

MEMORIAL SERVICE
FOR
RICHARD SALANT

THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO
NEW YORK CITY

FEBRUARY 22, 1993
11:00 A.M.

(Pianist plays as guests arrive and sign guest book)

FRANCES SALANT: You didn't expect a string trio for Dick Salant, did you?

It's just 11 o'clock, and let's begin. When Dick was involved, you wouldn't be late. Yesterday, with the snow falling in the woods, Dick's children and I and his sister and my brother laid Dick's ashes to rest in the memorial garden of the Friends' Meeting House. Dick never wanted a memorial service. He told me that many times, then one day he added, "because no one would come." Thank you for coming.

Here beside me are all Dick's children and all mine and several grandchildren. They've been a great support. Here, too, are the magnificent friends and colleagues who made up our life. This gathering is for us to be together and to recollect bits of our lives with Dick.

MIKE WALLACE: I'm afraid that these memorial meetings are beginning to come too close together. First, it was Charlie Collingwood back in 1985. Then Doug, and Bud four years ago. Then Harry in '91, Eric last year, and now our friend Dick. Our class has begun to dwindle.

We all cherish our special memories of Dick, and of course we'll hear some of them this morning, but I think all of us cherish one special memory, one common memory: that this New Deal lawyer-turned-company counsel-turned-journalist, though he always resisted calling himself that, was a man of real courage, a man of uncommon integrity, a man of deep loyalty to those of us who knew him down the years. I owe my friend Dick Salant an immense amount for he changed my life back in 1963, when he put aside some of his own reservations and, against the advice of a few colleagues, he hired me at CBS News and, as a result, gave me the past 30, useful, fulfilling, extraordinarily happy years.

There was one fly in the ointment. He was a company tightwad before it became fashionable. I remember the morning that I walked into his office to ask for a raise. 60 MINUTES had been on the air for almost five years and I figured that I was underpaid, so I made my passionate case, my perfectly reasonable case. He listened sympathetically, as usual and then he told me what he thought. "Mike, do you think you deserve as much money as Walter?" "Well, no, of course not, Dick." "Well, do you deserve as much as Sevarid?" "Well, no, I mean, not Eric."

Well, I got the point. Not only didn't I get the raise then, but it took me two more years before he finally succumbed, and he laughed about it years later.

After 60 MINUTES had been on the air for a dozen years or more, Don Hewitt and I took him to lunch at 21, and over lunch he told us "You guys developed 60 MINUTES. The big mistake you made was that you didn't make a pitch to CBS to own 60 MINUTES the way Ed Murrow did with PERSON TO PERSON." Well, that stunned us. "You told us that we couldn't." Said Dick, with a grin, "I lied to you."

Of course Dick was at NBC by the time he told us that. But I got back at him. During the three or four years or more that he was interminably writing and rewriting his memoirs, I told Frances that the only way he'd finish them was if I'd bet him that he wouldn't. So each winter I'd make the bet, and each summer I'd collect \$100 from him his first day on the Vineyard because he still hadn't been able to get the job done, and he never did. And what a loss. I know that Les Midgley tried to edit them and so did "Skeet" Wolff. Someone should get that manuscript and finish it because there's bound to be gold in there. And I want the chance to read about Salant and Lyndon Johnson, Salant and Richard Nixon, Salant and Paley, Salant and Stanton.

What kind of a man, what kind of a colleague, what kind of a soul was Dick Salant? A while back our old pal Bernie Birnbaum put

together a film called "The Salant Years." In the original, it ran about 15 minutes, but for this morning it's been pared down to about five. Let's take a look now.

(Excerpt of "The Salant Years" is shown)

CHARLES KURALT: Probably we ought to stop there and let Dick have the last word. But we can't, of course. It was Dick Salant's fortune to preside over a bunch of big talkers and we are all here with something to say about him.

I didn't know him well at first. Here's how I got introduced to him. Joe Wersbha did a documentary on labor unions and I was the reporter. We shot the opening on the sidewalk outside the Republic Steel Plant in Chicago where the police fired on the strikers on Memorial Day of 1937, became known as the Republic Steel Massacre, killed and wounded so many of those union men. I said "If you want to talk about unions, this is the place to start." The police were here. The strikers were over there, and so on, and we went to the old film.

