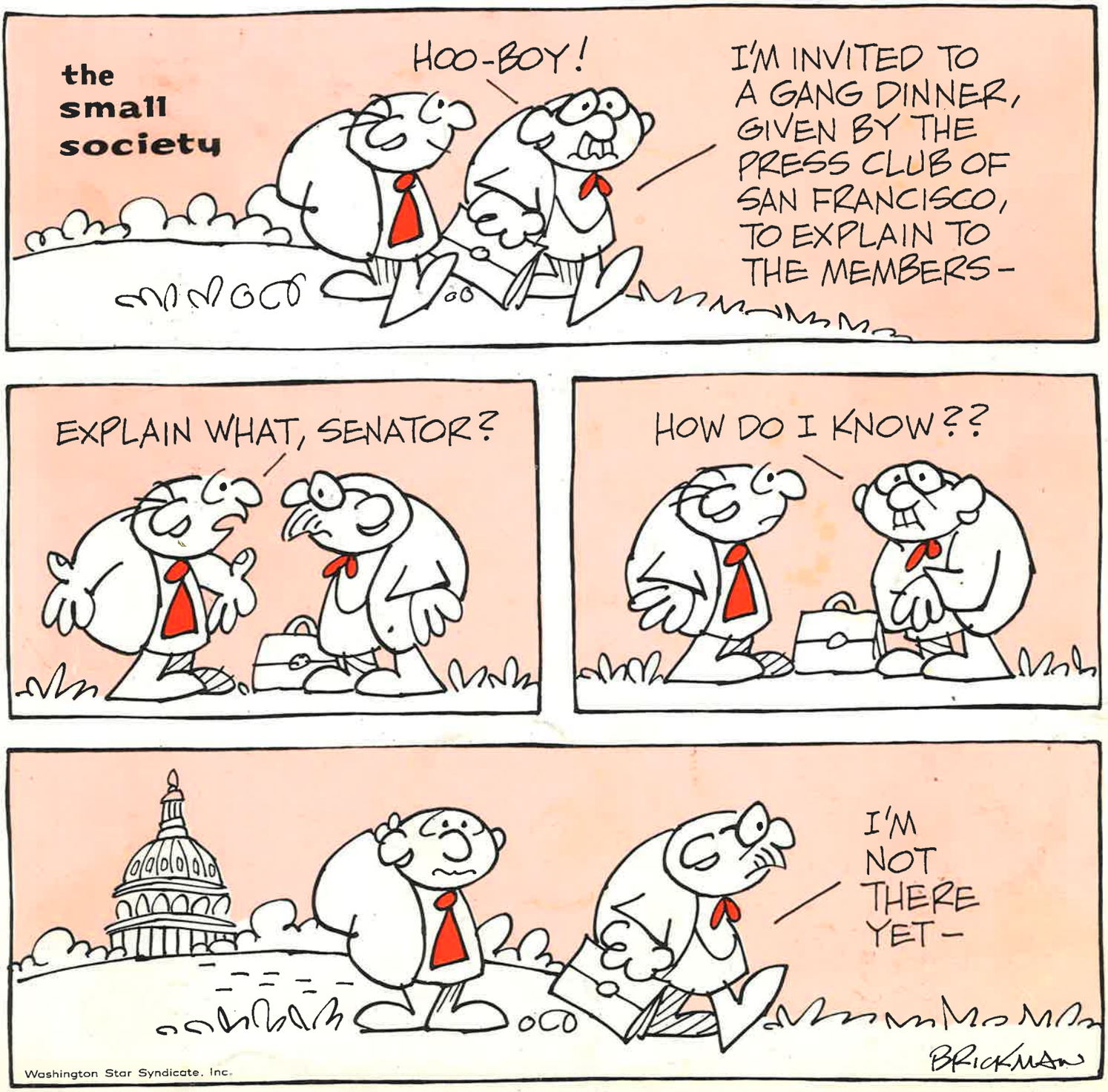
SCOOP

THE PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO • 1974



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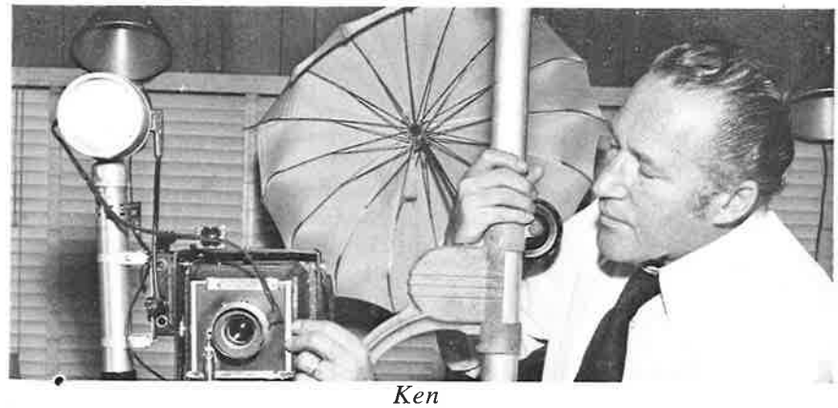
Before the cable cars . . . before the bridges . . . before the towering steeples . . . before the freeways and the crowds of people, San Francisco was our kind of town. It still is.
Our love affair with this dream city by the Golden Gate is now in its 110th year. San Francisco Examiner.

EDITOR'S NOTES

■ Last year, when we edited *SCOOP* for the first time, it was—frankly—a trifle difficult to get non-club members of the professional journalistic community to contribute. This year, it was easier—and though there are some repeaters, if you look over the list of contributors you will see an interesting mix of topics and viewpoints. The common denominator is the contributors' willingness to participate in a forum which deals with the press in a serious manner. And for the opportunity to craft such a forum, I am indebted to Graham Kislingbury and the Publications Committee as well as to Abe Mellinkoff and Josh Eppinger, who got me involved in the first place. I would also like to acknowledge the stalwarts who comprise the editing and visual team: Daniel de la Torre, Jane Ciabattari and Ken Arnold (who wrote The Cat Story), as well as Mel Tyler, who still doesn't want his photograph to appear. In addition, there are the people in the masthead, some of whom will be familiar and some of whom will be new to you—but all of whom share my hope that you find this issue of SCOOP to your liking. □

Hal Silverman

Jane



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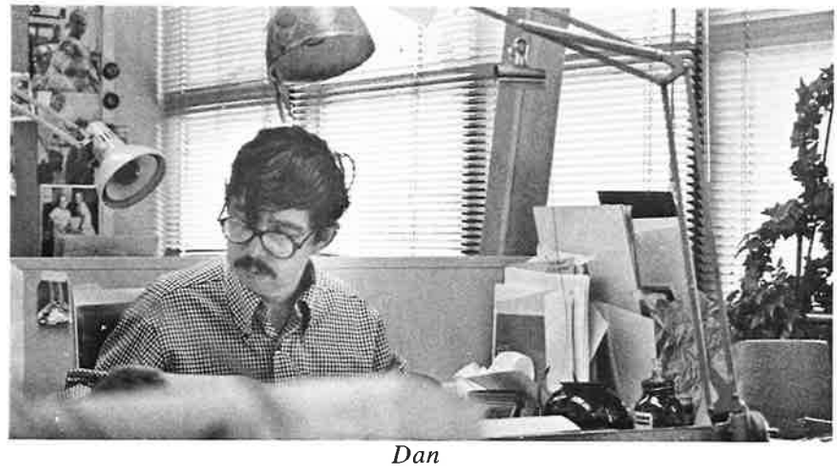

Dan

THE CONTRIBUTORS

We appreciate their involvement.

Who's who in order of appearance:

• Morrie Brickman (*Cover*) is the 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.

• Paul Voakes is a student in the Graduate School of Journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.

• Sydney Kossen (*Politics*) is the political editor of *The San Francisco Examiner*.

• Carol Pogash (*Personality*) is a reporter for *The San Francisco Examiner*.

• William Hogan is the editor of drama, movies and books for *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

• Bruce Brugmann is editor and publisher of *The San Francisco Bay Guardian*.

• Michael C. Healy (*Viewpoint*) is district press officer for BART. He is a former managing editor of a string of six newspapers in Marin County and the author of a screenplay, *The Dirt Gang*.

• Lamont Cranston (*Reportage*) is the nom de plume for a public relations practitioner, who also contributed to last year's annual *SCOOP*. The client he is touting is reasonably visible, wouldn't you say . . . Shadow?

• Ira Kamin (*Critics*) is the editor of *The Midnight Sun* section of *The Pacific Sun*.

• Adrianne Marcus and Al Young (*Writing*) both are widely respected Bay Area poets who also write prose; Adrianne recently did a book called *The Photojournalist: Mark&Leibovitz* (Ellen Mark and Annie Leibovitz) as part of the Masters of Contemporary Photography series. She also has had a book of poetry, *The Moon is a Marrying Eye*, published; as well as a number of magazine articles.

Al, the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship for fiction writing, has a novel (*Who Is Angelina?*) coming out in January from Holt, Rinehart & Winston. His previous novel is *Snakes* and his books of poems are *Dancing* and *The Song Turning Back Into Itself*.

• Carl Winston (*Reflections*) is a writer at *The San Francisco Examiner*.

• Herbert Gold (*Perspectives*) recently was honored with Herbert Gold Day by the City of San Francisco, the library, the California Historical Society and various other friends and admirers. His latest novel is *Swiftie The Magician*.

• Murray Olderman is a contributing editor for Newspaper Enterprise Associates, whose most recent book is *Tennis Clinic*, which he wrote with Dennis Van der Meer.

• James P. O'Neill (*Jobs*) is managing editor of *Second Spring*, a bimonthly magazine designed for the adult community in Northern California. The magazine is a non-profit venture supervised by Father Alfred Boeddeker, executive director of St. Anthony Dining Room on Jones Street, which recently distributed its 11,000,000th meal to the needy. O'Neill wrote the novel *The Molly Maguires* and also has written for national magazines as well as for several television dramatic series.

• Susan Halas (*Coping*) is a widely published freelance writer and public relations consultant on issues of public concern.

• Carter Brooke Jones (*Nostalgia*) is a retired newsman, who occasionally does articles and book reviews.

• Georgia Hesse (*Travel*) is the widely respected travel editor of *The San Francisco Examiner*.

• Jacqueline Killeen and Gloria Vollmayer (*Communications*) started publishing *California Critic*, a statewide guide to restaurants and wine, in January 1973 with Charles C. Miller of San Francisco and Elmer Dills of Los Angeles. The four of them were previously and are still associated as editors of the restaurant guide, *101 Nights in California*.

• Merv Harris (*Media*) is executive sports editor of *The San Francisco Examiner*. He is the author of *The Lonely Heroes*, a book about professional basketball which will be published by Viking next year. □

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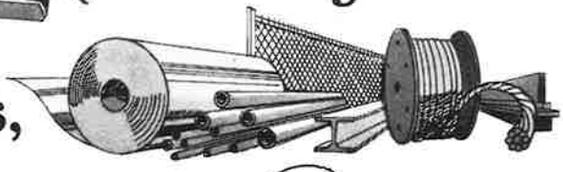
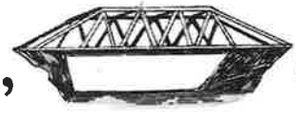
views about our products,  our

services,  our people.  So that

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TRADEMARK

Sure it's a great place to live, but what's it like to work here?

By Paul Voakes

■ What is it like to work in San Francisco as a bureau chief or correspondent for a national news organization?

For openers, it seems that there is quick agreement that The City is a great place to live. But from most of those interviewed for the following survey, the working situation isn't quite as idyllic as the atmosphere or the climate.

National news correspondents, for example, lamented the lack of fast-breaking national news in San Francisco. As Joe Boyce, *Time*'s bureau chief, said, "If it hadn't been for Patty Hearst, there wouldn't have been much to report lately."

Financial reporters feel stifled because San Francisco lacks national significance in any one industry, and some reporters for dailies published in the East bemoan their midday deadlines.

It's a great area for brights, human interest, color stories, "trend" features—but for news, it's just another medium-sized American city. As *New York Times* correspondent Wallace Turner said, "just one of many—smaller than Los Angeles, San Diego or Seattle, bigger than Portland."

Consequently, the competition for national news is friendly, to some even relaxed. Gathering the news is more pleasant than in many other cities. "It's a short commute," according to Boyce. You can get to the scene in less than an hour. And many agree that public officials are more accessible in San Francisco.

Correspondents for national publications often draw their clues from what they see in the local press. Hence discussions of working conditions often led to discussions of the local media. Every journalist reported a friendly and cooperative relationship with local reporters, but not many put much faith in the newspapers themselves. Impressions of the Bay Area media ranged from "an embarrassment" to "doing a fine job," with more reactions leaning toward the former.

Here's a closer look at the reflections of ten "foreign" correspondents in San Francisco.

Herb Lawson, chief for the *Wall Street Journal,* said the competition for news is tougher in many other American cities, but that won't stop him from racing to the phone to beat Reuters on a fast-breaking business story.

"There are a lot of good reporters in town," he said, "On business stories, our competition is Reuters. But on larger stories, we're competing with everybody. Naturally, we like to be first."

At times, Lawson said, his competitive posture may be mistaken for anti-social behavior. "We don't like to share our ideas with other people," he said. "We tend to stay apart, not out of a sense of snobbery, but we think our methods yield a lot of good stories."

San Francisco has no special significance in the business world, Lawson said, so he must look more for feature material than he would in Detroit or Chicago, for example. California nurtures many interesting social trends, he said, and "what's happening in California will often happen in the rest of the country."

The local media tend to be provincial, he said, and he looks for national significance in every story he writes from the Bay Area.

"Easterners think that anything that happens in the West is an aberration," he said.

Lawson found San Francisco a "civilized" city to work in, "and that spills over into your working relationships. The public relations people are more low-key than in other parts of the country. You can get things done without a lot of hassle."

The local press, Lawson said, is often "spoonfed" with staged events and press conferences.

"I'd like to see more serious attention paid to the news. They don't invest enough in their reporting. There are many very good reporters in this town, but they're handcuffed by the policies of the papers they work for."

Mark Miller, Reuters' bureau chief, said he wishes he could reciprocate the competitive challenges of his *Wall Street Journal* counterpart, but he said he's outnumbered by six to one.

"On a broad sense they beat the hell out of us," he conceded. But judging each story on its merits, he insisted, Reuters manages to hold its own.

In addition to San Francisco's fine climate and people, Miller said he enjoys the distance between his bureau and his main office.

"It's wonderful here," he said, "I have a great deal of freedom. No overseers, no budget to maintain."

And since not much happens in San Francisco of international importance, he has even more freedom to pursue feature stories.

Miller, too, said he respects many of the reporters with the local press, but didn't have much praise for the publications.

"They're rotten, disgraceful papers," he said. "I'm embarrassed to ask reporters what they think of the paper they work for. So often the answer is, 'no comment.'

"I used to admire the hell out of the people at the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. Now I think they're a bunch of hacks. The more they attempt, the less they seem to achieve.

"San Francisco is a great town," he concludes, "and a good place to live. But the town deserves better coverage than it gets."

Wallace Turner, the senior correspondent on the West Coast for *The New York Times,* is also quite taken with The City's charm. But as a news center, he can take it or leave it.

And leave it he does, often logging thousands of airline miles in a single week to report news of the West to readers in the East. He always returns to San Francisco, but, he insists, only because he happens to live here.

"Because of the fact that we're here more than any place else," he said, "we'll file more stories from San Francisco than any other place. But that doesn't mean news happens in San Francisco. News happens where reporters happen to be.

"Any one of the other West Coast bureaus for national publications could do the job just as easily in Seattle if they told the truth. This bureau is located here because you've got to be *some* place, and this is a nice place to live."

A great city for news, he said, is Washington, D.C. "But who the hell wants to live in Washington, D.C.?"

