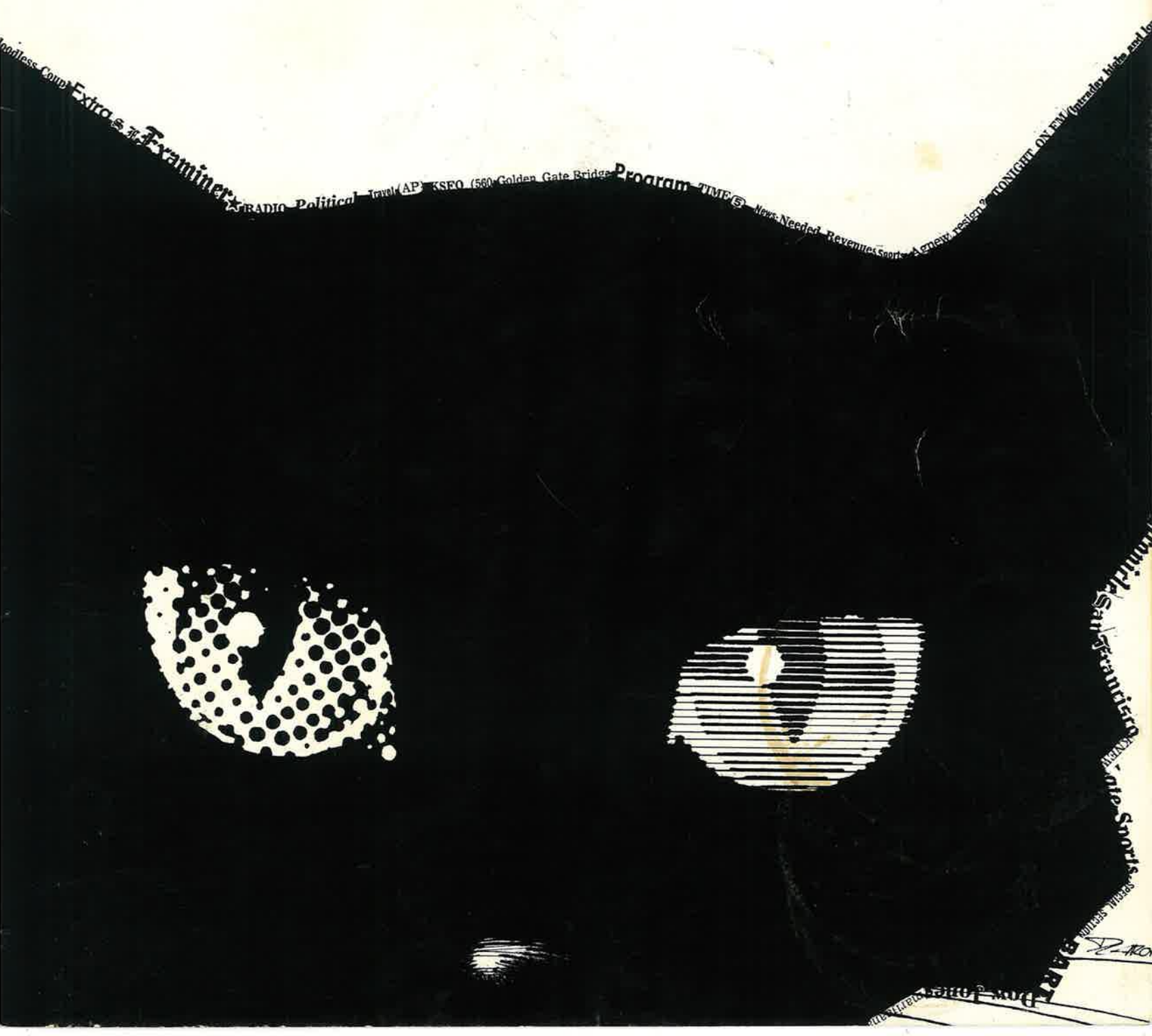
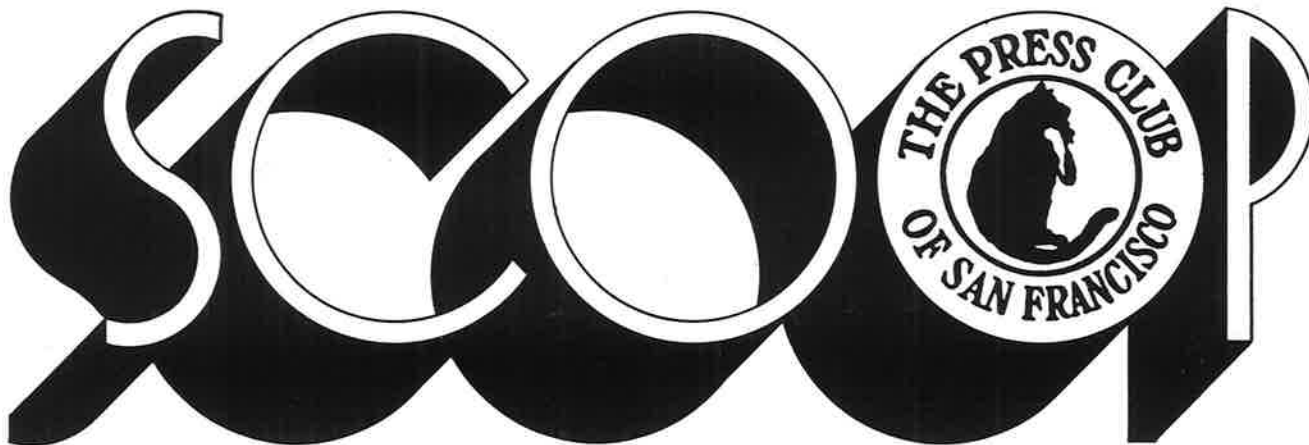


# SOOP



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO • 1973





OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO • 1973

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DECEMBER, 1973

# LOVE STORY

She is all races  
And all colors  
And all creeds

She is dignity  
And beauty  
And truth

She is fire  
And light  
And warmth

She is strength  
And courage  
And comfort

She is wisdom  
And reason  
And compassion

She is hope  
And prayer  
And promise

She is spiritual insurance  
For those who need it  
And all do

She has the power  
To move the world  
And has

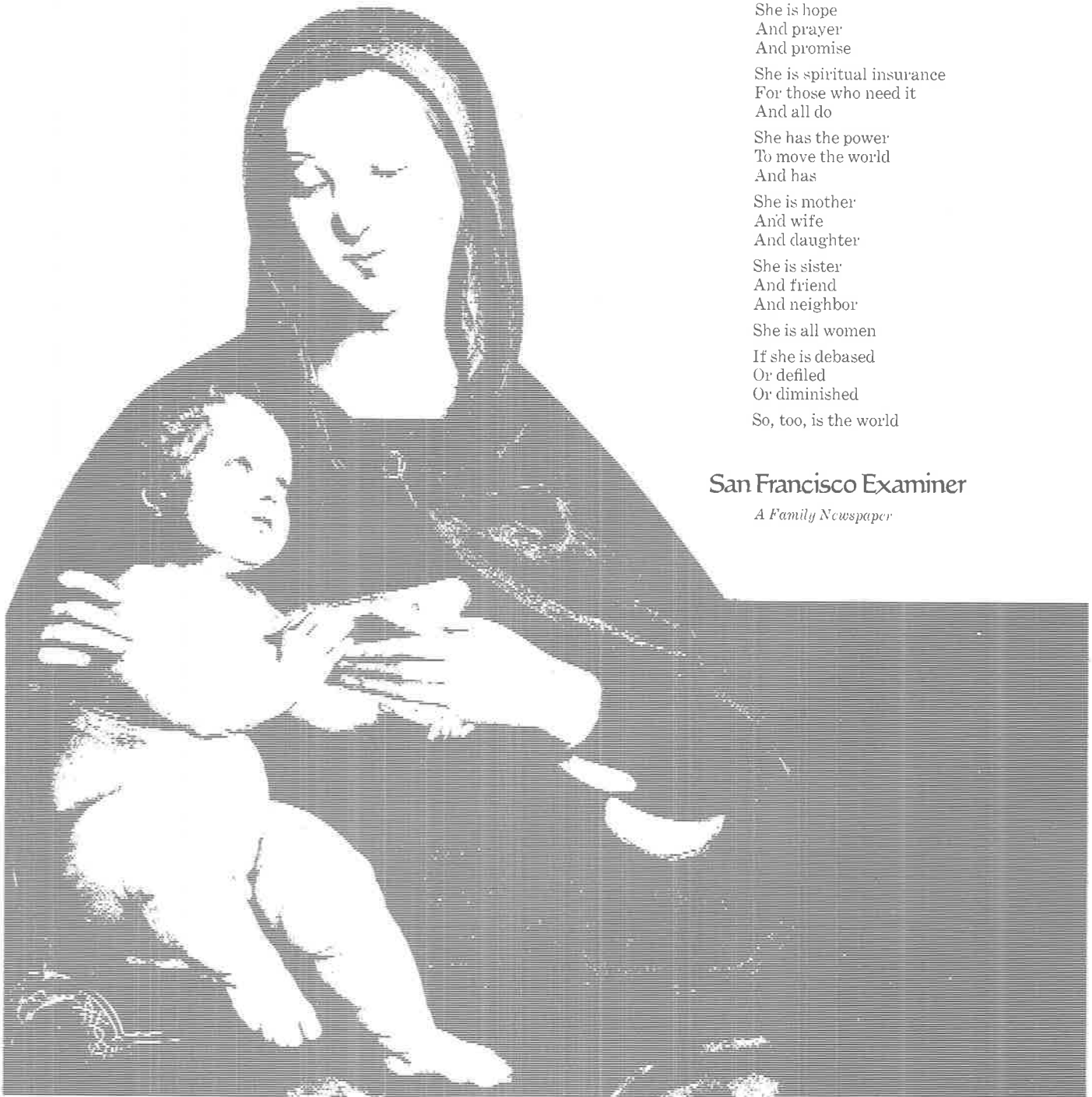
She is mother  
And wife  
And daughter

She is sister  
And friend  
And neighbor

She is all women

If she is debased  
Or defiled  
Or diminished

So, too, is the world



**San Francisco Examiner**

*A Family Newspaper*

# EDITOR'S NOTES

■ Scuttlebutt has it that the record for having one's photograph in a single issue of *SCOOP* the most times belongs to Ed Montgomery. And though we didn't count, it seems to us that Charles Raudebaugh's presence is amply felt in this issue . . . so amply that it might even things up a bit by showing you some of the people who aren't shown in this issue but whose work is reflected on all of the pages in one way or another.

First, Daniel de la Torre



then, Jane Ciabattari



and

Jack Gerkenmeyer



and Dick Revenaugh



as well as

the official club photographer Ken Arnold.



Oops, we almost forgot Mel Tyler. But

he didn't want his photo to appear, since his children are well represented elsewhere. □

*Hal Silverman*

—H. I. S.



## Who's Who And What's What

■ The contributors, in order of appearance:

David Grove is a widely published—here and abroad—commercial and editorial illustrator.

Morrie Brickman is the delightful creator of *The Small Society* cartoon, which appears in more than 300 newspapers including *The Oakland Tribune*, *San Mateo Times*, *San Jose Mercury* and *Sacramento Union*. The author of five books of cartoons, he is syndicated jointly by the Washington Star Syndicate and King Features Syndicate.

William Farr currently is a general assignment reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*.

Jim Wood is a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Marcy Bachmann is a freelance writer who has worked on the staffs of the *San Francisco Examiner*, *Women's Wear Daily* and the *Stockton Record*.

Murray Olderman, a contributing editor for Newspaper Enterprise Associates, is a widely syndicated sportswriter and cartoonist. He also is the author of *The Defenders*, recently published by Prentice-Hall, and the previously published *The Pro Quarterback*, *The Running Backs* and *The Encyclopedia of Baseball*.

Tom Emch is a staff writer for *California Living*, the magazine of the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*.

Herbert Gold is the distinguished novelist and sometime journalist who usually can be found swimming in The Press Club pool each afternoon.

Wells Twombly is an award-winning (from The Press Club, too) columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Kevin Keating is a partner in International Corporate Counselors, a San Francisco public relations firm with clients such as P&O, the British Cruise Line; the Golden State Warriors and Ticketron. He sometimes wears a necktie.

Wendy Schlesinger currently works for a legal book and periodical publisher.

James R. Toland is the managing editor of San Francisco State University's magazine *Prism*, who also is employed at the *San Francisco Examiner* as a part-time wire room attendant.

Walter V. Addiego graduated from UC Berkeley in June 1973. During his junior year he was the managing editor of the *Daily Californian*. He is working at *The Examiner*, too . . . and so does his dad.

Wendie Regalia is president of the recently formed public relations firm Connections Unlimited. Also the feminine voice of the San Francisco Giants, she does commercials for radio and television as well as representing professional athletes for public appearances and endorsements.

Herb Williams is The Club cartoonist.

Russell St. John recently returned to the Bay Area after living three years in Hawaii. He has a multifarious (his word) background in creative PR programs.

Joe Dee is the president of Brooks Cameras, Inc. and writes a weekly photography column for the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*. He also writes extensively for photography trade publications.

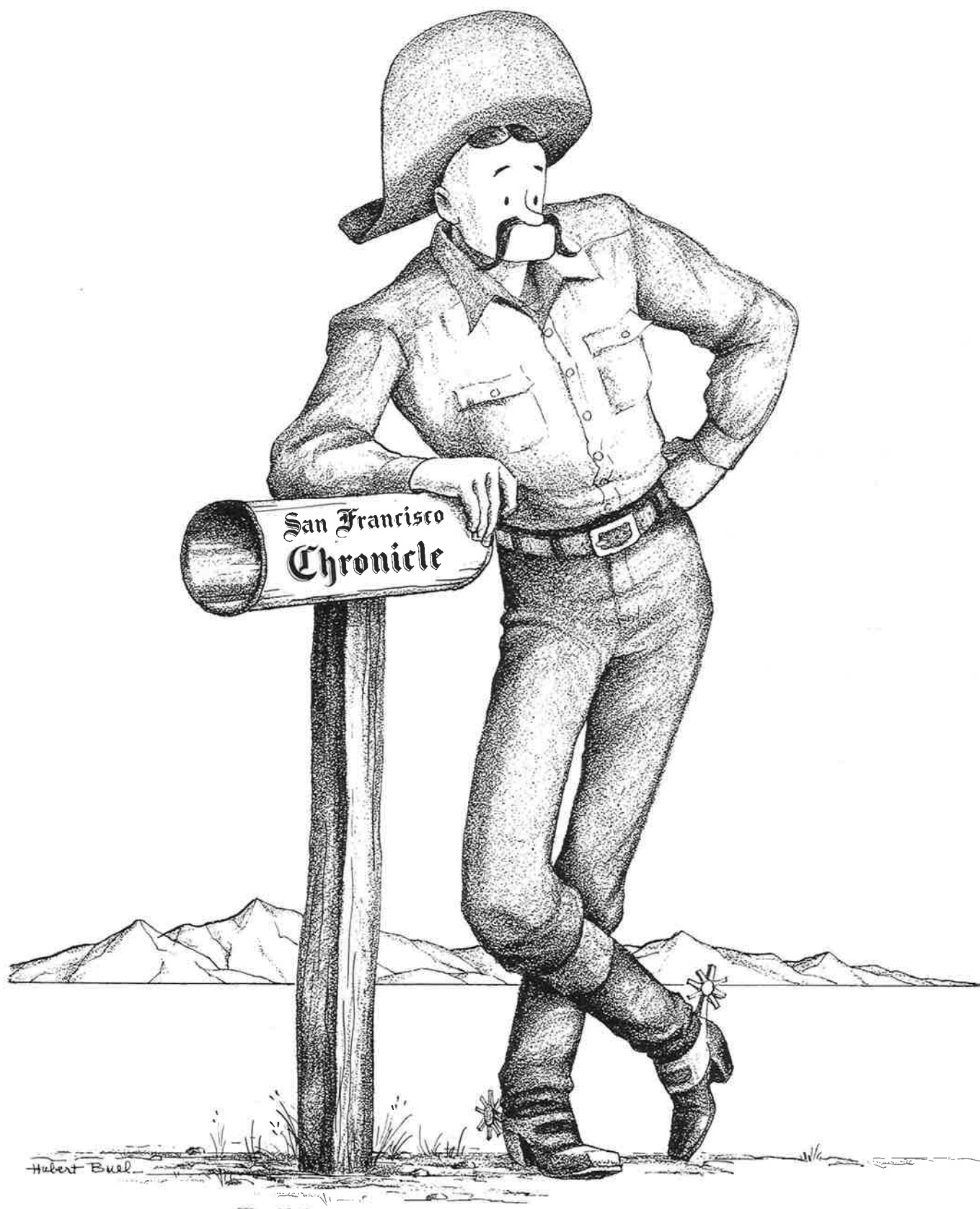
Graham Kislingbury is the well known public relations counselor, who also heads the Publications Committee for The Press Club.

Jim Domke is a photographer for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Charlie Huy is, of course, the weekly editor of *SCOOP* and a public relations counselor. □



# THE CHRONICLE MEANS THE WEST



# FEEDBACK

Dr. Damon G. Nalty  
849 Rockwood Drive  
San Jose, California 95129

March 19, 1973

Press Club of San Francisco  
555 Post Street  
San Francisco, California

Gentlemen,

On May 1, 1948, I received a college scholarship from the Press Club. That day, twenty-five years ago, changed my entire life.

Through your scholarships you probably desired to attract young people to careers in journalism. I started in that direction. That summer I worked for the Associated Press, and after that was a campus correspondent for the Chronicle. While at college, I worked in the campus public relations office. But I let you down. I became disenchanted and changed my major in the senior year. Rather than journalism, I went into teaching. For eleven years I was a high school teacher, department chairman, and vice principal. For the past five years I have been a professor at San Jose State.

Through your scholarships you offered the opportunity of attending college. That is where you turned my life around. It had been decided that after high school I would become a letter carrier, like my father, and perhaps moonlight a bit as a photographer. But your scholarship opened doors for me. I graduated from Saint Mary's College with a major in history and minor fields of English, classic literature, philosophy and education. Next came a master's degree in history from the University of San Francisco. My thesis, by the way, was "The Lincoln Administration As Viewed Through the California Press." After that I spent a couple years in the law school of Santa Clara University, and I took teaching and administrative credentials from San Jose State. I earned a doctorate in education from the University of Southern California with a major of instructional systems analysis, and a supporting field of educational administration. In all, it came to 335 semester units of course work. Probably none of this would have come about had it not been for your scholarship.

I decided to write this letter because it suddenly occurred to me that you may not receive feedback of this nature. It is important that you do. There are many of us that owe you a great deal. We will remain eternally grateful to you.

Sincerely,



Damon G. Nalty

# the small society

HOO-BOY!  
WITH MORE  
AND MORE  
GOVERNMENT  
SECRECY...



AND  
ATTEMPTED  
CONTROL OF PUBLIC  
INFORMATION...  
WE SHOULD BE  
THANKFUL FOR  
A FREE  
PRESS -



FREEDOM  
OF THE  
PRESS!  
WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL  
IDEA!



THANK GOD  
THAT NO  
ONE,  
REGARDLESS  
OF HIGH  
POSITION...



CAN  
PREVENT  
OUR  
NEWSPAPERS  
FROM  
PUBLISHING  
THE  
TRUTH!



EXCEPT  
MAYBE  
STRIKING  
PRESSMEN -



# OUTLOOK

## What's Ahead On The Bay Area Journalism Scene

*A survey of opinion  
from a cross-section of people deeply involved in setting policy and/or carrying it out*



**Charles Gould**  
Publisher  
San Francisco Examiner

Watch for dramatic growth and development in the electronic media during the next two decades. However, do not expect radio or TV to supplant the printed word as the cornerstone of mass communications.

Tomorrow's newspaper—including the Examiner—will differ from today's. Escalating costs together with energy and newsprint shortages will mandate the creation of more compact products.

Editors will be forced to be more selective. Stories will be shorter and more factual. The accountability that newspapers now demand of others will also be applied to their own products and people.

If the latter does not come to pass, the credibility gap will widen and some newspapers will fall into it.

**David McQueen**  
News Director  
KSAN Radio

Over the long run—the next decade or so—technological growth in the electronic media seems predictable; more growth in cable TV and videocassette, limited only by the restraints imposed by the corporate powers who have the resources to develop such technology (those corporate interests largely own current media systems and have an interest in maintaining the status quo).

The short range future of the media is more clouded by the problems of the economy. So long as depression, or recession, is threatening, newspapers, radio, and TV are going to continue to cut costs. Low margin suburban newspapers will continue to proliferate at the expense of the metro dailies. FM radio seems the only real growth prospect among the electronic media for the next few years.

So much for speculation. I hope things turn out rosier than I think they will.



**Gerard E. Sherry**  
Editor-Manager  
The Monitor

The outlook for the printed media in the next decade is great—but only if it is prepared to update its techniques, mechanically and journalistically. Courageous typographical experiments should replace traditional makeup. Important local, as well as national, issues should have competent analysis. Interpretive reporting should be increased at the expense of feature trivia. Editors and editorials should be freed from the shackles of publisher politics. Finally, sex may satisfy but it does not sell good newspapers.

**Marilyn Baker**  
Newsperson  
KQED Television

6

*Only journalism is afforded the unique protection of the United States Constitution.*

*But do we still deserve such protection?*

*Do we still strive to be the conscience of all the community—or have we settled for being the spokesperson for the few?*

*Have we allowed our indignation at society's ills to be blunted by social acceptance?*

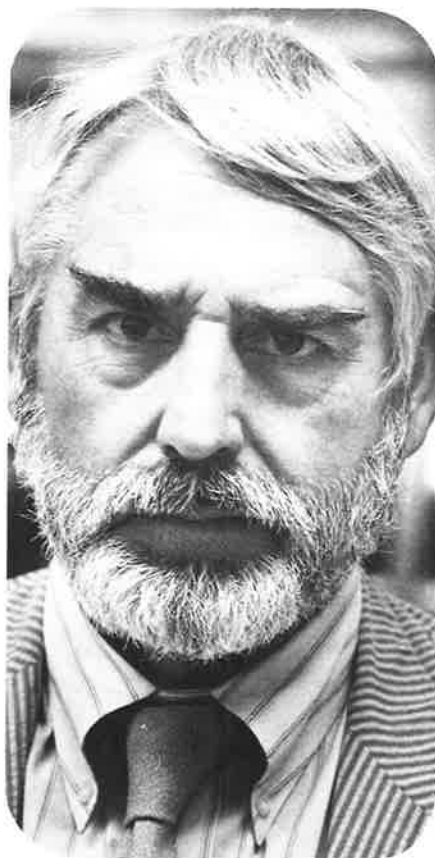
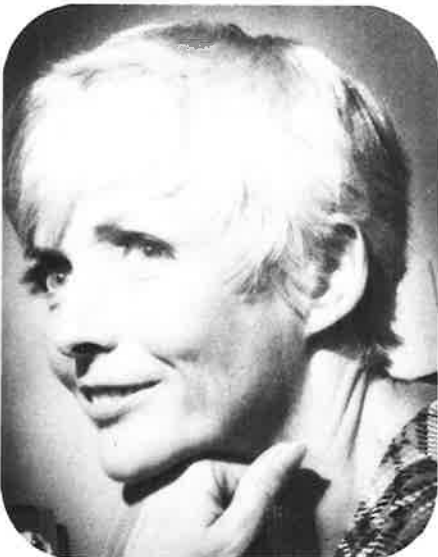
*Is our goal digging out all the facts—or meeting the car and mortgage payments?*

*Have we the vision to see change—and the maturity to accept it?*

*Or is a gathering of journalists today no more than an Elks Club or Masonic Lodge?*

*Look to the San Francisco Press Club for your answers.*

,



**Fred D. Fletcher**  
Executive Secretary  
San Francisco-Oakland  
Newspaper Guild

6

*As beneficiaries of the greatest package of technological change in the industry's history, our newspapers have an unparalleled opportunity to reward their employees and serve the community.*

*This bonanza of productivity, a windfall like none in living memory, will make it possible to spend more on the product while giving civilized consideration to those whose jobs or skills become surplus.*

,

**Milton W. Jones**  
Publisher  
San Francisco Magazine

6

*In recent years much of the editorial vigor as well as advertising support formerly attracted by large, general-interest national magazines has been drawn to "city" magazines. Nearly every major urban area now has one—San Francisco magazine was one of the first.*

*Northern California has a long tradition of social, political and cultural innovation, with the hardy city of San Francisco as its emotional and commercial center. San Francisco magazine, in the months and years to come, will continue to improve as both a reflection and active force in the events in and around The City. Well within the next five years we will triple our present circulation as we increase our search for editorial talent and lively, untold stories.*

,



(Continued)



**E**VERY city has an elite circle of businesses which are more than just commercial establishments—they are institutions. San Franciscans have this warm, proprietary feeling about Brooks Cameras.

You feel it in the middle of the noontime crush, when the “toothpick brigade” floods across Maiden Lane and fills the aisles of the store at 45 Kearny. You pick up the excitement from the rush of customers, ranging from the novice teenager, to the housewife wanting something simple to snap her moppets in action, to the professional seeking a rare gadget for his esoteric trade of microphotography.

Why have San Franciscans singled out Brooks Cameras as their own? It may very well have something to do with the unexcelled depth of merchandise, which makes it possible to pick up not only the camera today, but an adapter ring or a special lens, as needed. At Brooks the client can pick and choose from the largest display in the West. As one happy browser put it, “I don’t always buy something; I just like to be around all those cameras.”

And cameras isn’t all you can buy at Brooks. “The photographic department store” also has a full range of camera accessories, projectors, binoculars, and darkroom equipment. Not to mention the newest expansion in its inventory—the best in TV and hi fi equipment.

Another clue to the secret of Brooks’ success may lie in its almost 160 employees, with all the photographic know-how they represent. Every salesperson is required to complete a 4-hour course at the San Francisco Academy of Arts. Brooks also boasts a record number of 12 Certified Photographic Counselors, intensively trained and highly qualified to give you a professional critique of your photos, or to review the proper use of your equipment.

Now all these unique services are yours at four locations—in San Francisco at 45 Kearny and on the Peninsula at San Mateo, Hillsdale Mall and Palo Alto.

Whatever these elusive qualities are, they have combined to make Brooks Cameras a two-time winner of the National Brand Names Contest and number one retail camera store in the U.S. But what makes Brooks Cameras proudest is that it has been taken to the heart of San Francisco.

**BROOKS CAMERAS, MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER  
BUSINESS BUT A SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTION!**



**Charles Thieriot**  
**Editor and Publisher**  
**San Francisco Chronicle**

6

Over the years ahead FM radio audiences will increase at the expense of AM audiences. Television will maintain its appeal but viewers will become more and more selective. Cable will grow at a slower pace than originally anticipated. Magazines will become even more specialized and newspapers will depend on a larger share of support from subscribers.

