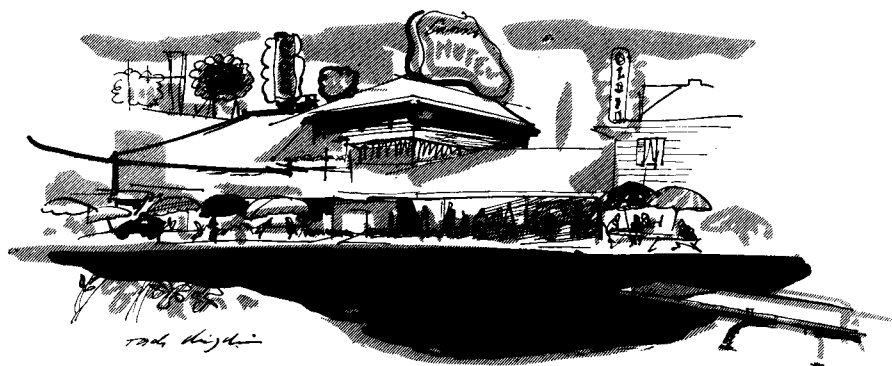


sisted. He tried to put the roll of bills in my pocket. But when I wouldn't accept it, I lost any support he might have wanted to give. In his world of payoffs, my behavior was incomprehensible. Not being able to understand my motives, he decided I must be against him.

JUST BEFORE the November election, the machine began putting on economic pressure much more openly. The owner of a small shoestore had placed my placard in his window one day. The next day it was gone. Reason: The owner had been informed that his lease was in jeopardy because of his support of an anti-machine candidate. He had seen such things happen in Nevada enough times to induce him to remove the placard.

One of the big casino operators, whose civic background included a prison term, spent a day before election in the poorer section of Las Vegas distributing ten- and twenty-dollar bills for votes against Mech-



ling—until photographers appeared to record the gambler's civic zeal. The county sheriff under whose jurisdiction this had taken place spent part of Election Day within an illegal radius of a polling place passing out ballots marked against Mechling.

Defeat in November

Once again we faced the tortures of an election night. But this time we were bucking a national trend as well as fighting an uphill battle within our own state. It was too

much, and I lost the election for U.S. Senator from Nevada to Republican incumbent George Malone by 2,722 votes. (Governor Stevenson lost to Mr. Eisenhower by 18,814 votes.)

We had started out alone, Margaret and I. We had started out on the difficult road toward a political ideal—better and more equal representation for all the people of Nevada. We had started alone, but we did not travel that road alone. Sometimes it is difficult to see how many people are traveling on such a road. But they are there.

Of Gamblers, a Senator, And a *Sun* that Wouldn't Set

RICHARD DONOVAN and DOUGLASS CATER

WHEN Hank Greenspun, owner, editor, and front-page columnist of the Las Vegas *Sun* (daily circulation, 8,000) began his editorial campaign against Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran, people in those parts hardly believed their eyes. Then, in the spring of 1952, when he sued the Senator, his administrative assistant, and fifty-six Las Vegas gamblers and gambling houses for conspiring to drive him out of business by withholding advertising, the residents were deeply shocked. Greenspun, a relative newcomer to Nevada, was challenging two of the bedrock institutions of the state, Pat McCarran and the gambling interests. What's more, he was taking the challenge

into the courts, where McCarran reputedly has considerable influence.

In February, 1953, everybody learned that the case had been settled out of court, and wire services carried McCarran's statement that he considered this "an open admission by the plaintiff that the charges which he brought against me during the recent political campaign were entirely unfounded."

However, news—even when it is not carried by wire services—travels fast in Nevada. People soon learned that there was more to the Greenspun affair than had met the eye. Hadn't McCarran's lawyers failed to get the case thrown out of court after trying every conceivable legal

maneuver? Hadn't Greenspun's lawyers succeeded in putting the Senator under oath, and hadn't McCarran been forced to say a lot of things that would be pretty embarrassing next time he tried to seek votes for himself or his protégés? Finally, hadn't the settlement suddenly been rushed through, after only two days of the trial, when the Greenspun lawyers produced a mystery witness who formerly worked for Marion Hicks, manager of the Thunderbird—the man Greenspun accused in his complaint of transmitting an order from McCarran to cancel all advertising in the *Sun*?

