

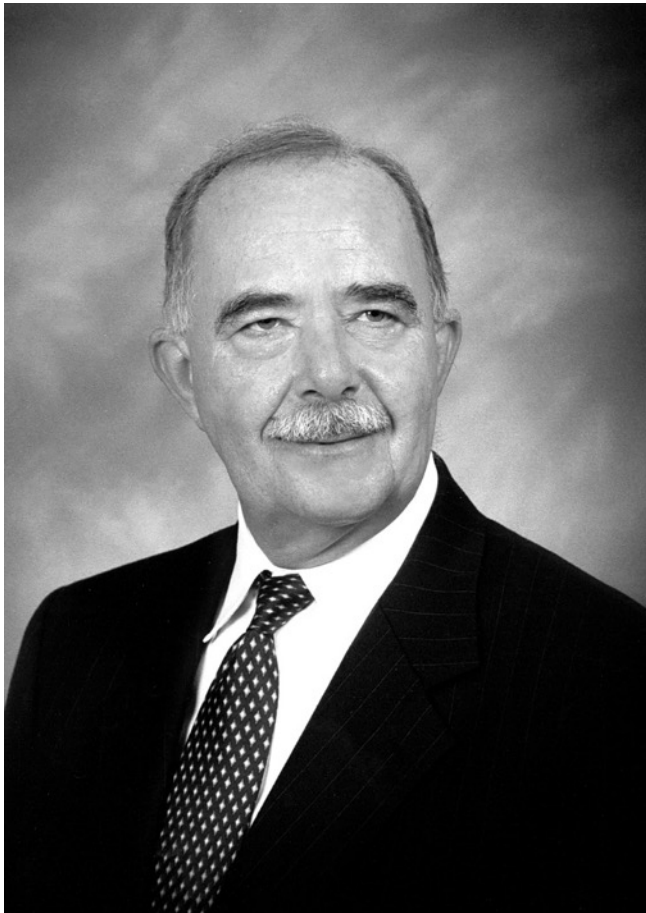


Kent Bernhard, 1943-2015

From 1965 to 1977, Kent Bernhard rose from reporter to city editor and assistant managing editor at The Daily News. Following is the Legacy.com obituary:

Kenton David Bernhard Sr. was born in the winter of 1943, to Melvin and Margaret Bernhard. His birth was an adventure. Melvin and Margaret had to battle an ice storm in Woodworth, Ill. to get to the hospital. Kent died on a sunny summer day in Charlotte, N.C., after a long illness, surrounded by his family.

In between, this son of a Lutheran school teacher and a homemaker climbed to the heights of American journalism as a reporter, editor, and executive in a career that stretched from the days of hot type to the Internet; stayed married to the same woman, Joyce Marie Johnson Bernhard, for more than 50 years; and reared two sons, Kent Bernhard Jr. and Kurt Bernhard.



Raised in Woodworth and Perryville, Mo., Kent attended primary and elementary schools where his father was principal. He was graduated from Perryville High School. His first job was pumping gas at a local gas station. While there, he picked up the smoking habit. Cigarettes were free for employees. Kent chose Camel unfiltered and never abandoned the brand until he lost consciousness three days before his death.

As a teenager, he was also a devotee of Ewald's Barbecue in Perryville, and beer of just about any flavor. He was graduated from the University of Missouri School of Journalism in 1964.

He met Joyce Marie Johnson in his senior year, on a blind date that included driving out into the countryside in the car he had nicknamed "Miserable Bastard," and shooting at beer cans with a .22 caliber pistol. The two married the weekend the Beatles debuted on the Ed Sullivan Show.

Though he had concentrated in magazine writing and had ambitions to become a poet, Kent went to work in newspapers, landing a job as a reporter at the Danville (Ill.) Commercial News, covering the police beat, among other things. On one ride-along with a sheriff's deputy, he briefly served as a lawman himself. While on the way

to a domestic dispute, the deputy slapped a gun and a badge in Kent's hand and said, "You're deputized."

In 1965, he moved to Chicago to work for the Chicago Daily News, an evening newspaper noted for its writing style and boasting 13 Pulitzer Prizes and such notable alumni as Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg and Mike Royko. Kent called his time in Chicago "the last days of the Front Page," referring to Hecht's play of the same name about Chicago journalism.