9

**Louis S. Simon**  
**Vice President**  
**KPIX Television**

6

*In television news departments in five years, particularly the networks, we'll see an increased use of miniature, portable cameras. In TV, this is where it is at. The mini-camera is already in use by networks today but on a very limited basis.*

*Reporters and cameramen will have as their tools electronic equipment that will be smaller and smaller, better and better, and more economical. The result: we'll be seeing a more successful application in the "burst" programming of news and public affairs.*

*I believe, too, as time goes on, we'll see a greater expansion of news coverage domestically in comparison with the great amount of international news we see today.*

*The opportunity for plain, simple, honest news coverage is wide open. The happy talk craze has already run its course, but with this legacy: news is going to be written, filmed, and broadcast in a much more understandable, comprehensible form. Days of ponderous, encyclopedish, unintelligible news stories are about over. For all of happy talk's simplistic excesses, that was its only contribution.*

*One thing we can all predict with a fair amount of certainty. There'll be just as much "bad news" on the air and in print five years from now as there is today. And, I might add, as time goes on, all broadcasters and publishers have an even greater sense of management responsibility.*

9



**Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Paul Bennett, 747 Captain.**

**Paul started his career flying a 21-passenger DC-3. Now he's captain of a 370-passenger 747, the world's largest jetliner. After 30 years with Delta, he has 26,000 hours and 8 million miles under his seat belt.**

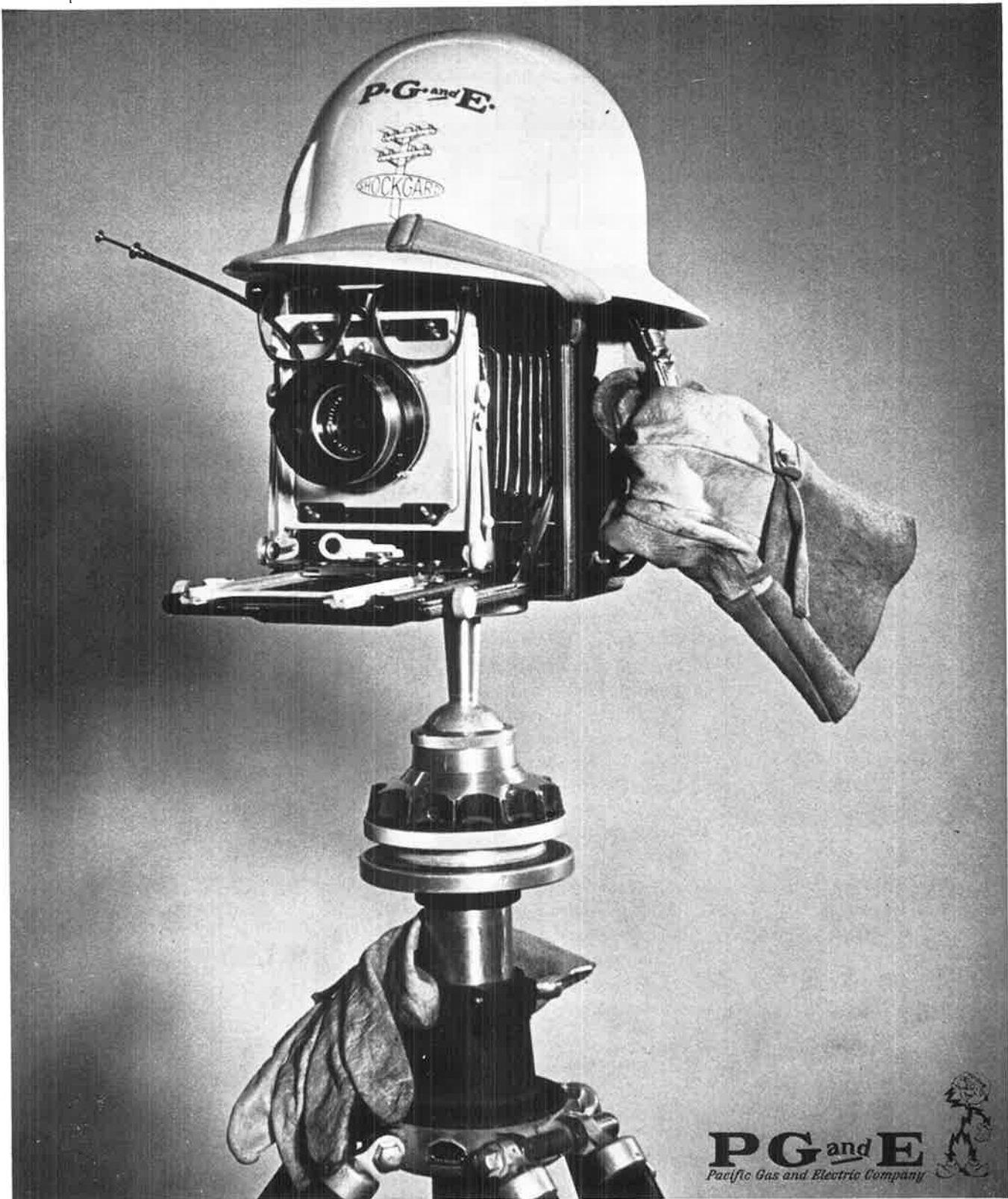
**When you're flying, it's nice to know there's a Paul Bennett up front. Delta is ready when you are.**



Delta's Wide-Ride™ \$25 million 747 Seats 370 in a cabin built for 490. Upper deck lounge area and private penthouse. More than a dozen stewardesses

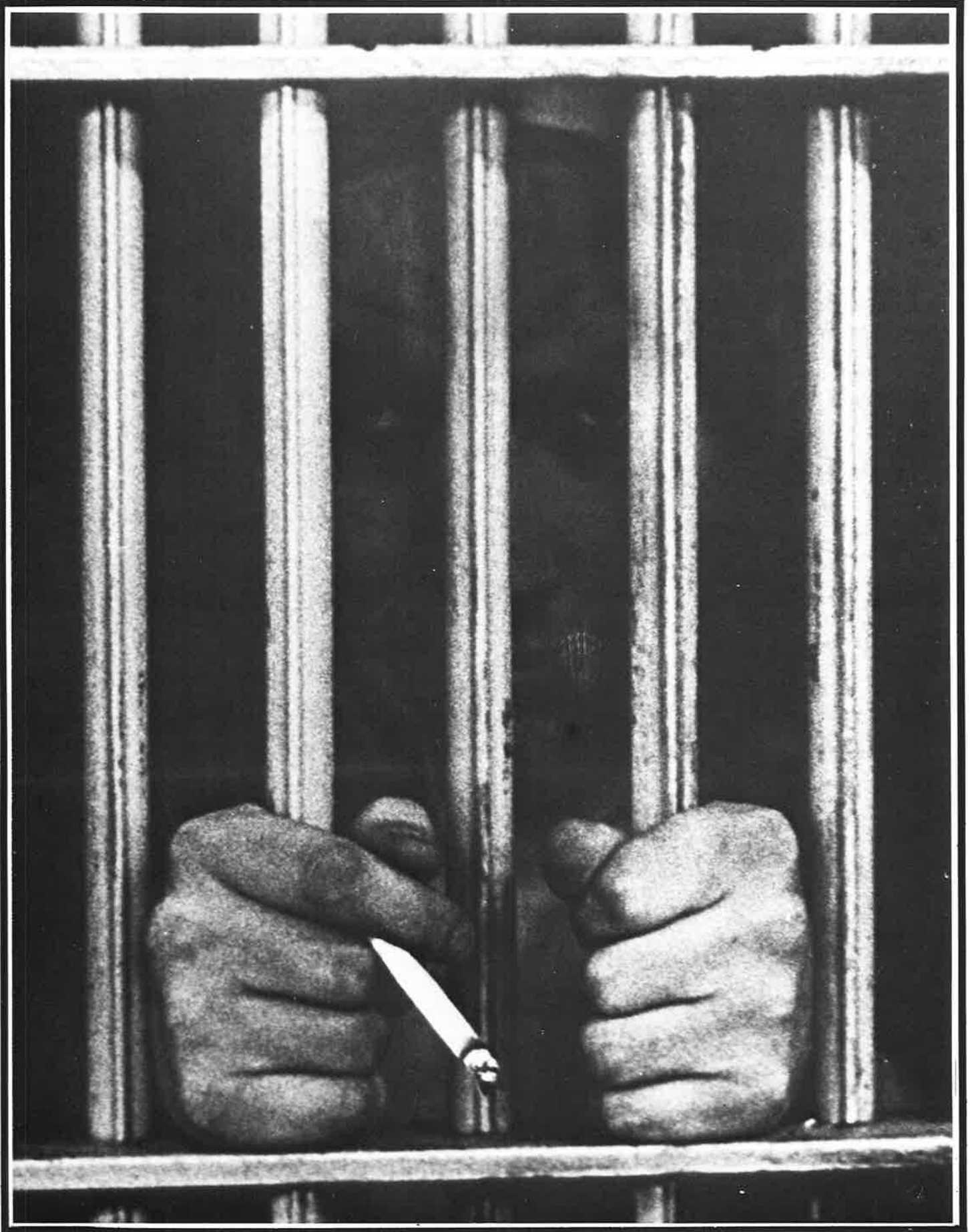
# You can count on the PG&E news bureau to give you the complete picture.

Telephone 781-4211 in San Francisco



**PG and E**  
Pacific Gas and Electric Company





## The Plight Of A Pseudo-Celebrity

By William Farr

## ETHICS

■ When I decided I had to go to jail rather than reveal the sources of an article I wrote during the Charles Manson murder trial, Judge Charles Older claimed that I wanted to be a martyr.

And even after I had served forty-six days of what remains a virtual life sentence, a few of my colleagues still had some strange notions about my motives.

Well, I never nominated myself for journalistic sainthood, and I really should not have to explain to any newsman that I was merely following the code of any good reporter in keeping my personal and professional promise

to confidential sources.

Some people presumed that after my release from jail January 11, I would embark on a lucrative lecture tour and/or make a lot of money writing a book about my experiences.

Instead, I went back to work at the *Los Angeles Times* the day after I got out of jail and have continued covering the criminal courts virtually every day since then. In every way that I know, I have attempted to keep my pseudo-celebrity status from interfering with my role as a reporter.

The Ninth Circuit justices have indicated they are "ready to regard the matter" on their December calendar. If they do not grant me a hearing, I prob-

ably will be back in jail for the second Christmas in a row.

By working hard at my job, I am able to shunt the worry over that prospect to the back of my mind. Because I've had the good fortune to cover a lot of good cases recently—including the case against four former White House aides indicted for breaking into Dan Ellsberg's psychiatric files—I really don't have time to dwell on it.

One deep regret that I have is that it has had a stultifying effect on my plans to get married. I feel that it would be manifestly unfair to tie the knot as long as I have a lengthy jail term hanging over my head.

That's enough of the sad tales. Here





I'd like to tell you of the need for all of us to do our part in convincing the public why it is important for reporters to have the legal right to protect sources.

While I did not rush out on the lecture trail for money, I have given ninety-one speeches in the nine months since they let me out of jail. Most of them have been at night, many on weekends, and some at luncheons. My rule for accepting such engagements is that they not interfere with my job. There have been a few exceptions at out-of-state universities when such talks have been sanctioned by my superiors at the *Times*.

I do not charge for speaking. Quite simply, I feel that it would be improper

to make money out of a cause dear to all newsmen.

What I hope is that, in the future, my fellow members of the news media will not only accept speaking invitations but actually seek them out so we can better put our case to the citizenry. We have not yet done a stellar job of making our position clear. If we do, we still have some chance of getting the federal legislation for reporter's privilege passed some day.

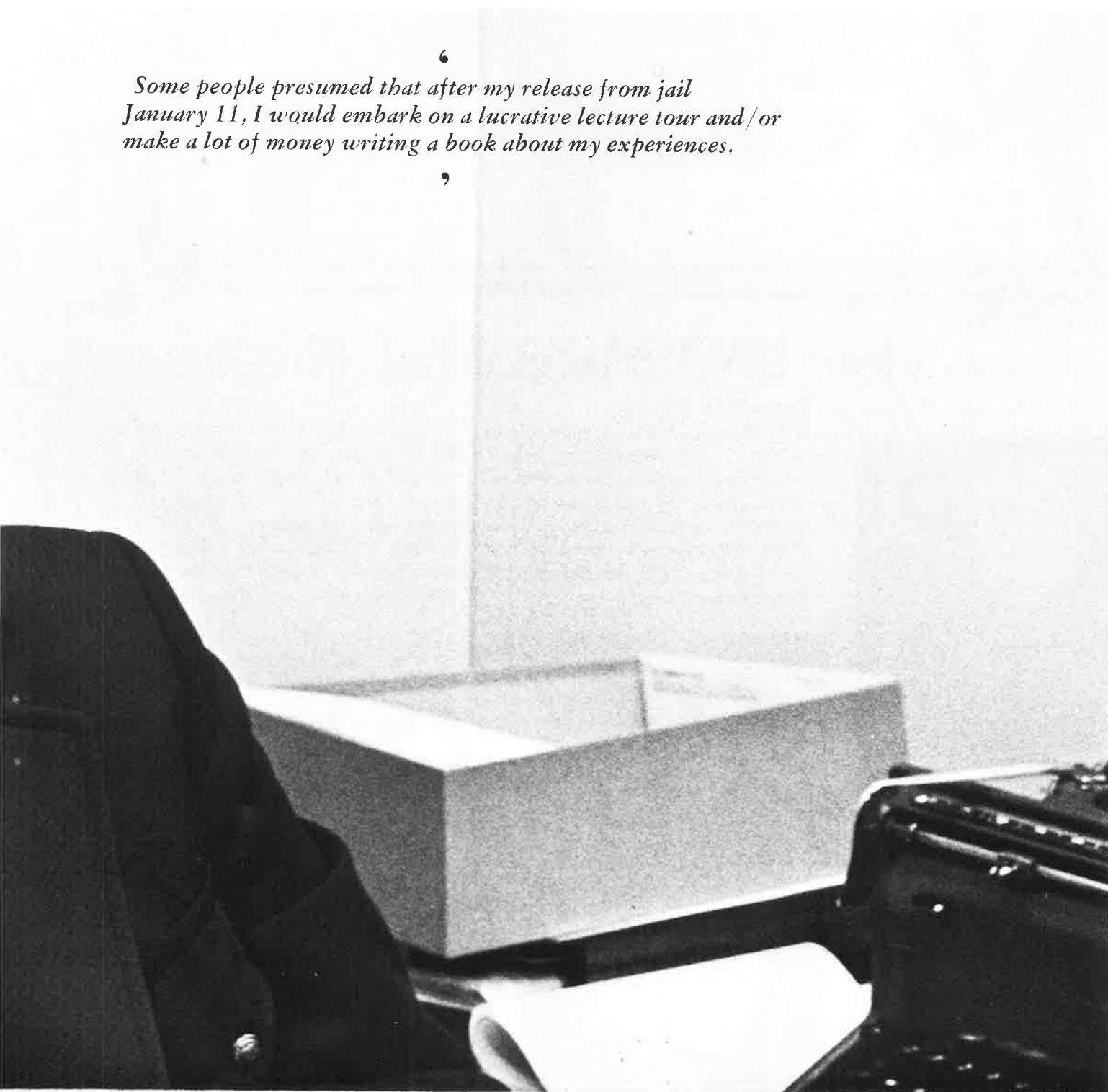
Let me start by saying that I like the title of Congressman Jerome Waldie's bill—*The Free Flow of Information Act*. Senator Cranston has proposed similar legislation. That title is considerably more appropriate than the term,

“newsman's privilege.”

What we really are talking about is the necessity for a free flow of information to serve the public's right to know. The term “newsman's privilege” conjures up the misconception that we want a special status unto ourselves.

This is untrue. We do not want the legal right to protect sources as a favor to any newsman or all newsmen. We want such legislation to further the constructive processes of the press, so that the public will be fully and intelligently informed. We must convince the average citizen that we are fighting for this concept on his behalf and that the public will be the real loser if we don't succeed. □

6  
*Some people presumed that after my release from jail  
January 11, I would embark on a lucrative lecture tour and/or  
make a lot of money writing a book about my experiences.*  
,





# AWARDS



Wes Gallagher, president and general manager of The Associated Press, is not a newcomer to Press Club awards dinner. He's won several of them. He was the speaker this year. Charles Gould, publisher of the Examiner and President Raudebaugh were appreciative.

## Here Is Who Won What This Year

By Curtis W. Roberts

■ Eighteen journalists won awards in this year's Professional News Awards competition, the Club's twenty-second annual contest. Awards were presented September 21 following dinner at the Club. Nine journalists received first place prizes of \$250, and nine received Certificates of Merit.

Guest speaker of the evening was Wes Gallagher, president and general manager of The Associated Press and a native San Franciscan. Gallagher, a former war correspondent and a winner of numerous press awards, emphasized the relationship of the press to the Congress, the courts and the executive

(Continued)



Lee Lazarus at podium.



Happiness is an award.  
Dale Mead, Boyd Haight,  
Cathy Casillo and Elias Casillo



*Mrs. Denise Ross with Coblenz Award winners James Brachman, William Harke and Edgar Sanchez.*



*The Examiner's Wells Twombly and Dick Turpin, L.A. Press Club president.*



*Pacific Sun's Barbara Boxer and Alice Yarish with Chronicle's Abe Mellinkoff.*



*The judging of the L.A. Press Club contest is part of a reciprocal agreement.*



*Lon Wilson, Oakland Tribune, caught this moment of international drama to win first prize in the Press Club photo contest.*

## AWARDS

branch of the government in light of the Watergate scandal.

Recipients of first place awards were: Gene Ayres, Jeff Morgan and Lon H. Wilson, *Oakland Tribune*; Elias Castillo and Dale Mead, *San Jose Mercury*; Kenneth J. Rowe, *Redwood City Tribune*; William J. Moore, *San Francisco Chronicle*; Wells Twombly, *San Francisco Examiner*; and Barbara Boxer, *Pacific Sun*.

Chairman of the Awards Dinner Committee was Judge Leland Lazarus; Howard Freeman, San Francisco public relations executive, served as Master of Ceremonies. Awards were presented by Richard Turpin, president of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club. The entries were judged, as in the past two years, by a panel of top Los Angeles journalists. By a reciprocal arrangement, San Francisco journalists will

judge entries when the Los Angeles Club's contest is held. The Club considers the contest to be the most significant contribution it makes each year to journalism in the Bay Area.

Winners in the six classifications were:

Best Daily Story Involving the Writer's Initiative: Winner, Jeff Morgan and Gene Ayres, *Oakland Tribune*; Honorable Mention, Jackson Rannels, *San Francisco Chronicle*, William S. Shilstone, *Redwood City Tribune*, and Jay R. Bosworth, *San Francisco Examiner*.

Best Daily City-side News Story: Winner, Elias Castillo and Dale Mead, *San Jose Mercury*; Honorable Mention, Del Lane and Ed Salzman, *Oakland Tribune*.

Best Daily City-side Feature Story: Winners (tie), Kenneth J. Rowe, *Redwood City Tribune*, and William J. Moore, *San Francisco Chronicle*; Honorable Mention, James O. Clifford, *United Press International*, and David

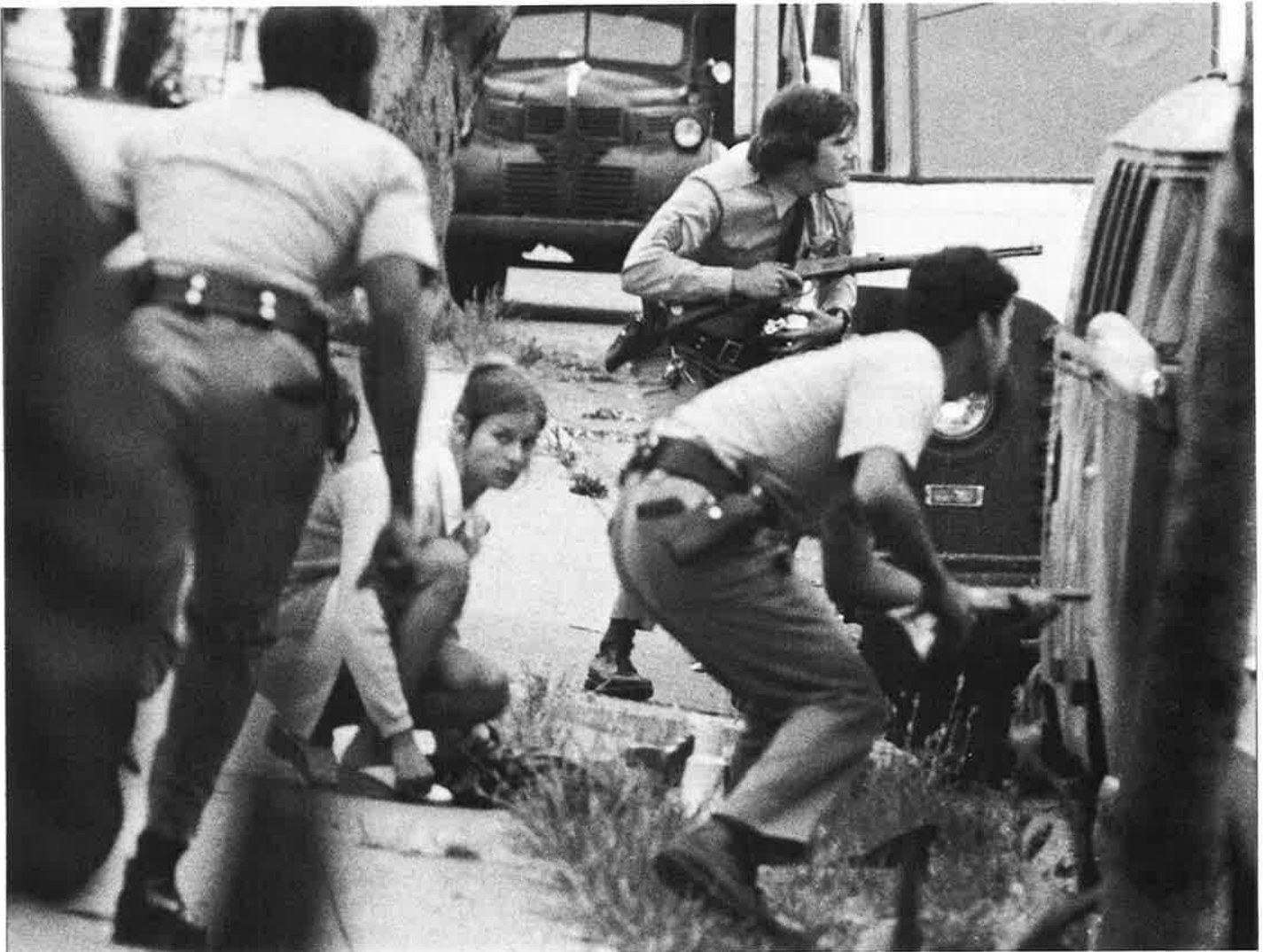
Perlman, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Best Daily Sports Story either News or Feature: Winner, Wells Twombly, *San Francisco Examiner*; Honorable Mention, Eddie Muller, *San Francisco Examiner*.

Best News Story in a Weekly Newspaper: Winner, Barbara Boxer, *Pacific Sun*; Honorable Mention, Alice D. Yarish, *Pacific Sun*.

Best Photograph Daily or Weekly: Winner, Lon H. Wilson, *Oakland Tribune*; Honorable Mention, Walter J. Lynott, *San Francisco Examiner*.

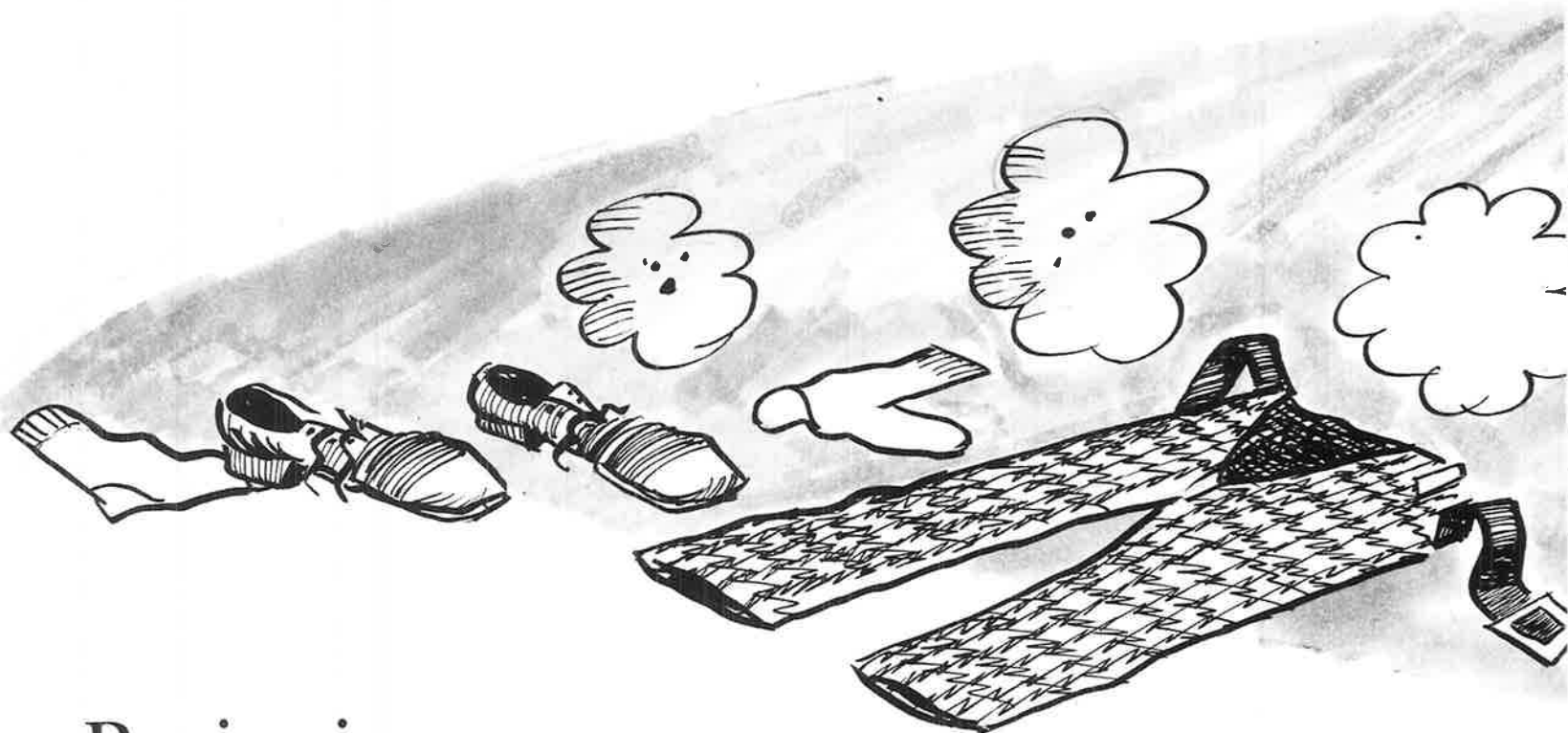
Special awards of \$300 each were presented to James Brachman, *San Francisco Chronicle*, Edgar Sanchez, *San Francisco Examiner*, and William Harke, *Redwood City Tribune*, from the Late Watch Edmond Coblenz Scholarship Fund. The awards, which are given each year to ambitious young journalists, were presented by Mrs. Denise Ross, daughter of the late distinguished publisher. □



The police in action. That's what Walter Lynott, *San Francisco Examiner* photographer caught for an Honorable Mention in the Club photo contest.



# COMMENTARY



## Reviewing The San Francisco Bay Area Journalism Review

By Jim Wood

■ In February, 1972, a half dozen newsmen who should have known better gathered at John Burks' house on Seville Street for lasagna, mountain red and the heady wine of founding a journalism review. Better that they should have stuck to mountain red. While Mrs. Burks hovered, hostess-like, in the dining room, the truth questers sat on the living room floor (it was that kind of party) and spelled out their dreams. The new review would be a major influence for improving San Francisco newspapers; it would be crisply written, incisive, witty but not frivolous; it would never hesitate to tell the truth. It also would sell a large number of copies.

Decisions were made that would have a lasting, possibly fatal, effect on the publication. Editing would be minimal because most of the founders were writers and were sick of editors "ruining," i.e., changing, their copy. The editor-

ship would shift from issue to issue so there would be no bossism.

All points of view would be welcome, with each writer accepting responsibility only for what appeared under his own name. A date, April 15, was set for the appearance of the first issue of the *San Francisco Bay Area Journalism Review*.

Because I had had experience in publishing a weekly newspaper I was chosen to be the first editor, the theory being that I would know how to deal with printers and understand the myriad problems associated with midwifing a medium. That my political views were, pardon the expression, radically different from those of some other editors was proclaimed to be an asset. After all, they said in a burst of brotherhood, we're all newspapermen—what if you are a Republican?

When the first issue appeared it was almost universally proclaimed a bummer. (I say "almost" because the *Bay Guildsman*, our own union's publica-

tion, didn't call the review a bummer. The word used was "turkey.") Besides being littered with typos, it contained at least two "bad," that is to say, unliberal articles—both of which I had solicited. It also had an article describing how the police beat is covered by some police reporters, a bit of honesty that many believed reflected on good, conscientious police reporters as well. The articles, as per our decision, were almost totally unedited.

Worst of all, that first issue was dull, failing to explore the really significant things that were happening in Bay Area journalism. The *Chronicle* at that time, for instance, had just begun a "special projects" desk, to put important news into the paper. Its first effort was to put a report on cunnilingus by Jerry Carroll onto the breakfast tables of several hundred thousand news-hungry suburbanites. This important journalistic coup went unnoticed in the review.

The second issue was a big improvement. It didn't have all those typos. The quality of the articles had improved, too, and there was a detailed



report on a truly disgraceful affair, the slugging of reporter Rose Pak by an attorney and the *Chronicle's* reaction. Although there were still some mechanical problems, the improvement was great enough to encourage those who wanted the publication to continue.

The third issue maintained the quality level of the second, and for the first time the review carried a controversial article, Harvey Hukari's piece on KQED. Because the article was critical in tone, named names and provided information not generally available, it attracted wide attention. (It also provided some strain for KQED hostesses. At the wedding of Tom and Judy DeVries, Hukari found himself at the same social function as Jim Benet, whom he had savaged in the article. The party proved what many had realized already: the Bay Area news media is so small that any attack may seem fratricidal.)

The lesson was driven home in the next issue. The new co-editor, Bernard

Weiner, wrote an article that I almost totally disagreed with, yet in retrospect believe was one of the most important that the *Review* was to print. In the article, Weiner lambasted a series by one of The City's most distinguished reporters, Jane Conant, whom he referred to, lib-style, as Conant. He objected that the series provided a distorted view of the Berkeley scene, and attacked Mrs. Conant's reporting skills, political perceptions and motives. Many reporters, including me, took very strong exception to the piece. Some quit reading the *Review* as a result; others no longer were interested in writing for it, even though the article reflected only Weiner's honest if misguided views, not those of the *Review*.

Reaction generally was divided along

age lines: younger people who shared Weiner's Berkeley experience sided with him; older news people sided with Mrs. Conant.

What Weiner had attempted was honest criticism of the press, the declared intent of the *Review*, but ironically, the reaction of many was that the credibility of the *Review* was destroyed. Although some younger members of the media were encouraged by the article, feeling it showed that the *Review* was serious and would pull no punches, the publication's audience was so small that it could not afford to lose a sizeable segment of it.

Simultaneously, an unintended thrust was developing within the *Review*. Most of the *Review's* writers were from the *Examiner* and mostly they wrote about what was closest to their hearts, the *Examiner*. As a result, it seemed (although a careful measuring does not bear out the suspicion) that most of the *Review* was an attack on that paper. Ed Dooley, then editor of the *Examiner*,

(Continued)



COMMENTARY

and others protested this seeming unfairness to their product. The protest did not influence the writers, but it did undermine confidence in the *Review* among some more experienced *Examiner* staffers.

The *Review* continued publishing, however, thanks to the dedication of Weiner, Dexter Waugh, who had been in on the founding of the publication, and Larry Hatfield, who had led the publication since the start and has been one of its principal writers and financial backers.

So far, the *Review's* influence on the press has been indiscernible...

There were a few other good articles and an occasional ambitious disaster (an attempted humor issue was one). The publication evolved a more consistent perspective, to the right of the *Berkeley Barb* and the left of the *Chronicle*, and the editors continued

their struggle to make the publication survive.

To review the *Review*, why isn't it better? No one seems to know for sure, but there are signs. For one thing, its articles, in comparison with other journalism reviews, seem too parochial, almost incestuous. Because the *Review* cannot pay for articles, they generally don't show the kind of in-depth research that's needed for a good review piece.

Few of the writers have had much magazine experience; at least some seem uncomfortable with magazine-style articles. In addition, many of the area's best writers have refused to participate (particularly those on the *Chronicle*), robbing an already too small talent arsenal of some of its biggest guns. Indeed, from the start, almost anything written for the *Review* has been used—a custom which has weakened the overall content of the publication and inevitably calls into question whether, indeed, the local press has enough to say to warrant a review at all.

So far, the *Review's* influence on the press has been indiscernible, although this probably is as true nationally with other reviews as it is in the Bay Area.

What of the future? The *Review* may be ending its brief life, although the editors once again are attempting to bail themselves out. Admitting to low quality in the past, a draft prospectus says the *Review* "has exhibited the flaws of most part-time efforts that begin with an awesome lack of capital. It has been unevenly written and edited, and has suffered from the absence of strong business management and the continuing commitment of a firm nucleus of writers and editors.

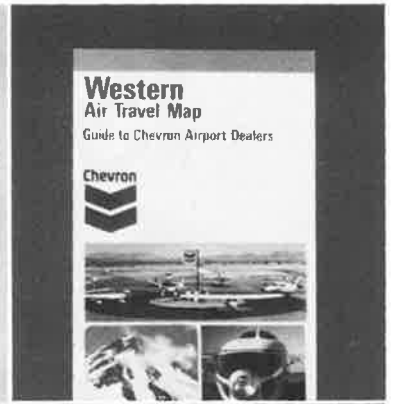
"It will not do to dismiss this review as just another well intentioned effort gone awry. The low quality of most San Francisco Bay Area journalism is both baffling and dangerous. . . . Those who are in a position to make changes will make them if the flaws and failures are spelled out in the language they understand best: pitiless publicity."

In September, *Review* backers named a board of editors consisting of twenty-two well-known Bay Area journalists. Aided by the drawing power and fundraising potential of this board, the *Review* may yet function in the critical role its originators envisioned. □

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# TELEVISION



## Goodbye To Happy Talk?

By Marcy Bachmann

■ A quick survey of the local television news programs reveals that happy talk is out and heavy reliance on the human aspects of broadcasting is in.

Three of the five stations broadcasting from the San Francisco-Oakland area acquired new news directors in the past year, playing a game of musical stations that reflected the industry's restless quest for higher ratings.

The area's most watched news program, according to the American Research Bureau (ARB), are produced by KGO-TV. Steve Skinner, recently appointed the station's news director, encourages a fast paced format with emphasis on the unpredictable, human side of his anchor broadcasters. KGO is the only Bay Area station with a

woman regularly broadcasting sports.

With fifteen hours of news a week to fill—the area's heaviest news load—Skinner says, "The name of the game is maintaining interest. Our on-the-air personalities are our strongest suit. We are super local oriented. Often grass roots stories take precedent over national stories."

(Continued)

## TELEVISION

Jim Reiman, a newcomer from Colorado, directs news for KRON-TV. He agrees with the importance of the human touch, but places a limit on the need for interaction between broadcasters. "Our first responsibility to the community is to present the news. I detest happy talk. It's kind of a cliché that you place more emphasis on joking with one another than giving the news. I believe in making it interesting—but we're not entertainers."