Well, next thing you know, Dr. Stanton got a letter from the president of Republic Steel: "Dear Frank, I don't know what your people think they were doing here, dredging up all that ancient history. We don't appreciate it. It was a long time ago," said this letter, "and I remind you that we sponsor programs on CBS and I would hate to see our relationship jeopardized."

Dr. Stanton properly sent this letter to Dick Salant for a reply, and the president of CBS News replied to the president of Republic Steel. His letter said "I am not certain, but I think this filming was for a program called THE STATE OF THE UNIONS. It will appear on the air at 9:00 Chicago time on March the 18th." Paragraph: "I am sure you do not mean to make any connection between your sponsorship of entertainment programs on this network and this CBS News documentary. Very truly yours...."

Actually, he never talked much about it, but I believe he felt that the job of keeping the nation informed as fully, as fairly and as honestly as possible was an important calling, that CBS News was what made CBS a great company. The strength of that belief gave him the courage to stand firm against considerable buffeting, considerable buffeting from within that company, sometimes even including its chairman. It gave him the strength to stand up against the attacks of the American establishment, including, as you know, two presidents. And so, the little man who started out not as one of us came to stand for the best in all of us. Now he's gone. It's my fervent hope that the future of broadcast news will see a man of comparable strengths and vision and courage to do as much for some future news organization, but I doubt it. Life holds only one Dick Salant, and CBS News was blessed to have had him as its leader.

FRANK STANTON: Dear Frances and friends. Dick came into my life in the late '40s at the time of the FCC's color hearings. As a member of the Rosenman Colin firm, he was deeply involved in representing CBS before the FCC. And inasmuch as I was a participant in the long, drawn-out proceedings, I came to know and respect Dick's intellect and brilliance. As a witness, it was reassuring to have him by my side throughout those trying and distracting years as we journeyed back and forth to Washington.

By the summer of 1952, our work together persuaded me that Dick would make an ideal member of our senior corporate staff of CBS. Because Ralph Colin was a member of the CBS board of directors and Dick's senior partner, I felt obligated to share with Ralph my wishes. Ralph was obviously pleased but volunteered in no uncertain terms that Dick would not turn away from his promising career in the law.

Within the hour, I asked Dick to drop by. I invited him to join CBS not as a lawyer but as my assistant. Without a moment's hesitation, he

put out his hand enthusiastically. There was no negotiation, there was no talk of money, there was no talk of title.

We worked together, day in and day out, on scores of problems, many of them having to do with the formative policies involving television and, particularly, the standards and practices unique to television news. Nine years later, in a restructuring of CBS News, I asked Dick to head this critically important division of the company.

Hours after the announcement, I believe it was Eric Sevareid who called and asked if he and a few of his colleagues could come over to see me. I suggested lunch. So it was that Eric, Walter Cronkite and Charlie Collingwood met with me in my dining room. It was a friendly enough meeting, but the faces of my guests were long and very serious. Sevareid got right to the point and made it abundantly clear that, while they had great respect for Dick, they did not want a lawyer to head CBS News.

The trio of outstanding correspondents did not have a candidate of their own; they just did not want a lawyer. After their protest was on the table, I spoke to Dick's unusual qualifications and urged their support and cooperation, promising to be responsive to their feelings as we went forward together. Not too long after that luncheon, the three men sought me out to pay tribute to Dick's leadership.

Thus began one of the great careers in American broadcasting.

As time went by Dick gave policy and substance to CBS News, as his colleagues have already made clear here this morning. He understood radio and television's potentials. He understood current affairs at home and abroad. He knew history. He supported the broad policies of CBS News. He expanded and reinforced them as new opportunities for television developed. A man of outstanding intellect, quick of mind and courage, he believed broadcasting had a public trust.

Over the more than 40 years of our association, both the CBS years and those that followed, he was my closest friend. In the 20 years I

have been out of Black Rock, there's barely been a week or a day we have not been in touch to compare notes and to comment on the happenings of the day.