Contrary to any open admission of making unfounded charges, the



Greenspun

Rapho-Guillumette

plaintiff, Hank Greenspun, had won his point that there was indeed a conspiracy among the gamblers against him; he got \$80,500 plus a gentlemen's agreement not to pull advertising in the future.

When you added all this up, and when you could see with your own eyes that Greenspun was going right on as two-fisted editor of the *Sun*, printing the same kind of prose about McCarran and others, then you might wonder whether McCarran had come off so well after all.

Maybe this case won't go down in judicial history as a classic victory for freedom of the press, but a little guy tackled a giant and managed to do pretty well.

Stranger from the East

All in all, it was a strange battlefield for a freedom-of-the-press fight in the first place. When Hank Greenspun arrived in Las Vegas in 1946 with an Irish wife, a child, and a little money in his pocket, the town was playing second fiddle to Reno as far as gambling and divorcing went. But a brand-new Federal highway, U.S. 91, was being built right through the middle of Las Vegas

and going straight on to Los Angeles. Soon, along the highway just outside Las Vegas, a huge ultra-luxury hotel was built. Against the overwhelming handicaps of the immediate postwar era when building supplies were short, and later, after the outbreak of war in Korea, when restrictions were imposed on luxury building, hotels kept on mushrooming. It took political influence and plenty of money to get them going. No one could foretell for sure when a gambling tax might kill the whole shaky enterprise (McCarran had to fight down a national ten per cent gambling tax almost alone in 1951). Banks weren't going to loan money on such a risk basis; but, as the Kefauver hearings revealed, there was no lack of racketeer money.

By 1952, there were five of these hotels on the Strip (of U.S. 91 outside of town). Together with the older "downtown" clubs, they had put Las Vegas well ahead of Reno as the entertainment capital of Nevada.

Hank Greenspun was no Eastern softie when he arrived in this boom town. As one of a poor Zionist-minded family in New Haven and New York, he had had to scramble

for food, education, and status. He had earned a law degree and passed the New York bar examination through sheer staying power. During five years in the Army, he had risen from private to major in Ordnance, enduring the long haul across France after Patton's tanks and the weeks in the freezing mud of the Ardennes in the Battle of the Bulge.

The man who turned up in Las Vegas was a breezy, grinning fellow, about the size of a light-heavyweight, with deep-set, rather cold blue eyes in a craggy face—a typical hustler and as industrious a hand pumper as any man in town. In no time at all, he was on a first-name basis with most of the gamblers. As a matter of fact, they helped support an unsuccessful night-life magazine he started. He had a few thousand dollars, \$6,666 of which he used to buy one per cent of the new Desert Inn gambling hotel, thus making himself one of the fraternity he was later to sue. He did publicity work for a couple of the casinos. Nobody saw anything remarkable about him until one day in 1948 when a plane chartered by the Israeli government flew into town and picked him up. The next Las Vegas heard, he was a Zionist hero and a national problem.

IF GREENSPUN's adventures in behalf of warring Israel were filmed, small boys would find them improbable. He was a major rustler of war matériel for the Haganah. With contributions sent him from all over the world, he bought planes, guns, and ammunition anywhere he could find them. His salary was \$50 a month, which he sent home to Las Vegas, but he had an expense account in a Mexican bank. He once wrote a check for a million dollars, but when his job was done he had to borrow a hundred dollars from his wife to get home.

For months he bribed, threatened, and manhandled officials in Mexico and elsewhere to help keep Israel's war going; he grew expert at eluding police and enemy agents.

In one crisis of several, he forced the owner of the yacht *Idilia*, which he had badly overloaded with arms, to sail from Los Angeles for Acapulco, Mexico.

Las Vegas heard about all this in

1949, when Greenspun was indicted in Los Angeles for buying warplanes for a foreign power in violation of the Neutrality Act. He was acquitted. In 1950 he was indicted on testimony of the yacht skipper for running guns to Israel. This time, he pleaded guilty, was fined \$10,000, which friends of Israel paid, and lost his right to vote. Interestingly, McCarran now claims that he interceded with the Department of Justice to keep Greenspun from being given a prison sentence.

Printer's Ink and Green Baize

Also in 1950, Greenspun paid the International Typographical Union \$1,000 down for a failing newspaper, named it the *Sun*, and ran an account of his conviction on page 1. As a newspaperman, he began to pry more actively into various civic shortcomings, such as the plight of people in Las Vegas's Negro shanty town, and to write with hair-raising candor about local gamblers, city and state officials, Nevada's ruling businessmen, and even national personages. Readers found his style as well as his subject matter exhilarating, for he fired away at his targets uninhibitedly. ("Filthy rabble rouser," "crawling and sniveling jackals," "whiskey-sodden despoiler of American journalism," and "old buzzard . . . bordering on the fringe of senility" are among the phrases he has used on his opponents.)

