

DONALD J. TRUMP BUYS CBS BOARD; PLANS TO RELOCATE BOARD TO MAR-A-LAGO



CBS Board Dance Band; available for weddings, bar mitzvahs

Trump Cites Huge Moneymaking Opportunity in Board Purchase

Trump said it was too good a deal to ignore, and that once the Board is fully reorganized it will be a sure moneymaker for the Trump Organization. "I'll make an f-ing fortune out of this damned thing," the president said. Trump seemed to be unfamiliar with the emolument clause in the Constitution, although he denied it.

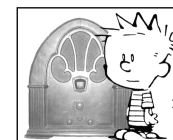
"I know everything there is to know about emoluments," he said. "In fact, I'm a genius when it comes to emoluments, which is why I put my son Eric in charge of them."

Trump said he plans to install his son-in-law Jared Kushner as Board chairman, replacing Richard Lorenzo, although Trump praised Lorenzo for his "fine work." However, Trump said, "The Board needs a leader who is more dynamic and completely loyal to me."

The president also said future Board members will be required to take a fitness test and undergo background checks to determine if they are illegal aliens. "The Board is for Americans and Americans only," the president said, "and those who do not pass muster will be sent packing to the other side of the border."

Trump said he plans to relocate the Board from New Jersey to his private club in Mar-a-Lago, Florida. "New Jersey is all right," Trump said, emphasizing that he owns a golf club there, "but the CBS Board needs to be established in more tasteful surroundings."

Trump intends to be a hands-on owner. "The Board is too important to be left to Jared, Eric, and Donald Junior," he said.



editor & webmaster

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IRVING WINS CBS BOARD AWARD

Long-time New York broadcast figure Jane Tillman Irving has won the CBS Board's Lifetime Award for professional achievement. She served two tours of duties at WCBS-AM as a reporter and newswriter, as well as a stint as a correspondent for WCBS-TV. At various times over her career she also worked as anchor for radio stations WLIB, WBLS and WWRL.



From 1990 to 1996, Irving was an Assistant Professor at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University.

She has won more than 30 awards for outstanding news coverage, including the Gracie from the Alliance for Women in Media and the WGA Award from the Writers' Guild of America.

Currently, Irving is the President of the New York Press Club, and President of the Communications Alumni Group of the City College Alumni Association.

She is a member of the Inner Circle, an organization of political reporters; the WNYC Community Advisory Board; Alpha Kappa Alpha, Inc.; and the New York Silver Society.

Irving graduated from Hunter College High School, earned her undergraduate degree in English from the City College of New York, and completed the graduate level Radcliffe College Publishing Procedures Course at Harvard.

JOKE: What do you call a president who blows? Donald Trump-et

DAVE ATHERTON, R.I.P.



David Atherton died at New Jersey's Hackensack Medical Center on April 25, 2019, from a stroke. He was a longtime news writer and producer at WCBS NewsRadio88, which followed a writing stint at ABC Radio News. Dave was 81.

TRIBUTES

- Peter Cane. An absolute gentleman in every sense of the word. I loved writing news with Davey on the "nightside." RIP to a good man.
- Gary Maurer. so sad. so many fond memories. my thoughts are with Dave's family.
- Tony Gatto. Loved working with this guy. Funny as can be. A sweetheart of a guy.
- Michael J. Schoen. I enjoyed filing reports to him back in the 70s and working alongside him in the 2000s. Great guy to be around. RIP.
- Steve Malavé. A beloved colleague and an incredible human being. Rest In Peace, Dave.
- Barry G. Siegfried. I am so sorry to learn of this. An incredibly gentle soul who always displayed his respect for the product and his talent for writing and producing it. I will miss him and I offer my sincerest condolences to his family.
- Ray Hoffman. This is just a sad story. He was such a good guy.

FOR SALE CHEAP



Original radio sound effects equipment. Comes complete with sound effects technicians who are willing to travel. See Richard Lorenzo

- Bill Schweizer. Davey was always a pleasure to work with. A good man and a gentle soul! RIP
- Steven Reed. Rest In Peace, Dave. You were a consummate professional, a great colleague, and a man who shared a wonderful generosity of spirit with all!
- Rolfe Auerbach. Davy was one of the most wonderful - and friendly - guys working at Newsradio 88. He was always willing to lend a hand - guiding or otherwise - to everyone in the room. Especially to me! He will be truly missed. RIP Davy!
- Rich Lamb. Dave radiated gentleness, kindness and humility. He took the sharp edges off any situation with a disarming laugh, often accompanied by a related story, a raised eyebrow and a roll of his eyes. He had 'been there and done that' for decades in the news business, and exhibited an admirable suppression of panic when the 'fit hit the shan'. Dave had a palpable warmth, that put everyone at ease. His face lit up when he would see an old friend such that it seemed he had been awaiting your appearance. I'll miss him. RIP Dave.



donswaim.com

WCBS Appreciation Site
<http://donswaim.com/wcbsnewsradio88.html>

WCBS APPRECIATION SITE BREAKS ALL RECORDS (and a few cassette tapes too)

The website was launched in 2005 as an adjunct to the CBS Board, primarily to post photographs online from the Board luncheons. Within a year the site took on a life of its own as a repository for all things connected to WCBS Newsradio88 and CBS Radio in general.

