*Media History and the Welsh Connection: A Personal Memoir**

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My personal journey on the way to forty years in the media starts in the Vale of Neath, Glamorgan. My wife and I both come from Glynneath, which was once a mining village at the head of the River Neath. The Vale of Neath is a textbook example of a glaciated U-shaped valley, where the glaciers of the Ice Age scooped out a classic, beautiful U-shaped valley. Neath derives its name from the Roman stronghold *Nidum*, linked to the north by a spectacular mountain-top Roman road called Sarn Helen, named after the wife of a Roman governor. Into the River Neath, from the plunging limestone gorges of the Brecon Beacons with their elaborate caving systems, a network of fast-flowing streams tumbles down through two thousand feet, hurtling over breathtaking waterfalls into the River Neath. The young painter, J. M. W. Turner, made drawings of some of the waterfalls. Tributaries like the Nedd Fechan, the Pyrddin, the Hepste, the Mellte and the Sychryd, which flows past the towering rock face called Craig y Dinas, make the whole area a tourist attraction.

There used to be about twenty mines in the Vale of Neath. Not for us the pithead winding towers of the Rhondda and the Eastern Valleys. These were slant mines, levels tunnelled into the valley sides to access the rich anthracite coal seams. The anthracite from the Vale of Neath coal-powered the boilers of the Royal Navy's imperial dreadnoughts when they ruled the waves.

The goal for young people at that time was to get to Neath Grammar School, consisting of separate schools for girls and boys, ten miles away down the valley. As a measure of a Welsh mining village's aspirations, consider the passengers on the Western Welsh school bus from Glynneath, bound for Neath Grammar School in the year 1943. One became the Deputy Chairman of the Post Office, one became Honorary Physician to the Queen, one became a consultant surgeon in the Midlands, one became an engineering lecturer at Swansea University, one became Medical Officer to Cardiff Rugby Club, one became Head of Drama at BBC Wales, yours truly became Chairman of ITN, and one became the Goldsmith Professor of English Literature at Oxford University and an authority on sixteenth-century poetry. And not least, also on the bus, one became my wife – same wife, by the way. We were the Valley Boys, and Valley Boys had a certain cachet. There was always a good excuse for being late for School Assembly. 'Sorry we're late, sir... landslide at Resolven...'

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When I reflect on those days in Wales and what bearing they had on my journalistic career, I think the abiding impression I have is that the Welsh were motivated by curiosity and wonder, interest in people and enthusiasm. We were interested in what went on in our valley – but not much interested in the next valley, which had a 2000-foot mountain in between. Every family had a connection with some far-off land of promise through the big emigrations of the late 1870s, '80s and '90s. Of my wife's family in Glynneath, six emigrated in the 1880s – to Madras (as a missionary), to South Africa (to work for De Beers) and four to Pennsylvania. And a whole generation of young men had been introduced to the delights of foreign travel from long spells spent in the Valley of the Somme in France, and an earthy intimacy with the canal system around Ypres in Belgium. So we were curious about our own patch and, after that, interested in Distant Lands Forlorn. Perhaps there is a term for that: 'parochial globalism.'

I remember as a child spending holidays with my grandparents at their farm in Pembrokeshire. They had no newspapers. All the local news came from people dropping by, sitting around the fire, listening to stories about people – and always in Welsh. 'Mae'r buwch yn Ysgubor Wen wedi cael eu lladd gan oleuni' (a cow on a neighbouring farm has been killed by lightning): a local economic story almost comparable to the collapse of Enron. In 1939 my father gave my grandparents a radio. It was only allowed to be on for the BBC nine o'clock news to follow the war; any other programme would have been a profligate use of expensive battery juice. I followed the course of the Battle of Britain on that small portable.

Wales provided the British media with two of the most influential dynasties in mass communication, the Berrys and the Cudlipps. The first were Seymour, William and Gomer Berry, of Merthyr Tydfil, whose father, Alderman John Mathias Berry, JP, was from Camrose in Pembrokeshire. He became mayor of Merthyr in 1912; perhaps king of Merthyr would be a better term. All three brothers became peers, one a viscount, and they all became millionaires. The brothers remained close and were generous benefactors to various causes in Merthyr.