This remarkable man was intolerant of anything or anybody who stood in the way of the truth. His North Star was the First Amendment. He could not abide double talk in any form or in any medium. He absolutely abhorred glitz and gloss. He believed that the people should be given the facts as best they were known. He was a great believer in talking heads with something to say and say it well. He did not court approval by ambivalent talk or soft words.

As those of us here today know well, there was no doubt how Dick felt about things or about people or where he stood. And he was not one afraid to put it in writing, in terse handwritten notes you could barely read, or in the lengthiest memoranda I ever received. To this day, I could never figure out how he could formulate his thoughts and get them on paper as quickly as he did. The collection of his memos with a few judicious editorial links could make a fascinating journal or history of CBS News during his watch. And his informal remarks to his Connecticut neighbors would wrap up the fantastic career of this non-journalistic lawyer. An appendix should include his provocative memoranda from the years of service as president of the National News Council, an institution Dick believed in with a passion surpassed only by his dedication to CBS News.

His was indeed a hair shirt.

In the early days of CBS it was Ed Klauber more than any other man who gave standards of integrity and responsibility to American radio news. But when the definitive history of television at CBS is written, it will be Dick Salant who gave CBS News its code of behavior and made it work for the benefit of the American people.

I am unable to put into words our sorrow as we gather here today to honor the memory of our friend and colleague. In expressing my loss

I yield to no one. For those of us who served and worked with him, we owe him much.

WALTER CRONKITE: Frank, we all share your deep sense of loss. Could I just make a little addenda to your remarks?

I don't really hate all lawyers. Some of my best friends are lawyers. My son-in-law is one, and he's a pretty good guy. But, Frank, when you sent this fellow Dick Salant about whom we knew fairly little—or at least I did—as the head of CBS News, I was deeply depressed. I couldn't understand how you, who I felt was a friend of the news department all the time and had been from your very earliest days at CBS, could possibly be imposing upon us a management representative, a lawyer, who would be inclined to look at every word we were about to say and censor it beforehand. I couldn't see any other function that a lawyer could be serving in the CBS newsroom. We were all depressed. As a matter of fact, some of us were so depressed we talked about looking for alternate employment. That was in the days when you could find alternate employment. Of course, the rest is history. The rest is indeed history. As you pointed out, it was not many days or weeks before we were coming back to honor your very good sense in sending us Richard S. Salant as the head of the CBS News department. He listened to us in those early days. He responded. He wanted to know how it was done and how he could help and made an immediate impression. Indeed, our earlier feelings were very soon to be supplanted by deep admiration.

I think that Dick Salant had higher ethical standards, had a clearer picture of what we were about in journalism and particularly broadcast journalism, even more particularly television broadcast journalism, than any of the rest of us or perhaps all of us combined. It was incredible. He understood our role in the democracy. He understood that we could only serve that role if we had unalloyed freedom of govern-

ment and management interference. For his most courageous defense—putting his own career, I'm sure, on the line from time to time, facing public criticism, deep opposition from affiliates at one time or another—for all of that, I think that he belongs truly—despite as has been suggested I think by Mike or others that he eschewed the mere thought that he was a journalist, trying, in his modesty, to so claim—I do believe that this man belongs in the parthenon of journalists. He belongs up there on a pedestal alongside Ed Murrow and Eric Sevareid and let me go back to print journalism's Walter Lippman. I think he belongs there. I know he belongs there, and he is there today.

Of course, Dick, with all of that, he'd hate to hear that, I'm sure, even today, as his modesty was intense. Well, not entirely. But let me suggest that, in the area of which I know a great deal, his assessment of his ability on the tennis court was entirely erroneous. And I must say also that Dick drove us nuts at times. He picked an awful lot of nuts. But it was in the pursuit of that integrity, that honesty, that reliability always. I disagreed with him quite a few times. We had not a few arguments about one point or another. At times I did indeed think he was wrong. But the measure of my respect for this man's integrity and for, as it built through the years, the body of the hundreds of judgments that he had to make, his judgment calls, with all of that, I can recall today almost none of our arguments because he convinced me in the end, and I know he was right. This is even true of the National News Council, Frank. I opposed that. I thought it was the worst idea I ever heard of in my life, that we should put judgment as to the kind of job we did in the hands of another group somewhere outside of our immediate profession, of our immediate workplace. And I think now, as I look back on it, he was probably right on that one, too.

