

FRINGE BENEFITS

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Mark delights<sup>ed</sup> in telling of a letter he received the first day he returned to his newspaper job. "on my desk was a stack of mail," he relates, his eyes dancing, "and on the very top of it my very smart secretary had put a letter from a man in Paducah, which didn't begin, 'Dear Sir', or 'My dear Mr. Ethridge' or 'Dear Publisher.' It simply began, 'Look a-here,' and continued, 'You've been galavanting around the world now for five years and you haven't accomplished a damn thing yet. I wonder if you can get me my paper on time?'"

"So I sent a man from the circulation department to Paducah to see what kind of nut this man was and discovered he was just an ordinary subscriber who wanted to get his paper on time. It made me realize how urgent it was for me to get back to work."

Once again Mark plunged enthusiastically into the business of getting out a newspaper. He also plunged back into all the other activities I called "fringe benefits."

Every afternoon, the last thing before going home, he visited Jimmie Pope and Wilbur Cogshall, the news editor of the Courier, to see what news they had and how they planned to play it. They didn't need any directions from him; they knew what to do with the news. He went simply because he was interested.

<sup>Sometime ago</sup> One day I received unexpectedly an letter from Ruth Cogshall, the wife of Wilbur, <sup>who</sup> Wilbur had died in late December 1977 and Ruth <sup>she</sup> wrote that she had been going through his papers and had come across an article about Mark from the Quill, 1938, and she thought that

not long ago?  
was the Quill a mag. monthly or what?

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drive

Mark he and I <sup>drive</sup>  
But before ~~I~~ went back to work, I ~~went with him~~  
to Mississippi to <sup>visit</sup> ~~see~~ his family and then to Winston-Salem  
North Carolina to see our new grandson, Mark Foster ~~Ethridge~~  
Ethridge III ( he is now managing editor of the Charlotte  
(N.C.) ~~Observer~~ Observer). Rather smugly Mark wrote Allan Fletcher, a  
member of his Palestine Commission, "and all the other bar  
flies who signed the postcard ~~from~~ to Willie and me":

"Everybody says he [the grandson] ~~of course~~ looks  
like me, but the only resemblance I can see is the lack of  
hair. He does stretch out his hand every now and then, but  
I don't know whether he's asking for a drink or not. "

resumed

After this trip he did <sup>resume the</sup> ~~plunge into~~ business of getti  
thing out a newspaper. He also <sup>resumed</sup> ~~plunged back into~~ all the  
other activities I called "fringe benefits."

Every afternoon, the last thing before coming  
home, he visited Jimmie Pope and Wilbur Cogshall, the new  
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how they planned to play it. They didn't need any directions  
from him; they knew what to do. He went simply because he  
was interested.

Sometime ago I received an ~~unexpected~~ letter from  
Ruth Cogshall, <sup>his wife</sup> ~~the wife of Wilbur,~~ who had died in ~~late~~ Dec-  
ember, 1977. Going through Wilbur's papers she had come  
across a story about Mark from the Quill, 1938, and ~~she~~  
~~she~~ thought

perhaps I'd like to have it. She wrote:

"... The years when Wilbur was happiest were those when Mark would come up to the news room and look over what was going into the paper that night.

"I can hear him laugh now when his defense to Mark for putting a murder [in which the murderer had stuffed his victim in a dresser drawer] on the front page was, 'But I thought you'd approve; after all, it <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ top drawer.'"

A good many months later ~~I got~~ another letter from Ruth <sup>ed</sup> enclosing a yellowed "Office Memorandum."

"From: Mark Ethridge

"To: Mr. Pope

"Subject: I particularly liked today's paper.

As a matter of fact they have been good for several days, but this morning's struck my fancy. I thought the most intelligent use possible was made of the news that was available. From the make-up standpoint the reader has a break all the way through the paper; and the paper had the break of not having any news at all buried. The jump page, which, of course, we all recognize to be the most difficult to handle, is, in appearance, another news page, primarily because it was handled as it was.

