Bayeux Memorial Honors Journalists ‘Gone Missing’

BY AILEEN JACOBSON

W e saw the rows upon rows of gleaming white tombstones for the very young men who died in Normandy during World War II. We clambered over bunkers and around artillery from the D-Day landings on the beaches along France’s northern coast. We watched a somber flag ceremony for the American dead at the cemetery near Omaha Beach.

And now my husband and I, both of us journalists since high school, were searching for the memorial for reporters who died in the line of duty. We had read it was located in Bayeux. We were staying in that historic Normandy town—also known for its extraordinary tapestry depicting battles that took place in 1066—as part of an October vacation in France. Bayeux, the first town in France to be liberated from the Nazi occupation, on June 7, 1944, is a good base for exploring Normandy.

At first, we couldn’t find the jour-

Memories of Covering the Teamsters and the Mob

BY ALLAN DODDS FRANK

T he murder was fresh from the front pages in New York in 1972 as I deplaned from Juneau, where I was Bureau Chief of the Anchorage Daily News, for my annual visit to The Lower 48. Nearly 50 years later, I still remember how I terrified Peter Francis, a roommate from Columbia Journalism School, by dragging him and a girlfriend to dine, gawk and ask questions at Umberto’s Clam House, the Little Italy restaurant where mobster Joey Gallo had just been whacked.

The memory was one of many about covering organized crime and the Teamsters that bubbled up watching “The Irishman.” Martin Scorsese’s movie about Teamsters hit man Frank Sheeran.

Scorsese, with fidelity to detail, reproduced Umberto’s and the Gallo hit, a deed claimed by Sheeran, but which is often attributed to others.

Peter is black, and I had curly shoulder-length Afro hippy hair, so we stood out in the tomato & red sauce crowd at Mulberry & Hester. “You could still see the bullet holes,” Peter remembers.

“I thought they were going to kill us because we were asking questions. I think they didn’t because they thought we were two dumb rookie detectives.”

Back in Alaska, thanks to the flying lists of a Teamsters lobbyist and an Eskimo activist, I had just survived a cinematic late-night brawl at a disco called Dreamland. We were part of a rowdy, drunken bunch of legislators, Native Land Claim activists, oil, gas and labor lobbyists enjoying ourselves when a fight between two women that started on the dance floor engulfed the establishment.

After being tossed and somersaulting through the mob, I ended up in a defensive triangle with my back being protected by Teamsters tough guy lobby-
Onward!

Greetings, Silurians. Hard to believe, but just two more President’s letters left before I turn over the gavel, and my quill pen, to my worthy successor, Michael Serrill. My plan is to go out with a flourish, however, so stay tuned for our forthcoming events. They hold enormous promise. Our first cartoonist in a donkey’s years is on tap for February. You would not want to be on the wrong side of Jeff Danziger’s brush (as so many of the wealthy and powerful have been).

We’re planning a fabulous recipient for the Peter Khiss Award in April, but since he doesn’t know it yet, it must stay in pícuate. But rest assured, he (there, I’ve given away part of it) is every bit in the Khiss mold. I happen to have been one of Peter’s mentees at The New York Times, back when I was a neophyte master of his craft at work.

All of this is what makes the Silurians Press Club such a magical (even magisterial) group. We have been there, seen and experienced, chronicled history in the making and understand what we must pass on to those who will come after. I recall the very moment when I first made my decision to adopt this as my life’s work. I was sitting in the stacks of Harvard’s Widener Library, finishing the last of my footnotes for my honor’s thesis in history, looking out of the life coursing through Harvard Yard. It was then and there that I said, I want to be out there, narrating the events of today that historians a hundred years from now will be examining as clues to our civilization and our way of life. And I never regretted my choice—would not have traded a moment of these 75 years racing around this city or around the world for a life in the archives of any library.

So what will I do when I finally turn over my gavel—all the free time I’ll have while Michael is chasing down amazing speakers to delight and entertain us? Well, that’s easy. I’ll go back to traveling the world as long as my aging legs will allow, and writing about it all of course. Watch for my next book coming later this year (110,000 words done to date, 30,000 to go).

