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.
Reserve by Eventbrite or with
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NOVEMBER 2019

Reporting Chappaquiddick

BY ANTHONY MARRO

When Newstand moved out of its Melville plant back in August, most of the pictures on the walls were put up for grabs. Rita Ciccoli, 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 Newstand’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

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 ‘N’ 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

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 Shanah, 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.
COPY BOY!!! BUT I WAS A GIRL

BY ROBERTA BRANDES GRATZ

I started at the New York Post in March, 1963, when the Post re-announced 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 quite clearly 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 in more than fair 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 tagged as the reporter who had it was a “boy.”

“Copy boy” is also what editors called out when they had edited pages needing to be taken to the compositor. Eventually, 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 learn and of course join the club. It was to be the tenth CBSer to carry home this award, beginning with Walter Cronkite in 1962.

Here’s the full list—quite a collection of greats: 2014, Sandy Socolow; 2005, Mike Wallace; 2003, Don Hewitt; 2001, Ed Kosner, Helen Dudar, Murray Kempton, Fern Marja Eckman. I was star struck, happy, to learn and of course join the club. It was to be the tenth CBSer to carry home this award, beginning with Walter Cronkite in 1962.

Now, as a brilliant coda to his career as one of the great 60 Minutes pros, Steve Kroft will be joining us in 2017 as one of the great 60 Minutes reporters; 1983, Fred W. Friendly; 1973, Ed Kosner, Helen Dudar, Murray Kempton, Fern Marja Eckman. I was star struck, happy, to learn and of course join the club. It was to be the tenth CBSer to carry home this award, beginning with Walter Cronkite in 1962.

The Reporters

Noblesse oblige, that is my motto. I encourage everyone to get involved in our Press Freedom award, beginning with Walter Cronkite when he organized SIX HUNDRED interviews into a book.

Then, there’s our Lifetime Achiever for 2017, Michael Serrill who, next June, will be the tenth CBSer to carry home this award, beginning with Walter Cronkite when he organized SIX HUNDRED interviews into a book.

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 is a native of Dallas, Texas, 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.
BY SALVATORE ARENA

The Birth of the Daily News

Looking back, it seems only fair to characterize the New York Evening News as the social media juggernaut of its day. Introduced in June 1919 as America’s first tabloid, the News was a revolutionary newspaper that hit the streets on the day an automobile started rolling. The News marked its 100th anniversary earlier this year, the time is right for retelling the long-forgotten story of the birth of America’s first tabloid. Launched just as 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 no newcomer 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 Tribune 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 soared 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 presidential 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 President 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 Marne-ens-Dole at the Second Battle of the Marne was shaping up.

With financial backing from the Board of Directors of the Tribune, Patterson dispatched a team to New York to get the ball rolling. Space was subleased from the New York Daily Mail to get the ball rolling. Space was subleased from the New York Evening Mail at 25 City Hall to centerfold and back page, short news stories, convenient size, larger text type and dedicated to the interest of the 10 afternoon dailies. Heart’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 Heart’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 Heart 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 shuffled 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, large 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.”

“Given 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 “Embracing 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.

Sweeney, of course, was the statistical average New Yorker, republication 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. After 30 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.

Not only was the News still a major newspaper a year 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. McGivney, another former Chicago Tribune staffer, launched a groundbreak- ing 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 off- spring 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 un- derstand.”

*The 17 newspapers and their circu- lations at the end of 1919: Mornings: Times, 341,689; World, 334,698; American, 304,240; Sun, 137,171; Tribune, 120,559; Her- ald, 103,597; Call, 30,003. Afternoons: Journal, 687,624; Evening World, 335,862; Telegraph, 189,717; Evening Mail 103,235; Standard Union (Brook- lyn), 55,291; Eagle (Brooklyn), 45,442; 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.
Buses, Trains, Planes, and Clumsy Heroes

BY GERALD ESKENAZI

O

cay, 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 Catskills resort where George Chuva-

lo 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! 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, the promoters figured they’d have left to go to temple.”

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 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 sources, 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.

Finally, we got back to the hotel. He had to park the car. 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 was 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 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, “I have something to tell you 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 railroad wanted to show suburbanites how easy it was to get into the city and go 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. “What are they upset about?” he asked.

“I thought about that as I spoke to Blomberg on the train. After a few minutes, someone passed me 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.
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 a century later, that picture could become wallpaper in WWD’s current home.

The date was Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1965, I had the phone number of 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.

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 chief 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 400 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 thousands 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: He must have seemed like a good idea at the time. I switched from working on the garment business to selling ad space in the paper. When the lights blinked out at 5:22 p.m., I was alone. My fellow 4:30s, days of course, just landlines. But they were working. Someone from the custodial staff had turned on the lights, and was distributing them on desks. Our printing presses, at that moment sitting silent in the basement, could not start without a grum 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 the darkness: “Moooorr, is that you? Can you help me? 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 raced through my 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 riddled in a sheaf of copy paper. Moments later, Tony Palmieri, the dean of our photography staff and a good

While visiting WWD, Mort Sheinman contemplates his younger self.
Reporting Chappaquiddick

Continued from Page 1

coming back up to find myself disorient-
ed, 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 be-
cause 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 sev-
eral glasses of wine.