William, who was to become Viscount Camrose, was born in 1879. At the age of fourteen he joined *The Merthyr Times*, which at that time combined in its masthead the lesser titles of *The Dowlais Times, and Aberdare, Pontypridd, Rhondda Valley, Tredegar, Brynmawr and Western Valley Echo.* He served his years before the mast in Merthyr, reporting the police courts, hospitals and other local news. At the age of nineteen, William left for London and joined the *Investors Guardian* for thirty-five shillings a week. In 1901, he foresaw the importance of advertising and launched a weekly, *Advertising World.* It was a success and he summoned Gomer, four years his junior, to join him. William was the quintessential journalist; Gomer, later to be Lord Kemsley, was essentially a businessman in charge of finances and advertising. So close was their mutual trust that for the next thirty-five years they had a joint bank account on which either might draw without consulting the other.

In 1905, at the age of twenty-six, William married Mary Corns, known as Molly – an amazing achiever. With no formal schooling, when she came of age, she used a small legacy from a godmother and, against parental opposition, put herself into Radcliffe, the women's college attached to Harvard. The marriage was said to be 'almost telepathic.'

William's biographer said that by 1927 William had lost his Welsh accent, apart from a lilt that came back during moments of excitement. He never took an important decision without Molly's advice. The marriage produced four sons and four daughters and, as William's biographer wrote: 'All four boys were put down for Eton as though the family had been members of the aristocracy for generations.' William was by nature conservative but he was reluctant to get involved in party politics.

In 1915, William, now thirty-six, bought the *Sunday Times*. He took personal control of every part of the paper. In 1919, William and Gomer bought the *Financial Times* and next year the *Daily Graphic*. In 1921, William became a baronet. The Berry brothers were attracting widespread attention. In an interesting memo written in 1919, the press officer to the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, rated them as 'men to be reckoned with seriously,' who intended to rival Lord Northcliffe, of the Daily Mail Group. The memo added: 'With a little effort, I am sure we can keep them substantially in hand.' In December 1927 came the great coup. They acquired the *Daily Telegraph* for £1.2 million. It was a run-down paper, with a circulation of 84,000, and William was to become Editor-in-Chief.

Now tragedy struck the family. Seymour had remained a coal-and-steel businessman in south Wales and had been made Lord Buckland of Bwlch, in the county of Brecon, for 'public, political and philanthropic services.' In 1928 he was killed in a riding accident on his estate. In March 1929, at lunch with the chairman of the Unionist Party, William asked sheepishly: now that his brother was dead, would it be possible for him to be considered for a peerage? In June 1929, the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, made William Baron Camrose of Long Cross: Camrose in Pembrokeshire, from whence the Berrys had come, and Long Cross, after his Surrey home.

Camrose reduced the price of the *Telegraph* to a penny. It was putting on circulation by 50,000 a year. The cornerstone of the whole project was: news, news, news. Camrose introduced novelties: travel articles by his friend, Winston Churchill, and the serialization of books. In 1936, it did very well during the abdication crisis. Camrose was a good friend of Prime Minister Baldwin and the *Telegraph* was kept in the picture on all major developments. It was widely thought that it was the *Telegraph*, and not the *Times*, which emerged with credit from reporting the abdication.

In 1937 there were two major developments. William and his brother Gomer dissolved their partnership – on perfectly good terms. Camrose retained the *Daily Telegraph*, *Financial Times*, and Amalgamated Press (an empire of periodicals). Gomer, Lord Kemsley, had Allied Newspapers, which included *The Sunday Times* and eighteen newspapers, including five nationals.

As the menace of Nazism loomed, Camrose found his loyalties divided. He was a friend and admirer of Neville Chamberlain and he was close to Churchill. At an early stage, Camrose took a positive stand against Hitler and the rise of Fascism. This was in sharp contrast to his two rivals – Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* and *The Times*, whose editor, Geoffrey Dawson, pandered to the Nazis in what one historian has described as one of the most lamentable episodes in the paper's history. Camrose moved the *Telegraph* away from Chamberlain and called for the return of Churchill to the Cabinet. In 1941 Camrose was made a Viscount.

