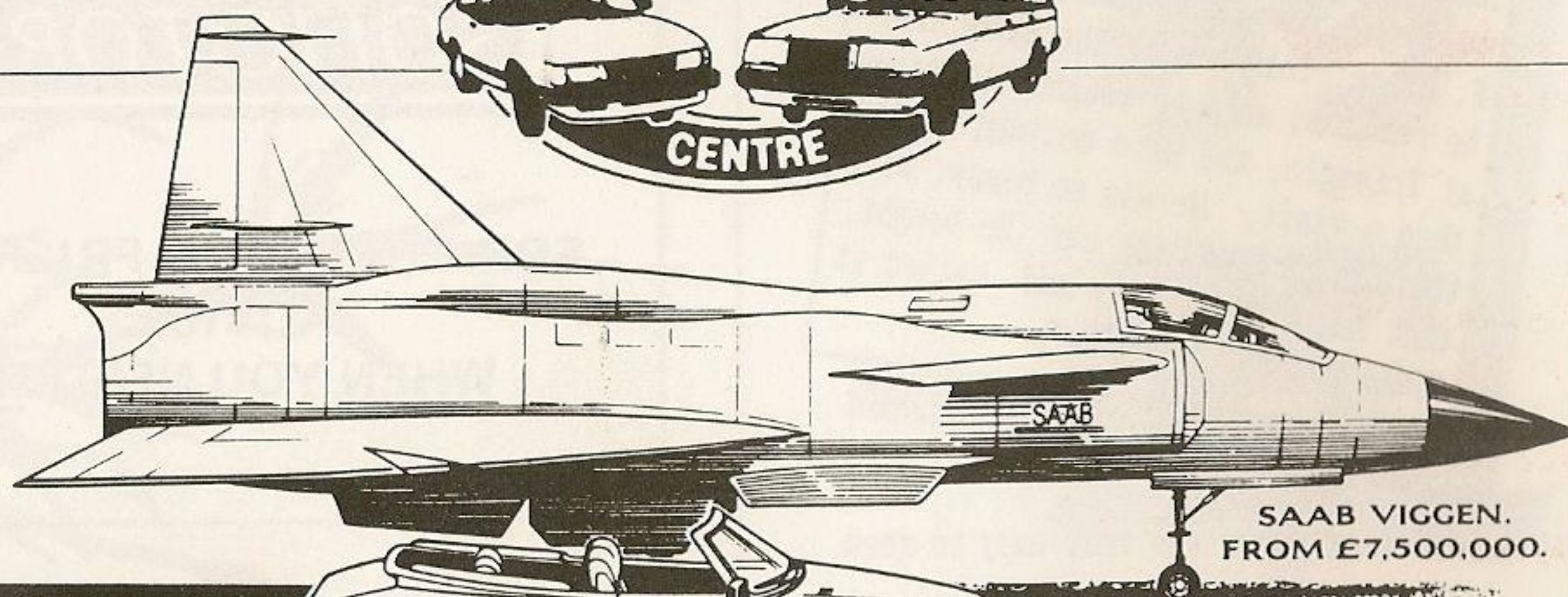


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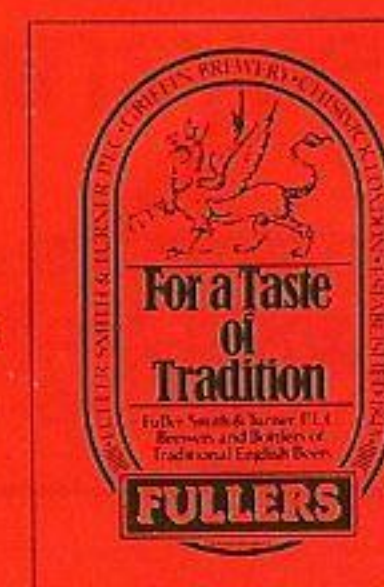