Here, you'll find a wealth of audio tracks, rare photos, memorabilia of all sorts, plus articles on the history and personalities related to what was once CBS Radio.

Entercom in Philadelphia now owns what is left of the CBS Radio network and its owned-and-operated stations. But the WCBS Appreciation Site lives on.

Go to:

<http://donswaim.com/wcbsnewsradio88.html>





CBS Board meeting, Dec. 2016, Amarone Ristorante, Teaneck, NJ,

WCBS880
NEW RADIO

CBS BOARD GUEST LIST

May 11, 2019

Aronson, Rhoda
Barr, Larry
Bernstein, David
Block, Mervin
Brendzel, Henry
Brendzel, Roslyn Barreaux
Brittain, Ross
Carey, Brian
Carnes, Harley
Cichowski, John
Karl, Jacqueline
Cohen, Melissa Kleiner
Tim Bonomo
Dorian, Daniel
Flowers, George
Garrity, Nancy
Garrity, Nancy guest
Gerstenfeld, Herb Barry
Gibson, Bob
Glickman, Todd
Granick, Mel
Harris, Lee
Hoffman, Ray
Irving, Jane Tillman
Kaye, Rasa
Kimmel, Bob
Kosola, Ginny
Lamb, Rich
Lamb, Peggy Dolan
Lebe, Mitch
LeMoullec, Bob
Levin, M. David
Lorenzo, Margaret
Lorenzo, Richard
McNally, Ray
Meister, David
Millman, Pat
Prelee, Mike
Press, Gary
Sachs, Arleen
Salvas, Ed
Schomburg, Marilyn
Schomburg, Warren Dean
Settapani, Frank
Siegfried, Barry
Srinivasan, Sindoja
Swaim, Don
Wagonblast, Bernie
Whitfield, Roy

TO BE ANNOUNCED

When I was a kid, my mother and I each had our favorite sections of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, she the crossword puzzle, I the daily radio listings. Mom accumulated words until the sarcoma made her too weak to lift a number two pencil. I collected radio the way other boys gathered postage stamps.

More often than not, I'd run across a show in the listings called "To Be Announced." TBA. I thought I knew all the programs, but each time I tuned in expecting to hear "To Be Announced" some other show would be on instead, mostly dull and insipid.

As radio fans, my pal Charlie Speed and I enlisted in Don Winslow's Squadron of Peace in which we solemnly pledged to devote the rest of our lives to protecting our sacred borders.

"Love your country, its flag and all the things for which it stands," Commander Winslow decreed. "Promote the fulfillment of all things that are clean, wholesome and upright."

I tacked a copy of the creed on the wall over my radio, next to the plastic Jesus hands in prayer. My mother had a duplicate pair of hands over her bed, but prayer never saved her, so after she died Dad took both pairs and crushed them under his shoe before throwing them into the trash.

My other radio heroes also marshaled their forces to fight the evil Axis. Tom Mix and his Ralston Straight Shooters. Once, Tom and his wonder horse Tony caught a bunch of Nazi spies hiding in the Mojave desert. The Nazis had hidden explosives inside a mountain and were going to blow up Boulder Dam, but thanks to Tom the enemy agents were rounded up and herded into a corral at Tom's TM-Bar ranch.

Terry and the Pirates. It was even better than the comic strip. I never knew exactly who the pirates were because I always thought pirates flew flags with the skull and crossbones, sailed in galleons, and buried plundered treasure on deserted islands. Terry Lee and his pals Pat Ryan and Flip Corkin were already in the Orient when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and attacked our good friends the Chinese. Even the evil Dragon Lady joined our side.

Charlie and I loved the opening of the show with all the gongs and clangs and coolies shouting words no one understood, some teeming rickshaw world that wasn't anything like East Liberty. Terry was sponsored by Quaker Puffed Wheat, the wheat that was shot from guns, and the announcer, Douglas Browning, declared that you didn't need ration stamps to buy cereal.

But "To Be Announced" was out there somewhere, concealed within the cacophony, about to burst through the ionosphere—and, when at last I heard it, my world would be realized and I could die satisfied. —Don Swaim

JOKE: What do Trump's tie and a thong have in common? They both barely cover an asshole.