My plea to you: find some great new recruits for the Press Club to continue giving our distinguished organization fresh blood. Pitch in for any other new initiative we might undertake. We need ideas and excited minds to continue giving our distinguished club a real deal. Never forget that, or lose sight of our mission and what we can leave to our successors—honor, fairness, accuracy of course, but also a sense that we have managed to leave the world and how we present it no worse than when we arrived.

Cheers,

David A. Andelman

The Times Morgue is Very Much Alive

BY BILL DIEHL

“I open and close a lot of drawers,” says Silurian Jeff Roth, who concedes he’s probably the end of the line as the caretaker of The New York Times morgue. The morgue houses an amazing archive of news clippings, photographic prints, microfilm records and other archival material stored in several thousand steel filing cabinets.

The numbers are mind blowing. Roth oversees hundreds of thousands of clippings—there are 65,000 subject headings alone—plus five to seven million photographic prints. Topics include thousands of names, of course, but also subjects like ships, planes, cats, dogs and gorillas. How can Roth find anything? He says one can find it “as long as you know the alphabet and can count.”

Roth, who has worked at the paper since 1993, says that at its zenith there were 24 people on the morgue staff, creating 600 new clip folders a week by cutting up the Times photos in the morgue but only photographs in the morgue but only about a million and a half are digitized. Some of the subjects in the files are bizarre. Like the Doukhobors, a Russian religious sect in Canada who would remove their clothes and burn down their own homes rather than submit to putting their children in public schools.

Roth says that no one should consider the Times archive dead. “We use the morgue library all the time. Not a day goes by that I don’t get a clip file request from a Times reporter, photo editor or researcher who needs something extra to flesh out an article,” Silurian Clyde Haberman, a long-time Times reporter and editor, says he thinks of Roth as “the true Indiana Jones: He is invaluable when it comes to finding long-lost treasures in the Times morgue. Over the years, I’ve written my share of advance obituaries for The Times. Jeff’s help was invaluable each and every time.”

The morgue may not live forever but it will last a few years more. “They’ve been trying to kill the morgue since 1972,” Roth says. “They said we didn’t need all this stuff, but it’s outlawed all the people who tried to do it in. It lives and exhales news.”

Roth, who is in his 60’s, clearly enjoys his work, giving frequent tours of the morgue. A photo on the wall shows actress Marilyn Monroe at the morgue counter with editor Lester Markel in 1959, looking at clippings in her file.
THE CAMEL THAT BROKE THE REPORTER’S BACK

BY JOSEPH BERGER

L et me be clear: I did not ride a camel at the Great Pyramid of Giza for a front-page picture in the New York Post, though that is the story that often followed me. The real story is less swashbuckling, yet worth recalling because it offers a flavor of what the changeover was like between the comparatively sober Post of Dolly Schiff and Rupert Murdoch’s more sensational-ized successor.

In the fall of 1977, I was given an enviable assignment by editors at the Post, newly acquired by Murdoch. They wanted me to travel to Cairo a few days ahead of a visit by Prime Minister Men-achem Begin of Israel. I would be covering a historic event, the first visit by an Israeli leader to Egypt, a move made to repave the even more ground-breaking and courageous visit by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to Jerusalem. Both gestures were dramatic highlights of the effort to forge peace between fierce enemies. That campaign culminated in the 1978 Camp David accords and a fall-blowout treaty the following year that returned the Sinai to Egypt and granted Egyptian recognition to Israel, making Egypt the first Arab nation to do so.

It was also a visit I longed to make. I had been to Egypt once before, during the 1973 war, having tagged along with Israeli forces as they mopped up after hard-fought and costly combat. But the Israelis and I only got as far as the Suez Canal. I had never been to the country’s heart: Cairo, with those phenomenal Egyptians and I only got as far as the Suez Canal. I had never been to the country’s heart: Cairo, with those phenomenal Egyptians.

So, in what seemed like a ride on a magic carpet, I soon found myself staying at the palatial Mena House in Giza, a hunting lodge built for a 19th century pasha with a room overlooking the pyramids. My enjoyment of the view was soon deflated by a call from the hotel concierge. There was a Telex from the Post’s picture editor. She wanted me to get up before dawn the next morning, head to the pyramids, and mount one of the rentable camels. A freelance photographer would take my picture.