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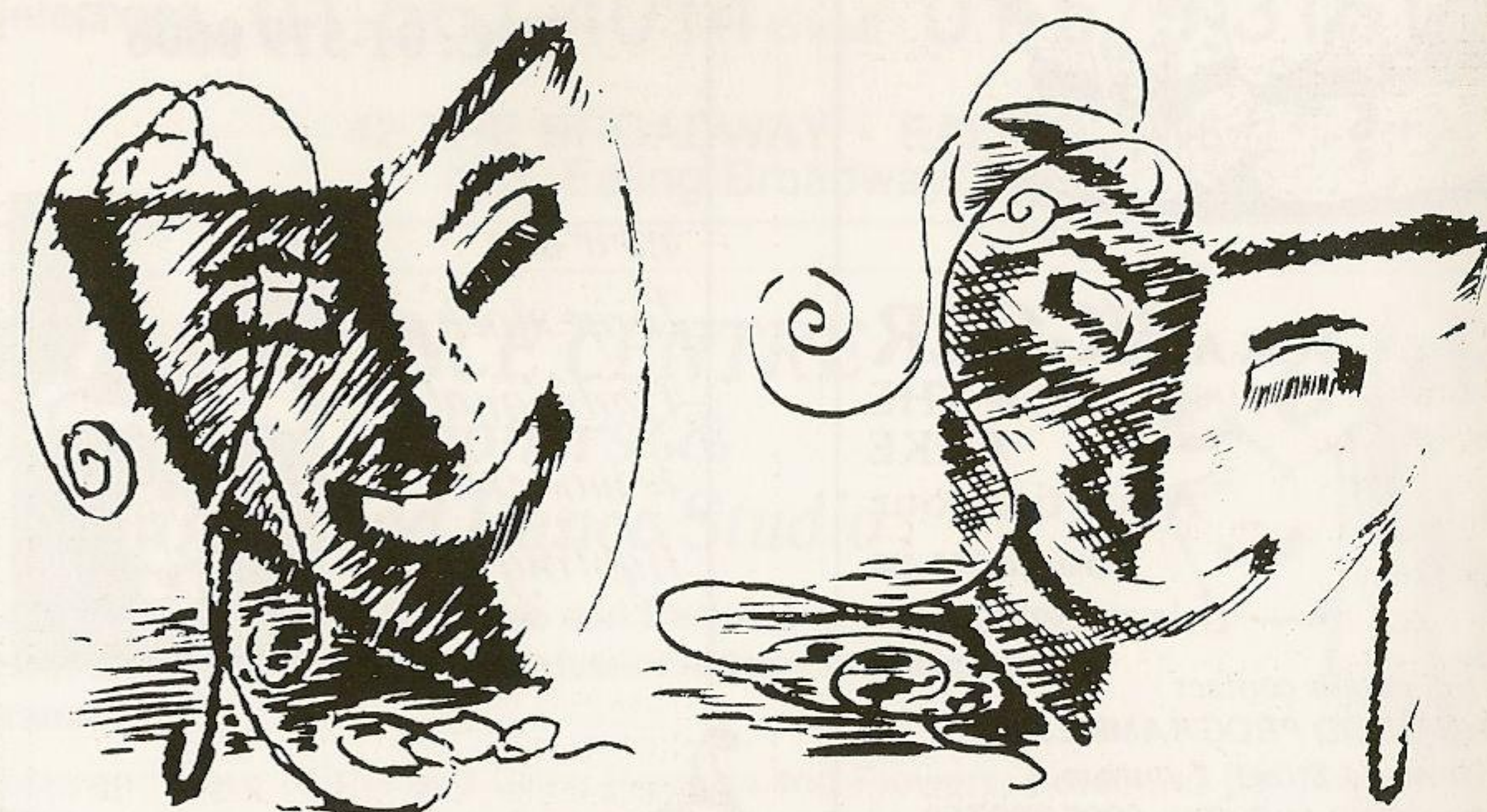
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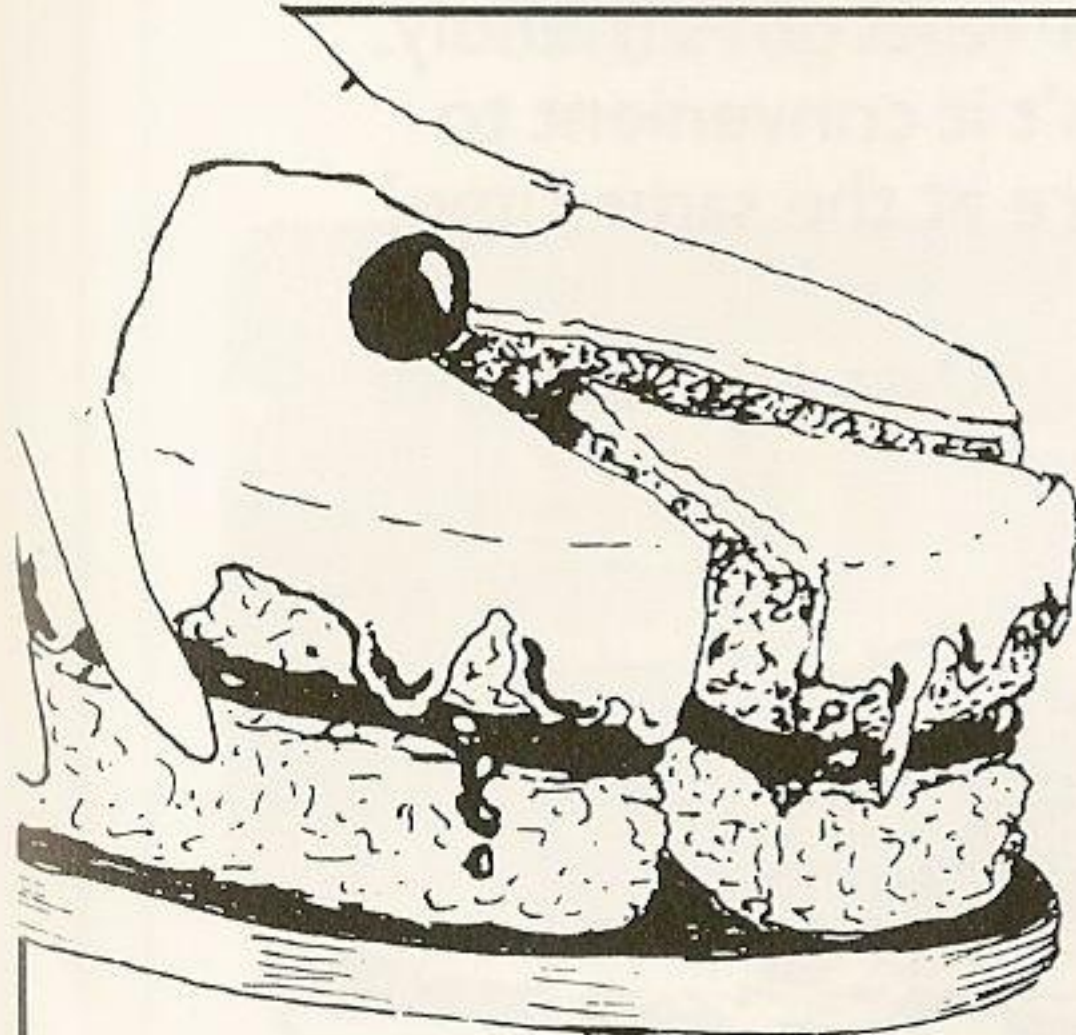