When Kent departed Danville, his boss told him he wouldn't make it in the big city. A 12-year career at

the Daily News—as a reporter, assistant city editor, city editor and assistant managing editor—followed.

He was one of the first reporters on the scene when Richard Speck slaughtered eight student nurses in a Chicago apartment in 1966, and coordinated the paper's coverage of the 1968 riots outside the Democratic National Convention, when police attacked antiwar demonstrators.

In 1977, he joined Knight-Ridder Inc., then the nation's second largest publisher of daily newspapers. He moved to Charlotte, first as managing editor, and later editor, of the evening Charlotte News. Both the Chicago Daily News and Charlotte News folded, as has every other major metropolitan evening daily newspaper, prompting Kent to sometimes refer to himself as the Colonel Cathcart of the newspaper business, after a character in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* who specialized in shutting down businesses.

Charlotte was a small city in 1977, with no major league sports or mass transit to speak of. Kent was fond of saying that what the city needed was elevated trains and a football team. "We got the team, and light rail. But we're still waiting on the L trains."

He worked from 1981 to 1985 as news editor of Knight-Ridder's Washington bureau, which provided Washington coverage for such company-owned newspapers as the Philadelphia Inquirer, Charlotte Observer, Miami Herald and Detroit Free Press. He coordinated Knight-Ridder's coverage of the 1984 political conventions and oversaw the team of reporters who uncovered the beginnings of the Iran-Contra scandal.

From 1985 to 1989, he was editor of the Detroit Free Press, at the time engaged in one of the last true

newspaper circulation wars with the larger Detroit News, then owned by the nation's largest newspaper publisher, Gannett. He left the Free Press, and Knight-Ridder, shortly after Gannett and Knight-Ridder agreed to merge the business operations of the two newspapers.

Kent had a hankering to run his own business and in 1988 put together a team of

investors to buy weekly newspapers in the Richmond, Va., area and created Suburban Newspapers of Virginia, where he served as CEO. A falling-out with investors led to his departure in 1989 and his return to Charlotte to join Shaw Publishing as president and publisher of the weekly Charlotte Leader.

With the sale of the Leader, he became vice president for news at American City Business Journals, where he oversaw the work of hundreds of journalists at the nation's largest publisher of metropolitan weekly business newspapers. He described the job as "making the world safe for business journalism." He joined ACBJ at a time of rapid expansion, as the company acquired metropolitan business journals in numerous markets.

He also recognized early the potential benefit and danger of the Internet on the news business. Kent oversaw the launch of ACBJ's news presence on the web, bizjournals.com, along with websites for each of the company's local newspapers. He also said in the mid-1990s he believed the Internet would further the fragmentation of mass media and lead to a decline in daily newspapers. In 2010, Bernhard retired.

He is remembered by journalists across the country as an intelligent, gruff, at times profane, boss with a crusty exterior, a soft heart and wicked sense of humor who made them better at their jobs.

By his family, he is remembered as a loving husband, son, father, and grandfather, a brilliant raconteur who took boyish pleasure in fireworks, football games and funny movies.

Kent lived a full life, with accomplishments and setbacks to match. In the end, the highs were what counted, and the setbacks were, as he would say, "just sand in the vaseline of life."

He is survived by his wife, Joyce Bernhard; sons, Kenton Bernhard Jr. and Kurt Bernhard; mother, Margaret Bernhard; sister, Kathy Bernhard Smith; daughter-in-law, Rachel Bernhard; and three grandchildren, Griffen, Emily and Gabriel Bernhard.

Kent Bernhard "is remembered by journalists across the country as an intelligent, gruff, at times profane, boss with a crusty exterior, a soft heart and wicked sense of humor who made them better at their jobs."

John Culhane, 1934-2015



John Culhane was the inspiration for “Mr. Snoops” in the 1977 Disney animated movie “The Rescuers.”

Condensed and adapted from an obituary in Variety, August 3, 2015, with additional details from the Los Angeles Times.

John Culhane, a Daily News reporter, author, Disney historian and inspiration for the characters of Mr. Snoops in the 1977 Disney animated feature “The Rescuers” and Flying John in “Fantasia/2000,” died in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., on July 30 from complications of cardiac failure and Alzheimer’s disease. He was 81.