Turner isn't fazed by competition: "We have no competition." And the local media? "No opinion."

The most complimentary assessments of San Francisco came from the bureau chiefs of the two major wire services. Reeve Hennion, bureau chief for the United Press International, said one of the things that makes San Francisco a "major national news center" is the area's uncanny flair for the extraordinary.

"There are so many new, different, interesting things going on here, plus so many wild and unusual stories, like the Hearst kidnapping, Berkeley, mass murders. . . ."

If there's anything San Francisco lacks, Hennion said, it's a city news service such as the city wire in Los Angeles. "But," he said, "that just means we have to do a little more local coverage ourselves."

Hennion said the local press is "doing a fine job. There are some exciting things going on in Bay Area journalism." The neck-and-neck competition among the local television news programs also helps raise the overall quality, he said.

Jim Lagier, the Associated Press' bureau chief, is the only journalist contacted who said he felt the competition was particularly fierce in the Bay Area.

"The competition is very intense," he said, "as intense as I've encountered anywhere in AP. That's a healthy thing for journalism."

Lagier said San Francisco is one of the most sought-after cities in the Associated Press, and that the city attracts qualified journalists.

"I have been amazed," he said, "at the amount of top national news generated out of San Francisco and Northern California in general. This includes stories such as the Hearst kidnap case, the Marin shootout, the Juan Corona slayings, the Ohta slaying, and Mayor Alioto's activities."

Joe Boyce, who comes to the head of *Time*'s San Francisco bureau from Chicago, welcomes the change of scenery. Public officials here, he said, are more receptive to the media.

"People here are more accessible, more friendly, more dedicated to public service. In Chicago, you couldn't get anywhere close to Mayor Daley. I feel that if I needed to get in touch with the mayor here, I could."

San Francisco's compactness is another welcome change. "It's a short commute. It may take you an hour to get to the scene in Chicago, but not so here."

But for all its openness, San Francisco lacks news of national interest, Boyce said. "If it hadn't been for Patty Hearst," he said, "there wouldn't have been much to report lately.

"That's nobody's fault," he added, "it's like any other medium-sized city."

Boyce is optimistic about the future of the local press, especially in light of the recent emphasis on minority hiring.

"In a matter of time we're going to see two good newspapers coming out of San Francisco. They're quite aware of what needs to be done and they're pursuing it."

He's seen some poor journalism locally, he said, but you see a little of that everywhere.

Continued

Jerry Lubenow said working in San Francisco might be a little easier if the local press did a better job.

"San Francisco is a relaxed, open kind of place to work," said Lubenow, the bureau chief for *Newsweek*. "But it's also a difficult place in a lot of ways because the papers are so terrible. They're not aggressive or thorough.

"A lot of the things that we do are built on stories of other people. But at this bureau, more than any other *Newsweek* bureau, the local press picks up stories from us, rather than the other way around."

Lubenow said that for accuracy and thoroughness he relies on the Los Angeles *Times*. "They do a better job of covering San Francisco than either of the local papers."

Although he likes living in the Bay Area, Lubenow said he doesn't have enough contact with other newspersons in the area.

"There is no media community in San Francisco. We see the national people, from *The New York Times*, etc. every once in a while. But there's no sort of cohesion in the journalistic community."

Both Lubenow and his counterpart at *Time* agree that their competition is easygoing. "But I wouldn't call him up and tell him what we were working on," Lubenow said.

Bud Cohen would find his job a little easier if San Francisco were located somewhere on the East Coast. Cohen is the bureau chief for Fairchild Publications, with nine trade journals, including *Women's Wear Daily*. For Cohen, it's the three-hour time difference that gets frustrating.

"I come to work at nine o'clock in the morning and it's noon in New York. Already I've lost half a day. I wish I could start work at six in the morning and get something accomplished, because after three o'clock, I'm dead."

Cohen said he frequently meets members of the local press on assignment, but that competing with them for stories is out of the question because of the time lag.

"Even if I got a five-hour beat on them on a story," he said, "it would still go up in smoke, because of the time difference."

But the competition with the western bureaus of the *Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*, he said, is quite intense.

Cohen, too, said he finds little use for the area press.

"I've never seen three lousier newspapers in my life. I only read them because I have to. Want an example? The *Chronicle* is the biggest paper in Northern California. It doesn't have a Sacramento office."

After several years on a news beat in Boston, *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent Fred Moritz finds his job markedly different in San Francisco. He says he quickly realized he is no longer in the hard news business.

"One difficulty here is the lack of big, fast-breaking developments, and a newsman thrives on that sort of thing. So I'm thrown back into more feature stories."

Fortunately, he said, San Francisco is well-suited to features and human interest stories.

"In Boston, there's more of an entrenched interest in politics," he said. "But here people are more into other aspects of life. There's more variety in lifestyles here, and that means more feature potential. And the weather is inspiring people to do more outdoor things."

Moritz said the local newspapers supply him with the information he needs. "I probably rely on the local press more than the LA *Times,*" he said. "When the *Times* does hit San Francisco, they do it in more depth than the local papers. But they're into a different kind of journalism."

Phil Hager, one of the two San Francisco correspondents for the Los Angeles *Times,* takes a different view from the rest of the group. Not only did he praise the city's strength as a news source, but he is rather indifferent about residing in the Bay Area.

"It's a good place to work," he said, "and the guys in Los Angeles kid me about what a cushy assignment it is. But I take it in stride. I suppose it's a good city to live in, if you have to live in a city."

Because most of the *Times'* readership is in California, San Francisco offers more news to Hager than to national correspondents. Even so, Hager said, "a lot of news comes out of here. There are a lot of news-generating institutions here: innovative law firms, innovative courts, the state supreme court.

"Our problem is not to dig up stories in the first place, our problem is to decide which stories to do."

Hager said he finds himself in a "semi-competitive" situation with the local media, but like the national correspondents he said he looks for a different angle.

"There's a lot of reporting I admire on all three papers," he said. "Look at the stories by Jerry Carroll and Keith Power on this Alioto business. And you think, 'That's in the *Chronicle*?' But there it is. My first instinct is to attribute it to Carroll and Power." □

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

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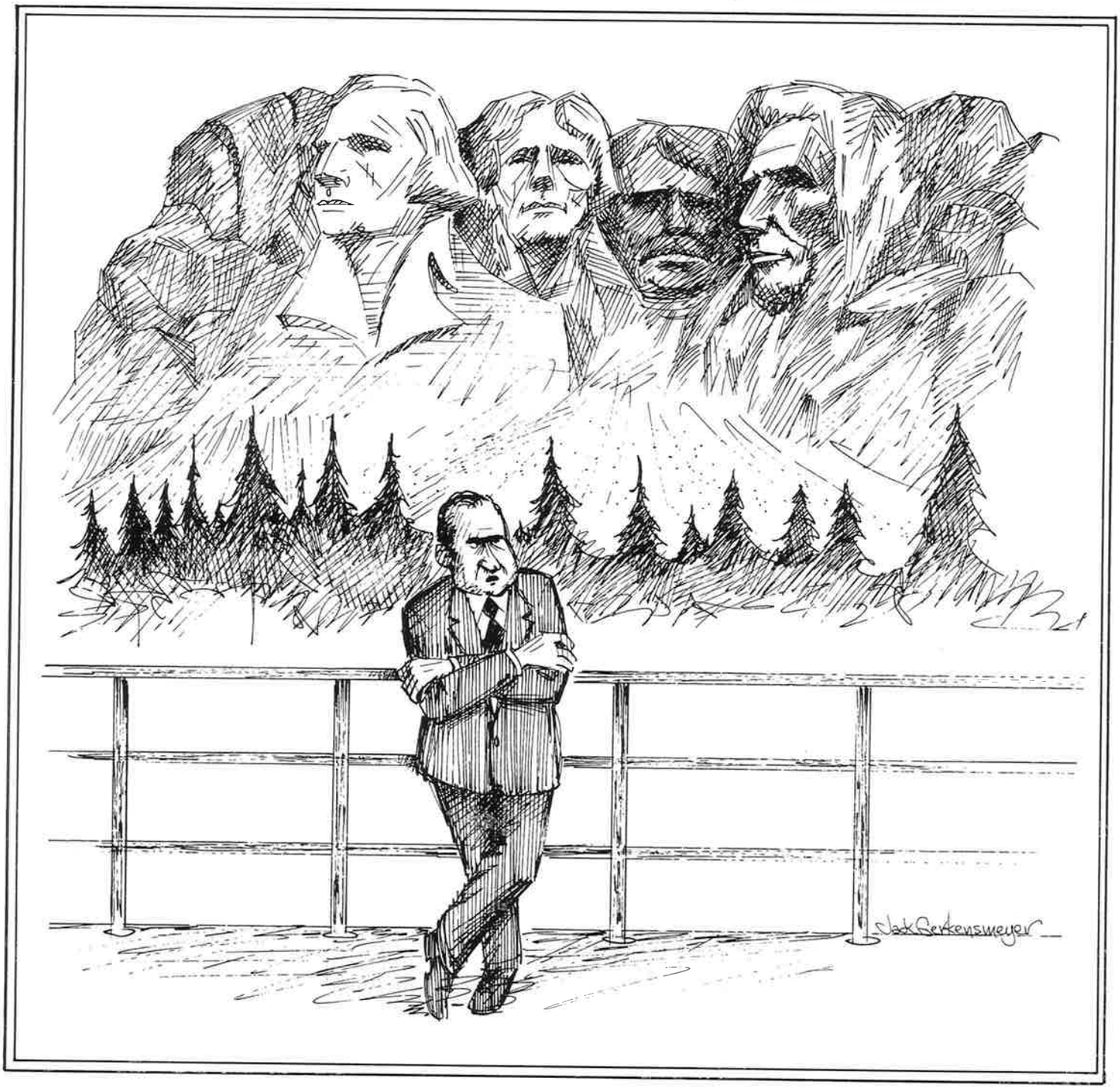
Why I'll Always Remember Nixon. By Sydney Kossen



He probably has forgotten me. But I shall always remember Richard Nixon. There are at least two reasons:

- In 1962, when Nixon ran for governor, he tried to get me fired.
- During the same campaign, he paused in Yuba City to advise me how to avoid getting ripped off by a hamburger chef.

Two Nixon emissaries made a good will call at Third and Market that year to suggest that I be removed from *The Examiner*'s payroll. Publisher Charlie Mayer, may he rest in peace, laughed off the incident as the sort of unsolicited advice a newspaper gets from nervous candidates during an election year.

Nixon, of course, told me he knew nothing about it. One of his flacks said, "It could have been somebody close to Dick who wanted to shaft you."

It could have been something I had written.

One weekend I turned out a so-called think piece wondering whether Pat Brown's Republican challenger knew much or cared a great deal about California's problems.

As had many pundits before me, I wrote that in 1962, two years after losing a presidential election to John F. Kennedy, Nixon clearly looked on the Governor's Mansion as a sort of halfway house on a trip back to Washington.

Continued

"As an expert on insidious matters, he warned that this was our last chance to save California from socialism."

My view of Nixon's limited understanding of state problems had been reinforced by a chat with him in the back of his campaign bus. He had shown me a loose-leaf binder containing essays on California issues.

Under "water," then a more controversial subject than environment, Nixon had only an article on the Feather River Project I had written for *Harper's*. Naturally, I was flattered. But I also felt that if, this far into the campaign, Nixon's knowledge of the problem was limited largely to a magazine piece, how could he know much about other real California problems?

As it turned out, he preferred to deplore "that mess in Sacramento," which he would clean up. As an expert on insidious matters, he warned that this was our last chance to save California from socialism.

Nixon had called Pat Brown "soft" on communism. But he didn't mean to suggest that the Democratic governor —who once ran for the Assembly in San Francisco as a young Republican —was "for" Communists.

"He just doesn't understand how to handle them. I do," said the co-star of the Krushchev kitchen debate.

Here's how Nixon made me a cautious gastronome: It happened during his walk through a Yuba City coffee shop where I was lunching at the counter with other reporters.

"Syd," he said, "I see you ordered sliced tomatoes with your hamburger."

How could I deny it?

This offered him an opportunity to again recall his "Poor Richard" beginnings and, at the same time, offer advice which I've never had the courage to use.

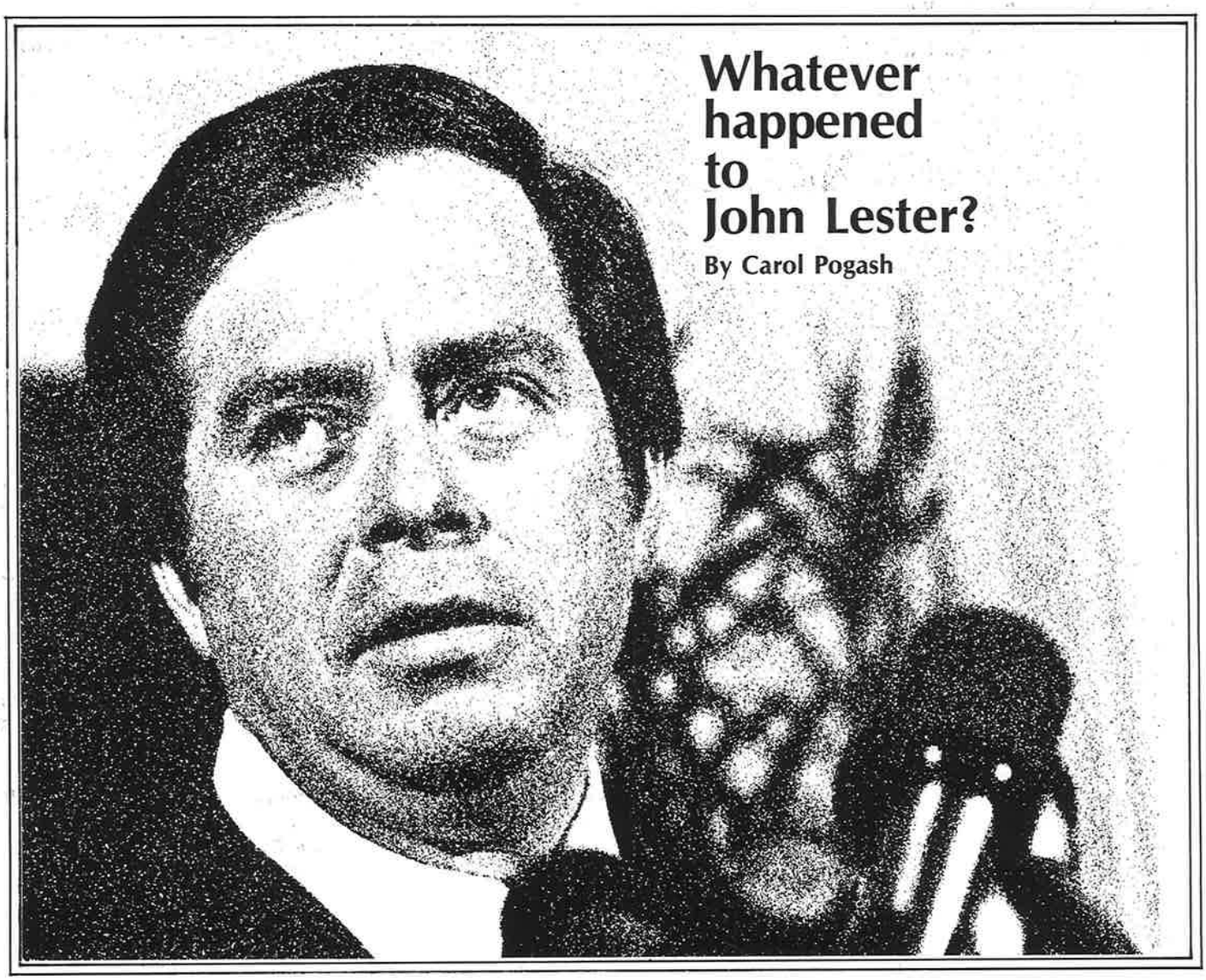
"You should have ordered thick-sliced tomatoes."

