

Silurian News

Published by The Society of The Silurians, Inc., an organization of veteran New York City journalists founded in 1924

Society of the Silurians
LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD BANQUET
The Players Club
16 Gramercy Park South
Wednesday, December 10, 2014
Honoring Sandy Socolow
Drinks: 6 p.m. • Dinner: 7:15 p.m.
Meet Old Friends and Award Winner
(212) 532-0887
Members and One Guest \$100 Each
Non-Members \$120

NOVEMBER 2014

Sandy Socolow: A Lifetime of Setting the Standard

BY MYRON KANDEL

Sanford (Sandy) Socolow was the brilliant journalist behind the scenes for the “most trusted man in America,” as the executive producer for many years of “The CBS Evening News With Walter Cronkite.” But his distinguished news career extended far beyond that highly honored program, in the process earning him the accolade from his colleagues as the conscience of the network.

For the entirety of his work, Sandy Socolow has been named to receive the 2014 Lifetime Achievement Award of the Society of the Silurians. The first such award was given to Cronkite in 1969, and it has gone to five other CBS news stalwarts: Fred Friendly, Joseph Wershba, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace and Charles Osgood.

Silurian president Allan Dodds Frank

said the organization’s board cited Socolow for a journalistic lifetime of excellence, integrity and outstanding accomplishment, as well as for his leadership in upholding the standards of the news profession.

Socolow, now 86, started his journalism career at Stuyvesant High School and then edited the City College newspaper The Campus. He joined The New York Times as a copy boy in 1949, and then accepted Uncle Sam’s invitation to join the Army during the Korean War. He went to Officer Candidate’s School and wound up in Tokyo producing United Nations Command broadcasts aimed at Chinese and Korean audiences. Upon completing his military service, he managed to get discharged over there and was hired by the International News Service (which later became the “I” in UPI) to be a roving war and foreign correspondent in the Far East.

Back home in 1957, he began writing



Sanford (Sandy) Socolow

nightly newscasts for Mike Wallace on the Dumont network and later that year joined CBS News, where he remained for more than three decades, serving as a writer, producer and Washington and London bureau chief, as well as Cronkite’s executive producer. When Dan Rather took over that anchor’s seat, Socolow was asked to stay on for more than a year to lead a smooth transition. He later worked with Cronkite on various projects and also spent two years heading a new TV project for the Christian Science Monitor. He has continued to maintain a fierce devotion to protecting the standards of broadcast journalism. (Socolow on the current state of journalism, page 3.)

(For a more detailed account of Sandy’s storied career, see the full-length profile of him in the March 2014 issue of The Silurian News available on our Web site at Silurians.org.)

The Decline and, Like, Fall of American English

BY CLARK WHELTON

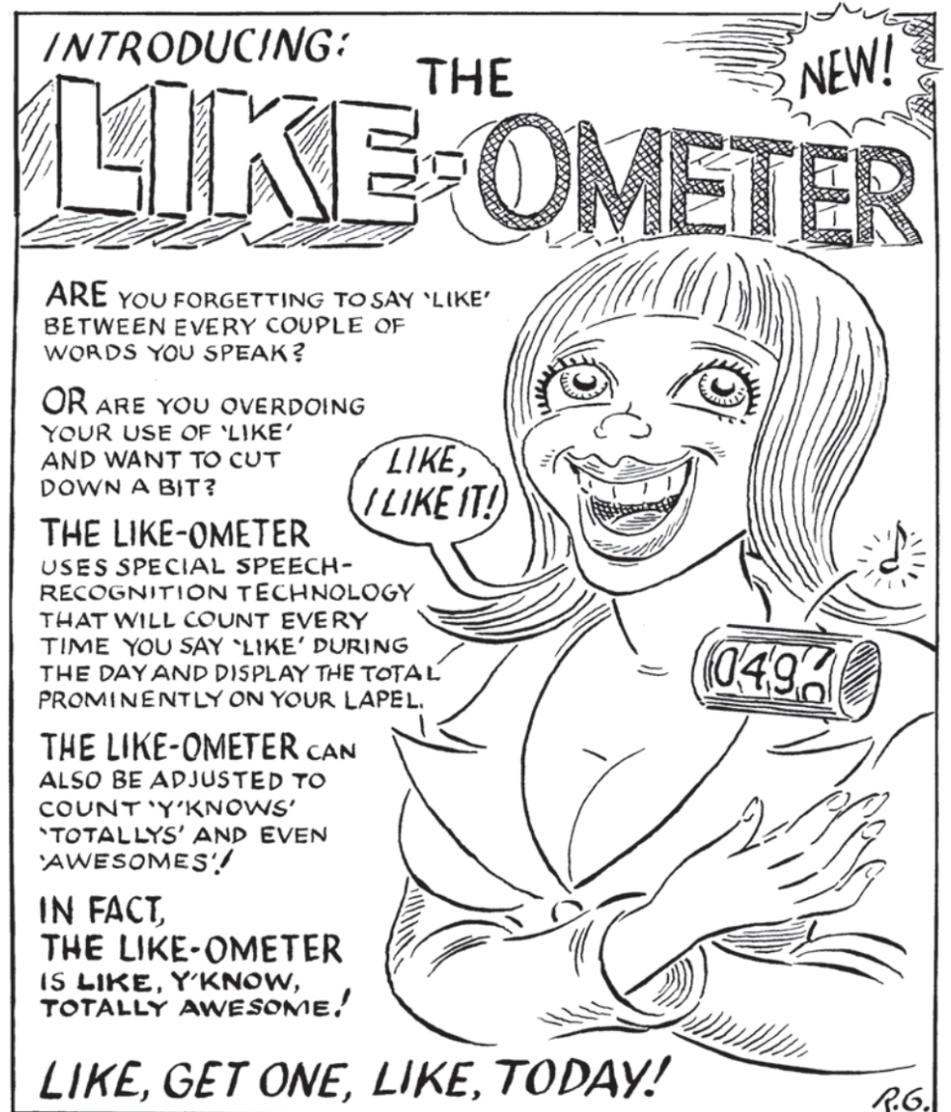
In the mid-1980s, American English was overwhelmed by a linguistic mutation that transferred the burden of verbal communication from speaker to listener. This semblance of speech substituted sound effects and self-quotations for vocabulary, clarity and grammar. Its shapeless syntax defended those who spoke it against the risk of saying something insensitive or socially incorrect. It was a mode of non-expression that jumped from campus jargon to national discourse with astonishing speed. Without fear of contradiction, I can say, like, wow, this new way of speaking was so, like, you know, whoa! I mean, it was like, omigod, totally awesome, and stuff.

This rapid descent into verbal bedlam came to my attention in the 1980s when I was interviewing intern candidates for Mayor Ed Koch’s speechwriting office in New York City. Until 1985 I had no

trouble finding talented, literate students from Columbia, NYU, Pace University, and the senior colleges of New York’s City University system. But suddenly it became difficult to recruit articulate undergrads who could write. Even English majors from an Ivy League campus had withered vocabularies and a hazy grasp of grammar. Many didn’t know a noun from verb.

Strangest of all, they struggled mightily to avoid expressing thoughts directly. In place of plain speech they employed various forms of verbal evasion, such as run-on sentences, facial tics, self-quoting and playbacks of past conversations. “He asked if I wanted to go the movies and I said yes,” became, “So he goes, like, ‘You want to like go to the movies’ and stuff, and I’m like, ‘Yeah, O.K.’” Uptalking, an interrogative rise in vocal inflection that makes statements sound like questions, added another element of imprecision to the mix. The would-be interns seemed to be defending themselves against their own words. I called this elusive dialect “Vagueness.”

At first I wondered if Vagueness had escaped from the zoo of post-hippy slang. For example, the overuse of “like” as a speech particle goes all the way back to the hipster-beatnik days of the 1950s. But slang usually has a sharp edge. Vagueness was amorphous, almost impossible to pin down. Operating as a kind of grammatical anti-matter, Vagueness camouflaged meaning with vocal intonations and ambiguity. It had to be decoded by the listener. Nonetheless, by 1987, juvenile speech patterns that had once been drummed out of kids in junior high school were not only in control in college, they were in vogue. It wasn’t as though City Hall intern candidates were capable of



Robert Grossman



Remembrances of Arthur Gelb, by Ralph Blumenthal. Page 3.

speaking standard American English but, for some perverse reason, had decided not to. Extended interviews revealed that most of the students had no idea how to carry on a lucid conversation.