THE BIG FOUR-OH

by Todd Glickman

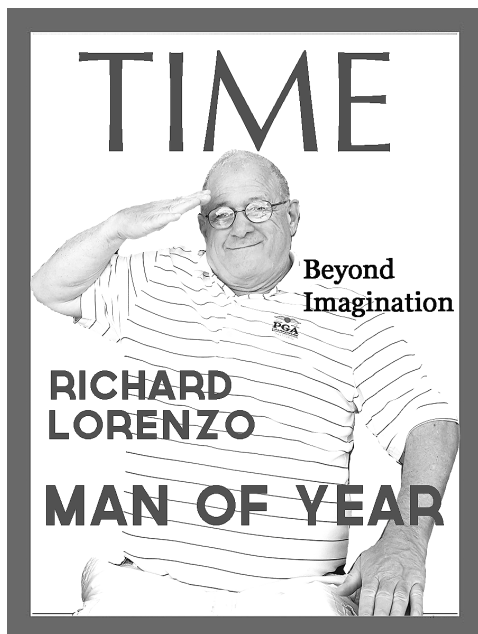
On May 5, 1979, Jimmy Carter was president. We were listening to "Reunited" by Peaches and Herb, and it was sunny and windy with highs in the 60s in New York City.

It was that date 40 years ago that I did my first weathercast on WCBS Newsradio88. Then News Director Lou Adler said he initially chose me because I knew the difference between "schmutz," "schmaltz," and "spritz." That morning, the legendary Gary Maurer introduced me at 6:06 am. The alternating hour anchor was the late Ralph Howard; producers were Jim B Morris and the late Allegra Branson. That afternoon, Robert Vaughn and Bill Fahan were my anchors—immense talents both of whom died in the last few years.

In addition to Lou, my thanks to the many WCBS managers who were kind enough to let me stay under the radar: Chris Witting, Rob Sunde, Lou Giserman, Bernard Gershon, Frank Raphael, Tony Gatto, Harvey Nagler, Crys Quimby, Robert Sanchez, Steve Swenson, Alex Silverman, Jonathan Clark, and our current Director of News and Programming Tim Scheld.

Some years ago, then-GM Steve Swenson declared, "WCBS is not just a radio station, it's a family." Indeed, it's been my second family for four decades!

LORENZO CITED BY ONCE READ MAGAZINE



Trump (inside his Presidential Library):
"Read this damned book. Because I never will."

excerpt from MAN WITH TWO FACES

by Don Swaim

Manhattan glowed with skyscrapers and light, marble-floored hotels trimmed with bronze, museums filled with statuary and Old Masters, foie gras and lobster overflowing at the priciest restaurants, while in Central Park the remnants of Hooverville and its jerry-rigged shacks of the unemployed were still being demolished to make way for the new Great Lawn.

The Depression hurt. The newspapers told us so. But now, at least, we could drown our troubles in untamed abandon thanks to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Unless you sold apples or pencils on the street or lived in the Dust Bowl, it was the age of romance: Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Lombard—Busby Berkeley.

The era was all about speed. Only the headlines were slow.

We may have been in a dire depression, but the Illinois Central's all-steel Panama Limited was about class: upper class.

America flashed by: Shreveport, Monroe, Jackson, Memphis, St. Louis, Carbondale.

Inside, I dined and slept in luxury, while outside the landscape was littered with boarded foreclosed homes, junked cars, old tires, abandoned refrigerators, and furtive men walking the rails to nowhere. The nation was full of rot and ruin, and I wondered about the fate of our children, such as some baby born in this year of 1936 at, say, Wesley Memorial Hospital in Wichita, Kansas.

I wandered through the World's Fair, all flowers and fountains and marchers and musicians, sprawling over a three-mile expanse. It would take days to see it all.

The decade had been one of unrelenting gloom, from the dust storms in the heartland to the grim shadows cast by skyscrapers onto pitiless city streets. Photography emerged in varying shades of gray, often like storm clouds, ranging from stark to somber, such as Dorothea Lang's images of haunted, migrant faces and the FBI's most-wanted posters. Even Busby Berkeley's screen spectacles were shot in black and white, lacking a certain dimension in their superficial buoyancy.

But the World's Fair was a never-ending sunburst of color and light and motion and free Coca-Cola. Deliberately, the fair ignored the past, as well as the families on relief, the sick, the hungry, the abused, societal victims for whom no one claimed an iota of responsibility. The future was all: hope, promise, the bountiful. It promulgated the era's sensation of speed, of streamliners hurtling to anywhere, and airplanes soaring into the sun.

Published by Montag Press. Available from Amazon.com