I shrugged, "These are okay."

As I recall, Nixon went on to say: "No, next time you ought to order them thick-sliced. I say that for this reason: When I worked in a restaurant, we always sliced the tomatoes first thing in the morning. We sliced them thin. That's the way it's always done. Those slices stand all day.

"Now, to be sure that you get fresh-cut tomatoes, don't forget, next time order thick-sliced."

"Thank you, Mr. Nixon." □



Whatever happened to John Lester?

By Carol Pogash

"On July 22, Doubleday sent him a telegram telling him the book idea was dead; too many other Hearst books would be on the market. . ."

■ The kidnap of Patricia Hearst was like a tornado in media land. It hurled reporters, editors and freelancers into rarified air. And when it was over it dropped a number of the media men and women in unfamiliar territory.

This is the tale of John Lester, a tv reporter who skated from covering the story to being part of it, from the vortex of the event to nowhere at all.

It began on February 5, 1974, the day after Patty was kidnapped.

Lester, 37, was the reluctant reporter, satisfied with an assignment to cover the independent truckers strike and the gas crisis.

"I didn't want to go to this one because I knew it would be a long story—meaning a week," he recalled recently.

Lester preferred variety and the police beat.

But his boss at KGO, where he worked for four years, told him to stick it out in Hillsborough.

Continued

There, Lester and more than a hundred other reporters and cameramen made up the Hearst watch. Everyone (except Lester) spent listless days tanning on the lawn, sipping complimentary Coca-Cola's, spooning asparagus soup from the Hearst kitchen, socializing and waiting for Patty's father to utter his daily words of concern.

On the second day of the watch before the reporting pack descended Lester range the bell of the Hearst home.

"Emmy (the maid) let me in. To get inside was something else," Lester said. "I waited in the foyer like a chorus boy. Mr. Hearst came downstairs. He asked me, 'What do you think I should say?' "

When Hearst was prepared to meet the media, Lester popped his head out the front door and announced, "He'll be three minutes."

This was the beginning of Lester's new role.

Every day at 7:30 a.m. he appeared at the servants' entrance and turned the bell. Emmy, who Lester describes as "German, excitable and lovable," would answer the door.

"I usually confined myself to the foyer and the kitchen in the first two weeks," Lester explained.

"One week to ten days" after the kidnap, Catherine Hearst, Patty's mother, handed him the key to the front door.

Each morning he'd begin by taking out the last night's garbage.

He prodded Hearst to give the press daily copy and sometimes he drafted the press release. If a relative or visiting official needed a ride to the airport, Lester became the chauffeur.

And he became a buffer.

"I felt protective (of the Hearsts). If one guy got in that house, the whole thing could have gone to hell."

When CBS correspondent Foster Davis tried to ring the bell Lester says he thought to himself, "Oh, Christ, if he gets entry it's going to be really bad."

So Lester intervened: "Let's leave the people alone. Let's make it a singular effort. If you want to interview them, I'll ask them," he told Davis.

Lester continued his job at KGO, delivering four Hearst stories daily. But he never used any of his privileged information—a factor which irked his bosses but appeased the dozens of reporters on the outside.

Lester believes KGO "didn't know how to handle the situation. Certain individuals tried to exploit me."

"The station was always suspicious of me. They felt I was aligned with the Hearsts against them." But Lester refused to divulge the secrets from inside. Even when a new communique was received by the Rev. Cecil Williams, Lester withheld the information until the Hearsts gave him and everyone else the go ahead.

Four stories a day on the event that rarely changed was not easy. "It was hard as hell to make things sound different. If nothing was happening I'd say 'The vigil goes on, over and over and over,' " said Lester.

One night he created his own story.

"I was desperately thinking of something to do. I winced as I thought of it," he remembers.

Lester made a televised plea to Cinque, Donald DeFreeze, leader of the SLA. He stood by the telephone outside the walled entrance to the Hearst home and asked DeFreeze to phone.

The script went something like, "You say you don't believe in human life. I think you do. This is in the form of a plea. If Patty is alive let us know."

Lester kept the receiver off the cradle during his report for fear Cinque or a crank might call.

It was the low point in his reporting.

He received one anonymous call immediately following his story. The voice said, "Hey mother, don't do that no more." Lester never did.

"I found I was (in the Hearst home) seven days a week," said Lester.

Instead of commuting to his home in San Jose Lester slept on his mother's couch for five months because she lived in San Mateo, near the Hearst house.

"She has another bedroom but it has no phone," said Lester. There was a telephone next to the couch. He put himself on call at all hours.

Aside from playing havoc with his family life, the story cut into Lester's ambition. A first year law student, he dropped his classes in torts and contracts and quit school.

He did, however, set other goals. Lester took copious notes—not for tv, but for a book.

In May Doubleday invited Lester to New York "where they offered me" $100,000 to be split with a "ghost writer," Lacey Fosburgh of the *New York Times*. "They said we want this to be the definitive book," Lester said bitterly.

Lester thought the verbal deal was made. No contract was signed.

So when KGO management pulled Lester off the Hearst story on Wednesday, May 15—two days before the shootout in Los Angeles where six SLA members died—Lester "felt it was a good time to sever my relationship with ABC."

"I got my severance on Friday at 2 p.m. My wife and I were going to dinner with some friends." He never made it to dinner.

He dashed over to Hillsborough and watched the SLA burn. "Nobody said a word for an hour and a half," said Lester, who doesn't like to give too many details—hoping to pour out the color in book form.

Lester continued to arrive at the Hearst home at 7:30 each morning.

"In June, Catherine Hearst was very down," as a result of the L.A. shootout and the breaking of her wrist.

"She decided everything there (in her home) that was a reminder (of the kidnap) should be cast aside.

"I picked up my goodies—it took two days—and left."

Coming off an emotion shattering story like the kidnap takes its toll.

"It was a habit. I just didn't want to see it end," said Lester. "You come to depend on something and suddenly it's gone. You become resentful."

He went home to San Jose and typed out 300 pages of notes.

On July 22, Doubleday sent him a telegram telling him the book idea was dead; too many other Hearst books would be on the market, something which Lester contends the publishing house knew all along.

Shocked and saddened, Lester didn't give up. He contacted other publishers, but "all were fearful of investing capital" in a glutted kidnap market.

"I was a late starter," he admits, still hoping to sell his story, or part of it, to *Ladies' Home Journal* and write a paperback version.

"Money," he says, "is not really the issue."

The book, the law school, the job and the Hearsts have faded now. Lester is on his own.

"It's push and shove at this point," Lester said in late September.

"I went against a code of mine: 'Never quit a job before you have another.' "

"I frankly shouldn't have done what I did. Undoubtedly I will chastise myself forever."

"I made a gamble and I lost. Four months is a long dry spell. I think it will turn but I don't know when." He gave out an ironic laugh and said, "I'm a little nervous."□

MAXIMUM MILEAGE TIPS from Chevron

Every driver's looking for the savings that go with good gasoline mileage. Your Chevron/Standard man would like to help, by passing on these Chevron Maximum Mileage tips—10 ways to squeeze more miles out of every gallon of gasoline.

1. Maintain a steady pressure on your gas pedal. Pumping the pedal wastes gasoline.

2. Anticipate stops and slow down gradually whenever possible.

3. If you find you're going to be stalled in traffic for awhile, turn off your engine. It uses less gasoline to start it up again than to leave it idling for a long period of time.

4. Avoid "jackrabbit" starts. Stepping down all the way on your gas pedal, from a standstill, can consume about twice as much gasoline as a "smooth" start.

5. Once you've established a comfortable speed, back off the accelerator slightly. You'll find you can use a little less gasoline and still keep your speed up.

6. Don't carry unnecessary weight in your car trunk. Extra weight makes your engine work harder, which also wastes gasoline.

7. Make sure your tires are properly inflated. Too little air pressure makes your engine work harder, which wastes fuel.

8. Have your engine tuned regularly. You can actually save gasoline with a simple engine tune-up.

9. Use your air conditioner only when absolutely necessary.

10. Plan trips carefully. Combining several short trips into one saves time as well as gasoline. You'll save even more gasoline if you form car pools.

Standard Oil Company of California

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Journalism as books and vice versa.

By William Hogan

■ Journalism in book form may never compete with television or even with the daily press, but some of the "instant books" in paperback format recently have made news even while they presented it. Most notable was the Signet special, *The Impeachment Report,* which was being sold within thirty-six hours after the House Judiciary Committee ended its debate of July 10. This 320-page indexed project was a joint venture of Signet (New American Library), United Press International and the World Almanac. The thirty-six-hour spread was due to computer typesetting, high-speed printing and distribution by jet aircraft.

The first "instant" book was a mass-produced edition of the Warren Report on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, available within days of the original's release. Public interest in details of what daily print journalism and television had covered made competing editions of the Warren Report profitable, and other "instants" have been sprung from time to time, usually on political crises.

Less "instant," perhaps, but similarly newsworthy items have been reconstructions and analyses of crimes. At least two books on the Patricia Hearst kidnaping case were in press before the mysterious disappearance of the young lady was solved. These included *Tania!,* a Dell paperback original by *The Chronicle's* Paul Avery and Vin McClellan of the Boston *Phoenix,* who have been labeled the "Woodward and Bernstein" of the explosive Hearst case.

Marilyn Baker, the KQED reporter now with KPIX-TV who was frequently ahead of her colleagues on details of the Hearst story, has, with Sally Brompton, produced her "inside story" of Patricia Hearst and the SLA in *Exclusive,* a hardbound book from Macmillan.

Two paperback originals on the twenty-five Santa Cruz murders of a few seasons back, for which three young men were locked up for life, appeared shortly after that case was broken. These were *Sacrifice Unto Me,* by *Examiner* reporter Don West,

"Some of those who have been more sinned against than sinning also are coming out with books. . ."

and *Urge to Kill,* by the New York free-lancer Ward Damie.

Two "instant" paperbacks on Richard Nixon's resignation appeared within days of the event last August. Dell published *The Fall of a President,* based on a special section produced by *The Washington Post* the day after the resignation. It also included such material as the articles of impeachment and Nixon's farewell address from the East Room. Published in cooperation with the *Post,* the first printing was 350,000.

Bantam cooperated with *The New York Times* for its instant book, *The End of a President,* a heftier project (432 pages vs. 256 pages). This included interpretive articles by *Times* staffers, introduced by James Reston, and a 190-page chronology of Watergate-related events that finally brought down the administration. The Bantam-*Times* book, issued in a first printing of 250,000, carried a sixty-four page photo story of the Nixon era.

Previously both Bantam and Dell rushed into print editions of *The Presidential Transcripts,* the White House edited version. The Bantam-*Times* book was the larger, physically; the Dell-*Post* edition was a kind of "compromise," a *Post* official explained at the time, due to the availability of paper and press time.

Less flashy, but still an "instant," was Dell's *Responses of the Presidents to Charges of Misconduct,* an historical study directed by C. Vann Woodward, Sterling Professor of History at Yale. This was prepared at the request of John Doar, counsel for the Impeachment Inquiry Staff investigating charges against Nixon.

Dr. Woodward supervised fourteen historians in researching this objective book, which investigated nearly two centuries of allegations of misconduct leveled against former Presidents or their administrations, Washington through Lyndon Johnson. This was intended primarily for use of members of Congress before judging the former President.

The city editor of *The Washington Post,* Barry Sussman, followed *Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's *All the President's Men* (a Simon & Schuster hardcover account of how they covered the Watergate story), with his own Watergate book, *The Great Coverup.* This appeared in both hardcover (Crowell) and paperback (New American Library). It is described as the first Watergate book to place the whole story in perspective, and bears out Watergate disclosures right up to and including Nixon's resignation.

The historic significance of Watergate as a political phenomenon triggered a variety of proposed book projects by participants in the affair. First to surface was Jeb Stuart Magruder, one-time deputy director of the Committee to Reelect the President. Magruder is serving ten months to four years as a convicted Watergate conspirator; his book, *An American Life,* climbed to a prominent spot on the *Publishers' Weekly* nonfiction list just as he began his sentence.

It appears that just about all the President's men have something to say on the by now almost too-well-known events, 1972-1974. E. Howard Hunt, the former White House aide who served ten months in prison for his part in the burglary of the Democratic headquarters, has written his autobiography, scheduled for publication by Putnam's. The work is tentatively titled *Undercover.*

John W. Dean III, the former White House counsel, negotiated with Farrar, Straus & Giroux, but decided against writing a book at this point in time. Maureen Dean (Mrs. John W.), who became something of a television background personality during the Ervin Committee hearings of 1973, was reported to be the first Watergate wife to consider a proposal for her personal story, to be written, according to *New York Magazine,* with the assistance of *Time* Washington correspondent Hays Gorey. Martha Mitchell, according to the same *New York* story, might beat Maureen to the literary punch.

There have been reports that others among the indicted or convicted have offered their stories to publishers—including H.R. Haldemann, John D. Ehrlichman, Charles W. Colson and Donald H. Segretti. Convicted Watergate burglar James W. McCord published his own book, a forgettable paperback titled *A Piece of Tape.*

Some of those who have been more sinned against than sinning also are coming out with books—Elliot Richardson, for example, who was Attorney General until he resigned rather than follow the President's order to fire special prosecutor Archibald Cox. His book on American politics will be published in 1975 by Holt.

Others who worked in the Nixon White House and feel they have something to say about it include William Safire, a Nixon speech writer turned house conservative columnist on *The New York Times.* Safire's *Game Plan: An Ombudsman's Report on the Nixon Years* is scheduled for 1975-76 publication by W.W. Norton.

The most interesting speculation about a "news book" concerns the possibility that Richard Nixon himself might write of his biggest crisis. That $2 million advance that has been gossiped about seems almost too good for the former President to resist. There are some cynics in the publishing industry, however, who doubt that Nixon's memoirs of his White House years are frankly worth the $2 million price tag; also, that such a work would tend to be self-serving and, in light of recent political events, even a little hard to believe.□

Twenty-one gripes from the alternative viewpoint.

By Bruce B. Brugmann

■ What I've learned about journalism in San Francisco after eight years of publishing the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* as the city's alternative newspaper:

● That the *Guardian* is a sort of Devil's Brigade, operating one step ahead of the gendarmes and two steps ahead of the bankruptcy referee, with a lot of low-paid people doing yeoman's work, but we still feel we put out one of the best newspapers around, through default.

● That, even though the mayor's office and many other offices don't return our phone calls or invite us to press conferences or send us releases, we often have the big story first, again through default, because often nobody else writes it up.

● That Herb Caen eats a lot of free lunches. That Herb Caen is the star investigative reporter for the *Chronicle*.

● That, if our stories are picked up in the *Examiner* or *Chronicle*, the *Guardian* is never credited as the source.

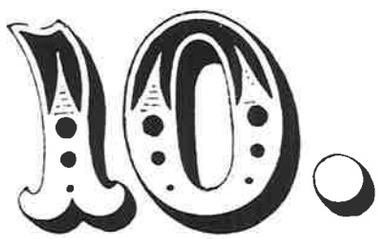
● That many of our big stories, from GeoTek to PG&E to Manhattanization to women, labor and consumer stories, appear first and often only in the *Guardian*, again through default.

● That working principle No. 1 in San Francisco journalism is: Be Fair to PG&E.

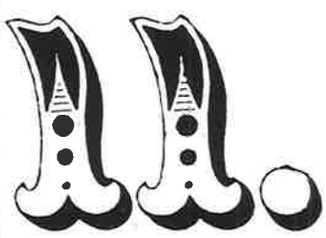
● That working principle No. 2 is: Be fair to the Chamber of Commerce and its big corporate members.

