Mac Pro laptop I can still hear that song in my head as Lewis mimes typing and hits the imaginary return arm with a ding.

Bill Diehl is a member of the Silurian Board of Governors and a longtime correspondent for ABC Radio.

The Silurians Press Club

PO Box 1195
Madison Square Station
New York, NY 10159

212.532.0887
www.silurians.org

Two-Finger Andy

BY ANDY FISCHER

My father bought me a Royal Quiet DeLuxe "portable" just before I turned 10, and I started using it intensively and immediately, not pausing to learn the proper etiquette of "touch" typing. A spinster cousin who was a stenographer caught my two-finger act and was scandalized, but two fingers saw me through high school (where I edited the school paper) and the first three years of college, after which the Quiet DeLuxe was stolen from the back seat of my father's car as I was moving from my dorm room into a summer apartment on 113th Street.

When I got to Army Intelligence School (no "oxymoron" jokes, please), I hit a brick wall, in the form of Lillian Klecka, who had been teaching typing to soldiers since the first World War, and who informed me that I would not pass the counterintelligence-agent course unless I was able to touch-type 20 words per minute, and she would be watching. Mrs. Klecka clocked me at exactly 20 wpm, and the moment I got to my assigned unit in Europe, I went right back to two fingers, and stayed there through local radio, network radio, and network television into the computer days.

The day after the Columbine horror, a reporter for one of the trade publications spent the morning watching Today show staff cover the story, and part of the en-

suing article pointed out that the "two old-pro newswriters" used "a total of four fingers" writing the scripts for updated versions of the show. That's right, not only am I a two-finger typist, so is Jim Wilson, my boss for ten years on the Today. The writer added, "It didn't slow them down." I've been clocked at 85 words per minute using my technique, and I'm sure Jim is that fast if not faster.

The one typewriter I now own is an inoperative office machine that has made the rounds in my family, and, for several years, sat majestically on my desk at CNBC. After several poorly executed relief missions by the Federal Emergency Management Agency, I rolled a sign into the ribbonless, rusted machine, saying "FEMA Computer." My brother, who is part of a FEMA urban search and rescue task force, and who spent the first week after September 11 probing the "pile" at Ground Zero, commented, "You are closer to the truth than you know."

Silurian Andy Fisher's career began on a newspaper (the Albany Knickerbocker News) and took him through radio (WNEW and the NBC network), and the Internet (blogging about stocks on CNBC.com). Former NBC CEO has described him as "and incredible newsmen," to which Andy asks, "Isn't a journalist supposed to be credible?"



Andy Fisher using his ancient manual to mock FEMA.

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Recalling Mike: An Appreciation

BY DAVID A. ANDELMAN

It's hard to quantify everything Mike Levitas meant to me, especially as a young reporter at The New York Times. It's particularly hard because Mike held down so many different jobs at the paper, where I was lucky enough to have been able to intersect with him.

Arthur Gelb was my first metro editor, but it was Mike, his deputy, to whom I felt closer. Arthur was just so intimidating. Mike was brilliant, but accessible. I obeyed the imperious Arthur, but I learned from and was inspired by Mike. He was the guy who rushed over to me one afternoon in the newsroom and, without even asking, just knew intuitively. "You went to Harvard, right?" he said with a rush in his voice. "Get over to the Harvard Club; they're voting whether to admit women."

When he was editor of The Week in Review, Mike sensed that I'd be just the kind of reporter to navigate the dangerous shoals of Meir Kahane and his radical Jewish Defense League, and the story played as the lead of that week's section. So not surprisingly, it was to Mike I turned later on when I needed a book agent. By then he was the editor of the Sunday Book Review. Mike reflected on this problem for a while and then made just one suggestion: Robert Lescher. Bob, who's represented no end of Times folk, became my agent for at least two decades, suggesting, cajoling, educating. Everything Mike was for my career as a newspaperman and that of countless others, Bob was for me as a writer.