Greenspun rarely conformed to any traditional patterns of political philosophy. He was rather a sort of Robin Hood of the gambling community, attacking the wealthy and corrupt and taking up for the underdogs who were sometimes equally corrupt. Those who have sought to restrain him by fear or by favor have met with little success.

Greenspun came more and more, too, to attack the senior Senator from Nevada, whose influence throughout the state and nation, as he saw it, was not in the public good. As usual, he minced no words. He searched the Kefauver hearings for anti-McCarran material. Twice during March, 1952, Greenspun adverted to them to press his point against McCarran. And he soon became aware that his attack was hitting home.

According to Greenspun's subse-



quent testimony at the preliminary hearings of the suit, he had words on March 20 with Gus Greenbaum, of the Flamingo gambling hotel, in which the late Bugsy Siegel had held an interest, and Benny Binion of the downtown Horseshoe Club. "You'll ruin us," Greenbaum is supposed to have stated, ". . . by attacking the Senator." Then, Greenspun said Greenbaum added, "I like your paper, want to support it, but I am afraid you have gone just too far this time. They are driving us crazy from Washington." Whereupon Binion is supposed to have interjected plaintively, "Gus, I got on my knees and pleaded with him [Greenspun] not to do it; he just won't listen to me; he is iron-headed." Greenbaum has since denied making these statements. Binion never appeared on the witness stand.

BUT whatever the authenticity of the conversation, the onrush of events gave it a certain credibility. Four days later, on the morning of March 24, the phone began to ring at frequent intervals on the desk of Norman White, the advertising manager for the *Sun*. Each time, according to White, the message was almost identical. The first call, at 9:15, was from Al Brandis, advertising manager and show producer for the Thunderbird: "Cancel all our advertising effective today." Then Archie Loveland of the Hotel El Rancho

Vegas, a few minutes later, "Cancel . . ."

And so they came, according to White, with a monotonous regularity from the Hotel Last Frontier and Last Frontier Village, the Hotel Flamingo, the Monte Carlo Club, the Golden Nugget, and on down the list. By the time the last of the calls had come in, the *Sun* had lost an estimated thirty per cent of its total display advertising revenue.

One of the calls, according to White, had varied interestingly from the pattern of abrupt cancellation. The advertising manager of the Desert Inn had paused to commiserate: "Isn't it terrible; it's a shame. I have a big new show. The artist has already prepared copy for it. I have already approved it. We are opening the show next Tuesday and now I can't run the ad."

Press Freedom and the Bill

Greenspun did not wait long to find out what was going on. By eleven that morning, he had found Moe Dalitz of the Desert Inn out on the golf course. "What is behind it, Moe?" asked Greenspun. The transcript of the hearings gives Greenspun's version of the ensuing conversation: "He said, 'Why did you have to attack the old man? I said, 'What business is that of the hotel? I can discuss any political figure . . . if I want to.' He said, 'I know, but you put us in a terrible position. . . . You know as well as I do that we have to do what he tells us. . . . You know he got us our licenses. . . . If we don't go along, you know what is going to happen to us. . . .'"

When Dalitz took the stand, he denied sentence by sentence having made any of these statements. But the story he and the other gamblers told, that this sudden collective decision to cancel advertising in mid-month was based on economy reasons, sounded even less plausible; so implausible, in fact, that C. D. Baker, the Mayor of Las Vegas, called a meeting in his office on March 26 to get to the bottom of it. To this meeting along with Greenspun came Fred Soly and Jake Houssels, two of the gamblers, and Cliff Jones of the Thunderbird, also Lieutenant Governor.