● That, whenever a corporate pr man plunks down a bottle of Haig and Haig on a table at the Fairmont Hotel, the press comes running. That if by chance there is news that day and the story doesn't make, then the pr man plunks down the bottle again on another day and does the press conference all over again. It's called Haig and Haig journalism.

● That the biggest hole in local news coverage is how the media covers itself.

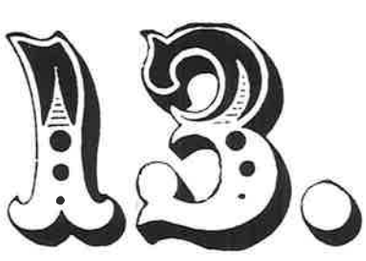


● That, on the air and on the wires, almost everything everybody else reads outside the area about San Francisco originated with the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*.

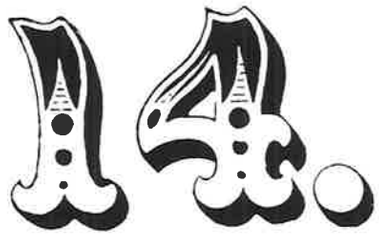


● That talk shows, notably Jim Eason's and Art Finley's on KGO, often cover the news and raise issues the best of anybody in town.

● That KSAN's Dave McQueen was the best broadcast journalist in town. Alas.

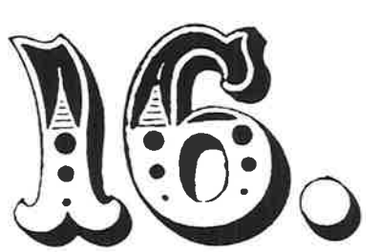


● That the way to handle an attorney threatening legal action is to swear loudly at him.

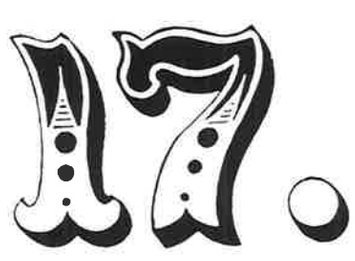


● That the way to handle a public relations man on deadline on a dreadfully dull story is to hang up while you are talking.

● That very few public relations men come into the *Guardian*.

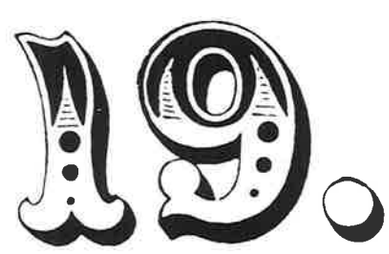


● That radio and tv news editors get most of their news and assignment ideas from reading the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, and AP and UPI get most of their local news from the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*.



● That no public relations men come into Harold's Club, the *Guardian* press club.

● That city hall reporters get their city hall phones paid for out of the city clerk's budget ($3,000 or so a year) and they get their Alhambra water cooler ($100 a year) paid for out of the mayor's budget and that they operate as if they are city hall employees.



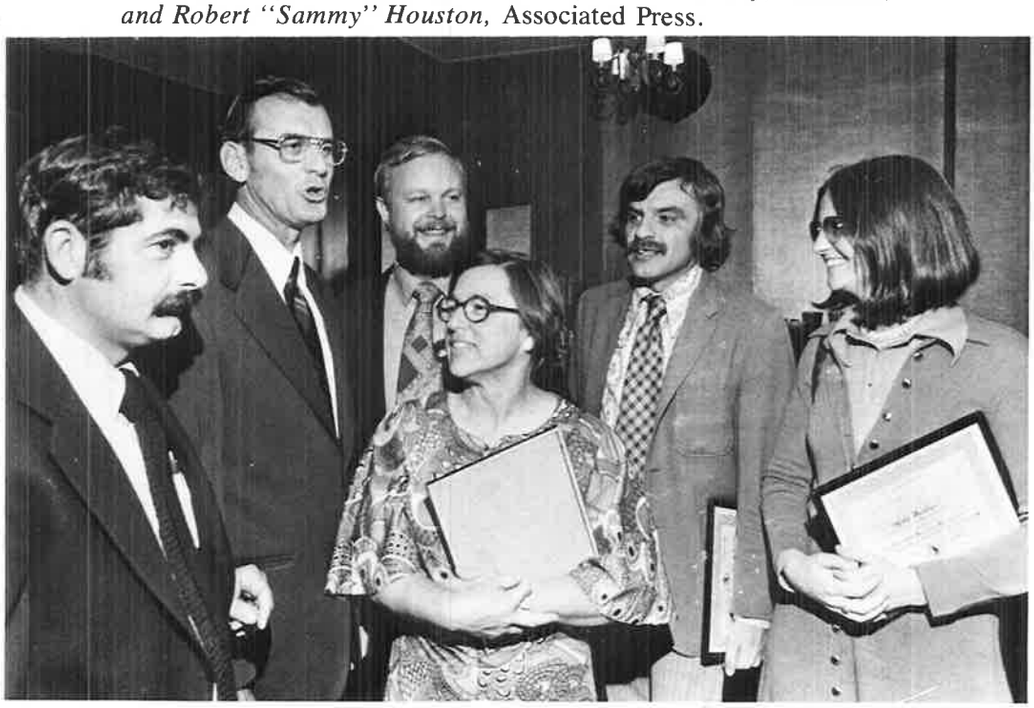
● That bona fide stories on women, like the falling out of Feinstein and Steinem, are published in Herb Caen and in the women's pages.

● That, if you ask embarrassing questions and turn up good stories about high officials at city hall, you will be called a member of "the untethered press" by the *Examiner* city hall reporter and you will be considered too rowdy and boisterous to sit in the press box with him and his *Chronicle* colleague.

● That, despite my usual joyous nature, I find this all difficult to make into a light, funny piece for *Scoop Magazine*.□

The Professional News Awards

Cash prize winners in the Press Club's twenty-third Annual Professional Newspaper Awards. From left: Robert Hollis of the Examiner*; William Lynch,* Sonoma Index Tribune*; Karen Holtzmeister,* Hayward Daily Review*; Nancy Skelton,* Sacramento Bee*; Wells Twombly,* Examiner*; and Robert "Sammy" Houston,* Associated Press.



Honorable mention professional awards went to Don Martinez (left), The Examiner*; Donald Bloom,* Sacramento Bee*; Steve Cook,* The Examiner*; Ruth Gomes,* Hanford Sentinel*, Gary Tischler,* Hayward Review*, and Katy Butler,* S.F. Bay Guardian.

By Rene Cazenave

■ More in '74.

That symbolized this year's Professional News Awards.

Entries set a new record, largely because President Bill Thomas and the board raised first prizes to $500 each, expanded to increase all northern California for entries and opened entrance to all non-daily publications.

Winners and honorable mention entrants thus came from the central val-

Mrs. Helen K. Copley, Chairman of the Board of Copley Newspapers, addressing Press Club audience Newspaper Awards Night.

leys as well as the Bay Area.

Helen Copley, chairman of the Copley chain, gave a ringing free speech address at the jam-packed awards banquet, which was arranged by Larry McDonnell. The awards were presented by Haig Keropian, Van Nuys editor and president of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club. This signalized still one more year in which the Los Angeles club's professional newsmen's panel judged our entries, in return for which our club judged the L.A. product—a process assuring expert, unbiased appraisal.

Two hard-working coordinators in the judging process were Harvey Wing, for San Francisco, and Coe Wilkins, for Los Angeles. They organized and transported their clubs' entries and stood by to answer jurors' questions.

The committee is grateful to the all-professional newsmen judges who evaluated stories and photographs of top magnitude.

Winners of first prizes and honorable mention were:

Best daily story involving writer's initiative: Robert Hollis, San Francisco *Examiner,* first; Ruth Gomes, Hanford *Sentinel,* honorable mention.

Best daily cityside story: Karen Holzmeister, Hayward *Daily Review,* first; Steve Cook (two awards) and Donald Martinez, both of the San Francisco *Examiner,* honorable mention.

Best sports story or feature: Wells Twombly, San Francisco *Examiner*; Donald Bloom, Sacramento *Bee,* and Ronald Bellamy, Sacramento *Union,* honorable mentions.

Best overall photograph: Robert "Sammy" Houston, The Associated Press, first; John Gorman, San Francisco *Examiner,* honorable mention.

Best story in non-daily newspaper: William Lynch, Sonoma *Index-Tribune,* first; Katy Butler, San Francisco *Bay Guardian,* honorable mention.

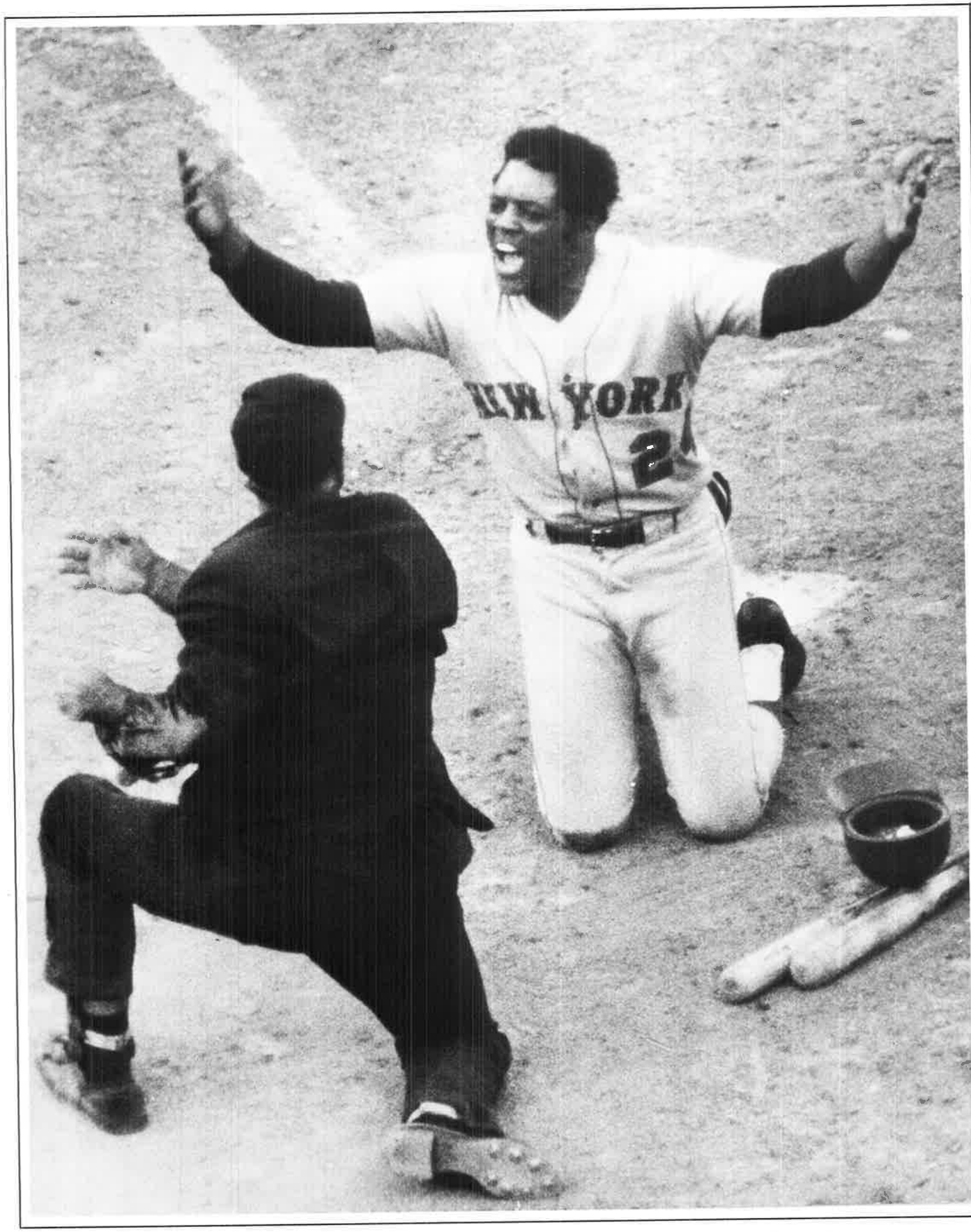
Denise Coblentz Ross, daughter of the late Edmond Coblentz, famed Hearst editor, gave $300 "copy boy" scholarship awards to James Angius, San Francisco *Examiner*; Carlene Canton, Palo Alto *Times,* and Barbara French, Redwood City *Tribune.*

James Lagier and Rene Cazenave were co-chairmen of the awards.□

Award-winning photos next page.

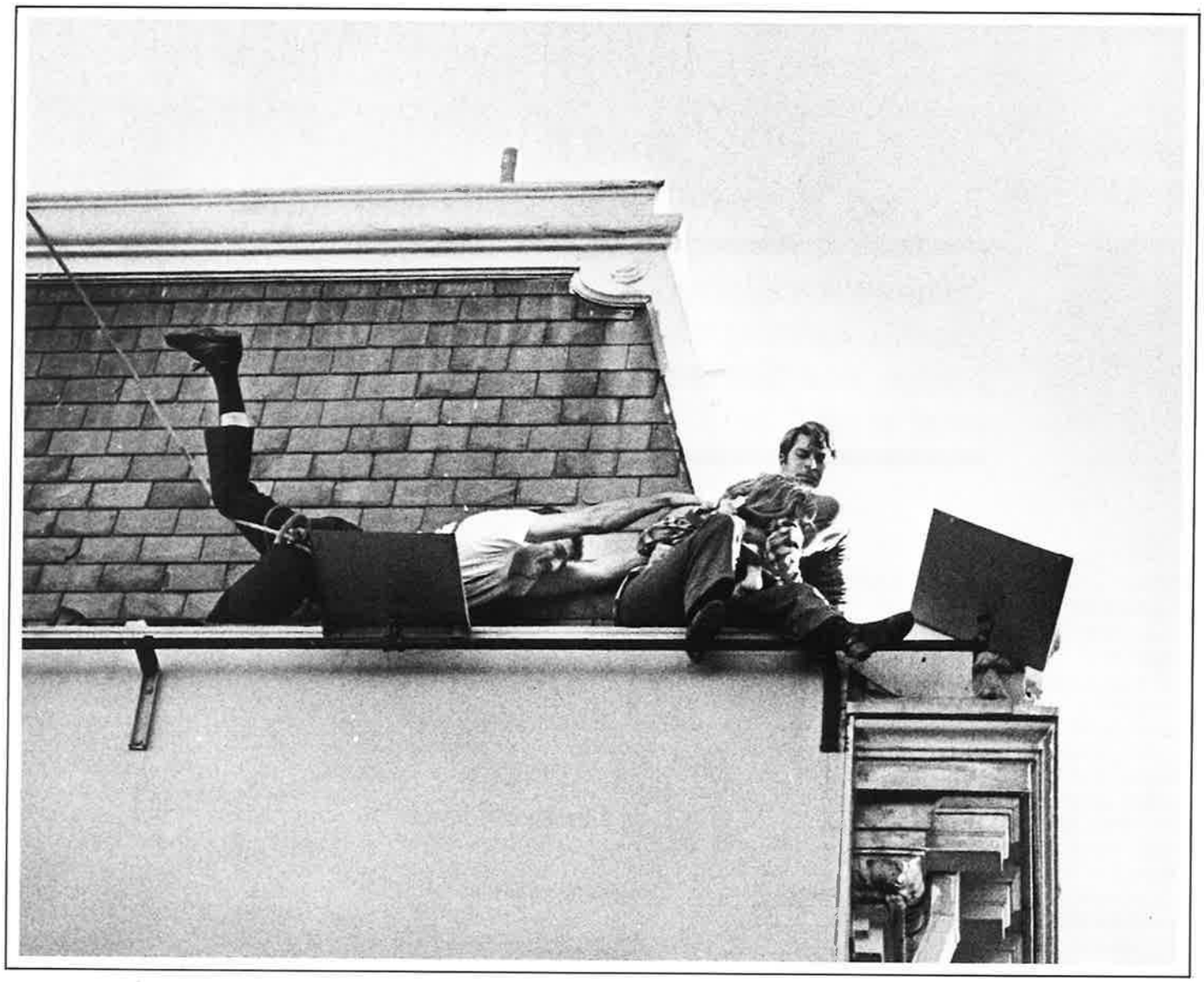
Rene Cazenave and head table, Newspaper Awards Dinner.

