

My first memory of “the news” was sitting at the dinner table, listening to the Republican Convention nominate Ike in 1952. I know I didn’t read it in the newspaper because I didn’t start reading until 4th grade. My prodigious math ability was on display before kindergarten, but the part of my brain devoted to reading didn’t develop until later.

We lived in Riverside and my parents had The Press delivered to the house. The Press was the evening paper; the same company published The Enterprise every morning. Two things I remember about The Press. It printed Dear Abby and Ann Landers in parallel columns on Page Two. This was revolutionary as most papers took sides in the battle of the twin advice columnists and only printed one. I would fold Page 1, fold the paper, and read them. Devoutly reading advice columns may have sown the seeds for my later becoming a therapist. The primary reason I raced out to get The Press was the cute paperboy. His name was Dick Schmidt, but his handsome face reflected his mother’s Mexican heritage. The paper route was passed down to all three Schmidt brothers. They became my friends, but I only had a crush on Dick.

Following The Press came the San Bernardino Sun and the San Gabriel Valley Tribune. My first encounter with competitive journalism was when we moved to Fountain Valley in 1971. I subscribed to the OC Register. It provided superb coverage of Orange County, proud home of the John Birch Society, and little else. I subscribed to the Los Angeles Times for coverage of the world outside Orange County. The Times covered Cal State Long Beach sports; OC Register covered Cal State Fullerton sports. There wasn’t much coverage of UCI sports in the early days. The Anteaters played like anteaters. Maybe The Anteaters could beat The Banana Slugs, but they were not in the same league.

In 1978 I moved into the dorm at NYU School of Law. My roommate introduced me to the Sunday New York Times. We joined native New Yorkers, standing in line at 9 p.m. on Saturday night, to buy the Sunday Times at the nearest newsstand for \$2. We then lounged around the dorm all day Sunday reading The Times. That was our day of rest from studying.

We moved to Urbana-Champaign IL in 1981. Two cities, boundaries entwined, surrounded by farmland. University of Illinois had progressed far from its history as an ag school, but agriculture was the primary local industry. The biggest advertiser on all four TV

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