KPIX-TV's equally new director of news, Jim Van Messel, admits he hasn't

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*The grand dame of person to person television news broadcasting is KQED-TV, the Bay Area's educational station.*

,

been around long enough to determine what changes or improvements will be made. "I'm taking a look at what to do," he concedes. "We're in a state of reassessment. I didn't come in with a great big broom. It will be more of a refinement of what we're already doing."

The station will continue to rely on "people news," Van Messel says. The important thing, he believes, is that the viewer understands why he is being told a particular story.

Another vocal opponent of the "happy talk" brand of broadcasting so popular several years ago is Ray Jacobs, news director for KTVU-TV in Oakland. "Happy talk is inane chatter," Jacobs observes. "It's just making words to prove you're friendly."

KTVU, which presents a full hour of news five nights a week, will be experimenting with increased editorial slots, affording anchor broadcasters an opportunity to analyze issues with which they are familiar. "Our viewers want to be informed," Jacobs says, "so we encourage our anchor people to go out and cover the news in the field. The style of being aloof and above the news—or just reading the news—has no connection with the immediate, intimate events that are moving our society."

The grand dame of person to person television news broadcasting remains KQED-TV, the area's independent educational station.

"We're in the business to tell you what you need to know, what's interesting to know and to raise a little hell," news editor Joe Russin frankly admits.

The biggest change KQED anticipates is an increased number of extended news reports (from ten to thirty minutes in length) on specific individual subjects. "We'll also be dressing up the show a bit, using more tape and more items," says Russin.

The human touch, long a KQED news trademark, will continue to dominate its nightly hour-long broadcasts. "The audience can get a better relationship to the news if they know the people who are telling it," Russin says. Charges of bias that plagued the station's early broadcasts were in some instances true, he concedes, but "that's gone now, for the most part. However, the audience should know our reporters as people and not Olympian gods."

In spite of keen competition, KQED's goal is much the same as her sister stations. Says Russin: "We want to have people come away from watching our show thinking they know something about the day's events they didn't know before." □



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## That Certain Way Of Speaking

By Murray Olderman

■ The jabberwocky of football can be mystifying, all right. In a recent book I did called *The Defenders*, one enlightening passage, delivered direct from the lips of a defensive coach for the Dallas Cowboys named Ernie Stautner, went like this:

"Against this formation we're going to use Flex Weak 63 with a 42 pass defense. The changeup on a run will be a regular Flex Weak or a 62 call. The pass changeups will be 40, 42 or 31. On Flex Weak, do not knock off Meg when he hooks you. On Flex Weak, tango with Sara."

Now if you're asking me, the author, did I know what the hell he was talking about, the answer is no.

Just from the sheer number of years I have been around pro football, there are certain elements in Stautner's dialogue which I can interpret. Flex Weak, for instance, means the four defensive linemen are arranged in staggered formation, alternately on the nose of the ball and backed off from it, toward the weak side (away from the tight end). Meg is the middle linebacker. Sara is the strong side linebacker. But how their actions mesh is the province of the coach.

The thrust of the paragraph was to convey the intricate detail that goes into the planning of pro football, which has been compared to a game of human chess. As a writer, however, I'm not obligated to promulgate the mystique.

From the spectator's standpoint—and the daily journalist should obviously be writing for him—football isn't all that complicated. In fact, the pro



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*Now if you're asking me did I know what the hell he was talking about, the answer is no.*

game got its popularity from the growing familiarity with what's happening, in the simplest terms.

When corner back Bruce Taylor

blows his man-on-man coverage of the wide receiver and is beaten for a touchdown, there's no secret. It's out there in the open. Like when Gene Washington makes a spectacular diving catch for a score.

I was tipped off to the basic appreciation of football by a couple of old New York Giant heroes. Frank Gifford, who now serves as interlocutor for the Unholy Three on Monday night on ABC, had his playing career interrupted by a head injury and spent one year as a scout for the Giants. He was placed in end zone seats.

"You're supposed to see the line splits better from there," he said. "That's a lot of crap. Put me on the 50-yard line any time to see what's going on. When the ball is snapped, you're supposed to watch the offensive guards pull to catch the direction of the play. Hell, I'd watch the guards pull and lose sight of the play. I finally found myself watching the ball like everyone else."

Y. A. Tittle, the old 49er who's now an insurance magnate on the Peninsula, does some part-time coaching and scouting for the Giants so he can cadge trips to New York. I saw Y. A. in the press box checking out the Oakland Raiders.

"Hell," he said, "I don't know what's going on out there. From habit, I watch the pass coverage at the snap of the ball, but after that I'm as confused as anybody else. I just wind up enjoying watching those guys knocking the — out of each other."

Amen. □

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MURRAY OLDERMAN

## Junketeering Is A Dying Art Form

By Tom Emch

■ The newspaper junket as an art form may be disappearing. The reason for this is the important image of The New Journalism, one of the tenets of which is the notion that the working press becomes contaminated by fine wine and rich food.

Thus, there are fewer juicy junkets doled out to cityside hacks in lieu of raises, as was the custom.

Such lavish treatment of the troops might prejudice what they write, reason the executives. So they take the best junkets.



The execs are not confronted by this dire moral dilemma since they can't write anyway; not even a simple payoff travel or business story. But back in the good old days when editors were not afflicted with cirrhosis of the self-righteous, they would say to each other:

"Let's give Charlie the freebie to Paris. I hear he's looking for another job since we dinged his \$5 a week raise."

Says the other editor: "Yeah, Charlie's the one. He'll be happy for another six months if we let him go get laid on the Left Bank."

More often than not, it was true. Charlie would fly away for ten days, drink champagne, eat two filets a day, sleep in \$75 hotel suites and tip expan-

sively. The tips went on the expense account, of course, along with certain incidentals, depending on his imagination. He would come home happy and forget about raises for a while.

Destinations are not important to the experienced junketeer. It could be Paris, Hong Kong, Singapore, Lima, Athens or even Hobart, Tasmania.

It doesn't matter where you go, but *how* you go. And the only way to go is First Class.

An airline or steamship junket is a chance for a working slave—who usually can't meet his weekly bar bill—to live like the very rich. (And by God, Fitzgerald was right. They are different.)

And it's possible to live the high life

without going out of the country. I once knew a junketeer on a Houston newspaper who flew to Las Vegas for four days on the cuff.

He had one clean shirt, a pair of socks and a pint of Old Crow stuffed in his portable typewriter case. And \$1.75 in his pocket. The typewriter, of course, was left behind.

He demanded and got a top floor suite at the Riviera, entertained his friends, signed tabs at dinner shows, entered tips on bar bills and signed his room number for everything, including mushroom omelette and champagne breakfasts.

On his return to Houston, he still had the pint of Old Crow and the \$1.75, and he bummed a ride to his newspaper so

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he could sit down and start work on his expense account.

This character is not typical, however. It must be noted that on foreign junkets—the two week jobs that would cost \$2,000 to \$3,000 if you were paying yourself—it is likely you will spend some of your own money.

If you're with a group of newsmen, the host (say it's an airline) has a hospitality room for the thirsty. But it's only open certain hours of the day.

During the no-host hours and before the usual evening cocktail party begins, you might find yourself dipping into the old wallet.

One time in Taipei a junketeer I know got himself separated from the host and the group, which was going to tour a modern cement plant. (Cement plant tours are one of the hazards of foreign junkets.)

Faced with the prospect of killing four hours before the hospitality room in the hotel opened, this fellow commandeered the hotel's courtesy car and driver for an unscheduled visit to a few of the more notorious establishments in the city.

His out-of-pocket costs amounted to about 450 New Taiwanese dollars, which later went on the expense account as "research material."

The entry was legitimate, of course, because the unscheduled tour formed the basis for a story that none of the other junketeers got.

*T*here are a few rules most experienced junketeers follow to enhance their personal enjoyment of the trip:

- Don't let the host intimidate you. He knows what he wants you to see and write about. But he doesn't know what *you* want to see.

- Insist that you be free to break away from the group to pursue your own story, particularly when the factory tours are scheduled.

- Put everything you can on the hotel bill and sign your room number—including laundry, toilet articles, newspapers and telephone calls. There's a better than 50-50 chance the host will end up paying.

- At the must-go cocktail parties, show up a bit early and position yourself about halfway between the bar and



hors d'oeuvres table. This way you get the canapes before they get soggy and the drinks at whatever speed you desire.

● On shipboard junkets sign up for the late dining room seating. The early seating tears you away from the hospitality suite too soon.

One freebie is pretty much like another. The countries are different, but your host will have you on a tight schedule wherever you happen to be.

Airline hosts are different from corporation hosts who have a particular story in mind they expect you to write. The airline people are somewhat looser about what you do with your time. If you're hosted by the national tourist office of a foreign country, they will want you to see *everything* in two days. Be prepared for a lot of time in stuffy buses, unless you can come up with a brilliant excuse for staying close to the luxury of your hotel.

Once, in Melbourne, while our airline inaugural group was hustled off to the Royal Botanical Gardens by bus, I stayed behind and spent a delightful day playing darts and drinking stout in a colorful pub with a bunch of dockworkers.

Another thing to keep in mind is the relationship between you and your group leader, usually an experienced PR person. His job is to keep stuffing you with booze and food until you are numb enough to listen to the publicity pitch. So be gracious; not grateful.

The pitch comes in the form of a speech by some top executive at a dinner. But it's always accompanied by a sheaf of handouts, so you really don't have to listen or take notes.

One colleague, who rarely takes a note even on a spot news story, usually tells his PR host:

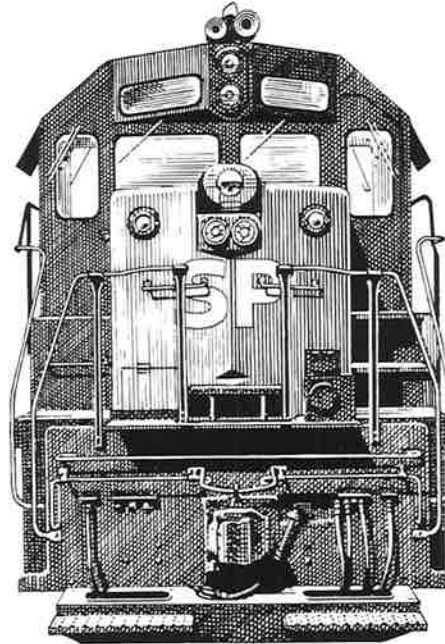
"Don't worry. I've got total recall." He smiles and orders another Scotch.

This same junketeer swears he'll never go on another one. He says he comes home and finds himself out-of-pocket a couple of hundred; he's gained five pounds on gourmet food and twelve-year-old Scotch.

It's a shock to his system to have to return to hamburgers and beer. And the worst blow of all, he says, is that no one wants to hear about the wonders of Tasmania, anyway.

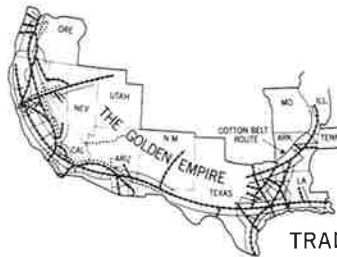
So if it comes down to a junket or a raise, take the raise. □

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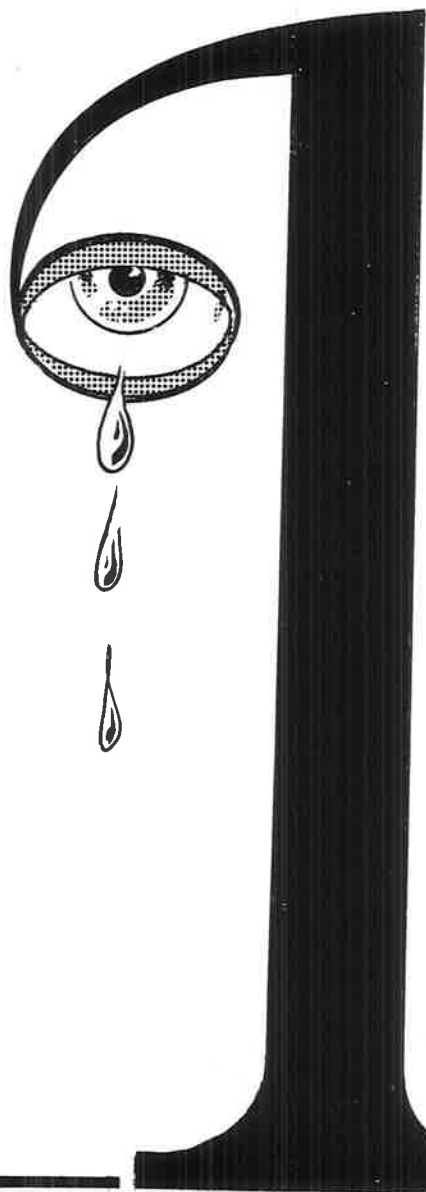
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## On Epidemic First Personism

*Or, What I Think About Other Writers Who Say "I"*

By Herbert Gold



*When it first occurred to me that perhaps the current fad for first person parajournalism, where the reporter—me, say— looks into his own heart for information about politics, war, or suffering, and tells what he finds there in long loping sentences all stuffed with literary allusion and neighborhood bar slang—I'm a scholar and good fellow, too—may have gone too far, I decided to spend a few days away from my wife and five lovely children in order to explore my angst-ridden contemporary soul for one of the deepest and truest articles I have ever written. Syntax, structure, and information would be no obstacle to my quest for self-analysis. Outre! Right on! I must seek to discover whether delicious solipsism, the deepest religion of my kind, can ever supplant horrid egotism, the disease of others. But first, let me tell you about my childhood in Cleveland. . . .*

■ About a hundred years ago Dostoyevsky assaulted his fellow novelist Turgenev with this accusation: When T. describes a shipwreck, with children drowning, what he describes is the tears running down his own cheeks! See! Turgenev is sad. See! Turgenev is moved. See sensitive Turgenev.

It wasn't entirely just. And yet, if it was unfair to Turgenev, it remains true to a recurrent weakness among writers. The lust to make objective statement or evocation, coming alive for a reader, providing an almost religious communion of souls, sometimes degenerates into mere me-me-me-singing. In the fantastic hearts of writers there is al-

ways the temptation to justify, to brag and confess, to make their own immortal souls the prime issue for everyone else. And now, as writers become celebrities, they are being rewarded for this childish frailty. Confessional operetta, the one-man show starring a howling, complaining, bragging, spangled, bangled, and adjective-crazed prose ingenue, is the literary fashion of the time. First personism has become an epidemic contagion.

The reporter, headed for trouble spots, doesn't wear his William Holden trenchcoat anymore, but knows what is expected of him: "How I Got Drunk in the Middle East."

The crusading lady writer, spellbound by deep questions of essence and being, begins with a theme and a title: "Thoughts on the Role of Women in Our Society While I Squeeze My Hated Husband's Blackheads."

The English philosopher C. E. M. Joad defined decadence as "dropping the object." That is, an over-elaborate architecture tells us that the object for which the building was built is forgotten. The decadent construction stands pretending to be one thing—a church, a bank, a restaurant—but is in fact a monument to euphemism, cleverness, or historical nostalgia. In the same way, an involuted, self-displaying rhetoric is careless of argument. It may use the vocabulary and gesture of original thinking, and evoke the standards of the past (or of the future), and hurtle with an energy of conviction, but the real purpose is not to discover but to display. We might ask of some contemporary styles: Is the speediness a haste to learn the truth, or is it merely another speedy ego trip? Are all the good stunts necessary to outwit stubborn ignorance and habit, or are they stunts intended merely to show us the author's latest postures?

The first-person arias of the Wolfettes and Mailerlings center the whole world in the self of the writers. They don't do their job of telling and sharing experience. Instead, they sacrifice knowledge for a parading of personality—the wistfully arrogant group personality of the quintessential *New Yorker* writer, the bluff southern heartiness of the traveler for *Harper's*, the anxious deprecation of *New York Magazine's* new conservative chicness, the bleary sexual confession of the *Village Voice*, the run-on truth-speed-paranoia mumble of many of the underground journalists, the rollicking buffoonery of *Rolling Stone's* and *Esquire's* fine young chaps. Many of these writers are talented, and I name few names because, to paraphrase Vladimir Nabokov, anonymous dispraise hurts a little less. I've taken a turn or two myself in the past.

Perhaps these writers should be writ-

ing fiction. To make oneself larger is an impulse legitimately gratified through the magnifying vision of the fictive imagination. But it's a spoiled self-display to take a matter of life and death for others—rats in slums, poison in food, wars and miseries—and use it to show the tears on your own cheeks. Many articles now tell us all about the problem of the writer's jet reservations, the Holiday Inn in which he stays, his loneliness at night, his menu and his wine card—all material better described in his expense account—and only then get to the entertainer or revivalist or politician he is interviewing. The delight in self, the lack of delight in subject matter, implies a serious ultimate judgment which ought to be faced by the first-person journalist: What matters? Does the world matter? Does anything matter but me? Is there anything out there? Is my business to stroke myself, and let the voyeuristic reader watch while telling him he is learning something, practicing sympathy or intelligence? Beyond the game of prose, is there something which is not a game?

Back in the mid-fifties the critic Norman Podhoretz wrote a magazine article in which he predicted that the new American art form would be . . . magazine articles. People want to *know*, he said, and fiction is tuckered out. The novelists will be too impatient to suffer the long incubation of fiction. They want the immediate joy of publication now, renown now, and the gratifying contact with the great and the ignoble which touring journalists can have.

Well, Podhoretz' prediction turned out to be prophetic. Magazine readers and editors wearied of the objective homogeneity of traditional cottonspeak article prose, and also of the breathless backward-reels-the-mind pseudoexcitement of traditional anonymous jazziness. The individual voices of talented writers provided a fresh perspective on the real world: Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe, James Baldwin, Gore Vidal, Paul Goodman, Joan Didion. First they

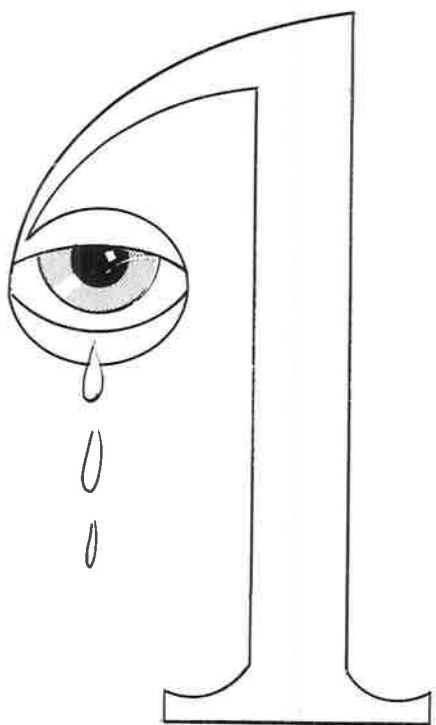
were writers, then they were celebrities, and then the prose is in danger. The prose is in danger right away with their epigone.

Not that anyone wants to return to the term paper as the model for objective seriousness, or Pete Martin visiting the stars as a model for intimacy. The women's lib journalists—Sally Kempton and Vivian Gornick, for example—sometimes build to touching climaxes of misery as they equate the troubles of the world with their own dramatic troubles with men. With some subjects—rock music, say, or the Film Star Interview, a form which has become almost as classic and familiar as the sonnet—it's proper that the article be an exploration into the deepest heart of America or Hollywood by a talented, lonely, and scared pop-writer. Surely it's not important to treat Grand Funk Railroad or Raquel Welch as more than an Occasion for a lonely meditation on Me and the Media, Me and Your Friendly Neighborhood Sex Goddess.

But enough already. There really is a real world out there. "As I was saying to my wife only last night as I strove to write this piece" is probably a phrase that leaps unforgettably to the scissors in the final version. The writer sets himself up as judge and jury, and the reader is entitled to know what his standards are, but he might just as well leave out the personal advertisements. Jack Newfield's running romance with the Kennedys let us in on every twist and turn of his aching heart, but what we really wanted to know about each of the Kennedy brothers was what they meant to the rest of us, not how Jack Newfield's nose was continually clogged with difficult feelings. A little objectivity is not a dangerous thing. We need to hear the subject more than we need to hear the heroic writer's conversations with his intimates. Tacitus, Tolstoy, Coleridge—to take three raconteurs at random—discussed the real world and also the word "I." But they discussed the real world of history, morality, or art. The "I" was located firmly. First person journalism is not a new phenomenon.

(Continued)

#### PERSPECTIVES



It's only the celebrity-mongering, the offering of the self for sale by flashy wordsmithing selfs, that seems very modern. (Hemingway's decline was the last generation's sad example.) The trouble comes when there's not enough world and too much self.

It used to be thought that popular magazines flattered their readers by giving them pabulum. Now, in a time avid for stimulation and personality, there's pepper in the pabulum. It used to be that journalists buried themselves like cynical monks, telling who-what-where-when-how, and leaving out the why. Now, trying to give the meaning of it all, the playful parajournalists lie down like puppies, howling operatically, their four paws in the air, scratching their own bellies. For many years Norman Mailer tried to avoid the use of the word "I" by referring to himself as "One," as in the (sample) phrase, *One*

*predicts the apocalypse as one suffers cancer-producing Muzak.* Now, in his moonshot, he has taken to the astrological plural tense, calling himself "Aquarius." In either case, the "I" is central to the thought, and the Mailerlings get a confused message. What is good in Mailer is the participation in a real world. What the epigone read is that he sure gets away with talking about himself a lot.

At its best, the first person singular can reflect the context of events, give a passionate depth sounding, resonate with social need, answer for a moment the avidity for touch and intimacy which is one of the diseases of mass society, and thus truly justify what *this writer* says, feels, suffers. And sometimes, for example, Norman Mailer (on the police at the Pentagon), Tom Wolfe (on the East Side girl with everything), Gloria Steinem (interviewing Pat Nixon for

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*New York Magazine*), George P. Elliott (on pornography in *Harper's*), Tom Williams in *Esquire* (on the touching and dreadful innocence of hardhats), Wilfred Sheed in almost any of his film and book reviews, to take only a few examples, make the interaction of touring self and throbbing subject an occasion for both light and heart. The personal reportage of Joan Didion brilliantly evokes the starved privacy of Americans, no matter what her ostensible subject. Have *Medium*, *Will Travel*. Writers often surprise themselves with what they celebrate—homosexuality, the Manson case, women's lib, Bobby Seale, or the premiere of a movie or the opening of a tennis ranch—and as they meet each other, crisscrossing the country on the magic wings of the expense account, they must sometimes fret about what they will either discover or sweep noisily under the rug, depending on their talent and sense of responsibility.

Stendhal said that the ideal style would be that of the Napoleonic code, direct, unambiguous, impersonal, cool. Well, writers aren't laying down the law; they don't have Napoleon's authority, and therefore, if they hope to make a strong case, they need to arouse passion by giving a strong whiff of personality, of soul, as Stendhal himself understood in his novels. But the ideal of a crystalline transparency and objectivity is one which needs to be recalled in a time of self-important muttering, grousing, and self-display. The mystery of personality is a proper fuel in making art; it may be the essential one. But the magazine article is not a teevee talkshow interview of the self by the self, in which a writer emits sounds about his own greening with the illusion that he in his own body and soul comprises most of what is significant about America (or Amerika). That's dropping the object. That's confusing one's own wet cheeks with the heaving seas, the perplexed children, and the shipwreck.



*"Say, fella," said Enrico Banducci, proprietor of Enrico's Coffee House where all us high-living first-person journalists hang out in San Francisco, "say, Herb, how'd you do on that article criticizing first-person-journalism?"*

*"I think I did good this time, Reek," I said (all us intimate first-person journalists like to call him Reek). "I think I really hit the ole ball this time, Bandooch," I said (all us first-person journalists like to rotate our vocabularies when we're referring to our contact with stories out there in real life).*

*"That's just dandy," answered my colorful bar-owning pal. "Then can I tell Susie you'll pay up your tab?" □*

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## Inside Jock Journalism

■ This was one of those days at a baseball club's spring training camp where the wind goes off to hide in a nearby palmetto swamp and the sun glows hot enough to raise blisters on an alligator handbag. In order to beat back malaria, beriberi and scurvy — diseases not necessarily as common to Florida as tourism and speed traps—the writers in the press box had taken to consuming large quantities of medicinal beer.

By the third inning of the practice match between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Baltimore Orioles, the sports editor of one of the West Coast's

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By Wells Twombly

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*Rescuing a distressed colleague is standard operating procedure among jock journalists . . .*

mightiest afternoon newspapers got up and tottered off in the general direction of the barracks at Vero Beach. He mumbled something about needing a nap to the public relations director of the Dodgers, who had a pretty fair idea what the weather had done to a man of George T. Davis' advancing years.

"Be back in about an hour," said Davis.

The innings passed. Rookies with cinder-blocks for feet and kielbasa for throwing arms wandered in and out of both lineups. The game dragged on with all the excitement of a sex orgy at a senior citizens center. It occurred to Dodger flack Arthur (Red) Patterson that Davis was probably out for the rest of the day. That meant he hadn't filed a column yet for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*.

Patterson's eyes moved around the press box. Who might have a handy

carbon? He spotted a former L.A. writer who had moved to Houston to write a column for the evening newspaper in that great glass and concrete Gulf Coast port.

"What did you write about today?" he asked the Houston columnist, who had typed early and was now up to his lower eyelashes in beer.

"Did an interview with Don Drysdale," said the freshly minted Texan. "Just filed. What do you need the carbon for?"

"Old George T. Davis is under the weather. They'll never know in L.A. that they got a column that was originally meant for a Texas newspaper. Come on, help old George out," Patterson said.

Rescuing a distressed colleague is standard operating procedure among jock journalists. In no other branch of the profession does liquor flow in such a mighty torrent. Never can tell when your own fingers may be too stiff to hit all the letters on the keyboard. These things are reciprocal.

Soon after the Houston column sped over the wires to Los Angeles, two other writers, both fearful of George's well-being and operating independently of each other, dutifully handed "Davis pieces" to Western Union. Confident that a good deed had been done to a turn, the writers all adjourned to the Dodger room, where the hard stuff was available.

This is not entirely a jolly tale. On his way back to the writers' wing of the barracks at Vero Beach, it became necessary for Red Patterson to step into the men's room. There on the floor, dead of a heart attack these many hours, was the sports editor of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*.

Was there ever a greater columnist? In the time between his death and the discovery of his body, George T. Davis had written three columns.

This is not an isolated case. Such stories are part of the folk lore of the press box. Once there were two rival columnists for a couple of Eastern newspapers, one nearly a teetotaler and the other a walking advertisement for the stuff that made Milwaukee prosperous. At the Super Bowl three years ago, the wet came bobbing and weaving into the dining room and spotted the near-dry.

"Say, Charlie, I'm a little bombed. Would you file for me?" asked the wet.

"Certainly, Edward," said the near-dry.

An hour or so later, the wet came falling through the dining room again. He was even drunker and he was terribly worried. "If you don't mind, Charlie," he thundered, "I always like to file early."

Goofing off, getting drunk, stealing material, faking stories and malingering are so common among some sports writers that when a city-side reporter flies to Hong Kong and then either does or does not get into Red China, jock journalists are filled with admiration. He went all the way, didn't he? And when the guy turns in an entertaining series that makes it seem as if he went to Canton, nobody in the toy department can understand why management wants to cut the guy loose. He'd be perfect for interviewing Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders.

Some athletes don't talk so good. Some of them ain't got nuttin' to say when they do talk. The sports editor insists that these dullards be quoted regularly. This takes imagination. Imagination breeds fraud.

There was a man named Zarko Franks who had been very comfortable as an assistant city editor for the *Houston Chronicle*. One day the paper's double-think editor decided it would be kicky to send Zarko out to the Arizona desert where the Houston baseball club was stumbling around in the terrible sun at the foot of Superstition Mountain. Aware of the awful consequences of snakebite, Zarko took a large supply of whiskey with him. He checked into his

room, uncorked the first bottle and went right to work on his expense account.

Every afternoon he would emerge from his room with another dazzling, witty interview, even though the Houston players were a group of culls and rejects so thoroughly lacking in imagination that few of them knew their names without looking at the stencils above their locker room stalls. Management saw his first two expense accounts and immediately called him home to Texas. He departed with a smirk that would have given the devil heartburn.

Often a sports writer is dispatched hundreds of miles to get a story from some jock who takes one look at the man standing in front of his locker and snorts: "Don't have to talk to no creep like you."

What does a scorned sports writer do? Does he admit defeat? No, certainly not. He is aware that all athletes sound alike, with a few deeply loved exceptions. So he digs into his memory tank of sweaty cliches.

"Chasing Babe Ruth's home-run record has left New York Yankees slugger Roger Maris nervous, but undaunted," he writes in good, sturdy, banal sports-page jargon. "He told a representative from the *Squatstown Bugle* that even though he is so jittery he hasn't eaten in twenty-eight days and even though his hair is falling out in huge patches, he thinks he can overhaul the bambino in baseball's sacred record book, etc., etc., blah, blah, blah."

It ain't very good but it fills the space, makes a nice headline across the top of the page and fools everybody but Maris, who isn't likely to see the *Squatstown Bugle*, anyhow. □



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## Space Age Communications

*Or, "Answer The Phone...  
I Can't Do Everything!!"*

By Kevin Keating

■ As we all know, communication is a rare and subtle art.

True communication, that is.

How do you get somebody to say, "Hey! I really know what you mean!"

Like, if you and a friend see a beautiful blonde in an orange bikini . . . and you both agree that it's orange . . . you're communicating. Precisely.

The blonde is probably communicating, too. Yet in a more oblique way.

But she's another story. Nice kid, though.

You: "Lookit THAT! Wow! That's ORANGE, right?"

Your friend: "Yeah!"

That is communication. What is going on in his head is going on in yours. At least on the subject of orange. And provided neither one of you has been married to the dame.

When you get into words that create fuzzy images everybody is in trouble.

Like when you go into a meeting with twenty smart guys in the room and nothing smart comes out. You've been there, haven't you?

Words like "Catholic," or "Democrat" or "homosexual" or the dirty word that won the war, create wildly different images in various heads depending upon where you were brought up.

Put 'em all together in a sentence such as, "Grace Lump was a dirty word Catholic Democratic homosexual skin-diver . . ." and nobody knows who is talking about what.

The imagery is different in almost every cranium you look into.

As our communications hardware and technology increase, the information stuffed into our bonnets also increases.