Stephen Cook, Examiner *reporter, winner of two honorable mentions wtih proud parents, Helen and Gale Cook, also of the* Examiner.



First place: Robert "Sammy" Houston, Associated Press–Willie Mays shows what he's feeling when Felix Millan is tagged out by Ray Fosse during the tenth inning of a game with the A's.

The prize-winning photographs.



Honorable Mention: John Gorman, San Francisco Examiner*—Firemen John Lacues and Rich Allen make a last-minute grab of Wanda Riles poised at the edge of the ledge.*

BART
. . . so it goes, and so it has gone

"Someone called about a rumor that BART was secretly running trains across the Oakland Bay Bridge, and that the transbay tube didn't really exist at all."

By Michael C. Healy

■ There is something about BART's long-running relationship with the press that virtually staggers the imagination.

In fact, I would even go so far as to characterize press coverage of the nation's newest rail transit system over the past decade as bordering on schizophrenia. News stories would be full of ecstatic accolades one day, open hostility the next—a situation which would surely conjure up confused images for the unacquainted.

Naturally, we at BART do not take exception to the good reviews when they appear. We love them dearly. And we try to live gracefully with the bad reviews, many of which are admittedly deserved. But, somehow, it all comes off cockeyed and out of perspective.

"It's not out of perspective," countered one usually unreliable source, when asked for an overall impression. "It's just that nothing works."

"What does that mean, nothing works?"

The usually unreliable course said that he wasn't sure but somebody said it on a television show once and so it must be true.

He was, as it turned out, referring to Morely Safer's parting shot on CBS's *60 Minutes* just before a train's doors closed and he was whisked away, fully automated.

So it goes, and so it has gone.

For the BART press officer, the scenario at times reads like a madhatter odyssey, taking on proportions of high drama mixed instantly with dabs of slapstick.

BART is, of course, a very serious business, but we are not without a sense of humor, though at times there may appear to be some paranoia peeking through.

A quick glance at recent press clippings would indicate we are once again on the upswing, at least relatively. Perhaps this is due in part to the fact that we are taking great pains to keep the press informed, as much in advance as possible, of our expectations, good and bad. This was certainly true in the case of our pre-publicity campaign with regard to the commencement of transbay service. Opening the tube, of course, was a long overdue event, and no one could have been more sensitive to the way things might go than we at BART.

Management strategy was simple

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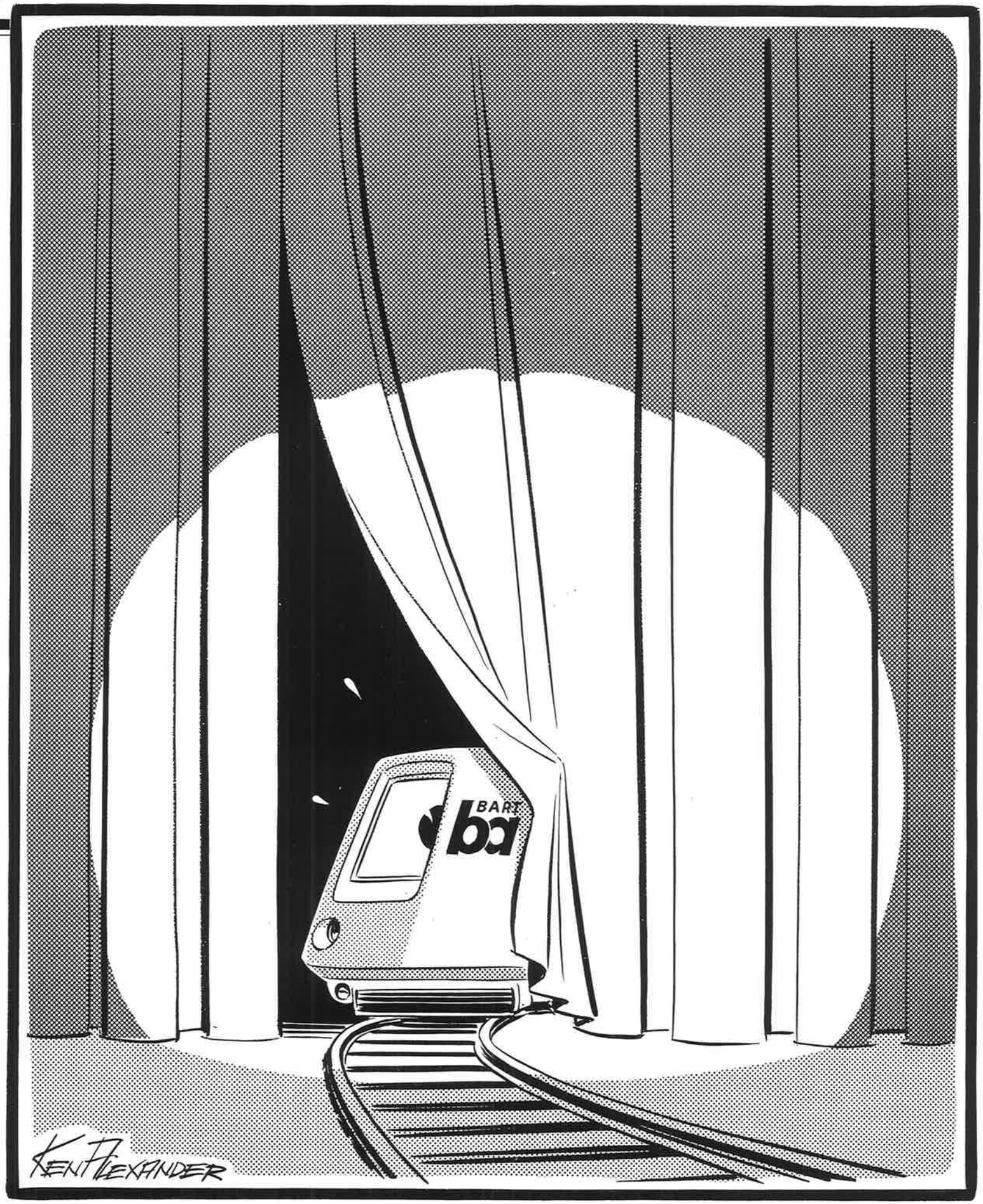


"Holy smoke, the whole world's watching!"
courtesy of the San Francisco Examiner

and direct. Anticipate the worst, in terms of service reliability, and hope for the best. I think this approach, rather than painting a rosy picture, was generally well appreciated.

As it turned out, the truth landed somewhere well above the middle ground. That is, things went pretty well, though we did experience some of the problems we had anticipated.

I might add that this was probably the first time, since startup of initial service back in September 1972, that the BART Public Information Office had had a real chance to act rather than react. From the time train 307 made its famous Fremont run-through (October 1972), less than a month later, we have been able to do little more than respond to the multitude of day-to-day questions.

Typically, a BART press officer's day may begin long before getting into the office in the morning and continue long after arriving home at night. It often kicks off around 5 or 6 a.m. with a series of frantic phone calls from members of the media wanting a quick response to something or other.

For instance, I got a call one morning from someone wanting to know if it was true that we were having trouble with pigeons in one of the San Francisco stations.

"The what?" asked your friendly, sleepy press officer.

"How about a comment," came the insistent voice on the other end.

Or what about a train that was delayed coming out of Fremont this morning? How did it affect service? How many passengers were there on that train? Were they happy or unhappy? How do you respond to the man who complained about noise out in Concord, or the lady in Albany who said that trains were going right through her bathroom? Would you like to comment?

As the typical day wears on, the demand for information and quick responses to meet pressing deadlines becomes more acute. Though most of it is valid, some of it makes little sense at all, and may not be keyed to anything in particular. I suspect the newshounds are simply looking for something to fill an otherwise dreary news day. I know, I've done it. And besides, there is no question but that BART gives instant headline identification to the most trivial of copy.

I remember a zealous female reporter from one of the East Bay papers calling once to ask if it was true that we ran trains as fast as eighty miles per hour. (She was doing a story about traffic on the Nimitz freeway.) When the answer to her question was affirmative, she seemed shocked. How could we run trains as fast as eighty miles per hour when the state speed limit was only fifty-five miles per hour? It would not have surprised me to see headlines reading, "BART EXCEEDS SPEED LIMIT" over a story primarily about the Nimitz freeway.

In another instance, someone called about a rumor that BART was secretly running trains across the Oakland Bay Bridge, and that the transbay tube didn't really exist at all. There was something of the twilight zone about that one.

Several months ago, a visiting writer from the East asked why the local press seemed to be out to get BART. What did they have against this beautiful shiny new system, barely out of the crate?

I didn't really believe that was the case, but had to concede that the very name BART had somehow come to signify controversy. And any newsperson knows that controversy is the stuff of hard news, and hard news is what sells.

"Sure, but that's not really an answer," the writer said. "Aside from the well-publicized problems, there must be something else."

There was no definitive answer to offer.

Part of it, of course, is tied up with the intense interest that focused on BART's former general manager, B.R. Stokes, who maintained a high profile all throughout the project's construction years.

Without getting into the many personalities involved, the answer to the writer's question may really go back to the infant days when a fledgling Bay Area Rapid Transit District was struggling for its existence. Aiming for the superlative, with nothing but sheer guts and determination to keep it alive, BART captured the imagination. And the press was very much a part of it, writing enthusiastically in most cases, not so enthusiastically in others. Beyond the pros and cons that such a massive undertaking is bound to generate, something extraordinary was beginning to evolve here with BART's relationship to the press—something personal.

In speculating, it seems like that extra ingredient of intense personal interest has always been lurking below the surface, like the underside of the proverbial iceberg.

Perhaps the root of it, at least partially, lies in the fact that BART's genesis was so closely entwined with the journalistic world. And such closeness makes for feelings, either conscious or unconscious, getting onto the printed page. The interpretation of stories on an individual basis, according to one's own point of view, is certainly a natural in the climate that has surrounded BART. The tendency is to love it or hate it, be mad at it or be a champion of its cause. Certainly, a world of absolutes.

Of all the reporters I have talked to, rarely have I encountered total indifference. With few exceptions, most want to see it work.

Maybe that's why there's always this gnawing feeling that when something goes awry with the system, the press reacts at times as if it has been personally double-crossed.

On the other hand, the press often takes a protective attitude toward this big new kid that has moved into the old neighborhood, recognizing, I suppose, that many public utterances made about BART are more self-serving than anything else.

Whatever the cause, I'm sure that never in the annals of journalism has so much been written and said about one local transit system as has been written and said about BART. If there is any conclusion to be drawn, it may be that BART is an example of how personalities on all sides can affect the resulting coverage. Because, I think, it is possible to be trapped by the polarization, and objectivity may somehow get lost in the shuffle. If this seems presumptuous on the part of your friendly press officer, it is only because I decided to take this opportunity to be non-objective.

There is probably no such thing as true objectivity in the ideal sense. If anyone ever came close to it, with regard to BART, is was surely the late Monte Waite. Through many turbulent years he always managed to call the shots as they truly were. (There are others, of course, but Monte comes immediately to mind.)

What does it all mean?

Well, as relationships go, BART's romance with the press has been a real cliff-hanger all the way.□

How the other animals do it.

By Lamont Cranston

When the crowd leaves Marine World to head for their cars,
The animals go to their animal bars.

To talk of the days when (along with their backers)
They worked on a paper for animal crackers.

The editor said (with a try at a grin),
"The story comes first — don't forget to 'phone in!"

The resident columnist said with a bubble,
"A 'think piece' ain't easy – I'm always in trouble."

"Remember our creed," said the chief (a real kitten);
"On this sheet it's 'don't get it right – get it written!' "

The kids on the desk, as they heard a loud ring,
shouted, ". . . answer the phones – I can't do everything!"

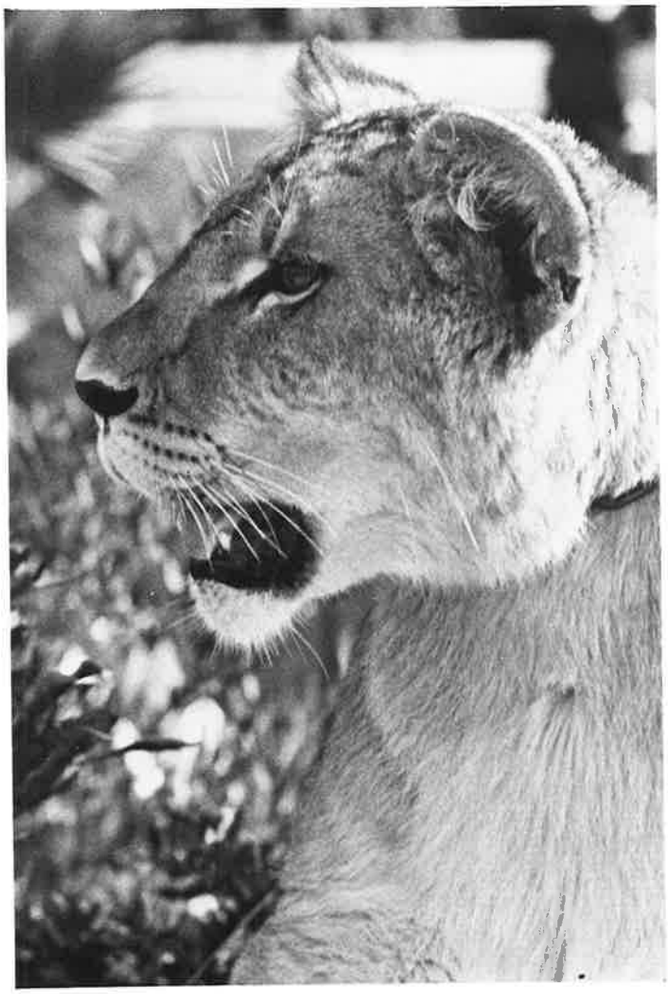
The guy on the City Hall beat has the blues;
"I sure have the nose, but there just ain't no news!"

"A journalist's life is O.K. for you guys,
but I'm *writing porno scripts now that I'm wise.*
I'm raking in more cash with each passing day;
than your everyday dull-normal mean bird of prey.

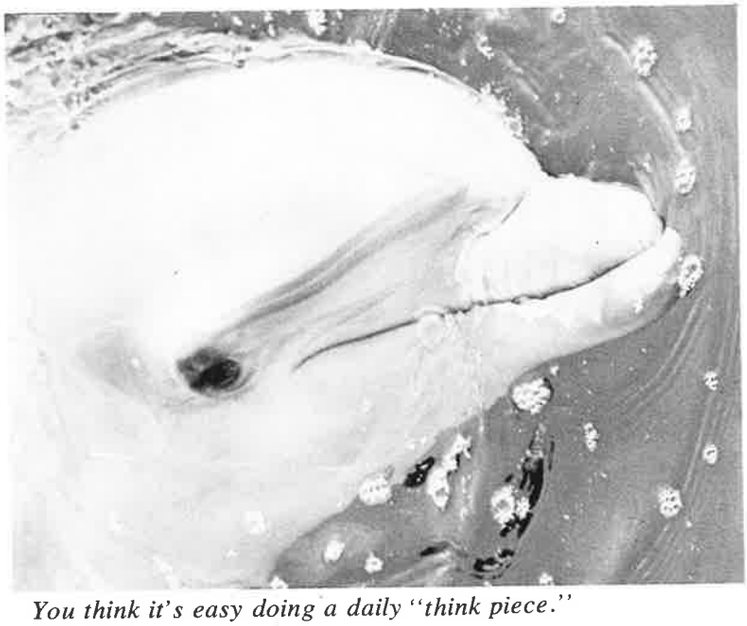
I work on an annual, full of distresses;
where nobody ever shouts, 'Hey! Stop the presses.' "

I'm a tiger on stories; the police beat's my stop;
I'm even beginning to write like a cop!