It was, she said, to be the front-page photo and the “wood” headline would read “Our Man in Cairo.” I thought about the idea for a few seconds and concluded I could not do it. This was a stunt, and I was trying to remain a straightforward newspaper reporter, conveying stories of other people’s doings, not hyping my own reportage.

There ensued several tense rounds of Telexes and telephone calls. The new editors hired by Murdoch tend to entice me with details of the splashy front page they planned and the well-placed stories that would follow. I in turn insisted that riding a camel had nothing to do with the story I was planning and the well-placed stories that would follow. I in turn insisted that riding a camel had nothing to do with the story I was planning.

In seven years at the Post, I had grown accustomed to high standards under such Dolly Schiff editors as Paul Sann, Bob Spitzler, Warren Hoge, Andy Porte and Dolly Schiff. Now, my colleagues and I were still getting some good assignments, the stories were too often twisted to frighten readers or get their blood boiling.

The final straw for me was my experience during the Son of Sam coverage. On the day David Berkowitz was arrested, I was sent to the Brooklyn home of his last victim, Stacy Moskowitz, to get her mother’s reaction. I knocked on Neya Moskowitz’s door and asked her for an interview, but she begged off. She had promised columnist Steve Dunleavy, Murdoch’s star, that she would talk to no one else.

“Steve said I should especially not talk to other reporters from the Post,” she replied. A few days later, when it became clear that Berkowitz would plead insanity, I was asked to find out how many homicide suspects who were found not guilty by reason of insanity and then confined to secure mental institutions were eventually released. I wrote a story whose lead paragraphs stated that although a third of insanity pleasers were eventually released, the assessments done before they were freed were so cautious that only one person since early in the 20th century had ever gone on to kill again.

When the story appeared, my lede was turned around. I was not surprised, I was a part of the exodus. I know that the accomplished reporters who remained had no illusions about the paper, but decided to have fun within its bounds of its madcap daily carnival. And sometimes they enjoyed the thrill of scoops that forced papers like the Times and Newsday to catch up. But my decision turned out to be right for me.

One footnote: I learned after I got back from my reporting in Egypt that when my friend, Texas journalist Linda Scarborough, saw the “Our Man in Cairo” front page headline with my photograph, she gasped. She thought I had died.

Bergen is second vice president of the Silurians Press Club. He worked at the Post from 1971 to 1978, at Newsday from 1978 to 1984, and at The New York Times from 1984 to 2015. Though he has mounted the occasional horse, to this day he has not ridden a camel.

The proposed camel ride was dishheartening because it suggested that the pleasure and fulfillment I anticipated filing articles from Egypt and Israel over the next three weeks—the date of the Begin visit kept being moved—would not get serious treatment and adequate space.

In seven years at the Post, I had grown accustomed to high standards under such Dolly Schiff editors as Paul Sann, Bob Spitzler, Warren Hoge, Andy Porte and Al Ellsberg. Yes, the Schiff Post was a tabloid—an often fast and sometimes sensationalist one—but it also prided serious journalism and stylish writing. It was a place where writers like Nora Ephron, Helen Dudar, Anna Quindlen, Clyde Haberman, Joyce Purnick, Tony Mancini and Joyce Wadler could shine. And because its journalism did not have the gravity of the broadsheets, the atmosphere was more relaxed.

While reporting for the Post in the 1970s, I’d had a chance to do some investigative reporting on corruption in the Beame administration and conditions in seedy city-financed S.R.O. hotels. I had covered the Senate Watergate hearings on deadline, even if I did so by watching television in the Post’s South Street offices. Now, while my colleagues and I were still getting some good assignments, the stories were too often twisted to frighten readers or get their blood boiling.

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BY GERALD ESKENAZI

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nald Trump was asking my advice: What did I think about a structure that could hold 80,000 people on the West Side? And what did I think of the guy he planned to hire to run one of his businesses?

Also, does it pay to put a dome over Shea Stadium?

To tell the truth, I felt sort of proud that this man, this fellow with an international footprint, was actually asking me for advice. Oh, this hadn’t happened recently. In fact, since he was elected president, he hasn’t called me once to ask my opinion.

In fact, since he was elected president, he hasn’t called me once to ask my opinion. Oh, this didn’t happen recently.

Footprint, was actually asking me for this man, this fellow with an international

Shea Stadium?