But the thing I remember are not the arguments we had, the discussions we had—because they were not really arguments, I guess; they were discussions—I remember though, of course, his defense of us,

and when the times were really tough, particularly in the Vietnam War years and in Watergate, he stood up all the way. Don't bother, by the way, when you speak of modesty, don't bother to look as I did in *Who's Who* just to see what it said about Dick's career, because I wasn't sure I was aware of all of it before he came to CBS News. Don't bother to look because there's nothing there. It's about five lines long. It's purely an employment record, years at each place. There is not one line of any of his accomplishments in any of those things, any awards he got, and the reason for that is quite clear: those pieces in *Who's Who* are submitted upon request from *Who's Who* by the individuals to be listed. Dick Salant quite clearly tossed those requests in the wastebasket and never answered them. Behind his name—and rare in those big volumes of *Who's Who*, rare, indeed—is an asterisk, which indicates he did not answer their requests for information. He disdained any contrived flattery that he perceived in many honors. He almost succeeded in getting the news people entirely out of the Emmys, which he hated. He hated the Emmys, he hated that show-business aspect that Bill Leonard talked about, the word "show," the music, anything of that kind. He felt there was nothing at all in common with show business and the news.

Dick was upset, indeed, over a very recent episode, the episode—if we may call it that—of the exploding truck. Les Midgley wrote him a letter just a few days before he died, and Dick answered that very day before he died. It may be the last letter that he wrote. I have no proof of that—he was correspondent with a lot of people—but it certainly was among the last. I'd like to share it with you, with Les's permission. Les recalled that in 1966, I believe it was, he had produced along with Bernie Birnbaum and Phil Scheffler and Charles Kuralt a piece called THE SEARCH FOR A SAFER CAR; and in that they had run some tests with a Corvair, a General Motors car. There was nothing phony about their tests, nothing was fake. But General Motors raised

a lot of cain about it before the piece ever got on the air, threatened all kinds of things to Dick Salant and CBS management, including withdrawal of their commercials. And Midgley recalled all of that in his letter to Dick, and Dick answered him, as I say, on the day before he died. And I'd like to, with Les's permission, share something of that letter with you, for I think it's rather important.

Richard wrote, "Frank and I took the position we did"—and that was in absolutely turning back in a similar letter to the one you quoted, Bill, of simply saying to General Motors that the piece is fine, it's going on the air—"Frank and I took the position we did because we knew and trusted all the CBS News people who were responsible for that fine broadcast, so support came easy and was owed to you. But those were the good old days. Paley and Stanton told me over and over again, very explicitly, that we were not a profit center and were not expected to be. While ratings were important to the people across town, they were not the definitive measure. And so we were free of most of the pressures which are so omnipresent in today's climate."

And Salant blamed that climate for the exploding truck episode. He added his opinion that the executives involved emphasize ratings and bottom line and forgot to underscore the importance of honesty, integrity and credibility.

And so Salant concluded: "If there is a silver lining to the awful thing that happened, it is that maybe everybody now is reminded to get back to the basic principles. If this has been a wake-up call, that would be great."

Well maybe unknowingly, Dick wrote his own, best epitaph.

ANDY ROONEY: I was greatly pleased when Frances called me and asked me if I would say a few words today. It's a strange thing to be pleased with, but I think we are all pleased to be associated with greatness. I was to have followed Diane. Diane isn't here. I'm sorry about

that, because I do love following Diane. Fred Friendly called from Florida Saturday, upset that he wasn't going to be here. You probably saw Fred quoted in The New York Times saying that Dick was the best president that CBS News ever had. I smiled when I read that, and I thought that's like the pot calling the kettle best.