"The section page [the front page of the second section] was another one that I liked particularly. It was well illustrated.

"As a matter of fact, I was as well pleased with this paper technically as any we have put out in a long time.

MFE" ]

At the bottom of this note of praise, there were three lines, written in Jimmie's bold hand:

"Wilbur,

I told him who did it, which, of course, he knows anyway.

JSP" ]

Betty Shaw, Mark's "very smart secretary" for eighteen <sup>years</sup> ~~years~~

<sup>me</sup> wrote about his way with the people on the paper:

"His relationship with all the employees was wonderful, especially the news department. He knew from experience everything about getting out a newspaper; they knew it and trusted him. He was genuinely interested in people and what was on their minds and anyone could tell him about anything ~~by~~ and I am sure did. I am certain this smoothed out many problems for the company. The whole place had a different atmosphere when he was there. Nothing escaped him and, if anything wasn't up to standard, he would write a little note to the individual responsible. He was just as quick, however, to write a generous note of approval.

"I once remarked to him that the publisher of a paper was very much like the conductor of a symphony orchestra ~~and~~ both of them knew what to do to bring out each component part to produce a unified, harmonious whole. I was at once aware by his 'Unhuh' that he agreed and was pleased. I admit this pleased me, as I practically never told him anything he didn't already know."

In connection with <sup>the</sup> ~~her~~ remark that nothing escaped ~~him, she~~ <sup>related</sup> wrote of an incident that happened ~~way back~~ during the musicians' strike; ~~when Petrillo was president of the musicians' union.~~ She ~~said~~

"One morning, on his arrival at the office, Mr. Ethridge asked me to look up a story on Petrillo and his Musician's Union. When

was this in answer to a request for info for this sid or was it unrelated? See volume typed it

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he got back from the editorial meeting, I told him I had been through every inch of the paper and it wasn't in there. He told me to get George Martin [the production manager] to run it down, and about three o'clock that afternoon George came in and said the paragraph had run for 1½ minutes in an early ~~edition~~ <sup>edition</sup> and been moved off for another story.

"This I duly reported to Mr. Ethridge. I then asked him what he wanted done about it and he said he ~~didn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> want anything done. I couldn't help saying, 'Well, if you weren't going to do anything about it, why did you have George and me spending the whole day looking for it?'

"'Oh,' he answered, 'I just wanted to be sure I could read a story and remember where I had read it.'"

Miss Shaw wrote, too, of Mark's insistence that if a reporter quoted a person in a news story, the quote <sup>had to</sup> be exact. Not almost exact; but exact. She recalled an incident when Mark found himself misquoted in the Courier-Journal:

"He came in one morning outraged, ~~she recounted,~~ <sup>she recounted,</sup> walked up to my desk waving the morning paper, pointed a finger at me, and asked: 'Did you ever hear me say, "Darn?"'

"'No, sir, I never did.'

"'Certainly not. I say, "hell and damn." I told them upstairs if they're going to quote me, to quote what I say.'"

Miss Shaw also commented on Mark's penchant for ~~the~~ correct <sup>use</sup> ~~usage~~ of the English language: "Punctuation, spelling, and points of grammar were interesting <sup>res</sup> subjects of conversation in the office." <sup>ry</sup>

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she said. I wasn't surprised that he talked <sup>points</sup> of grammar.

For many <sup>years</sup> I've had a clipping from some newspaper other than the Courier and Louisville Times (the masthead is missing) <sup>but there is</sup> with a New York dateline) <sup>Mark and</sup> recounting an exchange between William Benton, who at the time was an assistant secretary of state ~~and Mark~~.