Culhane was also a reporter and media editor at Newsweek, and later was a freelance writer for publications including the New York Times Magazine and American Film.

His books include *Walt Disney’s Fantasia* (1983), *Aladdin: The Making of an Animated Film* (1992) and *Fantasia/2000: Visions of Hope* (1999). Culhane also wrote *The American Circus: An Illustrated History* and *Special Effects in the Movies*.

For more than four decades, Culhane inspired students through his spirited classes on the history of animation at New York City’s School of Visual Arts, Manhattan’s Fashion Institute of Technology, Mercy College in Westchester County, and NYU’s Tisch School of the Arts.

“Culhane was magical, unorthodox in his teaching methods in bringing animation history to vital life,” said John Canemaker, Oscar-winning filmmaker. “More than one student each fall semester sent me evaluations saying that John’s warmth, ebullience and supremely positive approach to life changed their lives.”

Culhane was born in Rockford, Illinois. At age 17, during a trip to California, he was introduced to his idol, Walt Disney, by Walt’s daughter, Diane. Walt told the aspiring writer, “Work for your hometown newspaper, write for your neighbors—and just keep widening your circle.”

After a Jesuit education at St. Louis University, Culhane went home and became a reporter and daily columnist for the Rockford Register-Republic, then an investigative reporter for The Chicago Daily News in the 1960s. Culhane went undercover to expose a Chicago slumlord and, as a Newsweek reporter, was beaten by police at the 1968 Democratic convention.

The Walker Report on the 1968 Democratic convention violence says that Culhane, by then a reporter for Newsweek, “was on the east side of Clark Street shortly before midnight as police cleared Lincoln Park” on Saturday night before the convention.

Culhane “was wearing a blue helmet, business suit and press credentials hung around his neck. As the group of reporters left the churchyard, one of the police shouted that the reporters were from Newsweek, adding obscene words.

“The police advanced and Culhane was clubbed on the back of the head. Then, as he moved down the street, he said, another policeman hit him on the right thigh. Several reporters took refuge in a doorway. The police surrounded the doorway, shouting for them to come down. As they did, Culhane was hit again, causing a six-inch bruise on his leg.”

In the Middle East for Newsweek, he was blindfolded by Palestine Liberation Organization partisans and driven into the hills of Jordan for an interview with Yasser Arafat. He went on to become media editor at Newsweek and a roving editor at Readers Digest. In a 1976 article, Culhane explained how he came to be the model for the character of “Mr. Snoops” in “The Rescuers.” “While snooping around the Disney Studio on previous assignments, I had gotten to know Milt Kahl, a master animator. In 1973, Milt gave a lecture to a class I was teaching and agreed to draw a poster to announce the event. In the poster, he caricatured both himself and me.

“When Milt got back to the studio, the artists working on ‘The Rescuers’ were searching for a look for one of the villains. In the script he was described as nervous, indecisive and domineered by Medusa. The short-legged fellow with Milt in the poster looked to director Woolie Reitherman like that kind of guy, and they named him, after my profession, ‘Mr. Snoops.’ Even before I saw him on the screen, I realized that Snoops did indeed look like me because, wherever I went in the Disney Studio that year, artists passing me in the halls would do a double take, then say to each other, ‘It’s him, all right—it’s Mr. Snoops.’”

Culhane is survived by his wife of nearly 55 years, Dr. Hind Rassam Culhane of Baghdad, Iraq, and two sons—Michael Culhane, a Los Angeles-based songwriter, music producer and performer (and his wife, Amy Weingartner, a writer and former Disney publishing editor), and Dr. T. H. Culhane, professor of sustainable development at Mercy College (and his wife, Sybille, and their children, Kilian and Ava). Other survivors include brothers Dick and Mark as well as sisters Mary Ella Stone and Libby Keating.



Frances Nalley Fornero, 1918-2015

Frances Nalley Fornero was very likely the oldest recipient of The Daily News alumni newsletter when she died this spring at age 97. A resident of Waukegan for many years, Ms. Fornero worked for The Daily News so long ago that the time frame is uncertain. Her son George, in a loving tribute read at her funeral mass on May 22, reported that she had been on the staffs of The Daily News, Chicago’s American and The Waukegan News-Sun.

She was society editor at all three newspapers, by his account. He

added, “While at the Chicago papers, she wrote a gossip column (she claimed it was a society column) under the heading ‘Cholly Dearborn Observes.’