There was another problem. Along

with a lack of verbal skill, intern candidates in the late 1980s displayed serious shortcomings in composition. They simply didn’t know how to write. The basics of sentence structure and punctuation

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BY ALLAN DODDS FRANK

Robust. That's the word to describe the year the Society of the Silurians is having. Our speakers have been terrific, our treasury healthy, our newspaper and website reinvigorated, and for the first time since at least 2005, our paid-up membership has hit the 300 mark.

Planning for the next round of Silurian Awards for Excellence in Journalism also is already underway, with the aim of exceeding last year's number of entries and record award's dinner attendance. Members are encouraged to help us make the upcoming contest and next spring's dinner bigger and better than ever. To volunteer, please contact Awards Chair and board member Carol Lawson by emailing her at cl7688@aol.com. The contest should be much easier to judge this year, now that we have figured out how to conduct it with entries submitted online.

Please read this excellent issue of the Silurian News cover to cover, then cogitate about how you might contribute a story to editor Bernard Kirsch, who is now in his second superb year at the helm. Many thanks also go to our webmaster Fred Herzog for his stalwart work in getting messages to all members and keeping the website looking better and better. Board member Barbara Lovenheim has stepped up to oversee soliciting news items about members for the website in tandem with board member Bill Diehl, who is coordinating the aggregation of news items about the world of journalism. Many thanks also go to board member Wendy Sclight, who has done a terrific job in her first year as dinner chair for the December program honoring Sandy Socolow.

Our twins of indefatigability, former Presidents Mort Sheinman and Myron Kandel, have helped up the membership to 300 strong with their yeoman work recruiting new Silurians. Linda Amster has been an impeccable record keeper and producer of the board minutes as Secretary of the Silurians. Thanks too to the nominating committee: chairman Ben Patrusky, Linda Amster, Linda Goetz Holmes, Anne Roiphe and Kandel for bringing us four new capable and enthusiastic board members: Ralph Blumenthal and the aforementioned Lawson, Lovenheim and Sclight.

My hat is off to First Vice President Betsy Ashton and Treasurer Karen Bedrosian Richardson for their dedication and flawless handling of the luncheons, including the introduction of credit cards and PayPal to our events. Robbin Richardson and her staff at The Players also deserve our gratitude for helping make our events go smoothly.

For members who missed one or more of our outstanding speakers, I am happy to report that we now have a policy of recording videos of the events and that the speeches are archived on our website and available for viewing. Since my last President's Report in May, we have enjoyed Wall Street Journal Editor Gerard Baker, former ABC star (and biographer of astronaut Sally Ride) Lynn Sherr and former UPI/ NYT reporter turned author Lucinda Franks Morgenthau. Our one dose of reality from the other side of the aisle came from our November speaker, Robert B. Fiske, Jr. a fascinating pillar of the legal establishment who is a former prosecutor, Whitewater Special counsel and eminent defense attorney.

Our members also continue to be astonished by the sensational ongoing reporting generated in The New York Times by Walt Bogdanich about Florida State's Heisman quarterback Jameis Winston and the university's handling of his frequent peccadillos and more serious alleged offenses. Walt's first story ran April 16 and the follow-ups keep coming. When I introduced him last February, I saluted his legendary persistence, sustained indignation and extraordinary journalistic chops. As usual, I under-estimated his impact.

Next year, we will continue to build on the enthusiasm and support of our members as the board and I strive to continue the Silurian tradition of bringing world-class speakers and conviviality to our great celebrations of journalism in New York. Please stay with us and bring a new member or two into the fold.

The Decline and, Like, Fall of American English

Continued from Page 1

eluded them. Such a puzzling diminution in communications skills could not have simply appeared out of nowhere. If college students were not embarrassed about speaking gibberish at a job interview, if young women were not self-conscious about using fashionably rasping voices (technically known as "vocal fry," but which is probably a contemporary version of baby talk), they had obviously reached voting age without being corrected for writing and talking like children. Vagueness, in other words, must have been incubating for years.

But when did this decline in communication skills begin, and why? In 1988, a professor at Vassar told me that by the time they arrived on campus, his incoming freshmen had already been "juvenilized." He blamed their poor language ability on high schools that, for some mysterious reason, had stopped teaching grammar and speech. His students had no idea how to even diagram a sentence. But why, I wondered, would secondary schools do something so self-destructive? Why make it harder for their students to get into college? It wasn't until two decades later that an answer began to emerge.

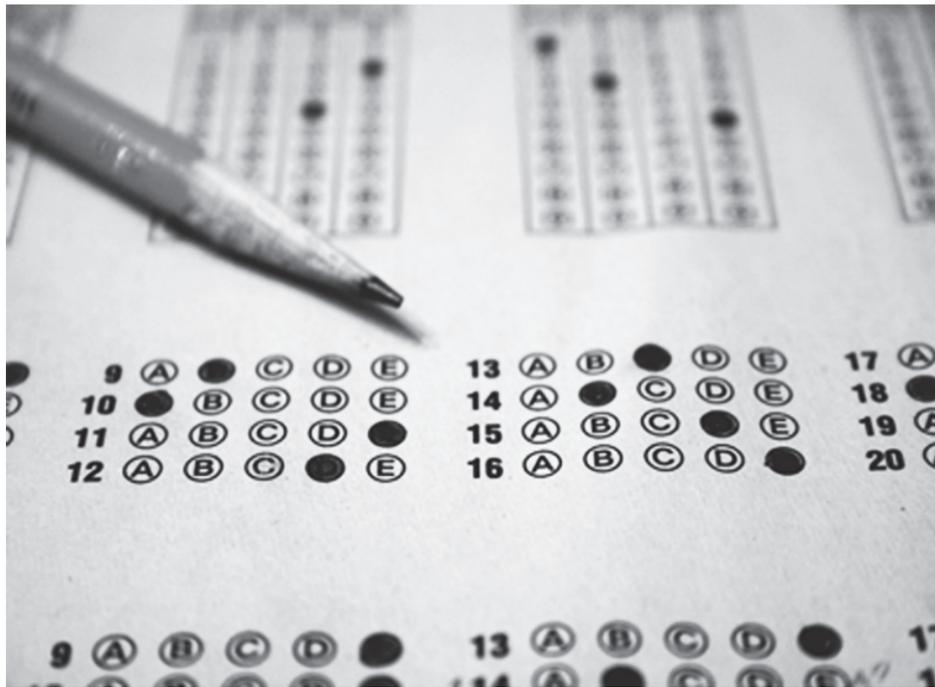
In 2009 I came across an article that had been published in The New York Times 22 years earlier, just as Vagueness was morphing from fringe dialect into mainstream speech. The front-page story reported the unexpected failure of 1987 Scholastic Aptitude Test (S.A.T.) scores to rise above the level of 1986, even though the 1987 test takers had more high school credits. In response, David R. Owen, a professor of psychology at Brooklyn College, and T.W. Teasdale, a research fellow at the University of Copenhagen, wrote a lengthy letter to the editor, which the Times published on Oct. 14th. Owen and Teasdale assured Times readers there was no need to worry about disappointing test scores.

"...Such changes could come about, for example, because of economic circumstances, influencing more or fewer students to consider attending college and therefore willing to complete the steps necessary to take the S.A.T.... Other things being equal, we should not be surprised to see scores drop when there is increased access to college (and the marginal sub-group is included in the average) and rise when access to college decreases..."

Something didn't add up. In the 1980s I'd been told that faculty advisers only recommended top students for intern positions. Average S.A.T. scores might be falling, but if college intern candidates were among the best of the bunch, why did it suddenly become harder to find undergraduates who spoke and wrote English fluently?

On October 29, 1987, the Times published a startling reply from Steven M. Cahn, then serving as Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs at the CUNY Graduate Center:

"(Owen and Teasdale) urge us not to be concerned about the fall of Scholastic Aptitude Test scores since the 1960s because decreased scores may result from increased access to higher education. But in 1966-67, of the approximately 1.4 million students who took the verbal portion of the S.A.T. a score of 700 or higher was attained by more than 33,000 students. In 1986-87, over 1.8 million students took the test, and a score of 700 or higher was attained by fewer than 14,000. No appeal to increased access should blind us to this astonishing decline in the absolute number of students



Ahhh, those S.A.T.'s

who possess excellent verbal skills."