When I returned from my last foreign assignment in Eastern Europe, Mike was gone from the newsroom. Sydney Schanberg was presiding as metro editor. While Sydney and I had literally gone through fire and brimstone together in the final months of the war in Cambodia, it was never quite the



Mitchel (Mike) Levitas

same, somehow, without Mike.

Above all, though, Mike Levitas was a Timesman through and through. He never seemed more comfortable than slouching into his chair behind a pillar at the center of the metro desk, the hum and energy of that great organ that was the newsroom building to a crescendo as deadline approached, poring with his perfectionist touch over every word of a page-one story or a moving feature or simply the first tentative efforts of a junior news assistant on a first assignment. For 37 years, Mike (we all knew his given name was Mitchell, but Mike suited him much better), was an integral part of the warp and woof of this great institution. Now that he is gone, The Times has lost a little bit of its soul.

Andelman is President of The Silurians Press Club. He worked at The Times from 1968 to 1980.

Mitchel (Mike) Levitas: 1930-2019

Mitchel (Mike) Levitas, was an award-winning journalist who in his 37 years at The New York Times filled a variety of leading roles that took him from the Metropolitan Desk to the Foreign Desk, and to the editorship of key special sections as well as to the Office of Book Development, where he was editorial director. He died June 22 at his home in New Marlborough, Mass., from Alzheimer's disease complicated by pneumonia. He was 89.

Levitas, known as "Mike" by his friends and colleagues, was a native New Yorker. Born in the Bronx, he attended Brooklyn College, where he majored in English, edited the school newspaper and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1951. His father, Samuel (Sol) Levitas, was an editor of The New Leader, a Social Democratic weekly. Upon graduation, Mike Levitas immediately embarked on a career in journalism. His first job: working on the Russian Desk at the Voice of America. Two years later, he was reporting for the New York Post, where in 1957 he won a Gorge Polk Award for exposing the exploitation of Puerto Rican workers by labor racketeers. In the late 1950s, he completed a Nieman Fellowship at

Harvard University prior to joining Time Magazine as an assistant editor.

Levitas was hired by The Times in 1965, first as an editor-writer at the Sunday Times magazine until 1970, when he shifted to the Metro Desk for six years, eventually becoming its editor. Over the next two decades, he was editor of The Week in Review, the Sunday Book Review, the Weekend Edition, and the Op-Ed Page. He was named deputy foreign editor in 1995 and in 2002 was asked to become editorial director of the Office of Book Development. Although he officially retired that year, he continued as a consultant to that office until 2014.

In 1969, Levitas wrote *America in Crisis*, a chronicle of the social upheavals of the 1960s that was accompanied by images from the Magnum photo agency. In 2002, he was a co-editor of *A Nation Challenged: A Visual History of 9/11 and Its Aftermath*. He was also a visiting scholar at the Woodrow Wilson Foundation; a visiting professor of journalism at Princeton University; an adjunct professor of critical writing at Hunter College; and book editor at Moment magazine.

Obituaries

Carmine (Jack) Cerino was a long-time Silurian who launched his journalism career as a general assignment reporter shortly after World War II at the now defunct New York Daily Mirror and went on to become a color photo editor at The Associated Press. He died on Feb. 20. He was 93.

Cerino, who grew up in the Bronx, was a teenager at the start of World War II, but enlisted in the Navy and became a Seabee. He served for three years, including duty in the Pacific Theater of War, and rose to the rank of Yeoman 2nd Class. After the war, following his graduation from Iona College, he pursued a career as a newsman. In 2015, along with other veterans of World War II, Cerino was recognized for his military service with an "honor flight" from Westchester County Airport to Washington, D.C., and thanked for his service.

...

Dolores A. Dolan, whose journalism career included almost 20 years at The New York Times, died of breast cancer on Sept. 1 at the Shirley Goodman and Himan Brown Hospice Residence in New York. She was 86. The Brooklyn-born Dolan was a graduate of Erasmus Hall High School and Hunter College, where she majored in English. Following a stint as an in-store model at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman, Dolan worked at CBS News as a secretary, then was hired by The Times in 1975. She was, at various times, assigned to the Arts & Leisure desk, the Metro desk, Obits and the Sunday Book Review. She retired in 1993.