My office is on the same floor as the CBS News broadcast, Dick's word again. I got in the elevator Wednesday morning with a young woman—the average age of the producers of the morning show is from 9 to 14—and the young woman asked if I really knew Richard Salant. And I said, "Yes, I really knew him."

"What did he do?" she said.

Well, it was a good question and a hard one to answer. I couldn't explain to her that Dick didn't so much do things as he did prevent things from being done. He held to journalistic standards. But that isn't much to tell a pretty young woman in the elevator. We all knew that Dick was determined that CBS News would give people what they ought to know and not what they wanted to hear, but we may have forgotten that he did not try to make CBS News popular and, with this philosophy, made it the most popular.

It might sound, from what you've heard, that all of us who worked for Dick in those days were enthusiastic about those rigid standards he maintained. But the fact is that they were often dismaying to those of us trying to produce broadcasts. I want to put this as delicately as I know how, but, to tell you the truth, he could be a pain in the ass. I did not tell that capable young woman on the elevator the other morning that it was quite possible that she owes her job to this man about whom she asked, "What did he do?"

Dick Salant, like no one before him, opened up the business of television to women. CBS Personnel will not tell me, and I've tried to find out repeatedly, but I think there are more women now working at CBS News than there are men, and not in positions inferior to men either.

Not many people know how well Dick wrote. I must have eight of his speeches at home, and I often look at them, and there are phrases in them that ring in my ears. "Journalism," he said in one of them, "is a business enterprise, but it also a moral enterprise." That could be his epitaph.

Richard Salant is the patron saint of television journalism. Dick Salant was my odd and brilliant friend. Thank you, Frances, for the privilege of being here with this great group you've assembled. Thank you.

BRIAN WILLIAMS: I was stunned when Frances asked me to speak. My name is Brian Williams, and I was Dick Salant's last science project. Unlike those appearing here before me today, I wasn't there for what have been referred to as the Salant years at CBS News, but I do have my own Salant years to look back upon.

I became Dick's project by marriage when Dick heard that the daughter of his dear friends, the Stoddards, was about to marry a young man in his first year with CBS. He seized the opportunity. It meant his days as a mentor weren't over yet, far from it, despite the fact that he'd been retired longer than I'd been in the television news business and there was a 45-year difference in our ages.

As I say, I have my own Salant years to look back on. For example: though I wasn't there to watch Dick negotiate with the likes of Johnson, Nixon, Mr. Paley, I was there to watch Dick negotiate the rickety steps to the beach at Martha's Vineyard in those blue, nonskid aqua slippers that he was so proud of. Though I never watched him hold court in his office at the Broadcast Center, I did see him in action at his regular Friday lunch group in New Canaan, and I know there are a handful of men here today who faced the daunting task of sitting down Friday at noon and wondering what to talk about. They've lost their friend and discussion leader.

Just as many of you can proudly say—and I envy you—that you worked with Dick, I'll pose a question: how many of you can say you've barbecued a chicken with Dick on Martha's Vineyard? A word or two about this process, if I might, as incongruous as it might sound: outdoor cooking with a guardian of the First Amendment presents its own set of challenges. Always a staunch advocate of full disclosure where possible, Dick insisted on barbecuing with the lid off, thus greatly increasing cooking time. He often questioned aloud whether or not the barbecue sauce might somehow conceal poultry deficiencies that should be disclosed. He questioned burying the badly burned wings and drumsticks at the bottom of the platter as to whether or not that constituted staging in any way. And when Frances would yell out the back door, "How much longer?" Dick would pause then answer honestly and forthrightly, "When it's done." The Salants didn't cook out often, as I remember.

My four-year-old daughter was seldom as happy as when she was on Dick's lap, sharing as they did a love for chocolate ice cream, for that matter all chocolate products. Dick loved chocolate and it looked damned good on him. For the rest of the day, he would invariably wear that sport shirt as a brown badge of honor.

So you see I had my own Salant years. However bittersweet they were for him recently, he did watch some of his hard and fast rules snap like twigs under the weight of a changing industry that he couldn't change himself. For those of us in the industry, though, there is a challenge in this; we've heard it already this morning. In a world without Dick Salant, just as the thought of that is just now sinking in, those of us who loved him must make a pact to speak out where he would have. It will take many of us to carry out of this room the heavy baton which he carried all by himself for all of those years. My days with Dick Salant, including the periodic chats that I preferred to call audiences, were the stuff of seminars. He was an extraordinary teacher. Let us all do his lessons justice by carrying them on.