At the end of the war he wanted to see Churchill win the election but he was not optimistic. He sold *The Financial Times* because he was afraid that a Labour victory would mean the end of financial journalism; indeed, perhaps the end of the capitalist system. With Churchill out of office, and reportedly hard up, Camrose proposed to a group of friends that they buy Churchill's country home, Chartwell, in Kent, so that he could live in it until his death, when it would pass to the National Trust. It is said that the money was pledged within three minutes of Camrose's proposal.

In 1946 Camrose and his wife sailed, ostensibly on holiday, to America on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Elizabeth* after her demob as a wartime troopship. In the Plaza Hotel overlooking Central Park, Camrose pulled off a sensational deal – he sold the rights of Churchill's account of World War II to Henry Luce of *Time* magazine for over a million dollars. For Churchill it meant five shillings a word. In May 1947, the *Telegraph* broke the one million circulation barrier. Camrose died in 1954. His biographer said: 'News was Camrose's passion and he made it the paper's greatest strength.'

I have to say that the Camrose insistence on news, news, news, tightly edited and with impartiality in its news pages, was a philosophy that appealed to me. I joined the *Daily Telegraph* from *The Yorkshire Post* in 1957 and was there for three years. I greatly valued my time at the *Telegraph* because of what I learned about the craft of journalism. At that time we produced newspapers of six or eight pages, limited because of newsprint rationing. As a sub-editor, the *Telegraph Style Book* was my bible. Every paragraph had to have two or three sentences, never one. It was tight editing: you squeezed out inessential words like a sponge. It was good training for later in my career, when one fought for every second of precious air-time. The *Style Book* stipulated that if you mentioned a figure in dollars, you had to put the sterling equivalent in brackets. There is a famous account of how, in the 1950s, Elizabeth Taylor arrived at London Airport and was asked how she felt. The headline was: 'I feel like a million dollars - brackets £357,000.' I am not sure whether I wrote that headline.

It was a tough sub-editors' room. Chief subs bawled out underlings like a Guards-depot drill sergeant. It was not conducive to promoting flair or enthusiasm or team spirit – qualities which I found were so important to foster in broadcast teams in my thirty-one years in television news. In 1960, I left the

Telegraph to join ITN (Independent Television News) as a sub-editor/scriptwriter.

Another remarkable Welsh dynasty in the media were the Cudlipps. Born in Cathays, Cardiff, there were three brothers, all of whom were to become Fleet Street editors: Percy, editor of *The Daily Herald*, Reg, editor of *The News of the World* and Hugh, editor of *The Daily Mirror*, and (perhaps an even more influential position) editorial director of *The Daily Mirror* and *The Sunday Pictorial*. Their father was a commercial traveller in eggs and bacon. Hugh started on *The Penarth News* at five shillings a week. The only other person on the paper was the editor, who was also the proprietor.

I once heard Hugh tell a story about how the Dinas Powys Choral Society were to give a rendering of Handel's *Messiah*. His editor wanted three thousand words on the event. Hugh's report began: 'It is not known whether Handel ever visited Dinas Powys... but he was there in spirit last night.' And then he printed the names and addresses, including the house names, of the entire choir. The paper sold like hot cakes. His editor was delighted; he called Hugh in and said, 'How much are we paying you now?' Hugh thought: this was one of those fabled stories of how a reporter who has pulled off a scoop gets his salary doubled. 'Five shillings, sir,' said Hugh. The editor pondered for a bit and said: 'I'm glad...I'm glad.' Cudlipp later said he learned a vital journalistic lesson: people love seeing their names in the paper.

While still in his twenties, Hugh became editor of *The Sunday Pictorial*, stablemate of the *Mirror*. It was there that he formed an alliance, which was to be the most important development in his life, with Cecil Harmsworth King, an aloof Wykehamist, who once said of himself: 'I have a greater gift of foresight than anyone I have ever met.'

For Hugh, politics were a consuming passion. In one of his books, there is a revealing passage in which he said that to some editors, the principal purpose of a newspaper was to be first with a big story. "I felt that to be first with news was a drug. What newspapers were about to me was controversy. Stimulating thought. Destroying the taboos. Taking on complicated subjects like economics and national health and explaining them in language all could understand...it meant presenting the news and views in a sensational manner in the new days of mass readership and democratic responsibility."