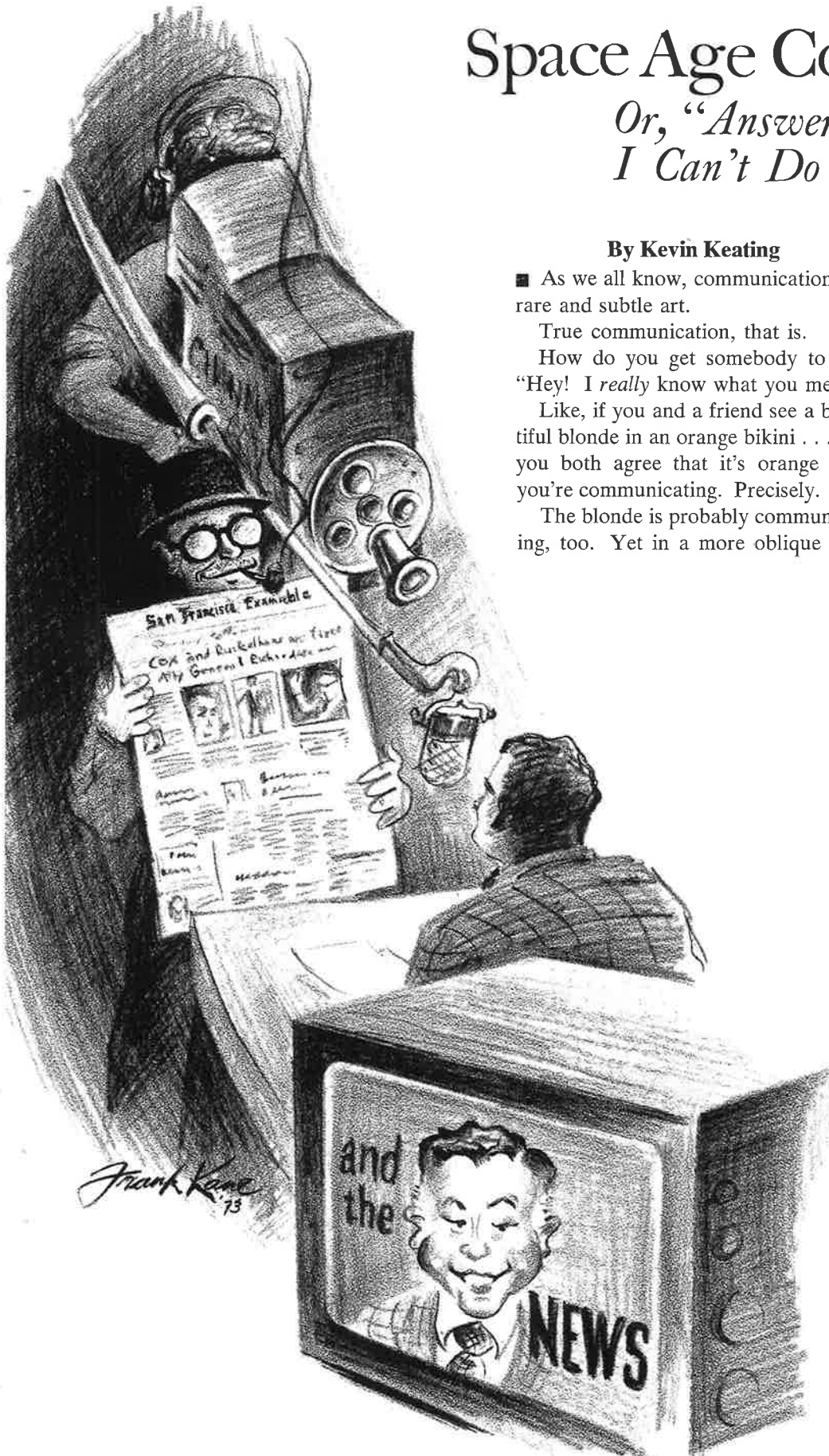
It used to be we only communicated with the kid in the next tree. "Throw a banana at the hairy one with the dusty knuckles!"

Then the Babylonians, or somebody, invented writing, increasing our ability to communicate. "We regret to inform you that your bill is long overdue . . ."

That kind of writing, of course, engendered some of the greatest communications in the world: "The check's in the mail" is a great example.

*A*s time went on our communications became more sophisticated.

(Continued)



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And now we have television. Which gives us so much bad news it makes our hair hurt, as Charles McCabe has pointed out so eloquently. And so often.

Television newsmen followed the hard news traditions of their journalistic brothers until a network executive ordered a \$50,000 study to determine what the guy with the can of beer in his hand really wanted from his tube.

It turns out the guy with the beer doesn't want hard news so much. He wants a bunch of cute, folksy guys doing goofy feature stories. . . . "Hey, Charlie, two HORSES are getting married in San Jose . . . grab a camera and get out there. . . ."

And lots of weather.

The experts tell us that in the future we will all have a home communications center so that we can send as well as receive.

You can go through Harvard without ever leaving the Dakota ranch, courtesy of videotape and the electronic pencil.

Future electronic archomen will only give the headlines. We'll press a coded button for the full details on any story that interests us such as the sex-crime of the day, the war of the week, or the Washington scandal of the hour.

A fifty-cent charge will automatically show up on our phone bill for the information, and a xeroxed, detailed story will spit out of our communications center. With an ad on the back.

Publicity men will storm the closed-circuit centers with their happy handouts.

"I tellya, Harry, I woulda got your client in the lead, but it upscrewed my syntax. . . ."

Well, nobody knows what the communicators of the future will be like.

But I hope they learn what you know about reporting.

Keep it simple.

If you know what I mean. □



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# SCHOLARSHIPS



*Award winners Jim Cummesky, Ron Coverson, Chris Fatheringham, Jacalyn Galston and Jeffrey Rabin with Don DeLone, Fred Reiker and guest speaker William Farr.*

## The Junior Scholarship Awards



*Fred Reiker, Don DeLone, William Farr and Len Blakey of the Oakland Tribune.*

**By Mark Rodman and  
Don DeLone**

■ There are more high school students interested in journalism than ever before.

At least that's one assumption to be made because of the Club's annual Junior Scholarship Awards program in May. More schools than ever before—seventy-five from Northern California—participated in the Club's program.

Nine of their top students shared some \$1500 in awards from the Club at a dinner May 12.

There were 330 students attending the dinner—the 28th staged by the Club.

Top prizes of \$250 each went to Jeffrey L. Rabin, San Carlos High School, in the news competition; Rob Child, San Ramon Valley High School, Danville, who won the sports award and



Scholarship winners Jeffrey Rabin and Emil Guillermo meet L.A. Times newsman William Farr.



Lane Fabian, the Examiner's Robert Hollis and Ron Coverson.

Emil Guillermo, Lowell High School, San Francisco, who took top prize for feature writing.

Second prize awards of \$150 went to Chris Fatheringham, Woodland High School for news; Lane Fabian, Granada High School, Livermore, for sports and Jim Cummesky, Sir Francis Drake High School, San Anselmo, for feature writing.

Third prizes of \$100 went to Tom Rosentiel, Ravenswood High School, East Palo Alto, news; Ron Coverson, Berkeley High School, sports and Jacalyn Galston, Washington Union High School, Fresno, feature writing.

Co-chairmen of the awards program were Mark Rodman and Don DeLone.

The speaker at the dinner was William Farr, the *Los Angeles Times* newsman who spent 45 days in jail for failure to reveal a news source. The title of his talk was *The Jailing of the First Amendment*. □



Nancy Dooley of the Examiner congratulates Jim Cummesky.



## CAREERS

# In Search Of The Mythical Toehold; Candidate, The Freelancer

By Wendy Schlesinger

■ The trick to becoming a successful freelance writer is to overcome the gravity of the situation, for beginning freelancers are like Sisyphus: even when pushing our stories up the long, lonely hill toward publication we know the moment at the top is infinitely brief, and with the next story we must again start at the bottom.

For the first half of my six-year writing career, I naively believed each byline would attract an editor's attention and motivate him or her to rescue me from limbo. When the phone calls never came, I finally wised up to the name of the game: Brute perseverance and the ability to project ahead.

The basic rules freelancers must learn are these: Give the editors what they want or think they want. Journalism is the art of transmitting your observations and reflections to other people. The ideas may originate with you, but, unless you are a columnist, they must be fleshed out and made real with research and interviews. A good journalist is a good organizer.

Once you take this rather pragmatic approach, many things fall into place. Mainly, the nineteenth-century notion of the writer as divinely inspired, isolated egoist flies out the window and the logical ordering of a career begins. The new writer faces enough real trouble with a surplus market and uncertain outlets without burdening herself with romantic misconceptions.

Learn as much as you can as fast as possible about the field you are entering. This means you must invest the money for subscriptions to *Publisher's Weekly*, *Folio* and even *Advertising Age*. The sooner you understand you are becoming a *commercial* writer, the better. The freelancer is isolated enough as is. An antiquated headset only puts

you further in limbo.

And limbo is what you are trying to escape from, right?

What I have done to achieve recognition is the following: After floundering around as a freelancer for 1,000 days while supporting myself with demeaning university jobs — grader, reader, bibliographer—I went back to graduate school in journalism. Although I was already a professional (published in *Mademoiselle*, *Rolling Stone*, *California Living*), I was still a nobody after each story appeared. Sure, I received wonderfully gratifying approval from scores of readers, but they couldn't help me put food on my table or sell the next idea. I felt sure graduate school would teach me how to better my writing and would lead to airtight contacts, as well.

Unfortunately, my specific needs were among the lowest priorities there. My craft was much improved, but my career was sidetracked. Writing full-time for an audience of one, the professor, halted my publishing track record for a full year. Also, the faculty's ultimate advice to graduates was to work on a small town daily paper for at least a year and then hit medium or big city journals. I have three overriding objections to that philosophy: my partner and I are now too cosmopolitan to return to our origins; I cannot stomach the thought of earning \$110 a week for forty plus; I fear rejection at the big city paper, anyway. I imagine the scenario to go like this: "Well, Ms. Schlesinger, it is true you put in your time on the *Central Valley Sizzler*, but here you are up against reporters who have already worked for more than five years on medium-sized urban papers."

Needless to say, many of my J-school colleagues are languishing still in small towns throughout central California. I hope they all end up on the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*. If and when I get there, it will be by a different route.

After one year at graduate school, I went back East, where one's labor is always in demand (or seems to be). I worked as assistant editor on a sixty-four-page monthly and as assistant to the vice president and head of quality control at a medium sized computer compositor plant. Both experiences were eye-openers which put me light

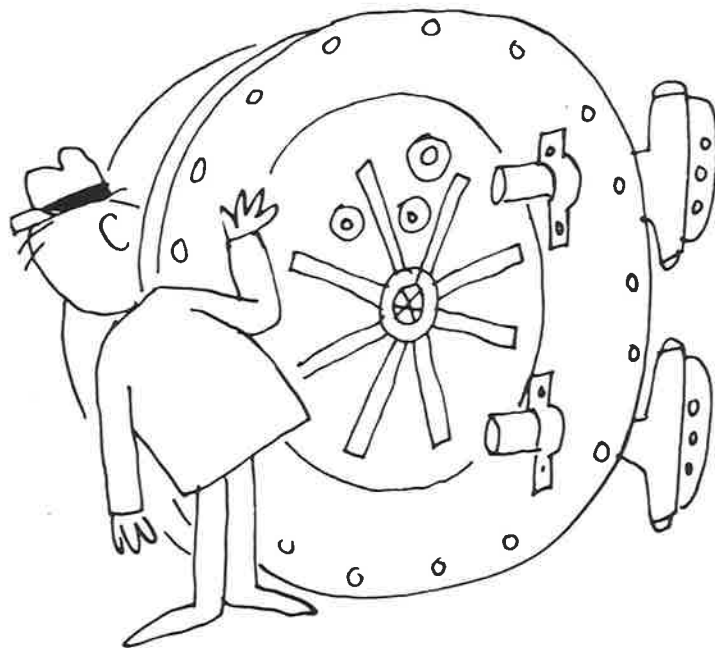
years ahead in updating my goals—and also helped me alleviate pressing debts incurred as a freelancer. Book and magazine production was permanently demystified by daily contact with people on all sides of the fence: authors, editors, publishers, audience, and above all, production, production, production. Moreover, my work appeared consistently in the magazine, which helped thicken up my portfolio. At the typesetters, I made innumerable book publishing contacts which will be immensely useful should I find time to produce a full-length manuscript.

I say find time, because I now have

another full-time job, as an advertising copywriter for a publishing house. This is the first time I am being paid for full-time writing. I am an adult, professional member of a team, not an assistant, a secretary or a production technician. Although my spare time is limited, I now feel in an equal competitive position to the legions of freelancers with private incomes, inheritances, subsidies. How can the starving freelancer compete against them? I don't think one can. Too much time and anxiety goes into borrowing money, struggling at ridiculously low paying

(Continued)

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## CAREERS

part-time jobs, coping with bad landlords. For me, the solution is to freelance in my free hours. I am only sorry I didn't do this five years ago.

Now, with my weekly paycheck to fall back on, I can withstand the (pardon the expression) crap freelancers have to endure from editors so often indifferent to the needs of the audience, the interviewees and of course, the poor writer. Let me give one brief example of the delay, heartache, and ambiguous promises writers must face (outright rejection is nothing compared to the agony of waiting for a piece to appear after acceptance).

Five weeks ago, I was given a definite story assignment by an editor for a bi-monthly alternative magazine. Although it was a difficult story involving numerous interviews with fairly important people, I handed it in on time seven days later. He read it in my presence, praised it, and said it was exactly what he had in mind. Being extremely aggressive, I followed up with some of my own ideas (because one piece means very little unless it serves as a toehold to the next). He told me to go ahead with one of my ideas. Regrettably, I waltzed out without pinning him to a publication date for the first. Ten days later I submitted the second story. Now, four issues later, neither piece has appeared. People interviewed constantly ask me why the story has not come out. Remember, seeing their message in print is their only payment.

After many blocked phone calls, I spoke to the editor twice. He assured me the first piece will appear, he doesn't know when, he likes to have a backlog, etc. I can only sit holding my breath, hoping the story's timeliness will not evaporate. After his secretary said he probably had not read the second piece, I reluctantly decided to break the journalistic rule of one piece at one place at one time and have entered it elsewhere. Who makes the rules and who do they serve? When an editor is unjust, your only recourse is to either flex some muscle or withdraw (and lose).

Why does this happen? Many times, perhaps in this case, there are perfectly legitimate editorial reasons for delay. Working in the milieu, again, will confirm this. I feel no personal resentment,



though chauvinism may be a factor. The main cause of my treatment is inherent in the isolation of the freelancer. I doubt if the editor would manifest the same Kafkaesque inscrutability to a fellow staffer. The human terms of daily contact would make noncommunication much more difficult.

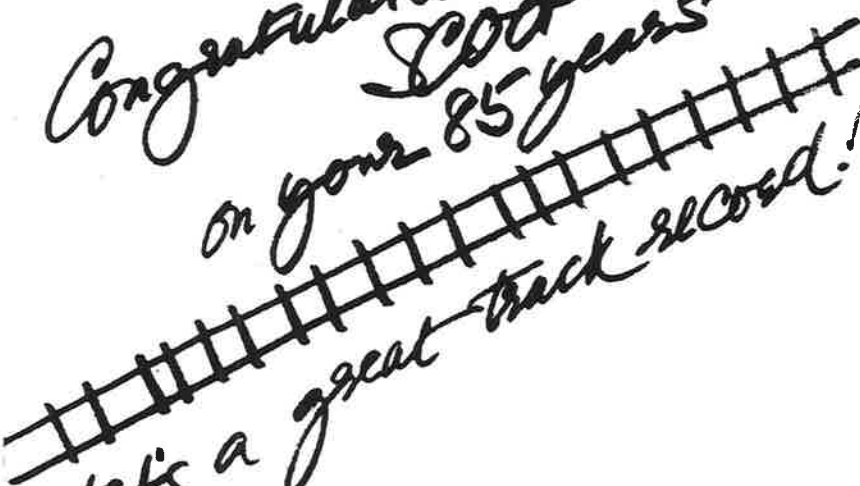
My suggestion to beginning writers is to band together to start your own cooperative publications. A little research will make you confident you have a chance, if you think and act big. The market is diversifying, challenging, and to some extent up for grabs. Overcome the stigma of individualism. Write and market the work on your own, but struggle in common to upgrade the treatment of the freelancer. Look at other professionals. While many architects and lawyers go into big corporations or individual practice, as many form small groups of specialists who share clients and office expenses. Instead of joining a small newspaper often completely under the thumb of some publisher, aim for control over your production and distribution situation.

Along the same lines of self-protection, I believe journalists must take a front-line stand in the critical defense of freedom of the press. I think the quiescence of the Journalism schools across the country adds up to tacit acquiescence to a potentially dangerous situation. Although the conditions are vastly different, the suppression of civil liberties in Chile and the Philippines should be a lesson to every American journalist. Most United States polls show a tremendous hunger for knowledge. We must urge the public to speak up for us and we must, in turn, fulfill the public's need-to-know.

Finally, to be perfectly blunt, I do not believe in volunteerism. Not yet, anyway, for I can neither afford to practice it, nor to compete against it. Yet here I am, doing this piece for free, for my dear friend Hal Silverman. Even if he were a stranger, I would still do it because I need and cherish the prime exposure. Perhaps this interaction between author and reader will lead to more work, which I perversely love and to which I always return, though now only in my other life.

So, good luck to all beginners. May your brilliant and innovative ideas see the light as soon as possible. □

*Congratulations  
on your 85 years  
that's a great track record!*



John K. Kelly  
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## A Student Editor's View Of Magazines

By James R. Toland

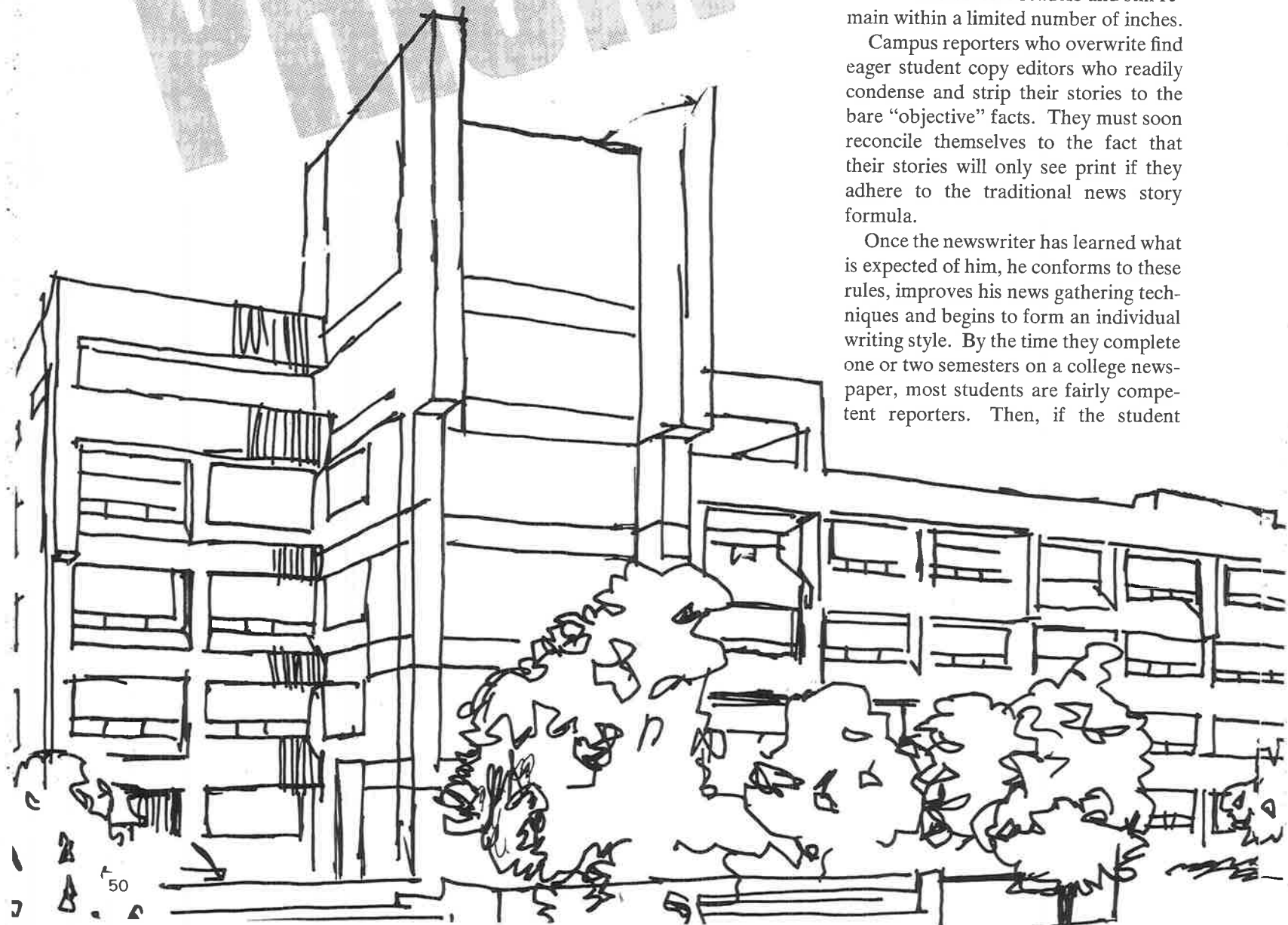
■ The transition from newspaper to magazine journalism is confusing and often painful for the college student who has disciplined himself in the art of tight copy writing and mastered the five W lead.

To begin with, students who have entered college or university journalism programs have to be retrained from writers of prose and footnoted term papers to communicators of news and facts. In basic newswriting classes and newspaper production classes, students are taught to structure these elements into comprehensive stories which can interest and involve readers and still remain within a limited number of inches.

Campus reporters who overwrite find eager student copy editors who readily condense and strip their stories to the bare "objective" facts. They must soon reconcile themselves to the fact that their stories will only see print if they adhere to the traditional news story formula.

Once the newswriter has learned what is expected of him, he conforms to these rules, improves his news gathering techniques and begins to form an individual writing style. By the time they complete one or two semesters on a college newspaper, most students are fairly competent reporters. Then, if the student

PRISM



wants a change of pace, or has a genuine interest in magazine writing, he may decide to take a course in magazine production.

Some students adapt to magazine writing with little or no difficulty. Others find it unbearable to learn still another writing form. They are the ones who have finally become accustomed to receiving an assignment on Monday, beginning their interviews that afternoon, finishing other research and writing a rough draft on Tuesday and turning in a final product to be edited on Wednesday night. The edited story is set in type and laid out on Thursday, and after a trip to the printer's that night, appears as a small part of a completed newspaper on campus Friday. The entire process begins again on Monday and so the weekly newspaper routine continues.

Magazine journalism entails the same news gathering methods and research techniques as newspaper journalism. Time element and story length are the major differences. The magazine story allows the journalist to develop his subject to a point where it becomes relative to the reader or to the reader's interests. Although it, too, must fit a limited space, already dummied on a magazine page, the magazine can usually give ten times the amount of space to a subject than the average newspaper can.

At San Francisco State University, the journalism department laboratory magazine, *Prism*, is published twice a semester. Students are expected to attend three lecture hours a week and to allot sufficient added time for the production of the magazine.

Although many college financed publications are little more than student-run house organs, *Prism* has the distinction of being a totally experimental project, both in written content and in layout. Students are encouraged to initiate their own assignment ideas, arrange for accompanying art and to lay out their own work. They are also responsible for setting their own headlines and for choosing the body type and column settings for their stories.

While most student newspapers choose to limit their scope to campus news and other aspects of student life, *Prism* is free to concentrate on general interest subjects.

The contents of this semester's first

issue will include a profile on America's first longhaired professional boxer; a report on a high stakes (up to \$1,000 pots) poker game which takes place every weekend in the East Bay; a feature on warehouse living which will focus on how to convert industrial buildings into homes; a survey of Chinatown's illegal acupuncture clinics; an interview with a pornographic movie actress who once appeared in *Playboy*; a study of Bay Area chiropractors; an article on self-defense for women; a guide to reliable and inexpensive stereo systems; a study of drunk driving behavior; a profile of a modern gold miner; and an analysis of the latest trends in "pop staging."

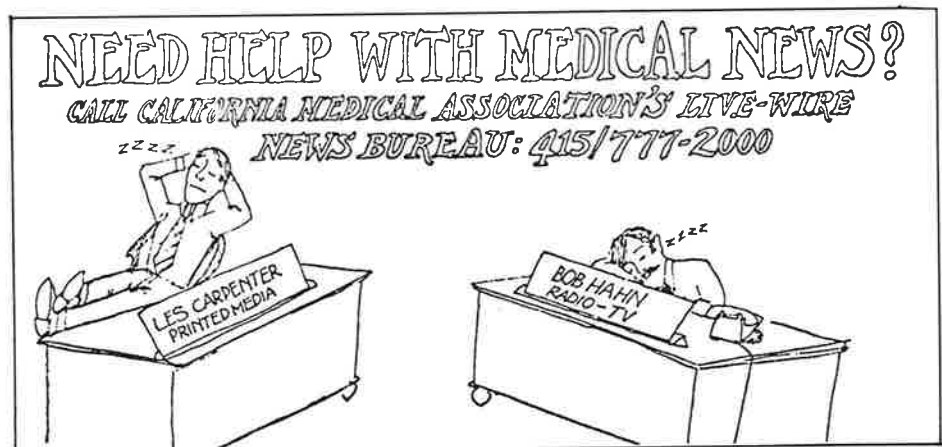
*Prism* is structured to simulate the atmosphere of a professional publication. Student editors are selected on the basis of their experience and competence. All article ideas are presented through written queries which are reviewed by the faculty editors to determine merit and to suggest possible angles which would improve the story or give it a more interesting direction. The queries are quickly returned to the student staff, with written comments and suggestions.

If the writer gets the "go ahead," he

is expected to handle research and interviews and write the story within three weeks.

Although there are advantages to the longer deadline, many students who have been trained to meet short deadlines wait until three or four days before an assignment is due to begin it.

In this situation, the final product is usually a shoddy, hastily thrown together piece which has to be entirely rewritten or even rejected. The editors face the grim choice between running a grotesque story or having a conspicuous hole in the middle of the magazine. Unlike professional magazines and most student newspapers, *Prism* does not have a file of useable copy to be used in a pinch, and is forced to either publish the bad piece or cut back on the number of pages in the magazine. Since the printing contract calls for page printing in multiples of eight, running fewer pages would result in the cutting out of at least one other story. In a case like this, there is no ready rule to follow. Often the final decision results in hurt feelings or a second rate magazine. As usual, in the print world, the magazine's reputation triumphs and the unfortunate writer must bear with the editorial decision. □



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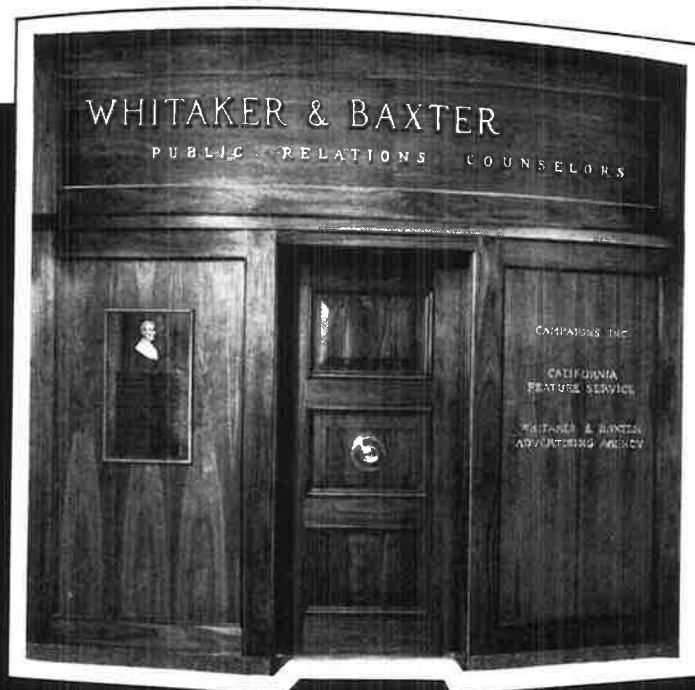
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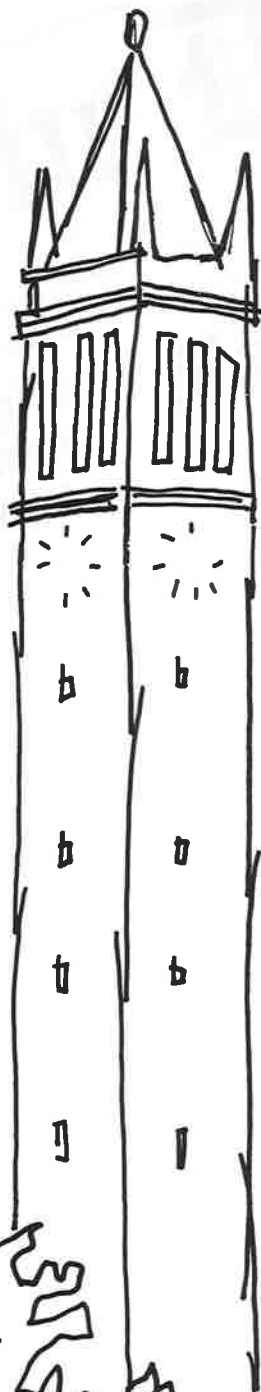
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## Looking At A Campus Newspaper

*When I came to Berkeley in 1969, I was surprised at how casually the Daily Californian was treated by its captive readership.*

By Walter V. Addiego

■ The *National Review* of January 26, 1971, decries student newspapers which "enjoy both a captive readership and a guaranteed income, thus allowing the editors to feel free from the restraints of law and good taste which might limit the editorial freewheeling of these papers forced to compete for readers."

This barrage was a response to an article in the *Stanford Daily* in which a former student in prison called for physical retaliation against political informers. The student press was often the center of controversy during the late 1960s and early 1970s. UCLA's *Daily Bruin* was investigated by its Board of Regents for obscenity; the offices of the *Stanford Daily* were raided by police searching for incriminating photo-

graphs; and UC Berkeley's *Daily Californian* hastily severed its ties with the student body government after an editorial started a riot and university officials barred several students from the paper. Legislators across the country combed student newspapers for evidence of "taxpayer supported" obscenity and radicalism to justify cut-backs in university budgets.

Some members of the established media, probably looking back on the blessed days when they were appointed by their college administrators to edit what often amounted to a campus bulletin board, were outraged by the new college journalism. Campus dailies not only publicized student activism, they often encouraged and participated in it themselves.

(Continued)





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## UNDERGRADUATES/II

The workers on these papers had little time, however, to worry about the expected harangues. They had a few problems.

When I came to Berkeley in 1969, I was surprised at how casually the *Daily Californian* was treated by its captive readership. Many students seemed attentive only to entertainment ads and the daily activities column. Despite its radical orientation on a supposedly radical campus, the paper seemed to be treated as something to leaf through during early morning lectures. But this impression was short-lived.

In spring 1970, there was a wave of violent demonstrations on campus. The events provided a field day for the newspaper: banner headlines, stories in bold type, dramatic photographs. In short, sensationalism . . . which has a way of attracting readers. The troubles that spring escalated geometrically at Berkeley and elsewhere. The paper announced the noon rallies and marches from Sproul Plaza which generally began the day's business. Editorial support was lent to most of the student strike activities—which, I should emphasize, were innocuous enough: painting posters, holding counter-classes and the like.

A sense of campus-wide community developed during that period, largely through the efforts of the campus newspaper to report not only the events of the strike at Berkeley, but on similar campuses activities nation-wide. There was also an opportunity for vicarious participation in the violence on all sides; you could bash heads or be bashed. You could moralize or intellectualize, justify or deplore. The paper facilitated all fantasies.

In the several months after I joined the paper in 1971, I was struck by two prevailing moods. The sense of the office was one of ennui. I had expected a group of close and energetic friends who were, in Norman Mailer's phrase, fighting the good fight. But for most it seemed to be just a job.

Staff members treated each other with the marginal affability that characterizes people who simply work together.

Secondly, there was a restless anticipation of the next bit of business which would generate the crackling excitement

many people seemed to look for on a campus paper. While we waited, we inverted, turning our energies on ourselves.