There it was: the Vagueness microbe in focus. Interns with "excellent verbal skills" had become harder to find in the late 1980s because there were, in fact, far fewer of them. Something, it appeared, really had gone wrong in American high schools.

I decided to call Steven Cahn. Cahn, a professor of philosophy at the CUNY Graduate Center in Manhattan, has written at length about the "eclipse of excellence" in American education. Cahn recalled his 1987 exchange with Owen and Teasdale and the precipitous 20-year drop in S.A.T. scores that preceded it. Citing research by David Riesman, Cahn still wonders about one of the most peculiar elements in this decline. "Women had always done much better than men on the verbal S.A.T.s. But just as the women's movement was finding its voice, women gave up their lead in the verbal abilities."

"The decline must have started in high school," I said.

"No!" Cahn replied. "The decline began in the 1970s when colleges made their curricula easier. Typically, colleges used to require 60 hours of core courses for graduation. In the 70s, all that changed. No more required courses in math, science, English composition, speech, or foreign language. Brown University became the new star of the Ivy League. Why? It wasn't the city of Providence! It was because Brown's open curriculum - students could take whatever courses they wanted — made it easier to get an Ivy League degree. When other colleges and universities followed suit and lowered the bar, so did high schools. The virus of lower standards moved from colleges down to

high schools, not the other way around."

If Steven Cahn is right, then the undergraduates I interviewed in the late 1980s - who were born after 1964 - were educated in the era of plunging S.A.T. scores, the era when colleges radically downgraded the difficulty of getting a bachelor's degree, the era when high schools reduced their standards accordingly, the era that gave rise to Vagueness.

Forty years later, the long-term effects of an easier college curriculum are causing educators to wonder if the changes went too far. Richard Arum, co-author of the book "Academically Adrift," criticizes colleges for treating students like pampered consumers and clients, of whom little is required. Arum points out that a typical college student studying one hour a day can easily attain a 3.2 average. How is that possible? At Harvard the most frequently awarded grade is an "A." Professors at Harvard and at other universities worry that giving out lower grades will result in their courses being shunned by a student body unaccustomed to hard work.

Did Vagueness begin when college students taking easy courses ended up speaking easy English? Wherever it came from, the linguistic revolution is over. Vagueness won. In 2008, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg showed how far Vagueness has moved beyond the campus when she said "you know" 168 times in a 30-minute interview. Today, Vagueness is even more firmly embedded in American English. Its prospects would seem to be bright. But don't be too sure. For better or worse, language defies prediction or restraint. Its future is forever vague.

Tentative Dates for Future Silurian Luncheons & Dinners

2014

- November 20 - luncheon
- December 10 - Lifetime Achievement Award Dinner

2015

- January 13 - luncheon
- February 17 - luncheon
- March 17 - luncheon
- April 21 - luncheon
- May 19 - Excellence in Journalism Awards Dinner, presentation of Peter Kihss Award and of Dennis Duggan Memorial Prize

Working Harder to Find the Real News

BY SANDY SOCOLOW

It's a paradox. I am an old fogey in the business of journalism. And, when asked by younger practitioners what I think about the state of the business today, my answer? It's great. There is more good quality news available today, in print and broadcast and the internet than ever before. More than even in the heyday of Edward R. Murrow, Walter Cronkite, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. The downside is that for the news consumer, it is relatively hard to find. The news consumer has to dig, search, otherwise manipulate devices to find it.

Surrounding such gems, however, is an avalanche of trivia, gossip, titillations aimed to entertain first, not inform. And on the serious side of the craft, there are pressures which try to manipulate the product.

I've just learned that the White House press office (why isn't it more accurately named the media office?) on several oc-

More journalism does not necessarily mean better journalism.

casions intercepted pool reports before distribution and challenged the particular reporter on the substance of his/her report. This is a sea change for the arrangement wherein the White House acted as a transmission organ with no interest in subject (until after widespread publication or distribution). The pool report used to be distributed to a small group of reporters who regularly covered the White House. They used to pick printed copies from a bin in the press room. Now the pool report is distributed to thousands of recipients, mostly persons with no relationship to news distribution.

Don't misunderstand. There has al-

ways been White House attempts to manipulate coverage. Presidents going back to Kennedy and even earlier have never been shy about calling reporters and publishers to explain their concerns or complaints (mostly the latter). Most infamous, of course, was President Kennedy's brazen attempt to suppress The New York Times "scoop" about the impending invasion of Castro Cuba.

Today's media universe is massive, diverse beyond the imagination of practitioners like me. When I started there was no cable, no internet, no satellites. When I started, an overseas telephone call was expensive enough to require permission from a supervisor. Then one had to contact an international operator, who assigned you a date and time (sometimes a day or two ahead) and instructed the caller to stand by the phone for a callback or lose your place in the line.

There were only three American wire services. Today the equivalent service is

available on uncountable internet channels.

"Live television" was cumbersome, expensive and technically difficult. Vietnam, known popularly as "the Living Room War," is misnamed. The usual film (as opposed to videotape, not yet in wide use) story had to be shipped to the U.S. developed, and edited, so that the vast majority of those stories did not air for four, five, or six days.

"Live Television" today is so easy it is ubiquitous, and, I submit, unnecessary to the substance of the story. On all-news cable and satellite channels reporters are often forced to air stories with little thought. The same can now be said about print reporters, who are forced to go to print, if you will, on 24-hour blogs operated by so many newspapers.

That said, let me repeat: There is more quality news and information available today than ever. Just look, dig for it. It is worth the search.

The Arthurian Legend: Gelb of The Times

BY RALPH BLUMENTHAL

The Arthur Gelb I remember from the 1960s would have been suspicious of the glittering crowd that packed Broadway's Eugene O'Neill Theater for his memorial on Sept. 9. The irrepressible New York Times editor and devoted O'Neill biographer who died May 20 at 90 used to grow uneasy whenever he saw his reporters dressed a little too well. He feared they were sneaking off to a job interview.

Where anyone would want to go then from the World's Greatest Newspaper wasn't clear but that didn't stop him from worrying about it. He had his insecurities, although it was mostly we whom he made meshugge, not the other way around. But we loved him for it, mostly.

Arthur (not to be confused with publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, known as Punch) was our daunting Walter Burns — indeed, he consciously modeled himself after the wily and roguish icon of "The Front Page." Sometimes life even imitated art (or Artie).

On rewrite one night, as I struggled with a story about a breaking investigation that grew out of a Times scoop, Arthur, all six-foot-two of him, hung over my shoulder, shouting suggestions. When I got around to crediting the paper's role, he couldn't contain himself. "Can't you get The Times in the lede?" he demanded. I protested, "It's in the second graf." He snorted in disgust. "Nobody reads the second graf."

Wow, I remember thinking, right out of the movie!

As he told it in his deliciously atmospheric memoir, "City Room" (Putnam's, 2003), he had started as a \$16-a-week copyboy in May 1944, a 20-year-old City College dropout and Army reject (bad eyes) who quickly drew attention by innovating a house organ called Timesweek that celebrated the reporters and stories behind the paper's stories.

He got not only his job but also his wife at The New York Times — newsroom clerk Barbara Stone, who happened to be the stepdaughter of one of his idols, playwright S.N. Behrman. Soon Arthur was a junior critic, discovering up-and-coming stars like Barbra Streisand and Woody Allen, and embarked on a dazzling career that would take him from the metro desk to the masthead as managing editor.



The Times one-two punch: Arthur Gelb with A.M. Rosenthal.

When I started as a copyboy in June 1964, after an earlier stint as the City College stringer, Arthur was in his first year as deputy metro editor under his slightly senior alter ego and fellow CCNY dropout, Pulitzer-winning foreign correspondent A.M. Rosenthal. They were well matched. In old salesmen's terms, if Abe was the inside man, keeping a steely eye on the stock, Artie was the outside man, brilliantly drumming up business and schmoozing up a storm.

Eager to catch their eye, I scratched around for features and covered Sunday sermons at 50 cents a paragraph. My break came when two of my overhyped stories landed on the second front the same day. Without a byline (only staffers got bylines), the mysterious unsigned pieces drew Abe's attention and got me promoted to the reporting staff.

I previously told the story (The Education of a Timesman: Silurian News, December, 2012) how Arthur decided one day to move me to the White Plains bureau, insisting, over my objections, that the job required what he repeatedly called my kind of special maturity. I was young, yes, but oh so mature. When I continued to protest, worrying that I might get stuck in the suburbs, Arthur ended the discussion,

fuming, "That shows how immature you are!" I went.