I was 27 at the time, having joined Newday in 1965. 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 import-
ant 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 Edgart-
town 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 dollars, I believe), 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 News-
day so interested in this story? This was a time when Newsday’s publisher, Bill Movers, was transforming Newsday from a typical suburban newspaper into a sort of daily news magazine, with a stronger focus on national and foreign reporting.

Movers 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 unbelievable 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 cot-
tenance 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 tele-
phone? 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 will never be, given that the people who really knew what happened — Kennedy and Joe Gar-
gan 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 be-
tween the time Kennedy and Kopechne left the party and ended up in the pond.

They left at about 11:15 p.m. and Kenne-
dy 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 wanted to put ten hours before reporting the accident, which was too late for him to be test-
ed. 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 con-
ducted by the police chief, Dominick Arena, who never interviewed Gargan, Markham or any of the women at the party. But Arena insisted that a truncat-
ed 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 Ed-
gartown, 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 con-
cluded 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 In-
dian 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 or-
ange 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 be-
tween 1963 and 1997 as a reporter for the Rutland (Vermont) Herald, Newsday, Newweek and the New York Times. He then spent six years as managing editor and 16 years as editor of Newsday, retir-
ing in 2001. He was a member of report-
ting teams at Newsday that won Pulitzer Prize Gold Medals for Public Service Reporting in 1970 and 1974.
Recalling the Clattering of the Keys

Continued from Page 1

Silurian Myron Rushetzky recalls that even though Jack Newfield had a desk in the back of the tiny Village Post newsroom, he often liked to write his column at an unoccupied spot near the City Desk in the middle of the newsroom. “It 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 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 was taken 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 her 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 mimics 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.

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 Deluxexx xx 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 ensuing 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, “I didn’t slow them down.” I’ve been clocked at 85 words per minute using my technique, and I’m sure Jim is that last 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 NBC. 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 ABC network), and the Internet (blogging about stocks on CNBC.com). Former NBC CEO has described him as "an incredible newsman," to which Andy asks: “Isn’t a journalist supposed to be credible?”
Recalling Mike: An Appreciation

BY DAVID A. ANDELMAN

It’s hard to quantify everything Mike Levitas meant to me, especially when we consider how little time we spent together. Mike was hard to know, and that’s not necessarily a bad thing. Mike was brilliant, but intimidating. I obeyed the imperious Arthur, but I learned from and was inspired by Mike; he didn’t rush 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 Arthur Kamen 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 for what became my first 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 folks, became my agent for at least two decades, suggesting, cautiously, that he was for my career as a newspaperman and that of countless others, Bob was for me as a writer.

When I learned 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 same, somehow, without Mike.

Above all, though, Mike Levitas was a Timesman through and through. He never seemed more comfortable than slipping 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 Silurian Press Club. He worked at The Times from 1968 to 1980.

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 photograph 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, when he joined 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 City College, he pursued a career as a newsmansman. In 2015, along with other veterans of World War II, Cerino was recognized for his military service with an “honor flight” to 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 Good- man-Bergen County Home care Residen- tial Center 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 Good- man, Dolan worked at CBS News as a senior producer from 1957 to 1959. In 1975, she was at various times, as- signed 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 (NYHT), 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 sub- jects 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 1933. He was in the Army in the mid-1950s, serving a 16-month tour in South Korea as a lieu- tenant with the 19th Infantry Regiment and the 24th Infantry Division.

At the Herald Tribune, Madden co- founded a segment called “Our Side- line 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. Storc, a University of Wisconsin Silurian. Later, while a Silurian in 1976, while a Times correspondent in Washington, he was elected by members of the Washington press corps to repre- sent 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 was 82. Silverman was born in Boston and was a graduate of Harvard 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 communica- tions and defense fields in Washington, 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 JVI, the organization’s magazine. He continued in that role until 1986.

Obituaries

Mitchel (Mike) Levitas

Mitchel (Mike) Levitas, an award-winning journalist who in 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., after Alzheimer’s disease complicated by pneumonia. He was 89.

Levitas, known as “Mike” by his friends and colleagues, was a native New Yorker. He attended Brooklyn College, where he majored in English, edited the school newspaper and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1969. His brother Samuel (Sol) Levitas, was an editor of The New Leader, a Social Dem- ocratic weekly. Upon graduation, Mike was drafted and embarked on a career in journalism. His first job: working on the Russian Desk at the Voice of America. Two years later he was with the New York Post, where in 1975 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 be- coming 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. Al- though 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 ac- companied by images from the Mag- num photo agency. In 2002, he was a co-editor of A Nation Challenged: A Visual History of 9/11 and Its After- math. 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.

Joan D. Siegel 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, 2019. 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 wom- en’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.

George Silverman, who combined his love of journalism with a career as an electrical engineer, died on July 4 at the Newton-Wellesley Hospital in Newton, Abington, Pa., following complications resulting from a blood disorder. He was 82. Silverman was born in Boston and was a graduate of Harvard 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 communica- tions and defense fields in Washington, 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 JVI, the organization’s magazine. He continued in that role until 1986.