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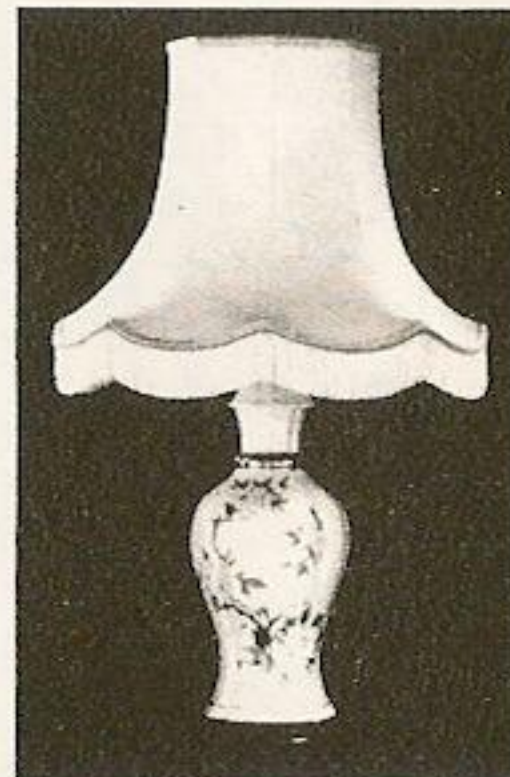
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HILDY JOHNSON