Consistency was not one of Arthur's vices. I recall a deputy's once asking Arthur at the metro desk whether a certain reporter should be assigned to a particular story. "Don't interrupt me with every detail!" Arthur exploded. Later Arthur was looking for that reporter and was reminded he was still out on the earlier assignment. "Don't you check these things with me?" he complained.

He was known, as Gay Talese recalled at the memorial, for sidling up to reporters, curling his arm over their shoulder, and trying to sell them on a story by whispering in their ear, "There's a great deal of interest in this." The reporter was left to believe that Punch himself was behind the assignment.

Of course, reality often struck at the end of the day when the reporter, clutching what were sure to be notes for a page one story, lined up at the desk of night editor Sheldon Binn for a space allocation. "Half a buck, kid," Shelly might decide, consigning you to 500 words if you were lucky. If you weren't, you'd end up with an M-hed, 350 words, or worse. But if you were tempted to blurt, "Arthur said..." Shelly's amused squint out of his

one good eye (the other was shot out in Korea) would make it all clear. You were had by Arthur, again.

He had a vision for the story he wanted to run. All you had to do was get the facts to back it up.

When Vice President Spiro Agnew resigned in disgrace in October 1973 after pleading no contest to income tax evasion, Arthur was sure Agnew's fellow Greeks were mortified. He wanted a quick reaction story. I headed for Astoria, Queens.

To my surprise, the Greeks I interviewed were outraged and indignant, insisting Agnew had been scapegoated. One quoted what sounded like a Greek proverb: "Who has the honey and doesn't taste?" I had my lede.

Arthur was apoplectic. How dare I slur the Greeks? He spiked my story.

I remember seeing him pitch a story to one of the funniest writers on the paper, Israel Shenker. "This is made for you, Sherk," Arthur importuned. "Only you have the touch for this..." Shenker shook his head. He was jammed up with other stories Arthur had assured him only he could do. Whereupon Arthur dismissed him and summoned another reporter. "This is made for you..." he began.

John Darnton, another erstwhile copyboy who later succeeded Arthur as metro editor, remembers it was Frank Prial, later to gain fame as the Times's preeminent oenophile, who was once summoned to Arthur's windowless cubicle of an office beside the newsroom mail desk.

Arthur seated Frank facing a large wall map of the city and lovingly traced the contours of the five boroughs. "Wherever the land meets the sea," he intoned, "will be your domain."

The horrible truth began to dawn on Frank. "Arthur," he asked "are you offering me shipping news?"

That was exactly it, Arthur said proudly. Frank resisted. It was not at all what he wanted to be doing. Arthur pressed him, saying that was a big mistake, a career breaker. But Frank held firm. In that case, said Arthur, since Frank was the first being offered this plum, he should not mention it to anyone else. As Frank walked out of Arthur's office, a reporter asked, "He offer you shipping news?"

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The Arthurian Legend: Gelb of The Times

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But Arthur was not easy to turn down. He was intimidating, from his towering stature to his flashing eyes and waving arms that columnist Maureen Dowd at the memorial service compared to a blinking slot machine and whirling helicopter blades.

Back in the 60s, he once corralled me in the office waving a copy of the Daily News with front page wood screaming about a state no-show scandal in Albany. We needed to match it. Match a competitor's investigative series? On deadline? "Get up there right away," Arthur commanded.

I took the bus up to Albany. When I walked into the bureau they told me, "Arthur called, looking for you." I called him back. "What've you got?" he asked. I told him I had just arrived. "Ahh," he said, "forget it, you'll never match them." He told me to come home. Next day the News broke a second installment. Arthur called me in again. "Maybe you'd better get back to Albany," he said. I happened to look over and saw Shelly, doubled over and clutching his sides in hysterical laughter.

For Arthur, no task was too impossible for his reporters. Richard Witkin, then an ace political reporter proudly dyed in Harvard crimson, was at the 1967 Harvard-Yale game in New Haven with his family when, to his astonishment, he heard his name booming over the loud-speaker. "Richard Witkin of The New York Times, call your office." To the mortification of his young sons, Gordon and Tom, the Yale Bowl erupted with boos. (The boys thought the crowd was booing their father.)

Dick hurried to the press box and called in. Arthur was on the phone. Metro was running a story on the Lindsay Adminis-

tration and had heard that Deputy Mayor Robert W. Sweet, a Yalie, was at the game. Dick needed to find him and get a quote. Dick made his way through the 64,000 fans, searching for Sweet, to no avail. To make matters worse, Harvard lost, 24-20. Dick soon quit the political beat for aviation reporting.

You couldn't make an offhand remark to Arthur without risking a federal case. One morning, coming off the elevator, I bumped into him, and more in the way of making conversation, mentioned that a line had been dropped out of my story. Arthur drew himself up to his full height, announced I had been grievously abused and took me by the arm to confront the offending editor, my embarrassed protests notwithstanding. Did I really want to start a blood feud with someone who would be handling my copy in perpetuity?

On weekends, when Arthur was not in the office, the debonair George Barrett

presided over the metro desk. Once known as the fastest of Times rewrite men and a boulevardier who squired the ladies in his own Rolls Royce, George had a definite cachet. But for all important decisions, he called Arthur at home. I often thought, watching the process, that George would be better off phoning Arthur when he got in, placing the receiver down on the desk and just shouting into it whenever he had a question.

Long after he left the culture desk for the masthead, Arthur relished his standing as the Times's arts czar emeritus. I once heard a rumor that architecture critic Paul Goldberger would be named the new culture editor and asked Arthur if it was true. His answer was surprisingly candid. "Yes," he said, "but it doesn't matter."

But for all his bluster, Arthur could also be touchingly vulnerable. He came up with the laudable idea of weekly meetings of metro reporters to

chew over Big Ideas. But they usually degenerated into nit-picky sessions about editing goofs and other irrelevant minutiae. I felt bad for Arthur.

He himself once told of coming out onto Broadway in 1971 to find the streets mobbed with religious protesters denouncing the new musical "Jesus Christ Superstar" as blasphemous. He quickly called the metro desk to send a reporter and photographer. "They wouldn't do it," he recalled ruefully, shaking his head in bafflement. "I told them who I was." At the time, he was metropolitan editor.

He got angry at me once for writing, in a 1995 article about music, that the Sony Music Entertainment mogul Peter Gelb was a son of Arthur Gelb, a former managing editor of The New York Times. He thought it implied that Peter hadn't come by his position on his own. I tried to explain that if I hadn't mentioned the relationship, readers would have complained I was trying to hide it. We made up.

Yes, we joked about his foibles. But Frank Rich at the memorial put it best: "Those of us who loved Arthur will carry him in our hearts forever. But it still feels as if the North Star has vanished from the sky."

He had a vision for the story he wanted to run. All you had to do was get the facts to back it up.

Agent of a Foreign Government

BY MYRON KANDEL

During the long newspaper strike of 1963-64, a number of publications and other organizations tried to help out some of their income-challenged friends by assigning them freelance writing projects. The New York-based public relations firm Ruder & Finn asked me to do a piece on one of its clients, the Caribbean country Curaçao, for the Pan American World Airways cargo newsletter. The piece would deal with Curaçao as a good place to do business. The firm said it would provide me with the information and would pay me \$75. I agreed, gathered some additional material and knocked off the article in less than a day. Since I was making about \$40 a day as a full-time copy editor on the City Desk of The New York Times, that was a pretty good rate of pay.

About a year later, while I was the correspondent in Germany for The New York Herald Tribune, I received a letter from Ruder & Finn saying that under a new law, I was required to register as a foreign agent. The firm enclosed a form on which to do so. I wrote back, saying that I had received the payment from the firm and not the country, so I didn't think I needed to register. Besides, I pointed out, it was only \$75.

Despite my protestation, Ruder & Finn said its lawyers maintained I did indeed need to register. I felt that wasn't fair (although I thought that if I did need to be labeled a foreign agent, the island-nation of Curaçao was about

as non-threatening a country as could be). And also, what if I ever wanted to run for public office? My opponent could legitimately label me as an agent of a foreign government.

So I wrote to my friend Max Frankel, who was then the State Department correspondent for The Times, and outlined my dilemma. Max (who later won a Pulitzer Prize and became the executive editor of The Times) wrote back that he had taken the matter up with his colleague Anthony Lewis (another Pulitzer Prize winner), who

covered the Justice Department and the Supreme Court. They unanimously agreed, Max said, that I should sign the form. And so I did. Maybe I imagined it, but I always felt they both had a good laugh over the "problem" I had presented them with all the way from Bonn, Germany.

