

SCOOP

THE PRESS CLUB
OF
SAN FRANCISCO
1971

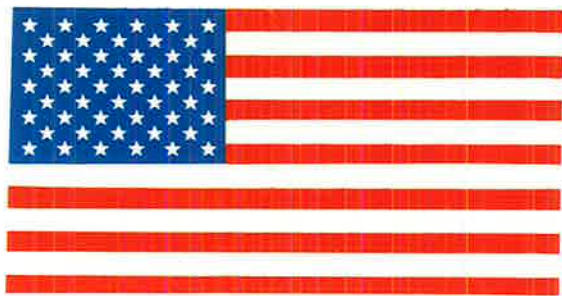


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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO • 1971

EDITOR

Jack Lauck

ART DIRECTION

Jack Gerkenmeyer
Frank Kane
Jack Lauck

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Mark Rodman

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Ken Arnold

OFFICIAL CARTOONIST

Herb Williams

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Ken Alexander
Dan de LaTorre
Jack Gerkenmeyer
Frank Kane
Tack Knight
Walt Laidlaw
Alex Loomis

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Duke Downey
Eddie Murphy
Jimmy Moy
Joe Rosenthal
George Shimmon
Seymour Snaer
Jack Lauck

COVER

Milton Caniff

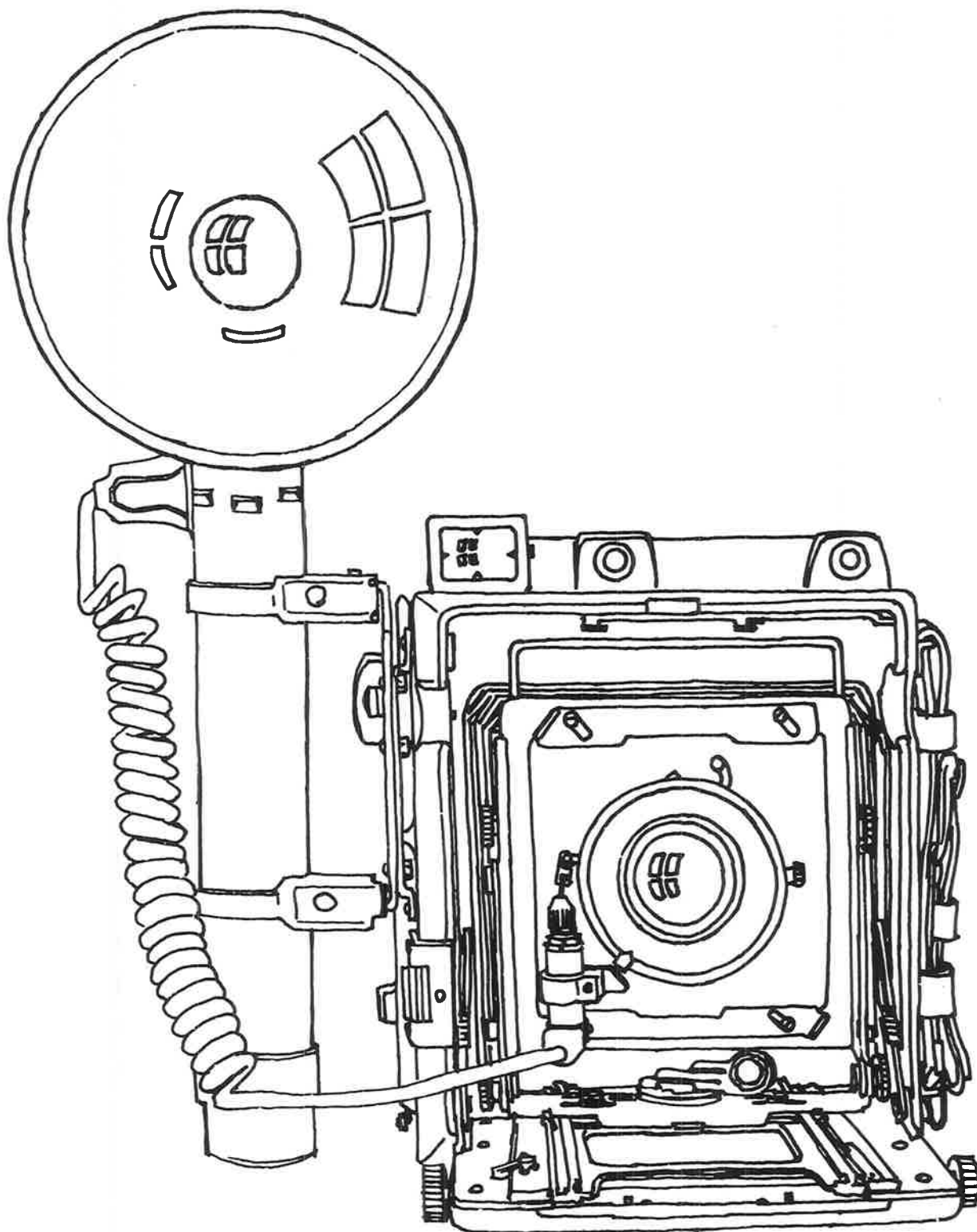
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DECEMBER 27, 1971



FOCUS ON Harrah's FOR GREAT ENTERTAINMENT
RENO AND LAKE TAHOE



Jack Gerkenmeyer gets a little kibitzing from Herb Williams (upper left) as he does a sketch of the three rascals shown at right. They are Ken Arnold, Mark Rodman and Jack Lauck.

EDITORIAL STAFF

THIS is the second year that Scoop has been published in its entirety as an offset publication, which means that we have definitely turned modern. Even our cover, by that one and only, Milton Caniff, was printed by James H. Barry Printing Co., in the offset manner.

We won't tell you anything about Caniff on this page because Jim Lattie did an excellent job of bringing Caniff to you personally on page 15. Be sure to read this inside bit on the creator of Steve Canyon and Terry and The Pirates.

Our thanks to Jack Gerkenmeyer, who not only helped with the art direction of this issue, as he has done in the past, but for his work on actual production in the preparation of these pages. We spent countless hours in his home in Menlo Park laying out and pasting up this book. It's a cinch that Phyllis Gerkenmeyer doesn't want to have your editor under foot again for a long time to come.

Our thanks also to the artists who contributed so much to this issue. Not only Milton Caniff for the great cover, but to Frank Kane, Herb Williams, Tack Knight, Dan de LaTorre, Alex Loomis and Ken Alexander. And, of course, where would we be without those guys

who contribute time and time again, such as writers Jack Adams, Tom Conroy, Adee Attell, Charles Jordan, Jim Lattie, Ed Reynolds, Lee Ruttle, Jim Leary, Allen Schwartz and John Pettit, Prescott Sullivan and Herb Caen, the latter two for their permission to repeat columns on George Shimmom and Larry Fanning.

Our thanks, too, to Rene Cazenave, chairman of the publications committee, and the members of that committee, Gale Cook, Ray Leavitt and Ed Montgomery for their help in laying ground work for the book.

We would also like to bring up the subject of the Press Club's Junior Scholarship program. There is an excellent background story in this issue on the program and how it got started by Ed Reynolds. Be sure to read it. Our thought, however, was to tell you a little bit about two members, who, for many years have guided the Junior Scholarship program to its present stature. They are Mark Rodman and Don DeLone. Both are tireless workers for our high school seniors and both have chaired this committee over the years.

Also, to those who give their time every year to help conduct the panel sessions in the Club when the journal-

ism students, from high schools throughout Northern California, gather at 555 Post-st. for their annual Junior Gang Luncheon.

Some 200-plus students listen attentively to the newsmen and women who give their time and talents to encourage these young journalists.

Bill Boldenweck, military editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who also teaches journalism, can be counted on every year to help.

Earlier this year our panelists included Charles Schulz, of Peanuts fame, who came down from Santa Rosa to conduct some lively question and answer sessions with the students. Others who helped out that day, along with Boldenweck, were Will Jones, who worked on British newspapers; Susie Cauthen, a trade newspaper journalist and former editor of Pacific Shipper; Tina Press of KCBS, Marilyn Baker of KQED, as well as our new president, Dick Alexander. Also thanks to our Club secretary, Frances Kampfen, who puts in long, extra hours doing the necessary paper work for these programs.

For profiles on Mark Rodman and Don DeLone, see page 58.

OFFICERS

President's Message

It was a rare experience to sit two years at the top of the Board of Directors. An insight into the major policy decisions and a whole bunch of trivia – but necessary trivia – that keeps the Club going along.

(A major duty of the President is to sit at the bar a half hour on meeting nights so non-working quarterbacks can tell him why the last play went wrong. Not beefing, you understand. I simply found out that was part of the job.)

It seems we've had a lot of crises since we moved from Powell Street – so far away, so long ago.

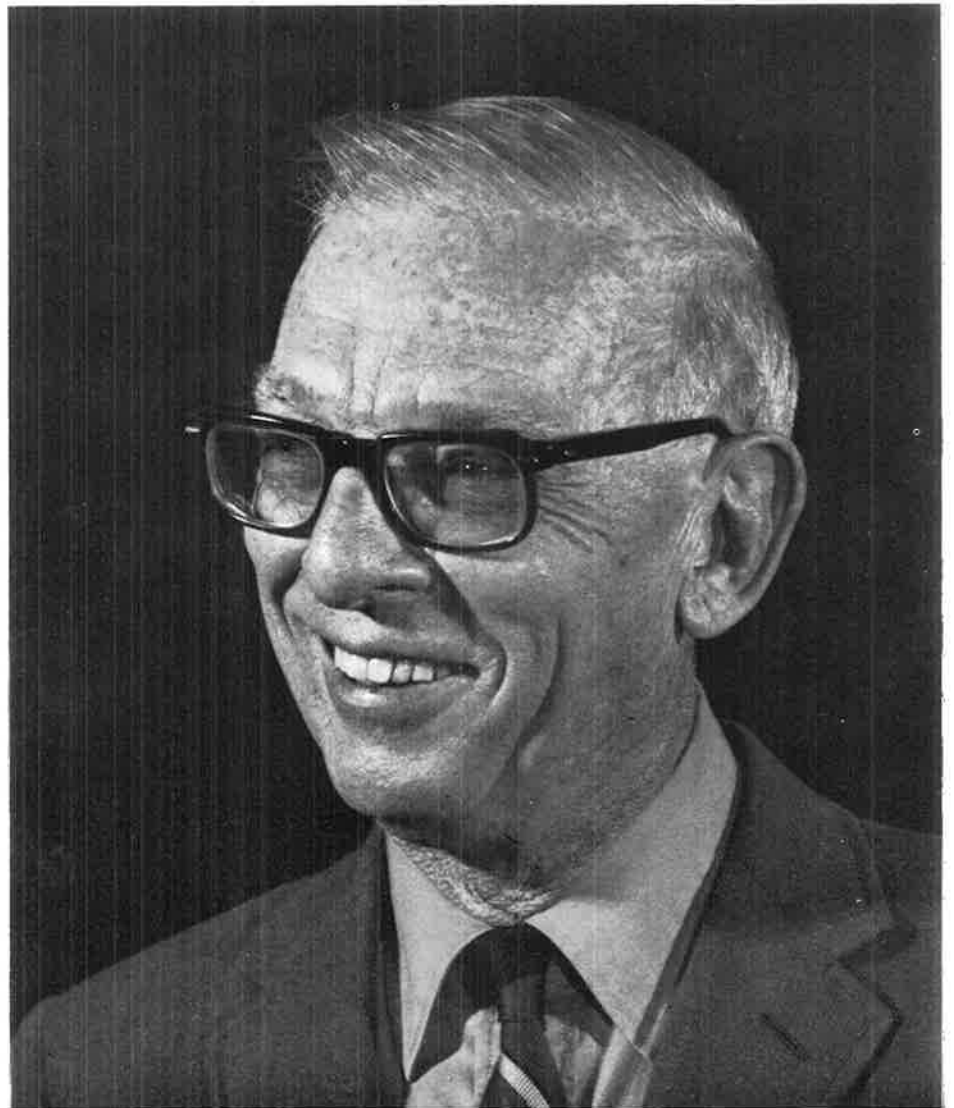
It now appears we have another money crisis. Most serious. It was news to me – apparently sudden news to the Board when it suddenly appeared a month ago.

We have a losing dining room problem. We have a losing bar problem.

I wish we could have come up with the Great Solution.

The President and new Board will have to do it. I wish them all the best and my best wishes to all our members who – even when they out-quarterbacked me at the bar – were considerate and helpful. Keep an eye on the bluebird.

Stan Delaplane



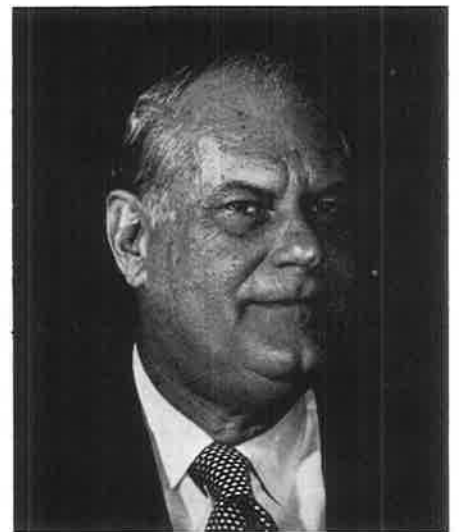
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A case of being in the right place at the right time. This bombing of a church where a policeman's funeral was about to be held was captured by Seymour W. Snaer of the San Francisco Examiner. It won first place.

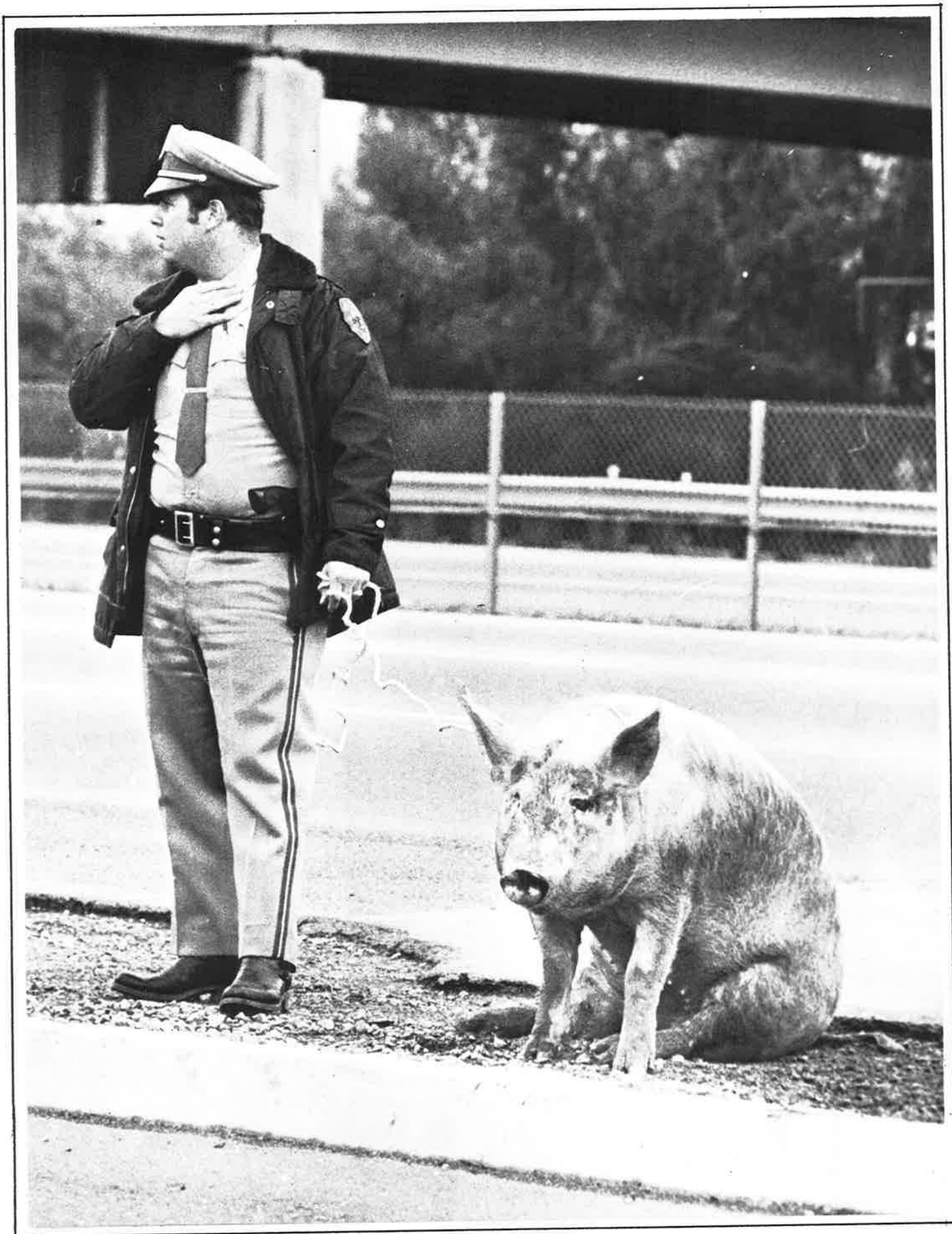
PROFESSIONAL AWARDS

By **LARRY McDONNELL**

The much coveted honors in the Club's 20th Annual Professional Newspaper Awards program went to 17 Bay Area newsmen and women, with seven of these sharing cash awards of \$1,500.

In his first appearance before a Press Club audience, Ronald Ziegler enthralled the audience with a behind-the-scenes picture of his responsibilities as press secretary for President Nixon at the awards presentation dinner, Sept. 24.

A new dimension was added to this year's competition when judging chores were handled by members of the Los Angeles Press Club. A reciprocal arrange-



Honorable mention went to the Examiner's Mike Masura for this shot of California Highway Patrolman Ken Araldi standing forlornly on the Bayshore Freeway in Millbrae with this captured "porker," a drop-out from an inbound truck.

Tragic Dignity of Pilgrimage

By Rev. Lester Kinsolving
San Francisco Examiner Religious Writer

SACRAMENTO—It hardly deserves the frequently jaded designation of demonstration.

It was rather a pilgrimage; a desperate but amazingly dignified expression of grief and anguish by the people to their Governor.

Ronald Reagan has often faced up to crowd confrontations. But the Governor was visibly shaken and apparently deeply moved as he faced his constituents on the Capitol steps Monday.

On his left in the crowd of those who had traveled in funeral procession from San Francisco was a strikingly attractive young mother named Patricia.

She was weeping—understandably, because the body of her baby, an only child, had lain unburied for four months.

Directly in front of the Governor, an elderly woman named Rachel went into hysterics—also understandably, on two counts:

She can remember the horror of her years in a Nazi concentration camp. And the law of her Orthodox Jewish faith requires burial within 44 hours.

Her husband's body also lay unburied for four months. "I saw his body there with all the others!" she cried. "It was like the camp all over again!"

The participants in front of the Capitol were desperate, coming from every walk of life. They were bound together by just one aching misery: a gruesome desecration added to the agony of bereavement, as the bodies of their loved ones remained pawns in a labor management standoff.

Several of them had traveled even greater distances, such as Father George Lucy of Loyola University in Los Angeles, whose mother remained unburied.

There was a complete absence of the frivolity of some demonstrations. There was none of the violence, none of the aggression or the exhibitionism of some others.

Only numbing grief, and a quiet but burning determination to do anything possible to end the desecration of 1500 unburied dead.

They were led by a somewhat improbable figure, Examiner columnist Guy Wright.

He had for weeks anguished over the decision to lead this pilgrimage. He had never participated in, much less organized, any demonstrations.

He knew that some observers would regard this as bizarre, just as, inevitably, some would question his motives.

Still, as he wrote poignantly, day after day, of these people's suffering, he felt that someone had to do something.

He is neither a political nor an ecclesiastical statesman. Rather he is among those once described by Edmund Burke from the floor of the House of Commons as:

"There in the galleries is a Fourth Estate more powerful than us all!"

Power can corrupt. But it can certainly and sublimely be utilized in noble causes.

That Rachel and Patricia will no longer weep would alone have justified this pilgrimage.

But one thousand five hundred families, as well as the City of San Francisco itself, stand deeply indebted to a newspaper columnist named Guy Wright.

The 4 month strike was settled the day after the Oct. 4th pilgrimage.

We are proud of our guy
Guy Wright, that is.

San Francisco Examiner
Hearst's first newspaper

ment found working newsmen from our Club doing the same for the Southland club's competition in February.

First prize for the best daily story involving the writer's initiative went to Ed Montgomery, of the *Examiner*, for his Angela Davis gun story. Mary Crawford, also of the *Ex*, received honorable mention.

Both photography honors went to *Examiner* lensmen. Seymour W. Snaer was first with his "Police Funeral Bombing" and honorable mention to Mateo Mike Musura.

"Death of Bruce Gardner," a moving account of the suicide of a once promising baseball player, won first prize for Wells Twombly, of the *Examiner* in the sports story category. Nick A. Peters, of the *Berkeley Daily Gazette* took honorable mention for a story on Mudcat Grant.

James Hazelwood, *Oakland Tribune*, took first in the daily cityside news story for his account of "The sickest boy in the world." Honorable mention was shared by Stephen Cook and Hubert J. Bernhard, of the *Examiner*.

Tim Findley and Charles Howe, *Chronicle* staffers, shared first in the best daily cityside feature, for their work on California's penal system. Two *Trib* writers, Jeff Morgan and Gene Ayres, shared honorable mention.

Donald Stanley, of the *Pacific Sun*, scored first in the best news story in a weekly newspaper for his reporting of the Bay oil spill. Patrick K. Lynn and Bill Drake, of the *Pacifica Tribune*, and Paul K. Kinney, of the *Union City Leader*, shared honorable mention.

Judge Leland Lazarus, chairman of this year's program, was assisted by Howard Freeman, Curtis Roberts, Harvey Wing, Campbell Watson, Charles Raudebaugh, Howard Freeman, Gordon Grannis and Larry McDonnell.



Examiner winners are, from left, Stephen Cook, Ed Montgomery, Wells Twombly, Hugh Bernhard, Mary Crawford and Seymour Snaer.



Awards committee looks over the 1971 entries. From left, Larry McDonnell, Cam Watson, Judge Leland Lazarus, chairman, and Harvey Wing.



Club past presidents meet with White House Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. From left, Leo Lee, Harvey Wing, Ziegler, Gale Cook and Jack Lauck.



Ken Dunham, who chaired the Radio-TV Awards Committee, takes to the podium with an assist from Karna Small of KRON

Radio-TV Awards

By KEN DUNHAM

Combine a Mexican "Fiesta" theme, the Consul-General of Mexico as honored guest, an excellent "Mariachi Zapopan" musical group, a capacity house, a glib and witty M.C. assisted by one of television's most attractive distaff personalities, a record number of entries judged by an outstanding panel of judges and you have the elements of what made the Club's 1971 Radio-Television Awards a resounding success this year.





KGO winners are Lee Rashall (left), for best radio editorial, and Dick Leonard, for best radio news reporting. Presenting their awards is Karna Small, of KRON



Jerry Jensen gives a congratulatory pat on the back to Van Amburg of KGO-TV, who walked away with a couple of top prizes, including "Broadcast Journalist of the Year" in the Press Club's annual Radio-TV Awards.

The Bay Area's broadcast community showed up in fine fashion to jam-pack the main dining room the evening of October 8, to receive honors and to honor their colleagues in the radio-TV business for their best efforts of the year.

A total of twenty-four professional journalists from the key radio and television stations were honored as winners in each of the fifteen categories of this year's competition. They shared \$1500 in cash awards and received Press Club Black Cat trophies for the best entries.

A special feature of the contest this year was the naming of the "Broadcast Journalist of the Year," with the winner selected from among the best of the fifteen categories. The Grand Prize was in the form of a one-week vacation for two in the famed Mexican resort of Acapulco. Presenting the award was the guest of honor of the evening, Sr. Mario Tapia Ponce, the Consul-General of Mexico in San Francisco. Travel arrangements were made via Western Airlines, with hotel accommodations at the Acapulco Holiday Inn.

Named as the "Broadcast Journalist of the Year" was Van Amburg, of KGO-TV, for his series of special reports on "The Pill." He was cited for doing an outstanding in-depth report on a topic of major interest of a large segment of the population, reflecting solid research and

candor, presented in good taste and with credibility.

Ken Dunham and Ken Erickson were co-hosts of the evening, with Ron Magers, of KPIX, doing an electrifying job as master of ceremonies. KRON-TV's gorgeous weather reporter, Karna Small, assisted him in presenting the awards, which went to: Dick Leonard, KGO, for best Radio News Reporting; Jeff Skov, Warren Boggess, Aaron Edwards, Lloyd Edwards, Linda Harris and Rick Wagstaff, KSFO, for best Radio Team Reporting; Fred Wilcox, KCBS, for best Radio Enterprise; Roy Storey, KYA, for best Radio Sports; and Lee Rashall, KGO, for best Radio Editorial.