My son looked up from his reading of "The Front Page" to ask: "Dad, was there ever a real Hildy Johnson?"

It hadn't occurred to me that some who read or saw the great comedy by Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht might not know.

Hildy was real. He worked in this office. (From its performance, I sometimes think he worked at this very typewriter.) He died at 42. Those of Hildy's adventures recorded by Hecht and MacArthur did not begin to exhaust the available supply of Hildyana. I offer addenda.

Born in Sweden, Hildy was a copyboy at 15, and in the next 27 years grew in ability till he ranked with the alltime greats in this business.

Hildy seldom turned down a drink, never took a crooked dollar, and thought the title "reporter" as close to nobility as an American can get. He was blue-eyed, and so slight of stature that he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. But he had heart. He'd tackle Dempsey.

And he could feud. State's Attorney Bob Crowe suffered for years at Hildy's hands. Every morning he baited Crowe with accusations. Crowe was a tough Irishman. In anger he had Hildy locked out of his office. Hildy raised his walking stick, smashed the glass in the door, and entered to continue his accusations.

Hildy was a natty dresser, had an old-fashioned courtesy with ladies of whatever class, was kind in showing young reporters the ropes. But he was merciless in scooping a competitor.

Once newspaper readers were treated to an unusual sight on the city's news-stands. The story of the day dealt with the jury's verdict in a murder case. The Trib headline read: "NOT GUILTY." Hildy's paper correctly reported: "GUILTY — 14 YEARS". Hildy had framed a rival.

The jury was to deliver a sealed verdict and remained locked up until morning. When the jury left its room, Hildy entered and pawed through the waste-basket. He dug out some printed voting forms which had been distributed to the jury. Each represented a possible verdict. Hildy observed there was none for "Manslaughter." He correctly deduced that this had been the verdict.

Before leaving the room, Hildy framed the Trib reporter. He put all the forms back in the basket except one, which read "Not Guilty". This he pocketed.

Sure enough, the Trib man sneaked in, searched the waste-basket, observed that the "Not Guilty" form was missing, and rushed to the wrong conclusion.

Once a local murderer achieved so much notoriety that it was thought his death-cell memoirs could sell papers. He wrote them, and was to get \$200. On the morning the man was to be executed, Hildy was given the money to deliver to the short-lived author. He took it to the death cell.

There Hildy fell into conversation with the doomed man. One thing led to another and they played gin rummy. Hildy won the poor soul's \$200.

That night the murderer was led to the electric chair in the presence of the clergy, officialdom and press. As is the custom, he was asked if he had any final words. He had. With fire in his eye, he said:

"Don't play rummy with Hildy Johnson. I think he cheats."

GEORGE MURRAY

CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER

CHICAGO'S GREATEST NEWSPAPERMAN

BY BEN HECHT

His name was Walter Howey. Back from service, in World War One, Charles MacArthur enrolled under his editorship on the *Herald and Examiner*.

We wrote the Damon and Pythias love affair of Howey and MacArthur in *The Front Page* but we watered it down. The Howey and MacArthur of the *Examiner* office in 1919 would have made too eerie a tale for any theater. I'll try to put Walter down on paper again, but without Charlie handy to call the shots it will be an insufficient piece.

Howey looked like a small-town merchant. He cooed like a dove, smiled like a wide-eyed sightseer in from the sticks. He wore a polka-dot bow tie, neat linen and a pressed suit. His shoes were shined like any bank teller's. His blondish hair was always politely combed. Outside the fact that his left eye was disabled (the gossips had it he had fallen into a drunken stupor while sitting at his desk and impaled the eye on a copy spike) — outside this unfuntioning optic you couldn't have imagined a less fierce-looking character than Howey. He even smelled of cologne.