But now it's on the record. I'm a self-admitted agent of a foreign government. Fortunately, I never had to write about Curaçao again, so I never faced any conflict of interest and I never did run for public office.



Curaçao flag.

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GERALD ESKENAZI
TONY GUIDA
LINDA GOETZ HOLMES
CAROL LAWSON
BARBARA LOVENHEIM
BEN PATRUSKY
ANNE ROIPHE
WENDY SCLIGHT
MORT SHEINMAN

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Committee Heads
Advisory
MYRON KANDEL

Dinner
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Silurian News
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BOOKS BY SILURIANS

Gerald Eskenazi has published, on Kindle, "Class of 1950: How a Bunch of Smart Kids From a Brooklyn Ghetto in the 1940s Set Out to Change the World!" It is \$3.95 to download. The book's about what happened to us, about the old East New York neighborhood and how it shaped us.

Ira Berkow, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, has written a tribute to "Wrigley Field," which coincided with the 100th anniversary of "the one and only." "Wrigley Field" documents the stadium's entire career through a decade-by-decade account and a collection of historical photographs and memorabilia, and vivid first-person remi-

niscences of the people to whom this great place has meant so much. Notable fans interviewed include Barack Obama, Scott Turow, Joe Mantegna, Sara Paretsky, Jim Bouton, and George Will, among others. With a foreword by former major leaguer Kerry Wood and a preface by former Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens.

Two Different Paths to Tell a Story

BY ANNE ROIPHE

Novelists and journalists are twins in a most Siamese kind of way. Both are witnesses to the world we live in. Both are after something true, if not immediately apparent. Both are curious about the flow of time and human event through all the turns of the earth. But when it comes to the method to achieve these goals, the two kinds of writers (sometimes it's the same writer using only one of her or his available masks) are drastically different and when they confuse identities, forget their place, the work itself trembles and tumbles.

But let's start with the common motive. The journalist wants to tell a story, a real story, not necessarily the one that appears at first glance. The novelist also wants to tell a story. But here the two separate. The novelist tells a story that is not real; by definition it is made-up, but it too must float down, fly up, reach to a level where it speaks the truth, not the truth of facts but the more elusive truth of human experience. The journalist may be political and report on the President's speeches or the failures of Congress to do such and such or the demonstrations in the streets and the crimes of the back ally and the crimes of the boardroom, or the corruptions of those we want to trust like men of the cloth, or ball players, or schoolteachers.

The novelist wants to hold the reader rapt. The novelist, like the Ancient Mariner, grabs the wedding guest by the sleeve and must tell the tale of how the soul was moved, fallen, crushed, redeemed perhaps, or not. The journalist will describe accurately the ship on which the Ancient Mariner sailed, how many canons on each side, how many rations rotted in the hold, how much drinking water remained on Day 4 or 45 and what the dying men whispered to their absent mothers, their soon to be orphaned children: that is if they can get a survivor to give them a quote. The journalist will tell us the biological construction of that Albatross so unfortunately shot by the hapless Mariner. The journalist will be at his or her best if actually aboard the ship, embedded with the sailors. His or her report will cover the scabies sores in the mouths, the smell of dead albatross rotting in the sun, the last of the bottles of wine lying empty in the crow's nest.

The journalist will be interested in the failure of the ship's home company to provide enough food for an emergency. It will question the business decision to send the ship on such a long and dangerous voyage. The journalist will investigate the profit of the company, was it at the expense of human life. He or she will hint at further matters to be uncovered at a later time, when full access to the ship's log is made available to a curious and suspicious public. The journalist will ask why, why is it taking so long for the company spokesperson to come forward with a truthful explanation for the disaster at sea? The journalist will quote from the sailor who was so drunk the night the boat set sail he missed it and in the morning the ship itself was just a small glint on the horizon's edge so he went back to the tavern and promised himself to give up drink, which he will do, one of these days.

The poet and the novelist, both of them, will tell the story of the boat becalmed and ghostly without ever leaving their desks, and each of them will

spin words without checking with sources, without searching for double confirmations, without actually setting foot on the deck of any boat, or taking any risky journey other than the one in the brain which can, it is true, lead to some rather dicey places. The fiction writer is not hobbled to the actual reality of a stranded ship, many days late to port, on which a spiritual crime has been committed, and retribution taken. But the fiction writer has other goals. He or she must hold our attention, carry us across the barriers of doubt, "Oh come on, all he did was shoot a bird, a short-lived creature with no memory of his mother, a bird like we regularly eat for dinner." The fiction writer has to shape his story so that we the reader don't put it down (rubbish, really, why is this thing included in the anthology anyway?). The fiction writer has to grab us and hold us much like the Ancient Mariner himself, must keep the wedding guest from joining the throng inside the church.

The journalist can tell his story as briefly as his editor wishes or he can stretch it a bit with some color; the sailor's shoelaces were untied, the top of his head where he had lost his hair was burned red from the sun, etc. But those pieces of color should be accurate; if they are not there is danger that the smallest of falsehoods will render suspect even the facts that are accurate. There might be a contamination in the piece by the temptation to exaggerate, to surmise, to assume what cannot be fact-checked.

We need to trust that the journalist has not invented his facts. If they are not true, he should be punished, fired, banned.

We need to trust that the journalist has not invented his facts. If they are not true, he should be punished, fired, banned. We need to know as citizens in this modern world far more than our own eyes and ears can tell us and so we rely, deeply rely, on the journalist, his radio, TV, newspaper, blog, to tell us what we cannot know by ourselves. Who is killing whom and why. Who is taking the lion's share of the economic spoils. Do they deserve it? Who is trying to stop them and what is happening in private homes in suburbs, in huts in foreign lands, in places where bombs have fallen, or disease has struck. The journalist is responsible to bring us reports of inventions, doctor's secrets, lawyers foibles, actual justice done or undone. We need the journalist: what pleasure lies in a home run if no one knows it soared up over the bleachers? We need the journalist, not just the way we needed the town crier in simpler times, but the way we urgently need to know, where is the high ground, when is the flood coming, what is the tyrant planning, who is the most selfish of them all and who is wearing what to the ball.

But fiction writers (poets, too) are up to something else. They are holding a mirror to the face of human experience, sometimes just their own, some-



Anne Roiphe

times the entire village, sometimes the entire nation. And what they see in that mirror is not just a made-up story. If it lasts, if it is good, if it is worth passing on to your friend, it is about the hard choices of living. It is about the failure of love. It is about the chaotic and determining ways of sexual life, identity, experience. It is about morality and crime, guilt and innocence, joy received and joy delayed, and a million other matters large and small that may be obscured in the thicket of facts, but can be revealed in the imagination, unveiled by the power of verse, or made clear by the line of a plot.

Journalists can be a moral force in the world for good or bad. But the Nazi's had journalists too and dictators everywhere stack their presses with those who will tell their untruths as they wish. But we also have hero journalists who dare to challenge the political powers and end up in cages and prisons around the world. We have journalists who put their lives on the line in war-torn places and it does happen they may lose their heads as barbarians hold them captive. These are men and women of extraordinary courage and as a nation we need them to persevere as believers in free speech and free expression.

Poets are not much use to the Peshmerga nor do we need them beside the dams of Mosul. They would not have helped us end the war in Vietnam or taught us to despair over the mayhem in Cambodia. But what they can do is struggle with our moral corruptions, our deep hope, our belief in a better world to come, here on this earth or on a distant star just now burning its way to a place in some new solar system. Poets can write lines that comfort us in bad times. Poets can bring us closer to whatever we consider holy, perhaps a field of daffodils or perhaps as Gerard Manley Hopkins put it, "— my heart in hiding stirred for a bird, — the achieve of; the mastery of the thing!" Or Emily Dickinson, "Hope is a thing with feathers."

So is the Albatross a symbol for Christ, or is the hapless bird a symbol of nature, nature that God protects? At any rate,

journalists have no business mucking around with symbols and their nebulous meanings. They better tell it is as it is, as I need to know it. I don't want my newscasters, either early in the morning or late at night, waxing metaphorical. I want them to tell me the facts. I don't want those facts sugar-coated or slanted. I might need them explained. But the explanations should be as objective as possible and when opinion is expressed it should be clear that it is opinion I am hearing. If I don't like the opinion I am apt to turn the channel, or put down the paper, or go to bed with a good novel.