In the television categories, Mike Lee, of KPIX, won for best News Reporting; Bob Halladay, Art Brown, Steve Huss, Frank Gorin, Jack Bates, of KRON-TV, for best Television Team Reporting; Ben Williams, KPIX, for best Television Enterprise; Charles Hasting, KRON-TV, for best General Newsfilm; Terry Morrison, KRON-TV, for best Feature Newsfilm; Tim Ayers and Stan Friedman, KPIX, for best Film Editing; Steve Somers, KPIX, for best Television Sports; Myra Scott, of KRON-TV, for best Television Documentary; Van Amburg, KGO-TV, for best Special Reports; and Bruce Kennedy, KPIX, for best Television Editorials.

This year's hard-working Awards Com-

mittee consisted of Bob Benson, KGO Radio; Chet Casselman, KSFO; Warren Cereghino, KTVU; Ken Erickson, Western Airlines; Gil Haar, KNEW; Bob Halladay, KRON-TV; Herb Levy, KGO-TV; Ron Mires, KPIX; Roger Orr, Pacific Telephone; Bob Safford, KFRC; Jack Wagner, KCBS; and Chairman Ken Dunham, Pacific Telephone.

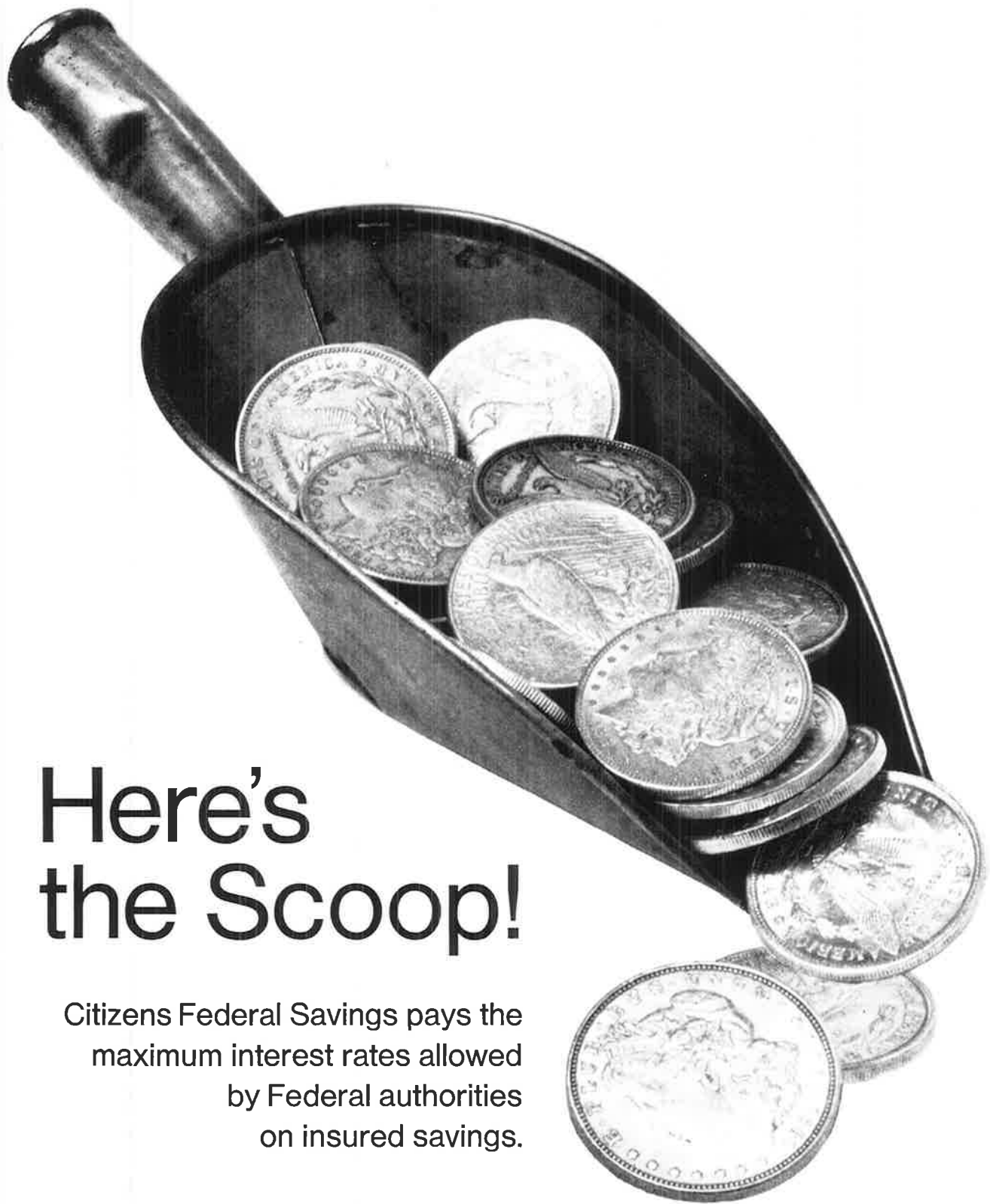
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Mr. Caniff's Commercial Venture

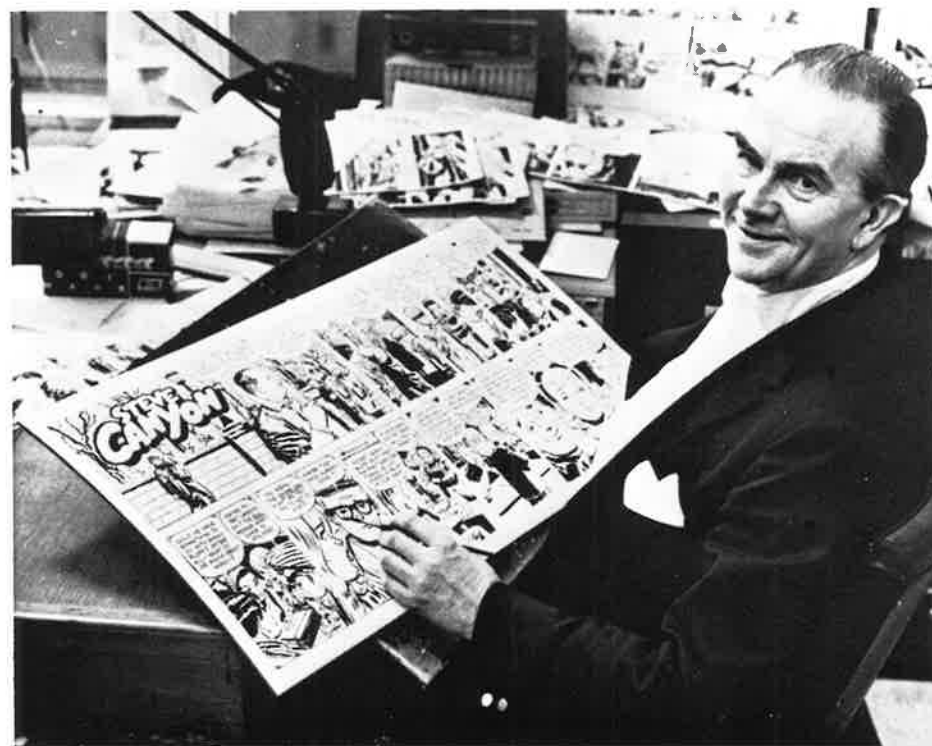
By Jim Lattie

The artist who drew the cover for this year's Scoop describes himself as a businessman, a man who drew his early cartoons by kerosene lamp in the Depression and whose driving force has been "strictly commercial" ever since.

Cartooning is, of course, a big business, but there may be more to his motivations than the modest Milton Caniff wishes to admit. After all, there are many successful comic strips—maybe even a few that, in a monetary sense, have been more successful—which never came close to the artistic skill or story excellence of Steve Canyon.

But even if looked on as only a commercial venture, Milton Caniff's Air Force colonel is certainly a success. The handsome, blond, man-among-men-and-ladies, is followed loyally by multiple millions of people in more than 640 newspapers in 14 countries and eight languages. True, some of the translations bear little resemblance to the story Caniff wrote, but at least he is paid for them. And that is rather important. Caniff, whose father was a weekly newspaper printer in Ohio, remembers clearly times when paydays weren't particularly productive.

The cartoonist started young—"I have drawn cartoons all of my life, even in kindergarten, but then, of course, nobody but my mother could have told they were



cartoons." He was in eighth grade when his cartoons were first printed in the Dayton (Ohio) Journal-Herald. He was an artist's apprentice on the Journal-Herald while in high school. He worked for the Columbus Dispatch while getting a degree in fine arts from Ohio State University.

When he graduated, Caniff made a decision of considerable importance to the future of comic strips. He had some success in theatrical productions, and thought of becoming an actor. But a veteran Dispatch cartoonist admonished him to "stick to your inkpots, kid; actors don't eat regularly." The young Caniff was very fond of eating regularly. He decided to be a cartoonist.

In the early 30s, however, cartoonists and a lot of other people were having trouble eating regularly. The Depression soon caught up with the Dispatch, and Caniff was fired. He went to New York—better bread lines there—and became a cartoonist for the Associated Press. In 1934, Caniff was hired by the New York Daily News to do a new type of strip.

New it certainly was. It brought art to the funny pages in a manner not previously practiced by cartoonists. When you read it, you knew it was created with care, a sense of realism, intelligence, and literary style. It had a hero of heroic but

believable proportions, and a counter-hero who was, of all things, a woman. Terry and the Pirates had everything, including success.

Terry initially was involved in escapades with the Dragon Lady, a ferocious but magnificent woman inspired—as are many of Caniff's characters—by a real person, a female Chinese pirate. In the late 30s, however, Terry and his friends turned to something more immediate—assistance of the Chinese against an unidentified "invader." The invaders at first looked suspiciously, and then exactly, like Japanese. The United States was not at war with Japan, and Daily News Publisher Joseph Patterson told Caniff to stop. He balked, prompting Patterson to advise him that "due to an accident of birth, we are going to do it my way."

Caniff's dedication to realism, however, was to be vindicated, the war was soon a fact, the argument was over and the Caniff approach prevailed. Terry became a pilot. Why? He was in China, and flying was the only sensible way to get around, Caniff says, explaining that he backed into what became a long association with the Air Force. Terry got his wings in 1943, and some words of advice on responsibility from a senior officer made him the first comic strip character



Jim Lattie

turn to page 78

**We're
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the facts.**



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JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS



Flanked by Dick Alexander (left) and Don DeLone (right), Junior winners line up on the stage. From left: Mike Milhaupt, Carl Steward, Deborah Byrd, Dave Flanders, Karen Schreiner, Tom Sweeney, Sam Cole, Morrie Weiser, and Terry Allen, accepting for Wendy Wieking.

by Edward B. Reynolds

When Jack Hanley of International News Service suggested back in late 1945 that the San Francisco Press Club "do something really worthwhile" for Northern California youngsters interested in journalism, Ron Wagoner was listening.

Wagoner, bureau chief of United Press, was the newly elected president of the Press Club at 449 Powell Street and a man of action. So when Hanley spelled out his plan to have the Press Club offer four \$250 scholarships for the best news story, feature story, news photograph, and dramatic radio script written by a high school senior journalism student, it wasn't long before that plan became an actual fact.

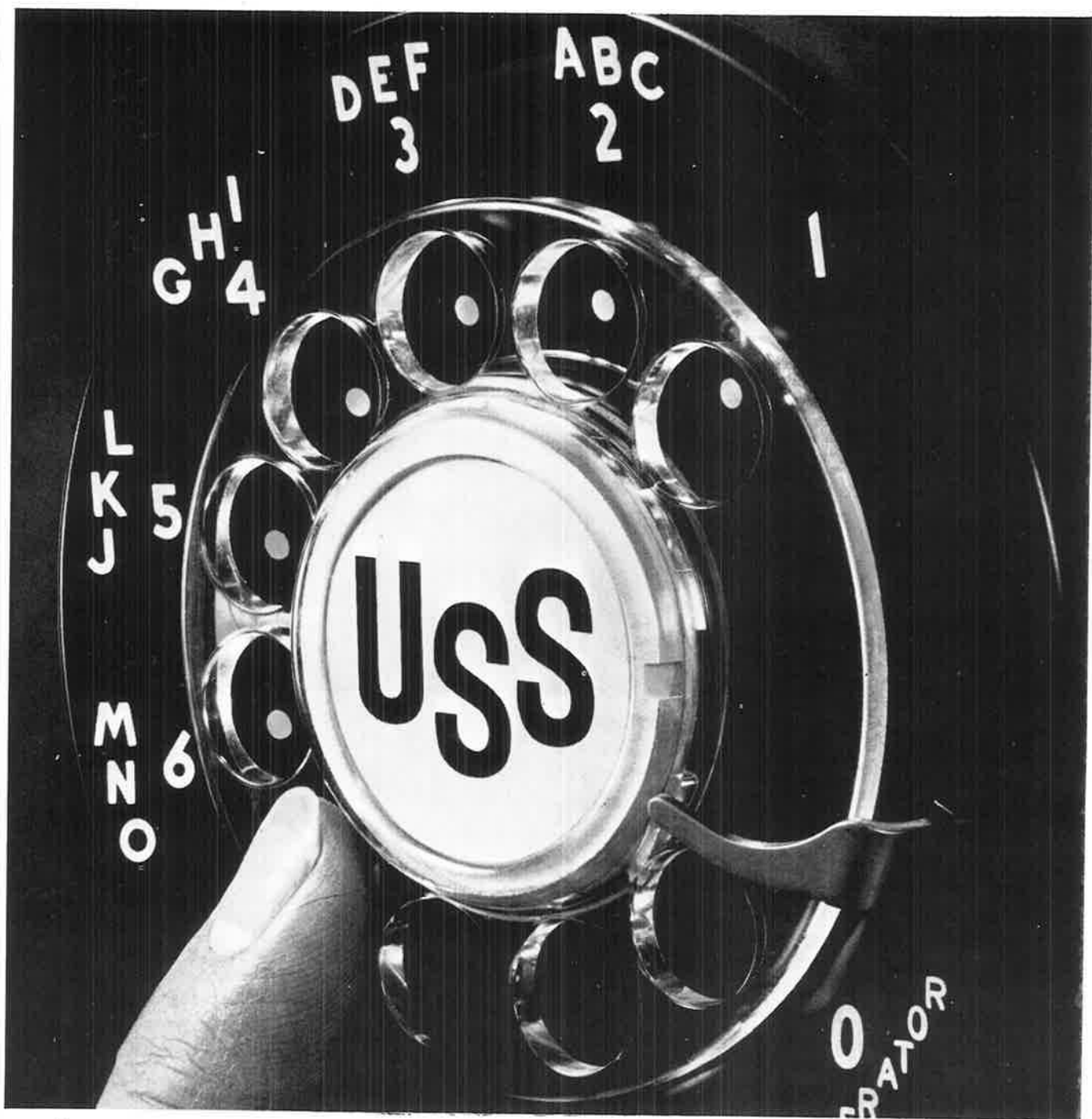
The Junior Scholarships were first given out in the Spring of 1946 and were the natural outcome of a series of Junior Gang Dinners held in 1945 under the direction of Al Slonaker, Director of Publications for the Oakland Board of Education.

When the September, 1945 annual meeting came along with the election of Wagoner as Club President, Sid Mackin refused to let the idea of "doing something for the kids" die.

Wagoner was receptive and immediately appointed a 15-man committee



Journalism students listen attentively during one of the sessions on the second floor prior to the Journalism awards.



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Charles Schulz of Peanuts fame might appear to have his back up against a wall but he is really, and courageously, facing some 45 high school journalism students during question and answer session in our Mirror Room at the Junior Scholarship workshop at the Club.



Chairman of the day at the Scholarship program, Don DeLone (center), presents a couple of future journalists to the more than 200 high school seniors gathered at the Club for the annual Scholarship Awards. At left is Sam Cole, second place in Sports, and right Morrie Weiser, first in the News category.

under the chairmanship of George Mullany, a member of the faculty of San Francisco Junior College, to look into the matter. The committee met immediately with the idea of continuing the Junior Gang Dinners, but they were impressed by Hanley's suggestion of giving scholarships and switched to that idea.

The project aroused such interest throughout Northern California that the San Francisco Club had the backing of every person in the colleges and schools interested in education in journalism and communications, as well as the various newspapers.

In fact, interest and activity was so great that President Wagoner commented, "Every so often a group of Press Club members seem to amaze everyone—including themselves. * * * *

"This thing started rolling about two months ago * * * *

"Those who saw the events of April 26-27 (1946) will never forget the great response and excellent performances."

The first place awards on April 27 went to Jo Van Hoesen of San Mateo High School in the news division; Mary Katherine Hays of Palo Alto High in the feature story class, and Harlin Smith in the news photo competition. Frank Kaiser of San Francisco's Mission High School received the first place award for

his radio script and Dolores Brato of Castlemont High School, Oakland was given a special award for her radio script which the judges felt was entitled to special recognition although it did not conform to the contest conditions.

The prize winning radio script, "You Can't Print That," was broadcast nationwide by the American Broadcasting Company immediately after the luncheon.

There were 65 high schools competing for the scholarship awards which attended the day's events.

In the 26 annual competitions which have followed that first in April, 1946 there have been many winners, including one who later won a Pulitzer Prize.

The Pulitzer Prize was won by Sam Vestal who was the photographer member of the 1960 Pulitzer Prize winning team from Watsonville's Register-Pajaronian team. Vestal won the San Francisco Press Club's news photo prize in 1949 and used his \$250 scholarship award to go to Los Angeles to study art and photography. He was a senior in Watsonville High School at the time.

Fred Hernandez, who won first prize in feature story competition while a student in Riordan High School, San Francisco, in 1959, is an editor on the San Francisco Examiner and Lynn Ludlow, who took first in sports in 1951

while in Mill Valley's Tamalpais High, is a star reporter for the same paper.

Stephan Hart of Santa Rosa High School was hired part time by the Santa Rosa Press-Democrat in 1968 when he placed third in the sports category of the Junior Scholarship Awards.

Jim Hornbeck of San Ramon Valley High of Danville took first place in sports in 1963 and went on to become a sports editor while Ken Castle of San Leandro High School was a working reporter when he took third in news in 1966. He is now a reporter on the Fremont Argus.

Noel Greenwood of Willow Glenn High School of San Jose is a staff writer on the Los Angeles Times.

In the 1951 competition the Art League of California joined the Press Club event by awarding two \$250 scholarships, one in Creative Arts which was won by Charles Ortmann of Oakland High, and the other in Commercial Arts, won by Boris Sadofsky. Richard (Dick) Chase was president of the Club that year.

Special \$25 prizes were awarded at the 20th Anniversary gathering in 1965. They were given to Morgan Seeley of Palo Alto High, news; Marc Klein, San Carlos High, sports; and Maria Locatelli, Presentation High School, San Francisco, feature.

But newspaper jobs and further journalism and communications study in various colleges weren't the only benefits

We're International





Truly we have gone International with such luminaries as HRH Princess Alexandra of England, shown on opposite page during her visit to our Club. At top left, Her Highness is shown chatting with Helene Montgomery as Susan Delaplane (center) and Mr. and Mrs. Josh Eppinger join in. Top right she captures Stan Delaplane's attention with British Consul General James Murray standing by.

At left, Irving Ross greets Republic of China Ambassador James Shen at the front door as International Chairman Rod McGavran waits at right.

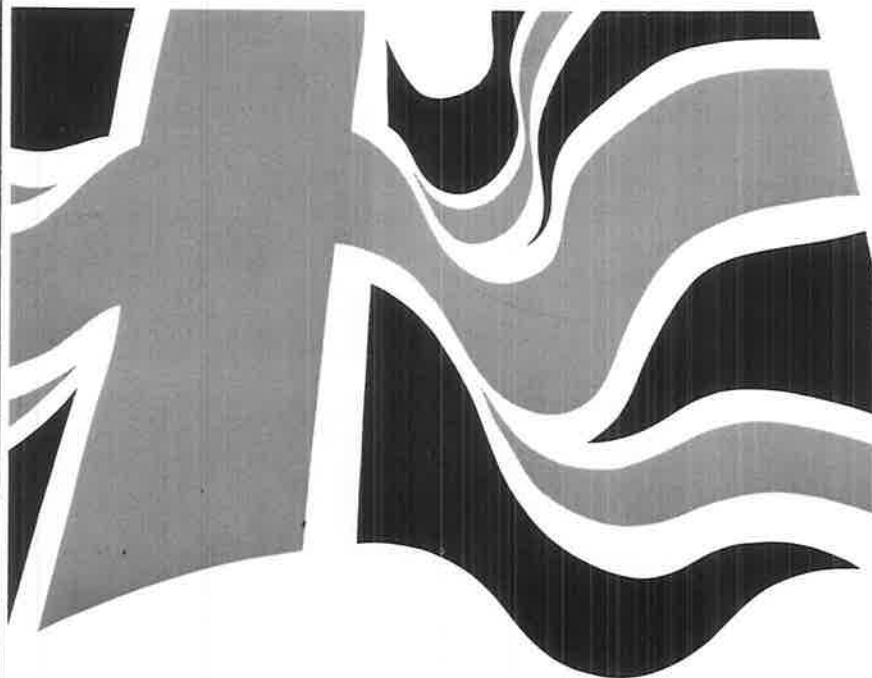
In photo at right, Swedish soloist, Gertrude Markud, strikes a pretty pose during a special Swedish evening. Below her (right), Club Secretary Bob Nicholas presents a special certificate to Sweden's Consul Carl Henrik Petersen.

Bottom left, Stan and Susan Delaplane pose with Laksmi Kant Ja and Mrs. Ja during India Night.





TV cameramen set up in the center of this audience when Republic of China Ambassador James Shen was honored at a special Gang Luncheon.



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GANG DINNERS



Above, Richard Boone shows off the special Black Cat he received from Dick Alexander during a special noon-time show. At right, Dinah Shore clowns with "Hot Pants" advocate Margaret Mead, prior to her (Dinah's) special Gang Dinner appearance. Needless to say, Dinah charmed one and all.





The head table breaks up as Willy Mays takes the podium and delivers a few remarks at Russ Hodges night. From left, Bill Thompson (KSFO), State Sen. Peter Behr, Chub Feeney, Gaye and Russ Hodges, Jean and Lon Simmons, Willy Mays and Dean Jennings.

Principals at Russ Hodges night are, from left, Merv Goodman, Gary Schumacher, Lon Simmons, Russ and Judge Fran McCarty.



The late Russ Hodges was visibly moved during Gang Dinner in his honor early in the year. He is shown here making a few appropriate remarks much to the amusement of Lon Simmons (right).





Stan Delaplane presents a Tombstone replica of Forty Niner Coach Dick Nolan on 49er Night. On Nolan's left are Dean Jennings and Senator Milton Marks.



At left, President Stan Delaplane and wife, Susan, manage a few minutes alone during the Gang Dinner warmup.



Abe Woodson talks over old times with Charlie Krueger. Abe was host for the 49er Night.



At left, Dinah Shore uses charm and wit during her appearance at the Club. Above, she poses with Gang Dinner Chairman Dean Jennings.



Two Queens cross paths here as National Wine Queen Anita Rae Hanemann for 1970-71 toasts Tombstone (left) with Dean Jennings. Above, the new National Wine Queen, Tee Yarboro (1971-72) visits the Club with Tom Vano after receiving the crown from Anita Rae.



Tireless Emily Freedman (left) talks over some pet charities with charity-minded Dinah Shore during warm-up party for Dinah at the Club.



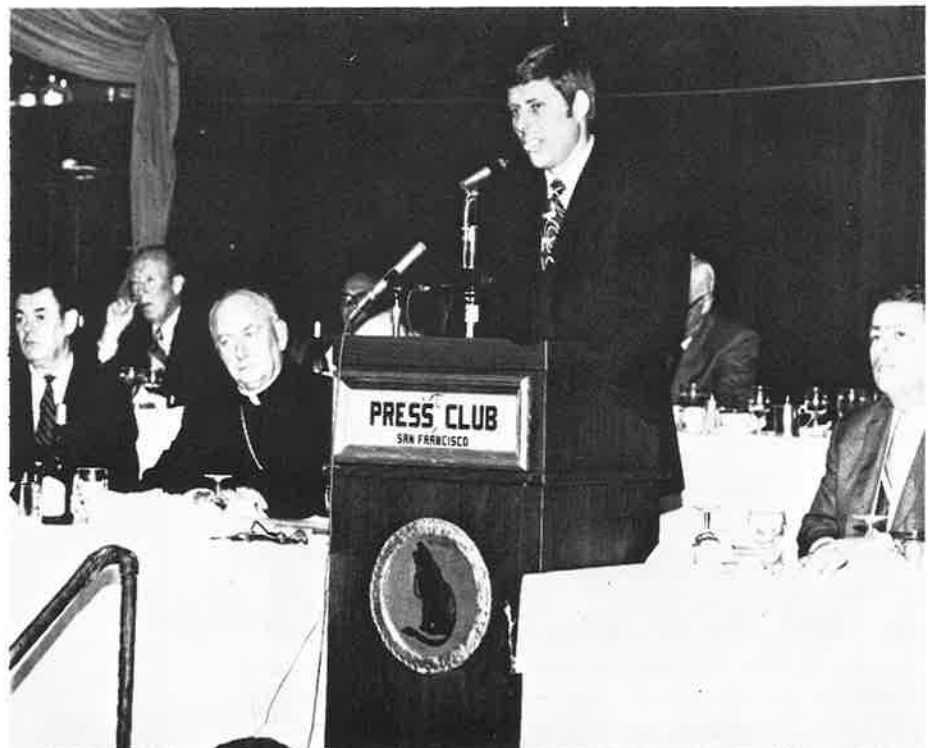
Above, Navy Cdr. Lloyd (Pete) Bucher chats with Lt. Robert Frishman (left), who was a POW in North Vietnam. Cdr. Bucher was skipper of the USS Pueblo and a prisoner of the North Koreans. Mrs. Bucher is at right and Dean Jennings and Dick Alexander are in center. In photo at left are the members of the International Committee who planned the reception for HRH Princess Alexandra. From left, Col. Simon Bland, the Princess equerry, Dean Jennings, Hon. David Savage, British trade director of special events, and G. E. (Rod) McGavran, committee chairman.



