

Silurian News

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

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EXCELLENCE IN
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AWARDS BANQUET

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MARCH 2016

Donald Trump: Press Siren

BY ALLAN DODDS FRANK

Covering Donald Trump has always been a challenge.

The one aspect of his behavior that constantly tests reporters is that his credibility is always suspect. There is never a guarantee that anything he says or asserts can be taken as absolutely true. Being completely truthful is not and has apparently never been part of Trump's modus operandi.

Thinking about the thousands of people I have interviewed during my four decades as a newspaper, magazine and television reporter, I am hard-pressed to think of anybody like him.

I have been following Trump and his business adventures since I first interviewed him 32 years ago for a story in Forbes.

His media savvy was apparent to all even then, long before he polished his close-ups for 14 years as a television game-show host. Unlike other executives who were terrified by reporters, Trump



always relished publicity. And he knew that if an investigative reporter was sniffing around, the best way to understand the challenge and control the damage was to call the journalist back right away.

In 1984, he was a hyper-ambitious young developer active in local politics

with a rich father and a burning desire to be more than a regional celebrity. His first big national play was his grand plan to drive the U.S. Football League to greatness and take a bite out of the National Football League.

My first interview with him — in his office at the Trump Tower on Fifth

Avenue — was cordial and only a little combative. But even then, it was obvious his relentless self-promotion generated waves of overstatements, exaggerations and misrepresentations. Fact-checking him clearly was going to be a nightmare.

As an owner of the New Jersey Generals, Trump had flashily signed some big stars, including running back Herschel Walker, who lent the new U.S.F.L. enough appeal to garner a \$15 million contract from ESPN to broadcast football in the spring.

Some U.S.F.L. owners thought the league — by creating a bidding war — could stockpile enough talent to force the N.F.L. to create two or more new franchises in exchange for collapsing the U.S.F.L. and absorbing its star players. That deal — split among the U.S.F.L. owners — would have generated huge profits or even better: stakes in N.F.L. franchises that might now be worth more than \$1 billion each.

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From the Southeast Corner

BY BETSY WADE

Guys who insist on the last word usually pound on desks or slam doors. Nothing like that fits Theodore Bernstein. But at The New York Times between 1948 and 1969, the last word was his. He stood over the composing room stone and told the makeup when to let page 1 go. Of many final words, that was the last indeed.

It was said that printers all recognized his writing and when a correction in that script went to the copy cutter, the page would not lock up without the new slug.

In this period, when Bernstein was news editor and then top-ranked assistant managing editor, he goaded, goosed and dragged the newspaper, paragraph by paragraph into the 20th century. His boss and ally, the managing editor Turner Catledge, a Southerner, put it more gently, saying that Bernstein sought to bring “a new element of daring to editing the paper.”

To understand “daring,” you should know that one of Bernstein's precepts was “one idea to a sentence.” Pretty radical, eh?

But peek at what Bernstein was struggling against.

As a sample of the old model, here is the lede on a Times page 1 dispatch by the Pulitzer Prize correspondent Otto D. Tolischus. It was carried on March 8, 1936, the day after Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland:

BERLIN -- Germany today resumed her “watch on the Rhine” when, with an astonishing bravado that dared

challenge Europe to war or peace and left the world breathless for the moment, the new German army crossed the military frontier, which hitherto had separated it from France, and occupied the demilitarized Rhineland zone created in the Versailles treaty and reaffirmed at Locarno.

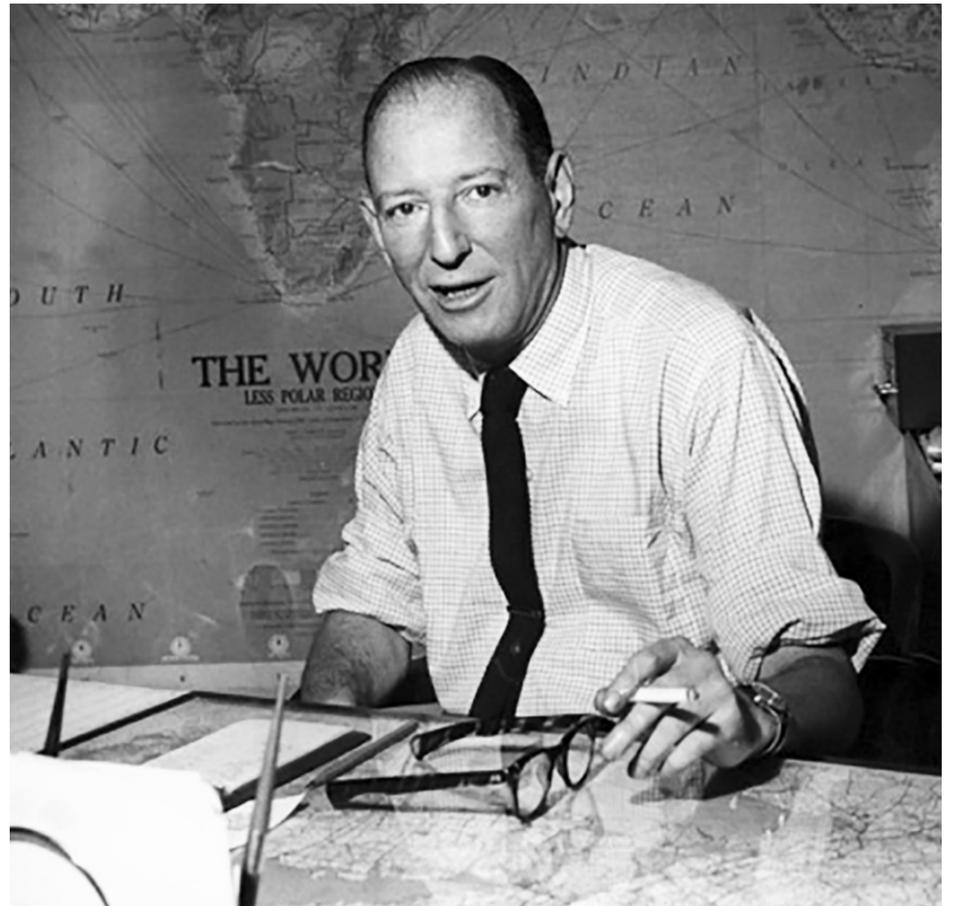
To see what you could find 22 years later on page 1, here is the lede of a police report by Alexander Feinberg on Aug. 11, 1958:

Thieves broke into two display windows at Tiffany's, on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street, early yesterday and lifted out jewels valued at \$163,300.

Their timing was as perfect as the exquisite diamonds they stole. A patrolman who normally is in the neighborhood from midnight to 8 A.M. was relieved at 5:45 A.M. He was sent to reinforce a guard detail for Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko on his arrival in New York.

I met Bernstein in 1956, when I joined the Times. He was in his early fifties, probably at the height of his power, and I was 27. I had passed all employment hurdles, and it was my final vetting.

It was brief. They pointed me into the corner office, where he sat at a desk in front of a world map covering the entire wall. He looked then as he almost always did to me later: wearing a four-in-hand tie and a business shirt, usually with a monogram, with the sleeves carefully folded, in eyeglasses and holding a cigarette. His expression was calm and possibly friendly.



Jeff Roth/The New York Times

Ted Bernstein at his desk, with a map of the world as his backdrop.

“So,” he said. “I have always thought women would be good copyeditors.” I had no idea what to say. He resumed: “You’d better be good.” Almost a smile.

I said something about hoping so, and that was that. Out I went into that block-long newsroom to fulfill my dream: copyediting at The New York Times, the place that had never had a woman on the copydesk.

Ted himself, and I did eventually call him that, must have also had an interesting first day as a Times employee in 1925, although he was younger than I and perhaps had bigger dreams.

Theodore Menline Bernstein was born Nov. 4, 1904, to a well-off New York family. He was the younger son of a lawyer, Saul Bernstein, who was a

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President's Report

BY BETSY ASHTON

We got off to a grand start this year with a room-capacity crowd for our January lunch featuring Met Opera General Manager Peter Gelb. Son of legendary New York Times editor Arthur Gelb, he seemed quite at home with the crowd of journalists and was open about the challenges of dealing with difficult divas and financing the world's most expensive art form. He included video clips of operas, adding great music and high drama to our opening lunch. If you missed it, go to our website,

www.silurians.org, where we have links to our recent speakers.

Our next speaker, in February, Jane Bryant Quinn, was also enthralling, as she spoke about money money money. And I made sure I bought a copy of her latest book, "How to Make Your Money Last: The Indispensable Retirement Guide."

We also have a new board member, Michael Serrill, formerly president of the Overseas Press Club; he accepted the board's invitation to fill the seat left vacant by Linda Goetz Holmes, who served the Silurians exceedingly well for so many years. When not co-chairing our Awards Program with Ralph Blumenthal, Mike is assistant managing editor of Bloomberg Markets magazine.

Ralph and Mike have done an exemplary job in revising our Awards Program by reducing and refining the number of categories, updating the news director/manager contact lists, and getting the submission invitations out to news organizations at the beginning of this year. Judging panels have already been lined up and we are just waiting for the March 1 submission deadline to get going. Note that our Annual Awards Dinner is going to be Wednesday, May 18, at The Players, instead of the National Arts Club, because the NAC dining room is too small for that event.