It said:

"Mark Ethridge, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has fulfilled a number of <sup># you</sup> government missions abroad. He recently received a letter from Bill Benton of the State Dept., asking if he knew any foreign language. The Kentuckian replied that he knew South American [I'm sure Mark said, 'South Georgian']; that he once had learned another language 'which now I have forgot...' Mr. Benton wrote again, suggesting, 'You may once have learned another language, but you had better learn American grammar. "I have forgot" is incorrect. It's 'I have forgotten.'" Mr. Ethridge checked this with the President of the University of Kentucky and with the grammar books and dictionaries, and reported to Mr. Benton: <sup>WV</sup> I have forgot<sup>WV</sup> is not only proper and correct, but all the experts say it is preferable to 'I have forgotten'. And you certainly should know this inasmuch as you own the Encyclopedia Britannica Company. <sup>WV</sup>

Besides enjoying good relations with the news staffs, Mark was exceedingly fortunate in his relations with the papers' ~~labor~~ <sup>labor</sup> unions. The papers had contracts with sixteen unions, <sup>And,</sup> in the twenty-seven and a half years <sup>Mark</sup> ~~he~~ was in Louisville, he and Lisle Baker and other Courier officials had many long and heated arguments with union leaders, but only one strike <sup>H</sup> and ~~it~~ <sup>that</sup> was a wildcat strike, not authorized by the national union.

On that ~~one~~ occasion, the mailers, in an ugly mood, <sup>attracted</sup> ~~struck~~

<sup>and</sup>  
~~Worse than that, they~~ held the circulation manager hostage in the mailroom. When Mark learned of the situation, he walked into the mailroom and brought out the circulation manager. Then he called the night chief of police, who came and ordered the mailers off the presses. The paper got out without the mailers. Four hundred employees from other departments volunteered to work in their places. <sup>By the time</sup> ~~When~~ the president of the national union flew in from New York and ordered the mailers back to work, the strike had already been broken.

Mark enjoyed especially fine rapport with the Teamsters Union about the best union to have rapport with for under the wing of the Teamsters were not only the Truck Drivers Union, but the Maids, Porters [Janitors], Paperhandlers, and Garage Mechanics. Some of this pleasant association was due to an agreement that Lisle Baker and Mark worked out shortly after they came to the papers. When Mark first got to Louisville, the papers didn't have a contract with the Teamsters but with a company something on the order of an agent which furnished the truck drivers to the Courier and Louisville Times. Lisle and Mark <sup>acquired a copy</sup> ~~got hold~~ of this contract and were shocked at the low wages the company paid the drivers below a decent living wage. So they called in the president of the Teamsters Union and offered to negotiate a contract directly with ~~the Teamsters with~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~at~~ a much higher pay scale. The offer was accepted, of course.

During one difficult period of Mark's life, the Teamsters proved to be his best friends. One night, after a long stag dinner at the Pendennis Club, Mark drove out of the club's parking lot and hit a car <sup>that was</sup> driving by. He barely grazed it, but a police car <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>creeping</sup> directly behind the one he hit, and so he was arrested for <sup>Mark</sup>

drunken driving.

The story was carried, according to Mark, on the front page of front page of the second section. However, Alex Mc Neil, who was city editor editor of the Courier at the time, has always insisted that Mark called me from the jail and told him to put it on the front page of the main section. Be that as it may, the story DID appear, as prominently played, with a statement from Mark that was entered into the official court records. It read:

"On Monday, March 13<sup>th</sup> I had been to a private dinner at the Pendennis Club and in the course of the evening I had more than the traditional <sup>two</sup> beers. When I left the club to drive home and was involved in a minor traffic accident, I was not intoxicated by any definition I ever heard.

" Since the newspapers of which I am publisher have been conducting a strenuous campaign against the operation of motor vehicles by persons under the influence of intoxicating liquors I do not want want to prejudice that campaign by contesting the charge in this case. I therefore ask the court to enter my technical plea of guilty to the statutory charge of operating a motor vehicle on a highway while under the influence of intoxicating liquors."