“The position as society editor afforded her lots of invitations to the many social events of the season. She told of us of her travels — both domestic and international — as well as the famous people she met.

“After World War II, she was present at the grand re-opening of the Greenbrier Resort in West Virginia. There, she dined with Rose Kennedy, the Duke of Windsor and wife Wallis Simpson, Bing Crosby and Judy Garland. While staying at the Greenbrier, she once rode to mass with Rose Kennedy, John F. Kennedy’s mother.

“She was on the first BOAC direct flight from Chicago to Paris in 1954. As Chicago was a railroad hub in the ’50s, many celebrities passed through the city. It wasn’t uncommon for my mom to have lunch with some, including Mary Pickford, at the Pump Room.”

In later years, Ms. Fornero taught fourth through eighth grades at Waukegan’s Immaculate Conception School, now Most Blessed Trinity Academy. She also did substitute teaching in the Waukegan public school system, taught adult education at the College of Lake County, and wrote for World Topics Yearbook published by Tangle Oaks Education Foundation.

She is survived by four children, seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death in 1975 by her husband, George.



Fornero in her 20s.

‘He left me with Dillinger’s body’

Josephine Patterson, daughter of New York Daily News founder Joseph Medill Patterson, was a reporter for The Daily News in the 1930s and later married artist Ivan Albright. When she died at 82 in 1996, the New York Times obituary noted that she “flew the mail, shot tigers in India, covered Chicago crime in the ‘Front Page’ era, bred horses in Wyoming, and helped establish a foundation for journalists.” This essay appeared in Panorama as part of The Daily News’ centennial edition Jan. 17, 1976.

By Josephine Patterson

Since I had been pretty much brought up in the newspaper business, I was fascinated by it. I was 19, and I was crazy to get a newspaper job.

My father said it would be better if I worked for some paper other than a family-owned one, so I think he asked Frank Knox, the publisher of The Daily News, as a large favor to take me on.

I went to see Knox, and I must have looked very green and inefficient. He said, “Are you serious?” I said,



Gawkers with John Dillinger’s corpse at the morgue, 1934.

“Oh, I was never more serious in my life.”

And he said, “Well, I’m from Missouri.” I was so dull I didn’t even know what that meant. So I said, “Well, I’m from Illinois myself.” I don’t know why he hired me.

This was September of 1933, and I was hired as a general assignment reporter. I wanted to be in the city room, but of course the people at The Daily News weren’t so keen to have any female in the city room. I was the only one.

Knox took me to meet the editor, Henry Justin Smith. He looked at me with a very cold eye, probably hoping that I would quit after a couple of weeks. Knox just said, “Here’s the Patterson girl.” And Smith took me in to the city editor, John Craig, who looked at me with an equally fishy eye. I felt about as welcome as the bubonic plague.

I was as green as could be. So they put me behind a pillar. I guess they wanted to keep me out of sight.

So it was pretty dreary those first few months; the atmosphere was cold as ice. Finally one day, along came Robert J. Casey, the late and great star reporter. He saw me looking very pathetic behind my post, and I might even have been crying a bit.

He said, “What’s the matter with you, kid?” And I said, “They don’t give me anything to do around here.” And he said, “Well, all right, you’ve got something to do now. Come with me. We’ll go down to the Wynekoop trial.”

Alice Wynekoop was a doctor who had allegedly murdered her daughter-in-law, and this was a sensational trial. I had never been in a courtroom, so Bob Casey said, “You sit in this chair and take down everything that everybody says, and I’ll be out in the hall writing a story. When you get enough notes, come out and give them to me.”

Well, I had been trying to improve myself by going to speedwriting classes in the evening. I took all this testimony down in speedwriting—“I object,” “objection overruled,” every little thing. Then I went out in the hall and I couldn’t read back one word of it. So I stood there with my mouth open. Bob looked at me and said, “I’ll show you how this is done.” So he wrote the story exactly as I’d heard it but wasn’t able to transcribe it. I thought he was mystic. I couldn’t understand how he could do it. He said, “You don’t think I’d let a green kid like you cover a case like this. We had three of the best reporters on The News sitting behind you.”

Then he told me, “After this you’re going to have to work for me without any help.” I idolized him. He could have said, “Jump off the Board of Trade Building,” and I would have jumped with pleasure.