ANDY GOLDMARK: I'm one of Dick's stepchildren. My name is Andy Goldmark. And all the Salans and Goldmarks from all around this country buried Dick yesterday. That was his family, but I think we all know he had another family, and that was the family at CBS News. And through Dick, we knew you. We knew you very well, because Dick, in a way, brought all of you home with him every night. At 7:00, the lights went down, the curtains went up, and time stood still for a half hour, and it was your time, and it was sacred, and at 7:30, we had dinner, religiously, every night. Through him, we knew you.

He loved you. He reveled in your triumphs, your trials and tribulations. He passionately defended you. He was part wise and exacting general part mother hen. I think, as we say goodbye to Dick, he would have liked to have had the opportunity to say goodbye to all of you at CBS News. He cherished all of you, he doted upon you like a family, and so I think I'd like to be able to say for him to you... "Goodbye."

PETER GOLDMARK, JR.: There are three things I want to say. The first is to Linda, Susie, Robb, Priscilla and Sarah, and to Billy, Amy, Wendy, Polly and your five cousins not here today. I realized on the plane back from Africa that I had known Dick longer than I had known my own father. I'm not sure a stepfather and stepson can love each other, but we sure liked and respected each other a lot, and in a world where love is so flawed and so ill-expressed, that goes a long way.

I think your father was a great man. Let me tell you why. The fragile balance on which our democracy rests depends like no other in the world on the interplay of press and government, and in that fragile balance at moments of uncertainty or peril, in the crossfire of conflicting imperatives or powerful interests, a few closely drawn issues, a few agonizing decisions about where to draw the line and what the line means, these things tell enormously in the history of the country. At the intersection of those two forces—the free press and public

power—this man lived his professional life. At this high-intensity, pressure-filled intersection which has destroyed others of less mettle, Dick made countless decisions, appointments and choices in a career of deep involvement with the news which spanned four decades. At that intersection from which so many have returned defeated or compromised, he more than once staked his honor and more than most prevailed in the fight for what he believed. He believed the news should be free—free of restraint, not of responsibility. He fought for a news that was fair—not popular, but fair. And he stood for a news that was fearless—not to be intimidated, not to be compromised, but to be respected and trusted beyond doubt. That was his passion. He engaged that passion and exercised his skills, as you have heard today, very, very well. To have applied those talents well and with honor at that intersection in American history is to be a great man. He loved you. For reasons I do not know and which you probably do not know either, he had great difficulty expressing that love, but he did love you. And one of the things he has left you, if you will discover it, is the story and the mystery and the splendor of a great life. I hope you will read it, hear it, learn it. It is part of what you are. It can be a rich part, a wonderful part, which he leaves to you now.

Second, to Frank Stanton: if Dick was a great person in the history of news, you allowed him to be. You were his mentor and his hero. You chose him, you supported him. You defended him against those outside CBS who brought pressure to bear on him and protected him against those inside CBS who sought to remove him when the temperature got hot. History has shown that the values for which you and Dick stood were right and infinitely more important than the momentary queasiness or shorter-term interests which usually fueled the attacks upon him. All of us are in your debt.

And last, Mom: If the news—free, fair, fearless—was the passion of his life, you—witty, irreverent, loving, generous—were its center. You

enabled him, finally, to love, to love fully. And he worshipped you. I saw you pause sometimes at the house this weekend as your eyes fell upon his coat or a book he'd been reading. I, too, saw that silent computer screen, the one into which he has hunt-and-pecked the world's longest unfinished book on news. I saw Casey perk up and lumber hopefully to the front door more than once as he heard somebody approach from outside, but it was not Dick.

You lose now, Mom, the best companion you ever had. As you prepare to go on alone, we will stay with you, with love, for his sake, and, as he would want it, for yours.