Our editors had worked together through the years of People's Park and the Third World strike, two of the worst crises ever in turbulent Berkeley. Consequently, some of their policies toward the staff of new-comers were disaffecting. The conflict between writers and editors is ancient and eternal, but we felt the added salt of being outsiders who were simply providing the raw materials for someone else to put out a newspaper.

For fifty dollars per month, we provided two stories, and one tedious night of proof-reading and headline writing per week. We were given assignments with little background or explanation of how we should approach them—and many of us had little or no experience. The copy came out the next day changed, cut, or rewritten, with no explanation. Finally this problem was solved by having reporters present during copy-editing.

We also felt that we had no say in editorial policies, which were determined in daily story conferences of the editors.

At the same time, the newspaper was under the watchful eye of a university-appointed publisher's board consisting of campus administrators, professional journalists, faculty and students. There was no question of prior restraint; the board never saw our copy until they picked up the paper in the morning. But the situation nevertheless caused the editors plenty of headaches.

At regularly scheduled meetings, the board and our editors would bicker about alleged bias in stories, about whether or not a certain editorial was satirical, about such and such an obscenity printed on this or that date, and why it was necessary, and so forth. The meetings usually were antagonistic.

The problems of running a student paper were countless. We were amateurs doing a full-time, precision job, and trying to get a bit of school-work done as well. We were trying to put out an accurate, professional paper, while at the same time we were trying to learn the fundamentals of journalism. Even small-time campus bureaucrats had no problem ignoring or intimidating re-

porters who were not exactly certain what they were doing.

One place we could have looked to for competent help was the campus journalism school; but it was not within us to be so condescending. *We* were practicing journalists, not theorists. *We* were not writing for a grade. *We* could affect people's attitudes, influence city elections, and show up those damned bureaucrats. Surprisingly few students from the journalism department ever joined the staff.

Many of those who did join were simply looking for a part-time activity, or had a political axe to grind. People were constantly joining or leaving the staff. Because of rapid turnover, anyone who stayed around long enough had a chance to be an editor, regardless of ability. Staff members elected the editor-in-chief and editorial page editor, and the former appointed the city and managing editors and assistants. This process is unusual for a student paper; editors are frequently chosen by university officials. Our little democracy resulted in factionalization, revolution, exile, and of course patronage. We had some fine editors, but whether we made the best use of our resources is debatable.

Though we never stopped talking about objectivity, it was the concensus of the staff that social advocacy journalism was to be our style. Because of this position and because of the limitations I have been outlining, we developed the unfortunate habit of printing the unsubstantiated charges of various groups, all too often with little or no response or follow-up. The problem became acute during the Berkeley municipal election of 1971, when a widely

publicized coalition of radical groups ran a successful slate of city council candidates. The editors received, and in some cases accepted, suggestions by the radicals regarding coverage of the campaign. Our communication with the radicals was better than that with their opponents, you might say. In our attempt to deliver the student vote, the traditional line between the news and editorial pages became mightily thin.

We eventually began discussing some solutions, such as collectivizing the administration of the paper. Meanwhile, there was an old saying we used around the office quite a bit: if you don't like the news, go out and make some yourself. We did. After an editorial of ours precipitated a riot (and an ensuing clash with the publisher's board) we set ourselves up as an independent corporation.

Which brings us back to the *National Review*. It recommends a healthy dose of capitalism under the assumption that student papers would have to develop a "latent sense of responsibility if forced to compete in the market." No more tax-payer support, no more radicalism. Anyone who takes this solution to heart might read A. J. Liebling's *The Press*. I am indebted to Liebling—and to a certain member of the old publisher's board—for teaching me that, in newspapers, as in other businesses, he who pays the piper calls the tune. Let the student papers be financially free, and thereby editorially free. And by virtue of the special nature of the communities in which they operate, hopefully they will never have to develop a *National Review*-style "sense of responsibility." □



## COMMERCIALS

# How Willie McCovey Made Me A Dairy Queen

By Wendie Regalia

■ I never dreamed that I'd become a dairy queen . . . certainly not at this late date! However, such is the power of advertising, that the minute I'm introduced to someone new these days, the immediate reaction to my name is, "Oh, you're the Knudsen Lady."

So strong is this identification that all of my previous accomplishments are forgotten. Before you think it, I'll say it: "Many of them are best forgotten."

A chance meeting with an old friend at the Los Angeles airport in January 1973 began what was for me a fascinating look at the dairy industry . . . and gave me my new title, The Knudsen Lady. Rod Farrow, who heads the San Francisco Office of Gray Advertising had just arrived in Los Angeles for meetings with Knudsen people and I was on my way home from Super Bowl '73.

Our running conversation (he was running for a taxi and I for a plane) went something like this: "Hi, Wendie, going home?" "Hi, Rod, nice to see you." "Say, Wendie, call me next week. We're working on something that would suit you perfectly."

Armed with tapes of commercials I had done for Ford and Roos Atkins, among others, I met with Rod Farrow and Paul Spillar the following week in the Gray Advertising offices.

Paul explained that Knudsen Dairy Foods are well known in Los Angeles, but would like to increase their distribution in this area. To that end, Gray Advertising (more specifically, Rod Farrow and Paul Spillar) had created an ad campaign for the Bay Area based on the idea that Knudsen is open to the closest scrutiny.

My role would be that of a consumer affairs reporter who would investigate Knudsen from the cow to the cup.

The qualifications for the assignment



were an articulate woman, with sufficient poise to ask incisive or even indicative questions of anyone from the dairy farmer who supplies milk to Knudsen, to the processor or the man who makes the cottage cheese, ice cream or buttermilk, all the way up to the president of the company.

Second, to have an identity in radio—an audience, so to speak, a good radio voice, some histrionic ability, some writing experience, a car and the desire to travel, and to have sufficiently strong shoulders to carry a 75-pound tape recorder.

Now, it just so happens that I am articulate, have a car, love to go to exciting places like Modesto, Visalia, Tulare, Fresno, have had a radio talk show on KNEW, an interview show between games of San Francisco Giants double-headers for KSFO and have done many radio commercials. Writing has been included in almost any job I've ever had (no comments from the editor, please) and though I never learned to operate it, I found I was strong enough to carry the tape recorder.

A few days after Rod and Paul agreed that I could handle the assignment, Paul and I flew to Knudsen's Los Angeles Headquarters, where I was introduced to their marketing people. We took an all-day tour of the plant, in which we followed the milk from the refrigerated truck, which had just delivered it from the dairy farmer, through all the processing areas to the various cartons and containers ready for the last leg of the trip to the consumer.

There were visits to laboratories, where milk is carefully tested for purity and new products are developed. There were walks through refrigerated areas as large as warehouses where the employees wore parkas and boots while loading the various products for delivery to super markets and corner groceries in the Los Angeles Area.

We watched cottage cheese being made in stainless steel vats that were large enough to house a family of five. The process for making ice cream, buttermilk, butter and other dairy products was carefully explained by the men who supervise the making of all the goodies we enjoy.

We even visited the garage where a huge fleet of refrigerated trucks are maintained by a crew of expert mechan-

ics. And sure enough it was so clean one could have dined on the floor.

After making many notes and asking hundreds of questions, Paul and I returned to San Francisco and planned my itinerary through the San Joaquin Valley, where the dairy farmers and many processing plants are located.

I won't tell you everything I learned. Suffice it to say that I think I could almost run Knudsen's huge operation after my thorough investigation, the results of which you heard on radio for thirteen weeks.

What did Willie McCovey have to do with all this? Well, remember I men-

tioned the tapes of other radio commercials I had previously voiced. It seems that they didn't have the delivery required for the Knudsen commercials. Paul said, "the voice quality is good, but I'd like to hear you asking some questions." I just happened to have a tape of an interview I had done with Willie McCovey when I was doing the Giants show. When Paul heard that, his reaction was immediate: "That's it, Wendie. You've got the job."

So you see, Willie McCovey made me a dairy queen!

And I made him a big bowl of chicken soup. □

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4.



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6.

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7.



8.



9.

# ART DIRECTION

## Is It A Message Or An Ego Massage?



By Russell St. John

■ When the San Francisco Society of Communicating Arts 23rd all-media competition announced its call for entries they were the first to admit that neither splendid graphics nor laboriously rendered artwork will save a bad idea. They only help to cover it up.

As a result, more and more art directors have stopped entering regional and national shows.

As another result, the local communicating arts annual show, over one thousand entries, was judged on the principle that any intelligent piece of communication deserves recognition.

It didn't matter if it ran in four-color black, or on one-color toilet paper. If it was good, it was good. And the judging was not overshadowed by some glossy piece of fluff. They separated the chaff from the grain.

This year, Bruce Campbell, art director of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn and chairman of the all-media competition, announced the show would be divided into two categories, with a

panel of judges for each. In the Advertising Section, judges were Helmut Krone, vice president/group creative supervisor of Doyle, Dane, Bernbach, New York; Ed McCabe, partner, vice president and copy director, Scali, McCabe, Sloves, Inc., New York, and Hal Riney, executive vice president/creative director, Botsford, Ketchum, San Francisco.

In the Design and Illustration Section, judges were Keith Bright of Keith Bright and Associates, Los Angeles; Mike Salisbury, head art director, United Artists Records, Los Angeles, and Nicolas Sidjakov of Nicolas Sidjakov and Associates, San Francisco.

The communicating art creativity shows are sensitive to all styles of advertising, design, photography, and illustration. More important, they have returned recognition and awards to the art directors, copywriters, artists, illustrators, designers and photographers.

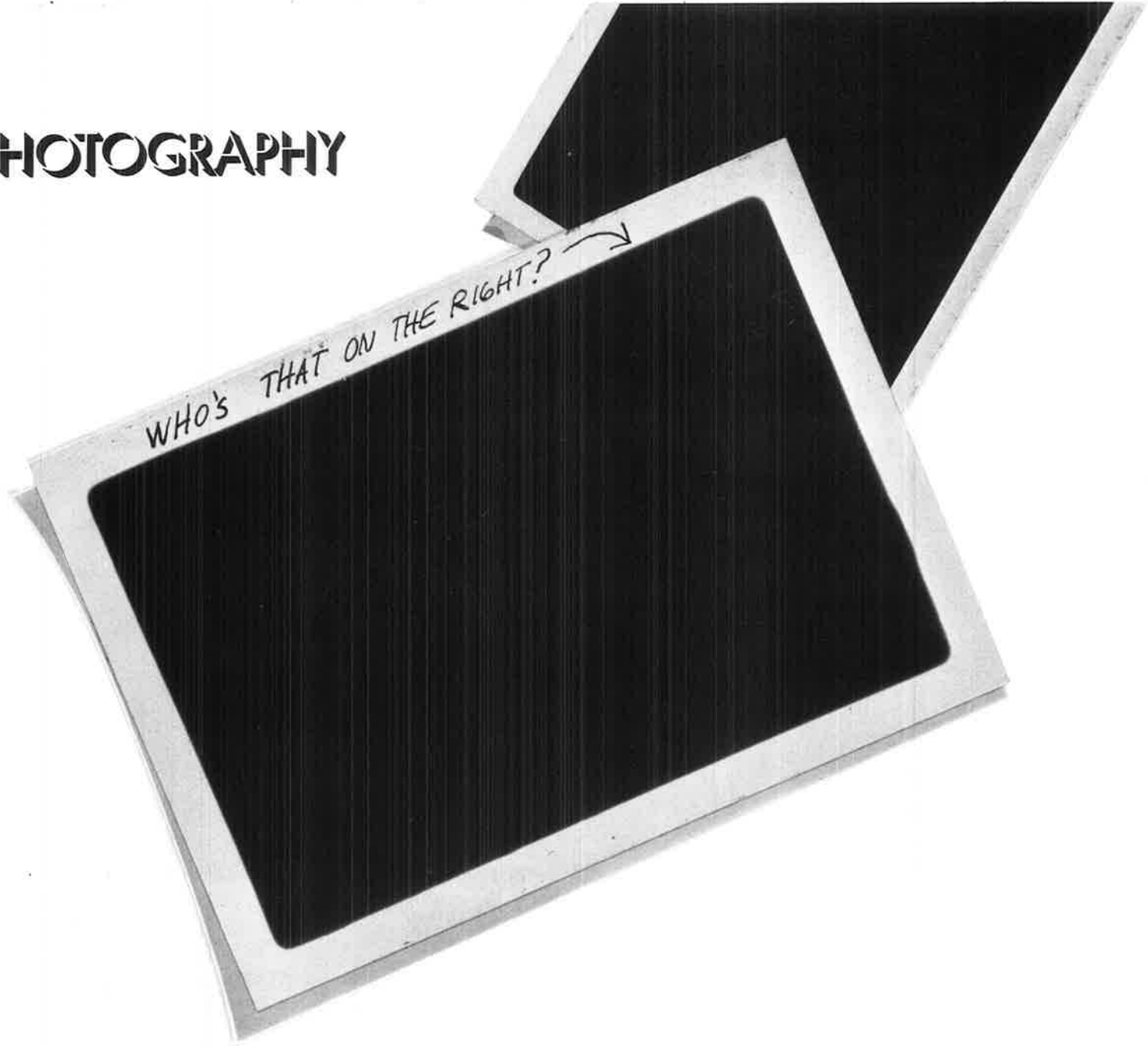
The communicator needs absolute freedom to create. It is serious, chal-

lenging, stimulating, satisfying, and often frustrating work. Credit is well overdue for the many talented members of the advertising profession who generate ideas which are original, diversified, fresh and new. Their creative thoughts carry the advertiser's message.

For two weeks (starting December 9) the Advertising Section was on display at Flax's, Sutter Street. The Art and Design Section was displayed at the San Francisco Academy of Art, Sutter at Mason.

Both shows were the Communicating Arts "visual feast," the best work of visual professionals in Northern California. In a few short years, this show has become the major West Coast exhibition of advertising copywriting, art and design for many professionals. It has given the public an opportunity to see award-winning visual solutions for everything from letterheads to posters to TV commercials, and to look at what advertising and commercial artists have accomplished. □

# PHOTOGRAPHY



## They Didn't Come Out

By Joe Dee

■ Sammy Davis, Jr. called me up and said, "Come on over, Joe. Bring Rose, and we'll take some pictures." He was doing a stint at the Fairmont. Rose was in town for lunch, so I grabbed a Nikon SP and we hopped a cab up Nob Hill.

I was hot that day. I had Sammy posing all over the place; you know how wound up he gets. Nothing was impossible. I was clicking away, grinning at Rose and thinking how much talent I had performing for me free.

After about an hour Sammy told me he had to get ready for his show. Maybe he could see the pictures tomorrow and laugh it up with me. That's when I looked down and noticed the iris leaves

in disarray. No pix.

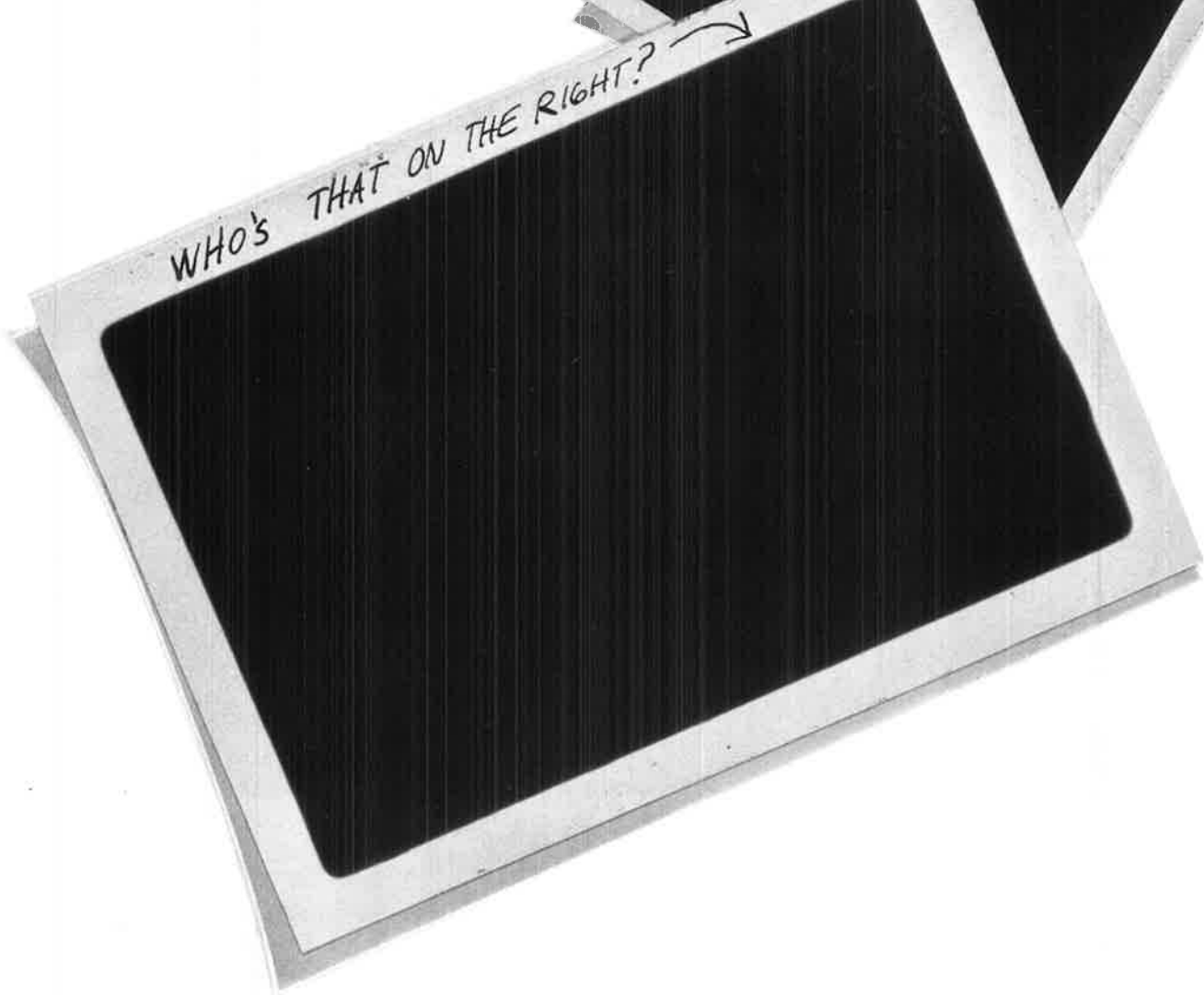
It was a long time before Sammy stopped asking me for those pictures. I don't know how many times "I forgot to bring them with me again." (Scratch a photographer deep enough and you'll find a coward.)

Well, that wasn't as bad, I thought, as the time I shot half a wedding. I was just a kid and I had this wedding business going. Everybody on the East Side of New York with a budget problem came to me. I shot this one—there must have been five hundred people. I was doing great when the film pack adapter on my 4x5 Graphic jammed—only I didn't know it.

The pictures were sharp, sparkling—really a beautiful job. Another winner, only each pic had just half of the scene I had shot. That's how the holder jammed: just a half of each picture. You could see the bride, standing lovely and alone, with just a man's hand around her waist. Or the wedding cake, a fabulous sixteen-tier job, floating in space because I had lost the table. Nobody had any feet.

It probably started a whole new photographic fad in New York. People still use it; they call it "tight candids" or "progressive surgery." Here is how it works. When I found I couldn't get rid of the man's hand on the bride's hip, I

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It probably started a whole new photographic fad in New York. People still use it; they call it "tight candids" or "progressive surgery." Here is how it works. When I found I couldn't get rid of the man's hand on the bride's hip, I

began nibbling away on her body. I kept operating until I got the most stunning close-up of the bride's face. Same way with the double amputees: everybody was a closeup. They loved it. Nobody had ever shown so much face at a wedding.

I began to think that maybe I should sell cameras rather than use them when a guy at a Greek wedding sidled up to me and said, "Boy, that's a beautiful lens you have on that camera! It was shining up at me all the while you were taking our group picture on the stage."

All right, so it wasn't too hard to say, "Everybody back up on the stage for another picture. I've got a great new idea." I think I put the bride on the left side for that one and the groom's father in the front. (After I took the lens cover off, that is.)

The end for me came at a mammoth wedding. After the ceremony, everybody was passing in review: the bride at the head of the line and then, alternately, the relatives of the "opposing" families. It was in flashbulb days, and since I couldn't change bulbs that fast, I set myself a nice easy pace of shooting every other couple. Great coverage of the groom's family; not a picture of the bride's.

Other photogs have made mistakes, too, I understand. Guys on the staff of one of the two San Francisco dailies still chortle over the photographer who shot some fashion stuff on a late afternoon assignment. That night, with some film still unexposed in the camera, he went to a wild party. Somewhere along in the festivities he stripped down to the buff and pranced around in the nude. A friendly colleague, noticing the still unused frames in his buddy's camera, shot some natural light pix.

Our friend didn't know he had been immortalized on the film in his own camera and he dropped the film off at the paper that night to be processed. The fashion editor received the proof sheets the next day, and although she didn't feature him with the smart set that week, she gave it plenty of circulation in the fourth estate.

I still dabble in photography myself, of course, and I could tell you some more heart-rending stories, but my wife is calling. Something about the pix I took over the weekend of our grandchildren. □



## *"Staged for Action"*



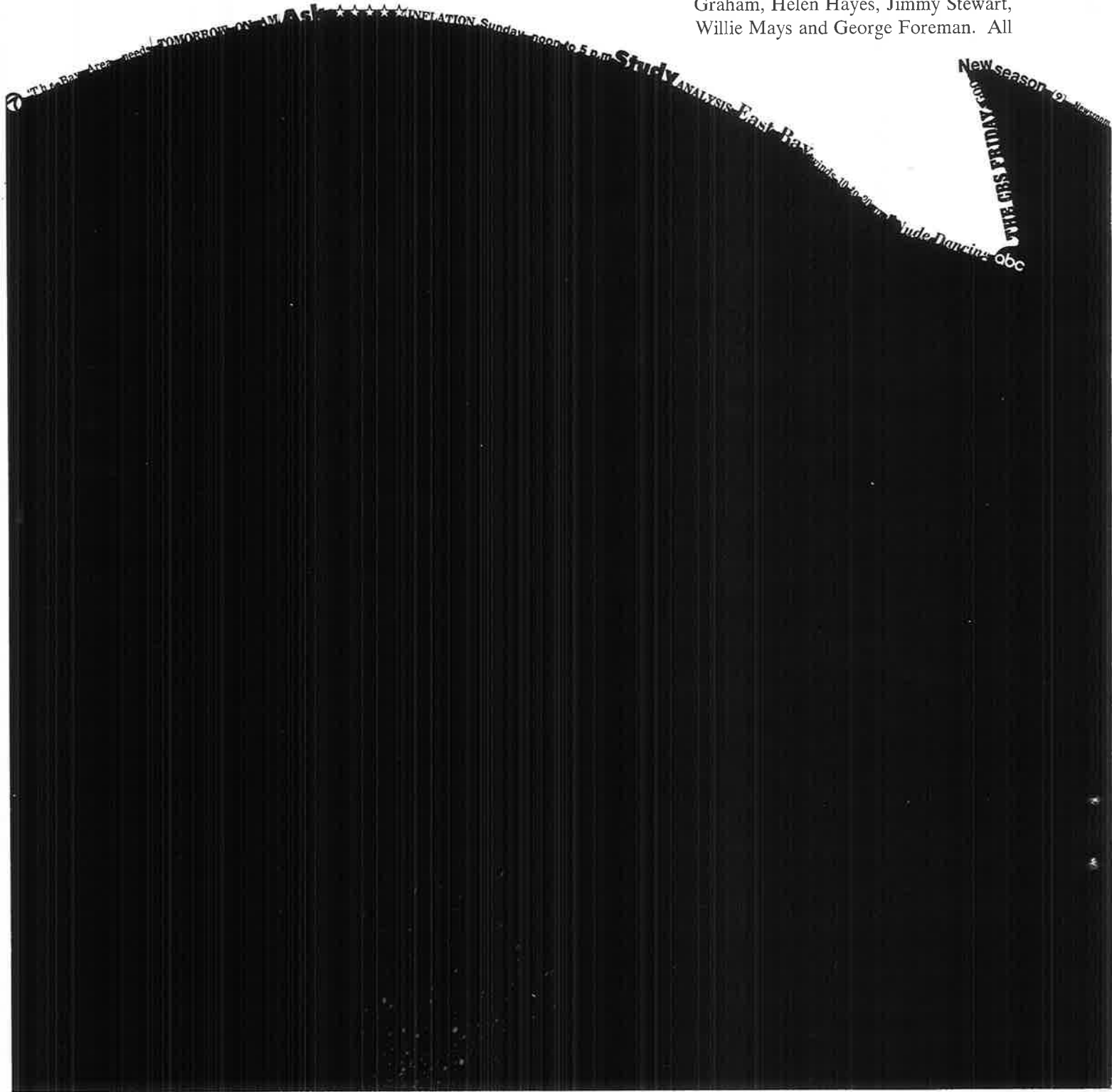
# THE CAT STORY

## Tombstone— Past And Present

By Graham Kisingbury

■ Tombstone, the Press Club's Black Tabby, immortalized in bronze by the late Benny Bufano and in song by the late Will Aubrey, has had a list of guests speak behind him that reads like a "Who's Who" of entertainment, politics, sports and religion.

Among them are several ex-Presidents (including Hoover, Eisenhower and Kennedy), President Nixon, Billy Graham, Helen Hayes, Jimmy Stewart, Willie Mays and George Foreman. All





important speakers are given small replicas of Tombstone.

According to Tom Irwin, club historian, the Tombstone Tradition began in 1892 when W. N. Hart of the *Examiner* and Harry M. Todd, club president, found a tiny black kitten in the rain on Kearny Street. They brought the kitten to the Press Club, which was then located at 430 Pine Street, and he soon became a pet and mascot. He was named after a visiting reporter from Chicago, Tombstone Thompson.

Sometimes Tombstone would disappear for days, but he would always return to the club, lie in front of the fireplace, and never reveal where he had been or what he had done.

The Cat Story, as told at the club's gang dinners, has many different versions, but the theme always centers around Tombstone's escapades and his unwillingness to reveal them. And that is why a pat on Tombstone's backside keeps remarks off the record.

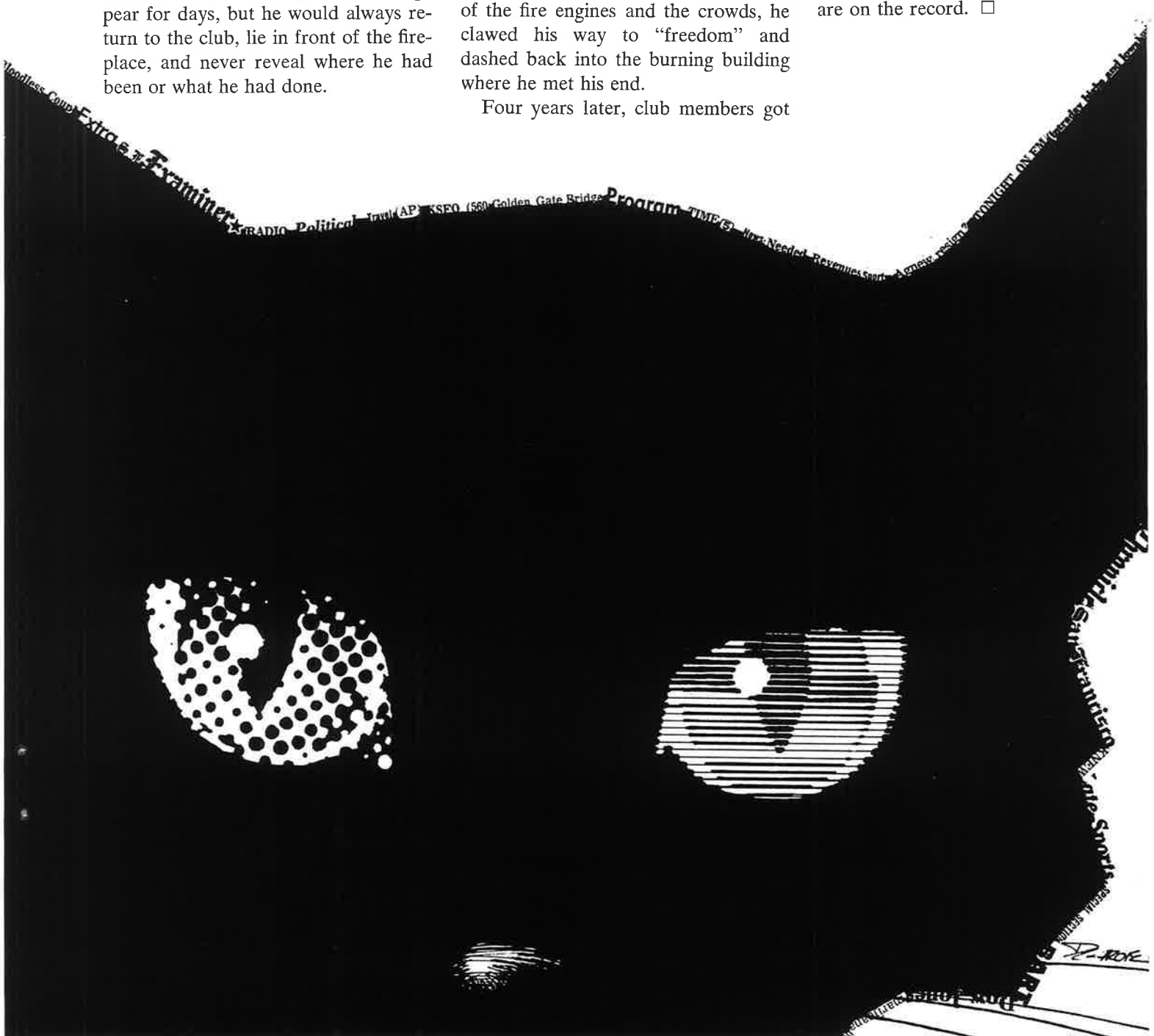
Tombstone the First met his doom in the 1894 fire. According to articles in the 1913 *Scoop* by the late W. W. Naughton, who was club president several times, Tombstone was actually rescued by club members and taken out to the street. There, terrified by the noise of the fire engines and the crowds, he clawed his way to "freedom" and dashed back into the burning building where he met his end.

Four years later, club members got

another black cat, Tombstone II. He met his doom when the club's new quarters were destroyed in the 1906 disaster.

Tombstone III was also jinxed, although he did manage to last four years. He was accidentally locked out on the roof and never came back.