Sensationalism did not mean distorting the truth. It meant big headlines, vigorous writing, a greater use of pictures. On the fiftieth anniversary of the *Mirror*, then with the world's biggest circulation, Cudlipp wrote:

> Millions cherish that tabloid journal, regard it as their daily Bible: others loathe it, curse it as the modern works of Satan. It has been threatened with suppression by Parliament, denounced by prelates, and one of its editors was obliged to sew mailbags in Brixton Prison for contempt of court. It has also done a great deal of good, exerted much influence and bedevilled its rivals.

In the late 1960s the alchemy between Cudlipp and Cecil King began to go wrong. King became hugely disillusioned with the Wilson government. He put forward the idea that Earl Mountbatten should be ready to take over the government after what King thought would be the inevitable military overthrow of the Wilson administration. This lunacy ended in King being deposed by his Board and Cudlipp succeeding him as Chairman.

I have a vivid recollection of this amazing episode. I was having lunch at my desk in ITN in Kingsway. The ITN news editor, a Welshman, formerly at Harlech Television, came in and said he had just taken a call from Cecil King to say he had been fired by his Board and he was coming round to ITN to be interviewed. We thought it was a hoax. As a check, my colleague called back to the *Mirror* building and got through to King himself: it was King all right. There was horse racing on ITV that afternoon, and we broke in with a newsflash to give the news that Cecil King had been fired. I had friends in the *Mirror* newsroom who saw the newsflash and nearly had collective heart attacks. That is how they got to know their Chairman had been fired, marking the end of one of the most influential and dynamic partnerships in Fleet Street.

I have a signed copy of Hugh Cudlipp's last book, *Walking on the Water.* My last anecdote about him was after he retired. I was talking to him in the Garrick Club and a member came up to him and said: 'Hugh, did you ever rob the Mirror pension fund like Robert Maxwell did?' Hugh said: 'No, dammit, we never thought of it.'

If the Berry Brothers were giants of Fleet Street, there was another Welshman who was similarly worthy of the title but in a different role. Sir Trevor Evans worked on *The Daily Express* for forty years as industrial correspondent – at a time when the *Express* was under its great editor, Arthur Christiansen. Trevor Evans was the son of a policeman in Abertridwr who was knocked down and killed while on duty during a fog. Born in 1902, Trevor worked in the pits for four years. During the 1921 strike he studied for a London matriculation and got a job as a teacher. He reported local events for *The Glamorgan Free Press* and later *The South Wales News.* An editor told him he could write and gave him a job. Trevor was a popular, affable man. Professional toastmasters twice rated him the wittiest after-dinner speaker in London. He was noted for his greeting: 'How are you, dear boy?' which rendered him at ease in the company of Conservatives, Communists or radical extremists. He was believed to be the first working journalist to be made a director of a national newspaper. Lord Beaverbrook appointed him to the Board of Express newspapers. He was made CBE and in 1967 was knighted for his services to journalism. He is credited with being the man who brought together two brilliant talents, who were to play such a vital part in Britain's war effort, Ernest Bevin and Lord Beaverbrook. *The Times* obituary said of Sir Trevor: 'He was in great demand as a speaker, and his mixture of wit and wisdom, plus his touch of Welsh oratory, made him one of the most popular in the country.'

When I joined *The Daily Telegraph* in 1957, an eminent Welshman who took me under his wing was Caradog Prichard. He was crowned Bard three times in succession at the National Eisteddfod and he was a novelist writing in Welsh. He was also a Fleet Street veteran: at *The News Chronicle* before the war; for a while during the war on All India Radio; and on the parliamentary desk at *The Daily Telegraph* until retirement. He was known in the *Telegraph* newsroom as Crado. He lived in a lovely house in St John's Wood, a cricket ball's throw from Lords. He had a quiet, wry sense of humour. He and his wife, Mattie, who was one of the great networkers, were colourful figures in London Welsh circles and we became good friends. They had a small flat at the top of their house and Juliet and I rented that for quite a while until we found a place of our own. It was a heady introduction to life in London, in what seemed to us then the sophisticated ambience of St John's Wood in the glorious summer of 1957. I owe Caradog a lot for his wise advice during my *Telegraph* days.

There were two other Welshmen in London who had a profound influence on television. Donald Baverstock was one. He was one of the creators of the BBC 'Tonight' programme, launched in 1957 to fill the closed period known as the Toddler's Truce, between 6.00pm and 7.00pm. 'Tonight' was groundbreaking: it made household names of Cliff Michelmore, Alan Whicker, and others.