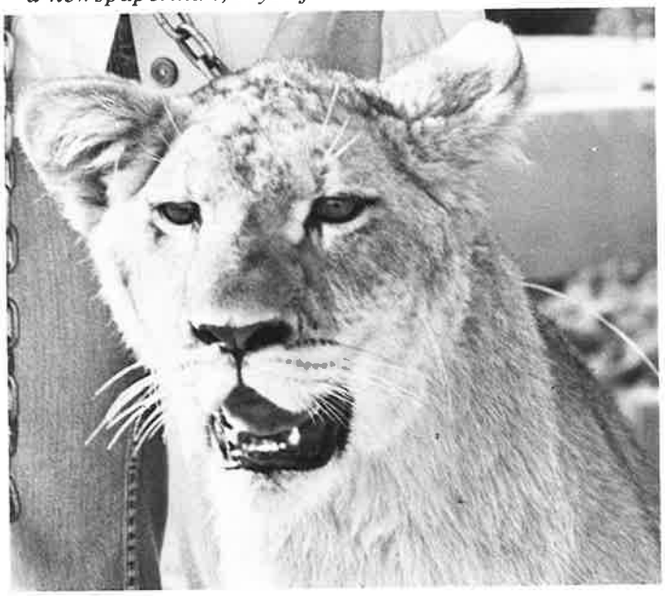
But the elephant had the last word: Outasight!
"TV's the thing now boys; it's folksy and trite –
So I'm leaving the paper to do what is right,
I'm sitting in nightly for Walter Cronkite."



"I used to be," said the cub,
"a newspaperman, myself."



You think it's easy doing a daily "think piece."



Don't get it right . . . get it written!

Continued

Answer the phone . . . I can't do everything!!!

The new kid really has a nose for news. . . .

"I've given up the idea of being a serious writer. I'm making too much money doing porno movie scripts."

Whatayamean . . . Stop the Presses? . . . This is an annual!!!

I've been on the police beat too long, chief. I'm beginning to think like a cop!!!

And that's –30– for tonight . . . sitting in for Walter Cronkite. . . .

A critical view of the critics (including the author).

"... if a critic loves the subject he/she criticizes, the reviews come out more honest and constructive. ..."

By Ira Kamin

■ For the past year I've been arts editor of the *Pacific Sun,* a weekly published in Marin County. And nine times out of ten, here's the way I'm introduced. "Meet Ira Kamin, he's the critic for the *Sun.*"

Shudder. "No, not really," I say. "I'm no critic. No, I wouldn't call myself a critic."

But no one hears that. By the time I explain myself at a gallery opening or theatre opening or rock concert, everyone has turned away from me, and I end up talking to myself: "I'm writing a story, not like a critic, but like a storyteller, because that's what I am. Don't call me a critic."

Because the word sounds so awful: Critic. It bites. And being a musician for about ten years, I've been bitten by critics. A critic is one who doesn't show his/her face. The one who's out there with a pen and black coat and vengeance.

No one talks (without armor) to a critic. And I like people to talk (without armor) to me.

So, you see, I've spent lots of time thinking about critics, reading critics, disliking and liking critics. And I'd like to take you around to meet them, the ones who work for the daily papers in San Francisco. No two are alike. Each has his/her own language, point of view, ideals.

There is one general rule I follow: If a critic loves the subject he/she criticizes, the reviews come out more honest and constructive. If the critic hates the subject, the reviews tend to be bitter and destructive.

A *good* critic will do these things: Write good. Love the subject. Educate an audience. Introduce new talent. Have an overview. Try to make things better. Be a hero and a martyr.

Alfred Frankenstein, art critic, *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Frankenstein is the most respected critic in San Francisco. In the last few years he seems to be writing less about San Francisco art and more about art in other parts of the country. He's an expert in American realist painting, and has written books on the subject. He is respected for this expertise, but he's also respected because art is the poorest (financially) of all things being critiqued on a continual basis. Because galleries and museums don't have much money to advertise, the art critic has more responsibility for spreading the word on artists than film critics or theatre critics have in spreading the word on film and theatre. Massive advertising campaigns help promote films and theatre. But no advertising exists to help art.

So the art critic is important. A bad review in a local gallery could really hurt an artist, but no review hurts more. Between Frankenstein and his *Chronicle* colleague, Tom Albright, most of the galleries are covered.

Some of the complaints overheard against Frankenstein: There are certain local artists he doesn't like and he won't give them any recognition. His field of knowledge is too limited.

Some of the compliments overheard: He's the wisest, most accessible critic in town. He visits artists in their studios and encourages them.

Stanley Eichelbaum, film and theatre critic, *San Francisco Examiner.*

The rumor is that Eichelbaum used to work for *The New Yorker,* editing Genet's letters from Paris. He's a polished writer, easy to read, sometimes a little cold. He's good at getting scoops, and doing stories about local people and projects that no one else writes about.

Alexander Fried, critic, *San Francisco Examiner.*

Fried is spread too thin. Where the *Chronicle* has two art critics, the *Examiner* has Fried, and he also does opera and music reviews. It's hard enough to do justice to art in San Francisco with two full-time reviewers, but the *Examiner* can't cover everything with one person spread over three or four fields. This doesn't make Fried less perceptive or industrious, it just makes him less thorough.

Paine Knickerbocker, film and theatre critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Knickerbocker is known as the gentleman. He was (he has retired) the kindest reviewer in town. He seemed to find good in almost anything. He did not write with an overview, or with an eye toward controversy; he supported local talent and got around to review small theatre groups.

The complaint against Knickerbocker: No overview; nothing written under the surface of the performance. He was too safe. He was the one critic who bit as little as possible. That's also the compliment most paid him.

Anitra Earle, film critic, *San Francisco Chronicle* (recently resigned).

The opposite of Knickerbocker, Earle is not very kind. She's a good writer, probably the best of the critics, but has a tendency to use words as an ax or sledgehammer. It's too easy to be nasty and Earle is nasty too often. She's at her best when interviewing someone in Hollywood, and God knows why, but Earle seems to have an unjustified respect for Big Money. She carps too easily at local, small money productions, and has a terrible track record of scorning San Francisco productions.

Tom Albright, art critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Even Harold Rosenberg, art critic for *The New Yorker*, reads Albright.

Albright is lucid, bright and tries to write with an overview in mind. He's also a collector and encourages collecting the works of young artists.

He has a talent for explaining roles—the role of museums, the role of government in art, the role of modern art.

One complaint: Neither Albright nor Frankenstein loves photography. And they rarely talk about it. There is an abundance of photography (as art) in the Bay Area, and it's just about ignored by the critics.

Robert Commanday, music critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Commanday writes fairly clearly about classical music. He does tend to get esoteric on live reviews, but his record reviews are easy enough to understand. Rumor has it that Commanday is good friends with several members of the San Francisco Symphony, and supports them in every way. Well, that's natural. Friends come before reviews.

Michele Lomax, film and music critic, *San Francisco Examiner*.

It seems that Lomax is always given the worst movies to review. And she reviews them. But who cares? In order for a critic to be potent, he/she must relate one review to a whole, or else there's no sense in reviewing. Nothing stands alone. It's not good enough to write a review of a bad movie; it's better to know why and where these movies are coming from, about the audiences who see them, about directors who make them, about how these movies relate to life—or art, for that matter. When Lomax is given a good assignment, like a concert, she does very well. She's a good writer.

Hewell Tircuit, music and dance critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Tircuit has a basic problem. He's hard to understand. The language of classical music can be terribly esoteric, and Tircuit remains just that: esoteric. He's a musician himself, so that may be part of the problem. One forgets that an audience doesn't know everything that a musician knows.

There have been a steady stream of complaints against Tircuit: that he doesn't like or know enough about dance to be reviewing it; that he writes too esoterically; that he writes without love; that he doesn't support or care for things produced in San Francisco.

Continued

Phil Elwood, popular music critic, *San Francisco Examiner.*

Elwood is a piano player and loves jazz, so no one around writes about jazz with more tender loving care. That's the way all reviews should be written. Complaint: He doesn't get deep enough or ask enough questions or stir anything up. Compliment: He supports local talent, and during the rock era he wrote prolifically about local bands. His jazz writing is the best, though, and more of it would be nice.

John Wasserman, popular music critic, *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Wasserman has said, "There are a lot of people who could do this better than me," meaning write reviews.

Wasserman seems self-conscious about his knowledge of music, and about the fact that he doesn't play an instrument professionally. He recently was a guest disc jockey on KSFO and his knowledge of music was staggering. He's an entertaining writer who has a tendency to be flip. He's creative, and sometimes insensitive. He's a specialist in middle of the road music.

Joel Selvin, rock critic, *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Selvin writes like a scholar about rock and roll. He's very serious, articulate, and opinionated. That the *Chronicle* hired a rock writer and broadened its music coverage is encouraging.

Selvin loves rock and roll, seeks out new talent and writes readable reviews.

In summary, I have to make one confession: After the sports section, I read the critics. I love them.□

The poet as a communicator.

By Adrianne Marcus

■Aside from the fact it takes an unusual editor to even consider hiring a poet as a journalist, there are those marvelous occasions when another poet looks at me sideways and asks, "Aren't you writing poetry anymore? Someone mentioned you're doing the text for a book of . . ." and he smiles as if he has just lowered the standard of the language . . . "photography."

There used to be a moment of silence as I contemplated whether or not he was operating under an unwritten law, a tenet of fine art, stating: "Thou shalt do nothing but write poetry. Except maybe, teach." The last fragment added as an institutionalizing stability to ward off starvation.

Now I reply, "Yes. Isn't it exciting? That's exactly what I'm doing; of course, there are also the articles, and the newspaper reviews . . . and no, I haven't given up poetry. I didn't know I could. Have you?"

It took me awhile to get here, and the first time the question came up between literary assignations, I found myself being apologetic for something I liked to do: newspaper writing. I tried to keep the two areas of endeavor apart, never mentioning that I wrote poetry when I was doing journalism and conveniently forgetting that I wrote articles when I was performing as a poet. Somehow I had accepted their view that poetry and journalism were like drinking and driving. You can do one or the other, but if you do them together, you're looking for an accident.

I had to admit there were things I didn't like about journalism: deadlines. Working under pressure to produce words meant I had to discard some of my "artistic" image. "You can't hurry a poet," I said, as I polished a line endlessly, stalking the right adjective through the thesaurus of life. "Ah. But don't you trust your language?" my smart editor parried. "But I want it perfect!" I yelled. "And I want it on time," came the clipped reply.

There were days when the language did the balking, and I found myself in two parts, poet and journalist, each screaming at the other. "Sloppy language is worse than no language at all," cautioned the poet. "Make it accurate, make it exact, make it alive; don't be so bloody serious *all* the time," rejoined the journalist. "But I am serious," grimaced the poet. "And that's what's funny," retorted the journalist.

All this led up to one particularly bad day when I decided to retreat into my known, poetic stance. The book had been through two drafts and the deadline for completion was less than a week away. It still wasn't right; it was less than alive. I called my editor, who functioned as a cross between someone with a mystical belief in what I was doing and Attila the Hun, always demanding more, more. The first question popped out of my mouth before I could stop it: "John, why did you hire a poet to do this book?"

There was a long pause. John Poppy, editor, writer, and experienced in the ways of writers, replied, "Because a poet is likely to compress images and experiences; I want what *you'd* look for in a situation; the small motions, gestures that might pass unnoticed for someone looking for larger

Continued

"I violate reality to achieve reality, and the best poems for me are terrible risks, because they're singular."

things. I want an intense distillation of experiences; the experiences of Annie Leibovitz and Mary Ellen Mark as they function as photojournalists. I expect you, as a poet, to see the implications, connotations and inferences in a situation, to help a reader re-create them, and, as a journalist, to present the details in a straightforward way. I want a marriage between the two."

When the book was completed I had done what I declared easy at the beginning, impossible toward the end: over 15,000 words in two months. There was enough left over to drive John mad condensing, stripping back the overage. But he had given me the excitement of working around a block of pictures, the realization that words are not the only means of communication, and that subtle realization that photographers sometimes think of words as grey space surrounding pictures, conjunctions between photographs. My latent hatred for mathematics had come full circle; I had had to learn how to write text so that it fell on or near the same page the picture did.

As the manuscript left my hands, the emptiness I felt was replaced by a tiny gloating feeling. I was lucky. Somehow I had gotten the best of both worlds—an audience that journalism provided, and the discipline of trying to encompass what poetry gives to language—surface and depth. And I had learned how much work it takes to sustain a long effort. Poems can be put aside, reworked over a period of months. Articles are usually short and can be completed in a few sittings at the typewriter. But a book must have continuity, and the only way that happens is with the discipline of writing every day. Perhaps there are poets who write every day. I don't know them. The intense effort of poetry is too exhausting for it to be a daily job. It would be like asking an inventor to invent something new each day. You'd burn out in a week.

But then again, the decision to see the world as language, to communicate by a public, fixed act of words may not be a sensible one. But poets have seldom been accused of being sensible. The myth of the poet as an irrational being, both in behavior and demands, is convenient. It allows excesses and even seems to reward them. An outrageous poet makes good copy. We reward performance, the poem as product of the performance. And who can blame the poet for wanting an audience? Writing is a solitary and tedious chore. For a poet, the rewards are seldom monetary. The audience is small. Who will blame the poet for achieving gratification by becoming his public image? Thomas. Behan. Yevtushenko. The poet as actor.

But it isn't just that which makes the poet suspect. It's the nature of the work. Reality is a strange beast. Reality, for me, is something I create, and although it may start with an event, as the language tightens and compresses itself into a poem, the event begins to lose shape, distorts, may be discarded. For a poem, that's great, because the process of discovery is where and when I try to take a fix on a shifting reality. It occurs in the warp

of the poem, at that moment I have to catch a framework: invent an event.

I violate reality to achieve reality, and the best poems for me are terrible risks, because they're singular. Not only can't I go back, I can't even determine where I'm going. There are no fixed boundaries. Roethke once described this state, "I write, then, not to enhance the poem, or to quarrel with other interpretations, but to find out further what really happens when one attempts to go beyond reality."

I might have to agree that a poet isn't a sensible person. I'm always inventing—myself, and my landscape. A sensible person would accept, demand a landscape of fixed and familiar objects by which position is determined. But a poem won't allow me that easy access. It has the effect on me that one or two photographs in the book produced. If I were a photographer, I would have to try and fix a landscape, to isolate, define and reinvent perspective. Even if the landscape were a person.