We now have two sculptured metal cats—and their survival rate has been infinitely better than their predecessors. The black cat, with his eyes closed, is patted by speakers who want their remarks off the record. A pat on the gold cat, with eyes open, indicates remarks are on the record. □



# THE OFFICERS

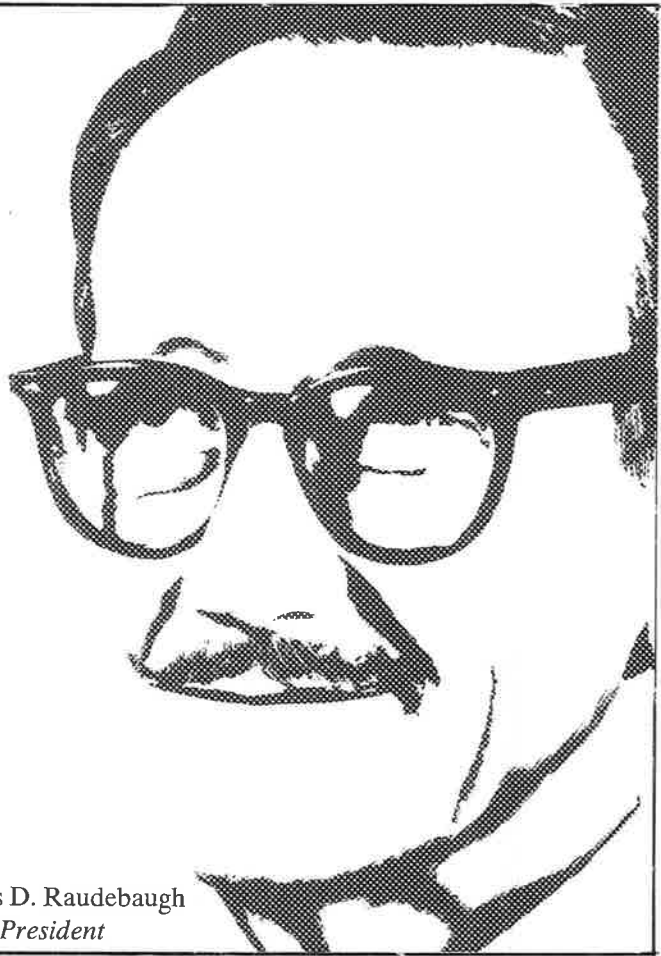
## The President's Message

■ This was a significant twelve months for the Press Club, a period of inventory-taking, of defining of goals, and of movement forward. Altogether it was a good year, I think—a very good year.

From where I sat (and every member should sit there a year) I could see a lot of assets not readily apparent in the mail ballot that was taken to determine how the members feel about the club and its services and its potential. These assets lying above and beyond the inventory have to do with intangibles—the spirit of the club, the talents of its many members, their dedication, collectively and as individuals, to the club in its entirety or to a particular aspect of the club's life. The group vitality of the membership, I guess you'd call it.

*(Continued)*

Charles D. Raudebaugh  
*President*



Edward S. Montgomery  
*1st Vice President  
(resigned)*



Paul Speegle  
*1st Vice President*



Ray Leavitt  
*Treasurer*



Carney J. Campion  
*Secretary*

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James E. Lattie



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#### THE OFFICERS

To single out this person or that person would require a long list of names which inevitably would wind up as a roster of the membership. Since there is already one elsewhere in the book (my only admonition to the editor of *Scoop* was that it *must* include the traditional roster), I see no reason for repeating it.

How, then, do I express my thanks not as President but simply as a member to all those who served during this year, either by election or on committees, to those who wanted to serve but could not, to those who wined and dined and danced, to the club's astonishing and wonderful staff? I suppose the way is simply to say thank you.

Thank you.

**Charlie Raudebaugh**

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- 1886 - Crocker-Woolworth National Bank
- 1906 - Crocker National Bank
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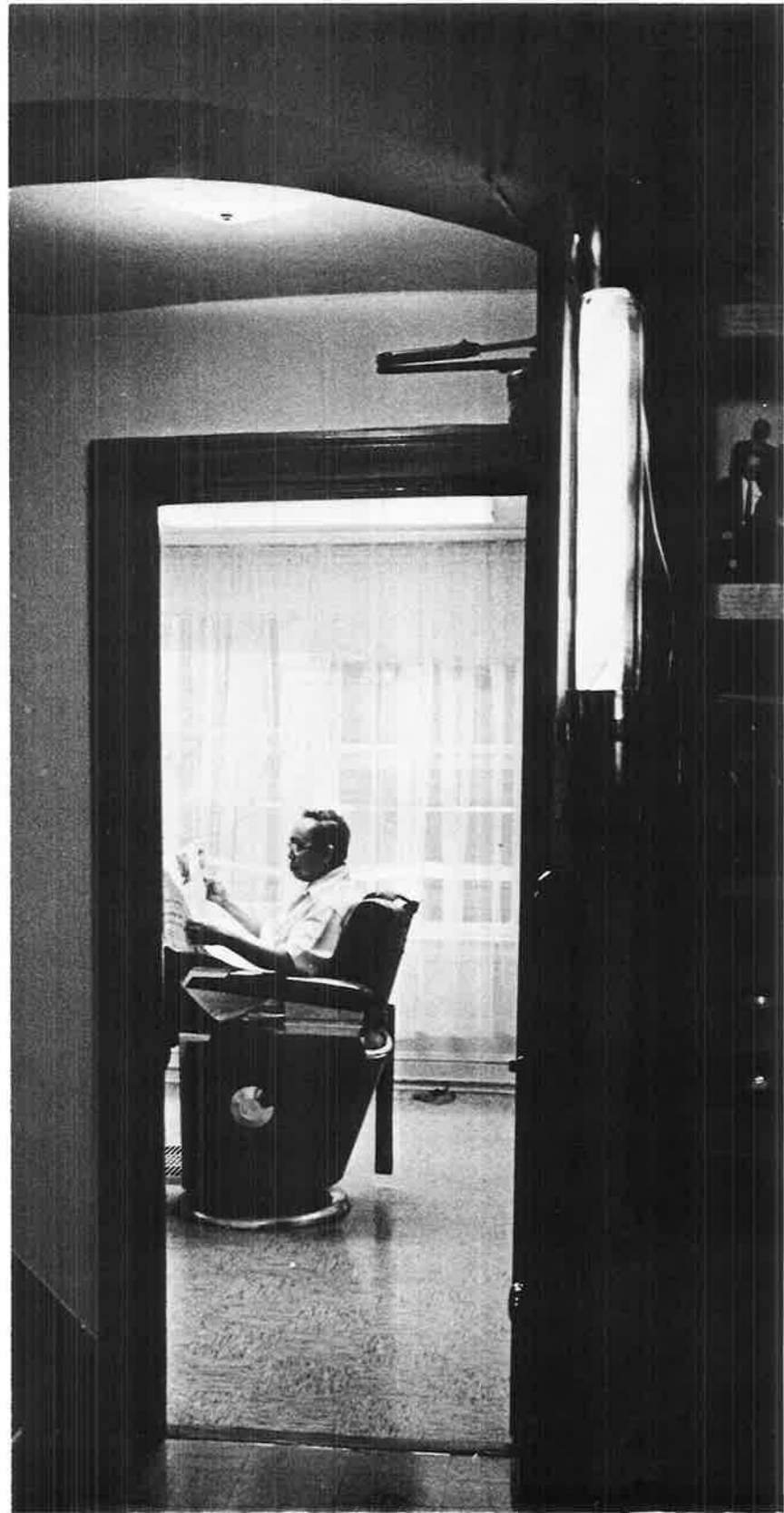
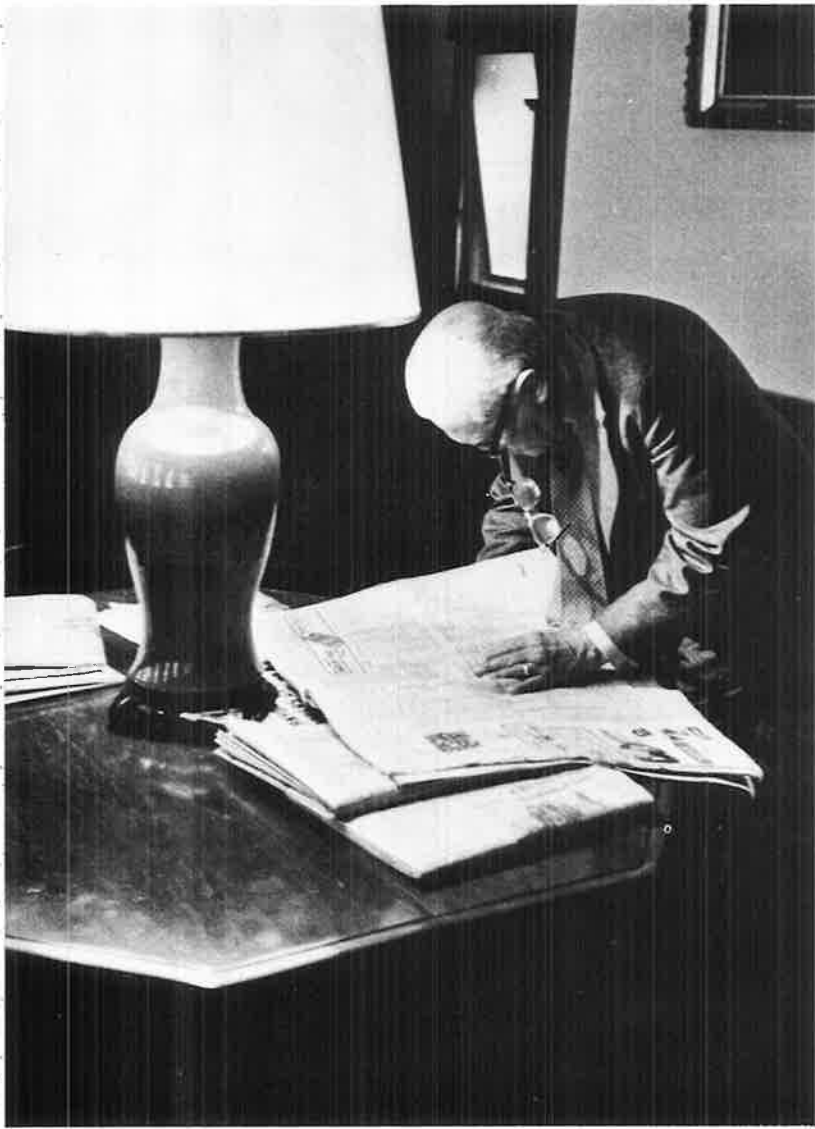
One of the shortest names in banking history.

For information, phone Donald White, Phil Hiaring, Charlotte Higgins, Shirley Fogarino, Crocker Bank Public Relations, 983-3493/3494

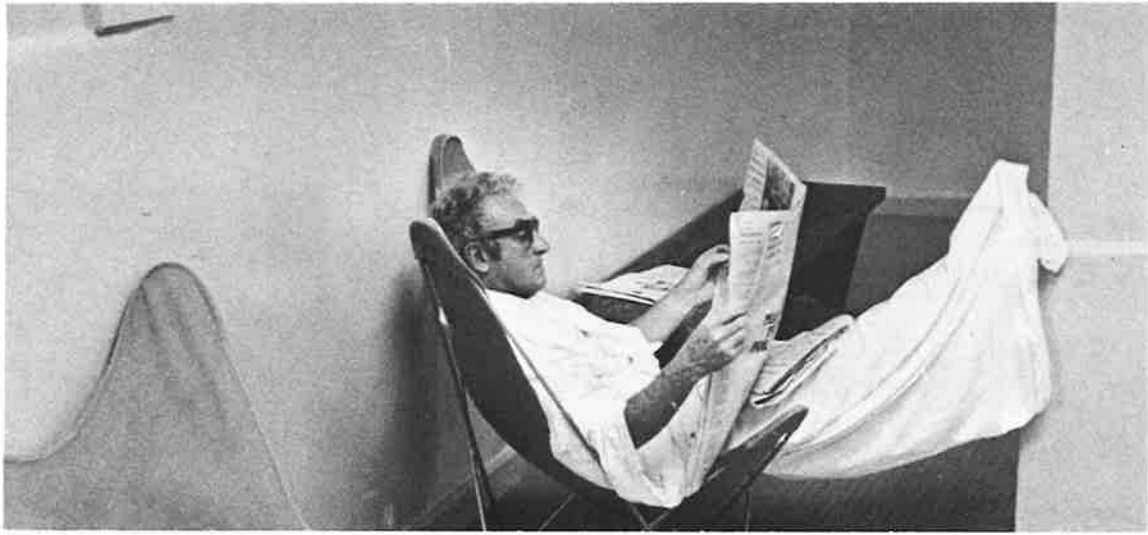
*As  
Others See  
Us*



*A  
Photo Essay  
By  
Jim Domke*









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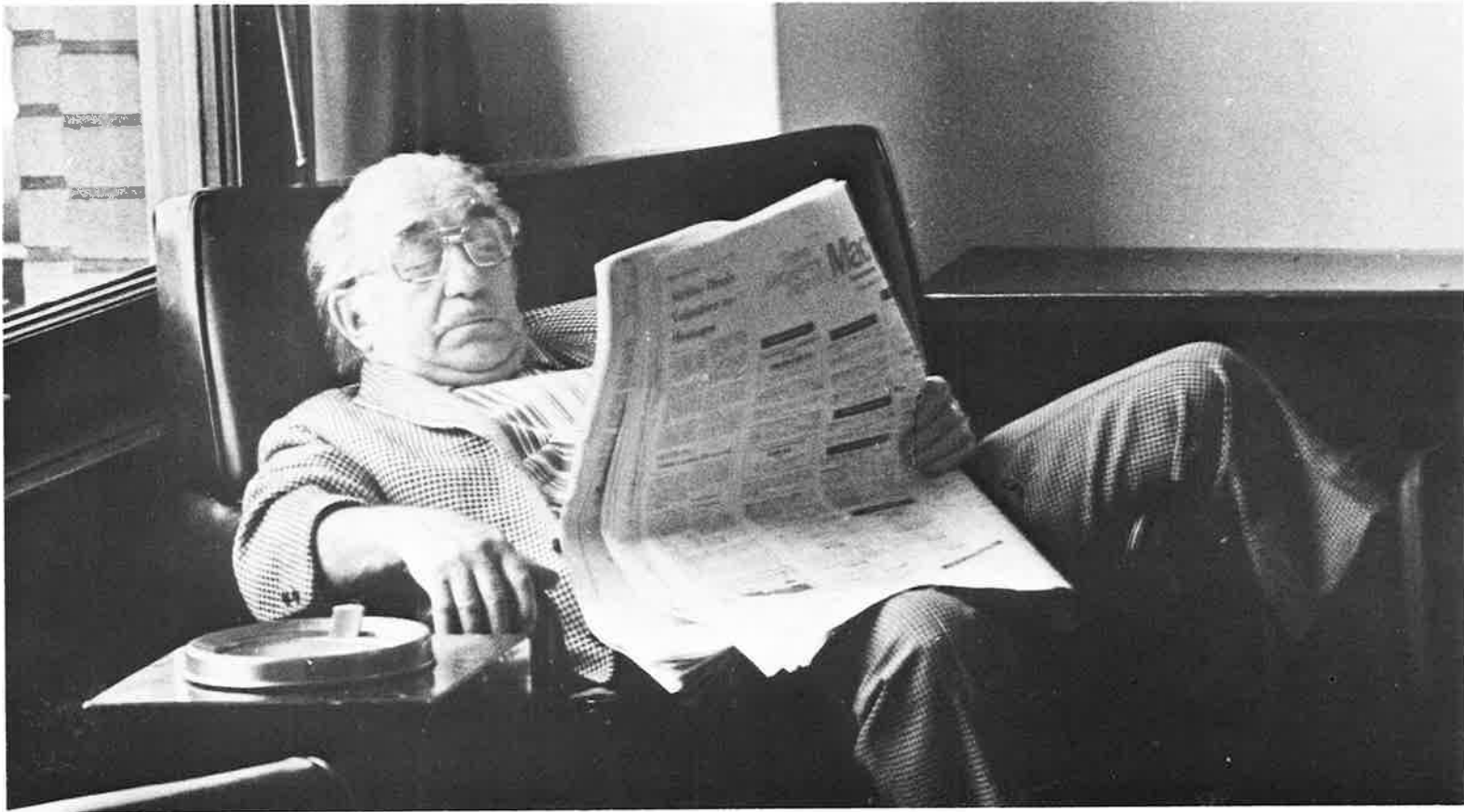
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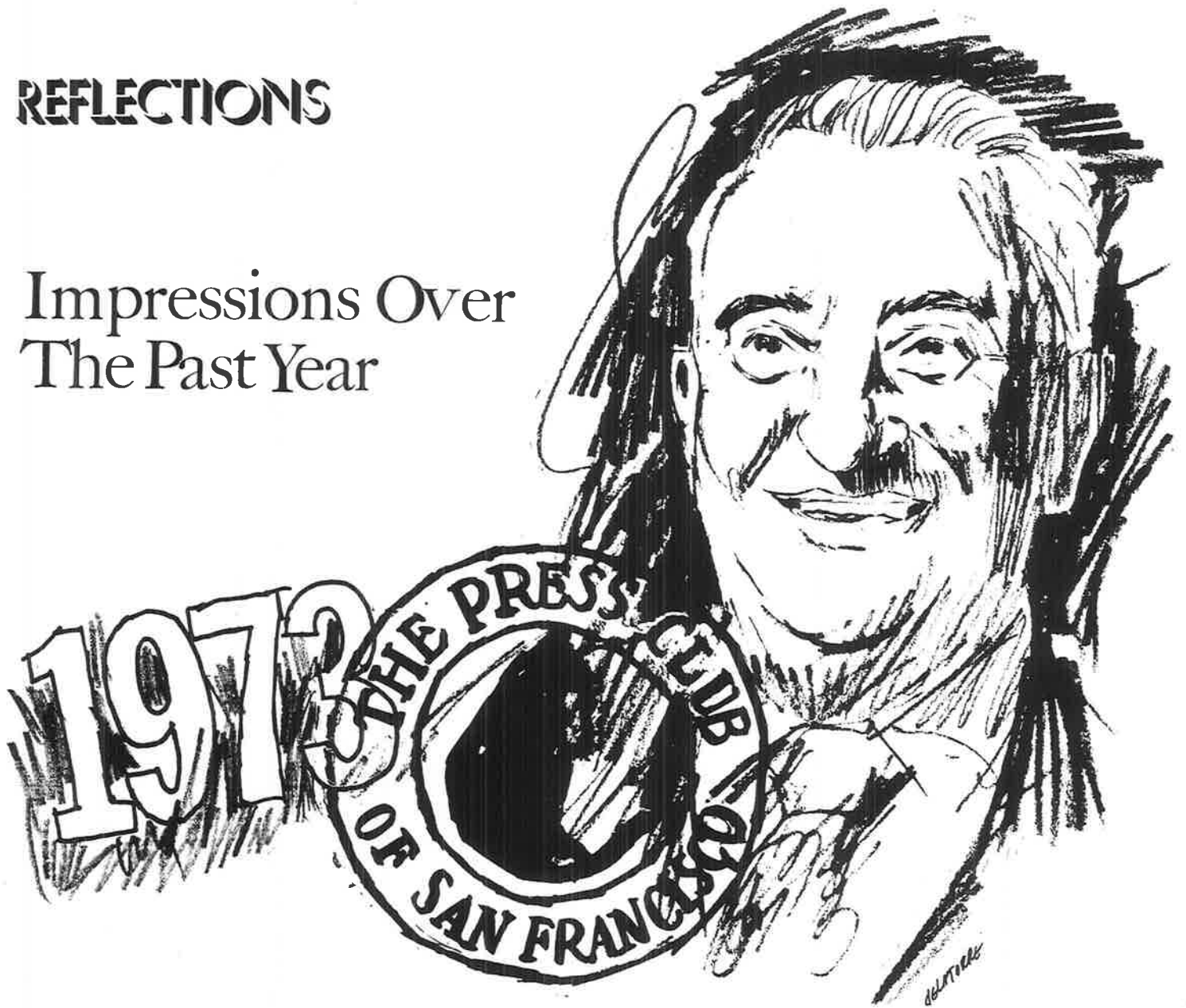
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# REFLECTIONS

## Impressions Over The Past Year



By Charlie Huy

First impression: What! Another year! Already!

A glance at the calendar confirmed. So, here goes.

On October 26 of last year, Charles Raudebaugh of the *Chronicle* received a large majority vote and became president of the Club.

He appointed, and the new Board of Directors approved, hard-working, dedicated committeemen and women who soon, with their new committees, revitalized the Club.

Two of the committees, Admissions and Membership, initiated a plan for acquiring new members.

A projected very substantial loss for the coming year soon changed to a much brighter financial prediction.

And the Club's fiscal year, even after major refurbishing expenditures, ended with just a slight loss. And good pros-

pects for further financial improvement.

The Second Annual Mardi Gras Costume Ball was a huge, well-attended success.

The Red Garter Band and Show on 1972 Scoop Night made a big hit with the members. And the Orpheum Theatre cast of *Man of La Mancha*, headed by Allan Jones, drew a capacity, enthusiastic crowd to the Friday night "Cocktails and Music" hour.

This was just the beginning of many crowd-pleasing events arranged by the active Entertainment and Gang Dinners Committees.

In December of last year, Newsman Peter Bridge, who chose jail rather than disclose his confidential news sources, was guest News Conference Luncheon speaker.

In January of this year, the Apollo 17 Astronauts Gang Dinner was the big

news.

Thanks to members Tom Ross of Aerojet General and Gang Dinner Chairman Dean Jennings, the weekly edition of *Scoop* had a scoop. While the astronauts were enroute from the moon to their splashdown in the Pacific, the Club publication announced the dinner being planned in their honor. It was their only official function in the state.

The demand for tickets was so great that the largest ballroom in the new Hotel Westbury could not accommodate the crowd, and the event was moved to the Jack Tar Hotel. More than eight hundred people attended.

In February, thanks to the *Examiner's* fight expert Eddie Muller and Ed Montgomery, the new World's Heavyweight Champion, George Foreman, was the Gang Dinner crowd-pleaser.



The Champ's manager, Dick Sadler, got the biggest of many laughs that evening.

During the question and answer period, Foreman was asked why he always used the term "we" instead of "I." When a question was asked about money, Foreman's manager took the microphone and answered: "That's where the 'WE' comes in." It brought down the house.

Les Whitten, Syndicated Columnist Jack Anderson's Number One investigative reporter and former member of the Hearst Headline Service Washington Bureau, drew a concerned group of media men and women to his News Conference Luncheon. His talk emphasized the fact that the public's right to know will cease to exist if the press does not have its freedom guaranteed in the Constitution.

For the Club's St. Patrick's Show, Big Jim Leary promised seven hours of continuous entertainment—and he did it!

From the six o'clock "Cocktails and Music" hour until one o'clock the next morning the crowd was delighted with the parade of entertainment.

For the card-playing members, the Annual Gin Rummy Tournament was April's top event. Carl Rumold was chairman. Major Harley A. Witt topped the big field of experts to become the third-time winner and collect the Calcutta Pool.

Another April event, the Roaring 20s Night, pleased many. It's on the Entertainment Committee's agenda for a repeat next year.

In May, member Niven Busch, the best-selling novelist, held a News Conference Luncheon to announce the publication of his newest Simon and Schuster novel, *The Takeover*. Another Club member author, Herb Gold, commented: "Busch knows that American business can be as deadly as the show-down on a Western street. And he communicates his fascination."

In Hydro, Dr. Bob Perlman's team won the annual "Spin and Swim" contest. Dr. Perlman made a clean sweep by also winning the annual weight losing contest. To his dismay, that prize was a huge, ten-pound bar of chocolate.

Lud Neumann's Table Tennis Tournament developed champions to chal-

lenge the Olympic Club's finest.

Other well-attended annual events included the Junior Scholarship Awards, the Professional Journalism Awards, the Annual Rib Roast and Hydro Follies, the Giants and 49ers Gang Dinners and the third annual Mardi Gras Costume Ball and Dinner-Dance.

Carol Channing, Agnes Moorehead, Peter Donat and Deborah Kerr were among the many distinguished guest stars at the popular Women's Lunches.

*A Musical Salute to the Cable Cars*, Bun Hong's Retirement Gang Dinner and General Manager George Brown's Farewell Gang Dinner and show were among the many memorable special events.

At the latter, new General Manager Jim Harkins was introduced and warmly received by the members.

Another special event, the Skylab One Astronauts Gang Dinner, so pleased the space crew and the aerospace industry that another such event has been promised the Press Club.

No wonder the year passed so quickly. There was something doing every minute. □

**MARVIN JOHNSON**

*Publisher*

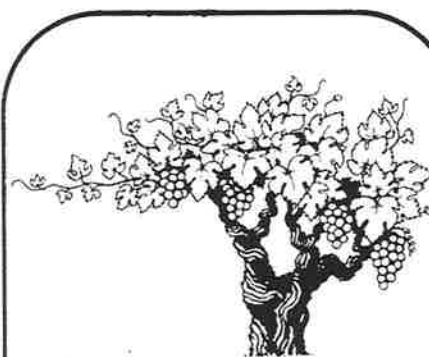
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# ANNUAL REPORTS

## Comments From the Committee Chairmen

*A short-form report to the members on achievements, problems and expectations from those who have put themselves and their time on the line:*

### *House Committee*

■ There has been some general refurbishing of the building. The offices of the manager, executive secretary, accounting department, the lobby, and some upstairs hallways have been re-carpeted. A new roof has been installed. New kitchen equipment has been installed and the kitchen, lounge and library have been repainted. The committee is constantly monitoring the dining room and bar operations. The hydro has been repainted, cleaned and repaired. Some of the rooms have been refurbished. All the work has been done with the help of all the committee members; the other committees, the general manager and the board of directors and with the complete support and cooperation of the membership. □

—Chairman Harvey H. Wing

### *Finance Committee*

■ The annual budget is before the board. There has been, of course, an increase in the cost of operations and so far there hasn't been a comparable increase in the revenues. So probably your board is going to recommend economies during the following year. During the past year there have been many capital improvements in the facilities—the lower lobby carpeted and painted, the hydro facilities expanded and refurbished, and many of the rooms and upstairs hallways changed.

Finances in the years ahead are going to be among the Club's most important considerations. Patience and understanding will be required of club members. □

—Chairman Charles H. Shreve, Jr.

### *Wine Committee*

■ A wine committee was established

this year to present to Press Club members the fine wines of California.

Guest "Wineries of the Month" have been Almaden Vineyards, Browne Vineyards, Robert Mondavi, Sterling, Sonoma Vineyards and Sebastiani. General membership tastings were held in the dining room once a month, with cheese provided by the Marin French Cheese Factory.

The highlight of the year was a "Wine Harvest Tour." Forty-five members took a charter bus to taste the fine wines of Schramsburg, Sterling and Robert Mondavi Wineries. The tour ended with a seven-course gourmet dinner at Robert Mondavi Winery. Press Club member Robert Mondavi gave an informal talk about the future of California wines.

Besides holding "Wine of the Month" tastings, the wine committee will be establishing a new wine list. □

—Chairman Jerry French

### *Entertainment Committee*

■ Greek table dancers, the Shugende String Orchestra and the New Company Singers have been part of the entertainment offered during the last year.

There have been evenings honoring the Cable Car Centennial, Tivoli Night and seven hours of entertainment for St. Patrick's Night. The Club's most successful dances were Mardi Gras and the Roaring Twenties. The annual Hydro Follies, San Francisco's opening kickoff festivities for Chinese New Year's and Ken Gillespie's "Rib Roast" were also well attended.

One of the committee's constant functions was the cocktail and music entertainment on Friday nights.

Theater parties included such hits as

*Godspell* and *Butley*. On The Club's stage there were the hits *Anything Goes* and *Montgomery Street*.

There was also a wide range of special events from the Carol Channing luncheon to the farewell evening for George Brown.

Artist members of the club contributed much of their time to make many of the events outstanding. □

—Chairman Alvin T. Guthertz

### *Hydro Committee*

■ The 1972-73 Hydro Committee, under the chairmanship of Patrick Mulligan and Gary Gates, attempted to include more hydro users and new club members in the Hydro's activities. In addition to the committee's annual Spin & Swim and Table Tennis competition, new programs such as swimming and scuba diving lessons were instituted for the hydro users' benefit. An inter-club table tennis tournament will be held with the Olympic Club in the near future. Plans are also underway for a club golf tournament. Extensive renovation and clean up work were completed in the hydro in the past year. □

—Chairman Gary Gates

### *Insurance Committee*

■ During the past year there has been a total of three claims under the package policy. The only one of a serious nature was a broken waterpipe for which the insurance company paid \$5164. There is one bodily injury claim pending.

We are happy to advise that experience with Workmen's Compensation has resulted in a three percent loss ratio under the policy. The total amount paid was \$274. Further, due to the very satisfactory loss ratio for the previous year, the insurance company issued a dividend check for \$1867 which we sent to The Club September 19, 1973.

The coverage under the package policy has been broadened. Liability limits have been increased and the amount of insurance on the building has been increased by \$188,000 to meet present day values. The package policy expired on May 1, 1973, but we were able to renew and even with increased coverage we are paying a lesser premium than before. □

—Chairman Edwin H. Schultz



## Publications Committee

■ The committee was established around veteran newsmen. The budget for the publications was increased slightly and Hal Silverman, editor of *California Living* and Sunday Edition of *The Examiner*, was picked to edit the annual SCOOP. Charlie Huy was re-named editor of the weekly SCOOP. On the committee are Lou Simon, Ed Montgomery, Josh Eppinger, Abe Melinkoff, Lyne Ulum and Larry McDonnell. Mel Tyler is the advertising director of the annual SCOOP. □

—Chairman **Graham Kislingbury**

## Gang Dinner Committee

■ There have been six Gang Dinners and four Gang Luncheons. Among the luminaries who have participated have been Peter Bridge, a newsman who was jailed for doing his job; the Apollo 17 crew; the San Francisco Forty-Niners; Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's associate; the San Francisco Giants; Skylab II Astronauts; Lennart Groll, Swedish Press Ombudsman; George Foreman, Heavyweight Champ; John Maher, Delancy Street founder, and Author Niven Busch. □

—Chairman **Dean M. Jennings**

## By-Laws Committee

■ Major revisions of the Press Club By-Laws, dealing mainly with definition and eligibility for membership, holding elections, and a variety of housekeeping amendments have been studied by the 1973 By-Laws Committee.

The Committee was appointed by Club President Charles Raudebaugh following completion of a membership survey. The survey, which brought responses from 950 members, including 44 percent of the voting members, indicated that a number of basic changes in the By-Laws and policies of The Club were desired by a majority of the members.

The By-Laws Committee was asked to take a complete look at the By-Laws, making revisions suggested by the survey and any others that seemed desirable. The revisions proposed by the Committee, the first major overhaul

since the present version was adopted in 1966, were set for election at the time of the annual meeting. □

—Chairman **James E. Lattie**

## Admissions Committee

■ The Admissions Committee met monthly during the past year with an average of about forty members of the committee attending the meetings. Don Galbraith and Frank Gore continued to serve as Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the committee and Paul McWhirr served as Sergeant-at-arms during the year.

In the fall of 1971, the Admissions Committee held its eighteenth annual gourmet dinner. Because of the closing of the dining room for dinner except on Monday and Friday nights, an annual cocktail party in lieu of an annual dinner was held in November 1972 to celebrate the completion of a year's activity, with about sixty members of the committee attending. This year's cocktail party for members of the committee is being held Tuesday evening, October 30, 1973.

During the twelve months from October 15, 1971, to October 15, 1972, as a result of the membership drive with entrance fee waived from April through September 1972 when a total of 575 new members were admitted, the membership increased by 336 members. During the past year from October 1, 1972, to October 1, 1973, the membership decreased by 276 to a total of 2609. The following tabulation shows the number of members by class of membership as of October 1, 1972.