He had a little room called Casey’s Cubby Hole. It was a dark, dank, airless little coop covered with pictures and photographs on the walls — not a single window and always thick with cigarette smoke. But it was his sanctum, and I always felt very honored when he wanted me to cross his doorstep.

We covered all the Insull trials together, the Samuel Insull mail fraud and embezzlement cases and the Martin Insull ones. I would do the first-edition stories and sign his name to them, which was a great honor. As the months wore on, I was allowed to be the only one on hand for The News, and Bob would often let me cover it for the day when he got too sick of it.

I remember the Martin Insull embezzlement trial. The jury went out on Christmas Eve, and by the time they came back with a verdict late in the evening, Casey had left. He said to me, “In case they should come back, you write the story.” So I wrote a very pedestrian lead: “Martin Insull was acquitted today, blah, blah.”

I was tired, and it was Christmas Eve. I got on the streetcar at 26th and California and got off at The Daily News building to pick up a paper. There, on the front page under an eight-column headline, was my Martin



Ivan Albright's 1954 bust of Josephine Patterson, now in the Art Institute of Chicago.

Insull story and my byline. I didn't have to take any vehicle home—I just flew. It was my first eight-column byline.

Finally, I reached a great enough eminence that I was allowed to share a block of desks with Ed Lahey, Jack Diamond and Don Newton — that was a great desk. Then I quit in 1936, just before I got married.

I remember that some of the reporters in those days drank as hard as any newspapermen ever did. It was a very alcoholic era. For a while, I worked from 6 a.m. to 1 p.m., and I'd often come into the office and find them lying on the desk sleeping it off. But I don't think they fell down on any stories.

Probably the most exciting story I covered was the John Dillinger case, when in 1934 he was shot and killed by FBI agents outside the Biograph Theater in Chicago. I was told to go to the apartment of Anna Sage, who was known as “the Woman in Red.”

My job was to wait and let the office know what happened, if anything should happen. She finally arrived, and then I was sent to the morgue to wait for Dillinger's father to claim the body.

Dillinger's body was on display behind glass, and all the population of Chicago was walking by the cage to see the slain bandit. There was a coroner's investigator named Jiggs Donohue, who was a great practical joker. He said, “I've got a big story for you. You got to come with me. Go through here.”

Well, he opened the door and shoved me in, and there I was with the body of Dillinger. He left me there about 15 minutes, just Dillinger's body and me in the glass case, with everyone going by. It was a circus.

Kings of the diamond

As a newspaper softball team is feted, it's fitting to recall Royko, good ol' days

Last month's story about members of the Daily News softball team from the 1970s spurred CDN alum Herb Gould to send in a Chicago Sun-Times column he wrote in 2008.

By Herb Gould

We're going into the Hall of Fame. The Chicago Sun-Times softball team and its predecessor, the Chicago Daily News softball team, will be inducted into the 16-inch Softball Hall of Fame on Saturday. During their 37-year history, the teams have won more than 500 games in leagues throughout the city.

At least 90 of the more than 120 players who had a part in that success are expected to attend a dinner at Hawthorne Park. By the end of the night, they're liable to boost that victory total to more than 5,000 games.

The team was the brainchild of former Daily News/Sun-Times real-estate editor Don DeBat and Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist Mike Royko, who died in 1998. Thanks to primary sponsor Sam “Billy Goat” Sianis, the team never went thirsty, win or lose.

St. Louis Cardinals executive Branch Rickey might have invented the farm system, but DeBat perfected it. In any given season, the teams were playing four or five days a week in leagues that ran the gamut of Chicago softball, from premier competition in Clarendon Park to office teams in Grant Park to a Sunday morning hangover league in Oz Park.

The office teams were heavily populated with writers, editors, photographers, printers, advertising managers and circulation drivers. But we also had our share of ringers, players who didn't work for the paper. We preferred to call them “legmen.” They weren't paid to play; they were just guys who could play softball well and who enjoyed being around as much as we enjoyed having them around. They even bought rounds when it was their turn.

It was Royko who gave Daily News/Sun-Times softball its identity. He was the greatest newspaperman who ever lived. Period. End of discussion. And he was a power-hitting pitcher with a giant, intimidating head who

would lay into opponents, his own players and the ball with equal zeal.