Membership is up. Mort Sheinman, who ably keeps on top of the numbers, reports that we wound up with 313 dues-paying members in 2015, the highest total since he began keeping track in 2005. We picked up 26 new members; eight members died. We also had to drop nine people because of nonpayment of dues for two years. But we've already had six new members sign up this year, and more than two-thirds of all members have paid their 2016 dues, which is a month earlier than usual. We thank you for that. We also thank those who added special contributions to their dues payments, many of whom donated an additional \$100. The Silurians are in good financial health.

My final note is a reminder that it is important that you reserve in advance for your lunch rather than walk in. The National Arts Club needs to know the number who will attend the lunch two days before the event, so that they will have enough food and place settings. We had one person miss the lunch he reserved last month, because walks-in had filled the seats and no extra settings were available.

Please call if you need to cancel your reservation. Do so two days before the event if you do not want to be charged. The NAC bills us the number we guaranteed two days before the event, or the number that show up, whichever is larger. Therefore, no shows can cost the club money. We stood to lose \$450 one month because we had nine no-shows. The board has voted to charge no-shows for the meal they missed. Obviously, if there is a storm, we will make exceptions. If you have an emergency, email or call VP Bernie Kirsch.

And with that said, I look forward to seeing all of you at our Wednesday lunches. All the best.

2016 Dates

Wednesday, March 16 — Lunch, with guest speaker Kenneth P. Thompson, the Brooklyn District Attorney.

Wednesday, April 20 — Lunch, with Robert Caro as our speaker

Wednesday, May 18 — Annual Awards dinner at the Players

Wednesday, June 15 — Lunch, with guest speaker Sree Sreenivasan, head of Digital Media at the Met Museum of Art

From the Southeast Corner

Continued from Page 1

graduate of City College, and his wife, Sarah Menline Bernstein, who had been a high-school teacher until she married. Family lore says that they enjoyed wide contacts in the city's professional community, receiving visits from the likes of Bernard Baruch. Ted's older brother, Marshall, was a lawyer.

Ted went to Columbia College, where he was editor of the Daily Spectator, the campus paper. After an A.B. in 1924, he went on, despite his parents' wishes, to the Columbia School of Journalism, which had opened in 1912. He earned the degree the school was then awarding, the B.Litt., in 1925.

Then he encountered Columbia's dark side. In addition to endowing the journalism school, Joseph Pulitzer, the Hungarian Jew who made the New York World great, had also provided, as prizes for the top graduates of each class, money for traveling fellowships. Ted was one of the three top students in '25, he later told his niece, but Columbia's anti-Semitic undertow kept the award from him. It is not impossible that Nicholas Murray Butler himself, president of the university, created this roadblock, since he had kept Pulitzer's name off the façade of the building the publisher endowed.

The story, as Ted told his niece, Prof. Marylea Meyersohn, says that a member of the journalism faculty, embarrassed and evidently angry, wrote a compelling letter to the Times about Bernstein the wunderkind. As a result, the 21-year-old graduate went to work at the Times as a copyeditor upon graduation.

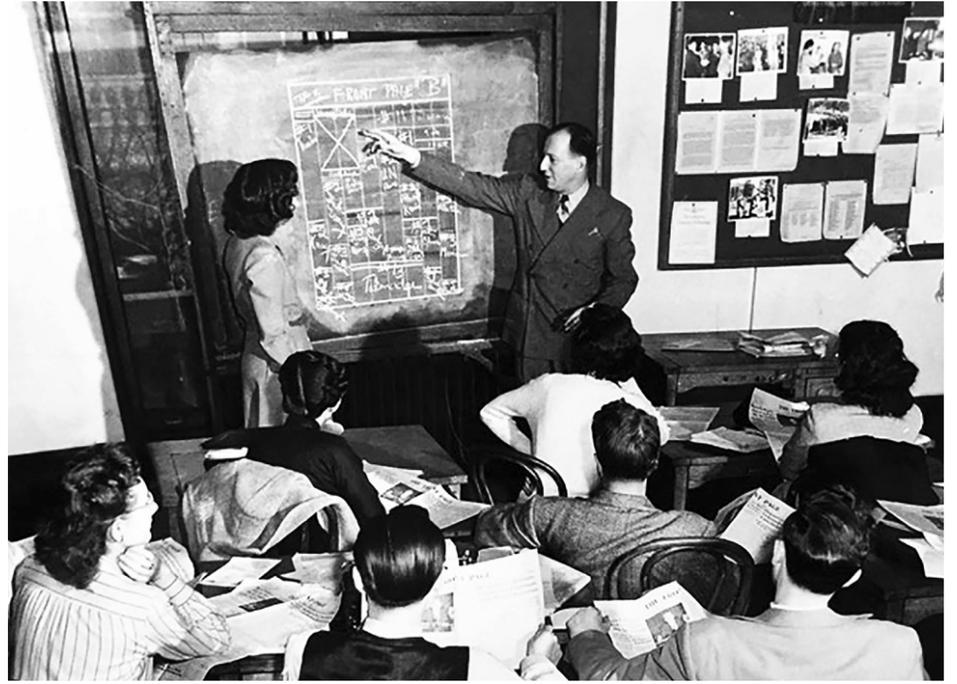
I never heard Ted discuss his first day on the Times rim, but I can bet it was intimidating. I can almost hear a guy in a green eyeshade handing him an unimportant short, saying, "Hey, college boy, put a D head on this one."

Bernstein rose fast. In 1930, he became suburban editor. That was also the year he married Beatrice Alexander, daughter of a New York physician, a woman Ted frequently cited as his equal. One more landmark that year: the Columbia School of Journalism invited him to serve as an associate in journalism, the start of a 20-year moonlighting job as well as a chance to scan possible future copyeditors.

In 1932, Ted moved to the foreign desk, and in 1939 was promoted to foreign editor, which gave him control of war coverage. He remained in this post throughout World War II, and his skills unfolded to meet the needs of the paper. He taught himself cartography and devised maps and charts for a global war. His demeanor was described as calm in a crisis, although his assistants said he could be profane and angry over office politics. He was named news editor in 1948.

Turner Catledge said that in those days at the Times, no one was ever fired; "God was our personnel director." This certainly proved true for Catledge in December 1951. Edwin L. James, managing editor since 1932, died and Catledge was immediately named to the vacancy. Catledge then filled two assistant managing editor slots, selecting Bernstein and Robert E. Garst, another Columbia Journalism B.Litt.

Upon designation as Catledge's first-ranking assistant, Bernstein was told quietly that he would go no higher; there was to be no managing editor named Bernstein. [The Ochs-Sulzberger fear of being seen as a "Jewish paper" did not fade until the ascent of Bernstein's protégé, A.M. Rosenthal,



In the late 1940's, Ted Bernstein at the Columbia Journalism School with a page 1 markup of the students' page on the blackboard.

who announced himself as "the Jewish Bernstein."]

This promotion put Bernstein in control of the paper's language and its looks. Catledge told him to make the Times more tightly written, faster to read, "not just needed, but wanted."

Bernstein's weapon, which he kept going until he was retired as assistant managing editor in 1978, was his in-house publication "Winners & Sinners." He generally issued this at two-week intervals, maintaining a scrim of anonymity under its subtitle, "A bulletin of second-guessing issued occasionally from the southeast corner of The New York Times Newsroom."

Bernstein launched W&S No. 1 with this prospectus: "The purpose of Winners & Sinners is simply stated. To make The Times better — better written, more interesting, easier to understand. We shall not name the doers of evil deeds because we realize such things could happen to anyone. But we shall name those responsible for the good ones and we hope they happen to you."

W&S had regular features, of which the most popular with his newsroom readership, of course, were under the headings: "Inviting leads," "Bright passage," "Trophies of a head hunter" and similar accolades. These got the names of successful reporters and editors into print, and sometimes liberated a copyeditor from life as a nonentity. Copyeditors vied to get their names into three issues in a row, but success in this depended upon receiving an article to edit that could sustain a smart head. Typically, my debut in W&S on Nov. 14, 1956, was this head: "It May Not Be White, but Gift Elephant Poses Some Problems for Darien Anyway."

Bernstein put varying labels on blunders. "One idea, one sentence," and "Unanswered questions" zapped both the reporter and editor, but never by name. Headlines that could be read two ways were "Two-faced heads."

One heading that was a rarity was called "Itchy pencil." This header indicated that a deft phrase or sentence had been deleted or mangled by the copydesk, and the original author had complained. It further indicated that the complaint had found merit in Bernstein's view.

Reporters who were badly treated by the desk chronically thirsted for revenge, but it was not often granted because Bernstein was an editor who had never been a reporter or correspondent. This caused members of l'École Talese et Perlmutter to consign Bernstein's

criticisms to the seventh circle of worthlessness. The Wars of the Roses were never more bitter than struggles between Times reporters and editors.