	Oct. 1, 1972	Oct. 1, 1973	Change
Active .....	508	451	-57
Junior Active .....	19	16	-3
Press Affiliate .....	59	48	-11
Associate .....	822	732	-90
Service .....	22	21	-1
Junior Associate ..	51	37	-14
Suburban Associate	280	255	-25
Resident .....	74	68	-6
Newswomen .....	88	79	-9
Active Life .....	49	50	+1
Life .....	73	69	-4
Suburban Active ..	181	167	-14
NR-Active .....	194	180	-14
NR-Associate .....	254	218	-36
Consul .....	31	27	-4
Press Widow .....	82	88	+6
Artist .....	54	53	-1
Honorary .....	44	50	+6
Totals .....	2885	2609	-276

—Chairman **Ronald H. Born**

## Membership Committee

■ No activity. No chairman. □

## Radio and TV Awards Committee

■ No activity. No chairman. □

## Professional News Awards Committee

■ See Page 16

## Junior Scholarship Awards Committee

■ See Page 44

## Press Club OK women, 18-year-olds

Reversing a position of a year ago, the San Francisco Press Club last night voted to give full membership rights to women who meet professional qualifications.

The 233-62 vote was accompanied by a similar majority for another previously controversial proposition—the granting of membership to 18-year-olds.

William G. Thomas, Chronicle reporter, was elected president to succeed Charles Raudebaugh, also a Chronicle reporter.

Other new officers were vice president, Patrick Muligan of KBHK-TV; second vice president, Superior Judge Leland J. Lazarus; secretary, Stephen R. Pitcher, legal editor for Bancroft-Whitney publishers, and treasurer, Carney J. Campion, manager Redwood Empire Association.

Directors elected were Jack Angius, Pacific Telephone Co. public information; Gordon Grannis, Crown-Zellerbach public relations; Sydney Kossen, Examiner political editor, and Kevin P. McCullough, KRON-TV.

# EVENTS

*Everything Is Special  
But Let's Face It  
Some Things Are More  
Special Than Others*

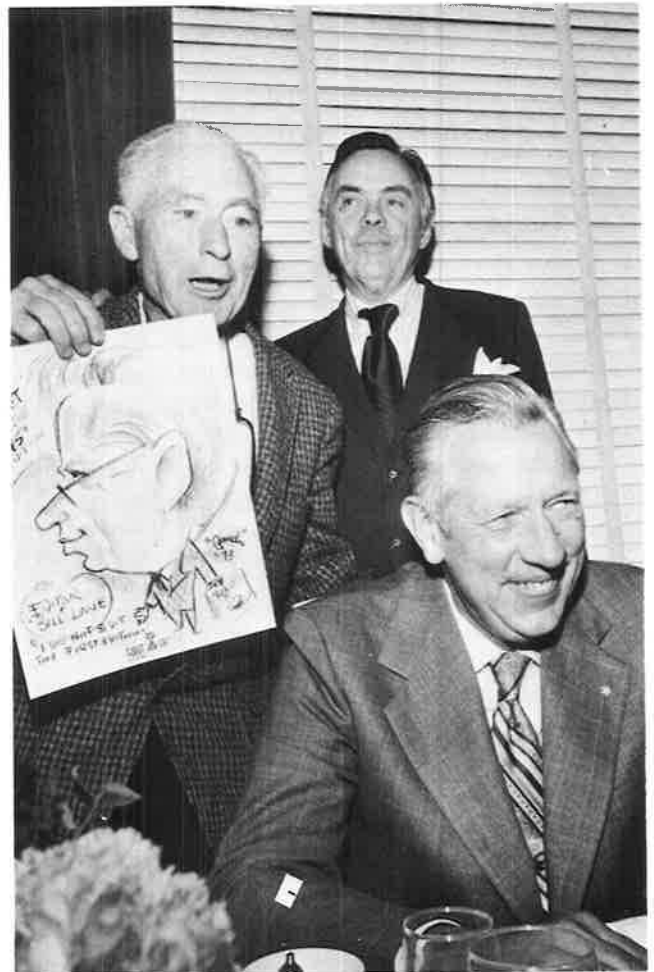


*Spin & Swim  
dunkees at the jump-off.*

## What the Lobby Posters Tried to Tell You



*McQuade Awards: Owen Owens, Berkeley Gazette;  
Sen Alan Cranston, Rev. Joseph McGucken  
and Charles and Nina Raudebaugh.*



*Club caricaturist Pancho Willmarth  
and Gray Creveling with  
William Lane.  
How do you like the caricature?  
It's of Lane . . . right?*

# EVENTS

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But Let's Face It  
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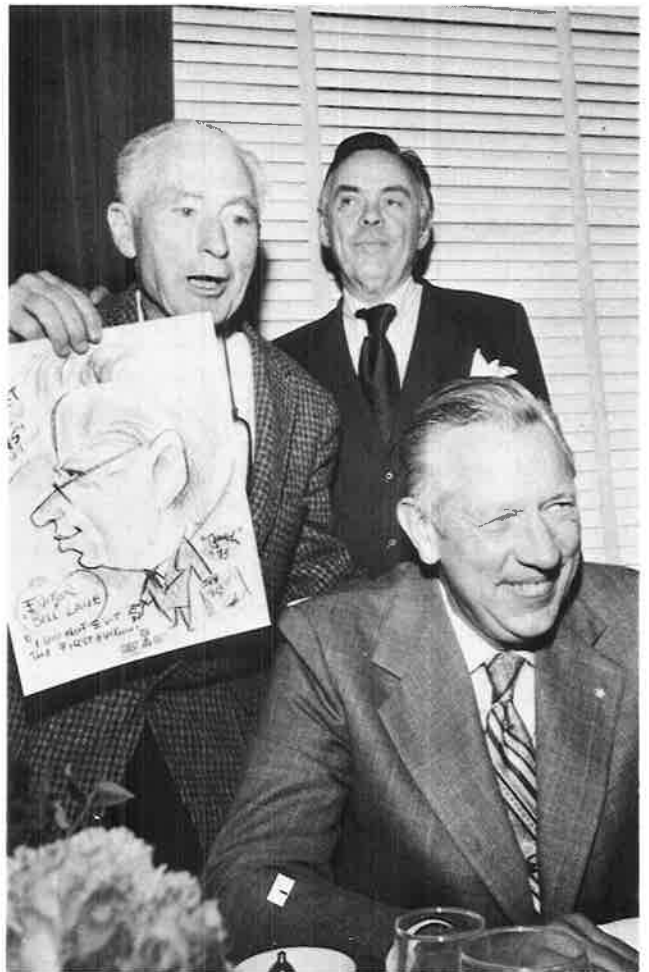


*Spin & Swim  
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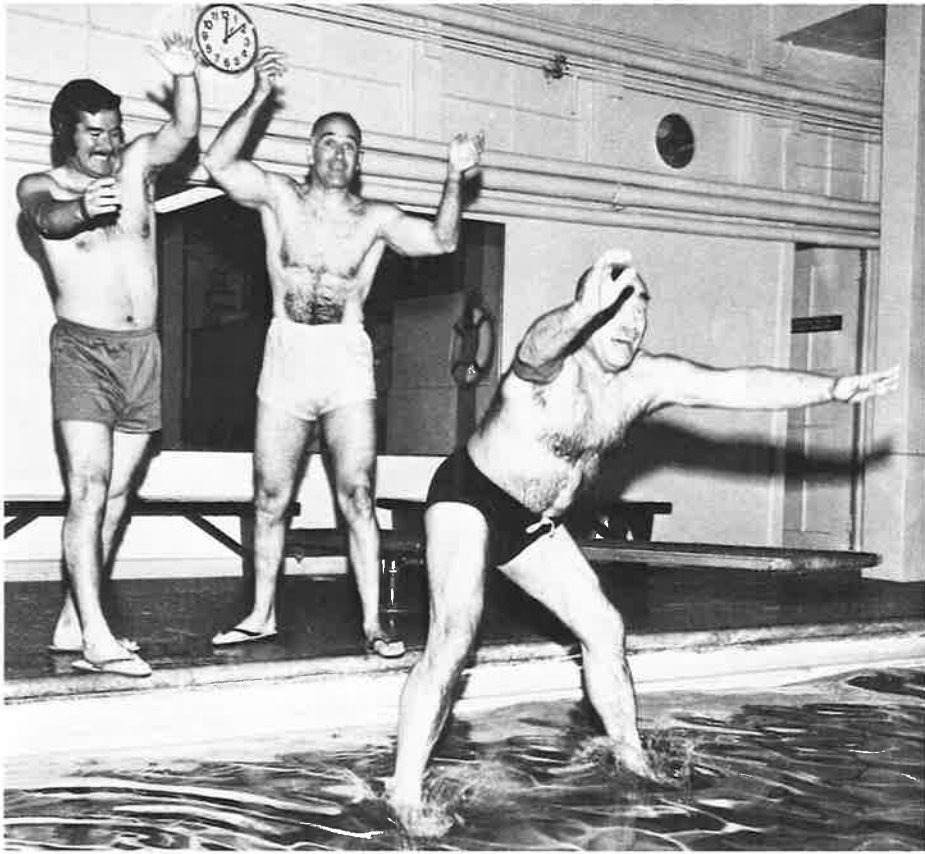
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*Club caricaturist Pancho Willmarth  
and Gray Creveling with  
William Lane.  
How do you like the caricature?  
It's of Lane . . . right?*



*Dr. Robert Perlman, winner of the Spin & Swim, getting the traditional winner's award from Pat Mulligan and Walt Halbasch.*



*Ladies' Lunch demonstration by Vidal Sassoon.*



*Spin & Swim devotees Ron Born, left, Walt Halbasch and Carl Rumold conduct the Calcutta.*

*(Continued)*





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## EVENTS



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*Pocketa-pocketa-pocketa . . . the ping-pong hierarchy, from left, Frank Holsinger, Lud Neumann, Dan Chu (runnerup in the senior division), Dick Boyle (winner of the junior division) and Bob Chang*



*More pocketa-pocketa-pocketa . . . the finals with Bob Chang on the left and Dan Chu across the table.*



*Smiling on the inside, too—Judge Leland Lazarus and wife, Frances, with other participants at Children's Christmas Party.*



*After the final draw in the Gin Rummy Playoff, from left, Walter Barkett, Carl Rumold, chairman of the tournament, and winner Harley Witt.*



*Author's luncheon with Niven Busch, Hal Silverman and Emily Freedman.*

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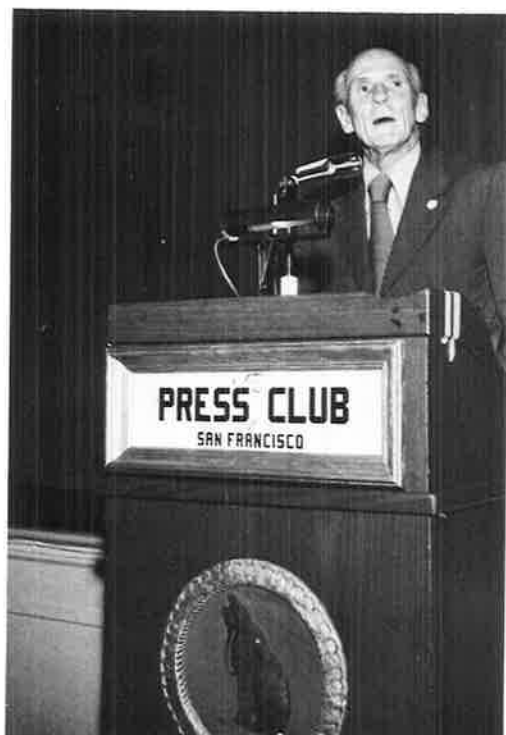
# GUESTS

## They Spoke So We Would Listen

*Some Of The Prominent  
Guests Who Came To Check Us  
Out And Vice Versa*



*Departed Israeli  
Consul David Ben-Dov  
at ladies' luncheon with Chairperson  
Emily Freedman and Eva Purcell.*



*Senator Alan Cranston at the  
McQuade Awards dinner  
honoring Catholic newsmen.*



*Pat Mulligan  
and the incomparable  
Agnes Moorehead.*



*Tom Cahill, an ex-chief of the San Francisco Police Department, with Walter Pudinski, the chief of the California Highway Patrol.*



*Peter Donat and Emily Freedman.*



*John Maher, president of the embattled Delancy Street Foundation, telling part of his story at a Gang Dinner.*

*(Continued)*

# GUESTS

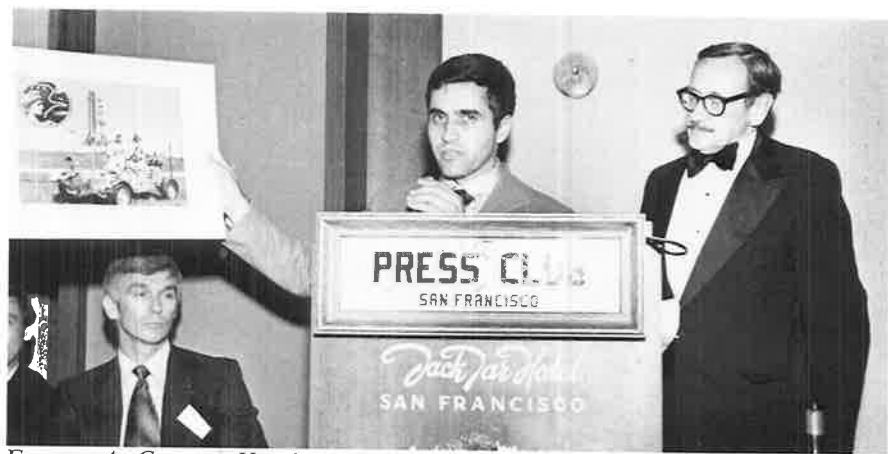
*...from outer space.*



*From left, in front, Senators Milton Marks and George Moscone, Ron Evans, Capt. Philip Green, Lt. Gov. Reinecke and Eugene Cernan. Above is Harrison Schmitt and Dean Jennings.*



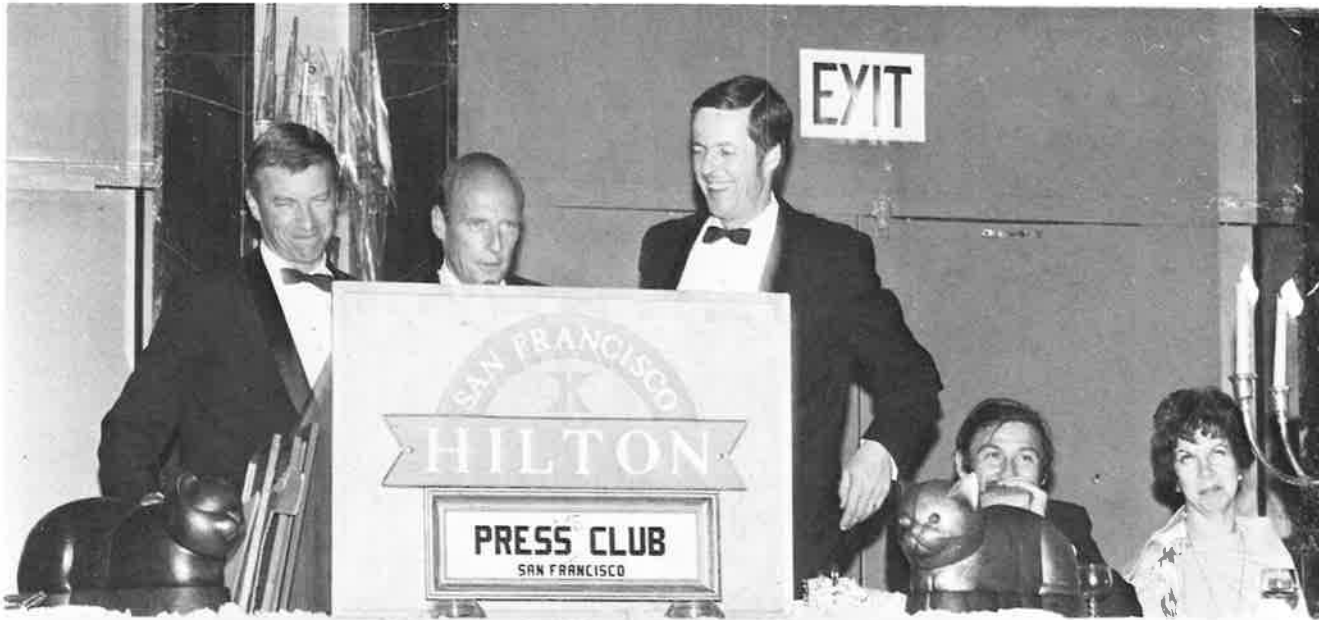
*Astronaut Ron E. Evans.*



*Eugene A. Cernan, Harrison H. Schmitt and Charles Raudebaugh preside at the Astro dinner.*



*Some of the members and guests who appeared for the Astro dinner.*



*At the dinner honoring the Skylab operation Paul Weitz, Charles Conrad Jr., Joseph P. Kerwin all appeared. Seated, Tom Ross and Mrs. J. P. Kerwin.*



*And then at the party afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kerwin, Charles Conrad, Paul Weitz enjoy the jokes of Charles Raudebaugh.*



*Dennis Anderson, Charles Conrad and Bob Wilkins from KTVU.*

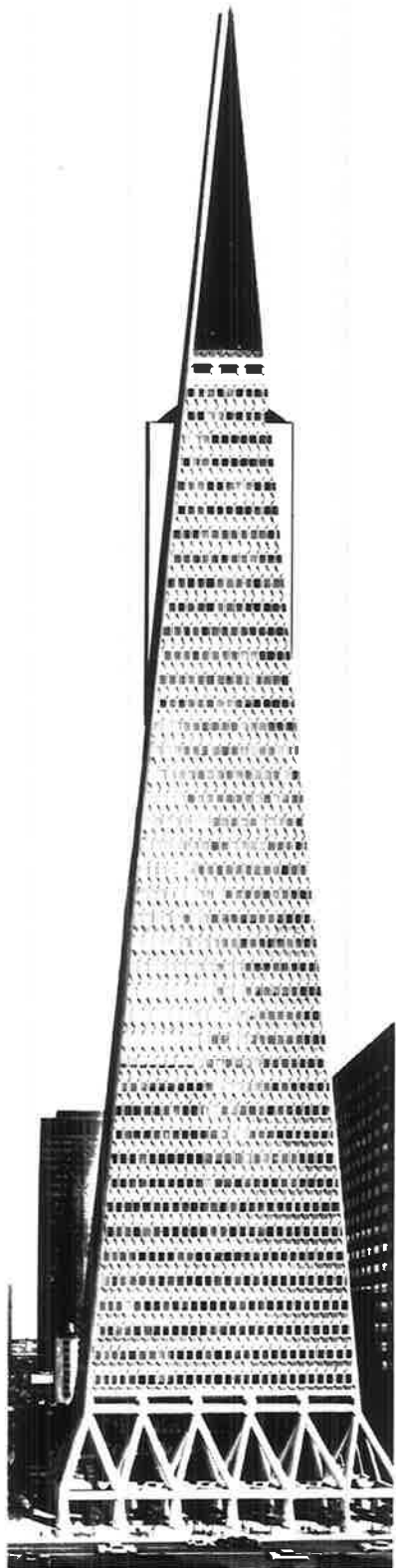


*Dennis Anderson and Terry Lowry from KRON.*

*(Continued)*



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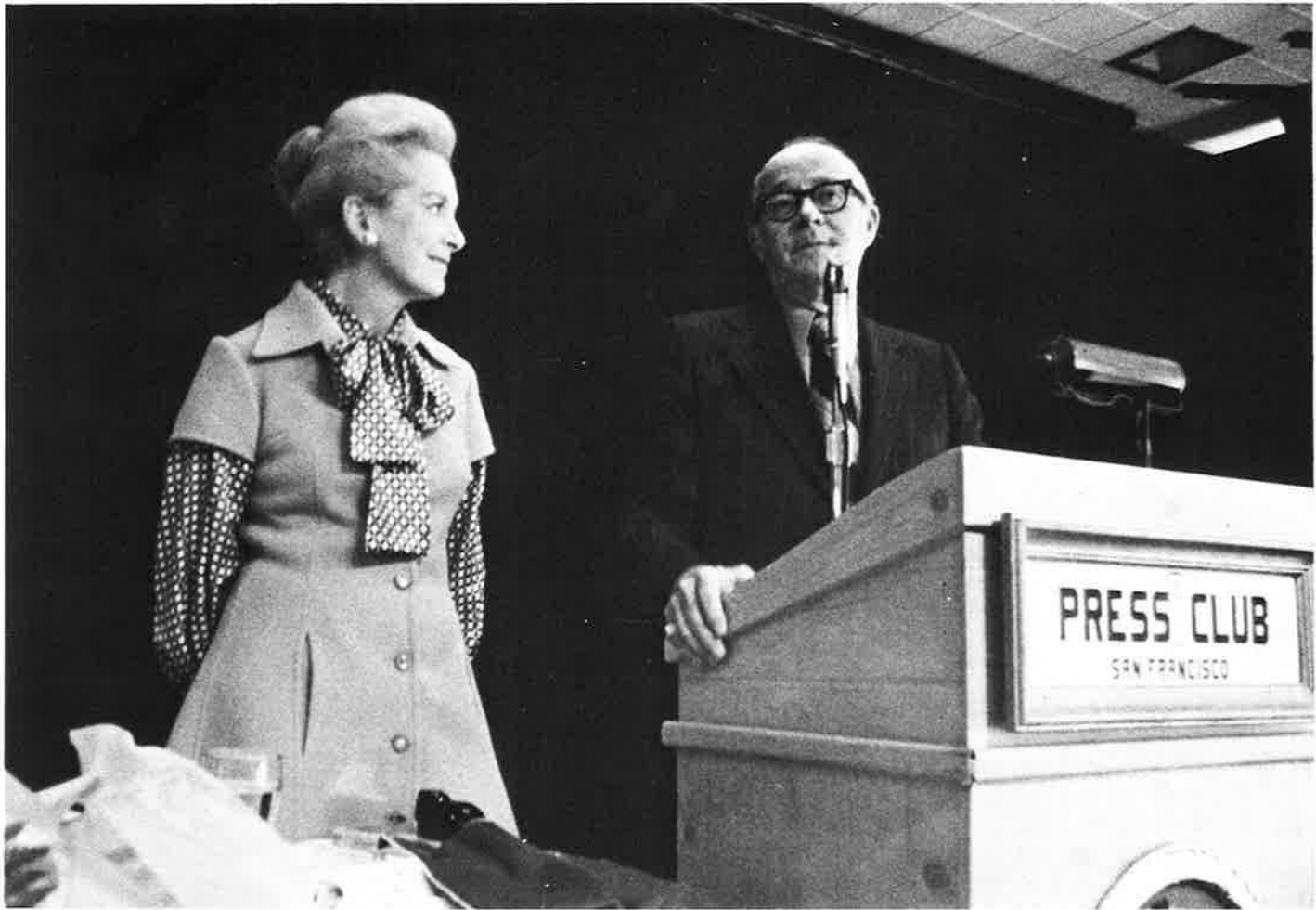
## GUESTS



*Peter Bridge, who defied the judge and went to jail in New Jersey for not revealing his sources for a newspaper series, reveals his experiences at a special luncheon event.*



*Isabel Gilbert, hypno-therapist, at a hypno-therapeutic ladies' luncheon.*



The fabulous Deborah Kerr and Paul Speegle.

If you've been  
there, you know.



## SUNTORY ROYAL

The Whisky of Japan

86.8 proof. A blend of rare selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto and Yamashiro, Japan. Imported by Suntory International, Los Angeles, Calif.



Save with  
the oldest  
and be safe

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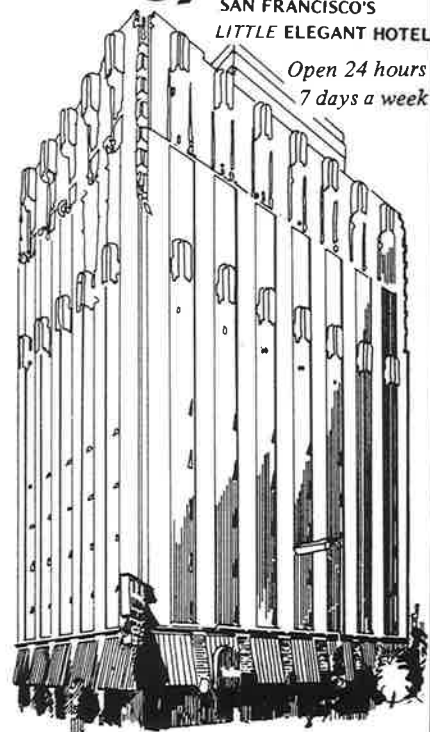
Other Offices:  
Danville, Pleasanton,  
San Jose (2), Santa Rosa,  
and soon, San Mateo

Total Assets: Over \$98,000,000

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# COUPLES

## Enough Pairs To Almost Beat A Full House



*Ex-chief Al Nelder & Police Captain Charles Barca.*



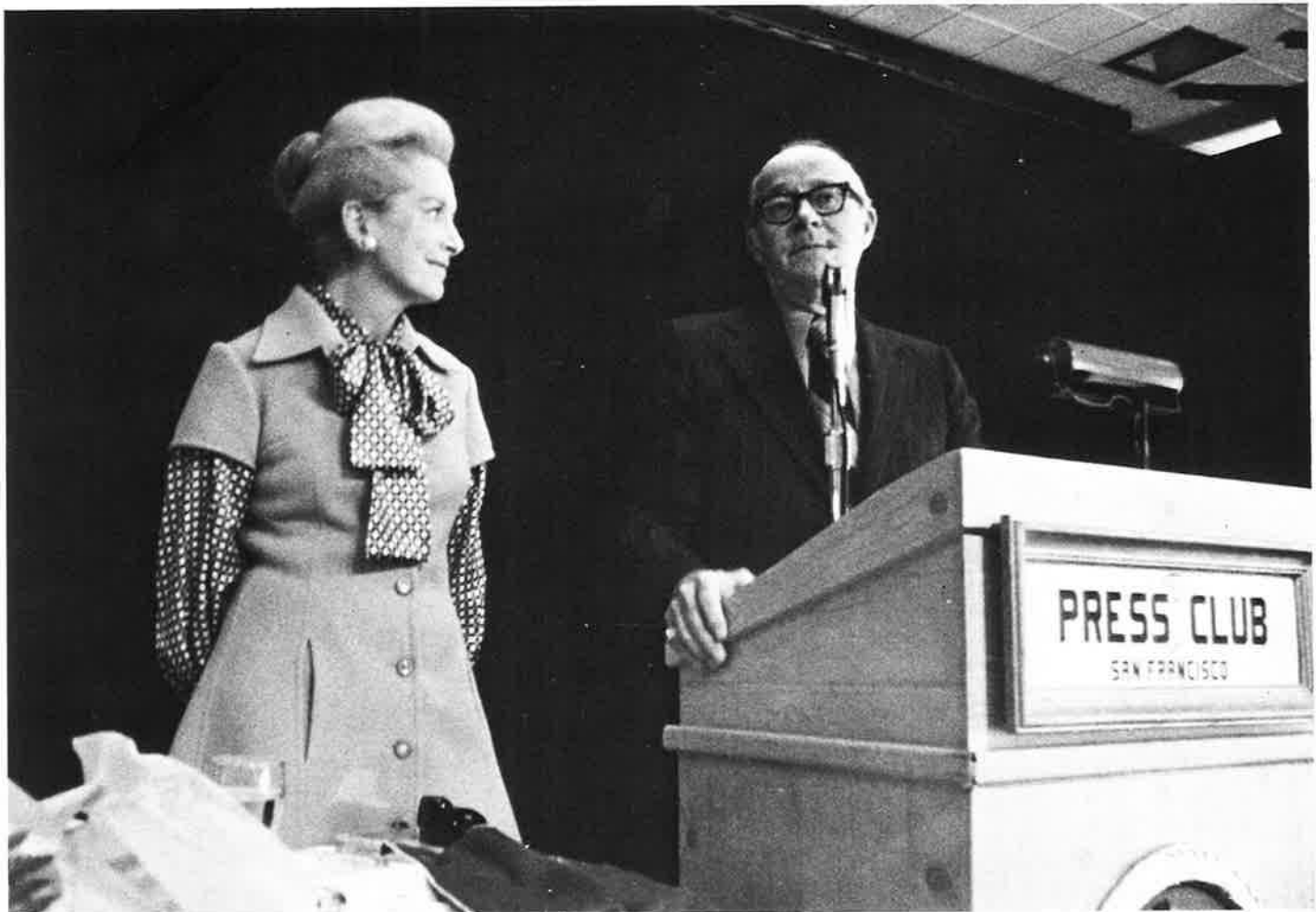
*Ron & Ruth Ann Born.*



*For emphasis, Jim Leary and Grant Robbins.*



*Barbara Hoshyama and Andy Wong.*



The fabulous Deborah Kerr and Paul Speegle.

If you've been  
there, you know.



**SUNTORY  
ROYAL**

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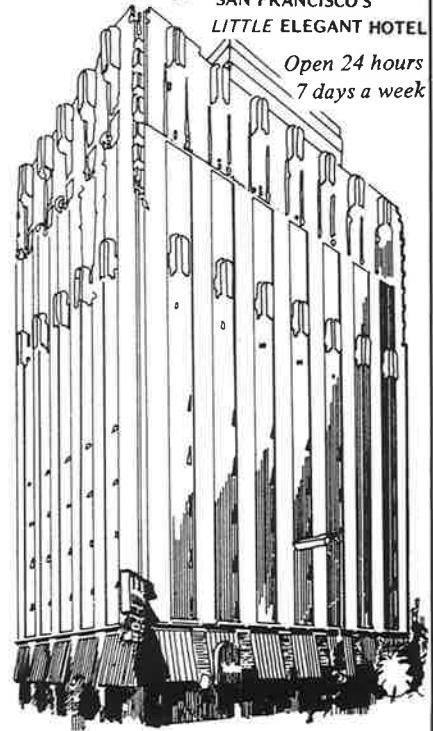
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San Jose (2), Santa Rosa,  
and soon, San Mateo  
Total Assets: Over \$98,000,000

*The Raphael*

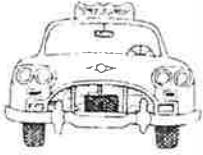
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**Yellow Cab**

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Some Fleeting,  
Some Fleeing,  
All Having A Fine Time*



*Dorothy & Art Free.*



*Louis Simon & Miss Chinatown 1973.*



*Former Warden & Mrs. Clinton Duffy.*

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 Let's be Friends'



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*George Foreman  
 and Wes Tyler.*



*Mr. & Mrs. Lee Bunney.*



*Guy Chorney and Vidal Sassoon.*

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# SHOW FOLK

## Show Biz Doffs Its Cap On Post Street

*Some Came To Sing  
(Or Dance) For Their Supper,  
But Most Came  
Merely To Entertain You . . .  
Just Like It Says In The Song.*



*The Chord Reporters  
doing their number.*



*Georgette Twain, the Queen of the Banjo.*



*Walter Hinton on St. Patrick's Night.*



*Taggart Casey at a Friday night House Party.*



*Carol Channing and Mayor Alioto.*



*Big Jim Leary belts out "There'll Be a Change" at the Rib Roast.*

*(Continued)*

# SHOW FOLK



*The Godspell jivers bounced over from Geary Street.*



*Dee Parker.*



*Louis Barella and Joy, an evening of Smiles.*

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*Ship Route of the Bears*



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*Orrin Tucker visited when he was playing at the St. Francis.*



*The cast of El Grande De Coca Cola.*



*The gang helps the salute to San Francisco's Cable Cars.*



*Carmen Ortiz performed at a House Party.*



*Author Jon Hendricks still practices his prior pursuits to the delight of all.*



*Kelly Rand comes to the Club from the St. Francis.*

# Dedicated to the Conservation of a Scarce National Resource— Human Blood

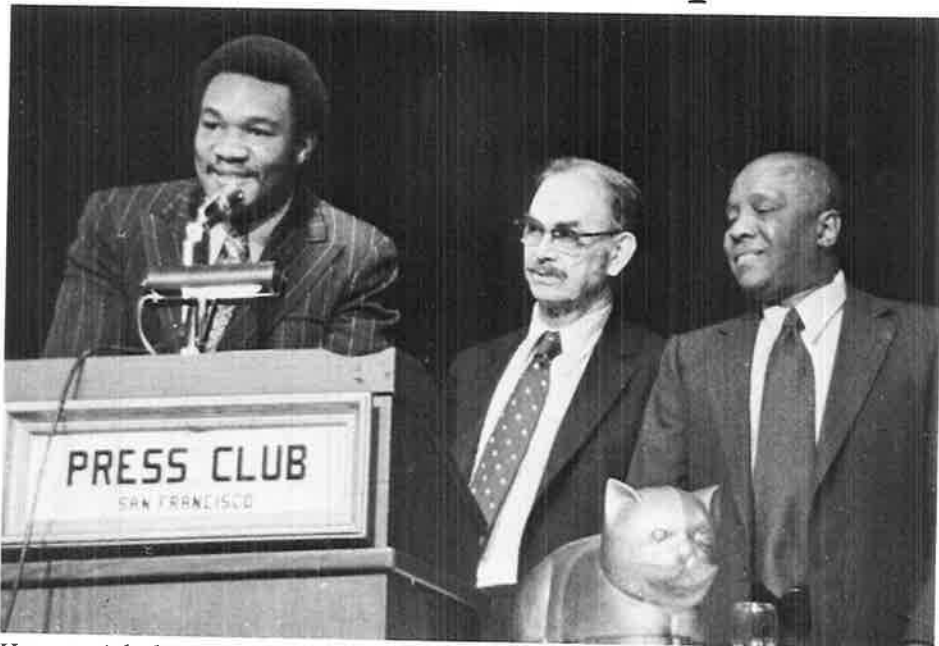
**CUTTER Laboratories, Inc.**, Berkeley, Calif.