At that time, the commanding presence in BBC Current Affairs was Grace Wyndham Goldie. I never met her, but she can best be described as the Golda Meir of BBC Current Affairs. She had an amazing knack of spotting and developing talented young men – Baverstock, Alastair Milne, Michael Peacock among others. They always spoke devotedly of Grace and were devotees of her broadcast philosophy.

Baverstock (Cardiff High School and Christ Church, Oxford, four tours with Bomber Command) unquestionably stamped a personal style on BBC current affairs. I emphasize current affairs: he was not a newsman. He had a mercurial temperament, one might even say Promethean. He offered me a job once. He said he approached editing the 'Tonight' programme by asking himself each morning as he came to work: 'What am I angry about today?' I don't think we would have got on.

I would say that Sir Huw Wheldon was one of the most influential broadcasters of his generation. He went to Friars School, Bangor, and then to the London School of Economics. He embodied all that is best in the BBC tradition of public service broadcasting. He was a consummate presenter. He pioneered television coverage of the arts in BBC's 'Monitor' programme, which he also edited. Ken Russell and John Schlesinger were given their opportunities during Wheldon's reign. An able administrator, he became Managing Director of BBC Television, the first operator from the BBC's coal face to become manager of the whole show.

Huw had been an airborne officer in World War II; he landed in a glider near the famous Pegasus Bridge in Normandy on D-Day and won the Military Cross for bravery. He was subsequently made OBE for his part in planning the Festival of Britain and for a while was Head of the Arts Council in Wales. During his reign in the immediate post-war period, he arranged for some amazing top-rank actors and musical soloists to tour the Welsh valleys with one-night performances – it could be a musical recital or a Bernard Shaw play. Indeed, my wife Juliet and I attended several of these events held in the Glynneath Miners' Welfare Hall. It was a rich feast for the culturally deprived. I remember meeting Huw at a BBC party. I was editor of ITN at the time...in my mid-fifties. 'Where exactly do you come from?' Huw asked. I told him, and said that Juliet and I had enjoyed his post-war arts tours in the Welsh valleys. He looked at me quizzically and said: 'How old are you now?' I told him. Then he said: 'What do you want to be when you grow up?'

Another major Welsh BBC figure at that time was Cliff Morgan, one of the world's nicest men. He was head of Outside Broadcasts, which is a serious armoured division, responsible for covering sporting events and state occasions and much else. Cliff also had special responsibility for liaison with Buckingham Palace, which was recognized with his being made CVO (Commander of the Royal Victorian Order), an honour in the personal gift of the Sovereign.

In the field of Welsh broadcasters in London, none has had more impact than John Humphrys. He is another forged in the furnaces of Merthyr local journalism and *The Western Mail.* When breakfast television started in the early 1980s, the smart money said that would be the end of the BBC Radio Four 'Today' programme. Not so: 'Today' continues to set the news agenda for the day, and John Humphrys has been at the heart of its influence for a long time. In the absence of what used to be known as parliamentary opposition, John deserves to be gazetted as a one-man Government Accountability Scrutineer. He reminds me of how an American producer friend described a tough interviewer on American TV. My friend said: 'He is like the sheriff, walking down the middle of the street, shooting the windows out on both sides.'

As I was starting out in journalism there were not many media opportunities in Wales. There were no graduate trainee schemes in Fleet Street; the unions opposed them. Reuter had a policy of recruiting only from Oxford and Cambridge. When I went to the University of Wales at Aberystwyth in 1948, at the age of eighteen, to read English, there were only six men who had come straight from school, including myself. All the other male students were ex-Servicemen who had been in the war. In first-year lectures, I sat next to a chap who had been a captain in Arnhem. A good friend had done a full tour as a Lancaster rear-gunner. Another friend used to turn out in a splendid greatcoat, which he had worn as a naval officer on Atlantic convoys. There will never be a generation of freshers like that again.