As an evolving supplement to the Times Style Book, W&S filled a need. In the thin drawers of the old Times copydesks lodged probably a dozen three-hole notebooks of Winners & Sinners kept by copyeditors, some of them indexed. But it didn't take many jammed desk drawers before Bernstein heard suggestions for a book. The first, in 1958, was "Watch Your Language," and others followed, all on the way to his major project, "The Careful Writer."

By 1978, when Bernstein yielded his authority over W&S, 389 issues had been published. These copies were read not just by employees, but by 5,000 outside of the paper. As awareness of W&S spread, editors elsewhere, compilers of dictionaries, journalism teachers, English professors and others had written to join the circulation list.

Bernstein's outside readers used the examples for teaching; seeing the Times acknowledge its errors enabled students to accept criticism more easily. Many also enjoyed, as Bernstein did, word play and academic puns. The title "Winners & Sinners" itself, incidentally, probably has an ancestor in "Headlines and Deadlines," the title of the textbook Bernstein and Garst wrote in 1933 for Columbia.

In 1958, I was moved from the women's department to the city copydesk, where Ted and I became colleagues of an odd sort. He worked mostly inside his corner cubicle, so he knew few staff members and was shy among them. And there were many: the 1975 byline list totals 318 names.

He was reclusive in other ways too. Bernstein did not like to use the men's third-floor toilet and he persuaded the publisher to give him a private one. In addition, his big glass window overlooking the bullpen -- the news editor and his two assistants -- had a Venetian blind. These measures enabled him to take his "down," or nap on his sofa, in privacy. His need for a nap was linked to a heart attack he had had.

One of our points of contact was thus my ability to identify people in the newsroom. This skill was well-exercised in 1960, when Ted was chosen to go to Paris to start a Times edition. He would call me into his office and say that someone who spoke French or German had been recommended for his staff. "Can you show me which one he is?"

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Mary McGrory: Read All About Her

BY ALLAN DODDS FRANK

“**Mary McGrory: The First Queen of Journalism**” by John Norris is an extended love letter about the great columnist whose reporting and writing lit up Washington for more than five decades.

When I read Ana Marie Cox’s review in *The New York Times*, I knew that she — and Norris the biographer — got Mary. Quoting McGrory’s line that she always felt “a little sorry for people who didn’t work for newspapers,” Cox continued, “If you find yourself nodding in warm agreement, then by all means, head for the bookstore immediately.” The book from Viking, Cox said, “will scratch every nostalgic itch with ink-stained fingers.”

I did rush to the bookstore and decided before I even finished a chapter that every *Silurian* I know (and McGrory) would get a kick out of this book.

McGrory, after two decades at *The Washington Post*, suffered a stroke in 2003 and died in 2004. A Pulitzer Prize winner with a cherished spot on Nixon’s enemies list, McGrory “was a force of nature,” said Norris, who got to know her late in her life. “She struck me as a great story; she came up from very modest roots, a lower middle-class family in Boston. Her dad was a postal clerk. She had no inside scoop on the newspaper business, no relations, no real reason she should have made it and she carved out an amazing career.”

For those of us fortunate enough to have worked with McGrory at the place she loved — *The Washington Star* — before it ceased publishing on Aug. 7, 1981, the book practically brings her back to life.

To affirm my appreciation of the book’s vitality, I called Philip L. Gailey, a soft-spoken son of Homer, Ga., who had come to *The Star* after reporting for *The Atlanta Constitution* and the *Miami Herald*. Gailey became one of McGrory’s closest confidantes while continuing his distinguished career as a national political writer at *The New York Times* and as the editorial page editor of the *St. Petersburg Times*. Mary decreed in her will that Gailey would produce and edit the posthumous collection of her columns called “*The Best of Mary McGrory: A Half-Century of Washington Commentary*,” published in 2006 by Andrews McMeel. Now retired in Florida, Gailey keeps a copy of the new Norris book on the table on his porch so he can leaf through it at will. “It is almost like being with Mary again. You can almost hear her talk.”

I was first alerted to the force that was Mary McGrory in the fall of 1973 when I arrived from the *Anchorage Daily News* to cover Fairfax County, Va. *The Star* was then arguably the best afternoon newspaper in the U.S., but was declining rapidly. *The Washington Post* was winning the war for advertisers and had been hammering away as Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein produced scoops about President Nixon and Watergate.

Several families that no longer got along cordially had owned *The Evening Star* since 1867 and before they bought the tabloid *Washington Daily News* in 1972 and renamed itself *The Washington Star-News*. The Noyes family controlled editorial and the Kauffmans ran the business side. The first instructions I got from David Burgin, the Metro

Editor who hired me, were: “Never forget the Noyes went to Yale, the Kauffmans went to Princeton and never cross Mary McGrory.”

Burgin knew that behind the welcoming smile of the demure-looking Boston lace-curtain Irish Catholic maiden was a lioness, the *Star*’s No. 1 ace. He admired her fearlessness, her skill at office politics, her myriad political connections, her unparalleled writing and reporting, her humor, her fierce loyalty to those close to her, and her love of the underdog.

Although he never articulated it to me, Burgin also was aware that he was in charge of dispensing a primary source of labor for McGrory: young able-bodied reporters who could be conscripted during the workday to help her entertain and enlighten indigent children from the St. Ann’s Infant and Maternity Home.

I no longer recall when I volunteered to help “Mary Gloria,” as she was called by the children and the nuns, but I spent nearly a decade going to swimming pools in the suburbs she would commandeer from friends and fill with underprivileged orphans. A picture from the early 1960s provided to me by John Norris shows McGrory with a group of white children at Hickory Hill, the Virginia mansion of Robert and Ethel Kennedy. By the time I arrived at a pool party at Hickory Hill in the mid-70s, the boys and girls from St. Ann’s were almost all black children who were much more scarred by parental abuse. Only Mary’s devotion to the children remained rock solid.

To thank those who attended to St. Ann’s children, Mary tapped us as unpaid bartenders, waiters and kitchen help to serve the powerful and famous politicians, diplomats and senior journalists at fabulous parties she threw in her modest garden apartment bordering Rock Creek Park.

I was fortunate that Mary liked my reporting style as an indefatigable doorbell ringer who refused to accept “no comment” for an answer and broke stories.

As I moved up away from the school boards and sewer zoning hearings of the suburbs and into the main office just south of Capitol Hill, my desk was not far from her little glass-walled office that adjoined the newsroom. By the mid 1970s, Washington was besieged by homeless people who often slept in the winter over foul hot air grates connected to the steam heating system network that warmed government buildings, including the White House.

Trying to convince the President to do more about the homeless was one of her countless crusades. Mary resisted the installation of computers at the *Star*, which we were forced to share. On deadline, she would emerge in the newsroom and gently kick you off the computer, by lighting a Marlboro Red and saying, “Get Off My Grate.”

Name a young reporter from those days — Maureen Dowd and Gloria Borger immediately come to mind



Mary McGrory at the St. Ann’s Infant and Maternity Home.

— and you will find someone Mary helped. I was lucky in that regard too. While covering the Justice Department for the National Staff, I applied for a Ford Foundation Fellowship to the Yale Law School for reporters writing about the law. Mary was my main champion and insisted on writing a letter of recommendation in addition to the one from Murray Gart, a tough former chief of correspondents for *Time* Inc., who had become the paper’s editor when *Time* bought it from Joe Allbritton.

Gart, as Phil Gailey recently reminded me, never had a chance with Mary. He stood for everything she despised about corporate journalism. So months after giving me a bottle of Lanson’s Champagne when I was accepted at Yale, Gart informed me that he was reneging on the *Star*’s commitment to the Ford Foundation that *Time* would pay my salary while I was at Yale. Since I was making \$32,000 a year, Gart could save *Time*, Inc., then the nation’s largest media company, close to \$16,000 by cutting in half his pledge to cover my salary, a move that pushed me to the National Capitol Bank of Washington to borrow the difference. Fearful that Mary would jeopardize herself by exploding at Gart, I did not disclose the news to her immediately. But my newsroom friends soon did.

Her next step was to invite Gart to lunch at the *Maison Blanche*, a French restaurant near the White House that had supplanted *Sans Souci* as the hot spot for elite journalists and top officials. The unsuspecting Gart thought he had finally broken through with McGrory. There they were in the spotlight together, at a center table — with Ben Bradlee and Art Buchwald at the next table, Joe Alsop nearby, etc. McGrory told me she satisfyingly spent the entire lunch loudly berating and publicly humiliating Gart about his decision to cut my salary. Then as they rode back to the newspaper in Gart’s chauffeured Cadillac, she demanded to get out a block before they got to the front door so that no one in the news room would see her get out of the fuming editor’s car.

Several months later, McGrory threw a party to celebrate my departure. As usual, I was serving drinks and washing dishes while she cooked up several surprises. She started with a skit: Al Hunt played Phil Donahue interviewing Mark Shields pretending to be Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti. The line of questioning was: “Did Giamatti realize that by admitting Allan Frank, Yale was going to destroy — in a blink of the eye — the town-gown relations between the University and the City of New Haven that had taken 250 years to establish? Did he know that my mere disruptive presence would hurt the reputation of the school and the city, separately and collectively?” Then McGrory’s coup de grace. She asked her old pal, Speaker of the House Tip O’Neill, to sing “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling” to me.