The mayor wanted to know wheth-

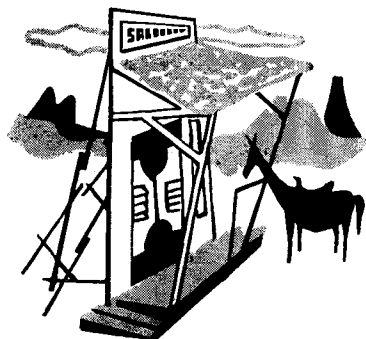
er the mass cancellation of advertising was due to pressure from Washington. According to Greenspun, Jones spoke up to say he understood it was for economic reasons, whereupon Soly interrupted and said, "No, sure, it was McCarran." Soly later denied making this statement but the mayor testified under oath at the preliminary hearings: "So far as pressure from Washington, he [Soly] admitted it. . . . So far as the economy angle, he said that wasn't the case." The mayor also recalled that Soly told of a meeting among the downtown and Strip hotel gamblers at which a telephone call from Washington was discussed. It was at this meeting that the decision to cancel the advertising in the *Sun* was reached.

Greenspun had had freedom of the press; now he had the bill. He was thought to have two moves left: He could promise the people who had been upset by his handling of the Senator to ease up, or he could retire from local journalism.

The Pre-Trial Hearing

In April, 1952, the people of Las Vegas learned just how crusading the *Sun* and its editor really were. Greenspun publicly accused McCarran of having sent word to Marion Hicks, part owner of the Thunderbird, to order the gamblers to stop advertising in the *Sun*. He followed up his accusation with a \$225,000 damage suit charging a boycott conspiracy.

The very fact that a challenge had at last been offered the Senator stirred excitement in Nevada. Almost as soon as the news was out, Greenspun began to get trial contributions in small amounts, not more than \$600 in all, from around the state. More important, Las Vegas



merchants began to increase their display advertising to make up, and more than make up, for the lost gambling ads. By May 16, when a pre-trial hearing began in Las Vegas's Federal Court to determine whether or not a boycott conspiracy had existed, and thus whether or not the case should come to trial, odds on McCarran had fallen a few points from their high of 20 to 1.

The hearing lowered the odds on the Senator a few points more. Judge Roger T. Foley, a McCarran-backed appointee, made it clear at the outset that he was nobody's stooge.

But the judge was a hard man on hearsay, as Greenspun found out when he took the stand and with the help of his principal attorney, William A. Roberts of Washington, D. C., kept trying to work around to his main thesis. This was that a telephone call from Senator McCarran in Washington to Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird, a man widely believed to be the Senator's spokesman among the gamblers, had caused the ads to be canceled. Every time Greenspun verged on this theme, the defense lawyers called it hearsay and were sustained.

Greenspun described the warnings he got from Gus Greenbaum and Benny Binion, mimicking Binion's plaintive tone in a way that set the courtroom whispering, shuffling, and grinning worriedly. He told about what Fred Soly had said at the meeting in the mayor's office, and he quoted Lieutenant Governor Jones as saying to him, "I have never told you this before, maybe I should not be telling it to you now, but you are destroying everything we have tried to create here in the last twenty years."

THE GAMBLERS were caught between a newspaper and a politician, a position they dreaded. Although they ranked among the state's most influential citizens, they could never feel sure that the people would not vote them and their business out the next week. So they feared the hostility of a 8,000-circulation newspaper.

Their fear of the politician was much easier to understand. If the gamblers were to anger the politician in some way, the Nevada Tax Com-



mission could always cancel gambling licenses here and there; Internal Revenue agents in the state could investigate their income-tax returns; the FBI might decide to look at a few police records; the Immigration and Naturalization authorities might even question some whose citizenship rested on shaky foundations. Or so the gamblers feared.

Greenspun, a gifted witness, suggested an atmosphere of fear every time he mentioned the Senator, but he never got off an unchallenged statement about the supposed "boycott" telephone call from Washington. Mayor Baker managed to do it, however, in testimony a short time later. It may have been this that caused Judge Foley to rule when the hearings were completed that a boycott conspiracy had indeed existed, and to grant an injunction forcing the gamblers to resume advertising until the case should come to trial. In this preliminary ruling he did not include McCarran in the conspiracy but neither did he dismiss the charges against the Senator.

'We Are Watching . . .'

Greenspun's victory in the hearing focused the attention of much of the state on him, and raised some dazzling speculation. Greenspun already had established further legal precedent against coercive advertiser practices toward newspapers in and outside Nevada. If he won the suit, he might himself become a political force, a rallying point for all those who hated McCarran. If Greenspun won, McCarran could be subjected to criminal prosecution and even (this was stretching fantasy) be retired from the Senate.