Yes, Mr. Howey, God rest his wild bones, had a soft, benevolent look and air, voice and manner. But the Assyrians menacing Sinai were casual folk beside him. He could plot like Cesare Borgia and strike like Genghis Khan. The hearts of people were his nightingales. I have saved his basic characteristic for the last: he could fortell the future. There's an editor for you.

It's impossible for me, even at this distant day, to write with true affection of Howey, as MacArthur could. MacArthur was his cohort. I was on the other side, bedevilled for thirteen years by the existence of an unscrupulous master mind on a rival paper.

I would see the man purring in a barroom and feel the hair on the back of my neck rise. And I would enter the state offices in quest of legitimate information on an upcoming murder trial and learn that the whole staff were speaking to nobody — except Mr. Howey's representative, usually MacArthur.

This was because Mr. Howey had a high state official's resignation in his *Examiner* desk, ready to publish at the moment the official disobeyed him. He had caught him redhanded in some foul business and blackmailed the resignation out of him. Thereafter, this powerful public official was a Howey pawn.

Mr. Howey had half a dozen other such resignations in his desk. In more bitter moments I used to look on nearly every cop and office holder as Howey myrmidons held in thrall by his basilisk eye.

Go love a man like that — on the other side.

Walter Crawford Howey died in a Boston hospital in 1955. I'll let Charlie write his obit, as it appeared in *Saga* magazine:

"In 1928 Ben Hecht and I wrote *The Front Page*, a play about newspaper life in which a principal character was an editor who stopped at nothing to get a story. In the last act he gave his star reporter a watch inscribed: 'To the best newspaperman I know', and then he arrested him for stealing it.

"This was not a double-cross so much as the desperate act of Damon refusing to part with Pythias.

"So when Howey was hit by an automobile a few months ago and lay in a Boston hospital with a broken back and ten fractured ribs, near dying, I took him a watch bearing the same inscription.

Ill winds had blown over his heart. His young wife had died of shock a few days before, while he was still in a coma. There seemed nothing left to live for. But he was as scrappy as a cougar in his plaster cast, and his face seemed younger than ever. Already telephone linemen were getting a direct connection through to his paper. He talked all afternoon of his future plans. But his adored wife must have whispered something to him in his sleep, for in the morning he was gone.

"All I know is: journalism will never see his like again".

CARSON'S EPOCHAL SCOOPS REVEALED

by Charles MacArthur
Noted Writer and Co-Author of
"The Front Page"

Frank Carson was already a legend when I went to work for the old *Chicago Examiner* in 1915. And the only legendary figure who ever surpassed my expectations. He was the newspaperman's dream of a city editor — hatchet man with a heart of gold. There was literally nothing he would not do for his newspaper, and there was nothing his staff would not do for him.

Our paths met after the last war when he came to the *Herald and Examiner*. I thought I'd seen some things in the war, but I soon learned that the American Expeditionary Force was just a prep school for life with Frank.

On one occasion riot guns, fired outside the State Street police station, decoyed the unsuspecting constabulary outside while Frank rifled the station safe for a diary relating the events leading up to a spectacular murder and suicide. The diary ran serially in the *Herald and Examiner* for a month thereafter, while rival editors tore their hair and Coroner Hoffman postponed the inquest again and again until Frank had completed publication of all the evidence.

These and other noble events of Frank's stewardship of the paper seem lawless in 1941, but Chicago was a frontier town in the bootlegging '20's and frontier journalism prevailed. Incidentally, I'll bet my hat that Chicago misses the kind of journalism Frank Carson put out in those lively times.

TRAPPED IN VAULT

A downstate sheriff once telephoned the paper to report that the cashier of the town's one bank was locked in a time vault with enough air to last him for five hours. The vault was new and of a material that resisted oxy-acetylene torches, the only equipment available for miles around.

It was then 2 o'clock in the morning. Within ten minutes Frank had awakened the president of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Had relayed his orders to make up a special train, had awakened the warden of Joliet penitentiary and obtained his promise that an expert safe-cracker would be waiting at the penitentiary gates when the train came by.

Forty minutes after the sheriff's telephone call the special train was rolling, with green lights all the way. Of course there were a few camera men and reporters aboard, but Frank was an editor too.