So when I tried to enter journalism – after National Service – I was twenty-three and had been married for a year. I ended National Service in Yorkshire. I wrote to about a hundred papers – weeklies, dailies. Two answered; one said come and see me. It was *The Wakefield Times*, owned and edited by a local printer, who was a renegade former Conservative councillor. His articles about Wakefield Trinity Rugby League team were so critical that he was banned from the ground. Then came a letter from a Welshman who, he thought, must know something about rugby, and that's how I got the job. I used to have to write eight columns a week on Wakefield Trinity as well as cover the police courts, the council meetings, road accidents, and everything else. But what I accumulated were cuttings – miles high. I went to *The Yorkshire Post* for two years and then to *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Observer* in Fleet Street.

When I joined Independent Television News in 1960, the main evening news was a pretty short, scrimpy affair. ITN started on the first night commercial television was born in Britain – September 22, 1955. What a different world of broadcast journalism existed at that time. There was the fourteen-day rule – a Government diktat which banned broadcast discussion of any issue due to be debated in parliament in the next fortnight. Before ITN there had never been any broadcast coverage of a general election campaign – not even on BBC news bulletins. 1959 was the first time any general election campaign had been covered on television and radio. When I started in ITN, we were not allowed to interview soldiers or policemen; doctors and lawyers were not allowed by their professional bodies to appear on television.

The 1960s saw a period of huge news developments, both home and foreign, issues which sharply divided public opinion. These were the new laws on abortion and homosexuality; the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, with its annual Aldermaston marches; growing student unrest throughout Europe; the Vietnam war; the civil rights movement in the United States, and the re-birth of the Northern Ireland troubles; armed uprisings in Aden and Cyprus and Algeria; the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King; the Cold War, and its grim symbol, the recently-raised Berlin Wall. And perhaps overarching all these issues was the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962, which for a week brought the world to the verge of a nuclear war. The Cuban missile crisis was a turning point in the evolution of television news in Britain. The crisis moved so quickly that newspapers were out of date by the time they were printed. Above all, it was very much a visual crisis, made for television news: aerial photographs of Cuban missile sites, pictures of missiles on the decks of freighters bound for Cuba, US mobilization on America's East Coast. Television news was no longer a derivative of the cinema newsreel. Suddenly it was broadcasting that told you whether it was safe to go to work that day. All these big stories were brought vividly to life in people's front rooms, on their television sets. And the transatlantic satellite, primitive by today's standards, was about to become a television tool. Audience research showed that in Britain and America people were saying that they increasingly relied on television as their main source of the day's news.

I became Deputy Editor of ITN in 1963. My editor was Sir Geoffrey Cox, a New Zealand Rhodes Scholar at Oxford in the 1930s. He had been a Fleet Street correspondent in the Spanish Civil War, the Russian-Finnish War, and was one of the last correspondents out of Paris when the Nazis marched in. He detested Fascism. Though he could have been a war correspondent, he thought it was his duty to fight. He became the Chief Intelligence Officer to General

Freyberg's New Zealand Division and for a while was seconded to Washington as a diplomat on President Roosevelt's Pacific Council. After the war he covered politics for *The News Chronicle*, until he became editor of ITN in 1956. He and I argued that the old fourteen-minute news bulletin was no longer an adequate vehicle to report these global issues. In America the half-hour nightly news was already working successfully on NBC and CBS. In July 1967, the ITV companies agreed to give a three-month trial to a half-hour news programme, which we called 'News at Ten'. I was the producer on the first night. It was a tense time. Frankly, careers were on the line. To everybody's amazement, the half-hour 'News at Ten' had spectacular ratings, two or three editions appearing in the weekly Top Ten. The 10.00pm transmission enabled us to trump Fleet Street, whose first editions to distant regions went to the printers around 9.00 pm. We promoted ten o'clock as an ideal time for news: the Old World about to go to bed, the New World ending its business day.

They were heady times. It may sound corny now but we had a high sense of purpose. This was a new departure in mass communication. Clearly *The Times* and *The Guardian* had their traditional readership. At the other end of the scale there were established *Sun* readers and *Mirror* readers. Here we were addressing an audience that was unprecedented in the history of mass communication, straddling a whole range of different social and class backgrounds and educational attainment, and at peak time on a television channel. We could communicate through two senses, sight and sound, in pictures and words, and we were watched in parlours and palaces. We wanted to evolve a style of journalism that could give a bit of context and background as well as just the bare facts under the constraints of the old-fashioned news bulletin. It was an opportunity for reporters and cameramen to spread their wings, breaking the constraints of the forty-five-second piece in the old-fashioned bulletin.