After the hearing, Greenspun made several speeches around the country in behalf of freedom of the press in general and of the *Sun* in particular. He said that his was a

test case of vital importance to private citizens as well as fellow publishers, and called for supporting contributions to help meet staggering legal fees. But the speeches got few results. A Greenspun letter asking help from the American Newspaper Publishers Association brought the reply: "We are watching your case with interest." The press associations and big newspapers and news magazines apparently did not feel that their futures were linked with Greenspun's, because most of them ran only small, carefully pruned news items about the case. In Las Vegas, the merchants still strained their ad budgets to meet the *Sun's* deficit, but all Greenspun could get from outside contributors was \$1,000. Little by little, it dawned on him that the molders of American opinion, the publishers who had seen the gravest threat to freedom of the press when Juan Perón silenced *La Prensa* in Argentina, saw no threat in Nevada.

DURING the summer, politics took up part of Greenspun's attention. As a lifelong Republican, he came out for Eisenhower (he switched to Stevenson in late October). He would not support Malone, the Republican incumbent up for re-election, because he considered him incompetent, and therefore supported Tom Mechling. With characteristic directness, he wrote his thoughts on the political scene, adding a few extra thoughts about the Nevada Senator who was not up for re-election.

He also found time to do something about the counterattack being waged against him. In the East, Westbrook Pegler charged that Greenspun was an ex-convict. His conviction and suspended sentence for shipping arms to Israel, of course, were no news in Nevada. Nevertheless, Pegler kept up such a systematic attack in the following months that Judge Foley later during the trial was obliged to instruct the jurors not to read his column.

Then Senator Joseph McCarthy arrived in Nevada with a collection of half-truths and a state-wide broadcast in which to distribute them. He reported that Greenspun had been court-martialed as an officer. Green-

spun's rebuttal was that while convalescing in England from a case of trench foot contracted during the Battle of the Bulge, he had gone A.W.O.L. for twenty-four hours to see his wife, for which he was fined \$25.

McCarthy was halfway through his broadcast when an enraged Greenspun rushed onto the platform, seized the microphone, and used twenty-seven minutes to deliver a diatribe against McCarthy such as few people have ever heard. McCarthy had left the hall as Greenspun began to speak.

The Questioning of McCarran

Senator McCarran began to show signs of nervousness. He decided that his law partner in Nevada, Richard Blakey, wasn't big enough to handle the case and retained William Leahy of Washington, D. C., a nationally prominent trial lawyer. Leahy promptly filed a motion for summary judgment which the lawyers argued before Judge Foley in October. The judge ruled that he would defer ruling until McCarran's deposition could be taken.

This was another blow to the old man. In late December, he was obliged to go to Leahy's Washington law offices and swear to tell the whole truth, and submit to examination by Greenspun's lawyers.

McCarran bore up moderately well, considering everything. No, he claimed, there was no basis whatso-

ever for believing he would conspire against Greenspun. "I never had any animosity toward Mr. Greenspun," said McCarran flatly. "If I had, I wouldn't have kept him out of the penitentiary" (an interesting insight into McCarran's concept of McCarran's power). "If you . . . attribute antagonism or animosity because a man is criticized or reviled . . . you are very much mistaken. We have to take those things."

According to McCarran, Greenspun's lawyers were also mistaken about his political influence. "I have no control of Democratic organizations in the State of Nevada," he maintained steadfastly. Nor was he, he said, on close and friendly terms with key political personages back home, even some commonly believed to be his political managers.

There were times, however, when McCarran had to concede that he wasn't as far removed from affairs in Nevada as he liked to make out. He agreed that he had seen quite a lot of Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird, when Greenspun's lawyers asked if he hadn't accepted Hicks's hospitality rather consistently over the past few years. The reporters covering the deposition began to take notes furiously when McCarran admitted that he didn't pick up the bill when he stopped at the Strip hotels. Nor had he paid when he used hotel space for his campaign headquarters.

The reporters also noted the ten strike scored by Greenspun's lawyers when they chanced to ask if McCarran had interceded in 1950 with Charles Oliphant of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in connection with some tax difficulties of two gamblers, Moe Sedway and Gus Greenbaum. Oliphant had more recently quit the Bureau, and it was gossip around town that at least one newspaper columnist had had a look at his confidential diary. The Senator seemed to lose his air of certainty. Yes, he thought he had taken up some matters of this sort with Oliphant. But, he added, he was no intimate of Moe Sedway—wouldn't even know him if someone were to say "This is Mr. Sedway." Of course, if McCarran had any serious doubt as to Sedway's identity, he could have asked Senator Tobey of the Kefauver



Committee, who after reviewing Sedway's long career in crime had asked him some pointed questions and led Sedway to retort plaintively, "Senator, you see what it got for me, three coronaries and ulcers."

