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CHS Bio

Paul Edwards
Reporter



**Speakers
Bureau**

I have enjoyed better fortune than I deserved during the 50-year trip from our graduation to our reunion. For that, I can thank a forbearing wife and uncommon good luck in finding jobs during the generally good times we have known. I have never had cause to feel I was the victim of circumstance or the acts of others. What wounds I have suffered were self inflicted and healed by the salves of family support and, undoubtedly, Divine intervention.

My work has always been interesting. For the first 20 years, I was a reporter at the *Tulsa World* and *The Washington Post*. For most of the next 20 years, I was a senior corporate communications and customer service manager for two large electric and gas utilities with major nuclear power operations—Virginia Power in Richmond and Baltimore Gas and Electric in Baltimore. During the period after I left journalism, I also did relatively short stints as press secretary and speech writer for the late Republican Gov. John N. Dalton of Virginia, communications consultant to the director of public affairs at the U.S. Department of Energy while Adm. David Watkins was Secretary, and communications director for former Baltimore Mayor and Maryland Gov. William Donald Schaefer while he was Comptroller of Maryland. I ended 48-years of gainful employment with five years in blue collar customer service jobs with Southwest Airlines at Baltimore-Washington International Airport. I am still an inactive—read that, “unpaid and on leave”—ramp services supervisor for Southwest.

After high school, I was an academic failure. During the years that I was thought to be attending classes at Harvard College, I was instead mostly wandering the streets of Cambridge and Boston. I succumbed to a malaise of the spirit that crept over me in my teens. I slowly emerged from that misty world in my twenties. Compelling job and family duties seemed to energize me again.

Getting that first job as a reporter at the *World* in May of 1958 was an enormous break. **Coach Bill Lantz** helped me with a generous letter.

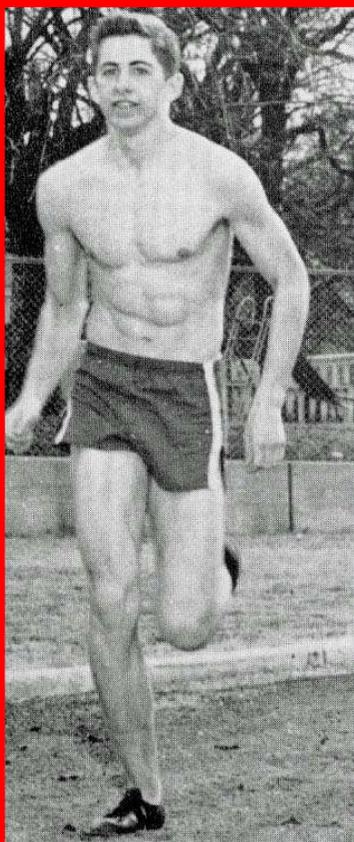
Despite youth, meager qualifications and many mistakes, I established my identity as a reporter and writer that still sustains me. At *The Post*, I spent 16 years covering local, state and federal government and politics. It was a long and entertaining learning experience that enabled me to mature as a news writer and make the transition to a second interesting career outside journalism.

I am grateful to the Lorton family at the *World* and the Meyer-Graham family at *The Post* for creating and sustaining the opportunities that enriched the working lives of so many like me who found careers in what is now labeled long form journalism. Many fear it is a fading form. I hope not.

I now identify myself as a writer struggling through the initial stages of creating plays that dramatize the entanglement of individual men and women in the events and movements of our times. It is heavy lifting, likely the final manifestation of my graying

conceit. At least I now have the good sense to rank this effort second to being a good husband to Carolyn, a good parent to Paul, Elizabeth and Kathryn and a good grandpa to the newest star in the universe, **William Paul**—his friends call him Will—Weaver.

I look forward to our reunion of the aging. We were born in the last bad year of the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl. Our parents and grandparents contributed in large and small ways to the burgeoning of a remarkable American city. Our lives were profoundly influenced by the culture of innocence that sheltered us in the '40s and '50s, the civil rights movement and the cascade of new technologies that enlivened the 20th century and continues in the 21st.



We have a lot to talk about and always will.

Paul Edwards

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