**WORLD LEADER  
IN HUMAN PLASMA FRACTIONS**

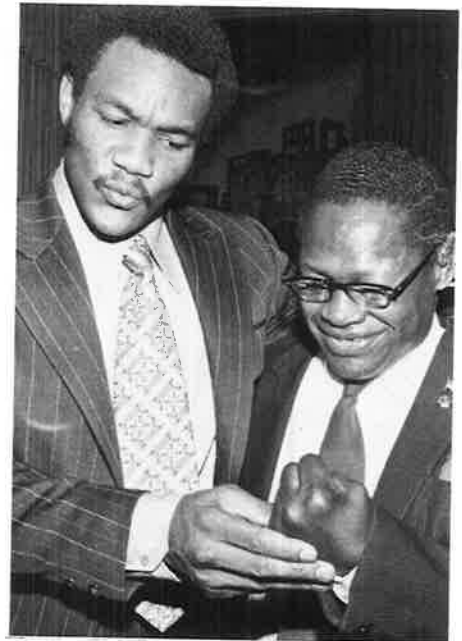


# ATHLETES

## Sports And Other Sports

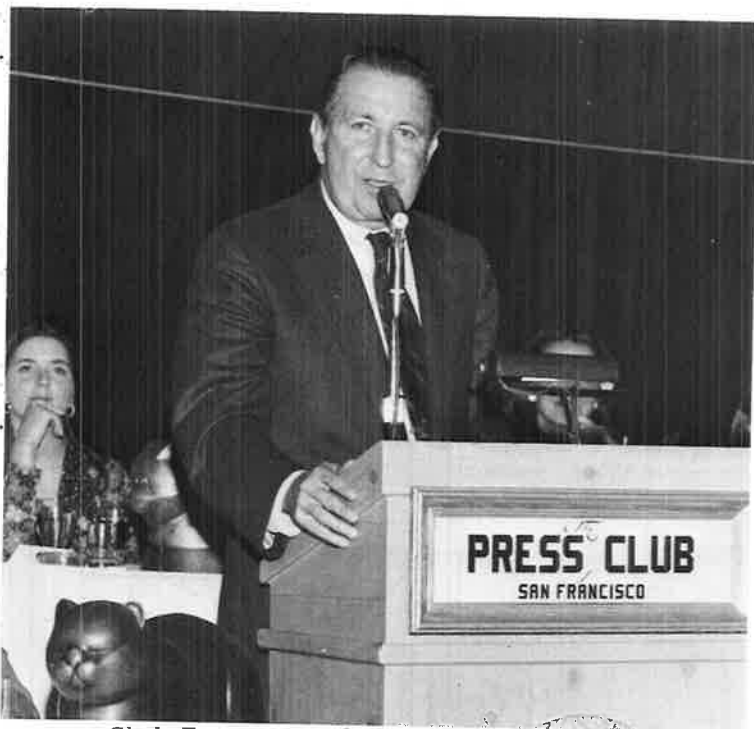


Heavyweight boxing champ George Foreman and his manager Dick Sadler flank Eddie Muller, The Examiner boxing writer who called the shot before Foreman won the crown.



The Champ checks the weapon of Leroy 'Tiger' Wade, who also boxed his way to fame.

*It Was A Year  
That Champs  
And Would-Be Champs  
Came To Visit*



Chub Feeney, president of the National League, speaks up at a special appreciation night for The Giants.



Champ George Foreman and Judge Fran McCarty.





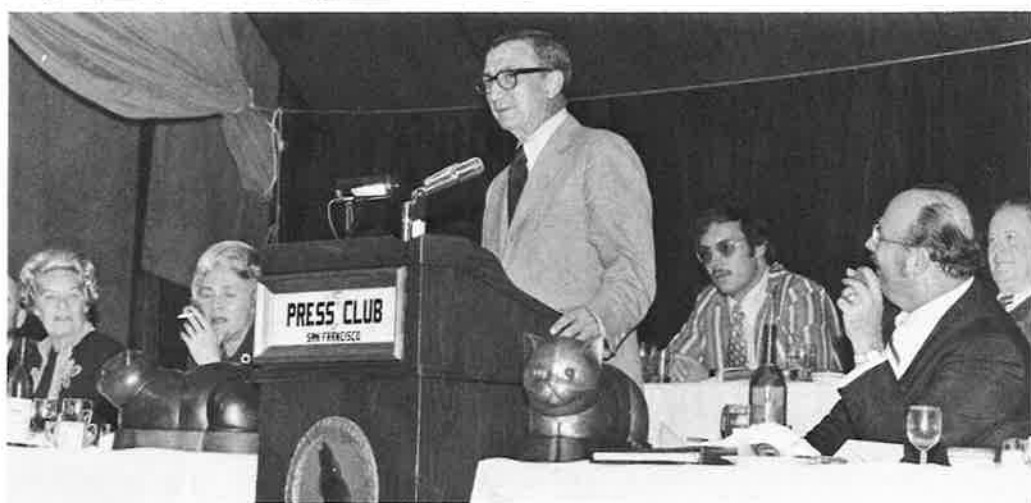
*Gene Washington of the 49ers and Linda Marks.*



*Dick Nolan allows us to mix a metaphor by making pitch.*



*Always a sport, ex-49er Monte Stickles, who is heard on KGO Radio with John O'Reilly of KGO-TV.*



*At the head table appreciating the appreciations for the 49ers are owners Lou Spadia, speaking, and, from the left, owners Josephine Morabito and her sister-in-law Jane Morabito. To Spadia's left player Ted Kwalick and Dean Jennings, the Gang Dinner chairman. Which one do you envy the most?*

**FUN!**

**FunFunFun  
FunFunFun  
FunFunFun  
FunFunFun**

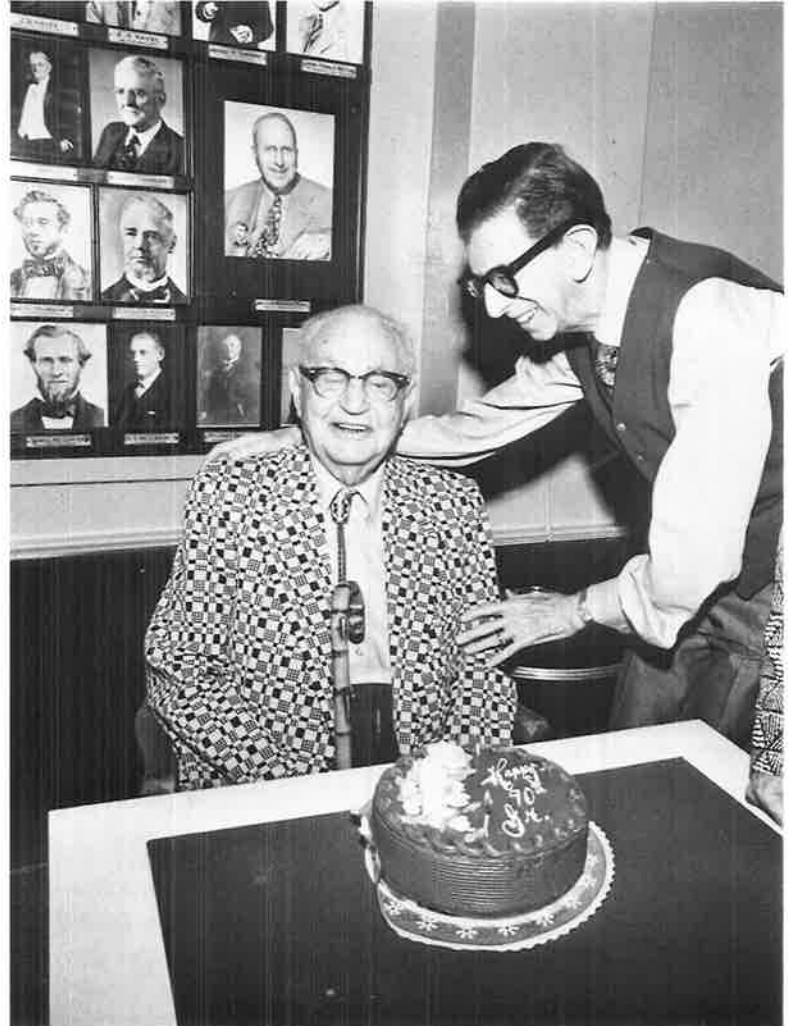
*It Has Been Said  
That The Press Sometimes Takes  
Itself Too Seriously . . .  
But No One Ever Said  
Press Clubbers Don't Know  
How To Smile*



*Charlotte Silk with husband, Vince, who operates the spotlight for a number of club affairs (the organized ones) with Faye Arnold, wife of official Press Club Photographer Ken Arnold, who took this picture real well, didn't he? By the way, he didn't raise even an iota of an objection about using it.*



*Printers Elmer Darr and Harold Mitchell can get animated over a lot of things, including SCOOP, which they printed.*



*Frank Brown, Jr., celebrating his birthday in spite of Ira Blue.*



*What's a club without a New Year's Eve Party?*



*Al Katz on Tivoli Night.*



*From the left: Perc Oreck, Jack McDermott, Ethel Oreck and Ed Durkin.*



*Art and Dot Kramer with Ed Montgomery.*



*Maise Blount, Jerrie Olhwein,  
Club treasurer Ray Leavitt  
with Hal Silverman and snappy, snappin' Joe Rosenthal.*

# EMPLOYEES

## They Help Things To Keep Going...

*With Apologies  
To All Those Other  
Press Club Employees  
Whose Photographs  
Aren't Here*



*Behind the smiles, from left, Frances Kampfen, Roberta A. Boysen, Cecilia Wharton and Lisa Lovell.*



*Jim Harkins, the new general manager.*



*James MacGregor and Ray Henderson.*



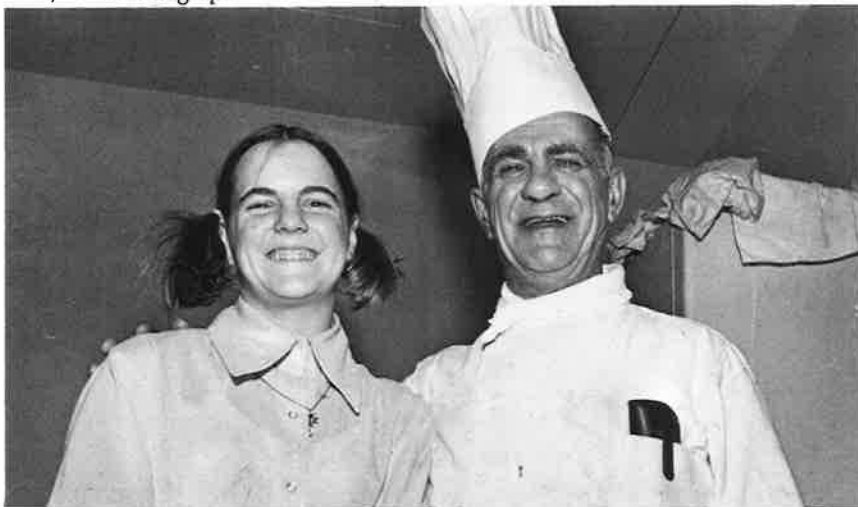


*The Hong Family.*

*Bun Hong and Charles Raudebaugh at Hong's retirement dinner after his many years at The Club.*



*If you can't name them, you ought to at least recognize them. And if you can't do that either, please spend more time in the bar boning and/or drinking up.*



*Chef Ernest Lanker and his wife.*



*Supervisor Peter Tamaras presents a Certificate of Honor by the Board of Supervisors to outgoing club manager George Brown.*



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 Cayton, Revels H.  
 Cerwin, Herbert  
 Champion, Dale H.  
 Chandler, Sanford L.  
 Chang, Robert N.  
 Cherry, Alfred W.  
 Christopher, Carl, Jr.  
 Clapp, W. Ray  
 Clement, Pierre  
 Clyde, Brooke H.  
 Coane, Charles C.  
 Coffey, George R.  
 Cohen, David S.  
 Cohune, James S.  
 Collins, Edward J., Jr.  
 Connell, Duane W.  
 Connell, Robert C.  
 Converse, J. A.  
 Conway, Michael E.  
 Cooke, Michael J.  
 Correa, Anthony  
 Coslett, David L.  
 Cosley, Jerry W.  
 Coughlan, Russ C.  
 Cowans, Andrew (Drew)  
 Crapsey, Alfred W.  
 Crawford, James W.  
 Creed, Dudley  
 Creveling, Gray  
 Cruzan, Hal  
 Cushing, William G.  
 Cutter, Christopher C.  
 Czufin, Louis F.  
 DaCosta, Robert C., Jr.  
 Danforth Donald Henry  
 Darr, Elmer G.  
 David, Herb W.  
 Davidson, Jack M.  
 Davin, Richard P., Jr.  
 DeLone, Don E.  
 Dema, Peter  
 De Martini, Armond J.  
 Dempsey, Rev. James J., S.J.  
 Denman, Ronald J.  
 Denton, Charles M.  
 Dentz, Howard R.  
 De Petrillo, Herbert  
 Diamond, Julian H.  
 Diner, James P.  
 Diner, Leo  
 Diner, Roy E.  
 Dixon, H. Vernon  
 Draeger, Frederick R.  
 Drew, J. Edward  
 Duke, Jan L.  
 Dunham, Kenneth E.  
 Dunphy, Ross Harold  
 Eiseman, Paul F.  
 Eisenberg, Bernard I.  
 Eisenberg, Harry

Eisenlord, William J.  
 Elliott, Virgil L.  
 Ellis, William C.  
 Elm, Cdr. Ienar E.  
 Emerson, Richard W.  
 Enger, Richard A.  
 Eppinger, Josua, Jr.  
 Eshleman, John M.  
 Estopinal, Robert A.  
 Feichtinger, James N.  
 Fellom, Roy, Jr.  
 Finnegan, Peter M.  
 Fisher, Geoffrey  
 Flannigan, Patrick J.  
 Fleming, Thomas C.  
 Forster, Paul Q.  
 Foster, George M.  
 Fournival, Raymond  
 Fox, C. Lyn  
 Frank, Edward H.  
 Franklin, Logan  
 Friedrichs, Charles W.  
 Friel, William  
 Fruetel, Harlan G.  
 Fujiwara, Yoshiro  
 Funge, Frank E.  
 Galbraith, Donald  
 Gavin, George  
 Gee, David R.  
 Gerstle, Mark L., III  
 Gogarty, Henry A.  
 Gold, Herbert  
 Goldie, Sydney E.  
 Gomberg, Louis  
 Good, V. Richard  
 Goodlett, Dr. Carlton B.  
 Gordon, Gerald  
 Gould, Charles L.  
 Grannis, Gordon E.  
 Grant, W. J.  
 Graves, Glenn G.  
 Graybiel, Lloyd E.  
 Greenagel, John P.  
 Greer, David, Jr.  
 Grieve, Vernon David, Jr.  
 Griffin, Elmer J.  
 Gros, Robert R.  
 Grote, David J.  
 Guiney, Timothy J.  
 Gutherz, Alvin T.  
 Hahn, Robert D.  
 Halbasch, Walter  
 Hale, H. F.  
 Hallgren, Dick  
 Halliburton, Gene  
 Halloran, Vincent J.  
 Hance, Harrison H.  
 Hannon, Kevin H.  
 Hanson, Dwain  
 Hanson, John K.  
 Hanson, Warren D.  
 Hayes, Richard  
 Hearst, Randolph A.

Heatly, Roy F.  
 Heckinger, L. H. Sanford  
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 Elm, Cdr. Ienar O.  
 Hetzel, Melvyn L.  
 Hiaring, Philip  
 Hiaring, Philip E.  
 Hider, Fred W.  
 Hildreth, John A.  
 Hodges, Rev. Lynn E.  
 Hodges, Melvin S.  
 Hoffman, Edwin  
 Holt, Alexander V (Fifth)  
 Holtz, Raymond M.  
 Horowitz, Arnold J.  
 Howard, James Emmons  
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 Hurmuses, Paul  
 Hutchinson, Ray L.  
 Hutton, Joy F.  
 Indahl, Norman E.  
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 Jacob, William H.  
 Jacobs, Julius L.  
 Jacobsen, Krueger B.  
 James, John E.  
 Jennings, Dean M.  
 Jensen, John E.  
 Joachim, David E.  
 Joffe, Gerardo  
 Jordan, Thomas F.  
 Kaiser, Frank C.  
 Kammeijer, Christiaan K.  
 Kaplan, Jack E.  
 Karski, Gerald  
 Kaufman, J. James  
 Kearns, John R.  
 Kelley, James A.  
 Kelly, James W., Jr.  
 Kelly, John K.  
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 Kiltine, William F.  
 Kimbrough, Karl F.  
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 Kirby, Robert W.  
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 Kirstowsky, Fred W.  
 Kislingbury, Graham  
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 Knox, Philip M.  
 Kassen, Sidney  
 Kristoffersen, Kaj  
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 Laidlaw, Walter M.  
 Lal, Gobind B.  
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 Landrum, Dr. Edszen N.  
 Langley, Kenneth S.  
 Langton, James F.  
 Larsen, John

Larson, Iver C.  
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 Leonard, James H., Jr.  
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 Murphy, William J.

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 Nichols, Robert F.  
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 O'Connor, Edward J.  
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 Orr, Roger A.  
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 Page, LeRoy W.  
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 Robertson, Gene  
 Robertson, James A.  
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 Shannon, Donn C.  
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 Smith, John M.  
 Smith, Wells B.  
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 Spann, Owen H.  
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 Sprunger, Ellis H.  
 St. Peter, Charles  
 Steele, Don  
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 Taylor, Roy W.  
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 Thomas, William G.  
 Toman, Raymond V.  
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 Trimble, Peter G.

Turner, George M.  
 Turner, Wallace  
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 Wagner, Jack R.  
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 Walters, John E.  
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 Roodin, Alfred  
 Rosenthal Henry  
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 Schlüssel, Jacob

Sheridan, Phillip  
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 Spivock, Charles  
 Stanton, Alden P.  
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 Walsh, Francis P.  
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 Alper, Harrison C.  
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 Anderson, Glenn W., D.P.M.  
 Anderson, Oscar E.  
 Anselmo, Gilman J.  
 Apfelbaum, Paul David  
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 Assily, Raffoul Y.  
 Auerbach, Stephen B.  
 Babin, Norbert S.  
 Bacharach, Melvin L.  
 Bachman, Jerome N.  
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 Balliet, Theodore H.  
 Banks, Thurm L., M.D.  
 Barbagelata, Robert D.  
 Barell, Benard  
 Barkeitt, Walter T.  
 Barlettani, Fred F.  
 Barnett, Herbert  
 Barnett, Phillip  
 Barnett, Victor  
 Barrish, Bennie  
 Bart, Lee  
 Bart, Lee S., Jr.  
 Begley, Bernard C., M.D.  
 Begley, Robert F.  
 Beichley, F. W.  
 Bell, M. R.  
 Bell, Herb  
 Belli, Melvin M.  
 Benard, Herbert  
 Benard, Rodger L.  
 Benard, Ralph S., D.P.M.  
 Bentley, Mark  
 Berg, Jerome  
 Bergau, Dr. Max W.  
 Berger, Leonard B.  
 Berger, Michael  
 Berk, Dr. Dayton  
 Berkman, William R.  
 Bernstein, Abraham, M.D.  
 Bigarani, William C.  
 Birnbaum, Nat I.  
 Bixby, Robert S.  
 Black, John M., Jr.  
 Blake, William Clare  
 Bleiweiss, Harry  
 Bloch, Dr. Louis

Bloom, Leonard J.  
 Blum, Marshall R.  
 Blumenthal, Ben  
 Boasberg, Albert L.  
 Bobrow, Herb  
 Bochow, Walter O.  
 Bohne, Daniel  
 Boss, Louis J.  
 Boswell, Rev. Hamilton T.  
 Bowcutt, Donald J.  
 Bowler, Michael J.  
 Bowman, Leonard W.  
 Boyd, Marvin L.  
 Boyle, Richard C.  
 Bragstad, Jeremiah O.  
 Brandwein, Jack H.  
 Braverman, Morris  
 Breit, Benjamin B.  
 Brinton, William M.  
 Brown, Frank A.  
 Brown, Jon L.  
 Buckminster, William B.  
 Buller, Norman E.  
 Burgon, Robert G.  
 Burkholder, Robert S.  
 Burnham, Dr. DeWitt  
 Burns, James J.  
 Burnside, Boyd B.  
 Bush, Louis C.  
 Butler, Dr. Clarence  
 Byrne, Francis J.  
 Caesar, Richard C., DDS  
 Callanan, John G., M.D.  
 Cameron, Ian E., Jr  
 Camp, Meyer M.  
 Campilongo, Judge Victor M.  
 Cane, Charles H.  
 Cannon, James M.  
 Carlen, Charles E.  
 Carroll, Douglas C.  
 Carroll, John J.  
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 Cartwright, Robert E.  
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 Chamberlain, Robert M.  
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 Chester, William H.  
 Chow, W. Jack  
 Christopher, George  
 Church, Clive  
 Clapham, Rev. Stanley  
 Clark, Stephen E.  
 Clifford, Bertram J.  
 Coffey, J. Marc

Cohen, Harry J.  
 Cohn, Albert  
 Coleman, George L.  
 Colton, Lenard W.  
 Compton, James  
 Cone, Fred A.  
 Conner, Alfred A.  
 Connolly, Richard  
 Cooley, Paul L.  
 Cooper, Lucius A.  
 Cornejo, Carlos V.  
 Cornell, Robert H.  
 Cory, Edward J.  
 Cotchett, Joseph W., Sr.  
 Cotton, Franklin C.  
 Courtney, William J.  
 Cousins, Michael J., Jr.  
 Cowley, Victor  
 Coyle, Patrick W.  
 Creamer, Philip R.  
 Creighton, John W.  
 Cross, Reuben  
 Crowley, Glenn B.  
 Cruikshank, Richard E.  
 Cruz, Ramiro Y., D.D.S.  
 Currey, Edwin L., Jr.  
 Currie, Henry  
 Dacey, John J.  
 da Costa, Victor A., Jr.  
 Dalgero, Lawrence J.  
 Dardi, Virgil D.  
 Davey, Capt. Stanley F.  
 Davis, Alphin C.  
 Davis, Clarence  
 Davis, George T.  
 Davis, Henry F.  
 Davis, James R., Jr.  
 Davis, James T.  
 Davis, Sidney  
 Davis, Walter M.  
 Dee, Joseph A.  
 DeFini, Nicholas S.  
 deHeinrich, Frank J.  
 De La Torre, Edward V.  
 de Vries, Paul  
 Diamond, Stanley, M.D.  
 Dieppe, William A.  
 Dilario, Peter A., M.D.  
 Dixon, F. Gene, D.D.S.  
 Dolan, Robert J.  
 Donaldson, William L.  
 Donovan, Jerry  
 Dorfler, Elliott L.  
 Downing, Joseph E.  
 Doyle, Richard E.

Dreyfus, Benjamin  
 Drosnin, Sidney S.  
 Drucker, Allan  
 Dunlay, Frank J.  
 Dunnigan, John F.  
 Edelstein, Jerome  
 Edwards, Floyd Logan, Jr.  
 Ehlen, John B.  
 Ehrlich, William  
 Eichenbaum, Adolph  
 Ellison, Seymour L.  
 Elman, Josef K.  
 Elsner, William H.  
 Embrey, J. Leland  
 Englander, F. Eugene  
 Engman, Erick A.  
 Engstrom, Mats S.  
 Entsminger, Harold E.  
 Faverman, Alexander W.  
 Felder, Louis E.  
 Feldman, Joseph  
 Fellows, Frederick D., M.D.  
 Feshbach, Bernard  
 Ferrea, Joseph F.  
 Finn, James J.  
 Fisher, Harry Jay  
 Flanagan, John William  
 Fleck, Edgar J.  
 Fleschler, Carl H.  
 Flinn, Edwin A.  
 Floyd, Curtis L.  
 Flynn, F. Terry  
 Foote, William J.  
 Ford, Dennis J.  
 Ford, John M.  
 Foss, Harold D.  
 Foster, Richard H.  
 Foster, Dr. Sidney E.  
 Fowler, Roy W., Jr.  
 Frank, Richard L.  
 Free, Arthur L.  
 Freedman, Murray H.  
 Freeman, Bernard D.  
 Freeman, David A.  
 Frey, William D.  
 Fried, Leo  
 Friedman, Daniel  
 Fritze, Kenneth M.  
 Fujitani, James S.  
 Fullilove, C. W.  
 Furth, Frederick P.  
 Galyen, Paul W.  
 Garbarino, Richard A.  
 Garfield, Allen M.  
 Garner, Washington E., M.D.

Gartner, Lloyd  
 Gates, Gary P.  
 Gates, Thomas W.  
 Gazarian, George  
 Gazulis, George D.  
 Gee, Alfred  
 Gehm, Louis O.  
 Gerstle, Mark Lewis, Jr., M.D.  
 Gibson, Buford, Jr., M.D.  
 Gilbert, Dr. Gerald  
 Gillespie, John F.  
 Gillin, George B.  
 Gillmar, Stanley F.  
 Giron, Rene, M.D.  
 Gjerstad, Stefan L.  
 Gladstein, Richard  
 Glass, Clarence C.  
 Glass, Gerard J.  
 Glickman, Raymond  
 Goldberg, Daniel T.  
 Goldberg, Maurice  
 Goldberger, Jack  
 Goldberger, Michael  
 Golden, David H.  
 Goldman, Irwin M.  
 Gordon, Morris D., D.D.S.  
 Gospe, Dr. Sidney  
 Gottfried, Charles  
 Graf, Al  
 Graham, Gordon L.  
 Graham, Robert W.  
 Grasshoff, Richard H.  
 Graubart, Harry N.  
 Graver, Robert W.  
 Green, Allan W.  
 Greenberg, Burton M.  
 Greendorfer, Bernard  
 Greogire, R. William  
 Gregory, John M.  
 Grenfell, Robert W.  
 Gressani, Conte P.  
 Gribbin, James E., Jr.  
 Groezinger, Theodore  
 Gross, Charles R.  
 Grossman, Harold L.  
 Grubb, George J.  
 Grunbaum, Milton  
 Gudelf, Earl I.  
 Gueble, Albert F.  
 Hadres, James G.  
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 Hamlin, Irving B.

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Hardeman, Charles S.  
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Howard, Harold L.  
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Ioas, Arthur C.  
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Jackson, Herbert G.  
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Jacobs, Samuel I.  
Jacobson, Aaron M.  
Jacobson, Elmar "Ed"  
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Johnson, Guy E.  
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Johnson, Robert B.  
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Jones, Geoffrey R.  
Jordan, James Wells  
Joseph, James K.  
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Jouanijus, Andre  
Judson, Clarence H.  
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Kahn, Albert H.  
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Kay, Gene  
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Kutner, Herbert J.  
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Langsam, Jack  
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Lee, Michael D.  
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Leighton, Elliott  
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Levine, George  
Levy, Peter L.  
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Liang, James C. M.  
Lindgren, Arvid  
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Lipson, Michael, D.D.S.  
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Livingston, Lawrence  
Loeb, Sidney  
Lowe, Jack J.  
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Ludlam, Al E.  
Lutton, William R.  
Lyons, Harry M.  
MacDonald, Lawrence E., A.I.A.  
MacDonald, Roderick B.  
Mack, Melville  
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Malette, Louis I.  
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Mana, Hon. Lawrence S.  
Manley, Frederic F.  
Mann, Walter J.  
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Mardon, Raymond C.  
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Margolis, Max H.  
Marquez, Hilario G.  
Mars, Marvin  
Martin, Darwin R.  
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Maxwell, Tom O.  
McCarthy, Richard V.  
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McClary, Robert G.  
McConaughy, Robert I.  
McCourt, William A.  
McCune, Donald Bryan
- McCune, Gilbert L.  
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McKenzie, A. Bruce  
McKenzie, Henry L.  
McKnight, Robert  
McKown, John D.  
McLead, Stanley M.  
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Glunk, Cyril J.  
Good, Loren D.  
Gould, Richard N.  
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Hamilton, Irvin C.  
Hamilton, James C.  
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Hexner, William H.  
Holland, Philo K., Jr.  
Hoyt, William R.  
Hurley, Gerard T.  
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Jones, Jack, Jr.  
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Kane, A. Jack  
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Kinsley, Robert  
Kislingbury, Fred  
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Morgan, Jeff  
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Nowels, Richard W.  
Ogg, Wilson R.  
Oppenheim, Ramsey S.  
Ormsbee, Phillip O.  
Owens, Owen M.  
Peeke, Col. C. E. B.  
Pengra, Wm. R.  
Perry, C. Thomas  
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Pettler, Alfred M.  
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Price, Lee B.  
Quint, James H.  
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Reed, LCDR Walter D.  
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Sefer, Forrest M.  
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Silverman, Dr. Milton  
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Still, Stephen A.  
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Toibin, Gilbert  
Turner, William W.  
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Weber, Harold D.  
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Weese, Jack  
Wellman, Roger W.  
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Chiang Kai-shek, Madame  
Coward, Noel  
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DiMaggio, Joe  
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