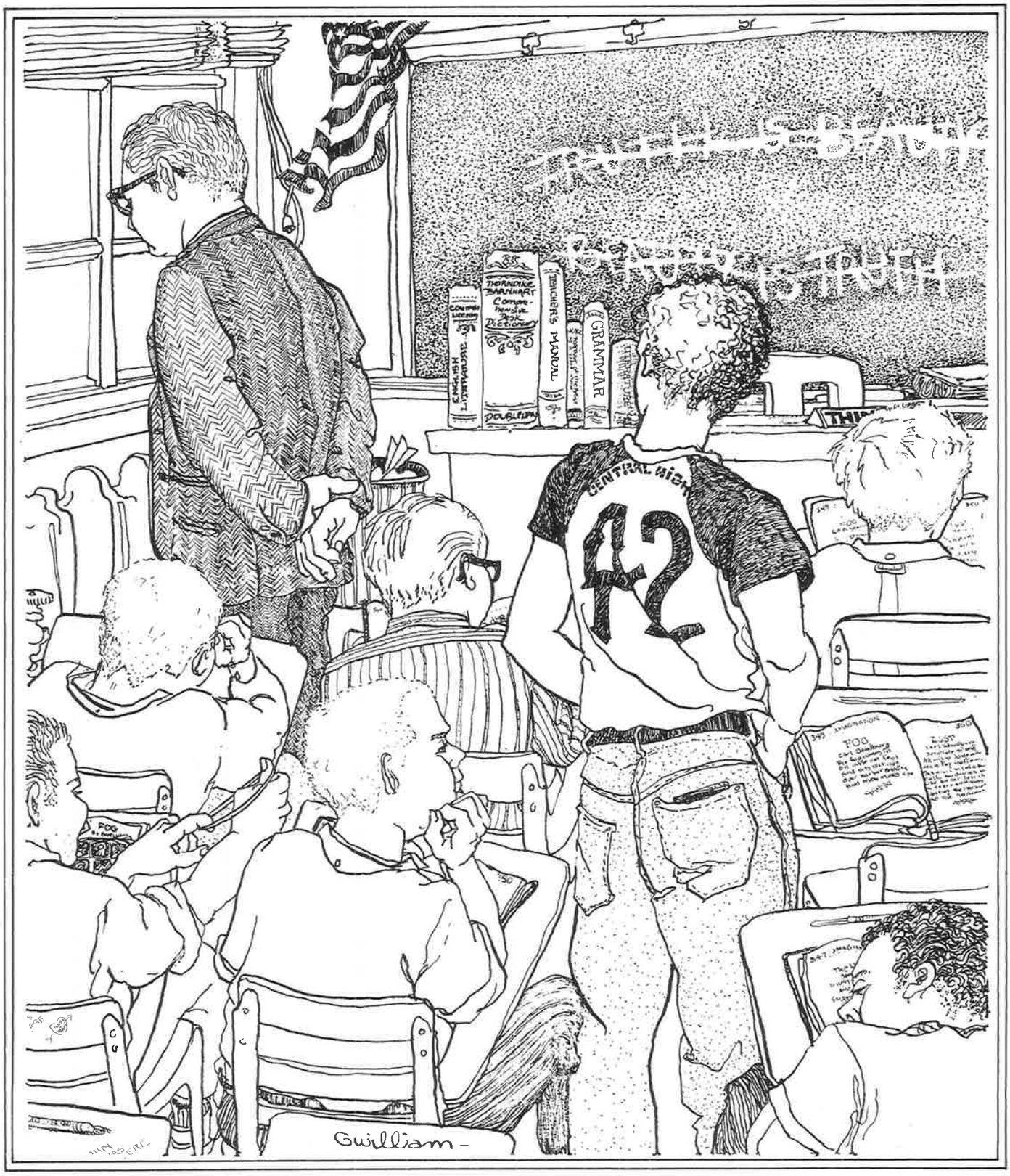
I'll try again: a tree. One I've seen a thousand times suddenly shifts, and it is as if I were seeing it for the first time, displaced by light, by a momentary shifting of shadows, by the leaves' movement against a fragmented sky. For an instant I am thrust out of my sequential world, a world of cause and effect, into an unfamiliar region that refuses the easy label: tree.

But that's not enough. As a writer, I'm forced to unite disparate elements and fuse them into a tense landscape where they're held together by the tenuous connections of words. How can I allow you to see not only the small innocuous tree outside my window, that same tree which rearranged itself into a fragment I thought I had forgotten? Can I create the rough bark, the leaves becoming a moving fretwork against a sky of thick clouds, small vacancies of blue? And can I make you hear, as I did then, the ringing noises of summer, the insects rubbing and whirring in the heavy afternoon; or the child, riding the thick limbs of a chinaberry tree, centered in that southern landscape, waiting for th first warm drops of rain?

The decision to see the world as language allows me not only to invent a world, but to document it. I call this journalism. I start with an event, but then I choose how to present it. Part will be fact, but part will be fiction, because I may or may not have been there. If I'm good enough then I can conceal the seam between the two worlds: that's reality.□

Another view of the poet as a communicator.

By Al Young



"... in our culture, anyway—language has a price on its head, the measure of which is usefulness. Poetry, in this sense, has always been a bargain basement item. ..."

■ Once while I was conducting a writing workshop for the Berkeley Neighborhood Youth Corps, a sleepy-eyed high schooler from West Oakland put one of the ultimate questions to me about the place and nature of poetry.

"If it's supposed to be all that important," he said, "and all that deep and heavy, then how come poets always beat around the bush? Why don't they just come right out and say what they mean like other writers do?"

As a poet who'd never been taught to like poetry, only to "appreciate" or "understand" it, I found the young man's bluntness refreshing; challenging enough, in fact, to whisk me back to my own Dark Ages, the 1950s, when I languished in classrooms chaired by well-meaning public school teachers, themselves the products of even more ancient periods in which everything had its proper place and meaning.

My lit teacher at Central High, Detroit—Mr. Spellman, we'll call him—thought nothing of coolly consulting his seating chart while the whole class sweated, then sauntering to the April window where he could watch the girls' gym class on the playground below. Without so much as turning his good gray head, he'd call out the name of some unprepared victim and ask point blank: "Just what does the author mean when he says that the fog moves in on little cat feet?"

"Well," I might clear my throat and begin, if the unlucky person happened to be me, "I, uh, guess he means to paint a picture of fog being something like a cat since cats, when they move, don't make much noise. You just sort of, well, see them or sense their presence, you know."

"Hmmm," he might say, facing me at last. "Why, that's very good, Mr. Young, not bad at all. But tell me, if you can, what is the significance of such a poetic statement?"

That's when the snickering would commence at the back of the class as everyone leaned forward, practically pressing their noses to the page to have a closer look at the text.

Looking back, I can see now how Mr. Spellman might have been basing his method of inquiry along guidelines set forth in some teachers' manual we knew nothing about. All the same, he's the very man who stomped up to the blackboard one morning, scribbled the words: *Truth is beauty; beauty is truth,* and then proceeded to scratch it all out with a screech that set my teeth on edge.

"Bunk!" he said, clapping chalk from his hands. "Pure bunk! That's what's known as a glittering abstraction, a generalization. It sounds good at first but when you think about it you begin to see how there's nothing there really. Beware of such language made up of thirty-five cent words. Politicians love it. There are also fifty-cent words, dollar words, five- and ten-dollar words."

That session taught me a lot. I learned, for example, that—in our culture, anyway—language has a price on its head, the measure of which is usefulness. Poetry, in this sense, has always been a bargain basement item; a tangled pile of ties or women's swimsuits, marked down because they're irregulars. Brand names still count a great deal, however, since most people, even in this department, don't trust their own taste, which is largely undeveloped. It's taken me years to discover for myself that beauty *is* truth when I stop and think about it.

A recent poll taken among booksellers by Poets & Writers—a New York-based data-gathering agency funded by the National Endowment for the Arts—indicates that less than 7 percent of America's book-buying public takes the poetic art seriously. And yet the need for poetry and its creation has evidently persisted among all peoples in all times and places. Marketable or not, there's something happening here.

Of course, Northern California by now has got to be some kind of center for world poetry activity. From Big Sur up to the Mendocino coast, there exist more poets per capita and poetry publications than the Library of Congress can shake a stick at. Readings and literary high jinks abound. What are they saying? Who's out there listening?

My bet is that a lot of people who feel that poetry has no place in their lives can be found daily perusing the columns of Herb Caen, Charles McCabe, Art Hoppe, Ann Landers, or, for that matter, the sports pages. When the *National Enquirer* switched its policy from doomsday-mongering to yea-saying, its circulation hit a staggering new peak. Everyone likes to hear good news, perhaps at least once in a while. The printed word, for better or worse, has dislodged poetry from its religious and ritualistic foundations where its purpose, like that of song and dance, was to appease and to celebrate life in all its divinity. That basically spiritual urge lingers in man. True poetry always kindles the flame, and the poet is a specialist in fire-building with words.

For me, the highest form of poetic utterance tells us what we already know in such a way as to make it sound like news that stays new. Some poets are simply better at it than others, and many have little to say.□

The Junior Scholarship Awards.

Junior Scholarship Award Winners: Left to right: Bill Thomas, Press Club President; Don Holt, Newsweek *Magazine; Randy Hashagen, Steve Zonder, Dan Parra, Martha Sheratt, Phil Anderson.*

Junior Scholarship Awards Committee. From left: Mark Rodman, Rene Cazenave , Don Galbraith (standing), Jim Lattie and Don DeLone.

By Don E. DeLone

■ The 29th Annual Junior Scholarship Awards brought 325 high school writers into The Club on Saturday, May 17, for discussions with press, radio, and television professionals and the presentation of $1,500 in tuition prizes.

The nine student winners of these scholarship awards were selected by the Press Club judges on the basis of their news, sports and feature writing published during the year. The 1974 entries represented more than 300 students in some 80 Northern California high schools. The morning discussion panels were conducted by fourteen reporters and editors from the daily newspapers, radio stations and television channels in the Bay Area.

Don Holt, news editor of *Newsweek* magazine in New York City, was the speaker.

The Scholarship Committee has registered recommendations that tuition award money for these scholarships be increased to the level of $3,000 per year so as to make the prizes realistically worth competing for.

It appears to be the consensus in the Press Club that the Junior Scholarship awards are a highly regarded and worthwhile program, and that they should be continued with tuition awards commensurate with The Club's objectives: assuring talented young high school writers of at least a start on the college level toward professional study and later careers in journalism.

A logical time to increase the scholarship tuition fund is in connection with the 30th annual awards in 1975. For this anniversary event, the Junior Scholarship Committee plans a special effort which hopefully will bring national recognition to the scholarship program The Club initiated three decades ago. Detailed plans for the 1975 event will be submitted to the board of directors by the end of the year. □

Don Holt, Newsweek*; Phil Anderson, 1st place $250 college scholarship prize winner from Tracy High School; Phil's instructor.*

Women and the news reporters, Junior Scholarship panelists: Beverly Stephen, Chronicle*; Joan Woods White,* Oakland Tribune*; Caroline Drewes,* Examiner.

Working in radio during the Thirties.

By Carl Winston

■ There were two guys standing there with their faces hanging out when I reached the studio.

"We go on the air in seven minutes," one yelled, "Where's the script?"

"Have no fear," I answered, "here's your script—the first seven pages, anyway. You'll have the rest in plenty of time. Where's a typewriter?"

Air time came—the guys started reading; I kept on typing. We wound up in a dead heat. I handed them the final page of the script just as they finished reading the next-to-last.

That was 1930. That was radio.

The show was a 15-minute comedy thing: each actor portrayed a couple of characters, using various accents sometimes, with a tiny thread of continuity running through it all.

Of course, all radio wasn't run on such a slipshod basis. This was a minor station in New York, located atop all twenty-four floors of what was then known as the Hotel Lincoln. Now—just like everything in Fun City—it's probably something else.

We could afford to be slipshod because this program was on a "sustaining" basis. That meant no one got paid.

The theory was—and it proved a sound one—that a guy should be so proud and happy to get on the air in any way, shape or form that he wouldn't even think of demanding money.

Like I say, this was 1930.

The idea in those days was that if you managed to get a show on the air, sooner or later you would get a sponsor. That meant you got paid. The station sales staff was supposed to obtain the sponsor. In my case there was no luck; the show fizzled out after a few months.

A year later, however, I reached the golden plateau. I wrote a show and got paid for it. Very little, I admit, and to this day I suspect the guy who ran the

"It may be a measure of my talent that several years elapsed before I was able to latch on to another radio writing job. But this time it was a biggie—the Marx Brothers!"

operation took a sizable portion off the top before I got my $50 per script.

It was a one-man thing called *The Edward Rambler* and it did achieve some degree of fame—for a very simple reason. It followed *Amos and Andy* on the same network and stepped right into a huge audience too lazy or too busy to switch the dials after listening to that enormously popular team.

Star of *The Edward Rambler* was a rosy-cheeked, ebullient chap named Irving Kaufman, a thoroughly protean performer. He could (and would, whether he could or not) do any kind of accent. He could sing, tell jokes, he could even ad lib.

The sponsor was a Philadelphia tailoring firm. I suppose the name was Edward Clothing.

Kaufman's shtick was carrying on a conversation with himself—in various voices and accents. A sample bit of dialog may have gone like this:

Kaufman: Rastus, I saw the strangest thing this morning. I was walking on the beach.

Rastus: Yassuh boss (remember, this was forty years ago): you wuz walkin' on the beach. . .

Kaufman: And all of a sudden a man's head rolled out of the ocean right at my feet.

Rastus: Lordy me!

Kaufman: It was singing.

Rastus: That haid wuz singin'? Well, what wuz it singin'?

Kaufman: It was singing, "I ain't got no body."

After allowing a suitable interlude before the laughter in a million living rooms had died down, Kaufman would go on.

This one lasted, if memory faileth me not, a full thirteen weeks. But like all other weeks, the thirteen passed. Despite the brilliance of the material, as exemplified in the above exhibit, no radio work followed.

But I was sitting pretty, Depression wise, so to speak. I was working. Writing captions on the New York *Daily News,* then still youthful, and then—as now—greatest of all the tabloids.

Consequently, even though radio people weren't battering at my door, I managed. Millions of others, most of them with far less to do with than I had, managed, too.

It may be a measure of my talent that several years elapsed before I was able to latch on to another radio writing job. But this time it was a biggie—the Marx Brothers!

If that kind of work sounds as if it may have been a picnic, it was. Laugh, laugh, laugh, all the—well, most of the time. As they say in show business, Groucho was always "on." Always trying, often succeeding.

On the other hand, the task could have its headaches. For one thing, if either star didn't like a gag, out it went and that meant digging for another. And they didn't always come that easy.

You see, despite the fact that the Marxes—only two of them, for Zeppo had long since departed the act and Harpo's muteness was an inadequate property for radio—were nice, pleasant fellows most of the time. Still, there was a subterranean vein of ham embedded in them. You could slight either only at your own peril.

There were three writers—Tom McKnight, who doubled as director and got the lion's share of the dough, Bob Ross and myself. (Both McKnight and Ross have passed on.) Every week I was assigned the task of producing the first, or "working" script after a discussion of the program's "premise," which outlined the plot and background (if any).

I recall one afternoon as a conference ended and the preliminary script had been read. The brothers always listened with stony faces, no matter how hilarious the material actually was or we thought it was. To look grim, I suppose, was a matter of principle with them.

As we drifted from McKnight's office into whatever twilight was permitted to enter the canyon known as East 49th Street, I felt a tug at my sleeve. It was Chico. He whipped out a copy of the script, leafed through a few pages. Then . . .

"Look," he said, "on page six, Groucho has one . . . two . . . he has five laughs. I only got four. Why should he get more laughs than me? Gimme something funny to say right in here." He indicated a point halfway down the page.

As I recall, I tried. Half-heartedly.

There wasn't much radio after that. A little. A stint with Young and Rubicam, where I did serious "institutional" stuff for Celanese, for instance, during World War II. A poem that Burgess Meredith read, called "A Voice is Heard," that was later reprinted on the front page of the Cleveland *News* as an "eloquent war appeal."

As some of you may know, a thing called television came around at about that time. There was a little of that for me, gags for Ed Wynn, Jackie Gleason, some others. A load of magazine work, mostly funny stuff—a pair of funny books that raised something less than a pimple on the epidermis of the book publishing universe.

San Francisco, the *News Call Bulletin, The Examiner* . . . the years here began in September of 1962.

Some day maybe a guy who's a kid now will look back at *his* good old days and write a nostalgic thing. I just hope his memories will be as sweet and as tender as mine today of the papers and the radio and the books . . . and the guys . . . and the Thirties. □

To whom it may concern, re: California.