There are characteristics novelists and journalists share. Both pay attention. Both remember the clues that lead to the less obvious fact. Journalists must be ever curious. A writer of fiction, poetry or prose, who does not also have a real love of the telling detail, the revealing silence, the moment when something breaks or mends, or soars, is a writer impoverished, soon to

turn to another profession, perhaps accounting.

A journalist, even a tired journalist, will stare out the train window at glimpses of life in the passing field, the windows of folks living near the tracks, in the figures huddled under the station's protective hood. A weary novelist, a dreamy poet stares out the window of the moving car: who is out there, how are they living, what will happen to them tomorrow? A science journalist must love the facts, and the facts under the facts. The difference between journalist and novelist or poet lies in what next. The journalist registers the scene. The writer takes his or her own pulse. What has this made me feel. How can I write about what I know if I don't know what I feel? For many journalists, the "I" is completely submerged, invisible to the reader. In bad journalism the appearance of the "I" may signal that we are about to read a piece as interesting as that "How I spent my summer" essay of the sixth grade. Some journalists can turn the "I" into a mirror of us and when they do that, well, they push journalism right to the edge of invention. If they don't do it well we get self-absorption, irrelevance. When it works, that journalists "I" is glorious, but when it doesn't: we recoil.

As a novelist, when I write journalism, I am tempted to color the sky a better, more dramatic color, to put a few words in someone's mouth I didn't hear but am pretty sure might have been said. I resist. The line between fact and fiction must remain a third rail, a life-saving third rail. When I write a novel I sink down into my memory. I lie and lie and never worry about the factual truth. I worry about the emotional truth. That takes enough energy for any hard working twin. The Ancient Mariner is a poem, a prayer perhaps, a moral story and a ghost story. But the protagonist, he is a novelist, turned to poetry, given no choice but to repeat his story over and over. He is a writer, like his creator. He doesn't tweet, or text, or instant message. He grabs the wedding guest and holds him with his words. That is what all writers, journalists or novelists, poets or sportswriters, do. It's our fate.



Credit Mort Sheinman

Lucinda Franks was the guest speaker at the October Silurians luncheon.

The Reporter and the D.A.

It was, Lucinda Franks freely admitted, an odd pairing - her affair with the austere Robert Morgenthau: "He was steeped in enforcing the law and I was breaking it," she said at the Silurians' October lunch.

When they met in the 1970s, Franks was a not-quite-hippie, sometimes pot-smoking 26-year-old reporter for United Press International and Morgenthau was the District Attorney of Manhattan-a role he was to hold for 34 years. Besides, he was almost twice her age, a widower with five children.

Yet, it became a love story she has described in a highly acclaimed memoir, "Timeless: Love, Morgenthau, and Me." They married, and had two children.

Franks, who went on to win a Pulitzer Prize and a stint at The New York Times, spoke about Morgenthau's virility in their bedroom as well as the significant role he played in law enforcement. Indeed, she claims that he had information about terrorist plots aimed at New York City-but that the Government ignored it.

Morgenthau also was an international figure, involved in uncovering

stolen Holocaust art, and led one of the most sweeping criminal prosecutions ever: the multibillion-dollar international fraud case involving the Bank of Credit and Commerce International.

But Franks's talk was mostly on a personal level, how two people so different found and loved each other. She was a Gentile from New England; he was a scion of a German-Jewish family (and his grandfather was Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury). "I learned about Jewish holidays," she said. "and how to make a seder."

Also, at home he was not the arch figure he appeared to be in public - as a campaigner, she said, he was "very stiff." But he enjoyed cooking for her. And unknown to the public, she said, he also suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder. He served on a destroyer that was hit by a kamikaze plane during World War II, severely affecting his hearing in one ear.

But if those at the luncheon wanted to know more about her famous husband, Franks said, "you'll have to buy the book."

— Gerald Eskenazi



Credit Bill Diehl

Lynn Sherr at the Silurians September luncheon.

Lynn Sherr: Still Going Strong

Lynn Sherr may have ended a 30-year run as one of ABC News's most significant journalists, but she's not finished talking-or writing.

Alternately tart, witty and funny, she helped open the Silurians' fall season in September with a discussion that centered around her latest book - "Sally Ride: America's First Woman in Space." Sherr also used the book as a springboard to talk about her own career, and especially the hurdles and the expectations women faced back in the ancient 1970s.

"People talked about the Golden Age of journalism in the Ed Murrow era," she said, and added, "but not when we didn't have minorities and women in the field." As for herself, she said she had a simple response when someone once asked her why she became a reporter: "For a very corny reason—to tell the truth."

Her distinguished career included those ABC years that included reporting on "20/20" and, more significantly perhaps, her stint as the network's anchor on much of the space program. It was during that time that she met Sally Ride.

Sherr described how NASA had been an all-male club (the first astronauts all were test pilots, a role closed to women). But then, Sally Ride became one of 25,000 women to apply when, in response to the burgeoning awareness of the women's

movement, NASA opened its doors, so to speak. She was one of 35 people accepted, six of them women. She went into space in 1983, at 32 the youngest American to have done so.

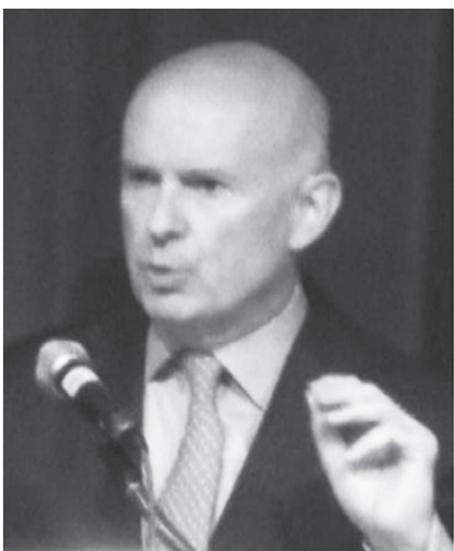
Sherr recalled some of the questions Sally Ride had to answer before and after: "Aren't you afraid of being in orbit with all those men?" was one. Another reporter asked if she would cry if something went wrong. Ride kept her composure-Sherr described her as always tamping down her emotions in public.

"Sally became an icon, an inspiration," claimed Sherr, citing the fact that more than 50 other women have flown in space since.

Ride was always honest and available to Sherr, who once was able to see her during a period just before a flight when astronauts were quarantined. Sherr also spoke of being able to juggle her role as a reporter with her friendship with the astronaut. Ride died of pancreatic cancer in 2012, and her partner called Sherr and suggested she should be the one to write a book about her.

"We now have a generation of kids who can be just like her," said Sherr in her concluding remarks. "Will we ever have a woman on the moon? Oh yeah!"

— Gerald Eskenazi



Gerard Baker, of the Wall Street Journal

At our June luncheon, Mr. Baker, editor in chief of the Journal, spoke about the challenge of giving his newspaper a "more modern digital sensibility" while still "embracing print journalism."



May 2014, the Silurians Awards Dinner

Left: Jim Fitzgerald, who has spent a lifetime at The Associated Press, was honored with the Peter Kihss Award. And with this award, he said, "I have made it to the big time." The award honors a journalist who has helped mentor younger people in the business.

Right: Rosa Goldensohn, a student at the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism, in accepting the Dennis Duggan award, said it's "really special and kind of strange to receive an honor at the beginning of your career before you've actually done very little, so I'm going to interpret this as a promise to honor the work that all of you do."



The Sports World's Living Encyclopedia

A SILURIAN PROFILE

BY GERALD ESKENAZI

On my first assignment covering boxing at Madison Square Garden, Frank Litsky was the slotman at The Times.

"Make sure you mention the names of the fighters, that it was at Madison Square Garden, what weight class they were in, the fact it's on national television, the attendance, and who won and how. In the first paragraph," Frank Litsky told me.

I think that encapsulates so much of Frank and his career as a newspaperman. First of all, he was helpful to - no, looking out for - young reporters. And he was the most thorough newspaper guy I have ever run across. Besides, his obsessions - facts, and more facts, leavened with color and rich background - made him the ideal New York Times reporter.

Frank, now 88, had been at the paper only for one year when I started as a copy boy in 1959, but he already was a legend. He even had a nickname, "Splash," because, if you needed to know a swimming stat, Frank was your man. And when he wasn't around, the other copy editors rooted around his drawer, because Frank had every tidbit of information you'd need back in the day before computers. Thus, if someone won an 880-yard race by 1.3 seconds, why, Frank had a chart, Scotch-taped to a pull-out drawer, that translated that drab number in time to the actual number of feet.