Around this time there used to be some rivalry between Granada Television and ITN, largely as a result of two different personalities: Sydney, Lord Bernstein, the brilliant socialist millionaire who gave Granada such a distinctive personality, and Geoffrey Cox, editor of ITN. Bernstein was quoted as saying that there are two types of journalism: the journalism of protest or the journalism of the establishment. Geoffrey Cox disagreed. He said to me: 'When I was intelligence officer to General Freyberg, my job every morning was to give the General the best possible information about the enemy dispositions in front of us. And it was HIS job to interpret that information.' And then Geoffrey added: 'David, it is our job to put the best possible information before the public and it is for them to decide what to make of it.' We report, you decide.

At about the same time I recall an ex-cabinet minister speaking to a meeting of television journalists and mentioning the requirement in the Television Act for the news to be given with accuracy and impartiality. He suggested that must be a dull doctrine for red-blooded journalists. I strongly disagreed; I was convinced that a news service which aimed to be accurate and impartial gave us our main box office appeal as we addressed a nation whose national newspapers mostly had some political alignment.

'News at Ten', I would like to think, led the market until ITV killed it off in 1999. Our guiding philosophy was 'hard news, hard news, hard news' (not unlike William Berry's mantra). We fought for every second of airtime; that is where my *Telegraph* training in tight sub-editing came in useful: we learned to write tight. Once, in the late 1980s, I asked the advertising agency Saatchi and Saatchi if they could tell me what was the total value of the 2-minutes 30-seconds commercial break in the middle of 'News at Ten'. This was at a time when each of the ITV companies inserted its own commercials. Saatchi estimated it was then a thousand pounds a second. I immediately banned newscasters and reporters from saying, 'Thank you, Sandy...Thank you, Alastair': that was two seconds of airtime – £2000! Five or six of those and you could get two more stories in.

After the 1964 general election, when the Wilson government got in by a narrow majority, it was inevitable that there would be another election inside two years – and there was one in October 1966. In the United States there was a presidential election in 1964, with Lyndon Johnson challenged by Barry Goldwater. My editor sent me to the US to study how the American networks covered election night, and I was then assigned to be the producer of the forthcoming British general election. In my thirty-one years in ITN I was the producer of six election-night programmes. It was an eye-opener to see the might and firepower of the US networks. I learned so much.

BBC and ITN had two separate cultures. BBC Television News at that time came from Alexandra Palace in North London. BBC Current Affairs came from Lime Grove, West London. If you think there is a divide between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland and between Sunnis and Shiites in Iraq, it was as nothing compared with the rivalry between BBC News and BBC Current Affairs. BBC News did the nightly fifteen-minute news bulletins, but when the big events came round – elections and other major events – the news boys were put back in their box and the big guns of Lime Grove were rolled out, Richard Dimbleby and company. Not so in America. There the nightly newscasters on the networks were the ones who did the big occasions as well. I enthusiastically embraced this concept. ITN needed to have the talent and experience to achieve this, before and behind the cameras. By now we had Alastair Burnet, who had been political editor of *The Economist*, with his well-stocked mind, and Andrew Gardner and Reginald Bosanquet, who were household names by this time. I was determined that ITN should be the producer of big special news events, in addition to the daily news, because it was important to develop and stretch other talents as well, those of reporters, producers and directors and, not least, the engineers and technicians, so that they could think creatively outside the limitations of a tight news slot. As an editor, I got a big kick out of seeing talent flourish and seeing a well-led team operating with confidence and a hungry competitive spirit.

And, indeed, that did come about. It was ITN who delivered general elections, by-elections, budget days, the Euro referendum, as well as breaking into the network when some major event happened, such as the Brighton bombing and the Iran embassy siege. We were also charged with having contingency plans for covering major events, like the death of the monarch. (It is interesting to note that the BBC has followed suit: the 10.00pm news presenter, Huw Edwards, from Llangennech, anchors big state occasions too.)