McQUADE AWARDS

At the annual McQuade Awards, sponsored by The Association of Catholic Newsmen and held in the Press Club, Senator John V. Tunney, makes the primary address. At right is Steve Still, Oakland Tribune. At left are Ed Dooley, San Francisco Examiner, Wyman Riley, Vallejo Times-Herald and Archbishop McGucken.

This event draws competing newsmen from all over Northern California. It is named for the late Ed McQuade, San Francisco newspaperman and one of the early committeemen, along with the late Bill Leiser, for the original Gang Dinners in the Press Club on Powell Street.





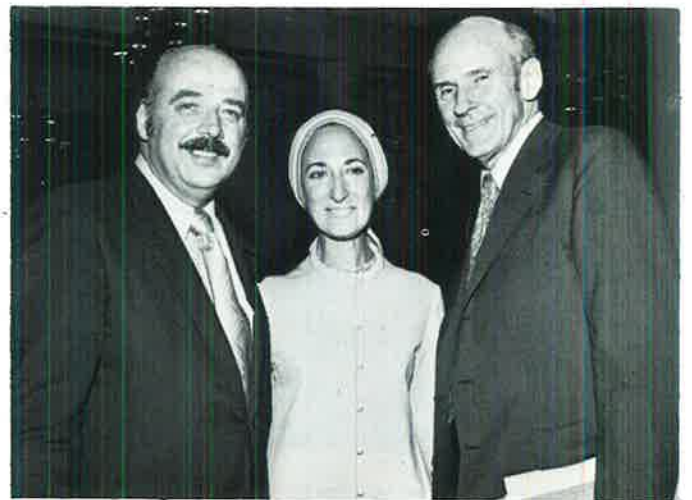
Mayor Alioto beams as he enjoys Leone's wit during her talk. Behind Joe is Alan Spencer.



Happy smiles are in order as the Gang turns out to honor Leone Baxter (above). With her are Mayor Joe Alioto, Dean Jennings, Graham Kislingbury and host Bob Gros.



Enjoying a chat at a special Gang luncheon are Examiner publisher Charles Gould (left) and Congressman Barry Goldwater, Jr., who was the featured speaker.



California's Senator Alan Cranston, featured speaker at a Gang luncheon, poses with Dean and Barbara Jennings.

Senator Alan Cranston beams his pleasure as he is presented with a Tombstone Cat replica by Attorney Nathan Cohn (right). Nate was host for the special meeting.



WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, CANIFF?.....

YOU SPEND HALF YOUR TIME IN SAN FRANCISCO, SOPPING UP FREE SAUCE AT THE PRESS CLUB.... THAT SWEET MR. CAPP WOULD NEVER TREAT A GIRL THAT WAY ... WE NEED -UH- ATTENTION!





Scott Newhall gets his Black Cat from former Chronicle colleague, Stan Delaplane.

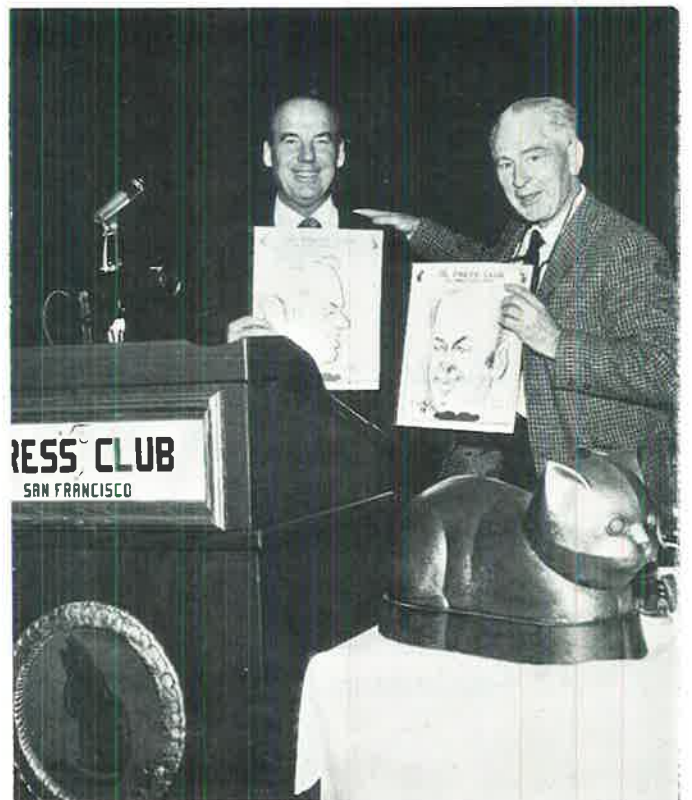


In photo above, Vince Silk puts the finger on Attorney-Author Henry B. Rothblatt (right), for his boss, Mel Belli (left). Rothblatt was a special Gang Dinner guest last June and Belli was host.



Congressman Barry Goldwater, Jr. receives his Black Cat from Dick Alexander.

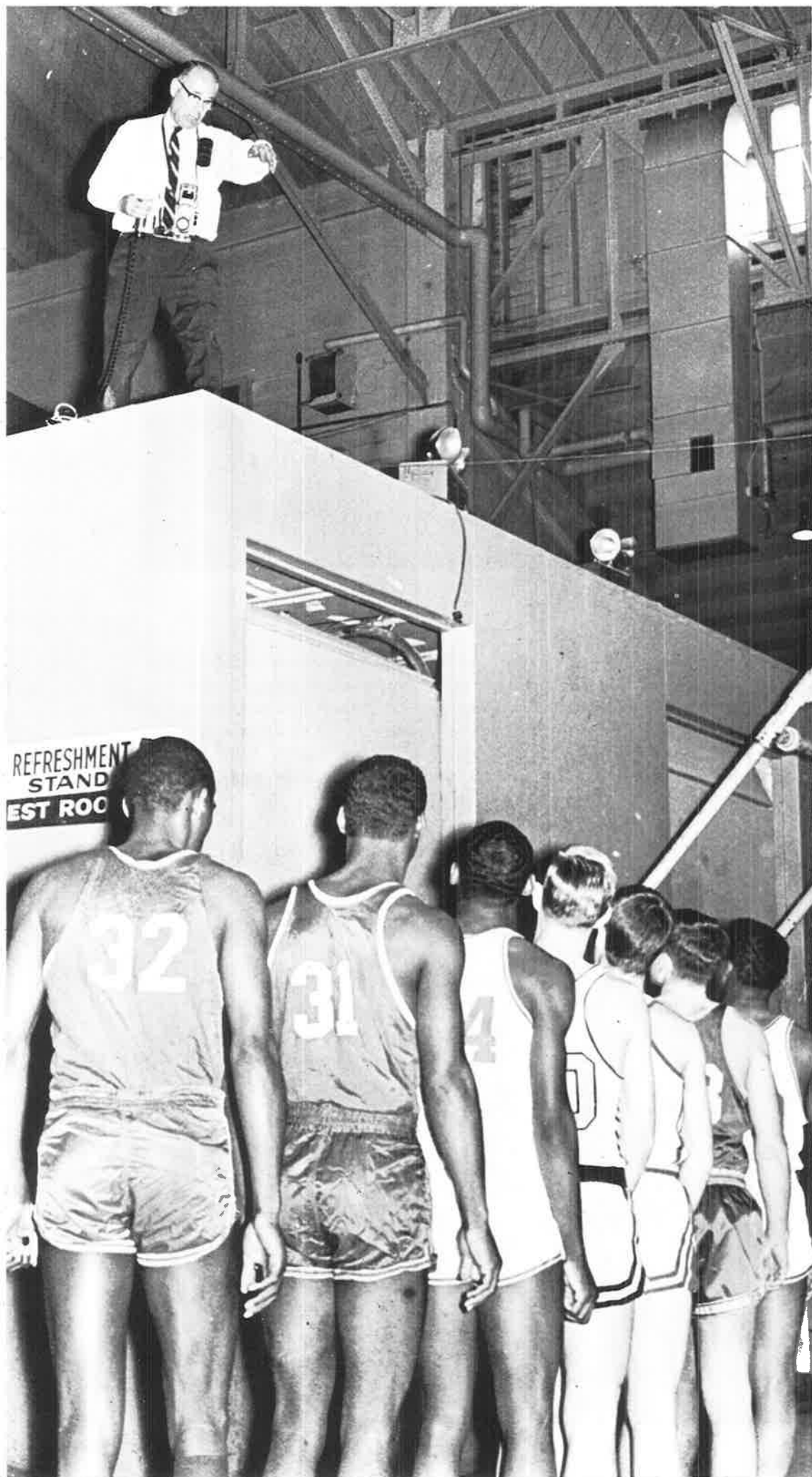
Lower left, Mayor Joe Alioto, who was a featured speaker at the 49er Night, is shown receiving his Black Cat some while back. Below, Attorney Evelle Younger (left) turns the tables on caricaturist Pancho Willmarth by "trading" sketches with him.



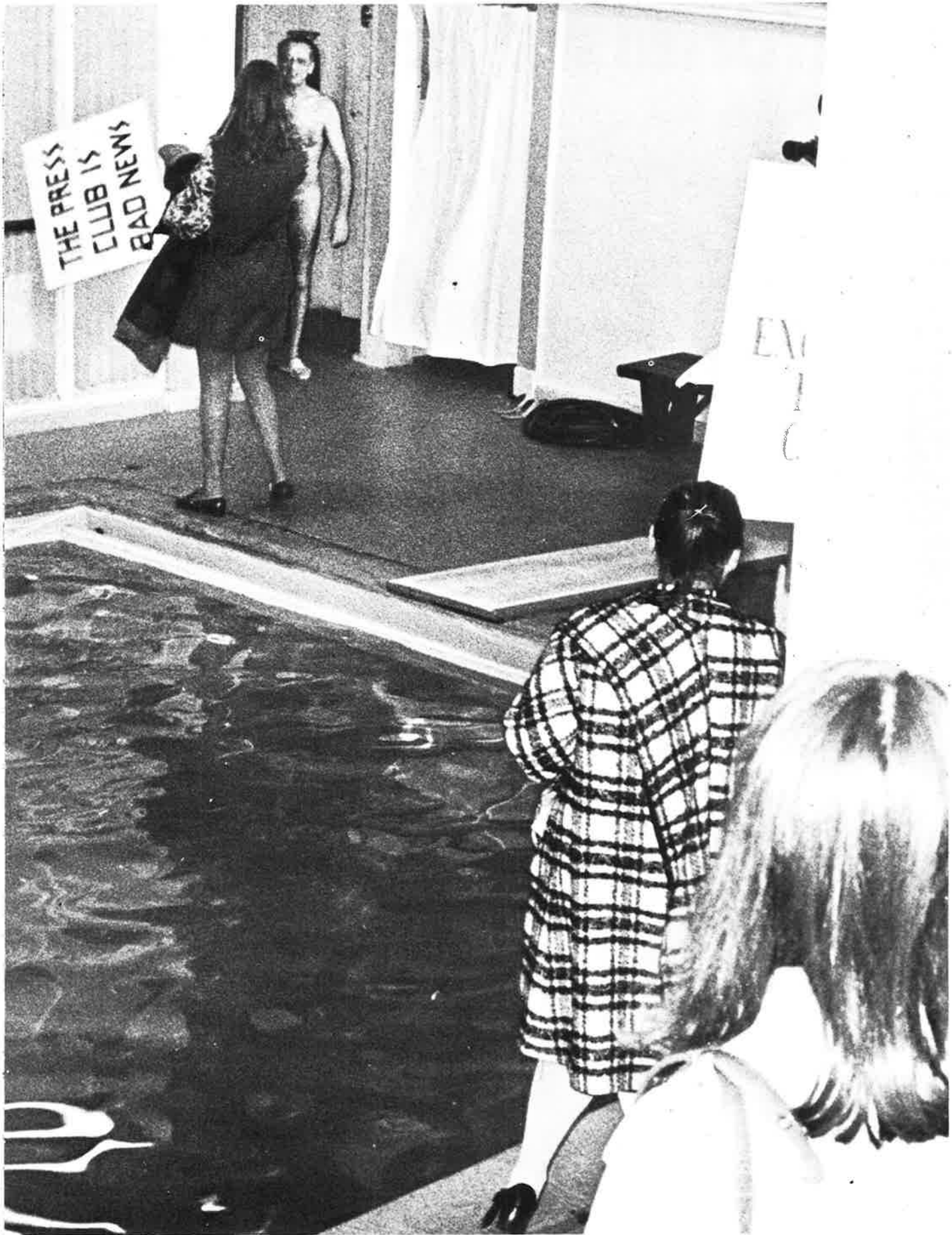


Going counter-clockwise on this page we find Sally Stanford and Attorney Jake Ehrlich fondling a real live "Tombstone," some wag brought to a Gang Dinner. Top left, Tim and Joan Guiney get together with Lt. Robert Frishman. Next, Eva Purcell poses with friend, Helen Lindberg. Lower left, Vivian Duncan sits with friends, Harlow Mayer and Carl Vella. Below, at last year's Scoop Night, we find Frank Funge, Ann and Tommy Harris and Frank Cope. All, except Ann, were early SF radio disc jockeys.





Joe Rosenthal says that Eddie Murphy, five-foot-five, is never overawed when taking pictures of six-foot-six basketball players. Joe proves, with this shot, that Eddie is the man on top.



Al Katz turns the tables on the Women's Liberation pickets who were invited to visit the different departments of the Club from their picket line in front of 555 earlier this year. Covered by T.V., news and radio, this little caper hit the big cities throughout the world.

Conformists Are Cowards

(Reprinted from the Carlsbad Journal, Carlsbad, California)

By M. C. Borland

We conformists are cowards.

We wear neckties stylishly wide or stylishly narrow depending on the current mode. We resent the Hippies who seem to get away with disregarding all the rules of presentability and conduct.

We dress uncomfortably for charity bazaars, operas and concerts. And when we die, we are mumbled over by someone, hired by our survivors, who never saw us in the flesh.

Many of us know someone who isn't a conformist and treasure his idiosyncrasies, but there are not enough of these uninhibited souls to go around, so I have decided to share one of my kooky friends with you.

His name doesn't matter, but he is an art director in a San Francisco advertising agency. Nor does that matter either, for the way he earns his daily bread has no bearing on his delightful insanity.

I'll call him Herb for convenience and because that is his name. Among Herb's nonconformities is his mutiny against shoes, a long-standing revolt that predates the Hippies and is not flaunted on the street. Only once did he go home from work not properly shod, and that was from an office party when he tossed his shoes from a twenty-second floor window in a moment of Yuletide exuberance.

But he wasn't inconvenienced for the soles of his feet are so calloused from clambering barefoot over the rocky beach at his house that he uses them as a convenient place to strike kitchen matches to light his pipe.

Another of Herb's small differences from the rest of us is his inventiveness to conserve his energy. He sawed a hole in his bedroom floor to avoid frequent door-service for his shaggy, nondescript dog. The pooch learned to climb in and out of the hole quickly enough, but there was an unexpected consequence. The phone went dead.

The repair man eventually found the trouble under the house where the dog had been spending his leisure time



"Oh, dear! Marvin's vocational advisor says he should quit college and learn a trade like plumbing or something."



"What does Ellsworth mean when he says, 'Thanks for the bread, but I won't need it for six months because the fuzz just busted my pusher.'?"

chewing the wires. To prevent this happening again, Herb crawled under the house and smeared the wires with tabasco sauce, hot mustard, and a concoction made from very potent Mexican peppers.

This discouraged the dog, but the fiery mixture ate through the insulation and on his second visit the repair man came charging up through the dog hole cursing and screaming that he was going blind. It cost Herb a young fortune to bring the wires into the house above dog reach.

And then there was the invention to save climbing a long flight of steps from the beach-level house to open the entrance gate a hundred feet above at the road.

Herb installed a swinging metal plate on a post near the gate and connected a wire from the plate to the latch. Thus, when anyone rang the bell, Herb merely stepped to the balcony outside his studio, took aim with a .22 rifle he kept handy, and sent a bullet whanging against the swinging plate.

This would open the gate, but very few visitors ever showed up at the bottom of the steps. Not knowing of the invention, they would dash to their cars and zoom out of there.

I believe the sheriff finally convinced Herb that a conventional electric release was advisable even if it did admit more door-to-door salesmen.

Some day, I suppose, a man in sombre clothes will be called upon to say the Usual Things beside what remains of Herb. But my friend will have one consolation in that sad hour. He won't have to wear shoes. ●



Dean Jennings smiles with Tony Lopez, who has been the number-one singer of Cat songs at Gang Dinners during the past year.



Having a songfest on the second floor are, from left, Merv Goodman, Dr. Al Roos, Donn Shannon, Ed Durkin, Ray Leavitt, Joe Sinai, Jerry Werthimer and Dick Mathews. Turning his back on the whole thing is Col. Charles Savage.

Our most important space project is the voyage to Serendip.

In the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole wrote about three princes of Serendip who traveled in search of treasure.

The princes never found treasure. But they continually came across other discoveries that proved to be even more valuable.

To describe this phenomenon—that of making unexpected discoveries while in search of something else—Walpole coined the word “serendipity.”

A useful word.

Today, serendipity is perhaps the most persuasive reason why our nation must continue with a strong, balanced program of space exploration.

Our investment in space has already paid us many direct benefits. Instant world-wide communication. Improved weather forecasting. New and vital means of national defense.

But even more important are the serendipitous applications now emerging from the technological and scientific advances made by our space program.

The techniques, products, and processes we've developed are helping us solve problems in air and water pollution. They're helping us increase the

world food supply, control traffic, renew our cities, care for our sick. And the list is constantly growing.

At UTC, where we specialize in rocket propellants and advanced propulsion systems, we are proud of the part we've played in America's space program. And all of us are looking forward to the expected and the serendipitous discoveries to be made in tomorrow's journeys.

To us, in the twentieth century, every voyage into space is a voyage to Serendip.



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Our pool table was never graced so beautifully until Renee Morris came along to distract the hustlers. If you noticed him – he's husband, David (Scotty) Morris.

Who's Calling Please?

By Jack Adams

Many of us have to spend a lot of time on the telephone. Most of us take it in stride, with others it becomes a trauma. I remember finishing a state-wide political campaign with Graham Kinslingbury. On the last day on the barricades, while I was gamely trying to struggle out of the office, I became possessed of a singular syndrome—that there was a black, shiny instrument permanently attached to my left ear.

Panic began to set in, but before you could say George Foster, Jack Angius, Bill Walsh, or Lynn Ulm, firm hands took me, gentler hands made as though they were detaching the growth from my ear, and wiser hands pressed flagons of cold, health-giving gin on me.

After a week in the steam room in Hydro, broken only by brief sorties to the second floor, I began to respond coherently and take a little solid nourishment. The only permanent effect I seem to have today is a buzzing sound in the ear. Polished musicians like Joe Sinai who have detected it near me tell me that it's identical in pitch to the dial tone Ma Bell was using in the late sixties. I may turn myself in to the Smithsonian.

Is it possible that a good number of our members share a pet peeve with me?

It is the dear people, mostly secretaries, who answer your call with: "Who's calling, please?" In the flossier shops, it's softened by: "May I say who's calling, please?"

However it is put, to me it seems a statement of the nature of: "I'm not about to connect you until I know you're acceptable to Mr. X."

Sometimes it's merely an officious secretary, puffing up the status of the second vice-president in charge of employee morale.

There are two schools of thought on this: "Am I to answer to any jackass who picks up a phone?" Lamentable perhaps, but entirely credible if you're an editor, a doctor, a lawyer, or some other truly august person.

And then there's the reaction I share with a great many others: "Honey, do you think I make phone calls just to hear



When it comes to handling telephone callers, this little doll with the black instrument in her hand can come up with more answers than any dial-fingerer downtown. Don't try to top her, you are just asking for some dillies, all, of course, in good humor, affection and a broad smile. She's Mae, and that good looking gal behind her is Roberta, who's no slouch on the board in her own right. This shot was made by Eddie Murphy of the Examiner.

my head rattle?"

One friend had an answer for some unusually annoying "Mr. X is away from his desk—who's calling?" He replies in a deep and boding voice:

"Just tell him God called. G-o-d . . . God."

I have found the following very effective at the right time. Crisp, authoritative, good chest tones:

"Tell him it's the United States Marshall."

This once brought a friend out into the reception area of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne—the name that sounds like a trunk falling downstairs—with both hands in the air. It was an easier pinch than a dime store detective could have made.

It worked beautifully with our friend Sam Meblin. Sam said morosely after the initial concussion:

"You know, my whole life flashed before me!"

Another friend—nameless, to protect the guilty—is with a large retail operation. He gets the most "Who did you say was calling?" from buyers, who are often self-appointed members of the nobility. He tersely gives the name of the chairman of the board—and hangs up.

The most elaborate screening system I ever noted was that of a technical representative of mine in New York. To reach him, calls went through two private numbers. I often wondered what real dandy sideline he had.

An artist and designer we all know cooled the secretary of a difficult banking client with:

"I just called to say he left his overcoat at the madame's"

But the real attention getter, when all the returns are in, you should excuse the expression, is:

"It's the Internal Revenue Bureau."

The instant reaction may be the reflection of a guilt-laden age.

Man in sarong

BUT STAY OFF THE STREETS!

By PAUL HURMUSES

SAN FRANCISCO — With the heat of summer just around the bend, you might play it cool this year with a sarong.

Not you, girls. We're talking to the gents.

A man in a sarong? Sure. The neighbors won't complain, just so long as you stay off the streets. The real brave ones venture onto the patio, as we do. When the neighborhood kids giggle, just ignore 'em.

As old Asia hands, we've tried and worn several sarongs. In fact many of our years were spent in sarongs in Indonesia, Malaysia, Burma, just to name a few of the countries where the best dressed man in the village kampong wears a skirt and not the pants.

Funny thing about the millions of men who wear sarongs and the American male who is supposed to have everything: a quick check with Abercrombie & Fitch here brought the admission they never stock them. Maybe they'll catch up, though, as well they should. There's nothing a man can wear below the belt on a hot day that's more comfortable or practical. Except nothing, that is.

BUT BACK to Asia, home of the well-ventilated garment. We just stocked up with a fresh supply of sarongs, during a quick Pan Am tour of the exotic Far East.

Take Burma. In Rangoon they don't actually call them sarongs, though all sarongs conform basically to a simple two-yard piece of material that's sewed together at the ends to form a barrel-shaped skirt, ankle-length. The Burmese longyi fastens in a fancy knot at the waist, above and to the left of the navel. Pure silk — about \$12, and it comes in a great assortment of bright, checkered patterns of red, orange and gold.

Farther south, in Indonesia, a sarong is a sarong, period, and cheaper, too. That's the place where they come in vivid cotton



AT HOME IN INDIA? No, it's writer Paul Hurmuses at home in California after years as a working newsman on the Asian scene. The sartorial attire? You have to haggle, but the Burmese longyi, or sarong, of pure silk, sells for \$12 in Rangoon; Indonesian batik shirt \$4 in Bali; Nepalese cap 50 cents in Katmandu.

patterns, extra-lavish batiks, and even, finely woven light wool. Practical gents, the Indonesians: at night when the cool mist rolls down the slopes of fabled Bali's volcanoes, they simply unknit the wool sarong at the waist, and curl up in it under the banyan tree for a cozy night's sleep. The price of a good Indonesian cotton sarong is about \$3, about \$3 for an extra good batik, and add another dollar or so for the fine wool.

BACK HOME in India, a few of us dared to wear the white cotton dhoti a la

Mahatma Gandhi and other Indian luminaries. The dhoti is a bit trickier, and in fact gives you an acute funny feeling, for it hangs around your loins like an oversized baby diaper. Cost: \$2.

So, back to sarongs.

After watching Victor Mature wrestle with Tondeleo, you may find this hard to believe, but tying a sarong is no trick at all. There are several ways. But just make sure it's cinched securely, because in a heated haggling session in the local bazaar, you could lose control of yourself and your sarong, too. They sometimes

a cool idea, man

have a way of easily and insidiously working themselves loose at the waist, to fall into a neat little pile around your ankles. It's happened, believe us. And the consequences are dire. Nobody, but nobody, wears anything under the naturally air-conditioned sarong.

Why defeat the purpose, which is to keep cool?