All in all, the deposition didn't help McCarran a bit with the people out in Nevada. They saw him thrown on the defensive for once, denying familiarity with persons widely assumed to be part of his political dynasty. Furthermore, after reviewing the deposition and hearing more oral argument from the lawyers, Judge Foley dismissed the motion for summary judgment, ruling that McCarran would have to go to trial along with the other defendants.

The Trial

An attempt at settlement had been tried when the suit came to trial on February 4, 1953. Two days earlier, the gamblers' lawyers had called in Greenspun's lawyers and asked the minimum basis. It was \$75,000 for Greenspun, \$36,000 for lawyers' fees, plus a three-year advertising contract. Later that same day, the minimum was reduced to \$86,000 total plus a written promise from the gamblers to continue "present advertising policies." The gamblers' lawyers rejected it.

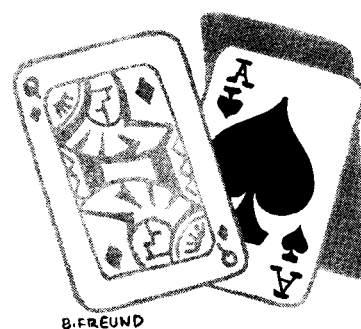
The trial began unsensationally. Greenspun's lawyers put Norm White, the advertising manager, on the stand and tried for the better part of two days to get the basic facts as he knew them into the record. But one of the trial lawyers for the gamblers, a man with the appropriate surname of Ironsides, was on his feet at every turn, shouting objections. The harassed judge found it necessary to resort frequently to conferences in chambers before ruling on these objections. It began

to look as though the trial would drag out for the rest of the year.

Two events of importance occurred during the succeeding days. The first was the ascent to the witness stand on Friday, February 6, of Charlotte Furer, a surprise witness for the plaintiff. The second was the arrival by train that weekend of McCarran's lawyer, William Leahy, an elderly gentleman who refused to use an airplane even if it meant being late for the trial of Nevada's senior Senator. Questioning by the lawyers led quickly to the reason for Miss Furer's being there. She had, she said, worked at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas from October, 1951, to June, 1952; she was assistant to Patricia Faust, who was executive secretary to Marion Hicks; she had worked with Miss Faust in an anteroom to Mr. Hicks's office; all telephone calls for Mr. Hicks were referred by the switchboard to Miss Faust's desk. Then came the important question: Were telephone calls intended for Mr. Hicks received from Washington, D. C., during any part of the week of March 16, 1952? A lawyer for the gamblers was on his feet instantly, claiming hearsay. Judge Foley overruled the objection, then adjourned over the weekend.

Monday, the judge announced that a juror's father had died and postponed the trial to Thursday. On Wednesday, McCarran's lawyer, William Leahy, dropped by the hotel room of Warren Woods, one of Greenspun's attorneys, and found he was out but later encountered him on the street. Leahy said that it should be possible to work out a settlement and asked confidentially for Greenspun's terms of settlement. Woods said he thought \$75,000 cash might be agreeable, and Leahy asked him if he would be willing to discuss the matter with Art Ham, Sr., one of the principal gamblers and also a lawyer for some of the defendants. Later, Leahy called on William Roberts, Greenspun's senior lawyer, and discussed settlement terms further. Roberts reported afterward that he insisted on an \$86,000 settlement, and that Leahy replied that he thought the additional \$11,000 would not stand in the way.

By Thursday, the process of settlement was in full swing, and Judge



Foley postponed the trial another twenty-four hours. The gamblers, through their lawyers, agreed to meet a compromise figure of \$80,500 and to enter a gentlemen's understanding that Greenspun's editorial policy was not to be altered in any way. A separate set of papers was signed by McCarran's lawyers. These did not refer to any payment but stated in effect that by agreement among counsel the suit was withdrawn and would not be renewed. Leahy urged that words be added stipulating that Greenspun was at fault in tying McCarran into the boycott. Greenspun's lawyers refused and the matter was dropped.

At 11:30 on Friday morning the papers of settlement were presented to Judge Foley, who promptly dismissed the case. One of the gentlemen's agreements had been that neither side would publicize the terms of settlement.