Then came the American Apollo moon exploration. I was the producer of all of ITN's moon special programmes; I got to know a number of astronauts. After an astronaut had been to the moon, he usually left the NASA programme. We would jump in with an invitation to him to join our anchor team in London for the next Apollo flight; and several moonwalkers came. These men were sometimes represented in the media as crew-cut American automatons, but they were remarkable men: they had spent thousands of hours as test pilots, several of them with combat experience, possessing masters degrees or doctorates in aviation sciences. They were extremely fit and had to do a geology degree on the side while training. And during our programmes, they were always touchingly respectful towards British achievements in the history of exploration. The crew I knew best were Apollo 15, the first to land in the lunar highlands and the first to drive the jeep on the Moon. I stayed once at the Colorado home of Colonel Jim Irwin, who was the lunar module pilot on Apollo 15. He became an evangelist. It was not revealed at the time but he probably had a heart attack on the way home from the moon, which he survived. He died in 1991 and is buried in Arlington Cemetery, Washington. His commander was Colonel David Scott, who is now married to a British woman. Long after the Apollo flights had finished, I learned that both Scott and Irwin were visiting England on separate business matters. Neither knew the other was in the country. I contacted them both and invited them to a party at my home in Blackheath. It was a beautiful night, with a full moon. We all went out into the garden and an unforgettable moment was when Dave Scott and Jim Irwin pointed out the spot on the moon where they had spent three days. If you look at the Man in the Moon, with his two eyes, Dave and Jim landed on the bridge of his nose.

There was a strong Welsh core at the centre of ITN's major special programmes, elections and moon missions. The producer and the director were both from south Wales. I was the producer, and the programme director was Diana Edwards-Jones, from Morriston, whom some of you may know. She was the best in the business at open-ended programmes, six or seven hours long, controlling a complicated studio with up to twenty outside broadcast units spread throughout the country. As I was preparing this talk it occurred to me that there was one major media development in which the Welsh influence was considerable: televising parliament. ITN had campaigned since the 1960s to have television cameras in parliament. MPs repeatedly turned down TV cameras in the Chamber. The issue came alive again in the 1980s. In 1985 my then Chairman, Lord Buxton, gave a reception in the Reform Club to mark my twenty-five years at ITN. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher attended and was in good form. There was a ten o'clock vote in the Commons that night on whether TV cameras should be allowed in. At ten to ten, Mrs Thatcher had to go back to the House to vote. She said: 'David, I am going back to vote against you,' and she did.

The MPs rejected TV cameras, but there was interest from the House of Lords. By this time Channel Four was in existence, and the management said they would give ITN airtime if we could televise parliament. The key man in the Lords was Lord Cledwyn, Cledwyn Hughes, Labour leader in the Lords and former MP for Ynys Môn (Anglesey). I got to know him well, with affection and admiration. He was a powerful ally in getting the Lords to accept a television experiment. He would suggest alterations in various papers to be submitted and he gave me shrewd advice. The respect he enjoyed swung many a floating voter. Cledwyn was very much the canny *gogleddi* lawyer, with a wonderful wry sense of humour and a rich treasury of anecdotes. Eventually, ITN produced for Channel Four a late-night programme called 'In Their Lordships' House', which was repeated the next day around midday. It got respectable ratings and the Lords soon got to love it.

When in the mid-1960s the Duke of Windsor published his autobiography, he was rather nervous about appearing on television, but we persuaded him to give his first-ever interview. (Can you imagine today a book publication in which the author has to be persuaded to go on television?) The Duke lived in New York and the arrangement was that he would be interviewed in the Waldorf Astoria by our New York correspondent, the late Peter Woods. A member of the Duke's staff was to ring me at home over the weekend to confirm arrangements. My two children were quite small then, and on Sunday afternoon they were watching a children's programme on television when the phone rang and the international operator asked if I would take a personal call from the Duke of Windsor. I picked up the phone, expecting the caller to be one of his assistants, but there was no doubt that it was the Duke himself, with that high-pitched voice. I leaned over to turn down the TV volume. My children remonstrated about this and my wife came in from the kitchen to find out what all the noise was about. I said: 'Keep them quiet.' She said: 'Who is on the phone?' I said: 'The Duke of Windsor.' She made what I would call a gesture of scepticism. The Duke and I agreed the arrangements and as I put the phone down, I had a sense of jubilation. A great scoop, the first-ever TV interview with the Duke of Windsor! A few minutes later the phone rang again and the voice said: 'This is the international operator...the call from America was 5 minutes 12 seconds...the Duke of Windsor says will you pay for the call?'