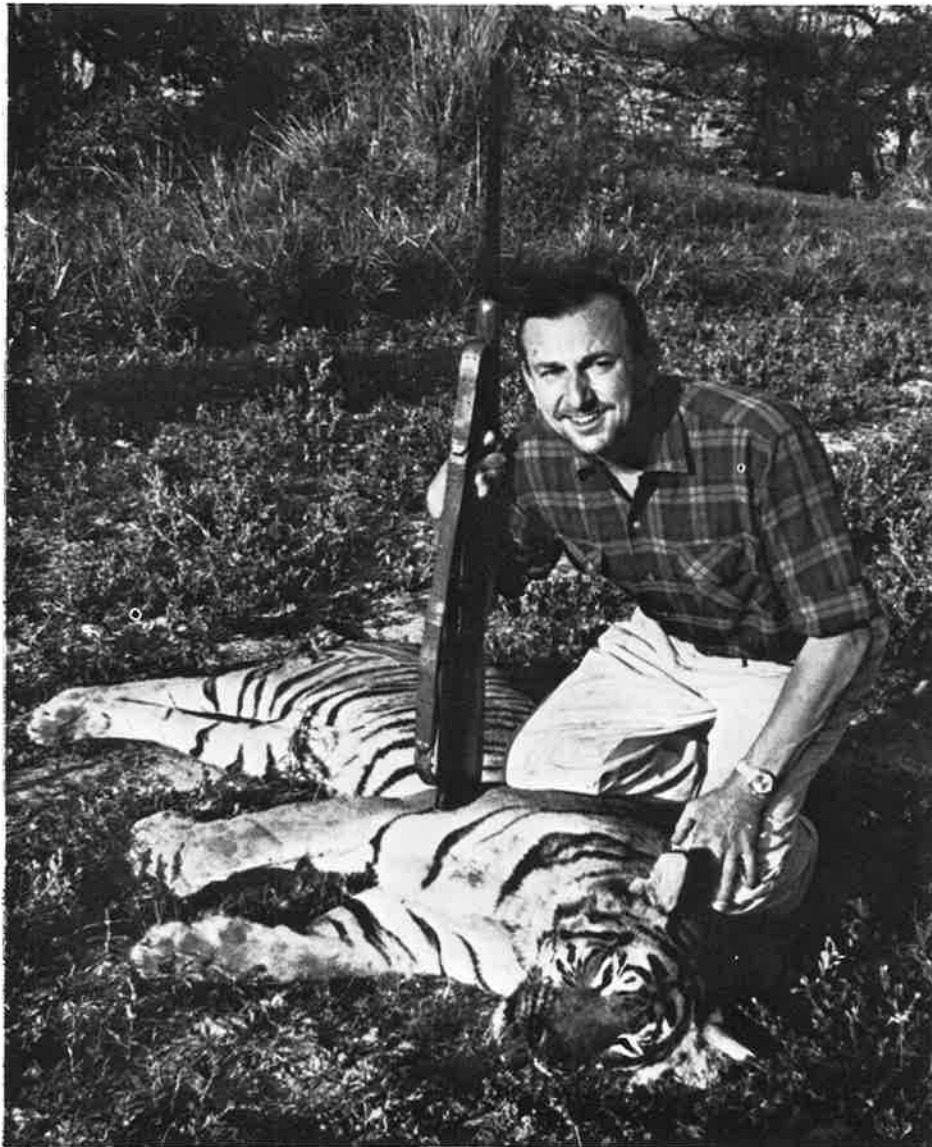
ONE STYLE is a simple yet impressive-looking pleat, the top rolled over neatly at the navel. The pleat keeps its shape all the way to the ankles. Then, there is the favorite known as the "cross-over," where the gathered ends are tucked under the top hem opposite each other. Again, very secure. Looks great, too, say Pan Am's globe-circling crews who regularly drop into Djakarta, Rangoon and Singapore.

But for plain old confidence, nothing beats the trusty Hurmuses reef knot. This is for shooting and fishing expeditions where the rigors of the safari involve a lot of body English — whoops, action — and you need something trustworthy as a belt or suspenders. This one takes a little doing. You gather up the excess sarong material in each fist, work it in bunches to the navel, then tie the gathered ends into a tidy little ball that rests at ease just below the navel. Very fashionable, and nothing will work that one loose, not even the bone-rattling recoil of a Winchester 375 H & H Magnum rifle. As an advantage, to be sure, the featherweight sarong offers the hunter additional stealth as he stalks his game. Might even help your moose and grizzly score, who knows?

BUT BACK to the California scene. It's a hot, sunny day. The sirloin tip is on the patio spit. Your Indonesian batik "bush" shirt flops loosely at the waist. From the sun's glare, you protect your head with an Indonesian pitji, the traditional headgear worn by everyone on Java, or your Nepalese shikari cap.

It's time for a tall glass. You pick your favorite woven rattan chair, gently arrange the folds of your ventilated sarong, and settle back with your bare feet propped up on the Indian hassock.

Cool, man, cool. Abercrombie & Fitch — take note. ●



The Bengal tigress, all nine feet and six inches, was dropped by Hurmuses without any haggling at all on the India-Nepal terai with a well-placed shot at a distance of 35 paces.

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After Many a Deadline

IF YOU LIVE long enough in this racket, you could spend half your time writing the obituaries of fallen comrades. The invisible sniper, firing at random, picks them off one by one — not that old newspaper guys are a difficult target. They're a dying breed even in the best of health, burning themselves out against the deadlines, drinking themselves out between editions. Some die in the gutter, others are found face down at their typewriters, still others suddenly pitch forward at their desks . . .

★ ★ ★

THE OTHER NIGHT, I stood on the Powell St. curb, across from the Sir Francis Drake, and lagged a penny toward the cable car slot. It hit metal with a tiny "chinning" and disappeared, to join whatever pennies might still be down there, under the tracks. A ridiculous gesture but it was the only tribute I could think of to Larry Fanning, dead at 56 up there in Anchorage. If our roles had been reversed, he might have done the same for me, for the hell of it, for Auld Lang Syne, for bittersweet memories. Larry went the way we all go if we stay in this racket, down and out, at the desk and the deadline he had faced that once too often. The presses keep rolling but the ticker gives out — a heart that gets old in a hurry, hurry, hurry.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE WORLD War II, when the city was still young (a time that now appears to have been enchanted), Larry Fanning, a genius of a copy-reader named Bob Ritchie, and I would close up The Chronicle at 3 a.m. We'd take final editions, the ink still wet, over to Tiny's, an all-night coffee shop on Powell (Sears occupies that spot now, an entirely different matter). There, we'd pick up a rival Examiner and sit till dawn, comparing, arguing, criticizing. We loved The Chron, we hated The Ex, we were excited about

the business. And as the sun started to come out of the East Bay, we'd stand on the Powell curb and lag pennies at the cable car slot. I no longer remember how the game started or why, or even what the point was, since the "winner" was the one who lost his penny down the slot. It simply appealed to the child in us, the child that lives in every newspaperman of whatever age.

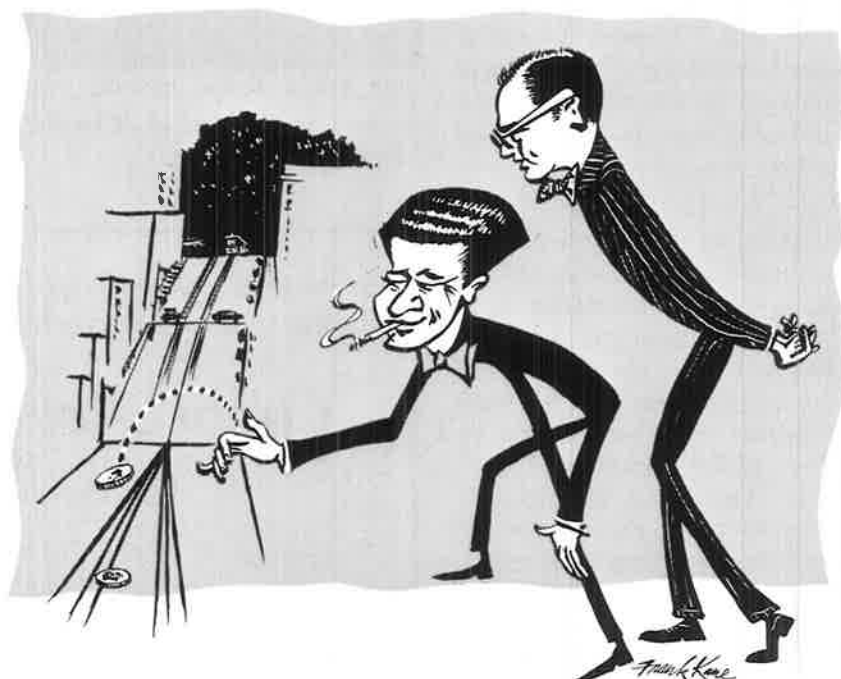
★ ★ ★

IT WAS A GREAT time to be young, in a city that hadn't quite grown up yet, in a world on the brink of disaster but still poised for the plunge. We were living in the twilight of a golden age of journalism: four dailies at each other's throats, and great newspapermen on all of them. Paul Smith, the boy editor of The Chronicle. Lindner and Wren at The Ex, with Hyer, Hyman and McQuade at the front typewriters. Benny Horne, who coined "Cow Palace," tough Tom Laird and Art Caylor at The News. A mob of tabloid terrors on The Call-Bulletin and Larry Fanning, the kid managing editor of The Chronicle — lean, mean, talented and

giving the paper the kind of devotion money can't buy. We were all like that, living and breathing the newspaper business. At the old Press Club at Powell and Sutter — open all night, with slot machines in the bar — we'd take on anybody who'd dare denigrate The Chron. It was Jim Kielsen of The Ex who called our staff "a bunch of young punks." And it was Larry Fanning who smashed him to the floor, where his head lolled between the cuspidors.

★ ★ ★

MY GOD we were young and indestructible. We'd work all afternoon and run up to the Mark's Lower Bar for a drink (it was The Place, then) and down to the old Bay City Grill on Turk for dinner and then back to work till the final edition was off the presses and then on to coffee and coin lagging at Tiny's and sometimes instead of going to bed we'd drive straight out to Julius Kahn Playground to play tennis by the dawn's early light. Sometimes we'd go without sleep two days, without fatigue. We worked too hard, drank too much, married and



From the 1946 Scoop, Chronicle Big Guns Paul Smith, Herb Caen, and Larry Fanning flip to see who pays at the old bar on Powell-st.



divorced too often, blew our health and our home lives, loved our newspaper, dug each other and, in most cases, died too young. It never occurred to us to put in for overtime. We were having too good a time all the time.

★ ★ ★

SUNDAY WAS brunch day at Paul Smith's. It wasn't enough that we worked together six days a week, almost 24 hours a day, we had to be together on Sunday, too, there on the deck of Smith's Telegraph Hill digs, World's Fairs, out toward the bridges that were more than big enough to handle the traffic (we even worried that the Golden Gate Bridge might never make it, business was so slow). We'd drink and eat and sneer at The Ex and glow over The Chron. Paul called us "The Clan" and we were, closer than most families. There on Telegraph

Hill, with the lights of Treasure Island coming on at dusk, we felt on top of the world, in the glow of youth and good Scotch.

NOW PAUL SMITH, after a series of strokes, languishes in a rest home down the Peninsula. Larry Fanning is dead. So

are Horne and Caylor, Bob Ritchie, Kieldsen, Kindner, Wren, McQuade, Laird, the News, the Call, the old Press Club and Tiny's. Sometimes I feel like the survivor of a Last Man Club. Throw another penny at the slot and remember the good times. Oh hell.



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Grant Avenue at Sacramento.



The ultimate in Cantonese cookery, in the tradition of old China ■ Dine in the fabulous Gum Shan Room and enjoy the original water colors depicting the history of the Chinese in America ■ Originators of the exotic "Almond Eye" after-dinner drink and San Francisco's first elevated cocktail lounge ■ Reservations for 8 or more persons invited.

chinatown, yukon 2-2388



PRESCOTT SULLIVAN



The picture you see at the top of the column was taken shortly after we dropped out of high school.

That was a few years ago, to be sure, but the likeness is still a faithful one and we couldn't think of changing it.

The photographer was George Shimmon, whose work is renowned for its lasting quality. The Shah of Iran is one of his clients. It is due to the magic of Shimmon's camera that the Shah has so long retained his youthful appearance.

George has an effectively sneaky way of taking pictures. None of his stuff is posed. To avoid the rigidity of the forced smile, the self-conscious stare, the nervous blink, he engages his subjects in conversation and clicks the shutter when it is least expected.

A variation of the system was used to get the above mentioned masterpiece. George didn't do any of the talking, but he had arranged for an assistant to call us on the phone.

Born in Persia, now known as Iran, George is an avid skier. He goes skiing at Boreal Ridge whenever the snow is right and he can get away from his chores.

George skis pretty well. He learned to ski while serving with the 10th Mountain Division during World War II. Since then, however, he has had to learn to ski all over again.

The Army taught him to ski when he had two sturdy legs under him. Today, one of his legs is useless and the other isn't much account, either, so a wholly different technique is required.

Although he buys the skis in pairs, George skis only on one of them. It is



fastened to the foot of what he laughingly refers to as his "good leg." Quarter length mini-skis, or runners, attached to the ski poles provide a degree of stability and steering control.

A veritable tripod in motion, George does not confine skiing to the bunny runs. He dares to challenge the big slopes and, one way or the other, he manages to arrive at the bottom.

It is highly improbable that he will ever be a match for La Belle France's dashing Olympian, Jean-Claude Killy, but, at his age, 65, come next month, that is hardly his ambition.

George, who gets around town on crutches, with both legs dragged behind him, retrained himself to ski mostly to see if he could do it. Now, he's staying with it to help others as he has been helped.

He is deeply grateful to and interested in the National Amputee Skiers Ass'n, a non-profit organization which has given hundreds of disabled persons, many of them war wounded veterans, a new vista on life by putting them on skis.

The NASA's work is carried on at Boreal Ridge, where, for the amputee

skier enrolled in the program, everything is for free. The worthwhile project is supported by tax-deductible contributions and \$15 a year memberships.

We promised George we'd get the plug in the paper. He wanted it for the Association. One of our favorite people, he never asks anything for himself.

George used to be an amateur wrestler. Short, but husky, he won his share of matches while representing the Univ. of California and the Olympic Club.

The big trouble, which was to twist and cripple his once strong body, hit him soon after the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley.

Operation followed operation. George has been hospitalized an average of four months in each of the last 10 years and he still faces additional major surgery.

Yet, not once has he been heard to complain. His acceptance of his ordeal is inspiring. For a chronic belly-acher, the likes of us, it is also embarrassing.

"I'm one of the luckiest of people," George says. "I can work, I can ski and, on my crutches, I can even walk a little. There are many, many others far less fortunate."

It's good to hear George say it. And, then again, it isn't. Somehow it makes us feel very small and mean. There aren't too many with George Shimmon's courage and class.

He has to be one of the guttisiest men we've ever met. Were another to be named, it would be an old colleague of ours, the late Clyde Giraldo.

In his last year with The Examiner, Clyde was dying with cancer and he knew it. But he never lost his smile and he worked full-shift up to the day before he died.

That last day on the job he did what he always did. He bought a bag of jelly beans and left it on the copy desk as a little treat for the boys in the sports department.

We're telling you, it brought a tear to every eye.



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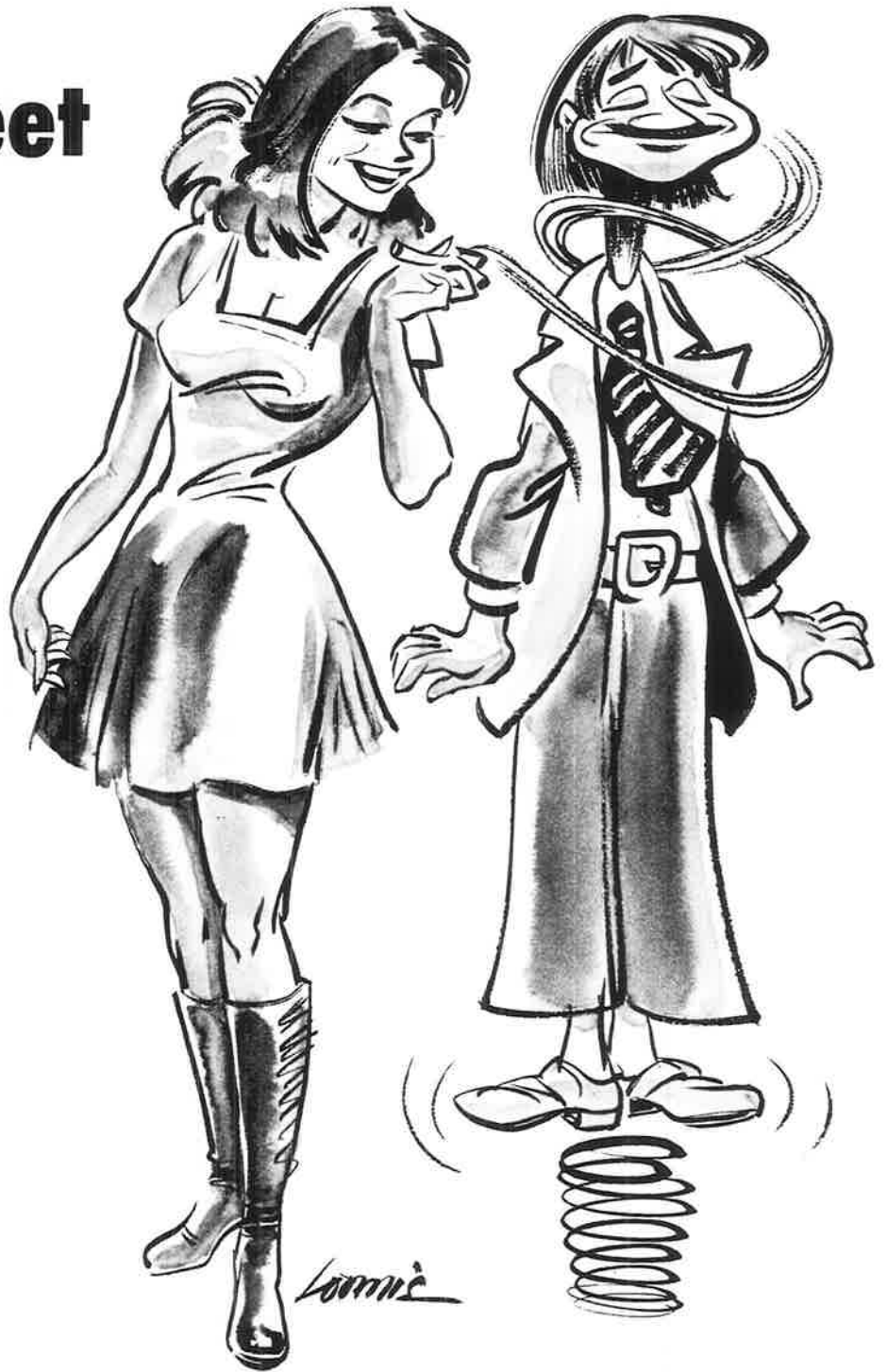
By Allen Schwartz

Progress, in itself, is a wonderful thing. But this is a sad story concerning progress. There is little doubt that we live in an age when progress is outstripping man, and often with demoralizing repercussions. The bookshelves have us hypnotized by book titles aimed at helping us adjust to our sonic age. Doctor Freud would gasp in this rarified company. And now there is a group of thinkers who would have us believe the so-called "good old days" were not so good at all. Oh?

There was nothing really wrong with the good old days. Except perhaps in the shadow of today's happenings, things moved along at a slower pace. Today the cry is "casual living." But how can we live casually at an accelerated rate of speed in all areas of work and play and living? Maybe we don't live more rapidly today, but the motivational research people when coupled with the advertising moguls would have us believe it were so at any cost—to us.

Perhaps the life today is better, but there were certain things that have vanished that I liked about the good old days. The case in mind is the *red* licorice whips the kids of my day used to purchase at the corner candy store for a penny.

Just the other evening while visiting friends, the hostess asked, "How about a red licorice whip?" Instantly I was transported back some 30 years, when at noontime we used to gather at old Tom's candy store to inspect the vast assortment of penny candy—licorice whips, licorice plugs, red hot dollars, green leaves, jaw breakers, and colored wax filled with sugar water—a cheery world of goodies. Ah, for the sheer joy of peeling the thin ribbon of licorice from around the whip. Or drinking water through it. Or stretch-



ing the whip. And finally eating it.

But back to our age of progress. The hostess arrived with a free teak bowl filled with red licorice whips. What, dear God, had happened to this childhood friend of mine? He was no longer a deep ruby red, but a sickly strawberry color! And the protruding edges? Apparently some candy scion had decided to modernize the shape—the result being that the

peeling edge had been machined down like the rifling in the bore of a fine gun. With shaky hand I took a red licorice whip, closed my eyes, and bit off the end. I could already savor that extra special taste from my good old grade school days. Alas! What I tasted had not the slightest resemblance to red licorice—this was a sugary hodge podge of strawberry and raspberry flavoring. It was a sad

plight to call this red licorice, especially in this technological era. I was truly sad.

Why would anyone want to tamper with red licorice whips? If someone thought they could improve upon the taste and quality, just for once they should have left well enough alone. I assume that along with these so-called improvements, the price was raised too. Why not. Is there a youngster today who would consider a penny product worth buying? No doubt Madison Avenue calls this the "new and improved—better than ever—fruit flavored licorice as seen on television, with added health giving, energy building Q 3.414, and made pre-

cisely from an early American candy maker's formula. The very same as granddaddy used to savor—only better." Hog wash!

Expound what you will about the good old days not being so good or so old. But please, if for no other reason than my cherished childhood memories, don't tamper or attempt to improve on the shape or the taste of the *brown* licorice whips of the good old days! It is too late to rescue the red licorice whip, except to say one can now find it in one inch long segments, and neatly tinned in the finer candy shops of our land. I

haven't seen a brown licorice whip in years, but if for some quirk, it has managed to survive midst this age of progress, I fervently pray—regardless of what the sages of today say about the good old days—that it is still the plain brown licorice whip as I knew it. Unwrapped, root beer colored, indefinitely flavored, spiraled thickly, limp in Summer, and brittle in Winter. Sure the flies often perched on them for hours atop the candy counter, and sure they got between your teeth and caused cavities, and sure they sometimes ruined your appetite for dinner. But they sure as hell were good for the old morale. And the cost? One penny sir. ●



George Scott and Al Graf get together for a little chat and cocktails at the second floor bar.



Head busboy Charles Bargas heads for the kitchen with a tray load of used ones. Genial Charlie has been with the Club for a good many years.



Jill St. Paul, who is billed as "World's prettiest nude dancer" at the night club, Galaxie, looks pretty good with clothes on, too. She was the inspiring "mascot" for the boys down in Hydro earlier this year when they got started with their Spin N Swim contest. She is definitely responsible for the best turn out ever.

The Night of the Cat



It was a Friday night in the old Press Club on Powell Street and a bunch of the boys were whooping it up before Gang Dinner time. Little did anyone suspect that the usual semi-organized confusion would be shattered by an invasion from Another World.

Will Aubrey stood at one end of the bar composing his Cat Song for that night. Art Caylor and Joe Rucker pounded dice cups, while Walt Frates and Curley Grieve argued the pros and cons of admitting females to membership. (God Rest All Their Merry Souls!) Others, still alive today and remembering That Night, sipped their drinks thoughtfully—then

by Lee Ruttle

gulped and ordered more. In the background, nickles, dimes and quarters were swallowed hungrily in the maws of slot machines—creating a cacaphony of whirring, tinkling, clicking—accented by an occasional jackpot which called for another round of drinks.

Suddenly out of the shadows loomed a Creature—Terror of the Jungle—slinking, ready to pounce upon unwary prey. All mortals present had heard many versions of the Cat Story, but this was no figment of Will Aubrey's fertile imagination. This was for REAL! A Cat. A LARGE Cat,

standing at least thirty inches from the floor and weighing in the neighborhood of eighty pounds. Spotted as a leopard, long-legged, with the lean rippling muscles of a fast fighter, and eyes that gleamed in the half-light. It's dripping tongue lolled easily between jagged teeth and snarling lips. Alert ears heard every sound—including pounding hearts and quickened breathing. It's educated nose sniffed the strange mixture of odors: tobacco smoke, half-finished beer, whiskey, gin—and Man's clammy sweat.

In a fractured instant, four re-write men, a columnist from some East Bay weekly, and two cub reporters (who were

still sober enough), vaulted the bar and cowered amongst bottles, bar rags and ice cubes. All vowed to sign The Pledge as soon as their ink-stained fingers ceased to tremble. Others clambered atop slot machines, clinging perilously while The Beast stalked the room.

It was some minutes before anyone noticed that The Beast was attached to a man by a sturdy chain leash. Actually, this cat made no hostile move in anyone's direction. Nobody else demonstrated belligerence, either. As for the Cat's man, he seemed downright friendly. He could afford to be. Gradually fear was overcome by the natural instinct of journalistic curiosity, and our cowardly members began emerging from their points of refuge. Questions were asked, tentatively at first. The Cat's man gave the answers.