BILL BRECK. My name is Bill Breck. I'm, I guess, his oldest grandchild; not his most mature, but the oldest.

I've had the great luxury of having awesome grandparents, and because of that, to me having a family is the greatest thing that you could ever have in life. And with our family, and I'm sure it's true with everybody else's, nobody can make you as mad and as frustrated as your siblings and your parents, but nobody can make you happier and no celebration would be the same without them.

Although my grandfather isn't here today, one way I've been able to look at it is that, although he's gone, he left little bits and pieces of himself with all of us so he really is here. As I look at our family, I see his integrity, I see his kindness, his spirit and, most importantly, his sense of humor, and if you look close, when my mom and my aunts play tennis, you can see his tennis strokes, and you really don't have to look that close because it's not very pretty.

The major extent of our relationship was about a week or two of summer vacations or weddings in Martha's Vineyard or Connecticut, and it was such a great way to see somebody because I never saw the shortcomings that he may or may not have had. He was always so happy to see us come into town. He'd be there at the airport—my

uncle and I would show up—and, I'm sure, as any grandparent, he was happy to see us, but I'm sure he was extra happy to see two tennis fingers on his side, which meant that he got the bragging rights against these guys for the rest of the year. And I think that was probably more important to him than a majority of the awards that he got or any achievements that he had along the way.

One thing I really remember about our summer vacations was the conversations or discussions we would always have over dinner. And I never really understood how you could have one issue, ten opinions and they were all right. And, as you've mentioned, he would never back down or give in; and I learned that the only way to win a conversation like that was to be the last one to stay awake. It was nice that he was always the first one to fall asleep because he would never back down.

I think right before I was going to go to college—it was about the time that he had to retire from CBS—and the whole family was just very worried because they thought he was going to go crazy without his work, and unfortunately so many people in my generation are trying to find a quick way to make a buck so they can get out quick and do who knows what. But the more time I spent with him, the older I got, I realized that his family and his career meant everything to him, and I think that has encouraged everybody to follow their instincts and do what is right and what you enjoy.

Frances, I would really like to thank you and him for helping my end of the family out the last five or six years. I know that he always had a rough time expressing his feelings and things like that, but he really came through and you really came through, and that's a tribute to you. We really appreciate it.

LINDA BRECK. Hi. I'm Linda, I'm Dick's eldest child. This is for you, Dad, or Pops, as Robby called him a lot of times, or Grandpa Dick, as all those grandkids called him. The Salant years, yep, you

saw them on the screen, but I'd like to give you a little of my own perspective, as the eldest in the family of five, four stepbrothers and sisters and many grandchildren.

I'll never forget when Priscilla, who is number four, was on her first train ride to New York with Dad—I think she was three—and the train stopped, and she said, "Dad! What'd you do?" She thought Dad could do everything, and I think we all thought he could do everything, and he sure gave it his best shot.

Everyone gives love in his or her own way. Dad, you gave much of your love to work and to your career, and we knew it and we respected you for it. But you gave a lot to us by the high standards and the high values that you set forth for us and, believe me, we appreciate it and we'll keep working on it. But I think what I'll always remember and always be grateful for are the summers in Martha's Vineyard. It was always about this time of year we'd start calling Frances and we'd call each other and we'd say, "Okay, who's going? When are you going?" You know, "Are there enough bedrooms? Can we bring friends? Can we bring boyfriends? What can we bring?" And Dad and Frances were always, always so great about it. And I think that was the time that we got to know him better, we got to know each other better. That was probably the most important part of Martha's Vineyard: that I got to know Frances and her kids and my brother and my sisters so, so much better.

Those visits were special for you, Dad, with us, the grandkids, Frances and Frances' kids. We laughed, we played tennis, or we tried, some of us. We argued. We read *The New York Times* and we loved every minute of it. Yeah, there were some bad times. There were some rough moments for Dad. One summer, four of his granddaughters—all gorgeous teenagers with long, blond hair, all with their blow dryers, all with their curling irons, all in the same bathroom—drove

him crazy. He just could not cope with blow dryers and curling irons. It was too much. But anyway, it was fun, and we all loved it.