For The New York Times, Trump was covering the Jets and other football matters. Trump was a no-ex

I knew Michaels very well from his

I brought him up to the paper for lunch in the executive dining room. When some of the editors heard he was coming, they asked if they could join us. We had a pleasant meal, and Trump touted his plans for the league, how he wanted to see his Generals go beyond summertime, how he wanted to see his plan get his team into the NFL.

The resulting tumult presented me with some journalistic conundrums: Could I be a neutral observer and writer if he

So I have to admit, it was all heady stuff. I’m sure he wasn’t really asking for my advice, but thinking that by tipping me off to his plans, perhaps I’d write something and he’d be getting publicity. And he did.

Meanwhile, he began spending to get players. He loaned the Giants’ future Hall of Famer, Lawrence Taylor, $1 million. Taylor already was under contract to the Giants, but Trump figured he could sign him to a personal-services contract until the Giants’ obligation was up, and then put him on his football team.

But Donald, I said to Trump, “what happens if your league goes bust in the meantime? Then you’re out a million dollars.”

His response? “If that happens, I’ll put Taylor in a uniform and make him a doorman in one of my buildings.”

Well, the 1985 season came and went, and

Trump had laid out a heck of a lot of money to get Heisman winner Doug Flutie as his quarterback. Now Trump unveiled his master plan: to get his Generals, and perhaps the whole league, to merge into the NFL.

The USFL had three seasons under its belt, and now Trump was also becoming a sort of heroic New York figure. For by 1986, he was the guy who rebuilt the iconic Wollman ice-skating rink in Central Park after New York City had
dithered since the 1970s to fix it. Trump fixed it in less than a year, and to many people that solidified his reputation as a master builder.

But he was having trouble in football. He couldn’t make the transition to a full league to go against the NFL and the USFL wanted no part of his team. So the USFL went out of business, just like that—a testament to his profligacy.

Undaunted, he spearheaded an anti-trust lawsuit against the entrenched NFL—and won. But what the jury ruled was that, yes, the NFL was a monopolist, but the USFL didn’t demonstrate that the old league prevented the new league from doing business. In fact, the panel said the USFL failed because its management was incompetent.

So the USFL was awarded—are you ready—$1 in damages, which was trebled. The NFL had to part with $3, plus a few pennies in interest.

After that I had no dealings with Trump until the year 2000, when I retired. My kids wonderfully dropped notes to many of the people I had written about and asked if they would like to say something on my retirement for a book I’d be presented with. Included in the book is a letter about the yellow-colored stationery that begins, “The New York Times sports department will not be the same without you.” Yes, Donald Trump sent me a lovely note on my retirement.

In fact, I made a copy of it and have it facing my autographed photo of Hillary.

I think about Trump and his football dreams whenever I see that letter, and I also think about his repeated references to “the failing New York Times.” Did he mean it’s failing because of my retirement? But I’m probably giving myself too much credit.

I do look back on those few years with a smile—even though he never asked my opinion on whether he should run for President.

Gerald Eskenazi generated 8,000 bylines—second-highest in the paper’s history—during a 44-year career at The New York Times. He also has written 16 books and speaks regularly on sports and the news media.
A decade or so ago, I rehearsed my pitch and even inspiring. I also thought that a life. (An earlier title, joys and occasional sorrows of family is a delightful collection of essays about the value of a celebrity.)

My conclusion: Teamsters National President Ronald Reagan. Presser decided to get a better fix on Jackie's regal style, I pressed him to schedule a meal in the private Teamster's Presidential Dining room, I had asked Presser whether that was true. Cha-ting with Presser, as he cruised the stations featuring the food of nations. Years later, while enjoying cheeseburgers with Forbes colleagues, I repeated the defensive move. John Merwin was reminded of "The Williams Shift"—the strategic baseball innovation which shifted six fielders to one side of the diamond in an attempt to stymie the great Boston Red Sox pull hitter Ted Williams. Merwin dubbed my action: "The Presser Shift." I understood the importance of a celebrity, you're smart and charming, you've got the right kind of personality, you're not a person who is going to be a burden on the trip. (An earlier title, Home Fires, was parodied by a more agile author.)

The opening page of Frank's story in Police magazine on Teamsters organizing police stations featuring the food of nations. Chatting with Presser, as he cruised the buffet like a Circle Liner going around Manhattan, Jackie said: "You know, I had a private eye following you around the country." To this day, I have no idea whether that was true.