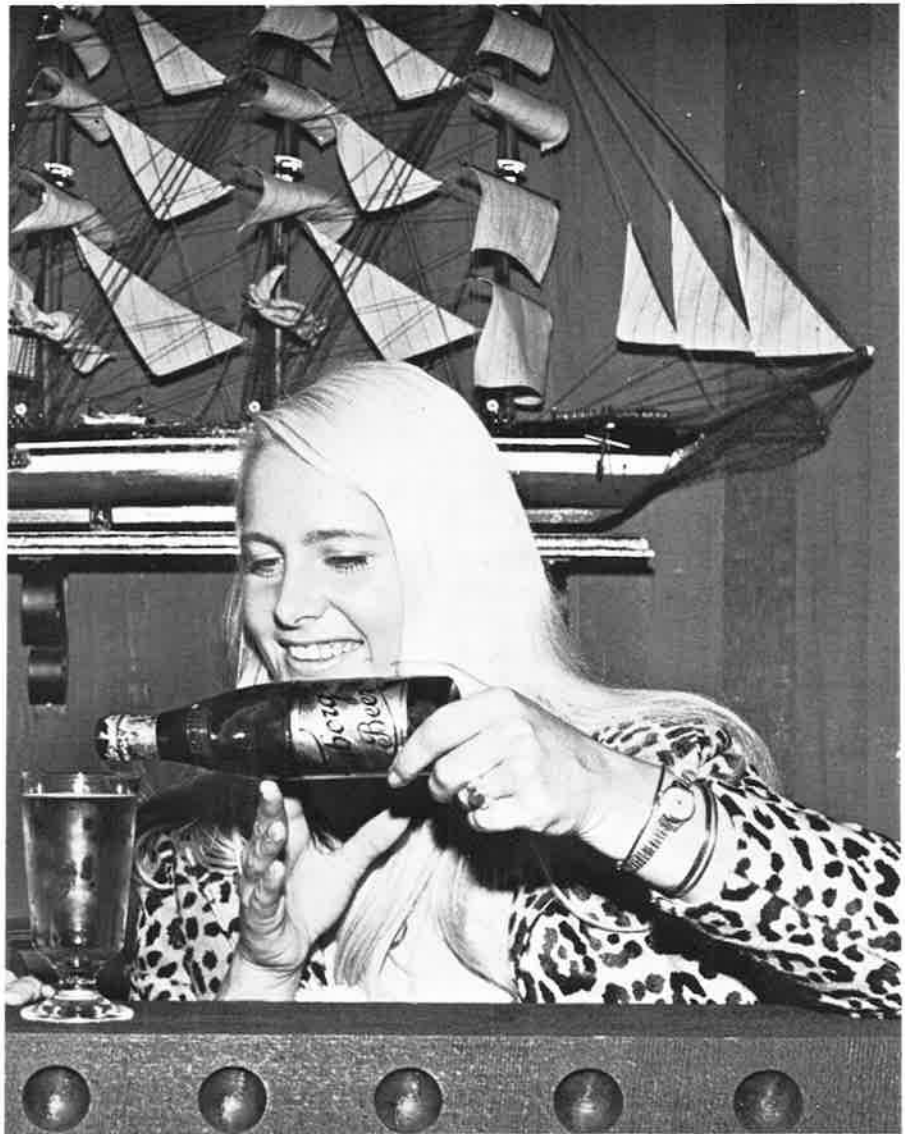
It was a Cheetah, known for its hunting prowess and lightning speed—often semi-tamed by Man, and trained for hunting in Africa. "Oh yes," he said, he had several other wild animals as house pets at his place down the Peninsula. But he thought the Cheetah would best enjoy a visit to the Press Club—"... what with the Club being partial to the Cat Family and all."

By that time, several members offered to buy this guy and his Cat a drink. The man accepted a scotch on the rocks, but said the Cheetah (he called him "Charley"—or some such innocuous name) didn't care for booze.

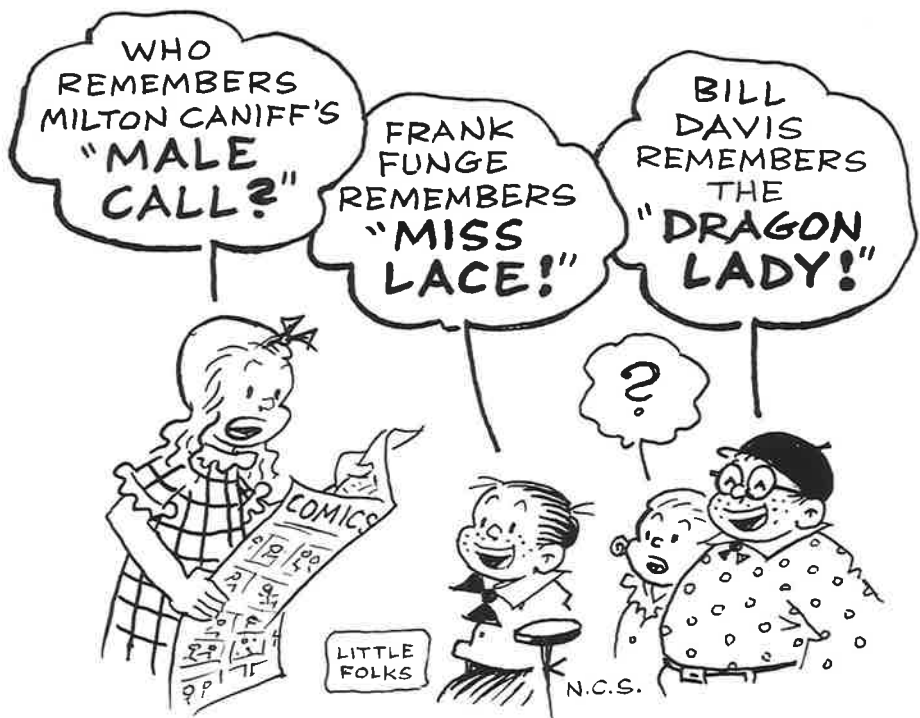
"It makes him nervous," he said.

And *nobody* wanted to make *that* Cat nervous.

Soon it was time for everyone to take their places in the dining room for Gang Dinner. The Cat Man sat at the head table—with the animal at his feet. It was difficult for anyone to recall exactly who THE Guest Speaker was That Night. Maybe it was Harold Stassen—or even Wendell Wilkie. But at any rate, "Charley" or whatever the hell HIS name was, showed little, if any, interest. Will Aubrey's Cat Song was a bit "cleaned up" and delivered with a few anxious glances in the direction of our unexpected feline guest. But, as we said, "Charley" didn't give a damn. He slumbered through it all—except for the brief moments it took him to devour a hunk of rare roast beef slipped to him under the table. ●



When you can get Tuborg — why bother with the others?



The Strange Californians

By Tom Conroy

Throughout much of the United States, the Californian is thought of as the fellow who finds gold and oil in his backyard, dresses informally for all but the most formal occasions, and turns orchards into cities overnight. He finds pretty girls at drug store soda fountains and transforms them into movie stars. He picks oranges and roses while much of the nation is buried in winter's snow. He drives fast, foreign cars, worships at queer shrines, and has the highest rates of alcoholism and suicide in his nation. On holidays, his state leads the nation in deaths on the highway.

An astonishing fact is that most of the opinions regarding the strange Californians are true. Take politics—generally the Californian votes Republican, though he usually registers Democrat.

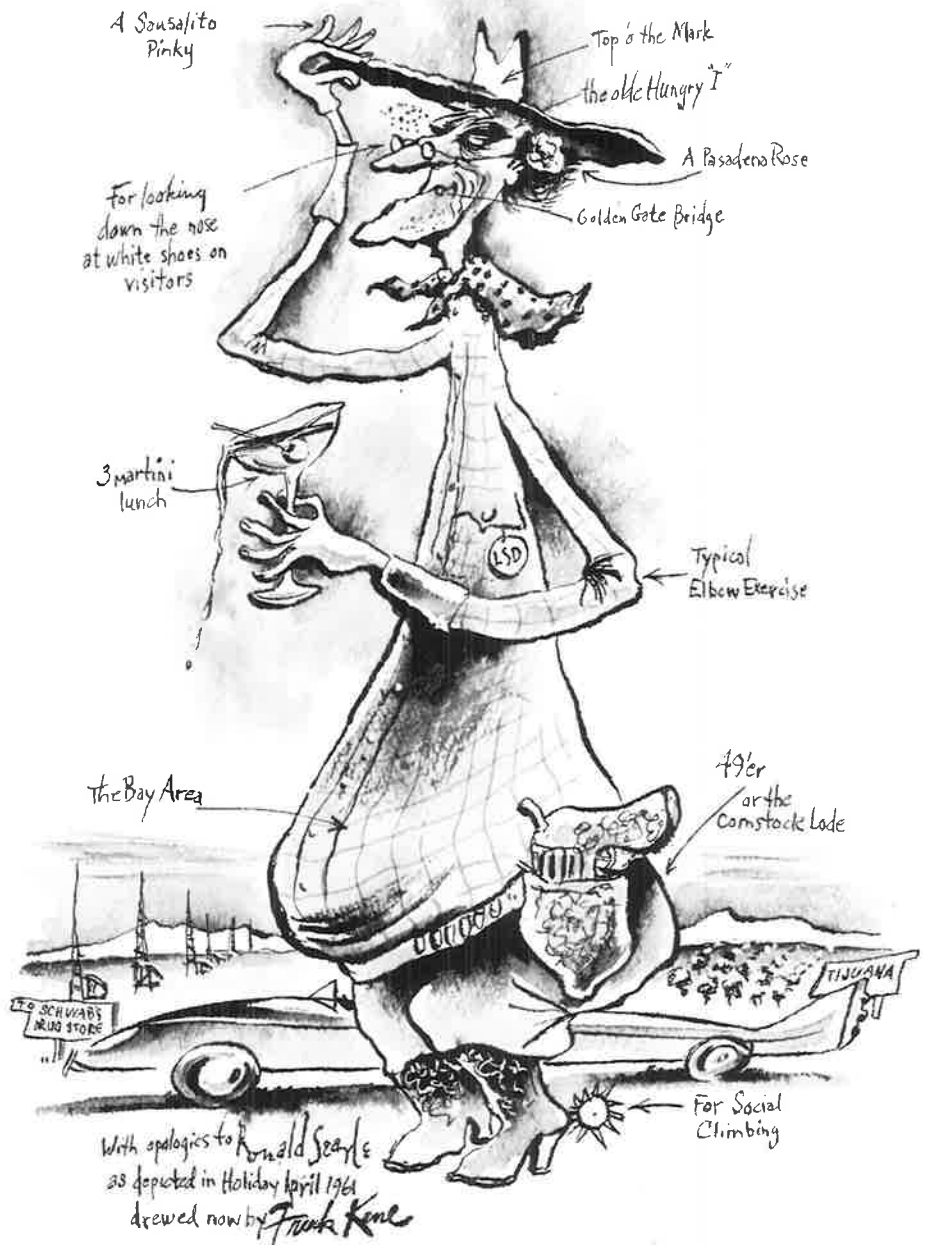
What has given these ordinary people such an extraordinary way of life? I have pondered this question often since coming to live in California.

Who is the Californian? For the most part, he is a fellow from Iowa, or some part of the midwest. You rarely ever come into contact with a native. And herein lies the reason for the strange and curious Californian.

Throughout California's history, there has been a constant migration since Padre Serra limped north from Mexico into an unknown land. And wherever he paused, a church was built, and a colony, each named for a saint. San Diego, Santa Barbara and San Francisco—21 in all.

For the next 75 years California was the land of grace and plenty. Noble Spaniards managed royal land grants. Today's barbecue was born in their fiestas. The mood of the rancheros still lingers in today's California living.

But in 1848 there was a change in the Californian's spirit. A courier ran through the streets of San Francisco, then a town of about 1,000 people shouting: "Gold . . . Gold in the American River." Within a week fewer than 100 people remained.



Thus the spirit of the "Spoilers" came to California. They came to take. After all, the well would never run dry. They poured out of ships and streamed across the prairies. John Sutter, in whose mill-race the gold was found, took pity on the immigrants, many of whom arrived with nothing. He fed and clothed them, and the influx literally broke him. He died in poverty.

Sutter's name comes to mind often today as taxes spiral upward to buy new schools, build wider and more freeways, and create more government to serve the

incoming millions. Only a minority of Californians are made rich by the state's fantastic growth. For most it means higher taxes, crowded freeways, and less water and land to go around. It means traffic jams, highway accidents and polluted air. It means double sessions in overcrowded schools and destruction of much of the state's natural beauty. In the new boom the spoilers have been seen again taking the profits of growth and leaving the citizenry to bear the costs.

But today's boom, as did that of the gold rush, furthers the image of Cali-

fornia, the land of ideal climate, with riches for the taking.

Few actually found much gold, though a majority took a little. And the curious thing was that as the dream faded the new arrivals returned to their old trades. The Italian cooks founded the famed San Francisco restaurants. Frenchmen looked about them to see in the Napa and Santa Clara valleys almost miraculous wine-growing conditions.

Today, San Francisco is regarded as a city of culture. The Opera, the marvelous gardens and museums and Golden Gate Park are sources of great pride. But the gold rush is not far behind in the city's past.

Most of the great early fortunes in San Francisco did not come from the gold, but in selling whiskey, clothing and other items to the miners. And the "fancy ladies" occupied such a social position that numerous city streets were named for them.

So great is the pressure to reproduce in reality the California fantasy that many fortunes are made in selling the props. New arrivals demand modern houses with floor to ceiling glass, swimming pools,

patios and barbecues. And they get them, completely equipped with tropical plants. Orange groves are bulldozed and thousands of modern look-alike homes are built staring blankly into one another's sliding doors.

Disneyland is good evidence of the California Fantasy. Four adults visit there for every child. Visitors pour out of the Disneyland Hotel, spend four days exploring the park, then visit Los Angeles for a day, and fly home believing they have seen California. Disneyland is the chief man-made attraction in the state and a lasting monument to the late Walt Disney.

But for whatever reason the Californian's idea of paradise, be it a little ludicrous or shortsighted now and then never forget that he had the courage to take it for himself. It may in some circumstances be a little foolish to leave everything behind and head for the promised land. (The State's welfare rolls are staggering.) But remember that it takes daring.

So the Californian is by nature a pioneer, experimenter and innovator, but the "spoiler" attitude is always present.

When World War II began industry boomed in California. A population explosion began that still continues today and the problems it creates are staggering.

Since the days when western pioneers shot the buffalo from train windows for sport, nearly annihilating the breed, it has caused trouble. When a section of town becomes old, or even whole communities, leave it and build elsewhere. There is plenty of room.

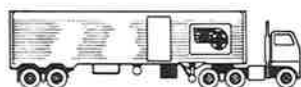
In many areas of the state, California is going over its ruined urban areas, trying to rebuild. It faces the problems of smog, not only in Los Angeles, but in many cities throughout the state. It is tackling the problems of inadequate water supply. To combat crowded freeways they have devised a rapid transit system, monorail and again the bulldozers are at work tearing down what were once modern homes.

With all of her glamour, and her colorful past, because of little planning and the spoilers, California could some day be another India, overcrowded, with not enough water, homes, jobs and food to supply its great population. It could become the largest slum in the world. ●

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How Newswomen Luncheons Came About



Governor Ronald Reagan congratulates Adee Attell on the successful completion of one of her public relations programs.

It took a Christmas card from Ethel Bernenko to Adee Attell to start that ball a-rolling. During "the season to be jolly" tucked inside her card, Ethel wrote, "I've just had a brainstorm, and I hope you think well of it. . . . we have some 65 Newswomen in the Club, plus many other women in other categories, and actually no one at the Press Club to introduce new and old members around. . . ."

Then she phrased her idea of starting a women's group within the Club, and offered her services to write letters, make phone calls, for just a once a month get-together for the sake of true sociability.

A steering committee met, discussed it, and realizing they were greatly anti-Women's Lib, and liked the present dignity of the Press Club—with absolutely no brief to "skinny-dip" with the fellows, a presentation was made to the Board of Directors, by Ethel and Adee. With the Board's green light, the rest is history.

A "kick-off" found wit, raconteur and favorite, Paul Speegle, himself, turning the charm on for the ladies, and over 70 were in attendance, Adee Attell was the chair lady. Then Gerri Lang, program director of a leading TV studio, presented pertinent remarks on today's picture, with Bunny Gillespie, chairlady of the event, along with Miriam Moore. Ginny Kolmar, (wife of Hans,) spoke on a pet subject, (away from P.R. which is a His and Her profession with the Kolmars,) and then one of the Board of Directors' members, Graham Kisingbury was asked to speak.

Holding his head, Graham lamented, "Who can follow Paul Speegle?" Then added, "What can I talk about?"

A staunch admirer suggested that he just recount "Funny Things Along the Way . . ." a subject he many times had hilariously entertained friends with, and Graham came through with flying colors, repeating tales of being a press agent with movieland greats, such as Susan Hayward, Betty Grable, and many others.

There was one quiet month, and then our ladies went to work for a bang-smash party luncheon, really digging the men out for this one, as a preview for British Market Week, and chairlady was lovely Virginia (Ginny) Hill. It was complete with the presence of British Consul James Murray, a Barbizon Fashion Show, and real English door-prizes, and Emily Freedman was a great help to Ginny, right down to the finish line.

The steering committee formed of Ethel, Adee, Ginny Kolmar, Ginny Hill, Muriel Cahn, Miriam Moore, Bunny Gillespie, and Emily Freedman kept right on planning, for more social life.

Then came the subject. What about a name? Dotty Kisingbury, and Helene Montgomery, chosen from the distaff side, and Jack Lauck and Dick Alexander, from "themenfolk," judged a name contest, and came up with the Athenians, which was later switched to the "News-women."

For the future? Well, there's Marimba and Mariachi music in the air, with plans for a get-together with our menfolk for a real Mexican Posada for Christmas. Yes, a

December party with real Mexican entertainment, and the Mexican Government Tourism Bureau, entering the picture from South of the Border, so shake out your peasant blouses and hand-screened Flamenco skirts, and you fellows swing out your Zarapes, for some heel-clicking. . . .

So—from one little Christmas card, and some courageous newswomen, the Press Club is enjoying a new segment of entertainment, and as for Women Libbers—a POX on them.

"Who needs 'em!"

Adee Attell



News Row in London

By Charles Jordon

We were recently talking about the next Press Club tour to London, and I said I would fill you in on my favorite beat in that swinging city.

It is Fleet Street, of course, so here we go down that ink-spattered canyon where great presses hum and much is said about cabbages and kings.

Let us start this stroll at Trafalgar Square because it is not too far from our destination and everyone knows how to find it.

If we walk directly ahead with our back to the National Gallery we will soon come to Charing Cross Station. Villiers Street runs along by the left side of the station. Go down the hill on this street and enter Victoria Embankment Gardens on your left. Now you are in a green park shaped like a huge elfin's hat and away from the roar of wheels and crowds. To your right is the River Thames. Samuel Pepys, that delightful rascal, lived one block along the way in Buckingham Street, which dead ends at the left border of the park.

About half way to the end of the park you will notice Cleopatra's needle. It is at the edge of the embankment on the river side. This monument dates from around 1500 B.C. and was presented by the Viceroy of Egypt to England where it arrived in 1878.

Before I first came upon the monument I had heard so much about the daring and destruction of visiting hippies that I was afraid they had dismantled it and used the needle for the usual injection.

Now that we have come to the end of the park let's reenter the Strand via the Savoy Hotel which sits high on our left and overlooks the Thames.

The Savoy was originally built as a palace and the present structure still retains all the magnificent trappings which would be a fitting place for kings and their ladies. It is a perfect place to pause for a refreshing drink. Across the street is

my old stomping ground, the huge Strand Palace Hotel.

There is a street running straight to the Savoy entrance from the Strand and I am told that in no place in England but here are cars permitted to drive on the right side. This is the way the owners of the Savoy wanted it and this law was put through by a special act of Parliament.

Of course, you will agree that much of the fun and excitement in this kind of walk is in visiting some of the pubs along the way. So now for a word of caution. The public houses, as they are officially known, are only open from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. and from 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., so if you wish to stop for some English beer or spirits, plan your Fleet Street trip to fit in with the opening hours.

However, an exception to the above is the Wig and Pen Club which is only a short distance down on the right side of the Strand from the Savoy. They are open straight through from 12 noon to 11 p.m. on week days and from 12 noon to 6 p.m. on Saturdays. They are closed Sundays and holidays. San Francisco Press Clubbers are welcome here. Being a life member I set out to learn as much as I could about its history and neighborhood.

The spot where the Wig and Pen Club is located, 229-230 Strand, becomes Fleet Street only a short distance away. In fact, you can stand in front and easily fling a British Florin into that famous street where practically every London paper is published.

In 1625 the present structure was built on Roman remains. It is the only Strand building which survived the Great Fire of London in 1666.

As the club is opposite the Royal Courts of Justice, and also being on newspaper row, it is quite fitting that it should be open to "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Legal and Journalistic Profession." Another good reason is that members of these two occupations not only frequent

the same street and same taverns, but in London their comradeship is a close one indeed.

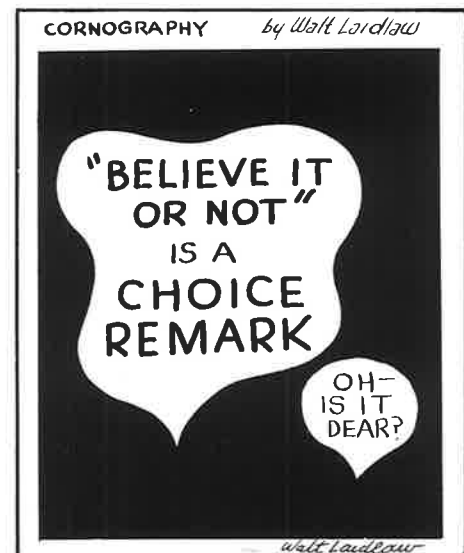
Our next move is not far down Fleet Street to Ye Olde Cock Tavern, where Charles Dickens felt very much at home. Further along is the Cheshire Cheese. This is in a little lane called Wine Office Court and is recessed off Fleet Street. Here Dr. Johnson frequently entertained Boswell.

Some pubs on Fleet Street where Press Clubbers are likely to rub elbows with British newsmen are the Falstaff and El Vino. The latter had a great attraction for Dylan Thomas. St. Bride's Church, known as the church of the press, is also on this "street of ink."

On down from the Cheshire Cheese is the London Press Club at No. 7 Saint Bride's House, Salisbury Square. Here you will find excellent drinks, tasty snacks, and will be given a hearty welcome.

This club is located in one of those quaint little lanes which abound in this area. Incidentally, membership here is open only to gentlemen of the press.

Getting back to the Wig and Pen. In March of 1970 they presented a duplicate of their handsome crest to the San Francisco Club. It can be seen in the display case on the second floor. ●



Merry Christmas



Getting the thrill of her young life is little Alison, daughter of Peter Finnegan, as she sat on Santa's lap last Christmas while other youngsters waited their turn. Santa was none other than Jim Leary. At left is Virginia Wright and Florence Sinnott.

Singing along with Charley White are, from left, Gene Hoy, White, Charlie Huy, Elmer Cohn and Carl Vella.



Charlotte Ade and Vince Silk trip the light fantastic at the New Year's Eve party.



Happy New Year



Here are those fabulous Young Scandinavians on our stage during the performance of the Lucia Festival with Elisabeth Strom (center) as the Queen of Lights. This was last December and they were wonderful!

Eva and George Brown turn on the smiles to usher in the new year.





Children and grandchildren of members enjoy the annual Christmas party (above). At right the Henry Warners show what fun our New Year's parties can be.



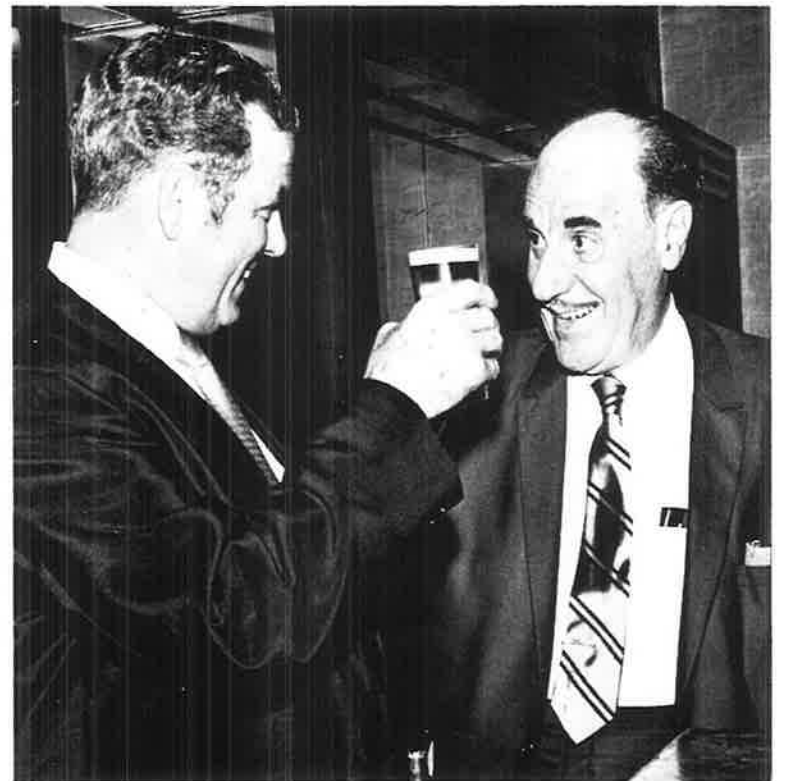
*Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year*



You can bank of Johnny Fiore and Charley White to be on hand to entertain for the residents at annual Christmas party.