“C’mon, you @#%! You’re a bunch of blankety, blank %&*@\$,” he would say loudly, to inspire us.

With opponents, he was more direct.

The Daily News/Sun-Times softball team began quietly enough, though. One day in 1970, after DeBat put up a note on the bulletin board, Royko came over to him.

“Lad, I understand you’re starting a softball team,” Royko said. “Here’s how we’ll do it.”

What that meant was Royko was the manager, making the lineup and the other fun decisions. And DeBat was the captain, lugging the bats and balls around and making all the phone calls to ensure that we had enough players.

DeBat did get to choose the uniforms, though. And that was a labor of love.

Hawthorne Park might not have the same allure as Cooperstown, but it will be fun to see the old gang. The gang includes James Warren, a smooth second baseman who went on to become a managing editor at the Tribune. And Clark Bell, a financial reporter who was money in center field. And the Sortal brothers, Paul and Dave, a hard-throwing third baseman-shortstop combination who tenderized my first baseman’s hands during the warmup. There’s nothing soft about a softball when it comes out of a Clincher box.

There are so many names and so many stories. Forgive me, guys, for mentioning so few.

Every spring, it seemed, Royko would bring out a 6-10 fellow to play first base. By May, I would have the job. And by June, little Sammy Gendusa would be back where he belonged, catching everything at first and dumping the ball to all fields with his soft hands.

It will also be good to see Don “Garbo” Garbarino, a power hitter who couldn’t see the ball very well. Or so he said.

“How far did it go, Herby?” he’d ask. “Did it go clear over the left fielder’s head? By six feet? Eight feet? Ten feet?”

Or if we were at Thillens Stadium, which actually had a fence: “Was it rising when it left the park?”

Because there were so many teams, I remember being captain of a “celebrity” team we had put together—the celebrities being some DePaul basketball players and Tim Weigel, an original Daily News softball player who was a team favorite.

But Royko’s tactics worked. Our teams generally won their leagues. And twice, the office team advanced to the finals of the Tournament of Champions, a competition among the dozens of teams that had won their leagues in Grant Park. After Royko and I had left the scene, two Sun-Times teams won the Tournament of Champions, a tribute to what Royko and DeBat had started.

The ’79 final was the most disappointing. After winning four consecutive playoff games—and celebrating each victory heartily—Royko was stopped for driving under the influence. He didn’t come to the office that day. Mayor Byrne had pulled up in a limo to watch the game. But shortly before game time, he still wasn’t there,



A softball reunion at the Goat, a year or two before Royko died. We are singing a team song that I wrote, inspired by a conversation Mike had with a cop at a crime scene. It seems the cop didn’t want to give reporters their usual access, saying, “Bleep the Bleeping Bleepers.” It is sung to the tune of ‘On Wisconsin,’ my alma mater. I was much younger then.

leaving us without our pitcher, as well as our leader.

Royko finally arrived, but we lost to the CTA. It was our only loss after an 18-0 start. Very disappointing. If only their buses and trains moved as fast as their softball players, we grumbled.

The barnstorming games also were a load of fun. There was a charity game at Thillens Stadium against aldermen and other politicians. Their pitcher threw a heavy ball—not enough arc—and Royko was in rare form when the umpire, who was in cahoots, had to be goaded into doing the right thing. After the game, the pals became our pals at a Greek joint with a belly dancer.

And when Royko wasn't belligerent—which was quite often, really—there was no better bar-hopping leader.

We always started at the Billy Goat, owned by Sianis. Where we ended up was anybody's guess. Rush Street. Comedy clubs. Piano bars. Discos. Four o'clock bars. With Royko, we could get in anywhere, even in polyester softball uniforms. Sometimes we never even left the Goat—until the breakfast crowd started coming in.

A young newspaperman could learn a lot about the business hanging around Royko, too. For example, he knew how to milk good columns out of his softball passion. He once sued the Chicago Park District to block it from allowing gloves in 16-inch leagues. He got several columns out of that. When women sportswriters were demanding access to locker rooms, he wrote a hilarious parody in which he polled his team, asking their views about the subject.

Royko left the team in the early '80s, when he joined the Tribune. I left the team a year or two later, after getting clobbered at the plate by some lunatic while catching. A runner put a knee into me, breaking my nose and jamming a couple of fingers. After seven years, that was enough.