Her graciousness was boundless. Tom Dowling, who was a *Washington Star* columnist and sports feature writer when I arrived, just told me this story. In 1968, he

had never written a news story and was working in the public affairs section at the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity in the “war on poverty” when he was outraged by the events at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

Since he had never had a byline and as a government employee was not supposed to have one, Dowling wrote a satirical piece as Michael O’Donovan, the real name of novelist Frank O’Connor, one of his favorite writers. The story was in the voice of Mr. Dooley, the fictional Chicago bartender created by another Irish humorist, Finley Peter Dunne. So who could savor this piece and all the inside Irish jokes? Dowling says: “I wanted to get into the newspaper game, but I had no clips.”

So Dowling went to the *Star*, asked to see Mary McGrory and was ushered into that little glass office. “She read it, chuckled and said: ‘You sit right here.’ Off she went and came back 10 minutes later and said: ‘It’ll be in the Sunday paper.’” McGrory had prevailed on the Sunday editor Ed Tribble to publish the story and he followed up by offering Dowling assignments reviewing books, the very same job McGrory had at the *Star* decades earlier.

After the *Star* folded, McGrory spent more than 20 years at *The Washington Post* where, despite her great friendships with Kay and Donald Graham and editorial page editor Meg Greenfield, she never felt quite at home.

When I heard she died, I called Greenfield’s office to find out if there was going to be a funeral or memorial service. They said they were glad I had called. The ever meticulous McGrory had mapped out the details of her low mass funeral at the Shrine of the Most Blessed Sacrament and I was to be one of the ushers at the church. McGrory’s assistant gave me my strict orders: Under no circumstance was I to allow *Washington Post* Editor Ben Bradlee or Bob Woodward to sit on the *Washington Star* side of the church. While I was certain that neither man had entertained for a nanosecond the idea of not sitting on the clearly delineated *Washington Post* side of the church, I felt duty bound to escort each one to his pew and relay McGrory’s wishes. They both laughed and Bradlee said: “I bet she did.”

Months later, I received a small package in the mail. Mary had willed me a prize, a little Lucite cube with the opening fragment of the story that brought her the 1958 Front Page First Prize Interpretive and Grand Prize Award from the *Washington Newspaper Guild*. For me, she had picked a *New York* dateline: “Oct. 29 — Of the two millionaires trampling the streets begging for work here, Gov. Averell Harriman is considered the poorer prospect.” It sits proudly on my mantel.

Donald Trump: Press Siren

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Instead, Trump insisted on going to head-on war with the N.F.L. by moving the upstart league's season to the fall. Here's the rationale Trump gave Forbes: "I go first class. If you're going to go first class, you need the television revenue generated by the fall and winter. It is as simple as that. The biggest obstacle we'll have to moving is our own success."

The antitrust suit against the N.F.L. that Trump promoted was actually won by the U.S.F.L. and the federal judge awarded \$1 – 100 pennies — in damages. Led by Trump, the U.S.F.L. collapsed and the owners lost their investments.

Trump remained on my radar, and I would bump into him at events around town. Always eager to have a spot on the Forbes 400 rich list, he was all smiles when I encountered him at a reception he hosted at the 1988 Mike Tyson-Michael Spinks heavyweight title fight in Atlantic City. Many bankers eager to give him loans almost certainly were squeezed in the jazzed-up crowd close to the many models and friends of Marla Maples who were present.

I really resumed covering him in December 1989, a little more than a year after I had become the Business Investigative Correspondent for ABC News. Trump was then yearning to be a national figure, and getting front page attention from gossips Liz Smith and Cindy Adams about splitting with his wife Ivana.

When one of my bosses, Paul Friedman, the executive producer of "World News Tonight With Peter Jennings" asked me for story ideas, I told him I suspected Donald Trump was broke despite his grand pronouncements about building the world's largest casino in Atlantic City.

Friedman seemed intrigued. "How do you know?" he asked. I told him "Stevie Wonder Fingertips Part 2. I can just feel it.... It would take a lot of digging to prove and take months. You would have to look up all his mortgages, his junk bond offerings, etc." After listening for a couple of minutes, Friedman dispatched me with: "Allan, can't you take 'Yes' for

an answer? Go do the story."

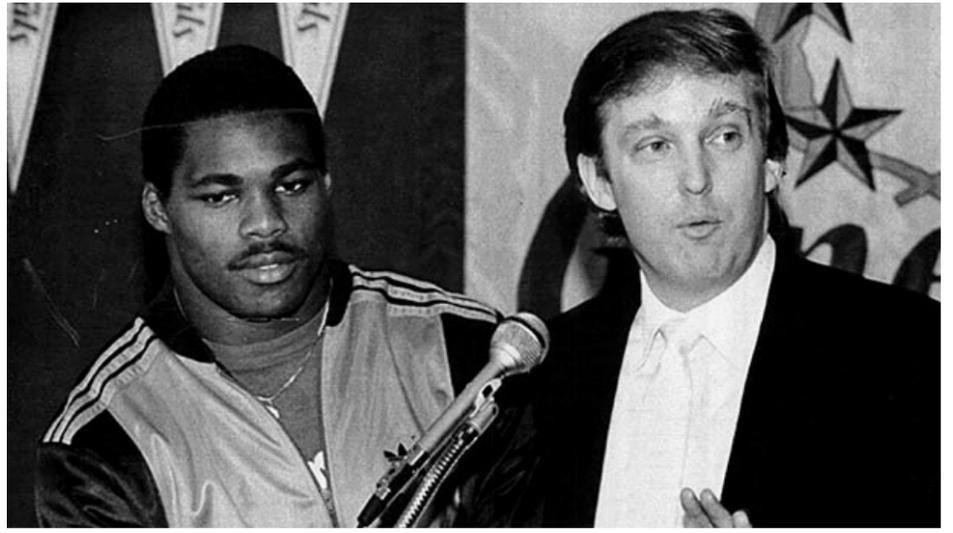
Accompanied by John Metaxas, then an ABC producer who had degrees from Columbia Journalism and Columbia Law School, I began a dusty pre-digital age four-month journey through municipal records, court filings, Securities & Exchange Commission documents and dozens of interviews, culminating with a sit-down with Mr. Trump.

On April 2, 1990, the day the Trump Taj Mahal opened in Atlantic City, my first piece went on the air. Peter Jennings led into it by calling the Taj Mahal project "...an example of how Trump does business. Little of the money at stake is his own."

What I had discovered was pretty simple, although it was so complex and arduous that apparently none of his creditors had ever bothered to undertake the exercise. When I added up all his obligations, I discovered that he owed more than \$3 billion against assets worth perhaps 50 percent as much. I also found he owned mere fractions of many properties carrying his name that the public assumed were his. I even looked up every mortgage on apartments in the Trump Tower and discovered that dozens were held in the names of dummy offshore corporations or partnerships that masked the true owners.

When I questioned Trump about the property values he listed on his so-called "net worth statement," his defense was essentially his assertion that putting the name Trump on a property doubled its value overnight. In that way, he claimed the Plaza Hotel and the Eastern Airlines Shuttle made him look like a genius because they were worth so much more than he paid. As he told me then: "I have really trophy assets and I guess that they are disproportionately valuable because of the fact they are trophies, but I have zero idea what I am worth."

My favorite sound bite from the initial interview taped on March 30, 1990 was this one. "The institutions that finance what I have, they happen to be in love with Donald Trump. But they are not in love with me because I am a nice guy or anything. They are in love with me because everything I have done has been



Trump and Herschel Walker, a big-name player he signed for his fledgling U.S. Football League in 1984.

a tremendous winner. "

My tagline on the initial story about what Trump called "The Eighth Wonder of the World" — his third casino — went like this: "Trump is gambling with investors money and hoping his customers lose theirs." The first sound bite had been Trump's view: "It's real estate. It's a hotel. It's everything, but it is really show biz. And somehow it has just worked out well for me."

As I later learned, Trump called ABC News President Rooney Arledge the next morning to complain about my story and extend an invitation to play golf. Arledge blew off the request and I never heard a word of complaint. I had however received a profane message from Trump the night the story aired on my answering machine, which my wife now regrets I erased since it was such a classic.

The machinations of the Trump story kept getting better and I kept doing it for "World News," for "Business World With Sander Vanocur" and with Sam Donaldson for "PrimeTime Live."

On June 5 the leading papers and I reported that Trump was in trouble with his lenders. Jennings began: "... Every acquisition accompanied by a bombardment of self-promotion. And now there is that matter of not enough cash on hand so Mr. Trump is in trouble. Here's ABC's Allan Frank."

I began by detailing how Trump had convinced banks he was a good credit risk and that he now faced interest payments of nearly \$1 million a day. The

banks had begun to question whether he could make upcoming bond payments on his casinos. Trump's sound bite from the March 30 interview helped. Trump: "The banks like me because I pay the interest on time and then at the conclusion of the deal, they are gone. They go home happy."