Joe Payton and Hong Bun join with hats and smiles (above) at last year's New Year's Eve party. At right, George Brown and Vince Silk toast each other for a Happy New Year.





Dick Alexander joins the Red Garter Band on stage to present them with a special plaque. Jack Dupen and his band are getting to be Press Club favorites.

At one of the special Day At The Races at Bay Meadows late last year finds Press Clubbers joining the horsy set. From left, Jim Leary, George Brown, Mark Rodman, Mrs. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Elmore, owners, and Louis Glauburg, trainer of Colonel John, shown right with jockey H. K. Wellington.





Admissions



Committee

They Guide The Junior Scholars

(We present here the profiles on the two key men who have been the guiding light for the success of the Junior Scholarship program. First, is Mark Rodman, current chairman of the program, and then Don DeLone, who has traded the chair with Mark over the recent years. Editor)

Having known Mark for twenty-five years, I thought I could knock off a thumbnail with no sweat. But when I sat down to type the keys didn't move. I suddenly realized I didn't know *that* much about him. So I asked a mutual friend who'd known Mark since he was a kid.

"He's an enigma," says he, "some might say an odd-ball."

"How so?" I ask.

"He's Jack of all trades. Mostly does things he likes. If he has any one talent at all, it's taking on a challenging job and sticking with it until he gets it done. Could be he's just stubborn. He's quiet, reserved—one of the silent majority types. Until he gets riled, that is, then get out of his way. He'll fight you to the death!"

"Remember when he came out of WWII with five years of battle-scars and chestful of fruit salad? He's a different peacetime type though . . . Conservative, Republican with a passion for the Constitution. Enjoys teaching. He writes speech books and parliamentary law things. Sort of Gung Ho on law and order.

"Likes kids. Two of his own, you know. He spent a lot of time on projects like The Guardsmen, Saints and Sinners, Junior Achievement, and the one that teaches about government, The Junior Statesmen. He's worked on that since he was in law school in 1946. I think that's where the tie-in is with our Journalism Scholarships. He went around to most of the schools and knew the people. It was a natural for the Club."

Editor's note: Mark graduated from San Francisco public schools and University of California. Post-graduate work at various California colleges including some time at Stanford Law School. Operated several small business enterprises—printing, direct mail advertising, campaigns, stationery and "The Button Works"—until his recent semi-retirement to Nevada City, California where he still has a hand in the buttons. Mark is an Active Life member.

Don DeLone was born May 3, 1918, in Jackson, Michigan. He attended schools in Illinois and Ohio and graduated from Ohio State University in 1941 with a Bachelor of Science degree in journalism and business administration. In his senior year he was named editor-in-chief of the Ohio State Lantern, then the country's fourth largest student daily.

He entered the Navy in 1942 after a brief period as a reporter for the Columbus Citizen, a Scripps-Howard daily. He served in the amphibious forces and in 1944 was assigned to the industrial incentive division of the Secretary of Navy's office. He trained invasion veterans as war plant speakers and worked on other industrial programs until the war ended.

In 1946-47, DeLone worked as publicity director for the United Crusade in Phoenix, Arizona. From 1948 to 1952, he was employed as account executive with Yambert, Prochnow, McHugh and Macaulay, a public relations and advertising firm in Beverly Hills, California.

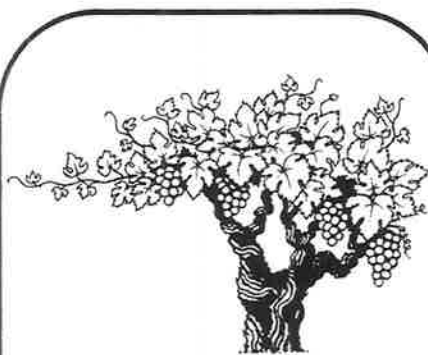
He joined the California State Department of Veterans Affairs in 1952 as information director, then moved to the Port of San Francisco in 1953 to establish the port's public relations and advertising programs.

DeLone served as state coordinator in 1958 for the fifty-million-dollar San Francisco Harbor Bond Issue which won voter approval as Proposition 4 on the state ballot. His booklet, "Frontiers on the Sea," received statewide circulation.

In 1960, DeLone was named executive director of the Golden Gate Authority Commission, a fact-finding agency established by the State Legislature to study the feasibility of creating a unified management for the bridges, airports, and seaport facilities of the Bay Area.

With the expiration of the study commission in 1962, DeLone returned to the San Francisco Port Authority as public relations director. In 1963 he organized the observance of the port's centennial as a state-owned harbor. He was named manager of trade promotion in 1966.

DeLone is also a member of the World Trade Club, Sigma Delta Chi, Municipal Executives Association, Propeller Club, and National Defense Transportation Association. He holds the rank of Commander in the Naval Reserve. He is married to the former Britt-Louise Komer of Stockholm, Sweden. The DeLones and their son, Philip, 12, live at 1010 Melaleuca Lane in Mill Valley.



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Sandy Meltzer has his hands full with friends, Ruth Nyhan and Harriet Marraccini as they enjoy cocktails on the second floor during party.



Vivian Duncan has her hands full with this fat friend, Jack, during a party staged by the Entertainment Committee, of which both are members.

Obviously having a good time at the big Knights Table are, left to right, Pauline and Bill Livingstone of Santa Cruz, with hosts Frances and Keith Williams. Keith and Bill are partners in a Santa Cruz mobile home court.



Frank (Pancho) Willmarth (left) and Frank Kane sketch "Miss Scoop" (Mary Murphy Gobey) at last year's Scoop party.





Tommy Harris shows the old pro of yesteryear as he takes to the mike at last year's Scoop party.



June Montague delights this Scoop audience as she does a solo at last year's party. June and her daughter, Ingrid, have starred at the last two Scoop parties.

Charles Schulz sketches his Snoopy on stage and delivers a delightful patter at the same time by telling the audience of some of Snoopy's future adventures.



Marty Links poses beside easel after drawing "Mom" from her cartoon panel "Bobby Sox". At right is Milton Caniff, who acted as Emcee at Cartoonists Night earlier in 1971.





At a special Gang Luncheon, Jack Benny entertained the Gang royally. Benny, an old favorite at the Press Club from the days on Powell-st, proved to still be one of our favorites. Frank Kane (right) presents Jack with his caricature.



Frank Beaman (left) and Ray Leavitt beam at a Club function that proved to be the last one for the Late Watch. At the time Ray was turning the Late Watch presidency over to Frank.

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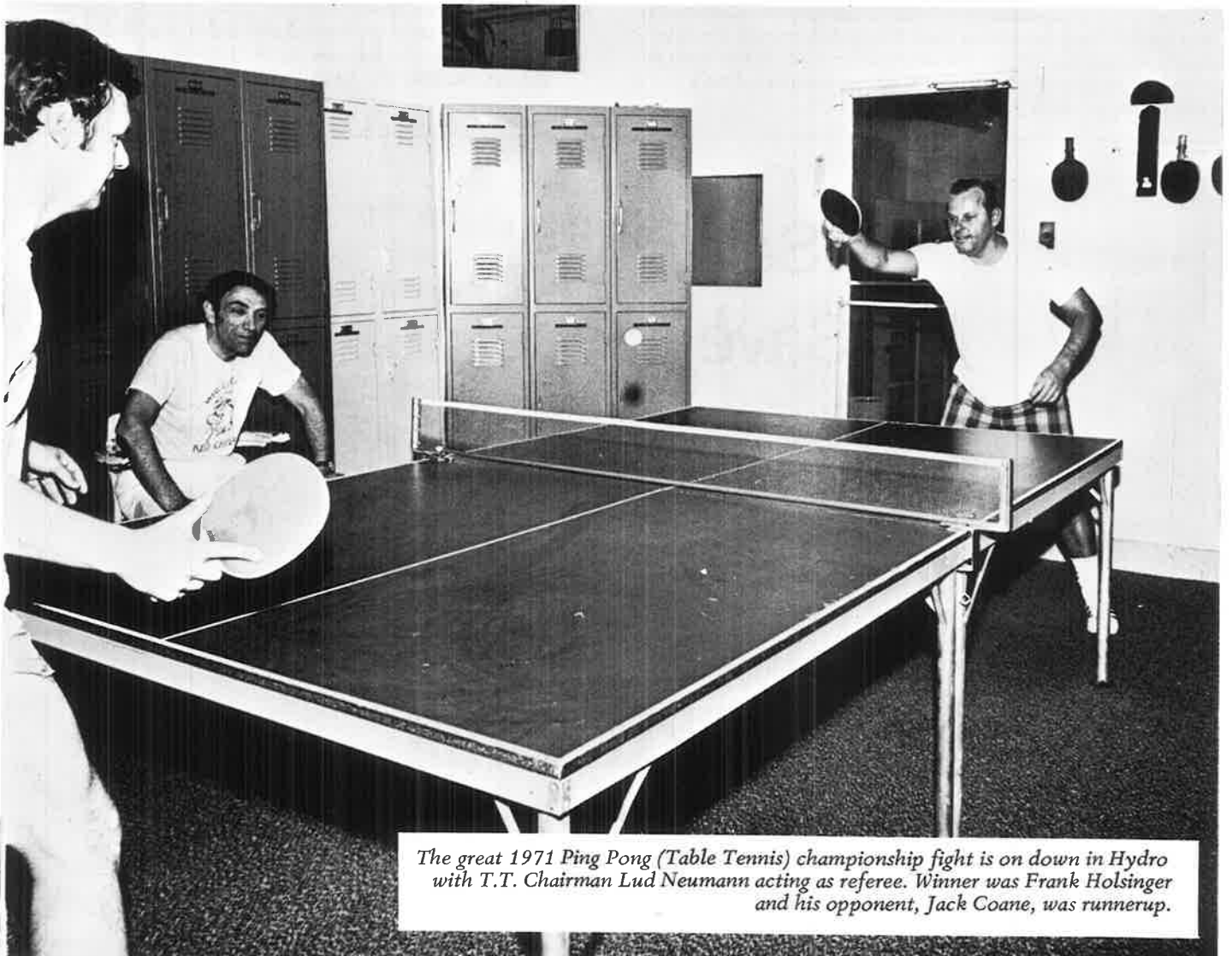


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The night the Club honored Earl "Fatha" Hines, Earl reciprocated by honoring the Club with a tremendous performance, as only he can do. He is shown (left) on our stage during his show and above with his wife, Janie, Dick Alexander and Charlie Huy. Dick was 1st Vice President at the time and Charlie was chairman of the Entertainment Committee, which he is again.



The great 1971 Ping Pong (Table Tennis) championship fight is on down in Hydro with T.T. Chairman Lud Neumann acting as referee. Winner was Frank Holsinger and his opponent, Jack Coane, was runnerup.



This was the happy scene during the question and answer period the night Dinah Shore delighted Press Clubbers. Standing are Owen Spann and Millard Smith.

HOWARD HUGHES



Making a handsome foursome are Faye Arnold, Dick and Pat Alexander and Ken Arnold. Photo was shot by that trusty, Jimmy Moy, with Ken's camera.




Enjoying cocktails and each other's company are, from left, Grant Stanwood, Mr. and Mrs. John Owens and Jane Stanwood.



Here's a familiar figure (or two) at the second floor bar or Knights' Table. He's Harrison Alper and his seeing-eye dog, Laurie. At last report, Laurie was fully recovered from that meat thrown out by a demented dog poisoner. Bartender is Lefty Chelini, former pitcher on the big league White Sox team.

Jeff Gross (left) gets some good advice from his big brother, Mendes as Jimmy Moy listens in. Jeff celebrated 81 on his last birthday and Mendes just passed 85.





*If you have any questions
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A little back-stage get together is staged by Miriam Moore and Mike Durkin. Wonder where Phil Moore was?



The gang on stage for the Rib Roast are Emily Freedman, Miriam and Phil Moore. Dick Alexander at right acts as narrator for the foolishment.



Prize winners for the first costume party in many a year line up for Ken Arnold.

Making the scene at the costume party are Helene Montgomery, Mrs. Charles Weatherholt, Helene's mother, Allen Browne, Charles Weatherholt and Ed Montgomery.



Phil Moore does a funny phone bit during the Rib Roast show.



Dick Alexander and Vince Silk act as rapid-fire news announcers at table behind orchestra during the Rib Roast. That's our own Doc Cuthbertson at the piano.



Ladies of the Steering Committee literally surround the man from the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. They are, from left, Muriel Cahn, Miriam Moore, Ginny Hill, Ethel Bernenko, Bunny Gillespie, Emily Freedman and Adele Attell.



With Walter Hinton and Big Jim Leary on microphone, Harriette Cartasso pounds out the tune on the second floor piano to the delight of a post-Gang Dinner audience.

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Pat Alexander swaps jokes with Paul Speegle at the head table during a Gang Dinner. Meanwhile Paul mugs it up for the camera.



Cocktails and conversation are the order of the evening here with Ray Leavitt, Julia Schneider, Elmer Griffin and Ed Durkin.



Al and Billie Goldstein (left) beam their pleasure during the cocktail hour in the first floor lounge. Al won a Pulitzer prize for his coverage of the Loeb-Leopold murder trials in Chicago in the '20's.

Frank and Louise Beaman make a handsome couple in this pose during a Gang Dinner in the main dining room.



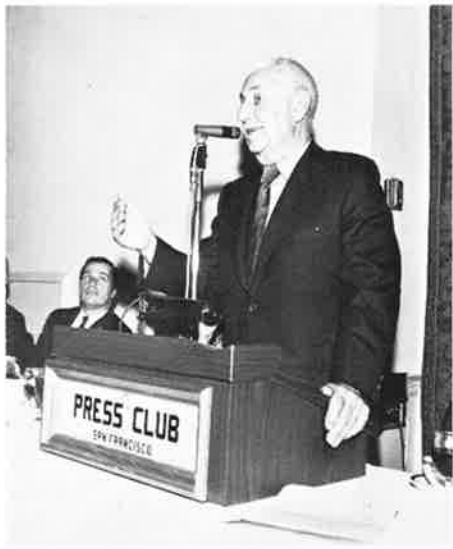
Faye Arnold, who won first ladies prize at the costume party with her "Flapper" outfit, laughs it up with a clown friend of hers during an intermission in the festivities.





Lou Sweet (above) receives congratulations from his opponent, Sherm Bazell and money from Carl Rumold after winning the 1971 Gin Rummy Tournament. Top right, Carl Rumold turns over check to Michael Bowler. Right, Carl gets an assist from Frances Kampfen for the Gin roster. Bottom left, Florence Galbraith pulls a ticket in the Spin N Swim drawings and right, Carl turns over winners prize to Dr. Thomas Wu, captain of the winning swim team.



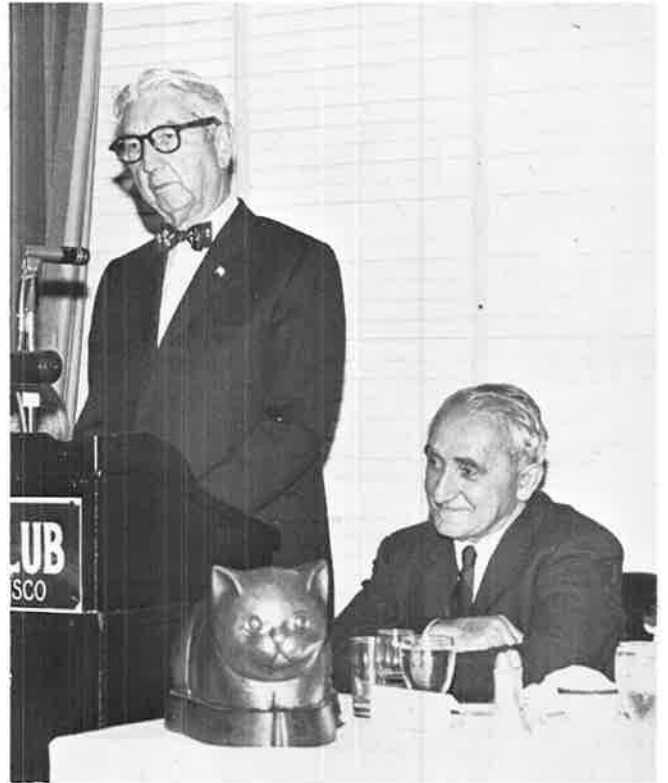


Top left, Rene Cazenave addresses a meeting of the Sigma Delta Chi in the Club. Above, past presidents gather for an advisory meeting. Standing: Gale Cook, Ed Sixtus, Joe Rosenthal, Ron Wagoner, Earl Behrens, Bob Nicholas, Nelson Cullenward, Harvey Wing and Rene Cazenave. Seated: Ed Montgomery, Jack Lauck, Phil Sinnott and C.E. Persons. At left are Perc and Ethel Oreck. Below, left, George Bray kibitzes Barney Gould and Charlie Huy. Bottom right the Red Garter band whip it up for a Hydro foot-tapping audience.





Now hear this, says Ken Arnold as he points the finger at Charlie Huy. Watch it, Ken, that thing might be loaded.



Former Justice Tom Clark is the speaker here as Director George Shimmon listens in.



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When former Police Chief Al Nelder, honorary Press Club member, spoke at a press conference, the newsmen listened. And that included Ed Montgomery (right).



Sandy Gravitch poses with her father, Sig Rothschild and her paintings which were on display for a "one man" show earlier in the year.



George Bray extends the hand of welcome to new member, Harold Silverman, editor of the California Living magazine, part of the Examiner Sunday features.



The gang in the card room gather around Frank (Junior) Brown to help him with his 88th birthday cake. From left, Duke Hannaford, Dick Mathews, Ira Blue, Walter Barkett and Ted Hervey.



Dr. Thomas Wu takes time out from this cocktail session on the first floor to pose with his wife, Helen, and his mother, Mrs. Daniel Wu.



Sharing a Gang Dinner table and pleasantries are Les Towne, Stacy and Julius Kahn.



Here's one from Powell Street, during W.W.II. Event was Sherman (Monty) Montrose displaying a souvenir Japanese battle flag. On Monty's left is Joe Rosenthal, Phil Sinnott and Ernie King. Behind Monty is Jack Burkett, Ted Huggins, Ralph Salazar and Bobs Purcell. Extreme left is Joe Sheridan. Forming a halo over Joe's head is Mort Donoghue, Joe Marron (top), Chet Johnson, Ben Tarnutzer and Howard Freeman. Above Ernie King is Mort Sondheimer, Ken McLaughlin and Dean Jennings (Sr.). Next to Ken is Dan Bowerman and Vic Kelley (top) and Don Wiley at right.

Joe Sinai and Maestro Arthur Fiedler toast each other in the first floor lounge.



Having a little hi-jinks are, from left, Jack Lauck, Joan and Tim Guiney with Larry Murphy behind them, Emmett Fitzpatrick, Faye Arnold and Mark Rodman.





Herb Williams has his hands full as he tries to relax with his pooch. See page 34 for profile on Herb.

Father and son, Doctors Felipe and Alfred Marquez at an Admissions Committee meeting.



Former Ma Bell colleagues, George Foster and Bill Walsh get together.



Zoie Tashdjian is caught in action at the hatcheck stand.



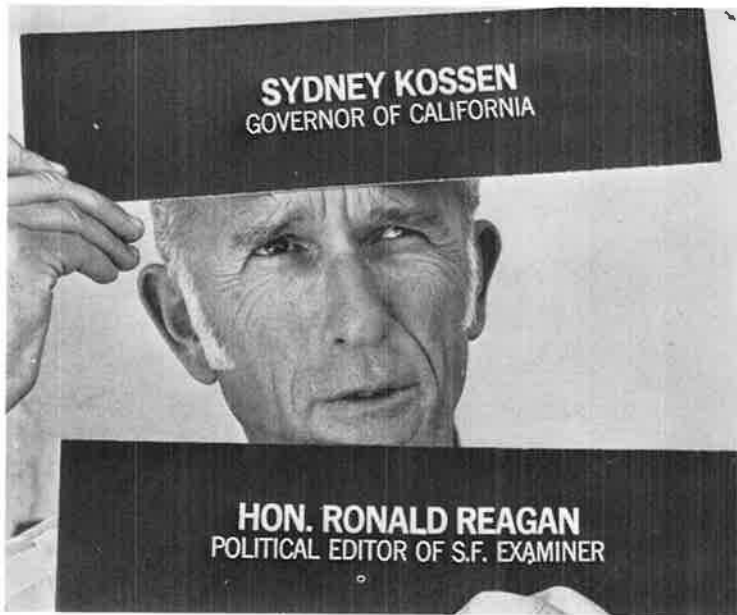
Paul Speegle in a familiar pose during a Club function.

CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Lovell*

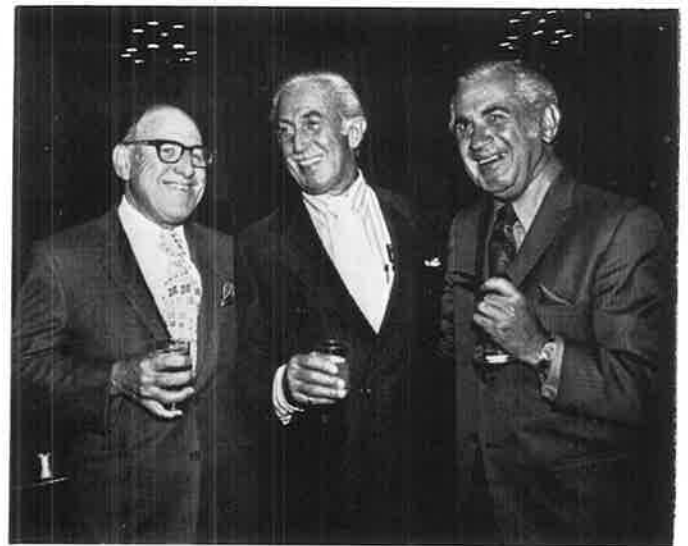
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SEX DRIVE
ISN'T
DEDUCTIBLE

(SIGH)
GOOD NIGHT
DEAR

Walt Lovell



Sid Kossen almost got on the air as governor of California in a TV news show earlier this year. He's shown here with the cards that a stage manager got slightly mixed up. Below, Al Graf (center) poses with two of our finer legal eagles, Judges Frank Blum (left) and Leland Lazarus.



Clowning it up at a meeting are (above), from left, Don McLaughlin, Carney Campion, Herb Towell, Dick Alexander and Vince Silk. Right, George Brown and Pat Alexander call off tickets to Mark Rodman.





Cocktails and conversation are enjoyed here. Left to right at table: Joan Guiney, Senator Milton Marks, Faye Arnold, Art Cramer, June Lauck and Dorothy Cramer. At bar, from left: Bernie Kahn, Joe Shelver, Bill Davis, Jack McDermott, Jack Lauck and Tim Guiney.



Walter and Consuelo Davis stop long enough at last New Year's Eve party to pose for the wandering Ken Arnold.



Admissions Committee members Joe Allen and Tom Cahill on the 7th floor Press Box.



Faye Arnold tries out the new pressure faucet for mixes with the help of George Bray and Bill Davis.

Favorite rejects by *Herb Williams*



"The wedding reception was certainly an ordeal. What are we supposed to do now?"



"Thank the stars for the Press Club. It sure keeps us old timers off the street."



"All the men in here seem to be clothed, Angela. Why do they call it Playboy?"



"He said he'd like to marry me right now but he thought we ought to wait till I have equal job opportunity!"



"The main fault with education these days is motivation. My kid got an A plus in sex education and a D in everything else."



"My wife has won two Oscars and a Nobel Prize and just inherited four million dollars. So that's why I don't knock Women's Lib."



"I guess I dialed the wrong number--Oh, wow! Are you really way out in Honolulu?"



"Now there's a perfect example of a conditioned reflex. Every time I start mixing a fizz, Ferguson jumps over our fence!"

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from page 15

to be quoted in the Congressional Record.

There was only one thing wrong with Terry: he belonged to the New York Daily News and not to Caniff. Caniff was eating regularly, all right, but not as well as he might be if he owned Terry. Besides, there was more than Patterson's "accident of birth" comment to remind him that he did not have editorial control over what he created.

So when Terry and the Pirates was only a little more than 10 years old, Caniff set another first in the comic strip business—he deliberately abandoned a highly successful strip to another artist. Strangely enough, when our man, who insists he is interested mostly in the commercial aspects of cartooning, met with Marshall Field to discuss syndication, they talked only about editorial control; later, Field's business manager told Caniff that the agreement included \$100,000 a year.

For a new comic strip, Steve Canyon had a remarkable birth. When Canyon came to life in 1947, the strip was sent to nearly 200 newspapers that had contracted for it before they—or even Caniff—had any clear idea of what it was going to be like, a substantial testimonial for the man who had been fired only 15 years earlier from the art department of the Columbus Dispatch.