He was quite annoyed with the cashier when it turned out that he had merely absconded, leaving his coat and hat outside the vault to cool the trail. But the night's work didn't impart any cynicism to Frank's big heart. Nothing could have done that.

ACHIEVED IMPOSSIBLE

Then there was the time he wanted to beat the town with pictures of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. In those days the only service was by rail, and the fastest train would have brought the pictures to Chicago too late for the last edition. Confronted by the impossible, Frank achieved it as usual.

Air mail was in its infancy, but the press had recently lauded the first night flight undertaken by the famous Jack Knight. To Frank this made the problem simple: Get Knight.

But the only person who could order Knight to fly newspaper photographs was the President of the United States, Warren G. Harding. Frank rummaged in his files and came up with Harding's list of instructions to the staff of the newspaper he ran in Marion, Ohio. It dripped clammy sweetness on the president's editorial underlings. Frank set this sticky sentiment up in the bold type he customarily reserved for triple hangings.

The character of Walter Burns was based on an amalgam of Frank Carson and Walter Howley.

MARCH 25, 1931

COURTS AND PRESS HONOR HILDY JOHNSON

RECORD GATHERING AT FUNERAL OF REPORTER

J. Hilding, Johnson, veteran criminal courts reporter of the *Herald and Examiner*, was buried yesterday.

A host of old-time newspaper men of the city — those who grew up in the business with Hildy — as well as a throng of the younger reporters, were there. "More old-time reporters than I ever saw together at one time", remarked one veteran of twenty years in Chicago journalism.

The criminal courts building was closed for the afternoon, and a large crowd of employees of the building — those who had known and loved Hildy — were present to pay their last tribute.

OFFICIALS ATTEND

Among them were Chief Justice John J. McGoorty, Judge Joseph Sabath, Assistant State's Attorney C. Wayland Brooks and a host of other judges and attorneys, Helen Hayes, famous actress now appearing at a Loop theater and wife of Charles MacArthur, whose play "The Front Page" depicts Hildy as its hero, was also present.

One of Hildy's former colleagues writes:

"So Front Page Hildy is gone. He passed away in the prime of manhood just over forty years old. But he was an old-timer anyway, a regular from the old guard. His game was everything to him. "Get the news" was his religion. Whenever we gather to talk shop, it is only just to remember the boys who gave their lives to journalism and added drama and romance to its name. Front Page Hildy will always be remembered by his pals.

JUST ANOTHER STORY

"On Saturday afternoons, when the last edition has gone to press and some of the boys are playing cards, the conversation will always turn to Hildy. The eyes of the regulars will turn to the chair where he worked, and they will smile. Hildy always took life with a smile. His pals continue in this spirit.

"He did his duty, he covered his beat, but now he is just another story. Hildy Johnson is gone, someone else has taken his place, and the presses don't stop.

"As they say: 'It's all in the game'."

MARCH 20, 1941 DEATH OF FRONT PAGE CARSON

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY

Journalism of a new kind, the kind best known to the general public through "The Front Page" by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, lost its most famous exponent when Frank Wesley Carson died yesterday in Tucson, Arizona. The character of Walter Burns in the Hecht-McArthur hit was an amalgam of Carson and his boss at the *Herald and Examiner*, Walter Howley.

Carson was more than the leading exponent of this new kind of journalism. He was its inventor. He was the creator of its greatest triumphs. He was the inspirer of its ablest practitioners. He was the founder of the informal "school" in which its spectacular and dramatic technique was learned by his devoted pupils, who afterwards spread it across the country.

ASTONISHING SCOOPS

And for years the home of that "school" was the office from which the *Chicago Herald-American* is now published — then the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* in those days — the 1920's — the astonishing scoops which were obtained through the genius and daring of Carson would have been more amazing still if they had included "the story behind the story".

J.A. Molloy, managing editor of the *Herald-American*, who was for years a close friend of Carson, said of him last night:

"Carson was the greatest city editor I ever worked for. He seemed to possess a sixth sense. There was something clairvoyant in the way he placed his men. A reporter was usually standing right in front of a big story when Carson was directing things in the office. Carson symbolized newspaper work in the early 20's when every story was a production — a melodrama."