At the time, my wife Lilian King was the chief of staff for the man at Citibank who ran most of the retail bank and 45,000 employees. The bank's stock price was low and the CEO John Reed had allowed bad loans to South America to jeopardize the bank's financial soundness. As guests, we attended a benefit on June 13 at the Waldorf-Astoria at the Citibank table.

Being shy as usual, during the cocktail hour, I kidded the bankers: "I do not understand why you do not have a policy that you will make no loans to Brazil or Donald Trump before 10 am." One banker asked: "What do you mean about Trump?" and I ticked off his major loans from various divisions of Citibank, Bankers Trust, Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover, and others, including bondholders.

Years later, I learned that I may have sounded an alarm. The highest-ranking Citibank executive at the dinner convened a credit-risk assessment meeting at the bank the following morning to review its position with Trump.

That day, without my wife's consent or involvement, I felt obligated to call Citibank to ask what the bank's position would be if Trump were found to be insolvent or go bankrupt.

I got no answer except by the bank's actions. It turns out this was one of those moments in the history of "Too Big to Fail." Trump owed so much money to different divisions of Citibank that if it took him down, the bank might have severe problems with government regulators concerned about whether it had enough capital.

So on June 15, I was back on the air, reporting that Trump had unexpectedly made an announcement. He would make a \$16 million payment due on Trump Plaza casino, would not make a \$30 million one due on the Trump Castle casino and was still trying to negotiate a \$60 million bridge loan.

Then on June 26, I was reporting about the banks agreeing to give Trump a \$20 million loan to make his next payment. Led by Citibank, his creditors installed an overseer, Steven Bollenbach, the former Chief Financial Officer of the Walt Disney Company, who put Trump on a personal allowance of \$450,000 a month. The creditors made Trump dump his private jet, his helicopter and his yacht, which alone cost \$250,000 a month to maintain.

Perhaps even more fun than reporting the story myself was producing it for "PrimeTime Live" with Sam Donaldson. We were ignoring Trump's impending

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Our Mr. Guida Meets Mr. Trump

BY ALLAN DODDS FRANK

May 1, 1989 — "I have never been over the line as much as I was that day," recalls veteran broadcaster Tony Guida about the only time he ever covered Donald Trump.

Guida was getting ready to report for the 3-11 p.m. shift at WNBC TV when the assignment editor called to tell him to get over to the Trump Tower on Fifth Avenue to cover a 4 p.m. press conference. That morning, Trump had inflamed New York with a 600-word, full page ad screaming: "Bring Back The Death Penalty, Bring Back The Police" in the wake of the alleged rape attack by the so-called Central Park Five.

"It was savage," remembers Guida. One Trump paragraph read: "How can our great society tolerate the continued brutalization of its citizens by crazed misfits? Criminals must be told that their CIVIL LIBERTIES END WHEN AN ATTACK ON OUR SAFETY BEGINS!"

"It was a racist bloodlust call without any redeeming social value from a real estate developer and I felt strongly we should not cover it," recalls Guida. "Of course, everyone else was, so the assignment editor went to the news director

and I was ordered to cover. I could have been fired if I had refused to go."

Guida says he confronted Trump at the press conference and used the responses as his sound bites in his piece which he remembers carried more "attitude" than anything he had ever broadcast.

"I did not disguise in my questions to him, nor in the report for the 6 o'clock news, my contempt for what he was doing. I was editorializing," Guida says. "Maybe it was because it was so close to deadline, but I got away with it. I don't know whether anyone read my script before I went on at 6. I never heard a word about it later either."

Guida was so outraged by Trump's behavior that he says he tried to "channel my inner Murray (Kempton) and Jimmy (Breslin) and write a column in short angry sentences."

The column was never published, but Guida dug it out of his files after I called to ask whether he had ever covered Trump. The column begins: "Donald Trump is peddling obscenity. Material lacking any redeeming social value. Look at the ads Trump splashed across the local papers today. Full of hatred and raving... Trump screams for the death penalty and spills his hatred all over our

breakfast tables. He's very free with that word: hatred. His passion is aroused by the rape of the jogger in Central Park. Whose isn't?..."

Tony concluded: "What we do not need is a prominent citizen spitting anger and frustration at us, screaming about killing everyone and letting the cops run free. That solves nothing. It only makes thing worse. It is obscene."

Guida only had one other encounter with Trump, an inadvertent one in 2007 at the U.S. Tennis Open when he was sent by CBS to do a reaction story about Serena Williams shouting an obscene threat at a lineswoman.

While Guida and his crew were outside an ESPN box waiting to get a comment from John McEnroe, Trump and his entourage emerged from the box next door. "Tony, Tony, come on into the suite. Have a drink, some food, have anything you want."

Always a pro, Guida responded: "Thanks Mr. Trump, but I have to finish my story and get back."

So how does Guida view Trump's relationship with the press?

"You could pee in his face and he wouldn't care," says Guida, "as long as you televise it."

When the Writer Faces Intimidation

BY ANNE ROIPHE

Hate mail is a routine risk for most of us who write about the things that really matter to people: money, sex, politics, family: in short mostly everything. Hate mail is not when someone disagrees with you. It is not an intellectual part of the public discussion. It is an attempt to stab the writer in his or her throbbing heart. Sometimes it is really threatening. Mostly it is just an expression of fury and as they say, sticks and stones.

Early in my writing life I was assigned by the then editor of The New York Times Magazine, Lewis Bergman, to go to Sarah Lawrence college (my alma mater) and see how a recent turn to coeducation was working. This doesn't sound like a hornets nest of an assignment but in those days feminism was boiling and pouring over everything like hot lava, and feelings were raw, old insults and new insults brought rage right to the surface and The Thought Police were being recruited on the left and on the right and I should never have accepted that assignment.

I have a tape recorder, but I like to use a pencil and a notebook and my memory. I begin to talk to the students. They look to me just the way we looked in 1957 when I graduated. They were a little ragged and paint splattered and bohemian or beatnik or hippie or whatever word comes to your mind when you see a lot of black and some holes in the sweater and a look of rebellion in the jut of the chin and the slash of black makeup under the eyes. There were no female G.I.'s in sight, no accounting majors, and enough poets to sink a campus if it were a boat. There was a lot of smoking: of what I wasn't quite sure. And then there were girls kissing each other in the arbor leading up to the main administration building. There were girls on the lawns and in the dining room holding hands and nuzzling each other. Good I think. There has been a sexual revolution since I graduated and Andy Warhol had changed the look of things, not just things but people too.

And then I started to do the interviews. I started with harmless questions. Where did you grow up? What are you interested in, are you happy here?



When I got to that question I wrote the answers fast in my notebook, I turned on my tape recorder. What I heard startled me, and I was a rebel when I was a student. I was fleeing into art away from the nasty world of Joseph McCarthy, the lonely crowd, the sad conformist America that was waiting to devour me if I didn't run really fast into the forest where Alan Ginsburg was chanting and Becket was writing and Camus has said everything that would ever need to be said.

And what I heard from the Sarah Lawrence students in 1974 was this: *I am worried because my roommate wants to have sex with me and says I won't be a real liberal if I don't try it. I am scared.* I heard this over and over in many forms. I also heard: *I found myself at Sarah Lawrence. Now I know I am a Lesbian and I am going to tell my parents soon. I am part of the new feminist world. I find men disgusting.*

Girls from Alabama, from the Midwest, told me they felt they had to be Lesbians or everyone on their dorm floor would hate them. They spoke in slogans about male domination and exploitation of women. Do you like boys, I asked. *Oh yes,* one girl said. *I have a boyfriend at home. But please, she said, don't tell anyone.* I didn't. I used the word girls here to describe these students because they were so young, so untouched, so eager to begin their adult lives, so anxious not to do the wrong thing, that they were still girls, girls struggling with women's issues.

One girl came up to me and asked me to out her in The New York Times. She thought that would be the best way to tell her parents who lived in Shaker Heights Cleveland who she really was. I said I couldn't do that. But I told her to write her feelings about Sarah Lawrence and her sexuality down for me. I asked that of dozens of students. I wanted it in their words and in their writing. My tape recorder was heaving and creaking.

I spoke to theater students who told me that at this time, the interesting theater class that was doing serious theater, was only open to Lesbian and Gay students. Straight students were only offered a musical theater and popular comedy theater class. Really? Yes, really they said. I asked the students who told me that to put it in writing and sign their names. They did.

I spoke to the boys. They were not yet at a 50-50 point and many of those boys were dance or theater students and many of them were clearly not going to be interested in the females. Some of the other boys told me that the women shouted them down when they tried to speak in class. I had that in writing too. The colleges that had supplied men for the women at Sarah Lawrence had recently gone co-ed too and the Friday night drives to a female college had ended and so the women at Sarah Lawrence were stuck with each other and with a small pool of boys, some of whom were not interested in them. This contributed I am sure to the fever of sexual experimentation that was both political and personal everywhere on the campus.

The admissions director told me that she steered her former students at a New York City progressive private school who were applying to Sarah Lawrence away from the school. She did not think the atmosphere was good on the campus for young people who were just finding themselves. I asked her if I could quote her. She said no, so I didn't. But I had her on tape.