~~drunken driving.~~

*Pick up*  
The next morning the Courier carried the story, as Mark recalls it, on the front page of the second section. However, Alex McNeil, who was city editor of the Courier at the time, has always insisted that Mark called up from the jail and told him to put it on the front page of the main section. ~~Re that as it may, the next morning the judge fined Mark \$100 and took away his driver's license for six months.~~

Except for the embarrassment Mark suffered

~~The punishment was harder on me than it was on Mark. I had to drive him the fourteen miles to the office every morning. But I didn't have to go for him in the afternoon -- the truck drivers volunteered to drive him home every day. On Christmas eve, for some reason, <sup>it took</sup> four of them <sup>to</sup> drove him home. Naturally, Mark invited them in for some refreshments. They had such a fine time drinking, eating, talking, and singing that <sup>J. McNeil</sup> ~~it seemed as if~~ the children, grandchildren and I would never get the Christmas tree decorated.~~

Mark did have some anxious hours over the attempts of the Newspaper Guild to unionize the reporters. He didn't ~~and still~~ ~~doesn't~~ believe in people in the news room being unionized, but <sup>of course</sup> he wasn't permitted by law to try to influence them ~~so~~ he ~~told the reporters to join if they wanted to.~~ His objection to the Guild ~~stemmed from the fact~~ <sup>was</sup> that it was more concerned with wages than with good writing. He ~~doesn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> believe ~~you can measure~~ <sup>can be measured</sup> a reporter's value by the number of hours worked, but by <sup>his</sup> ~~writing~~ ability, ingenuity in getting the news, nose for news, and personality. A reporter should be paid on merit.

For two successive years the Guild sent organizers into Louisville trying to get the reporters to join. The first year

it made so little headway it didn't even call for a vote. The second year, a woman organizer, ~~who had no knowledge of newspapers~~, came from the Guild headquarters. As ~~the Guild's~~ <sup>their</sup> scale of wages didn't equal those of the Courier and Louisville Times, she stressed the fact that the Guild called for three weeks vacation, plus two weeks sick leave, with pay.

One of the Courier's reporters stood up and said, "I spent the whole of last year in a TB hospital and got full pay for the whole year. Can the Guild offer that?"

Sheepishly the woman said, "No."

Out of 220 votes that year, the ~~Guild~~ <sup>Guild</sup> ~~got~~ <sup>received</sup> fifteen.   
 ~~Usually,~~ <sup>Usually,</sup> when new union contracts were to be negotiated, ~~usually,~~ Lisle Baker and Cleve Rumble, the personnel manager ~~of the papers~~, and whoever else in management was in closest contact with the union with which the papers were dealing, carried ~~on~~ the negotiations to a satisfactory settlement; but if they hit a stubborn point, they would come to see Mark.

Once Bud Abbott, whose real name is Frank J. Abbott Jr. and whom Mark calls ~~his~~ <sup>ed</sup> "son-bitch-in-law," ~~wrote~~ <sup>as he was married to M. Mary Snow,</sup> about the proceedings ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> one of these union bargaining sessions. (Bud, ~~who was~~ at that time a radio announcer on WHAS and is now the owner of WWGP Radio station in Sanford, ~~had married Mary Snow a few years before the events of this particular session~~).

"In the 1950s WHAS (Radio)/WHAS-TV announcers belonged to AFTRA, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. The officers of the Louisville local union and the management of the Courier-Journal and Louisville Times and WHAS... had yearly contract

<sup>Dead white</sup>  
negotiations'. I was president of the local....I and the other officers of the union, along with a representative of the National Union in New York, met this day with representatives of the management.

"The negotiations went on and on, and finally reached a stalemate. The management requested a recess so they could consult with the publisher of the papers, the number one man in the whole operation, Mr. Mark Ethridge. The management representatives left the meeting room and paraded down the hall to Mr. Ethridge's beautifully appointed offices. Mr. Vic Sholis, manager of the station, suggested that the union committee could caucus in the Men's Room. The very young man from the National was visibly upset by Mr. Sholis's meant-be-funny<sup>#</sup> remark. <sup>to =</sup> (A)

"While management met in Mr. Ethridge's office, the union representatives gathered around the water fountain in the corridor.