No wonder The Times has kept him around so long. He didn't formally retire until 2008, when he was 82. He celebrated by showing up a week later in Eugene, Ore., and writing — at a track meet, of course. He still writes, about the living and, often, about the dead. For Frank has 125 advance obits that haven't run.

"I don't really know how I picked track and field and swimming as a young man," said Frank. "Maybe it was because I only lived 25 minutes from Yale, in Waterbury, Conn., and a high school coach used to take me there."

Well, Frank went on to the University of Connecticut, graduated at the age of 19, and has spent much of the next 70 years writing. He is in the writers' wing of the Swimming Hall of Fame (a few feet away from plaques belonging to Johnny Weissmuller and Mark Spitz). His



Frank Litsky

6,100 bylines are among the highest in the history of The Times (only about 1,500 behind me, but those advanced obits of his haven't appeared yet). Don't forget his eight books and numerous stories and citations in various encyclopedias.

Actually, I forgot about the early years.

There was Frank's picture in the local paper, under the headline "Boy Wonder." It was a story about 8-year-old Frank and his encyclopedic knowledge of sports. In a one-week stretch, he appeared on three radio

stations talking about sports. And when he was all of 10, a radio station asked him who would win the Kentucky Derby in 1937. Frank predicted the order of the first three finishers (War Admiral won, if you must know).

As a precocious young man, he spent 10 years with United Press, sandwiched around a stint in the Korean conflict, and made a name for himself writing copy for the UP's radio outlets. But Frank believed UP was a dead end, and applied to The Times, where it turned out the guy in charge of hiring went to...yes, you guessed it...Waterbury High. Frank became a Timesman. And when the 1964 Olympics were held, the paper plucked

Frank off the copy desk and made him its track writer - where he has flourished and starred since. He also found time to cover the New York Jets' football team for three years.

Frank also did a significant stretch as the Sunday sports editor, and brought the

paper out of its predictable past and into a brighter present by freshening the paper with outside writers and great features. In fact, he brought the Sunday sports section the country's first op-ed page devoted to sports.

And one of his important free-lance hires was James Michener, who agreed to write about his beloved Philadelphia Phillies. "Paid him \$150, too," crows Frank.

He also got a fellow named Arthur Ashe to write about the false lure of sports for young black men, and for \$100 colored his friend, the artist leRoy Neiman, to draw original pictures to go with many of the articles. Frank's Sunday sports section received the Associated Press's first editors' award in 1977.

My wife and I became friends with Frank and his wife, Arlene, and son, Charlie - wonderful people who left us too soon. Charlie died in 1993, an almost-iconic figure in bike-racing who broad-

cast and wrote about a sport he loved, including broadcasting bicycling at the Olympics. Arlene, a talented decorator who somehow figured where Frank's voluminous file cabinets could be placed without preventing people from moving about, passed away 10 years later. They were married 48 years. It says something about Frank that Charlie's widow, Mary, remarried, had children, and Frank considers them his grandchildren.

He met the accomplished Zina Greene six years ago, and they travel the northeast corridor, either at her place in West Stockbridge, Mass., or his longtime home in Edgewater, N.J., or Zina's other home in Washington, D.C.-not to mention traveling to see Zina's kids and grandchildren. Frank also stops by to join fellow Silurians at luncheons. He has been a member more than a dozen years.

The numbers in Frank's résumé are quite remarkable: He has covered eight Olympics, about 15 Super Bowls (including the first three). He was president of the New York Track Writers Association for more than 40 years (thanks Frank, for those \$6 luncheons at the weekly meetings at Leone's).

In recent years, Frank has been a bulwark in supporting sports at UConn, his alma mater. Although Charlie went to USC, Frank established the Charles Litsky Memorial Scholarship Fund at Connecticut.

Typically, Frank can tell you all the relevant facts about the scholarship, which has raised about a quarter-of-a-million dollars: they have come from winners of two Pulitzer Prizes, winners of three Emmys, one Super Bowl-winning coach, one Super Bowl-winning team, 10 Olympic gold medalists, five contributors in various sports halls of fame, and winners of seven Tours de France. You think Frank knows some people?

Of course I also was curious and wondered recently about all those files he used to have. For some reason, when he was 8, he started keeping files on football players ("even though I didn't know anything about football"). I also remember Frank clipping stories all the time when I was a copy boy. Well, what about all those clips, Frank?

"I'm glad you asked," he said. "Everything's very neatly filed in cardboard drawers - 70 feet of them." He's the only guy I know who measures his stuff. And why not? It's a great collection.

*A man of statistics,
statistics and even
more statistics.*



BACK ON TV (FOR 60 SECONDS) — This was the scene in 1st Vice President Betsy Ashton's studio this fall when a PBS film crew followed her around for two days. They were shooting a 60-second "planned giving" spot that will air on public television stations nationwide beginning in January. It will be titled "Betsy's Story" and speaks to why, as a journalist-turned-artist, she has actively supported public TV for many years.

Bios of New Board Members

Ralph Blumenthal was a New York Times staffer from 1964 to 2009, covering city and suburban government, West Germany, South Vietnam, Cambodia, organized crime and political corruption, the arts, and Texas and the southwest. He led the *Times* team that won a breaking news Pulitzer for the 1993 truck bombing of the World Trade Center, and received a Guggenheim fellowship to write a book on a reformist warden of Sing Sing prison, one of his five non-fiction books. After retiring from *The Times*, he was named a Distinguished Lecturer in journalism at Baruch College. He grew up in New York, attended Music and Art High School for art, City College, and the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. He and his wife, Deborah, a writer of children's books and young adult novels, have two grown daughters.

Carol Lawson was a reporter and editor for *The New York Times* for 23 years. She began her career with *The Times* as an editor in the Arts & Leisure section (and as the only woman on the staff). Eager to become a reporter, and despite some internal impediments, she persisted and finally got the chance to join the Culture department, for which she wrote the weekly Broadway column and produced a steady stream of news and feature articles on the performing and visual arts. The birth of Carol's daughter inspired the editors to give her a new assignment: covering family issues for the Style department. Over the years, Carol contributed to other sections of the paper, including Sports, Travel, Science and the Book Review, and has also freelanced for a variety of magazines. For the past 11 years, Carol has been teaching the class "Professional Writing with Power" in NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies. Carol serves on the Advocacy Council of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. She has B.S. and M.S. degrees from Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.

Barbara Lovenheim is founder and editor of a three-year-old website, "<http://nycitywoman.com/>" *NYCitywoman.com*, for women fifty +. Previous to this venture, she worked as a print journalist and author for 20+ years. From 1979 to '80, she covered the arts in London for *The International Herald Tribune*. Upon her return to the US, she wrote regularly for *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *New York* magazine, *McCalls* and other national magazines for twenty years, often interviewing celebrated figures, including Katharine Hepburn, Arianna Huffington, Hillary Clinton, Robert Redford and Gregory Peck. She is the author of three books: *Survival in the Shadows: Seven Jews in Berlin* (Peter Owen/London and Random House/Germany), *Beating the Marriage Odds* (William Morrow), *Breaking Ground* (Hudson Hills). She earned a BA from Barnard and a PhD in English from the University of Rochester. She started out as an assistant professor of English at CUNY, where she taught from 1966 to 1975.

Wendy Sclight retired in 2008 after 31 years at *The New York Times*, where she served in a variety of editing positions. The last 15 years of her career were spent in the newspaper's Culture Department, where first she was the deputy editor of the Weekend section and then edited the work of the paper's architectural and art reporters and critics. She began her career as an editing intern at *The Washington Star* and worked for 5 years at a Knight newspaper in Ohio before joining *The Times*. She is a native New Yorker, but lived for many years in Europe and the Washington, D.C. suburbs as a child of a military officer. She now resides in Greenwich Village and Water Mill, L.I. Since retiring, she works as a volunteer for an organization producing audio books for the visually impaired and serves on the Advisory Council for the Bridgehampton Historical Society and Museum.

A Memoir: My First Byline

BY MYRON KANDEL

My first byline was unusual in the sense that it was probably noticed by only one person - me - and never saw the light of print. I was working as a copyboy at *The New York Times* during the summer of 1951. It was in the middle of my senior year at Brooklyn College, from which I was to graduate the following January. In the midst of running copy, sorting mail, sharpening pencils, carrying stacks of paper up from the pressroom and assorted other mundane activities, I learned that any member of the *Times* staff was eligible to write editorials. Write an editorial for *The New York Times*! My mind boggled.