Prospective parents told me that they had refused to let their daughters apply to Sarah Lawrence after touring the campus and seeing the openly Lesbian activity all about.

The piece appeared in The New York

Times Magazine just weeks before the college acceptance letters were sent out and the rate of acceptances plummeted catastrophically downwards.

The college threatened to sue me and The New York Times. They claimed I was responsible for a \$500,000 loss. I had my letters and my tapes and my notes and after looking at them the Times lawyers said not to worry and three days later all talk of a lawsuit was over. But the president of the college, Charles de Carlo, sent out a letter to his students, his parents, his alumna, saying that the Times reporter had lied. He knew I had not lied. I could not sue him for libel because I was a public person and he was defending his community or so the law said.

And then we started to get hate mail and threatening letters. The scary letters threatened to harm our children, the youngest of whom were 5 and 4 at the time. Should we hire a guard? Should we keep them home forever? My husband and I decided we would ignore the threats. The campus was angry, and for the next 10 years my alumna mail arrived with messages like Die Bitch scrawled across the top. But nothing happened.

With each threatening letter came a sharp ache in my stomach. Had I spoken of something I should not have? I was not attacking anyone's sexual choice. I was attacking the air of coercion the students had reported to me. I was attacking the fusion of politics and sex that seemed a mistake to me. I was reporting on the effect of that confusion on a number of vulnerable young people. I used their own words. I thought the story was an interesting one in the midst of a sexual revolution and a new feminism that I had greeted with great relief and hope. But revolutions have their excesses and their flaws can be observed without undermining the positive changes that have arrived.

Also as a journalist I am committed to the truth of whatever is before me. I believe, as we all do, that whatever can be accurately said, to the best of our ability, is a necessity as it helps us know ourselves and one day to do better, to be better, to build a better world

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Press Siren

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divorce and his infatuation with Marla Maples.

I warned Sam that Trump would promise him a look at the books to support his net worth statement, then find some pretense to withdraw the offer. Trump was true to form.

He offered the books to Sam, then a few minutes later, retracted the offer by labeling Sam as an unsophisticated person who knew nothing about business and would be incapable of understanding the art in Trump's deals. Donaldson was ready. He accepted Trump's insults merrily and announced that his lack of knowledge about bookkeeping was the reason ABC News had a Big Eight accounting firm standing by to help him sift through the finances of the Trump empire. For several weeks, Sam would — on the air — offer Trump a new red tie in exchange for fulfilling his promise to hand over the books. Of course, Trump never delivered.

To double-check my recollections about the encounter, I called Sam at his

ranch in New Mexico.

"In almost every incident when I brought something up, he would say: 'You're ignorant' or 'clearly out of your league there' or something. In the end, when we turned off the camera, he said something to the effect: 'I am sure that you're not going to use any of that material,'" and I said: "Oh No, Mr. Trump. I am going to use every one of the putdowns."

Donaldson said: "The point is Trump is Trump and when I met him he was no different than he is today. Today, he is using those traits of his to inflame, to divide. At first I thought he was just having a lot of fun and a great time. Then I realized he was serious as his numbers mounted and his support seemed to grow."

Donaldson says the press and public need not worry. "He is not going to be president. I can assure you of that, not because I have any means of stopping him. But if I know anything about this country, it is not going to make him president. And if I am wrong, then it isn't the country I thought I knew."

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A Close Encounter With the Son of Sam

BY SALVATORE ARENA

It is no understatement to say that David Berkowitz had the people of the City of New York living in deadly fear during the 12-month span that began with the slaying of a young Bronx woman in the early morning hours of July 29, 1976.

By the time he was arrested on Aug. 10, 1977, he had used his .44-caliber revolver to kill six and wound seven. And it is no understatement when I claim that I came closer than any other New York newspaperman to witnessing the murderous debut of the infamous Son of Sam.

But who knew?

In the summer of 1976, I was 23 and working at The Daily News, at that time and for many years to come, the largest selling newspaper in America. I had landed a copyboy's job - a dream come true - in 1972 and from that point until I graduated from the City College of New York three years later, I worked days, nights and weekends, attending school full time, working at The News and devoting every other spare minute to The Campus, one of CCNY's undergraduate newspapers.

It had all paid off in August 1975 when I won a promotion over nearly two dozen other contenders from the copyboys' bench to the top wage scale that included reporters, copy editors, makeup editors, caption writers and photographers. Reporting was my goal.

But a full-time writing job was proving elusive. In the summer of 1976, I was working nights as a caption writer, responsible mostly for the makeup of the tabloid's front and back pages and its signature all-picture centerfold, or double-truck as we called it. While this was not doing much for my writing career, it rounded out my newspaper education by, among other things, inculcating me with the ability to read blocks of lead type from right to left, backwards and upside down, a skill I retain to this day.

At the end of my 4 P.M. to midnight shift, I would grab a damp edition of the paper and hustle out of the landmark Daily News Building at 220 East 42nd Street over to Grand Central to catch the uptown Lexington Ave. local to Pelham Bay - the far reaches of the northeast Bronx, where I had grown up and still lived with my wife and infant son.

Our apartment, in a four-family house on Mayflower Avenue, was midway between the Buhre Avenue and Pelham Bay Park stations. At that hour, my commute was a very predictable 50 minutes to Buhre Avenue and a brisk 12-minute walk home.

But not in the early morning of Thursday, July 29, 1976.

Delays ahead of my train had us inching along, so it was closer to 1:30 A.M. when the graffiti-covered Redbird pulled into my elevated station.

A trip down two flights of stairs left me in front of the confluence of Buhre, Edison and Westchester Avenues in front of the Triangle Bar and Grill. I turned west onto Buhre Avenue, where it rose to meet Joe's Candy Store.

Walking up the hill that night I saw flashing lights ahead. Police cars were parked across from Buhre Arms, a fading pre-war building that had boasted a doorman when it opened in the 1930s.

Whatever had happened, things were wrapping up. I asked a cop, but I didn't have a press pass and he put me off.

Someone told me that a teen - apparently a girl who lived in Buhre Arms - had been shot at point-blank range while sitting in a car. Actually, two young women had been shot. The ambulances had just pulled away.

This was a rare occurrence in Pelham Bay. There would be 33,465 building fires reported in the Bronx in 1976. Its southern neighborhoods were in shambles - the result of poverty, arson and housing abandonment on a scale previously unknown. But Pelham Bay remained unscathed. It was not the part of the Bronx that President Jimmy Carter would vow to rebuild a few months later.

Its working-class residents, predominately Italian immigrants and first- and second-generation Italian-Americans rounded out by their equals among Irish, German and, more recently, Greek communities lived with few luxuries except the abundant amounts of pride in family, church and neighborhood.

I found a pay phone, dropped a dime and dialed the News city desk. I knew that Mark Liff, a 25-year-old graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism, was working the lobster shift. Skinny, smart and cocky, Liff was paying his dues on the late trick and not liking it very much.

I explained the situation to Liff, but it is 1976. There will be 1,632 murders in the Naked City that year, the vast majority of them on Mark's shift.

I pressed.

"Mark - I wouldn't bother you, but it's really very unusual. Especially, the way I'm told it went down. Point blank. Like a mob hit."

"O.K.," he assured me. "I will check it out."

It was close to 2 A.M. and the new Police Headquarters at One Police Plaza had no information beyond the basics I had provided. The Bronx Homicide Squad had yet to return to their base. For Mark, there was only time for a paragraph or two, and still he would be lucky to make a replate of the paper's last edition - the Four-Star Circle, which meant just a fraction of the paper's 1.5 million circulation.

For all practical purposes, the shooting went unreported in the morning.

More details were available the next day, and though it may be difficult to believe, the murder did not attract any TV or radio coverage. The Daily News did follow up, returning to the story on Friday, July 30, but the piece landed deep in the paper.

The dead girl was identified as Donna Lauria, 18. One later and more complete account recalls the shooting this way:

"At about 1:10 a.m. on July 29, 1976, Donna Lauria, 18, and her friend Jody Valenti, 19, were sitting in Valenti's Oldsmobile, discussing their evening at the Peachtree, a New Rochelle discotheque. Lauria opened the car door to leave and noticed a man quickly approaching the car. Startled and angered by the man's sudden appearance, she said 'Now what is this...' From the paper sack he carried, the man produced a pistol, a .44 caliber weapon, and went into a crouch - he braced one elbow on his knee, aimed his weapon with both hands, and fired. Lauria was struck by one bullet that killed her instantly. Valenti was shot in her thigh, and a third bullet missed both women. Not having said a word, the shooter turned and quickly walked away."



CAPTURED, 1977 David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam, is taken into custody.

Motive was a mystery. The Bronx Homicide Squad would be stumped for many months. Not until the following March would investigators connect the Pelham Bay shooting to one of four similar attacks in Queens, which had resulted in the deaths of two people and the wounding of five others. Ballistics tests indicated that the same .44 caliber Charter Arms Bulldog revolver had been used in the shooting of Lauria and Valenti.

Until then, only David Berkowitz - the Son of Sam - knew.

And only I knew that if my No. 6 train had been on schedule, I would very likely have been on the scene when those first shots rang out.