"After what seemed an interminable length of time, with the young man from New York getting more and more nervous, the management representatives emerged from Mr. Ethridge's office accompanied by Mr. Ethridge himself and filed by the local union group.

"As they walked by Mr. Ethridge said to me, 'Every one of you sons-of-bitches is fired.'

"The New York negotiator turned white, then red, and in a shaking voice said, 'He H<sub>2</sub> he H<sub>2</sub> he can't do that! I'll go to the National Labor Relations Board.'

"I said, 'Relax! He's just kidding.'

"'How do you know he's kidding?' the young man asked.

"Believe me. He was kidding. I know him real well."

"How well do you know him?" The young man was getting more and more agitated.

"Real well. He's my father-in-law."

"With that, the young man, on the verge of a cardiac arrest, ~~clutched~~ <sup>clutched</sup> himself and mumbled, 'Oh, my God! And this, my first union contract negotiation!'"

wording OK here?

Mark also had exceedingly happy relationships with the heads of the news bureaus. The papers had bureaus in Washington for the Courier-Journal (~~for many years it was headed~~ <sup>headed for many years</sup> by Bob Riggs) and one for the Louisville Times [headed also for a long period by Alonzo Martin]; in Frankfort; in Hazard; in Indianapolis, and in Jeffersonville, Indiana. (The Louisville papers had more circulation in the sixteen southern counties of Indiana than either of the Indianapolis papers.) Management brought all these bureau heads into Louisville twice a year for meetings that usually lasted two days. Jimmie Pope, the state editors, the managing editor of the Louisville Times, and Mark would meet with them ~~and they would~~ <sup>to</sup> talk out their problems, discuss stories that might be coming up, political campaigns on the horizon or ~~underway~~ <sup>#</sup>, and anything else that concerned them.

They always had luncheons, dinners, and sometimes even breakfasts together, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> they seemed never to get through talking. ~~I remember~~ during one meeting, on the second evening, Mark called me from the Pendennis and said he wouldn't be ~~able to get~~ home for dinner; that the plane on which Bob Riggs and Alonzo Martin were returning to Washington had been ~~cancelled~~ <sup>cancelled</sup> because of bad weather and they were having to take a later plane, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> of course, he felt he should sit

fit up OK? or plan?

up with them until the flight took off. ~~But I was not to worry, he said.~~ It wasn't a terribly late flight and he's be home as soon as they left.

So I didn't worry until three o'clock, when I awoke and realized he wasn't in the bed ~~beside me.~~ ~~Then~~ I got up and began worrying in a big way. The weather, as Mark had said, was bad. It was snowing and the roads were icy. I paced up and down the hall for a while, then waked Mary Snow (this was before she was married to Bud).

"I'm worried to death about your father," I said. "He hasn't come home yet, and I'm afraid he's had an accident. I think I ought to call the police."

Mary Snow was as alarmed as I ~~was and fully sympathetic;~~ but ~~she~~ didn't think I should call the police yet. "Think how embarrassed Daddy will be if you tell the police he hasn't come home yet, and then he shows up."

"But suppose he's skidded into the Ohio River" ~~the River Road,~~ <sup>the River Road,</sup> ~~which he usually traveled,~~ ran alongside the river <sup>and</sup> "and his body is right this minute floating in it."

"Well, it might be floating, Mother," Mary Snow said, "but I don't believe it's in the river. Why don't you wait a little while longer before you do anything? You know how Daddy loves to talk ~~through~~ <sup>all</sup> the night.?"

So ~~I~~ <sup>we</sup> waited ~~and she waited.~~ Neither of us could go back to sleep, ~~we were both wild with anxiety.~~

At five o'clock I could wait no longer. "I've simply got to call the police, ~~Mark~~ <sup>Mark</sup> might be lying on the side of the road, freezing to death, and here I am doing nothing."