Congratulations to David Southwell, Dan Cahill and all the players who have followed in our footsteps, carrying on a fine tradition of playing softball and carrying on. The games were great, the friendships even better.

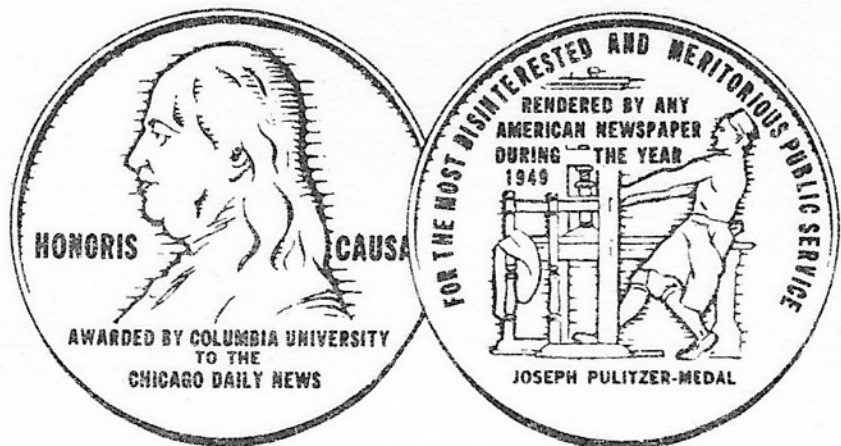
And remember to get your cash in to DeBat for your Hall of Fame T-shirts, sweatshirts and jackets.

September Daily News Trivia Quiz

By Eric Lund

This month's quiz is devoted entirely to the **Daily News Foreign Service**. Identify:

1. **Carroll Binder.**
2. **Jay Bushinsky.**
3. **Milt Freudenheim.**
4. **Mark Gayn.**
5. **Paul Ghali.**
6. **Albert Ravenholt.**
7. **Dean Schoelkopf.**
8. **Leland Stowe.**
9. **A. T. Steele.**
10. **Phillips Talbot.**



Quiz answers

1. **Carroll Binder** was director of the foreign service when he left in 1945 to become an editor at the Minneapolis Tribune. He joined the News in 1922 to cover labor. After several years, he became a foreign correspondent covering Latin America, Europe and Russia.

2. **Jay Bushinsky** was the paper's longtime correspondent in Israel from 1966, when he began filing stories for the Daily News and other media. He covered the Six-Day War, War of Attrition, Yom Kippur War, Cyprus War, Iranian Revolution, Lebanon War and two Gulf Wars.

3. **Milt Freudenheim** was the national/foreign editor who became the paper's Paris correspondent, a post he held when the foreign service was shut down. After the Daily News, he joined the New York Times as an editorial writer and columnist.

4. **Mark Gayn** wrote for the Chicago Sun and other publications before joining the Toronto Star in 1951. During the ensuing years, his stories for the Star from Asia and elsewhere appeared frequently in the Daily News.

5. **Paul Ghali** was a former Paris correspondent who was the paper's editorial consultant on European affairs at the time of his death at age 64 in 1970.

6. **Albert Ravenholt** was the Asian correspondent who reported for the Daily News on the Communist takeover of China and subsequent events. In 1985, he and his wife were among seven veteran journalists invited to return to China by the Deng Xiaoping government. Died at age 90 in 2010.

7. **Dean Schoelkopf** was the national/foreign editor who served subsequently as editor-in-chief of yearbooks for Encyclopedia Britannica and White House correspondent for the U.S. Information Agency. Died at age 77 in 2009.

8. **Leland Stowe** was the legendary correspondent whose coverage of the Russo-Finnish War won plaudits. A 1930 Pulitzer Prize behind him, he joined the News at age 39 and became one of the outstanding reporters of World War II, covering the armies of seven different countries and reporting from 44 different nations and colonies. Died at age 94 in 1994.



Jay Bushinsky



Albert Ravenholt interviewing Gen. Claire Chennault in China during World War II.

9. **A. T. Steele** was another legendary correspondent who covered Asia. His stories on the 1937 Japanese rape of Nanking are anthologized in Snyder/Morris's *A Treasury of Great Reporting*.