Now, writing for *The Times* was not a totally new experience for me. I had served the previous year as the paper's Brooklyn College correspondent and had

had a fair share of pieces published, mostly of the one-to-three-paragraph variety, but a few lengthy ones as well. Because I was not a full-fledged staff member, none of the longer pieces carried my byline. The idea of joining that august body of ivory tower thinkers who inhabited the quiet ring of offices surrounding the tenth-floor library added a totally new dimension to a budding journalistic career.

I immediately set to work. The country was embroiled in the Korean War. It had to be ended, and I had some ideas about that. When my copyboy shift was finished, I found an unused reporter's desk and typewriter in the city room and got to work. I worked on my editorial for parts of two days and nights, producing God knows how many drafts before I was finally satisfied and sent it off through the inter-office mail to Charles Merz, the edi-

tor of the editorial page.

Every evening, at around 5, the editorial department would leave for the editorial page make-up editor a handwritten list of the editorials being set in type that day or held over from previous days. Next to the title of each editorial was the last name of the writer. How I scanned that single sheet of lined yellow paper each night! I yearned to see the name Kandel show up. No luck.

It finally dawned on me after a few luckless nights that *The Times* was not depending on copyboy Myron Kandel for the solution to the Korean War, so I decided to set my sights lower. I wrote an editorial on the need to give blood to support the war effort. The day after I submitted it, I rushed up to the composing room to look at that yellow sheet of paper hanging from a spike and — joy of joys! — there it was: "Give Blood — Kandel."

But that didn't mean it was certain to be published. Those "filler" editorials sometimes hung around for days or even weeks and then, having grown stale, were deleted from the list. It seemed like forever, but a few days later it ran. My editorial on the editorial page of *The New York Times*. Wow! (I also received a \$15 payment; for someone making \$27 for a full week's work, that was a welcome windfall.)

So that was my first professional byline — even though I was the only one who noticed it. In my 12-year span at the paper, I received many genuine bylines on articles I wrote, first as a freelancing copy editor for many sections and then as a financial reporter. But the penciled-in "Kandel" on that sheet of yellow paper was the most memorable.

New Members

Daniel Bases is a New York-based global investment correspondent for Thomson Reuters. He covers financial markets, business and foreign policy, and has reported and taught business and economic journalism from Asia, Europe, Latin America and the U.S. Prior to joining Thomson Reuters in 1997, he was a producer at CNN Business News. He is a former president of the New York Financial Writers' Association.

Kathleen Brady was a reporter at *Women's Wear Daily* in the 1970s and 80s before spending a decade reporting for *Time* magazine and writing for *Newsday*. Recently, she has been researching long-form articles on a project basis for *Time*. She is the author of "Ida Tarbell: Portrait of a Muckraker" and "Lucille: The Life of Lucille Ball."

Douglas Clancy is assistant managing editor of *The Bergen Record*. He joined *The Record* in 1976 and has held various reporting and editing posts, including special projects editor and business editor. From 2007 to 2011, he was also executive editor of *The Record's* sister publication, *The Herald News*.

Donna Cornachio is a journalism professor at SUNY Purchase. Her track record as a journalist goes back to 1981, when she was an assistant producer at WCBS-TV. She later became a freelance writer whose work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Daily News*, *Newsweek*, *salon.com* and *The Washington Post*.

Mary Cronin was a senior correspondent for *Time* magazine from 1969 to 1991. She is the author of numerous cover stories and wrote everything from celebrity profiles to pieces on modern prison design.

Frank DiGiacomo, a senior editor at *Billboard* magazine, was a columnist and editor-at-large for *The New York Observer*. His previous positions included contributing editor and writer at *Vanity Fair* magazine and assignments at *The New York Post* and *The New York Daily News*.

Mike Eisgrau is a broadcast news veteran who launched his journalism career in 1963 as a news writer and reporter for WLS/ABC radio in Chicago. He was a reporter, editor and news director for WNEW Radio News from 1967 to 1991 and is now in public relations.

Howard M. Epstein is the former editor and publisher of *Facts on File*, and had a direct hand in writing and editing many of its publications. *Facts on File's* reference and news service databases provided an important research source for newspapers all over the country in fields ranging from history to health. He left *Facts on File* in 1990 and has since been a freelance writer and publishing consultant. He is the translator of Serge Klarsfeld's "French Children of the Holocaust: A Memorial."

Jill Freedman is a freelance photojournalist and the author of seven photo collections. Her work is part of the permanent collections of major institutions that range from New York's Museum of Modern Art and the International Center of Photography to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

John Martin was a national correspondent for ABC News from 1975 to 2002. He shared a George Polk Award for reporting on the tobacco industry's manipulation of nicotine; he shared an Emmy for reporting on public subsidies for H. Ross Perot's private projects; and he won an Award for Excellence from the National Association of Black Journalists for describing the role of 18,000 black sailors in the Civil War Union Navy.

Betsy Osha was a television producer for 30 years prior to retiring. From 1979 to 2009, she produced segments in the news departments of NBC-TV, ABC-TV and WCBS-TV, including stories for "Dateline NBC" and for ABC's "20/20." In addition, she produced documentaries for WCBS, and from 1972 to 1979, she was the book editor at the "Today" show.

Graciela Rogerio was a producer and writer at WABC-TV's "Eyewitness News" from 1981 to 2012, producing daily reports and special features on medicine for the nightly newscasts for much of that time. Now retired.

Andrea Sachs retired this year as a senior reporter at *Time* magazine, where she had spent the last 30 years, most of them devoted to covering the book publishing industry.

Jane Sassee is the founding executive director of the McGraw Center for Business Journalism at the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism. She was an editor and writer at *Business Week* from 1994 to 2009, Washington bureau chief for Yahoo! News from 2010 to 2011, and has taught financial reporting at Tsinghua University in Beijing.

Rita Satz was an Emmy-winning writer and producer for WNBC-TV and the "Today" show for more than 20 years. She also won an investigative-reporting award from the Society of Professional Journalists. After she retired, she taught a course called "Inside TV News" at the Center for Learning and Living.

Stephani Shelton has a background in radio and television that began in 1973, when she was an on-air reporter for CBS News. She has worked as a TV reporter and producer for such organizations as Financial News Network, WNBC-TV, WWOR-TV and WPIX-TV. Currently, she freelances as a radio anchor, producer, writer and segment producer at CNBC.

Martha Weinman Lear has been a freelance writer since 1982 and the author of "Heartsounds" and the just-published "Echoes of Heartsounds" — two autobiographical books about heart attacks among men and women, and why the symptoms often differ. She was with *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* from 1958 to 1964 as a writer and articles editor and from 1964 to 1980 as a staff writer and a contract writer. Earlier in her career, she was an assistant editor and writer at *Colliers* magazine.

Marvin Siegel, now a freelance editor, was with *The Times* from 1966 to 2000. When he retired, he was an assistant to the managing editor. Before joining *The Times*, he worked for *The New York World-Telegram* and *The Bergen Record*, among others.

In Memoriam

Nancy Dunnan, a veteran business writer and the editor and publisher of *TravelSmart*, a newsletter with a financial spin on the world of travel, died in July. She was the author or co-author of more than 30 books, including "The Dun & Bradstreet Guide to Your Investments," "Never Call Your Broker on Monday & 300 Other Financial Tips You Can't Afford Not to Know" and "How to Invest \$50 to \$5,000."

Fred T. Ferguson, 82, died on Aug. 22. A second-generation Silurian and a former board member, he was a reporter and editor at UPI for 27 years, starting in 1956, before embarking on a career in public relations, primarily for PR Newswire.

John Mack Carter, 86, died on Sept. 26. He was the trailblazing editor of *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Good Housekeeping* who modernized women's magazines in the Sixties to reflect concerns of the feminist movement.

Isabel Mount, 86, a long-time Silurian who was actively involved in helping to promote some of New York's leading cultural institutions, died on Sept. 26. She was the widow of Murray Schumach, another veteran Silurian, who was a reporter at *The New York Times* for 48 years. Mount worked for such organizations as the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Primitive Art, the American Museum of Natural History, National Medical Fellowships, and Teachers College at Columbia University.

Society of the Silurians

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