"Yes," Mary Snow agreed, "~~I think~~ we've got to do something."

But before you call the police, why don't you call some of his friends, like Jimmie or John Welburn Brown or George <sup>Burt?</sup> ~~But?~~ " <sup>His</sup> ~~Jimmie's~~

That seemed a good idea, so I began with Jimmie. ~~Jimmie's~~ wife, Geraldine, answered, speaking almost in a whisper in her gentle, soft south Georgia voice (she is from Plains) <sup>Really?</sup>. "Y-e-s, Willie, Mark was here, but he's gone now. He's been gone about twenty minutes."

So he was on his way home! He ought to be coming up the stairs in about ten or fifteen minutes. My anxiety switched to fury.

Mary Snow tried to calm me. "Don't be angry ~~with him~~, Mother," she advised. "It won't do any good. You know Daddy isn't going to listen to anything you say tonight. You'd <sup>might</sup> just as well save your breath."

I promised I'd try to keep my mouth shut. I knew she made sense.

We heard Mark's car come up the driveway and go around the house to the garage.

"Now remember, mum's the word," Mary Snow said, and went to her room.

For a full minute after Mark arrived in our bedroom I kept my mouth shut; then suddenly my resolution went out the window. I was so pent up with ~~anger~~ <sup>hate</sup> I had to say something, so I said, "I've never been so worried about anyone in my whole life as I have <sup>been</sup> about you this night. I've been almost out of my mind. For hours I've been miserable..."

Quickly he came over to the side of the bed where I was sitting,

sat down beside me, and took my hand. "And Willie," he murmured sweetly, "don't think I haven't been crucified too."

#7  
about  
back

Then newspapermen came, especially during national election campaigns, to pick the minds of the Courier and Times reporters and editors. Situated as Louisville <sup>is</sup> was on the edge of the Middle West and between the North and South, they thought Mark and his co-workers were in a good position to take the pulse of the nation. Offhand Mark remembers visits from Kay and Phil Graham of the Washington Post, Scottie (James) Reston and William White, of The New York Times; from Ralph McGill, then editor of the Atlanta Constitution; from Hodding and Betty Carter, II, of Greenville, Mississippi; from Ed Allen of the United Press; from Hugh Patterson, of the Arkansas Gazette; from Bill Emerson... from... "Oh, hell," he says, "there were a lot of them."

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And television people came too. <sup>and</sup> For a very special reason I remember one visit from Walter Cronkite. It was long before his name had become a household word, though he was already an excellent newscaster. This time he <sup>had been</sup> was in town for just one day, but he and Mark crowded into it all they possibly could.

Late in the afternoon Mark put Walter on a plane for New York, <sup>and left</sup> then joined me at a cocktail party at the home of friends, the

James Courtneys, who lived in Rolling Fields, a suburb of Louisville. ~~Louisville was a most confusing with winding, twisting streets~~ It is a most confusing section, with winding, twisting streets and for some little time Mark couldn't find the house. But then he saw a house with a lot of cars parked in front and, greatly relieved, went in. He didn't see me immediately, but there were a lot of people whom he knew, so he had a drink or two and "kinder" <sup>a</sup> listened out for me. <sup>meantime</sup> ~~before he heard me though~~, a strange man came up to him and said, "Mr. Ethridge, I'm so pleased to have you in my home."

the airport to

at all

But he didn't hear her at all.

kinda

Naturally, this startled Mark and he asked, "Isn't this the Jim Courtneys' home?"

"No, this is my home. I'm Will Stiglitz, and I'm delighted you are here. How about a drink?"