During that lunch in the President's dining room, I had asked Presser whether he was a government informant, an annoying rumor he had denied. What was true, we all learned in a court filing in 1989, was that Jackie was pretending. Presser, while perhaps a onetime Mafia associate, became an FBI stool pigeon in the investigation that sent his predecessor to prison.

Allan Dodds Frank is a member of the Board of Governors of the Silurians Press Club and a former president.

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BY HERBERT HADAD

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Foundation, I was thrilled when he asked me to do a Teamsters story. Serrill, also a journalism school classmate, wanted an investigation of the Teamsters national drive to unionize police departments, so I visited Teamsters locals and police departments in suburban Virginia, St. Petersburg, Fla. and New Orleans.

In New Orleans, the Teamsters had routed the Service Employees International Union in taking over the New Orleans Teamsters Association, representing 1,500 cops. I remember prowling around with Mitch Ledet, the Teamster's organizer and secretary-treasurer of the 10,000 member New Orleans Teamsters Local 270. Watching Mitch in action was instructive. Mitch knew the side entrance and maître d's at all of New Orleans' best restaurants. (An earlier title, joys and occasional sorrows of family is a delightful collection of essays about the value of a celebrity.)

The first time we met, we had lunch in the Teamsters cafeteria, which had an open alcove for his table so all his employees could approach him comfortably. It was a PR show put on by his communications director, a perpetually tanned Paul Newman look-alike named F.C. “Duke” Zeller. He and Jackie allowed me to attend a Teamsters national executive board meeting at which Jackie was present and the subsequent cocktail party with the union’s most important leaders. I used the occasion to seek the answer to a delicate question: “How much does Jackie weigh?”

Most Teamsters I asked said something like “too much,” but confessed they were not about to inquire. Then a senior, and allegedly mobbed-up, member of the board told me the board had passed a half-joking resolution that Jackie had to lose 60 pounds in 90 days.

To get a better fix on Jackie's regal style, I pressed him to schedule a meal in the private Teamster’s Presidential Dining room, I had asked Presser whether that was true. Cha-ting with Presser, as he cruised the stations featuring the food of nations. Years later, while enjoying cheeseburgers with Forbes colleagues, I repeated the defensive move. John Merwin was reminded of “The Williams Shift”—the strategic baseball innovation which shifted six fielders to one side of the diamond in an attempt to stymie the great Boston Red Sox pull hitter Ted Williams. Merwin dubbed my action: “The Presser Shift.”

My extensive story, including a sidebar about Presser’s weight, was tough, but fair and accurate in a magazine that had President Reagan’s attention. So, after the 1985 inauguration, I was invited to a fancy Teamsters board reception attended by Vice President George Bush. Presser was always cordial but liked to project that implicit fear the Teamsters made so famous.

The buffet was a lavish array of food

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In Pursuit of the Elusive Blurb

BY HERBERT HADAD

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Bayeux Memorial Honors Journalists ‘Gone Missing’

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nalis’ memorial. We knew where it should be located, by piecing together descriptions we had gleaned about this rarely-mentioned site. We marked it on our map of Bayeux and thought we couldn’t miss it. It was supposed to be next to the imposing Museum of the Battle of Normandy and the cemetery from a cemetery for 5,000 mostly Brit-

ish soldiers, and immediately behind a classical-columned British monument on the Boulevard Calka-Varin, memorating Commonwealth soldiers who died during D-Day and subsequent battles.

We walked the long block in front of the British monument several times but couldn’t find a break in the dense forest of trees behind it. The more we looked, the more determined we were to pay our respects to the fallen reporters who were being honored. We felt an obligation.

Finally, we walked back to the far corner of the boulevard and turned right on a side street we had passed on the way from our hotel, which was slightly outside the center of town. There, on the right as we rounded a curve, we saw a bright banner waving in the breeze. This had to be the entrance, and it was, on the Rue de Verdun. It turned out be the opening to a secret garden, a quiet grove where revelations awaited us.