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The Questors Studio production promises to be a fast-moving and exciting new approach to this classic play, emphasizing the comedy as well as the tragedy in this ever popular story.

Directed by: Steve Fitzpatrick

Assistand Director: Christine Garland

Designed by: Julian Dowson

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Performance: 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 July at 7.45pm

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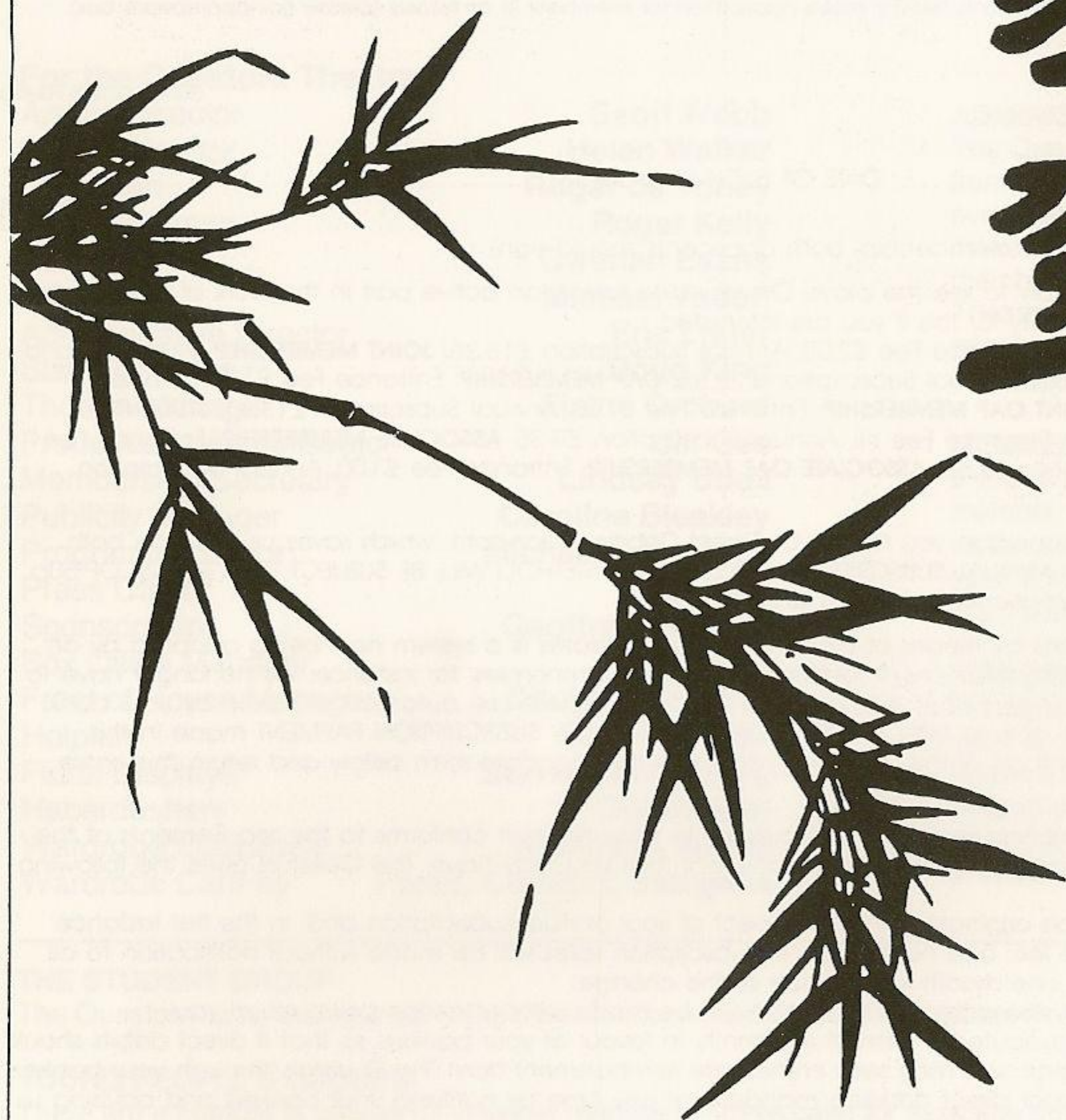
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