Colonel Stevenson Burton Canyon, plus friends and enemies, are out of the same mold, with modifications, as their predecessors. After all, as Caniff notes, he had tried six strips before he had one that would sell; while he might walk away from Terry and the Pirates, he was not about to walk away from the successful basics. Steve was also a pilot, but a civilian. Caniff wasn't going to put him in uniform, but the advent of the Korean War forced him to, and there he stayed. Canyon is about the only one of Caniff's characters who bears no particular resemblance to any individual. He's the prototype hero, a leader. To Caniff, this means Steve is also square.

"A strip always has to have a square character, a central person, someone for the cuckoos to fly around," Caniff says. "He doesn't have to be talented, just solid. Robin Hood wasn't much good at anything except the longbow, but he was very square. The leader is always square, a good guy who doesn't like to see other people kicked around."

Around the leader are other characters to get into trouble, introduce romance, create suspense, and provide excitement in a dazzling array that seems to range from Walter Mitty to Dostoevski in nature. And there has to be a powerful, willful, beautiful woman—Terry had his Dragon Lady, Steve has his Copper Calhoon.

"I've always been fascinated by rich women; rich men are one thing, rich women are quite another," Caniff observes in an offhand sort of understatement. "She's the kind of woman that fascinates everybody as long as you're not married to her."

Not all of Caniff's women are Calhoons, but practically all of them are fascinatingly luscious—"caniffrodisiacs," a fellow cartoonist once called them.

Added to the characters is carefully researched background art and story, and Caniff has a comic strip that is the standard for realism, and often ahead of reality. Steve Canyon had snorkel submarines long before the Navy admitted them, for example. And when he had a helicopter drop a substance in a Vietnamese rice paddy that quickly spread out and hardened into a landing pad for the chopper, Caniff was contacted by three universities which were working on the concept, each inquiring about the extent and source of his research.

Caniff's biggest problem is to keep the strip up to date and keep it real, and he frequently uses politics to do it.

"Political views that show up in the strip are not necessarily my own," he says, "but there is always something there. It's an effort to be contemporary, a device to be entertaining. Politics works well, because in a strip you need somebody to be for and somebody to be against."

Even cabinet officers have found themselves in the "not my own but contemporary" category. When Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, whom Caniff says he had nothing against, was being heavily criticized, Copper Calhoon appeared in a strip saying "Take a letter to—ah—what's his name in the Defense Department." The meat of the letter to "what's his name" was: "The manner in which you are running your office is a combination of Alice in Wonderland and a sort of strategy which resulted in Custer's Last Stand."

And according to Time Magazine, Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg once

received a memo from Assistant Air Force Secretary Joseph Imirie which said that "Due to the graveness of the situation at Hodag and the effect this jurisdictional fight may have on the McClellan Committee and public opinion, I thought that you should be advised before we take action." Goldberg's top aides quickly tried to track down and solve what they believed to be a labor dispute at a classified Air Force base, without much success. The Air Force eventually admitted it was an interdepartmental prank: Hodag Missile Base was the fictional site of a labor dispute which had been settled by Steve Canyon.

The Air Force, if not Goldberg, has gotten more than laughs from Caniff. An unidentified source described by the Wall Street Journal as a "ranking air officer" once said that "Steve Canyon is the best single thing that ever happened to the Air Force," noting that the strip boosts the morale of servicemen and reminds the country of the service's vital role in national defense. Bob Considine was of the same mind when he wrote that Col. Canyon is "one of the most remarkable realistic characters in modern literature. Milton Caniff has done more for the Air Force than any person since Billy Mitchell."

The contribution has not been unnoticed. Caniff's dialog has been read into the Congressional Record three times. He has been repeatedly honored by the Air Force and Air Force Association. In fact, Caniff is probably the country's most honored cartoonist; other commendations have come from such diverse groups as the National Cartoonists Society, Sigma Delta Chi, the Treasury Department, B'nai Brith, New York World's Fair, Goodwill Industries and the New York Philanthropic League. He has two honorary doctoral degrees—one in law, one in fine arts. Ohio has repeatedly recognized him as one of their outstanding natives. Colorado renamed its small town of Squirrel Gulch for Steve Canyon. Although properly respectful of the latter honor, Caniff says the town had only "one lone resident, and I always thought Squirrel Gulch was a damn sight better name for a place like that."

Caniff lists among his most ardent fans such notables as Clare Booth Luce and John Steinbeck, along with 40 or 50 million other people. He is also widely admired by his fellow cartoonists, prompting Newsweek to describe him as

“the most widely aped artisan” in cartooning.

To an essentially modest Caniff, the honors and the serious attention given to his comic strip are all a little bedazzling. He says its “kind of a spooky feeling. It’s so remote, so far beyond any ken of mine when I was a kid. It’s like finding out you’re older than the football coach.”

Caniff is now older than most football coaches, and certainly more honored. It’s a little hard to believe that a man so complimented and so honored could have been inspired only by commercialism. And maybe that isn’t all of it; he admits that he writes for the commuter on the bus and the housewife with her second cup of coffee, to “carry them, by magic carpet, away from their troubles for a few minutes each day.”

And in an incautious moment, with a sly Irish grin, Caniff acknowledged that “I put down what I like; really, I’m doing this for myself.”

And that’s Milton Caniff, the printer’s son with a grin, an extraordinary artist and brilliant storyteller, building Stevie B., Copper Calhoun, Potet and others into his own private fantasia, then sharing it with millions of people and, this year, the San Francisco Press Club. ●



Last June 16, Jimmy Swinnerton (left) was honored at a special gathering in Palm Springs. Jimmy and Milton Caniff trade sketches here with their famed characters. Caniff labeled his to Jimmy as “Big Daddy of our entire cartoon profession.”



BOB CONSIDINE

(Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, July 1, 1971.)

Some 60 odd years ago, the top cartoonist of William Randolph Hearst’s New York Journal came to the end of his rope. Jimmy Swinnerton, creator of Little Jimmy, which had started in the San Francisco Examiner in 1892, was wracked with alcoholism and tuberculosis.

The doctors gave him two or three more weeks of life, but Hearst thought something could be done. He packed the 98 pounds of dying man on a train and bought him a ticket to Colton, in California, a haven for lungers. Swinnerton was so weak when the train huffed to a stop at that bleak place that he couldn’t summon enough strength to get off. The train moved on to Los Angeles and he was taken to the old Alexandria Hotel.

An old friend, Charles Van Loan, a great sportswriter, found him there and tried to snap him out of his death throes by driving him to Tijuana to watch a bull-

fight. Jimmy protested that he would die en route, or at the fight, and that turned out almost to be true. An errant bandolero hit him in the head and knocked him out. When he recovered, Van Loan drove him to Colton, to die.

Couple weeks ago, Swinnerton, who is now 95 and maybe the finest painter of desertescapes, was presented with a special blazer symbolic of his position as an honorary member of the National Cartoonists Society. The presentation was made in Palm Springs by Milton Caniff, who writes and masterfully draws the Steve Canyon strip.

The desert, to which he repaired in 1903 to croak, cured him of TB. He resumed with Little Jimmy for many years. Jimmy retired from the daily grind in 1958 to give his time to painting.

He’ll be 96 on Nov. 13, 1971.

Caniff says, “Jim always attributes his long life to abstinence from abstinence!”



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resulting from the San Francisco Press Club program, which is rated No. 1 of all such programs in the Nation's Press Clubs. Immediate benefits were derived in the various high school journalism programs as well as leadership in extra-curricula activities.

The Awards also inspired Pacific Gas and Electric Company to offer a \$60,000 a year college scholarship program. The announcement of the scholarships was made at the Junior Press Conference dinner March 24, 1966 by Robert H. Gerdes, chairman of the board. It consists of 15 scholarships, each for \$1,000 a year for four years of college awarded to students in the Northern and Central California area.

Money for the Press Club's scholarships comes from various sources such as Cinerama Premiers, which started in 1962 with "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm." Graham Kisingbury, whose public relations firm handles the Cinerama account, swung the premier to the Press Club, netting almost \$2,000.

Merv Goodman came up the same year with \$1,000 by tying in the Giant's baseball season opener with the Junior Scholarships.

The late Whit Henry started a "Day at the Races" program which is now handled by General Manager George Brown while Carl Rumold threw in the annual Gin Rummy Calcutta to bring more money to the Scholarship Fund.

David Morris, who bought a London taxicab the last time he was in London, joined Mark Rodman this year in promoting a Scholarship Fund activity during British Week.

The Admissions and Membership Committee, under Ron Born, founded a special committee headed by Joe Allen to conduct a city-wide raffle with the taxicab as first prize. There were 15 additional prizes added to the program, all of which benefited the Junior Scholarship Fund.

Contributions to the Fund in lieu of flowers were asked of friends of the late Whit Henry, Mrs. Walter Swanson and Ralph Cahn at the times of their deaths.

The late Max Friedman, a member of the Press Club, made available the Marvinne Scholarship Award from an estate held in trust by him. This award, although not part of the Press Club Junior Scholarship program, is offered to

Junior competitors with the provision that they attend the University of California, San Jose State College, or San Francisco State College.

The largest number of first place winners came from Sequoia High School of Redwood City which scored four times in the news division and once in the feature competition. Louise N. Watkins, 1947, and Kenneth R. Abraham, present, were the faculty journalism advisors.

Mrs. Doris Lindfors guided 13 students to winning places at Westmoor High School in Daly City. Although no first places were reaped, the 13 accounted for seconds, thirds, and honorable mentions with a remarkably steady consistency from 1960 through 1970.

The high regard for the scholarship program held by competing high school journalism teachers and advisors is shown by their comments.

"I am impressed with your contest. Miss (Ruth) Byers gave me background when I student-taught for her in Spring, 1967, explaining how the students enjoyed the competition and how it motivated them to good writing throughout the year. It does . . . and thank you," Miss Gladys Wood of Willow Glen High School, San Jose, writes.

Mrs. Ruth Rockefeller of Willits High School writes, "The San Francisco Press Club's Junior Awards program is outstanding in its stimulus of young journalistic talent."

Despite the school's small size, Willits has established an impressive record since entering competition in 1965.

Richard Rutherford, San Ramon Valley teacher at Danville had this to say: "Your program has definitely helped many students who would otherwise not get the recognition they need. I am sorry you do not have a category for editorial writing or news photography."

Mrs. Virginia Scardigli of Henry M. Gunn Senior High School of Palo Alto is looking forward to her first win, but points out, "The experience of entering the contest and going to the Press Club has been highly valued. None of my students have 'made it' but we do have next year's editor of the Northwestern Daily, current and past editors of High Times pages of the Palo Alto Times."

Jerry MacDonald of Clovis High School adds, "For members of the Clovis Journalism staff this day is the high light of the year. The fact that it is free, awards, and excellent luncheon, plus a

trip to San Francisco is a most valuable educational experience."

All of which should bring a warm feeling to members of the San Francisco Press Club because it means that the Junior Scholarships program is another *raison d'etre* — justification for the existence of the Club.



CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Lairdlaw*

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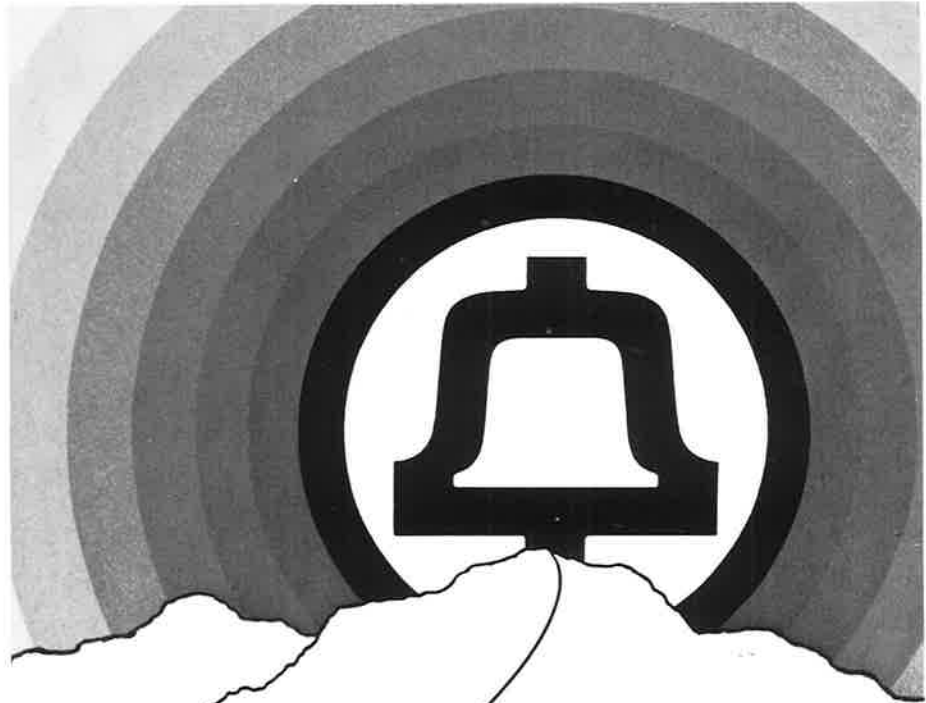
Harriette Cartasso enjoys a bit of fun with Bob Considine.



Attorney General Evelle Younger and Judge Francis McCarty are all smiles for the camera in this shot.



Vivian Duncan claps her hands in delight over the antics of Buddy Rogers as he entertains the Gang on the second floor.



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Ann and Jack McDermott (above) strike a happy pose as they enjoy a bit of libation at the Club. Below, Merv Goodman and Ed Castleton also enjoy a bit of libation.



Former Senator George Murphy applauds the speaker during a special luncheon for the Republic of China's Ambassador.

Cheers!

By THOMAS W. GATES

To our sleek and feline host
 Lift your glasses, raised in toast;
 Blackest cat, albeit a ghost
 Of our pets we love thee most.
 Oh! spirit black, Oh! wraith so jet,
 We never take you to a vet;
 Oh mournful hue, you're never sad
 Nor worry o'er a cancer ad.
 You never wander like other cats—
 We always know just where you're at;
 You're always here for all to see
 For you just love your ecology.
 So, to our host we raise our glass
 Not knowing if he's lad or lass;
 To him we drink in manner dutiful
 He taught us well—that black is beautiful!



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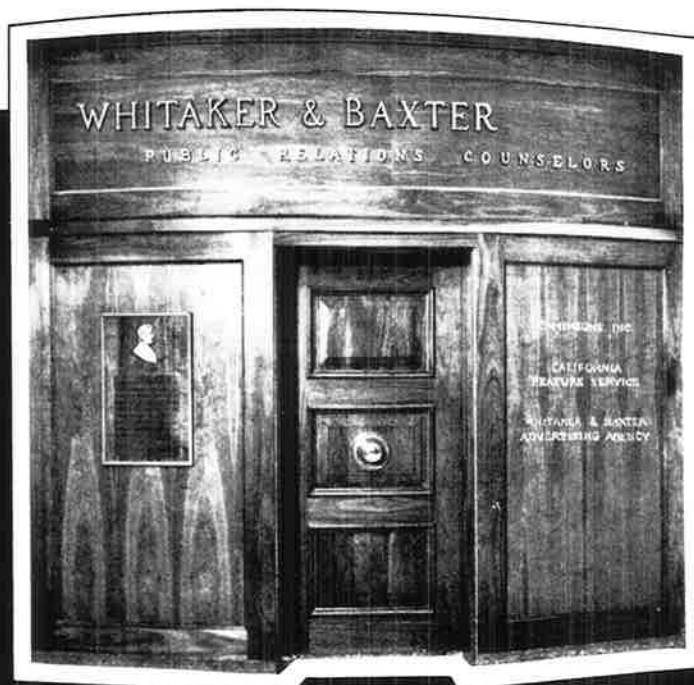
Gathered to honor Leone Baxter (center, black dress) are, from left, Melanie Gros, Rowland and Pete Rebele, Graham Kislingbury, Paul Speegle, Host Bob Gros, Pat and Dick Alexander, Mrs. Earl Behrens, Earl Spencer and Dean Jennings.



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— Abraham Lincoln

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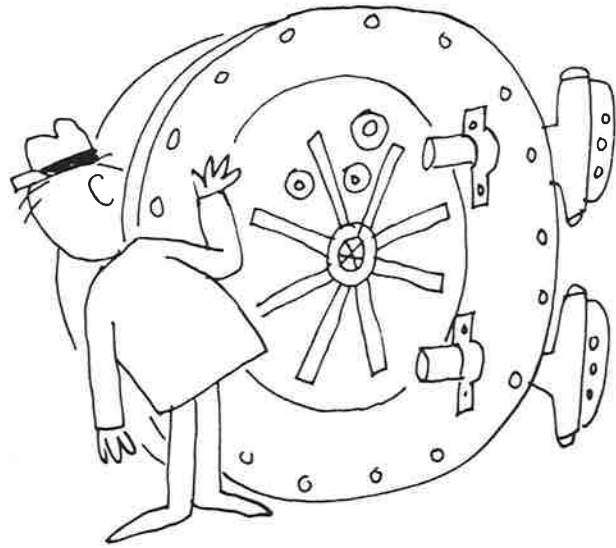
Engaged in serious conversation (left to right) Thomas Mellon, Ed Montgomery and Evelle Younger.



Eva Purcell (left) holds the attention of Pat Alexander, Bernie and Muriel Cahn and Buddy Rogers.



Patting Tombstone for good luck at the Cartoonists Night are, from left, Virgil Partch, Milton Caniff, Marty Links, Charles Schulz and Judge Fran McCarty.



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Bill Boldenweck of the San Francisco Examiner (right, at head table) lectures on journalism to a second floor room full of high school seniors at the annual Junior Scholarship seminar.

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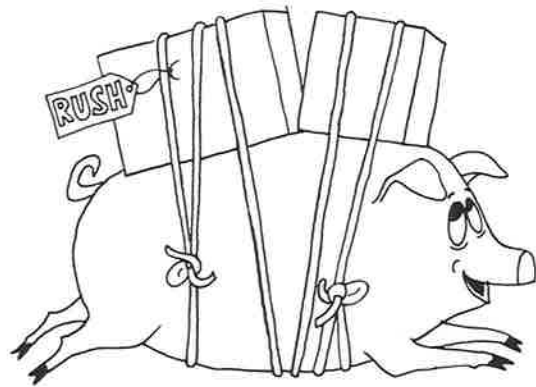
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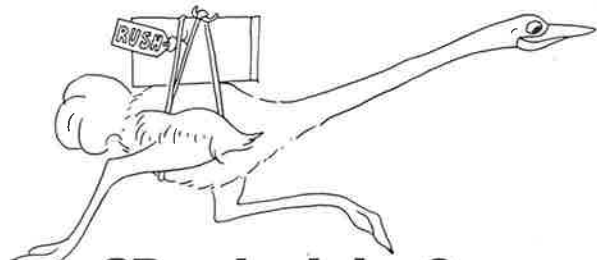


Leone Baxter is all smiles as she is presented a special plaque from Earl Spencer of the Public Relations Society of America. Looking on is Bob Gros, host for the evening.

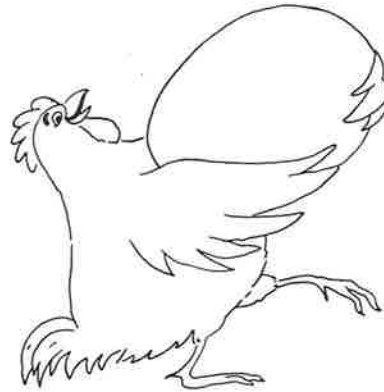
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Southern Pacific



Ol' Tombstone makes a fine frame for Miss Australia (June Wright) and Paul Speegle at the head table during British Night.

The Great Jellyfish Race

By LEE RUTTLE

My client, James J. Jeems, president, Jeems Jams & Jellies, Inc., was worried. Sales had reached rock bottom. People simply were not using his product on their morning toast. He called a conference.

As Jeems PR man I had to attend and sit between the VP-in-charge-of-gummed labels and the VP-in-charge-of-fruit pulp. The guy on my left was a sticky individual, while the fruit pulp character smelled fermented. All present had purple stains around their lips, and some even had blots of dried jam or jelly on their otherwise impeccable white shirt fronts.

After introducing the problem in terse terms, Jeems looked at each of us—expecting an immediate solution. Dead silence. He spoke again.

“We have already exceeded our advertising budget for the remaining six months of this fiscal year. Obviously it isn’t doing a damn thing for us. It’s not pulling. We’ve got to try something else. Something sensational. We need publicity, Gentlemen, *publicity!*” he said.

“How about staging a traffic jam at the corner of Geary and Powell? *Traffic jam*. Get it?” That came from the head of the Accounting Department. He was a card.

“Or we could get one of them belly dancers from North Beach to do her thing in Union Square. You know, Miss Wiggles, The Jeems Jelly Dancer!” This gem was contributed by James Jeems, Jr., a lecherous lad of some fifty years.

“Shut up, Junior!” The Old Man shouted, “Let’s be serious.”

Everyone turned their gaze toward me. Whenever there is a crisis, everybody stares at the PR man. The only thing I had to offer was a recipe contest, new ways to use Jeems Jams & Jellies in the daily menu. Like maybe grape jelly in the chicken soup. No? Well, OK, some cooks will try anything.

Gerald Winesap, the fruit pulp guy, staggered to his feet. “I’ve got it!” he shouted, “The Great Jellyfish Race!”

“What the hell are you blubbering about?” Jeems demanded.

“Look,” said Winesap, “We get these

jellyfish, see? We train ’em to race. Then we put on this race from the Marina to Alcatraz Island.”

There was a chorus of “Wonderful . . . Let’s do it!” I made like a dummy.

Even the Old Man was delighted. He turned to me and said, “Work out the details. But be sure you clear with the Indians. Meeting adjourned.”

I spent the next few days casing the Steinhart Aquarium, looking at jellyfish and interviewing the attendants. They went to considerable trouble explaining the sex life of a jellyfish, which to me was quite confusing and very dull. I’m sure Lloyd Downton would never film it.

The Steinhart people refused to lend their jellyfish, so I had to go all the way to Catalina Island (at company expense, of course) to fetch some. I managed to buy six full-grown specimens from an old fisherman who assured me they were, indeed, intelligent jellyfish. I couldn’t tell just by looking at them. They looked rather stupid to me. But I’ve never been much of a judge of jellyfish.

When I got back to San Francisco I rigged a special tank with separated lanes, putting one jellyfish in each lane. Then I named them and attached a different colored plastic ribbon to each for identification. Since I had no idea as to their gender, I gave them names that could be easily switched from boy-to-girl names or vice-versa, in case some smart alec started an argument. I concluded, from what the Aquarium folks said, they were probably ambidextrous—like oysters. But who really cares? Only another jellyfish.

I spent weeks training those little bastards to swim the length of the pool. They were all winners at one time or another, so nobody could claim the race was fixed. We set a date and took full-page ads in the CHRON and the EX announcing the event. The public was invited to pick out a winner by name (send in the attached coupon, etc.). Anyone holding a winning ticket would get a life-time supply of Jeems Jams & Jellies. Runners-up would receive cases of their favorite flavor. Ten



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thousand jars of Jeems Apple Butter were offered as consolation prizes. The City side of both papers got mildly interested and said they "might cover" providing there wasn't a fire in the Mission District that day. TV and Radio "promised" to cover.

Finally the day arrived for The Great Jellyfish Race. The crowd at the Marina was estimated at 100,000. My estimate. The CHRON said 10,000. The EX figured between two and five thousand. (Those guys never could count.) At the last minute we had to change the finish line from Alcatraz to Fisherman's Wharf because the Indians objected to such a crassly commercial venture. And I didn't blame them. If I were an Indian, I'd object, too. Besides, I'd want a lot of free jam. But the folks who run Fisherman's Wharf never object to free publicity. They like crowds. Press, TV and Radio, plus another hundred thousand spectators gathered at the finish line. Although we had done nothing to encourage it, the bookies were doing a thriving business accepting bets. Touts were making outrageous claims as to the individual merits of the contestants. Frankly, I wouldn't put a thin dime on any one of those contrary blobs. I should know, I trained them.

Sixth Army fired one blank round of a 105 Howitzer to start the race, and five rock bands provided musical background. "BOOM!" went the cannon as we dumped the jellyfish into the Bay. Everybody cheered. But I wept.

Those snivelling, conniving, spineless, ungrateful sex deviates all took off in different directions, never to be seen again. Although we did get one report that Georgiana pink plastic (ribbon attached) made a short stopover at the Farralones, enroute to Catalina. I also heard that Edwina got tangled in some kid's fishing line over on the Emeryville mud flats.

I am no longer retained as PR man at Jeems Jams & Jellies, Inc., even though it wasn't *my* idea in the first place. ●



Joe Allen introduces Bob McKnight (left) to the Admissions Committee Gourmet dinner gang. Bob won the British taxicab and then donated it back to the Club.

Find out what's going on down at the Port of San Francisco.