We had expected another World War II monument, but this was both more bucolic in tone and more expansive in its mission. Though it is sometimes referred to as a war reporters’ or war correspondents' memorial, it encompasses journalists throughout the world who died since 1944 (at least as far as can be determined), and it includes a low horizontal stone with year. Broad paths meander through green lawns, lush plants, lovely flowers and sheltering trees. On either sides of the paths, tall stone columns, or steles, rise up. They are engraved with years and names, but no one is buried here. They are memory markers.

A sweeping lawn at the beginning includes a low horizontal stone with the words: “One may only taste freedom when others around us are deprived of it.” This was attributed to Simone de Beauvoir. There is also a life-size metal cut-out silhouette of a person, to commemorate “the memory of journalists who have gone missing.” At the other end of the long winding paths, not visible from the entrance, two extra steles provide some basic information. “This place is dedicated to reporters and to freedom of the press,” one begins. The other notes that “Bayeux, which witnessed a freedom denied in many other places, has included the Memorial to Reporters in its ‘Liberty Alley’ centre to encourage the younger generations to think about what freedom really means.” This turns out to be the entrance, or perhaps another entrance. Just outside it, we discovered, there actually is a sign pointing to the memorial, among other tourist sites. It is in a far corner of the museum’s lawn, beyond a hulking World War II tank.

We found most disturbing about the steles is that they show that far more journalists have been killed in recent years than in many earlier years, including 1958 (about 30 names) and 1945 (13 deaths, including Ernie Pyle, who won a Pulitzer the year before being killed by enemy fire during the Battle of Okinawa). Some of the 31 steles combine several years in periods like the 1950s, when reporters were relatively safe. Others are cremated with names for one year. And some of the recent places where reporters died (if you happen to recognize the names) are uncomfortably close to home.

The 2018 list of engraved names includes, among the 67 professional journalists killed that year, five who were shot at the Capital Gazette in Maryland by a man who was unhappy with an article about him, and two from South Carolina TV station WVFW who were crushed by a tree in their SUV as they covered the impact of heavy rains in their area.

The assassination of Saudi Arabian dissident and Washington Post columnist Jamal Khashoggii took place in 2018, too. Ten days before we visited, I discovered while researching this article, Khashoggii’s fiancé had unveiled his name during a ceremony at the site. (Reporters Without Borders compiles lists of the names at https://rsf.org/en/barometer; look for previous years in the “archive” box.)

Somehow, coming across the engraved name marking the death of Wall Street Journal reporter Daniel Pearl, who was beheaded in Pakistan in 2002, was exceptionally startling and upsetting.

The memorial was established in 2007 by the City of Bayeux and by Reporters Without Borders, which each year holds a ceremony at the site to award war correspondents’ prizes and to honor the dead, particularly those who died in the previous 12 months. On a visit in 2006, during the first phase of the site’s inauguration, Michèle Montas, widow of Haitian journalist Jean Domi-

nique, who was murdered in 2000, said, “It’s the only place in the world where my husband’s name is carved in stone.”

The families and friends of several other commemorated journalists have also visited the memorial, according to the news account that reported Montas’s statement. And occasionally, a school group comes by, too, according to another of a handful of articles about the site. During the day we visited, spending considerable time and coming back again after going through the neighboring mu-

seum (which devotes a whole section to reporters, including some notable wom-

en), we saw no one else.

The Bayeux awards for war cor-

respondents (http://www.prixbayeux.org/en/) started in 1994, the 50th anniversary of the town’s liberation and of D-Day, according to an informative email sent by Aurélie Viel, who is in charge of the awards given by the city, in collabora-

tion with Reporters Without Borders.

The boltweed of “31 white stones, on which are engraved the names of more than 2,665 journalists who paid with their lives in their bid to keep us informed” perpetuates, along with the prize, “the City’s commitment to defending freedom of the press and democracy,” she wrote.

This year, the commemoration events are happening October 5-11, Viel wrote. The unveiling will be on Thursday, Oct 8 at 5 p.m. and the award ceremony will be on Saturday, October 10, at 6 p.m.

You may or may not want to attend at that time, but I do recommend that, if you hanker to visit the beaches of Normandy, or see the Bayeux tapestry, or take the trip up to Mont Saint-Michel, or just want to see lovely French coun-

tryside, set aside some time to commune with the spirits of journalists who served this profession of ours well. I left feeling proud to be a reporter.