The shootings targeting young men

From the Southeast Corner

Continued from Page 2

We would step out and standing behind the news editor, I would say, "The guy with the red necktie," and that was it.

In Paris, Bea Bernstein always brought two meals into the office at dinnertime, telling Ted's assistant that he would have to eat too because Ted hated eating alone. This was also how I got to know him in New York. When others were not available for "lunch" at first-edition time, I would cross Eighth Avenue with him for moussaka at the Pantheon with a martini.

I learned in this setting that Ted and Bea had a single child, Eric Menline Bernstein, born in 1935, who was stricken with meningitis at 3 and was left severely retarded.

The events were not related all at once, but I learned that after Bea had a bad auto accident, the parents decided that it would be too much to care for a son who would be forever no more than "a very bright 10-year-old." In 1946, Eric was enrolled in the Woods School in Langhorne, Pa. And from then on all the royalties from Ted's books were placed in a trust to pay Eric's fees.

At one supper Ted returned to this story. Once when he and Bea were reviewing their returns with an I.R.S. lawyer, he opened a new subject. He said: "Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, I am leaving government employment at the end of this quarter, or I would never say this to you. I do not think you are paying tuition to the Woods School for your son; I think you are paying for medical care. I suggest you bring a case in tax court."

Bernstein & Bernstein v U.S. was decided in favor of Ted and Bea. All the other parents of people enrolled at the Woods School were likewise able to revise their tax burdens. Ted and Bea were the perfect couple to carry the argument: They were well-set, they had no other children, they loved Eric dearly and lawyers were in the family. The decision protected their son longer than they otherwise could have.

Personal discussions with Ted were rare, however. When he was developing such features as Man/Woman in the News, Quotation of the Day and the News Summary, Ted fiddled with everything, even the old-fashioned 30-point Latin extra-condensed page 1 headline type. In

and women late at night sitting in parked cars or walking home continued. There was one more in Pelham Bay on the Hutchinson River Parkway in April, a location almost visible from our bedroom window. And another in Queens and finally one in Brooklyn.

Through the fearful and frustrating months of fruitless investigation, detectives had warned that couples were being targeted and noted what little description they had of the killer: he had bushy brown hair. Well, so did I and more than once I recall stepping up the pace of my brisk, late night walks from the subway to my apartment, sure I was being tailed by the kind of unmarked sedan favored by the NYPD.

this, Catledge said, Bernstein innovated against "unbreakable bounds of tradition." When he saw a new typeface, Egizio, in the Columbia Journalism Review, Ted sent me to an outside shop to have it run a dodger - a one-shot proof - of a Times page 1 using the new face. The test looked good, but the type proved too plump for practicality.

Meantime, I was pushing him tactfully toward making the Times less sexist. One evening when the Russian author Anna Akhmatova was mentioned in the paper, she was identified as a "poetess." When I spotted this after Ted had left for the day, I went to the copydesk and asked to have it changed to "poet," noting earlier Bernstein steps abandoning "executrix" and "aviatrix". I was rebuffed. So I left a note for Ted, and received this reply the next day:

As for that damsel Akhmatova, They should have done the damned thing ova.

After Ted died of cancer in 1979, the Dictionary of National Biography assigned me to write his entry. Bea had died in 1977, and I knew that her niece, Professor Meyersohn, had long been guardian for Eric.

I went to interview her. Since I had never met her, this had a ticklish aspect, given the Times's reputation for sin in the stairwells. My first sentence was: "Professor Meyersohn, before we begin, I would like to assure you that I never had an affair with Ted Bernstein." She burst into laughter -- laughter, not giggles. I was taken aback. What's funny? I asked. "Of course you didn't have an affair with Ted," she said. "With him, nothing ever happened below the neck."

She told me on another occasion that a woman employee had mentioned at a party that Ted was the only executive who did not molest women on the staff. On Aug. 3, 2014, the New York Times carried a notice saying that Eric M. Bernstein died on July 24, 2014, in Langhorne, Pa. Professor Meyersohn said that the royalties from his father's books had covered Eric's fees at the Woods School to the end and a little beyond. Moreover, she said, a small royalty for sales of the second edition of "Miss Thistlebottom's Hobgoblins," a Bernstein book first published in 1991, had just arrived.

My Mom, Marlene

The following is adapted from a eulogy given for Marlene Sanders by her son Jeffrey Toobin at a memorial service at New York University on September 3, 2015.

My mother presided over our family as my son Adam graduated from Brown over Memorial Day weekend. She raced up and down the hills of Providence, the way she walked all the time. She laughed, she ate, she enjoyed. She was her opinionated self, full of pride and some advice for the new college graduate. A few days later, she went with friends to Iceland, and she had a good time, though I would not exactly call her a great fan of Iceland. A few days later she felt sick, and she died on July 14. It was a bad, sad month, but it was only one month, so today I'd like to talk about the other 1,011 months of Marlene Sanders' life.

I loved my mother – but I also liked her. She was sharp, smart, often funny, good company, attentive if impatient, voraciously interested in the world, widely read, and opinionated. She was unconventional in all the best ways. She was not one of those parents who pretends to be a kid's friend, but she never talked down to me. She always treated me like the intelligent person she hoped I would become. That was just the way she was. I mean, this is a woman who spoke to babies and to our dog in full sentences. I will not take this occasion to wax nostalgic about her cooking.

As she often pointed out with a kind of rueful pride, she was born in Cleveland, which she always described as “a good place to be from” Her parents divorced when she was 3, and her father moved to Philadelphia. At a young age, not much more than three, she started taking the train, by herself, back and forth between Cleveland and Philadelphia. It was an all-day proposition. And she loved it. The independence, the adventure, the different people, sights and sounds. It was an early sign of what she wanted out of life.

She went to Shaker Heights High



ABC News
Marlene Sanders in 1966, covering the war in Vietnam as a correspondent for ABC News.

School, class of 1948. An advertisement on the back page of her high school yearbook said: “Congratulations girl graduates! You can be a telephone operator for Ohio Bell!”

Amazing, no? In part because of the work Mom did – and work that other people did, including many of her close friends – it's hard to believe how different the world was when Mom came of age. Of course, there is nothing wrong with being a schoolteacher, a nurse, or a telephone operator. But in her day, those looked like the beginning and end of her career options as a young woman of modest means out of Cleveland. And that was especially true for someone like Mom, who had to drop out of Ohio State after just one year, because her parents didn't have the money for tuition.

But there was another option: a young woman could become an actress. I always thought that was a kind of strange ambition for my mother. She was so direct, so straightforward, I didn't see how she could pretend to be someone else. But she did try, at least for a while, but she gravitated to work behind the

scenes, and that led her in a job in summer stock, in a place called the Theater by the Sea in Matunuck, Rhode Island. Her job was called Girl Friday. She did a little of everything. One day, she was asked to go to the train station and pick up a radio actor from Chicago who was co-producing a Broadway tryout with her bosses. During his two-week stay in Rhode Island, this fellow noticed my Mom's energy and enthusiasm, and just before he left, she mentioned that she needed a job in the fall. His name was Mike Wallace, and as it happened, he was starting a new local news program in New York, and he said she should interview with his producer, Ted Yates.

Well, Ted Yates gave her an entry level job, and that program evolved into *Nightbeat*, a legendary broadcast in the history of television, not least because it put Mike Wallace on the map. And it created a lifelong friendship between Mike and my Mom.

She often described those years with the same word: fun. She believed in fun, especially at work. And the good news for her continued in those days when she tried to book Leopold Stokowski, then the conductor of an orchestra called the *Symphony of the Air*, for *Nightbeat*. Stokowski wasn't interested, so a friend suggested that she book the *manager* of the orchestra instead. She wasn't interested. I mean, why interview the manager? But the friend suggested she at least meet the guy, and he turned out to be Jerry Toobin. They were together until he died, in 1984. It was just 25 years, and a marriage as good as that one should have lasted a lot longer. Mom went on a lot of dates since 1984, and after I asked them how they went, she almost always said the same thing, “He's no Jerry Toobin.”

In 1964, Mom went to an open audition to be the second woman correspondent at ABC News. As *Variety* called it, to be a “News Hen.” *A News Hen*. She got the job. Then the other woman got fired for holding a political fundraiser, and Mom inherited her five-minute news show in the afternoon, which was called, “News With the Women's Touch.” Her television career was launched.

Mom often corrected me when I talked about the glory days of civil rights movement in the sixties. Not for women, she said. For us, it was the seventies. And that time was certainly the high point of her career. She moved into

documentaries in the seventies, and she started covering the women's movement, in depth. Those of us who are journalists know that probably the most important decision we make is what to cover. We decide what's news, and in that way we decide what matters. Well, starting in 1970, she did seven full documentaries about women's liberation, as it was accurately called at the time. She told the world that feminism was important – that people needed to pay attention. This, I think, was her proudest achievement.

She also had a good run at CBS, almost a decade, until she took a deal to walk away in 1988. It was not an especially happy parting. Why didn't she have a chance to stay? She worked at a network, but I think the answer is contained in an observation she often made about local news. She said, “Most local news anchor teams look like most men's second marriages.” She was also just weary of the constant uncertainty of a career in television news. Because I followed her into television news, people have asked me, “Did your Mom ever give you advice on your television career?” And the answer is yes, she did. She said this: never give up your job at the *New Yorker*! And I haven't.