Before I thank Frances, I want to thank all of you for coming. I want to thank the speakers. Your words, your memories were fabulous and they meant a lot to all of us.

Frances, you held us together, and you held us together ever since we've known you. Yet it was tough on you. We weren't always the nicest stepkids. But you hung in there and you know how much we love you.

Dad, in closing, you get the highest ratings from me. You were a hit. Goodbye, and I love you. Thank you.

MIKE WALLACE: Frances, you make damned sure that everybody comes to the Vineyard this summer. You hear?

Frances was saying the other day that she wasn't sure because Dick was gone that maybe she wouldn't come. Frances?

And, Frances, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for bringing Dick's two families together in this extraordinary, this just wonderful hour. If you can be happy at a time like this, you have made us very happy to be together in this fashion.

I think that you wanted me to announce that there's a fund being established for journalism education in the memory of Dick and contributions can be sent to the Columbia University School of Journalism.

I should mention that Diane did want very much to be here and, if she isn't, it's because she was visiting her folks who are ill down in Louisville, and she was chartering in this morning, and I'm sure that she couldn't get in in this weather.

And now, I think, Frances, that you want us all to go upstairs for a reception and to be together, all of us.

We love you, Frances.

(Pianist plays as guests leave the room)

The only way Joe and I knew about this was that Dick sent copies of this correspondence to each of us with no comment. He didn't even call us in to ask what we were doing or to ask what we had said. By his action, he was saying to us "Whatever you guys did or said, I stand by you." That's how I found out who Dick Salant was.

DAN RATHER: Frances, members of the family, friends. I was honored to work with Dick Salant, and I'm honored to praise him.

No one can overestimate the good accomplished by this marvelous, many-sided man. A loved and loving husband, father, brother and friend, he was a knight of the law and of journalism. His colors were those of ethics and integrity, always integrity. He believed in them—ethics and integrity—and led others into believing. In so doing, he built his organization's reputation into that of the world's standard for broadcast news and made his own reputation for news management into one against which all others are still judged. This included being a front line fighter for the First Amendment. It included fighting for the right to engage in fiercely independent news coverage, independent from entertainment values, independent from the corporation, independent from the government. It also included being a leader in opening up opportunities for women and minorities in journalism at a time when it cost Dick something to do that.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock. In times of trial, personal and professional, his and yours, he never backed up, never backed down, never gave in. His was a heroic soul. He was a friend and encourager of heroic impulses in others. Were everyone who owes Dick something to bring a blossom to his memorial, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. I owe him. CBS owes him. America owes Dick Salant, and the main thing we owe him is that he not be the last of his kind.

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Praise for the noble dead is inspiration for the noble living and for all who aspire to live nobly. Speech cannot contain our praise, our respect and our love for Dick Salant. There was, there is no greater inspiration for journalism's best instincts. There was, there is no greater, stronger, manlier man. Thank you.

BILL LEONARD: The happiest times of my working life were the years that I spent hand in hand with Gordon Manning trying to help Dick Salant run CBS News.

Dick was almost completely innocent of the technology that drove television. He did not care much for the pictures on the screen. He was willing to leave the driving to us, to Cronkite and company. Content was what concerned him: what we did or did not do; how well we did it; how fairly. He had no interest in the quick or the slick. And he was, let's face it, a junkie, a news junkie, above and beyond the call of duty.

Let me tell you how he operated. He would leave the office in time to get home to watch, record and play back all the network news broadcasts. He would beat Manning and me in to the office in the morning by at least an hour; and then, as often as not, there would be on our desks a memorandum of infinite length, chock full of suggestions, ideas, observations, complaints, admonitions and/or praise. I remember one time when a Salant memo hit his desk, Gordon Manning turned to me, rolled his eyes and sighed "My God, he's writing them faster than I can read them."

There was really nothing halfway about Dick. He had his loves and hates. He hated the word "show" as in "news show." "Damn it, we don't put on shows," he'd say. "We give the news on news broadcasts." He hated music in news or documentaries. He thought that the words and the pictures should speak for themselves unadorned. And what he loved, of course, was simply the news.

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