Alleen Jacobsen is a member of the Silurian Board of Governors. She writes regularly for the New York Times and other publications, after a long career as a staff writer at the Washington Post and at Newsday.

The Times Morgue is Alive

Continued from Page 2

Reports are that her arrival caused a huge uproar in the mostly male news-

rooms. Jon Belmont, a former ABC News colleague who is now a freelance anchor at WINS, went on one of the tours that Roth conducts, and says, “with no line of succession, when he goes a ton of institutional memory will go with him.”

“Jeff’s devotion to the Times is exce-

ptional,” says Silurian Linda Amster, who was his colleague when she was the paper’s director of news research. “It’s practically in his DNA,” she quips, “culling massive troves of clips and photos to retrieve exactly the items that the newsroom needs. And he does it on deadline.”

With no one trained to succeed him, Linda worries about the impact of Jeff’s eventual retirement on The Times coverage. “It would largely eliminate the historic depth and scope that illumina-

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In Pursuit of Sazeracs and Liberty

BY BETSY WADE

I n 1981, I was elected leader of the Newspaper Guild’s New York delegation to our union’s international convention—United States, Canada and Puerto Rico. Although I was just a copy editor at The New York Times, I was shop steward for the copy editors around me and had enough allies elsewhere, including the Post, (under our fellow Silurian Joy Cook,) and Time Inc., to win the local’s presidency in December 1980.

This emergence was a product of the first-ever coalition between the rank-and-file of two big newspapers: the Times and New York Daily News guild units.

The union leader from the News was Frank Mazza, a cityside reporter. Frank was tall, debonair and charming. One of his beats was the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, builder and landlord of the first World Trade Center, opened in 1973.

The News classically positioned itself on the side of the humble. “He made So Many of Them” is carved on its entrance. And Frank believed this when he took up journalistic battle against the Port Authority’s proposal to charge admission to Windows on the World, to the fancy dining complex atop the North Tower of the Trade Center. The Authority, seeking revenue, wanted to sell, at a stilt price, lunch-club memberships for Windows to corporate tenants.

Frank’s articles on the proposal took the side of the common people—the Jersey commuters who poured coins into the Authority’s coffers at the George Washington Bridge and the two Hudson tunnels. They should not have to subsidize tunnels. They should not have to subsidize the lunch-club issue, they consulted was a powerful force that Port Authority’s proposal to charge admission to Windows on the World, the I had never been there.

When we exited the elevator at the top, we were met by a sharply dressed restaurant manager who rushed forward, crying: “Frankie! Frankie! Thought I’d never see you again!” Introductions. Welcome.

Soon, the manager turned to me, and said, “Miss Wade, where would you like to sit?” I picked the spot overlooking the Brooklyn Bridge. In this setting Frank laid out the story I have now told you.

As president of the Guild local, I got to attend the annual convention, wherein we would hold all our meetings and spend a few days, and all-nights, arguing, drinking and voting. In 1981, not only was our New York insurgency novel but so was the convention site: Memphis, a Southern city notorious as the onetime domain of Boss Crump and, more recently, the site of the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

The convention went off more or less routinely, but as it neared its end, the New York coalition decided that it was too soon to quit. It struck us that a 400-mile drive to New Orleans would provide a priceless July Fourth weekend. We New Yorkers called friendly delegates from San Jose, Madison, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington and Providence. Some of them called still others and it shaped up to be a malevolent bunch.

My dear friend and fellow delegate, Joan Riddell Cook, (not related to Joy Cook) had deep New Orleans roots. A pianist, her wealth depended on having piano lessons. Her wealth depended on having piano lessons. So, when the piano plays “Basin Street,” I often nag my friend to write about her descendant. Joan has six grandchildren and two great-granddaughters.

The luncheon— and my battle for a blurb— was in a Sazerac cocktail

The crucial ingredient in a Sazerac cocktail

The view from the late, great Windows on the World.

Continued from Page 5

saurously: “We’re all .200 hitters.” And despite constant reports on the demise of the newspaper, the Times was writing optimistically about the future of journalism.

There was a brief Q&A session, and the event was over.

I was in a three-piece suit, can present the mién of a parish priest, and it was the kindly one who came around the table to shake my hand.

“A man, I want your understanding,” he said. “I don’t mean to fail you.”