BY LATE the following afternoon. Greenspun's lawyers considered that the spirit of this agreement had been broken by McCarran's announcement that he considered the settlement an admission by Greenspun that his charges were unfounded. What particularly mystified them was the part of McCarran's statement that read: "I did not participate in negotiations for settlement. nor did any attorney representing me."

McCarran said that he was in Washington when the case was settled. Of course, nobody disputed that. Indeed, because he stayed in Washington he was obliged to cancel his scheduled speech that evening before a meeting of the National Association of Compensation and Claims Lawyers in Reno. His subject was to have been "Recollections of Famous Nevada Jury Trials."



VIEWS & REVIEWS

CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

M. MANNES: (*On entering the apartment of an egghead*) So you finally succumbed!

EGGHEAD: (*Sheepishly*) Yes—the Conventions did it.

M. M.: I notice you don't keep it in the living room.

E. H.: Good heavens, no. Death to conversation. There it sits, waiting—a blind-eyed presence. I keep it in the study so that looking at it is a voluntary, not an automatic, thing.

M. M.: How much *do* you look at it?

E. H.: Very little—maybe twice a week—a couple of shows on Sunday.

M. M.: What makes you turn it on on those occasions?

E. H.: (*After a thoughtful pause*) Well, there are about three or four shows that I make a specific point of seeing, like "See It Now" or "You Are There" or "Meet the Press"—you know, that kind of thing. Or a whole play like *Hamlet* or an opera.

M. M.: Those are the Sunday ones. What about all the weekday nights?

E. H.: I only turn it on then if we happen to be home without friends and too tired to read—or not music-minded.

M. M.: In other words, if you have nothing better to do.

E. H.: Exactly. That's the funny thing about TV as it now stands—it's only a substitute, a sort of hole filler. We lead such a full life that there is little time to be filled. (*Pause*) When people are at the house and the conversation is good, I would never think of turning it on . . . except under rare circumstances.

M. M.: Such as?

E. H.: Well, such as "Author Meets the Critics," for instance. That's a stimulating and literate show productive of *more* conversation. The

only other times I can think of would be a speech by some very important figure.

M. M.: Don't you and your friends ever turn it on just for entertainment?

E. H.: But friends *are* entertainment. If I really crave entertainment with a capital "E," I'd rather go to a play or a movie. Most plays and movies on TV are either so slight or so poor or so abortive that they are not worth looking at.

M. M.: They are to over twenty million families.

E. H.: I think you would find that the people who get most out of TV are those who probably get least out of life.

M. M.: Isn't that a bit drastic?

E. H.: I don't think so. If your life is full of interests—work you enjoy, people you love, music, theater, books, gardening—there just isn't time for TV. Why, even the shows I make a point of catching—when the time comes around and I happen to be talking to somebody or absorbed in reading something or even polish-

ing shoes, damned if I don't just forget and miss them!

M. M.: About those Sunday shows that you try to see: Would you miss a cocktail party or a dinner—or a day in the country—to see them?

E. H.: No, I would not.

M. M.: But you say they are good and worthwhile.

E. H.: Yes, but they are still synthetic—and I still prefer reality to synthesis.

M. M.: Hasn't TV become a part of real life?

E. H.: (*Smiling*) You may have me there. I suppose TV has become a part of life, and I suppose I own a set solely because of that.

M. M.: Aren't you doubling on your tracks?

E. H.: I don't think so. Any medium of mass communication as powerful as TV is of necessity a part of life, and I have no patience with people who ignore it or say "Wouldn't have one in my house for a million bucks!" If you do *not* have one in your house you miss certain things—few as they may now be—that you can get nowhere else, things that may have a profound influence on our national thought and behavior.

M. M.: Yet TV remains a very unimportant part of *your* life.

E. H.: Yes—but that may not always be so. For one thing, it will be forced to improve, bit by bit. For another, the day may come when we may have to *pay* in order to see the kinds of shows we want.

M. M.: We?

E. H.: All right, all right, call us what you want—eggheads, snobs, intellectuals—we're used to it. But I have a feeling that if I knew a certain excellent show was coming on which I could see—without commercials, mind you—only by putting a quarter in a slot—well, I would certainly put a quarter in the slot and stay home to see it.

M. M.: That's the voluntary viewing, the element of personal choice, isn't it?

E. H.: Yes. You have to pay for what you get. And the price of the set is only part of it. (*Looking suddenly at his watch*) Damn!

M. M.: What's the matter?

E. H.: Oh, well, never mind. I wanted to catch that Marciano fight, but it's too late now.