Call Don Taggart

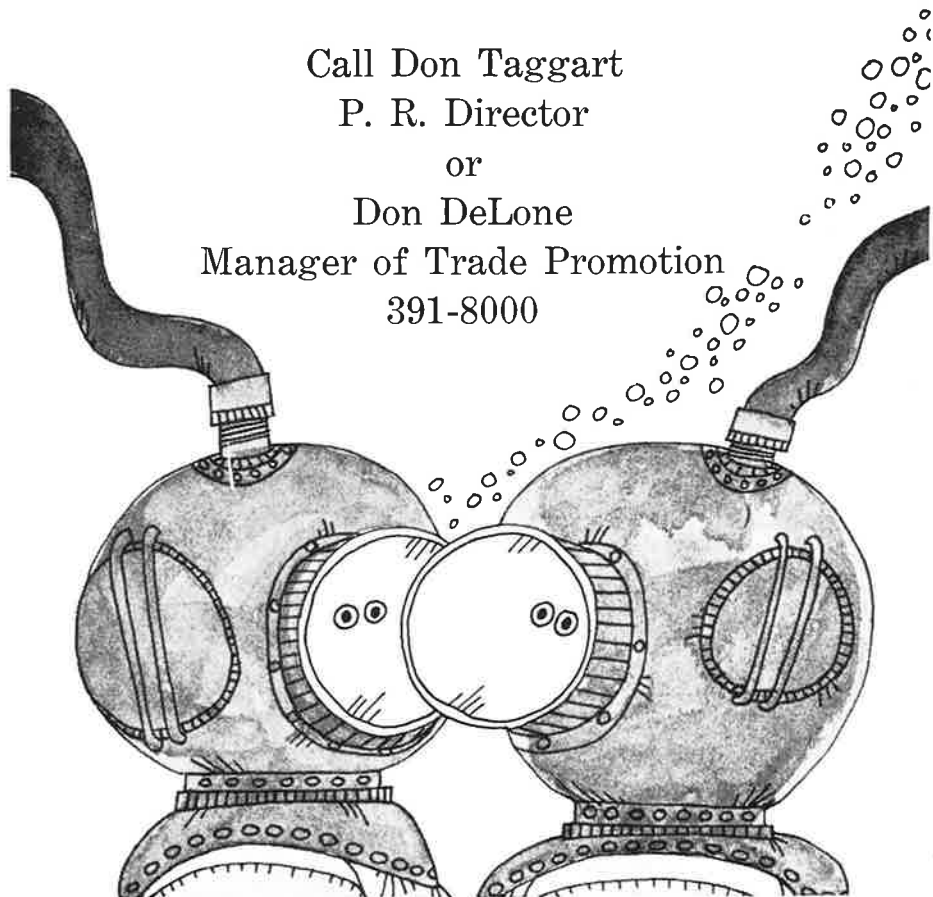
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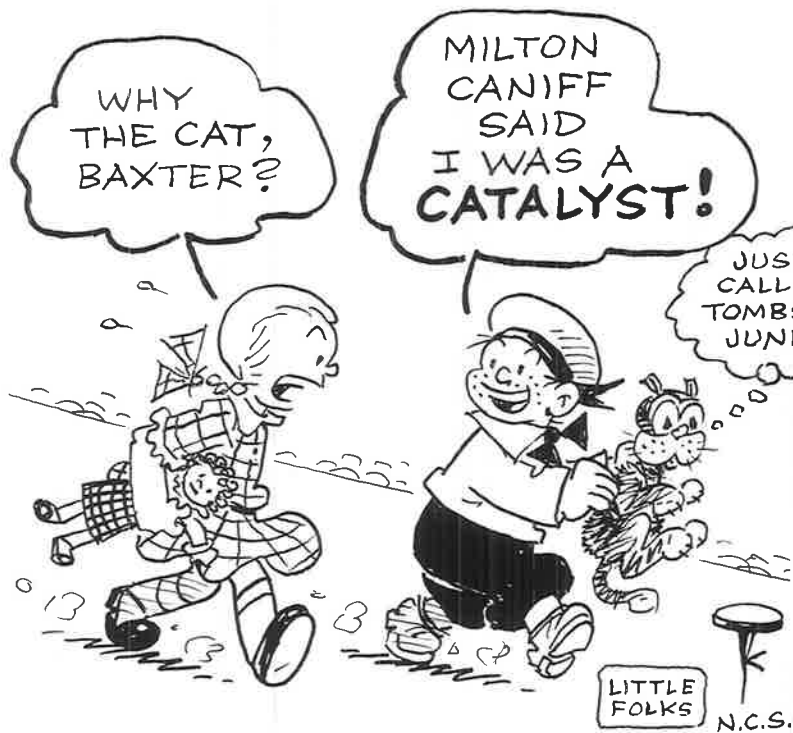
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The gang from QANTAS (above) help out with our British taxicab night bit. At mike is Norman Leek, QANTAS north-west manager. Girl is Marion Hopkins. Peeking over Leek's shoulder is Joe Allen. Center is Ed Montgomery and right David Morris. Below, the ladies help Jabe Casady celebrate his 84th birthday. From left, Louise Grieve, Stephanie Selcho and Peggy Baldioni.

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This beautiful photo (above) by Tom Vano turned our fireplace into a real Christmas scene. It was a commercial for Foremost-McKesson for a cover shot for their magazine and netted a donation to our Jr. Scholarship program. Below, Alice Towell and Rod McGavran listen attentively to Jack McDermott.



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Frank and Miriam Kane strike a happy pose at a Club function. Frank did a great deal to help put this issue of Scoop together.



Milton Caniff, our cover artist for this issue, smiles for our camera with June Lauck at the Cartoonists' Night earlier this year.



The worldwide airline of Japan extends a cordial welcome to the San Francisco Press Club Orient Tour. The gracious hospitality and tasteful simplicity of a Japanese home is yours to enjoy while enroute to Tokyo, Taipei, Hong Kong and Bangkok. And your hostess in her silk kimono adds the perfect touch. Join us on April 3 aboard a luxurious Japan Air Lines 747 "Garden Jet" . . . a memorable beginning to an unforgettable vacation.



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In photo above Ron Born is surrounded by the law at an Admissions Committee meeting. From left, Judges Donald Constine, Alvin Weinberger, Alfonso Zirpoli, Ron, Leland Lazarus and Frank Blum. In photo at right, Charlie Shreve, Jr. and Joe Allen greet Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Shirley.



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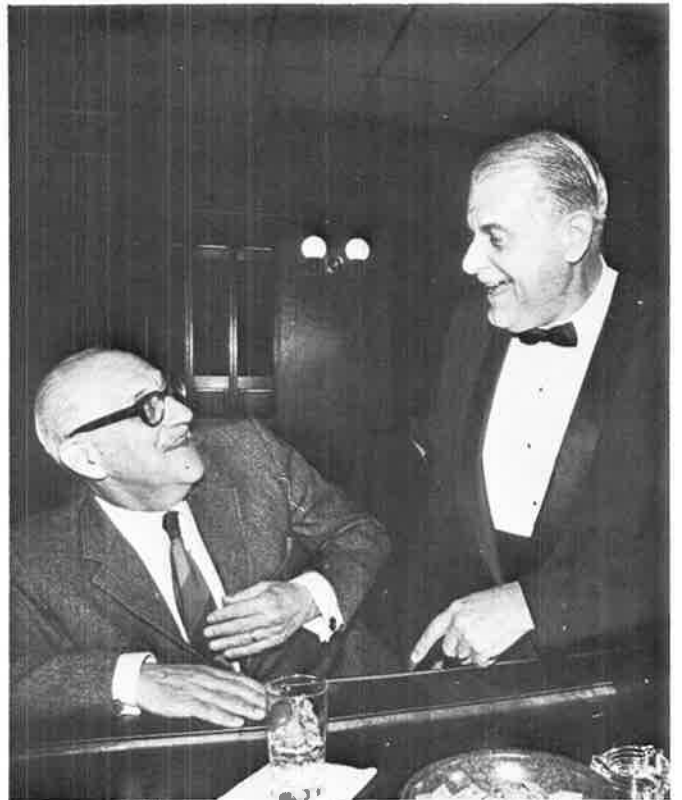


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Paul Speegle introduces Japanese comedian Pat Morita of San Francisco's Playboy Club to the annual Admissions Committee gourmet dinner audience. Pat proceeded to "Wow" the Gang with a delightful bit of fast patter.



Attorney Julius Kahn, Jr. (left) appears a bit startled by Bob Nicholas' "soup n fish" attire, or else Bob just told a real funny one.



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Attorney Nathan Cohn shows off his lovely Carolyn.

SEA WEED

By Jim Leary

Seaweed, Seaweed, sport of the tide
Moil of the sea from the Cape to the Clyde

Will a kiss for the maid and a quip for the king
And a prayer for the blessing a rainbow will bring.

A ribald chantey of mermaid love
The devil below and the stars above
With never a worry of profit and loss
He hangs his faith on the Southern Cross

A cannibal king for his Christmas host
Or a typhoon wreck on the China Coast
Loving and laughing with Panama Nell
Fighting the sikhs in a Singapore hell.

Left on the beach is the lad's last score
To wither and die and rot ashore
A prey to the land, a pawn to the sea
Seaweed, Seaweed ever shall be.

(Written in memory of Merchant Seaman Wilbur Schmidt, a good sailor but a better friend.)

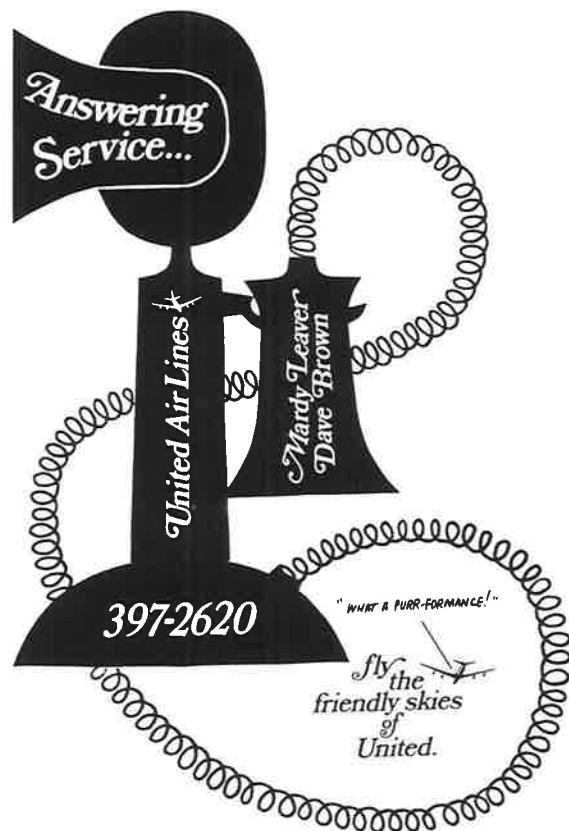
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MEET YOUR EMPLOYEES ...



Mae Chamberlain backs up against herself in these two photos as she cashes a check for David Moiliett.



You can meet most of our lady employees in this one shot at a special dinner hosted by George Jue at his Lamps of China. From left, Mae, Roberta Boysen, Helen Helliwell, Eleanor Lucido, Kitty Nolten, George, Helen Kresge, Frances Kampfen, Ellie Quiroz, Margot Evans and Esther Scrivens.



George Brown seems to tickle the fancy of our hatcheck girls Julie Laval (left) and Zoie Tashdjian.



Front desk gang Lloyd Geddes, Julie Laval and Brenden Johnson exchange patter with Larry Murphy, Mrs. Maude Waring and Col. James F. Walker.

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Three very personable guys line up at the second floor bar with some of Mark Rodman's "smile buttons" to wish you cheer and good health. From left, Bill Davis, Shuck Lew and Lefty Chelini.



When Faye Arnold discovered that you have to live in the Club, or be an overnight guest, to buy liquor by the bottle on the premises, she immediately tried to "sign-in" with Dan Wyand (left) and James (Mac) MacGregor.



Jimmy Moy and Gene Tom strike a pose in front of last year's Christmas tree on the second floor.



Mae strikes a happy pose with our keeper of the stocks, Myron Yee.



Two popular gals in the dining room turn on the smiles. They are Vonnie Carter and Irene Roberson.



Head busboy Charles Bargas pose with Manager George Brown.



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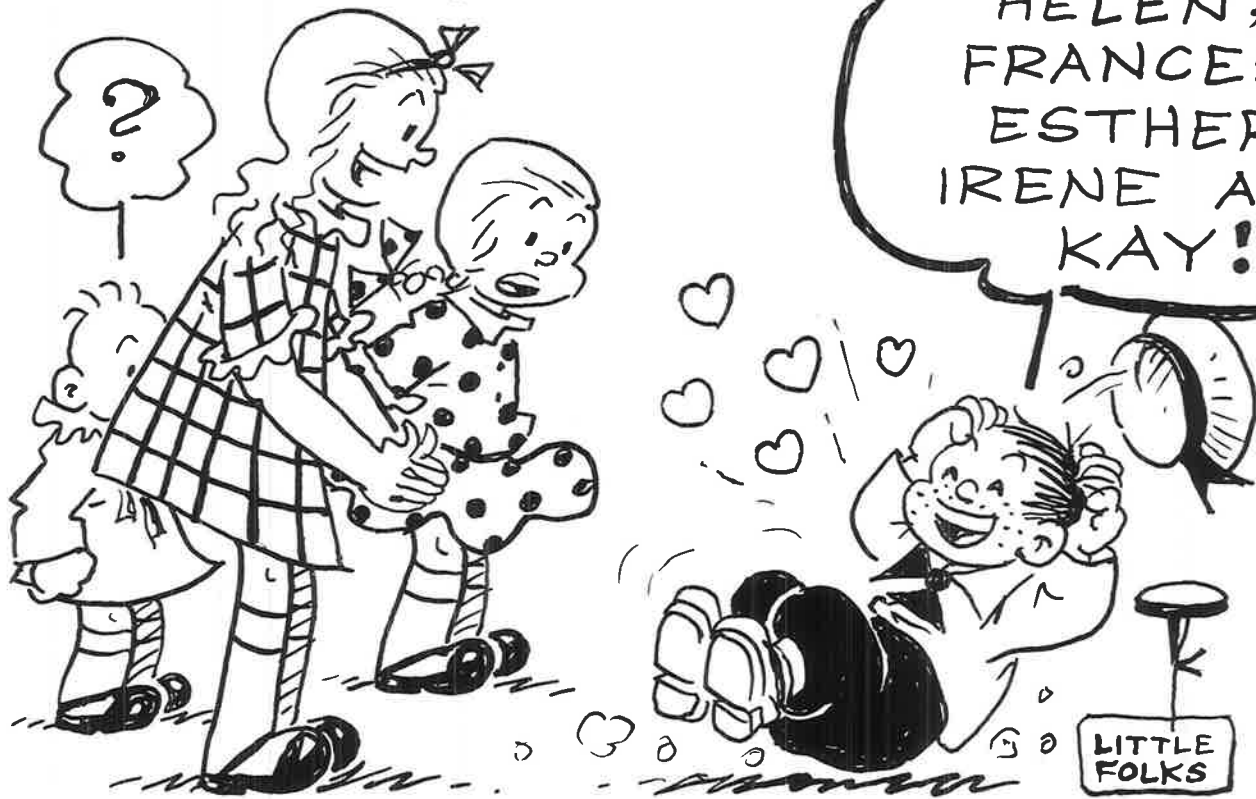
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John Pettit (see page 104) poses with his good friend, Vivian Duncan, during one of the nights that Vivian entertained the Club so royally.



Having a happy time are good friends, from left, Dick and Pat Alexander with Max and Barbara Wilk. Max is the author of "The Wit and Wisdom of Hollywood" and "The Yellow Submarine". The Wilks are from Connecticut.



Joe Allen and his committee for the "disposition" of David (Scotty) Morris' London taxicab get together for one of their many meetings earlier in the year that resulted in the successful campaign that netted the Jr. Scholarship Fund a sizeable sum. Standing: Joe, Scotty, Mark Rodman and Ken Arnold. Seated: Jack Lauck, George Lebedeff and Alex Viripaeff. Below, Britain's David Robinson poses in the cab.



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Mike Teilmann and Jack Rosenbaum enjoy cocktails during a warm-up party prior to a Gang Dinner.



We didn't know that Hong Bun was a piano virtuoso, or is he just lending a little class to Harriette Cartasso's posing in this shot on the second floor. This was the after entertainment during the Canada Gang Dinner.



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JOHN ADAMS

"But, Doctor Cutter, Hopkins has made five tries and it always comes out a Tom & Jerry."



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The 1971 Hydro Committee start off their business year with a big cocktail party on the 7th floor Press Box early in January. We only have room to identify the chairman, John Simon, at right. We'll let you readers fill in the other names.



The late Howard Nance (right) is shown with Carl Rumold during a wine tasting party earlier this year.



Comedian Morey Amsterdam, with Vince Silk, stops long enough in an early visit to the Club to pose for this shot.

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TOO MANY 30's

By George Mullany

The death of Tom Irwin in his room at the club on June 1 was a vivid reminder that we are losing many of our bright minds.

One did not need to be a friend of Tom's to place him in the category of smart but not smart Alec.

In death he joined a gang of intellectuals who gave the club its brightness during the last 50 years.

The first of this group of brains, an oldtimer would recall, would be the late Dudley Burrows whose choice of language, written or spoken, at the bar, the card table or as master of ceremony, was always a source of admiration.

Then there was the beloved Peter B. Kyne, whose fame as an author never caused him to stray from his old haunts at the club.

One who had a combination of brain and wit that entertained the club for years was Al C. Joy, who came out of Fresno to be President of the Press Club and toast of the town for years.

The late Ed McQuade, another club president, after whom the McQuade Award is called, was not only a gifted writer, but one who contributed much to his profession.

Allan C. Bartlett knew how to get the

job of managing editor done and live along the way a course which led him to the presidency of the club in 1928.

No list of club greats would be complete without the name of William F. Leiser, three times president of the club, who brought with him a genius for organization that made the Gang Dinner famous. With Leiser must be coupled the name of the famous Will Aubrey, who had the triple equipment of writer, actor and performer. Close in this picture is the world renowned Benny Bufano. Of course, one must mention those whose financial contributions, through their genius, kept the club on an even keel for many years. Recall now W. H. B. Fowler, Earl Baker and Joe Cauthorn—'Uncle' Joe, who knew how to make a buck go far.

Probably the most amazing intellectual of whom the club boasted was Richard Roy (Dick) Kilroy. This gentleman's ability was a constant source of amazement to strangers and friends alike.

No list of club greats would be complete without the name of the 'Kingfish,' whose financial genius in the club's behalf was shadowed only by his ability to live life every day he awakened, which was sometimes soon after he

retired at dawn.

All this was inspired by the death of one member, Tom Irwin who made his home in the clubrooms during his years of retirement. In that period he served as a member of the Board of Directors and because of his mental stature, was never a yes man. As a librarian, he not only knew where to find the books in the club library, but his depth of knowledge made him familiar with what was in most volumes.

George Brown, the club manager, agrees that we have lost many of our greats in recent years, but points out that there are many deep thinkers left. There is Gus Keane, whose ability as a thinker even now, is cause for constant admiration. On the younger side are Ray Leavitt and Virgil Elliott. Both have contributed to the financial success of the club for years, Ray as three-time president.

Tom Irwin wanted no obituary and none has been written. His ashes were scattered to the sea outside the Golden Gate. He leaves no grave or a tombstone. But he does leave a legacy that is a constant reminder to us all — there is no substitute for a brain that is endowed with mental depth. ●

ONE OF MAN'S GREATEST ASSETS, A FRIEND

by John W. Pettit

(Reprinted from an issue of the Institute of Religious Science magazine The Answer).

Sincere friendship is one of the greatest investments man can make, a safeguard to the future for ourselves and loved ones, and protection at all times under all conditions. A force that will open vistas of enjoyment of life, giving a fuller understanding of the wonders our Creator has given us.

When the word "friend" is used without depth of true understanding, the meaning becomes a parody. Compliments often extravagantly given are merely platitudes, idle expressions without sincerity of meaning, and the discerning man accepts them with reservations. Only the

foolish and vain are carried away under false illusions.

Demagogues pass from the face of the earth, leaving nothing but the chaos they created which, in time, is forgotten. Industrialists vanish in the dust. But a humble man with the love of humanity, who has devoted his life to ministering the common good and knows and understands the meaning of "friendship" is never forgotten in the generation that knew him.

The spread of a tree is not what counts. It is the depth of the roots that grapple to hold fast, deep into the ground, that give strength to outward appearances. Appearance without stability is nothing. **AND LIFE WITHOUT FRIENDS IS A DESERT!**

So it is with spreading the doctrine of friendship and understanding that

America and Americans represent one of the finest gifts that God has given. Ever opening the way for men to pass on this doctrine of what America means to all the world. What better way than travel is there to expand our principle of friendship throughout the world?

When the common peoples of all nations realize that we of America are truly friends and not just "mouthing" the word, this then can and will become the key to universal peace.

Editor's note—Mr. Pettit has traveled extensively throughout the world, entirely at his own expense, as an official traveling good-will ambassador of the States of California and Hawaii and the city of San Francisco, also the San Francisco Press Club, the oldest and second largest in America, along with other important organizations. ●

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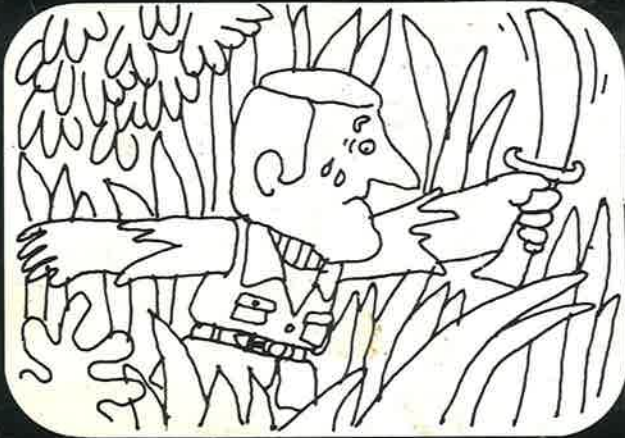
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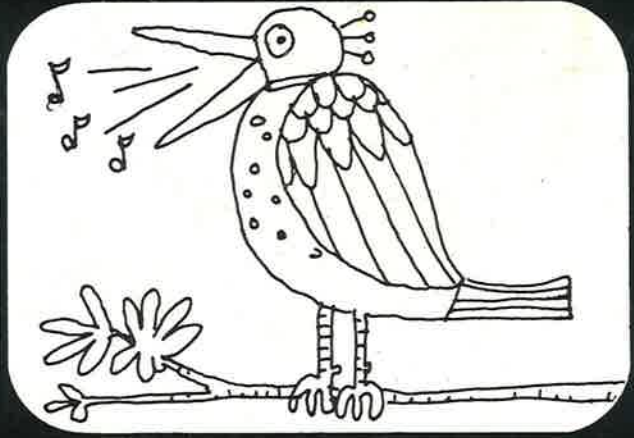
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DeSoto Cab	101	Grant Robbins Associates	39	United Technology Center	35
Dow Chemical	80	San Francisco Forty Niners	83	Wells Fargo Bank	86
Empire Travel Service	77	San Francisco Examiner	10	Whitaker & Baxter	84
Finocchio's	90			Yellow Cab Co.	79



I was fighting my way through the tangled growth on Molokai.



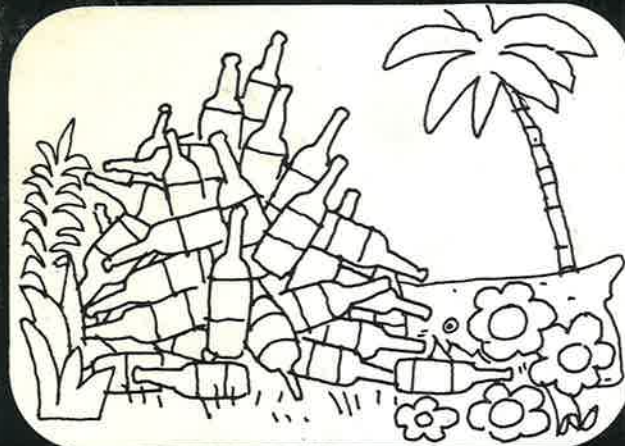
And all the time there was that damn bird singing.



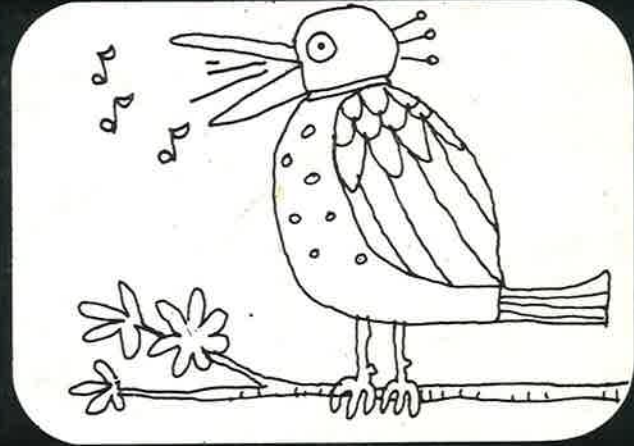
Finally I located my friend.



We had a San Miguel Beer.



It tasted good.



Now, whenever I drink San Miguel, I remember that bird on Molokai.

Try San Miguel and you'll never go back to that stuff you've been drinking.

OF COURSE!



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