It was elegant and enigmatic re-

jection. Even though I knew I was an underdog in this match-up, I felt emboldened. The luncheon— and my battle for a blurb— was over.

However, just as one must not rely on one punch in a fight or concentrate on one publication to break into print, one must not depend on one celebrity. In the end, the book was bestowed with blurs from writers from The New York Times and Tuesday and a Pulitzer Prize win-

ner from The New Yorker. In addition, a well-known novelist and a professor lent their voices.

I went home that day feeling pretty good. I’d put up the good fight. The suit went to the cleaners.

Obituaries

David Corcoran, a veteran journalist who spent the bulk of his career at The Record in North Jersey and then at The New York Times, died on Aug. 30 at his home in Coral, N.M. The cause of death was leukemia. He was 72. Corcoran joined The Record in 1969 following graduation from Amherst College. He began by covering Englewood and he was known for his thoughtfulness and kindness. Eventually, he was named editorial page editor, a post he held for a decade.

In 1988, after 19 years at The Record, Corcoran joined The Times. He started as a copy editor, moving to OpEd, graphics and the New Jersey education desks before being named head of the Science Times section. He retired in 2014 and moved to Cambridge, Mass., to become associate director of the Knight Science Journalism Program at MIT, where he launched the Undark podcast and mentored research fellows and science writers.

Corcoran was also a published poet, a restaurant critic and podcast pioneer.

Glady Bourdoin, a copy editor at The New York Times for 24 years, died on Jan. 10 in New York after suffering deteriorating health for several years. She was 85.

In addition to being the mother of Anthony Bourdain, the late chef, author, TV host and travel documentarian, Ms. Bourdoin had her own media career. After marrying and raising two sons, Anthony and Christopher (a banker), she led the life of a homemaker in Leonia, N.J., until 1973, when she joined the The Record’s entertainment section.

In 1979, Bourdain was named entertainment editor of The Trib, a short-lived startup newspaper that published only on weekdays. Bourdoin moved to Par in 1980, working as a translator for Agence France-Presse. She returned to New York in 1984 and was hired by The New York Times as a copy editor in the Culture and Metro sections. She also wrote numerous articles for The Times, as well as for Opera News and other music-related publications. On several occasions until her retirement in 2008, she represented Guild members in negotiations with Times management.

In 1997, Bourdoin translated On Stage, Off Stage: A Memoir by French opera singer Regine Crespin, a close friend.

In 1999, through an acquaintance at The New Yorker, she helped her son Anthony submit an essay to the Times about what goes on behind the kitchen doors of restaurants in New York City. Called “Don’t Eat Before Reading This,” it became the basis of his best-selling book, Kitchen Confidential: Adventures in the Culinary Underbelly, and ignited his interest in becoming a best-known travel, food and culture commentator of modern times.

Welcome New Members

Merry Clark is an experienced newspaper writer, magazine journalist and editor. She was a newspaper reporter for the Harrisburg Patriot-News. Her New York career includes posts as a magazine writer and editor at New York Magazine. She is also a past producer of the Hearst corporation, where she developed nationally syndicated newspaper columns and blogs. She is also a former Director of Heloise, Inc., a lifestyle brand, and a newspaper columnist. She is a Lecturer at the Screenwriting Development and Partner at Kara Productions, Inc., a赔偿 company New York City. She lectures on journalism in an NYU/UCLA summer program. Clark has a publishing executive at the Chicago Tribune, a newspaper columnist. She is a freelance writer for the Chicago Tribune, a lifestyle brand, and a newspaper columnist.

Jennifer A. Kingson is currently an editor and writer at Axios Media. Her career goes back to the 1990s and a string for The New York Times and a reporter for the Boston Globe. In 1995, she joined The New York Times as a newspaper writer and editor at New York Magazine. She is a former Editor of Heloise, Inc., a lifestyle brand, and a newspaper columnist. She is also a freelance writer for the Chicago Tribune, a lifestyle brand, and a newspaper columnist.

Laura Fink is an experienced writer and editor. She has written for The New York Times, The Boston Globe, The Chicago Tribune and The Washington Post. She has a graduate degree in journalism and a background in both news and feature writing. She is also a former Editor at The New York Times, a newspaper columnist. She is currently a freelance writer for the Chicago Tribune, a lifestyle brand, and a newspaper columnist.