10. **Phillips Talbot** was a Daily News reporter in 1938 when he received a journalism fellowship that took him to India, where he lived in a hut and met Gandhi. Along the way, he contributed stories to the News, which eventually hired him as a foreign correspondent who covered India's independence from England and the founding of Pakistan. He subsequently became an assistant U.S. secretary of state, serving as President Johnson's personal envoy during private meetings with Egyptian leader Gamal Abdel Nasser in the 1960s and later as ambassador to Greece. Died in New York at age 95 in 2010.

News from our alums

From David Royko: As usual, I really enjoyed the latest CDN Newsletter. Thanks so much to Dennis Byrne for mentioning *Royko In Love*. That book was such a deeply personal project for me, a bit like the movie “Back to the Future,” where the main character meets his parents when they were young. To get to “know” Dad at 21 was quite an experience. (Nice serendipital coincidence—I got an e-mail today, for the first time since I was working on the book, from Don Karaiskos, Dad’s friend and roommate at that time in Korea and *Royko In Love* character, who’s doing fine at 85 and still talks fondly and admiringly of Dad.)

And I love that particular CDN Softball Team photo. I was 14 or so around that time, and each of those guys were larger-than-life characters to me. Those weekend morning games in Grant Park (or elsewhere) followed by the Goat until who-knew-when. . . Ah, to be 14 again!

From Allen Rafalson: In an unprecedented move, the Chicago Journalists Association will present the Daniel Pearl Award to three combat correspondents posthumously on the night of its 76th annual dinner at the Crowne Plaza Hotel at Halsted and Madison Friday, October 16.

The trio includes Kenji Goto from Japan, James Foley and Steven Sotloff, who were slain by Islamic State militants months apart. Special honors also will go to Chicago Tribune editorial page editor R. Bruce Dold (Lifetime Achievement) and to Associated Press reporter Sharon Cohen (Chicago Journalist of the Year).

In addition, many Chicago-area journalists who entered the Sarah Brown Boyden competition are to be recognized for their work. A \$1,000 journalism scholarship is to be presented to a qualified college student by the organization’s Charitable Fund.

Although the dinner price for journalists is \$99, Daily News alumni will pay only the reduced price of \$75 enjoyed by CJA seniors. For further information check the CJA website (Chicagojournalists.net), or call its hot line at (312) 458-9792.



Ellen Warren, Wade Nelson and Tony Campbell—“friends at the City News Bureau even before we regrouped at The Daily News,” Ellen says—at a mini-mini-reunion last July in Rocky Mountain National Park.

From Tom Witom: Though I officially retired six years ago as head of external communications for CNH (now CNH Industrial), a majority-owned Fiat entity based in Burr Ridge, I have never abandoned journalistic pursuits. My career has included stints as editor of trade magazines (Purchasing World and Dairy Record, alas both defunct), 14 years as an equities reporter for Reuters in Chicago, and website content developer for Arthur Andersen and Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu.

For years I provided suburban dining reviews for the Sun-Times and theater reviews for local weeklies. (Copy-editing Richard Christiansen's overnight play reviews for a spell strengthened a growing enthusiasm of mine for covering the arts.) Today I still freelance for half a dozen clients, including The Daily Herald and an arcane subscription website for internal auditors and risk managers.



Tom Witom

From Alan D. Mutter: While goofing off for a month in Italy, I had dinner with a friend who heads digital operations for l'Espresso in Rome. He kindly gave me copy of his book on journalism In the digital age, which of course is written in Italian. The very first line is a quote from Melville Stone, founder of The Daily News: "*Il giornale ha tre funzioni: informare, interpretare a divertire.*" Translation: "The newspaper has three functions: information, interpretation and entertainment."

Now, back to my prosecco. Ciao.

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Henry and Debby Kisor with Marcia and Jack Schnedler on their visit last June to Far Shore, the Kisors' cabin on Lake Superior in Upper Michigan. (C. H. Abbott, Debby's father, built Far Shore in 1947 from the last spruce and white pine to be logged from what became the nearby Porcupine Mountains Wilderness State Park.)

The CDN Newsletter was created, edited and published by Margaret Whitesides from shortly after the closing of The Daily News in March 1978 until her death in August 2002. Bob and Marge Herguth kept the flag flying for the next 11 years until passing the gonfalon to Jack Schnedler and Henry Kisor.