...

Richard L. Madden was a prize-winning journalist and Silurian who worked for The Wall Street Journal and The New York Herald Tribune but whose longest association was with The New York Times. He died on August 18 and the age of 86.

A native of Indianapolis, Ind., and a graduate of Indiana University, where he majored in journalism and government, Madden was with The Times for 34 years, serving at various times as editor of the Connecticut section; as bureau chief in Albany, and Hartford; and as a member of the Washington bureau for 10 years. He covered a wide range of subjects that included the Nixon and Ford administrations; Wall Street; the tobacco industry; seven presidential nominating conventions; election campaigns; plane crashes and train wrecks; crossword puzzle tournaments; and the discovery of a Stradivarius violin that had been stolen from Carnegie Hall in 1935. He was in the Army in the mid-1950s, serving a 16-month hitch in South Korea as a lieutenant with the 19th Infantry Regiment and the 24th Infantry Division.

At the Herald Tribune, Madden co-authored a series called "Our Sideline Legislators," which in 1964 earned a number of New York City journalism awards and was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. His co-author was Martin J. Steadman, another future Silurian. In 1976, while a Times correspondent in Washington, he was elected by members of the Washington press corps to represent them on the Standing Committee of Correspondents, which oversees the congressional press galleries. He retired from The Times in 1999.

Wolfgang Saxon, a veteran Silurian and a New York Times reporter for close to 50 years, died of cardio-pulmonary disease on May 1 at Amsterdam House, a nursing and rehabilitation facility in Manhattan. He was 88. Saxon had been dealing with heart problems since 2002, when he suffered congestive heart failure, but battled back and continued at The Times for an additional four years before retiring in 2006.

He was born Wolfgang Richter in 1930 in Leipzig, Germany and grew up in Germany during World War II. He witnessed the fire-bombing of Dresden by Allied bombers in 1945, eventually made his way to West Berlin and arrived in New York in 1952. He became an American citizen, changed his surname to Saxon because he came from Saxony, and worked his way through night school at Columbia University, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1954 with a degree in economics. He was drafted into the U.S. Army and spent most of a two-year hitch in Alaska, rising to sergeant. Returning to New York in 1956, he enrolled at Columbia University's Russian Institute, took a journalism class and was hired by The Times as a night copy boy. Over the next 50 years he became a radio script writer for WQXR, The Times's radio station; a general assignment reporter; a rewrite man, and an obituary writer.

The breadth of his subject matter was staggering. Spanning the eras of print and digital journalism, Saxon wrote some 3,600 articles for The Times on subjects including murders, fires, court cases, snowstorms, plane crashes, labor strikes, government and education, profiles of people and nations, and backgrounders on foreign insurgencies and political upheavals. While in his last decade, he wrote hundreds of obituaries, sometimes three in one day.

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Joan D. Siegel, a long-time Silurian who was an officer and board member from the 1990s until 2012, when she stepped down from the board and from her post as Secretary but remained an active member, died on Oct. 6, 2018. She was 93. After graduating from New York University, Siegel was hired by the Long Island Press, becoming editor of what was then referred to as the women's page. She also taught English in the New York City public school system and was a board member of the West End Day School.

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George Silverman, who combined his love of journalism with a career as an electrical engineer, died on July 14 at Abington Memorial Hospital in Abington, Pa., following complications resulting from a blood disorder. He was 82. Silverman was born in Boston and was a graduate of Northeastern University, where he studied engineering. Following military service with the U.S. Air Force for almost four years in the 1950s, he worked in the communications services department of Lockheed Martin and at the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico. He was an active member of the Jewish War Veterans of the United States of America and in 1973 was named editor of JWV, the organization's magazine. He continued in that role until 1986.