So, to show he was delighted to be there too, Mark had a drink with him. Then he said good-bye and ~~once~~ again began driving around, looking for the Courtneys. <sup>↓</sup> ~~And~~ <sup>this time</sup> he was in real luck, he decided. In practically no time, he saw a great many cars parked along the road. Happily he went into the house, took a drink from a <sup>passing</sup> waiter, ~~who was passing through the hall as Mark entered,~~ and started leisurely making his way among the guests to find me. And whom, of all people, should he bump into? That's right. <sup>Will</sup> Mr. Stiglitz.

"Mr. Ethridge, I'm so glad you could come back," Mr. Stiglitz said.

~~When Mark finally located the Courtneys, all the guests had gone home.~~

Mark also <sup>kept</sup> ~~worked at keeping~~ as close contact as possible with other newspapermen of the state. The Courier-Journal and Times regarded themselves as one with all the other Kentucky papers. They were neither high <sup>#</sup>hat nor arrogant. They welcomed any ~~of the~~ publishers, editors, or reporters who wanted to go through the plant or interview employees on the papers' operations.

However, the best opportunity to show their friendship was at the winter press meeting, almost always held in Louisville with the old Brown Hotel as headquarters. Occasionally the papers advised on the program and always helped with the entertainment. They kept open what they called "the hospitality suite" <sup>where</sup> ~~and here~~ all the

including  
Will Stiglitz  
see p. 35



Kentucky publishers, editors, reporters, photographers, salesmen, wives, sweethearts, children, and mere acquaintances gathered every evening, just as soon as the official dinners were over, to drink, swap <sup>experiences</sup> experiences, exchange ideas, tell stories, and sing.

On one of the finest evenings, Turner Catledge, then the managing editor of The New York Times, was present. He was visiting Mark and me, as he frequently did those years, and he entertained the press for about forty-five minutes, recounting in his Southern drawl (he, too, is from Mississippi) the indignant account that Senator "Cotton" Ed Smith gave reporters after he stomped out of the National Democratic convention in Philadelphia in 1948, when the presiding officer introduced a "nigger with gums as black as melted midnight." It was one of Turner's favorite stories.

Around two o'clock all the guests, except Turner, who would go home with us, departed and we were free to put out the lights, lock the doors, and turn our faces toward peaceful Prospect. The only trouble was  $\uparrow$  and it's the only trouble anybody needs in this world  $\uparrow$  Mark and Turner didn't want to go home. They wanted one more bout of conversation, *and one more drink* ~~more drink~~

So they had more conversation. They talked entirely about what great newspapermen they were; how lucky Arthur Sulzburger and Barry Bingham were to have them. The day those two newspaper owners found them was The Day.

I tried to stop the talk, <sup>Derby</sup> ~~Derby~~ but it was like trying to stop two horses. Finally I had the bright idea of going into the bedroom and stretching my weary bones on top of the spread. But I couldn't really relax, for either Mark or Turner occupied almost continuously the bathroom that was just a thin wall away from my head. Standing there, either Mark or Turner would call back to either ~~Mark or~~ Turner an incident that proved without the shadow of a doubt that

The New York Times or the Courier-Journal would have folded if he hadn't been there to save it.

<sup>When</sup>  
~~At last~~ dawn began to soften the blackness of the bedroom, I <sup>decided</sup>  
 I simply had to get those two braggarts home. I went back into the living room and in my most dulcet tones murmured, "Mark, my darling, Turner, my sweet, we must go home. Today has already come and in a few hours the meetings will begin. We have to have some rest and a change of clothes. I can't very well go to the meetings in a long evening dress."

"Go away, Willie," Mark said sternly, waving his ~~free~~ arm at me. "Go away, Turner and I know what time it is."

Seeing I could get nowhere, I returned to the bedroom and lay down. In a few minutes Mark came in, <sup>and</sup> standing at the foot of the bed, ~~he~~ announced pontifically: "Willie, ~~listen~~. I don't want you ever to tell me again when to go home. You've hu-mil-i-ated me in front of my friend."

What was the other arm (or hand) doing?  
 Holding a drink

~~XXX~~