Mom would not want me to pretend for you that those later years were as good as the earlier ones. Love and work mattered most to her, and neither was as good as they once were. Still, there were good times in recent years, too. She continued to do great work. She anchored

Metro Week in Review on Channel 13. She traveled the world for Pranay Gupta's *Partners in Progress*. And then there was her long-running role as the voice of *Autopsy*, on HBO. Every time she completed a taping, she'd say to me, “They're really pushing the envelope this time.”

And by the way, was there anyone in the history of television with a better voice than Marlene Sanders?

She was fortunate to find a new home, and a new career, at NYU. She taught broadcast journalism for 20 years. She gave her last class in May – when she was 84. I can't tell you how many times at CNN, new colleagues have come up to me and said, “Your mom was my favorite professor!” She helped train a new generation of journalists, and many of them are already in prominent places in the industry. That was probably because they passed her infamous news quizzes. She had the novel idea that people who wanted to work in news should actually know something about what was in the news. Mom was proud of them.

In recent years, there was no gentle winding down. Last year, we went to a play together, and she mentioned that the trip to the theater was her sixth subway ride of the day. I remember thinking that day, “God, is this woman ever going to get old?” She was out three nights a week – theater, music, ballet, opera, but especially plays. Or, more precisely, she went to the *first act* of a lot of plays and often left at intermission. Not for lack of energy, but for lack of enthusiasm for the art at hand. But hey, she went. She never slowed down, she never faded away, she never mellowed, she never changed. I had my actual mother – the real thing, the genuine article, the remarkable woman who was Marlene Sanders – for my whole life. And I could not be more grateful.

When the Writer Faces Intimidation

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somewhere out there in the far distant future. So in the meantime a little hate mail is not such a bad price to pay for the opportunity to explore and report on the changing scene beneath one's feet.

But I have to admit I was frightened. I had nightmares of losing my children. Would I do it again? Maybe, but I would be prepared for the response and I might decide that some other journalist could do the piece equally well or better and I might hide under the bed covers for a decade or two or I might not.

I imagine most journalists, particularly opinion journalists, will at some point evoke rage in a few readers, or maybe many readers. It is our job to stand outside the approved easy wisdom and look carefully at the details of the subject at hand. It is our goal not to offend someone but to see and observe what is happening, which is never exactly what someone else would like us to see. In totalitarian societies, where the authorities control the press, journalists can only keep secret diaries or risk grave consequences. In America we are not inhibited by more than the

economics of the press, the opinions of our editors, the fear of backlash by the anxious financial arms of the press. And it is our obligation to say what we see. If we are wrong someone else will correct our errors. Even if it is just a little matter, like coeducation at a formerly woman's college, it is worth a try for the human truth. That I do believe.

Recently, some very political feminist friend of mine complained to me that I had hurt the feelings of some friends of hers by writing my Sarah Lawrence piece. How did I hurt their feelings? Was it by suggesting that sexual choice should not be a matter of political correctness? Was it by hinting that the feminist movement could make its own errors of sexual coercion and disrespect for other's sexual needs? Was it by writing about what really was happening at one campus in the crucible of coeducation and moral change? And if after some 41 years those hurt feelings are still alive in some one's anxious breast than I am convinced that it was a good and necessary piece of journalism and I am proud to have written it.



Gay Talese with Silurians President Betsy Ashton



Gay Talese

High Honors for Gay Talese

Gay Talese, a careful and precise writer, was also a careful and precise speaker when he accepted the Silurians' Lifetime Achievement Award in November. His story started in a house by the Jersey Shore, in Ocean City, where his father had a tailor shop and

his mother a dress shop, and it wound its way through the University of Alabama, The New York Times and a career as a magazine and book writer. He gave a new narrative voice to journalism. His speech at the National Arts Club can be seen on YouTube.

New Members

Mary Breasted's work has been appearing in local newspapers since at least 1968, when she joined The Village Voice. She was on staff at The Voice until 1973, when she began reporting for The New York Times. In 1978, she turned freelance. Her books include "I Shouldn't Be Telling You This," a comic novel about a newspaper on West 43rd Street called The Newspaper.

David Evanier from 1968 to 1987 was an assistant editor at The New Leader and then a senior editor at The Paris Review. He is currently a full-time author whose latest book is "Woody: The Biography," a bio of Woody Allen.

Jane Gross was a correspondent for The New York Times from 1977 until taking a buyout in 2008. Prior to that, she was a researcher at Sports Illustrated (1969-1974) and a reporter at Newsday (1974-1977). She is the author of "A Bittersweet Season: Caring for Our Aging Parents -- and Ourselves."

Michael Gross's career as a newspaper and magazine writer dates to the 70s, when he wrote and edited for publications covering the rock music scene. He was on staff at The New York Times from 1985 to 1988, covering the fashion industry, and was a contributing editor at New York magazine from 1988 to 2000. He is the author of "740 Park" and "House of Outrageous Fortune."

Chester A. Higgins is a photographer and author whose work has appeared regularly in The New York Times for some 40 years, with a particular focus on African and African-American culture. Mr. Higgins went on staff at The Times in 1975 and remained until last December, when he retired.

In Memoriam

C. Gerald (Jerry) Fraser, a reporter at The New York Times for 24 years, covering everything from politics to cultural news, died on Dec. 8. He was 90. Prior to joining The Times in 1967, he was with The Daily News. As one of only two black reporters on staff when he was hired by The Times, he became an advocate for improving coverage of issues important to blacks and for expanding opportunities for black journalists.

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An Afternoon at the Opera

Peter Gelb took the Silurians behind the curtain of the Metropolitan Opera — disclosing, for example, that the portly Luciano Pavarotti liked to secrete sandwiches among the props so he could quietly munch when he wasn't singing.

Gelb, the Met's general manager, spoke at the Silurians' January luncheon, and displayed both a sense of humor about his role and a passion for one of the most important jobs in the world of music.

He has brought innovation to opera, a job he describes as "a balancing act of bringing the Met to a new audience while not offending the old audience."

Since he took over in 2006, the Met has reached people in the middle of Times Square with its opening-night televised extravaganzas, as well as its "Live in HD" closed-circuit broadcasts brought to theaters in 70 countries and reached 19 million people.

He also spoke of his run-ins with the Met's powerful unions (Sunday mati-



Peter Gelb

nees are out because workers don't have to work that day), and of the controversy surrounding his insistence that the opera "Klinghoffer" be staged—despite protests that it was anti-Semitic.

Mostly, his talk was fun and his respect for opera and its performers was apparent.

— Gerald Eskenazi

The Challenges of Morning TV

It probably wasn't much of a stretch for Mary Pflum Peterson to become a producer at "Good Morning America" on ABC.

"It's quirky," she conceded at the December luncheon. "One part of the show we're working on a President and the other on getting braces for dogs' teeth. It's a very strange world."

But then again the word "strange" could also describe many anecdotes in a book she recently published called "White Dresses." Much of it is about her mother, who had been a nun for 10 years. She married, though -- and when her husband left, became a hoarder, raising her daughter in an odd world. The book, though, is a loving tribute to her mother, describing those seminal moments in their lives when they wore white dresses.

Perhaps that unusual background has played a part in Ms. Peterson's ability to juggle the "quirky" doings on the TV show.

"We take up an intimate space in the morning — in the bathroom, in the



Mary Pflum

kitchen," she explained. "It's a time in the morning we have to make decisions on what we're showing. The stock market's opening overseas; is there ISIS? Difficult decisions to handle for our viewers. A mother getting up in the morning with her young children—is it safe to go to the bus stop?"

She believes the future for morning news remains strong, with her show's 5 million viewers, and taking them in "so many offbeat directions."

— Gerald Eskenazi

Watching Over Criminal Justice

Bill Keller didn't waste time explaining what the Marshall Project is:

"We're not the Marshall Plan, we're not Marshall Field, and we're not Penny Marshall," he quipped at the Silurians' October lunch.

He also contended that the online Marshall Project, which has become a major journalistic player in only two years, is not an advocacy group. Its mission is to be a nonprofit news organization that focuses on the American criminal-justice system. Yet, it does investigate faulty verdicts, prison corruption, and prosecutorial misconduct — even as, he admitted, most Americans believe that the majority of people in prison are guilty.

Keller was tapped to lead the organization early in 2014, leaving The Times after a 30-year career that remains among the most distinguished in contemporary journalism. It included a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Moscow on the break-up of the Soviet Union. He moved on to South Africa and its emergence from apartheid. Eventually,



Bill Keller

the paper elevated him to its highest post as executive editor from 2003 to 2011, followed by three more as a columnist.

Like many other speakers at Silurians' luncheons, he was asked about the future of journalism. "I change my mind on that every week," he admitted. But he did point out that his daughter "doesn't mind if her information comes from The New York Times or BuzzFeed." The Internet-based BuzzFeed describes itself as the "social news and entertainment company."

— Gerald Eskenazi