By Herbert Gold

■ As a Native Son (by adoption fifteen years ago, out of the great orphanage of Manhattan), one of my hobbies has been the classification of Californias, as Nabokov classifies butterflies. "Eureka! I have found it," is the motto of the state, and so far I have found at least five Californias:

—The ranching and farming inland valleys, where Slim and Pardner, Tex and Floyd, roam through Steinbeck legends and the morning mists are nice on the fields.

—The John Birch and impeach Earl Warren (never mind that he's deceased) Orange and San Diego counties, Disneyland Navy straight-arrow love-it-or-leave-it slurbia, which has copious pockets wherever strong men gather to commute, even near San Francisco.

—Los Angeles, an outer-space nation of its own, wrapped in its cocoon of doubt, pride, freeways, and unlaundered air.

—Movieland. Things aren't so bad now, but I've filled my glass at parties in Beverly Hills and Westwood where nobody, not a single man or woman present, had work. Oh, *tristesse*.—Gone are the happy times of the writers' strike, when a proletarian in a pink cashmere sweater pounded his fist on the table and cried pathetically, "Why, there are writers in this town making less than a thousand dollars a week!"

—The lumbering north, with conservationists clinging like bugs to the logs. Some of the coastal towns used to do a lot of fishing, and they're pretty quiet. Want to start a commune? You can buy yourself a motel, an urban mansion in Yreka, or a whole goldmining town, complete with nails from the True Rush.

—Aerospace desolation row, where the Ph.D. engineers fight over the hack licenses. Some find work busing the school kids hither and yon.

—Friscoville, everybody's favorite narcissism, the capital of the internal expatriation, the paradise of good living, with its biodegradable allies, Marin County, Malibu, La Jolla, and, on good days, Los Gatos, Big Sur, and Mendocino. Underground FM stations carry a little of San Francisco everywhere, even to my home town of

"Vitamin E is supposed to solve most of your problems, but then you might think of them again. If you can't do anything about the degradation of cities and culture, there is always the internal wilderness to be enriched. . . ."

Cleveland, exactly as every college town has its block or two of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue.

—And amid all the pleasures, everything from Nirvana to fresh avocados, there's that whoosh of emigration *back* to Oklahoma, Michigan, and even dreaded Manhattan.

That's eight Californias, isn't it? And they're not even parallel categories.

Anybody else, including you and me, with a different brand of coffee coursing through our veins, could count five or eight other Californias. The liberal, the conservative, the New Left (with its antique ally, the Old Left, crying, "Callow!"), the communal, the rockal, the countercultural (now taken to the woods after the shipwrecks of Sunset Strip and Haight-Ashbury) . . . Oh, listen, I even found a surfing-and-Hesse crew in La Jolla, near San Diego, gathered with their perfect tans and off-white hair in a head-and-bookshop complex allied to a 16mm, art movie house—a Safeway of the future, giving Blue Chip stamps with purchases of Paul Krassner's collected essays. Speak on, Yuban Instant. The spicy, morose Mexican-American ghettos. The black powder kegs in every major California city, just like in America. And the monster school population of universities, colleges private and public, junior colleges, community colleges, extension branches, providing higher education for a number of students equal to the total population of some perfectly respectable members of the United Nations. Despite the Reaganite foreclosure of funds, the books are still cracked; many of the laboratories are still buying Bunsen burners if they promise to find a cure for cancer or what used to be called "juvenile delinquency" (now it's called "the kids"). On San Francisco State campus there is no cafeteria place for gathering anymore past early afternoon (cafeterias lead straight to revolution), and hungry former strikers are reduced to morose brown-bagging in the winter rains.

Where are we meeting now? is my favorite California graffito.

The blue VW buses are going elsewhere, looking for a place where the young can lay down their weary packs.

Vitamin E is supposed to solve most of your problems, but then you might think of them again. If you can't do anything about the degradation of cities and culture, there is always the internal wilderness to be enriched. Some orthopedic surgeon will soon report cases of arthritis of the wrist from twisting open the morning mess of vitamin bottles.

The blue VW buses seem to be going nowhere, just parked at the curb, dropouts from city and country dropped into the heaven of mobility. Some are in school or not in school; some work or do not work; they are just there. Dawn comes, and the civic folks in the ranch houses look out their windows to confront the rising tide of campers. It's Carnation-Instant-Breakfast-versus-yeast-and-soya time, a morning gruel countdown in the new West. It takes a while, for no one knows quite what to say. Americans are nice, Californians are nicest, and these must be someone's children parked at the curb to live in sin. At last the householders find words and zoning ordinances, and the taxpayers raise their cry: "Septic tanks! Are they littering? What about their septic tanks?"

Ecology'll do it every time. The campers slink off in mingled pride and shame. And those who don't? They get their heads knocked in by the friendly California police.

It's said that California is somehow simpler, sweeter, baby-faced, compared with the other coast—a Debbie or a Patti from San Jose State, lacking in irony, as against some Kierkegaard-reading, steam-heat-fried Barnard girl —and perhaps there is some truth to the charge. Esalen, groovy massage, and imprecise diction all have taken a certain root in this tolerant climate. There are few El Grecos in San Francisco museums, as Mrs. Sidney Hook once pointed out, asking how I could bear to live among such a paucity of tormented, elongated, greenish-mugged Spanish oeuvres.

The problem exists, I agree. But, if your itch is for irony and pathos, daily life in any of the Californias can fill in for the view of Toledo in your friendly neighborhood Metropolitan Museum.

Beverly Hills long ago supplanted Manhattan as the all-purpose favorite No Soul Country of myth and dream. Of course, that's a variety of genocide; everyone on this earth has feelings, privacy, desire for intimacy and community, mortal dreads, birth visions, love fantasies, truth ambitions.

But some places put special burdens on the deepest human intentions. California is one such place. Southern California is another. Zen contemplation, consciousness-raising, communal force-feeding of hearts, touch encounters, franchised sorcerers' apprentices, nude beaches, and four-track stereo are all worthy efforts to get in touch with depth. California is a champ among depth seekers. Over the years, a whole host of English depth-seekers, plus strange-*eaters* from Hungary and Poland, have come to California to find sophisticated truths along with year-round water sports.

Crowding has bruised some of the blooms. The problem is acute and getting acuter.

Sometimes it seems merely a subdivision of the problem of knowledge and intelligence. A professor at UCLA delivers a lecture on *Anna Karenina,* and a tall, handsome, blond lad with surf-dried skin and the dropout moustache—suave, countrified, hip—comes up after class and comments, "I like that book, especially because it's about Russians. We got to know all we can about the Russians. Sputnik made that clear to me when I was a kid. He write other good things?"

It turned out, under closer questioning, that the young Slavophile had read *War and Peace, Resurrection,* and maybe *Hadji Murad* and *What is Art?* during his Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics phase. But the only book by Tolstoy he really remembered was *Crime and Punishment,* because he saw a revival of the flick with Yul Brynner.

This young man, you say, can be found all over the land?

But not so handsome, serious, blond, and honest. And not so likely to be a speed-reader.

The Flavor of the Month at your local Baskin-Robbins ice cream outlet

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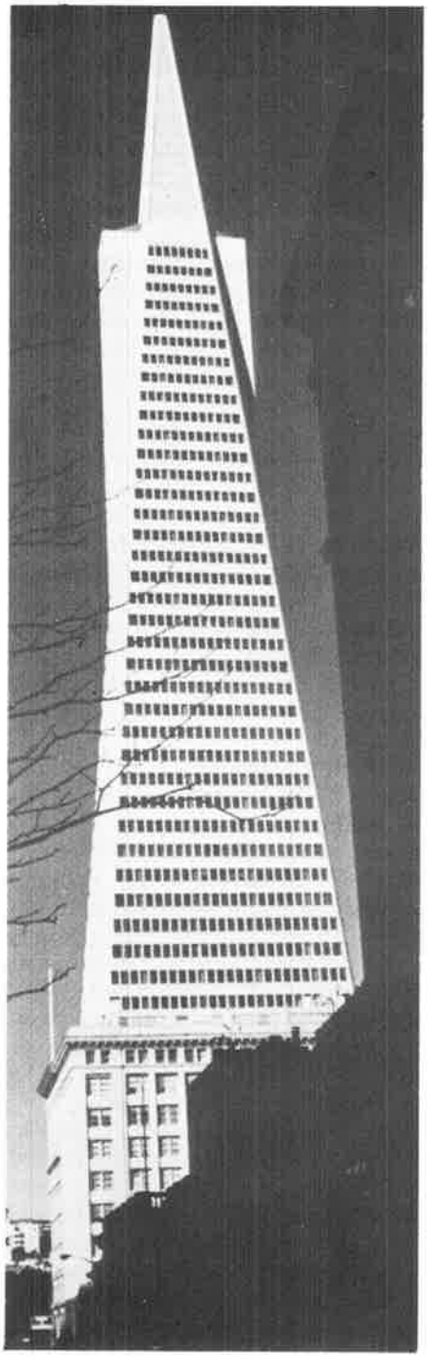


is Identity-Crisis Blah. California itself, like the character of the graduate student bank robber in a San Francisco novel, is Not Guilty by Reason of Jumpiness.

Those students who slip into their backpacks in the morning, while their older brothers and sisters (now Mr. and Ms.) are looking for Arcadia within the Dream of Arcadia. If they find only hepatitis, it's clearly not for lack of poignant search, guided by the honest primitive instincts of Herman Hesse and Alicia Bay Laurel.

Meanwhile, in the cities, the penitential agonies of the liberals continue. An article by Peter Drucker has revealed his analysis of current demographic studies: *Americans aren't as young as they were only a few years ago*. The same thing is true of the current-events activist freaks who throw themselves into every yearly third-world fad (remember Frantz Fanon? Eldridge Cleaver? fish-ins for the Indians, starring Mr. Brando and Ms. J. Fonda?). A middle-aged Jewish writer with a Sephardic name insisted on reading during an Evening of Third-World Poetry at Occidental College. Getting radicalized is a minor cottage industry in California.

As is getting Polarized to the Right.

The history of Judaism contains a fair share of miracles and marvels, though not so many, of course, as Christianity, which specialized. Here is one true version of California Judaism respectfully submitted for the annals of modern piety. Away down in Orange County, far from Jerusalem or Kamenets Podolski in the aerospace slurb that stretches through the ghosts of fruit groves from the L.A. basin toward the Mexican border, there stands a lonely, dusty, stucco synagogue, surrounded by fading billboards pleading for the impeachment of Earl Warren. Flat-topped citizens sow what they reap; if there are speed freaks in town, they are only the twice-born kids of once-born parents, supplementing a diet of pizza and softie ice-cream with a little methedrine crystal for the nerves.

These people may be different, but they are still people. Their conventions about food stamps, blacks, Southeast Asia, cities, country, and fresh air may be different from yours. But soothed by the times and irritated by history, they are human beings.

A small group of Jews lives among them in the bent pocket between two cloverleafs and an Interstate.

This lost fragment asked me to come

to speak to them of Things Jewish, Things Novelistic, Things in General. The man who picked me up at a feeder airport had only one arm. He drove a special car and also, he informed me, flew his own plane. He was a temporarily unemployed aeronautics engineer. He was also, as he said . . . "I'm the Deacon of the Synagogue."

I cite that in full.

We drove and drove through the gathering winter dark. Yes, there is a sort of winter in Southern California—grayness, damp chill, early nightfall. It was more than fifty miles to the synagogue. After my talk there were drinks and food, bagels, cream cheese, corned beef, mint patties, and then he loaded me into his special car and drove me fifty miles back to catch a midnight flight home to San Francisco. Round trip for him would be over 200 miles this evening. He said he does it for all the synagogue speakers.

"Why?"

"Oh, I like to meet celebrities from the outside world. Two months ago we had a Hasidic rabbi from New York, and last month we had the chief test pilot from Lockheed, and now—you."

For it was indeed I who was consuming the freeway at a highway-patrol-safe speed of ten miles above the limit in that car with the one-armed Jewish deacon from Orange County.

"I get to talk privately with the individual," he said. "I get to exchange ideas and feelings. I'll drive or fly a million miles, sir, if only I can get in touch with some serious persons of the Jewish persuasion."

This girl. This lovely thing who carried the Twist from the Rhythm Room of the airport Holiday Inn straight into my heart. She was once a luscious majorette and Lockheed Tri-Star Queen of Burbank, then went to Stanford and told of ancestral swimming pools converted to fallout shelters (Oedipal rejection of her parents), wrote poetry which she submitted to *The New Yorker,* had a book review printed in the *Berkeley Barb* (she wanted to publish her collected review), enlisted in the legions of flower childery in San Francisco, departed after several simultaneous unhappy love affairs with men who all did her wrong during the same long summer of 1967, joined Swinging London as that delicious item as exotic in Europe as the Duck-Billed Platypus —a California Girl—and finally came back to California to take root with her teaching credential. She married a

Continued

Mardy Leaver

Glen Putman

Call 397-6375

young lawyer. She still works out with her baton. They are living happily ever afterward in Encino (condominium, football weekends, and a swimming pool, which her daughter may someday condemn as a revised fallout shelter).

In a few years her daughter will pass through the majorette and Minuteman Missile Queen phase. And listen with grotesque sighs of boredom while her mum tells how Sno-Cones and Acapulco Gold tasted better in the old days. What she'll do about it is still a mystery. A story, even that familiar one about fate—Vico, Plato, and the eternal return—should always end in mystery.

George Jackson is dead. Grass is not yet legal, despite predictions by the various soothsayers of the past decade. Tim Leary and the Black Panthers are yesterday's game, sometimes brought out for the Sunday paper like your old Frisbee or psychedelic black-light poster. (And where are the Diggers now?)

That rumble outside my door is the sound of Californies packing up their Pontiac station wagons, heading east on the interstate, back to Oklahoma. When it's dust versus smog, that old dust tastes just fine.

The Beach Boys are alive. You can almost say as much for Troy Donahue.

The surf is still up.

Aerospace experts in the southland, L.A. and Orange, are talking about mass transit, trains, subways, hydrofoils, as they drive those Yellow cabs just for a little spending money. San Francisco is bringing ferries back to the Bay and still promising to tear down freeways. Some smart boys are buying vineyards for use in the actual growing of wine grapes. When the first housing development is leveled to convert the land to viticulture, the decisive step will be taken, turning history backwards in this last outpost and glory of American optimism. Time and mortality, friends, have gained on the West Coast.

California is still dreaming.

"Eureka, we have not quite found it!"—motto of California dreamers.

Words prove nothing. They are mere arrows into the blue—which is itself merely a trick of our optic nerves and our imaginations. (Sometimes, of course, the California sky can also be *smelled*.) Need I draw conclusions about California from anecdote and evidence, from the immersion of my time here? All things are related, the mystics tell us; they also tell us that all things are also unrelated.

Nevertheless, it means sometning to the American spirit to move all the way west. There are still some Brooks Brothers in California, but the brothers dressed like Brooks in New York, Boston, or Chicago tend to dress like the Brothers Freak after a term in San Francisco. The changes of sea and prairie across the Donner Pass, where some ate others, produce a certain intensity of commitment to pleasure, sense, and variety. Often, alas, this is mere dress and intention—gray-flecked lads of forty playing their old Byrds records for chiclets who want only to get high. The herd of Independent Minds becomes an independence of herded minds.

The great issues—war, work, family, and their corollaries and opposites— are national ones, but the color of assault on them is more vivid in California. It's not all advantage, of course. Some of it comes down to avoidance; winter is missing. But the liveliness of place and trial—and also the ugly man-made winter of freeways among the smog—have given America a new perspective on itself. The final turning is not yet in sight, despite the many failures and demolitions along the way. What America was—freedom and adventure, eternal youth and inevitable mortality—California still is.

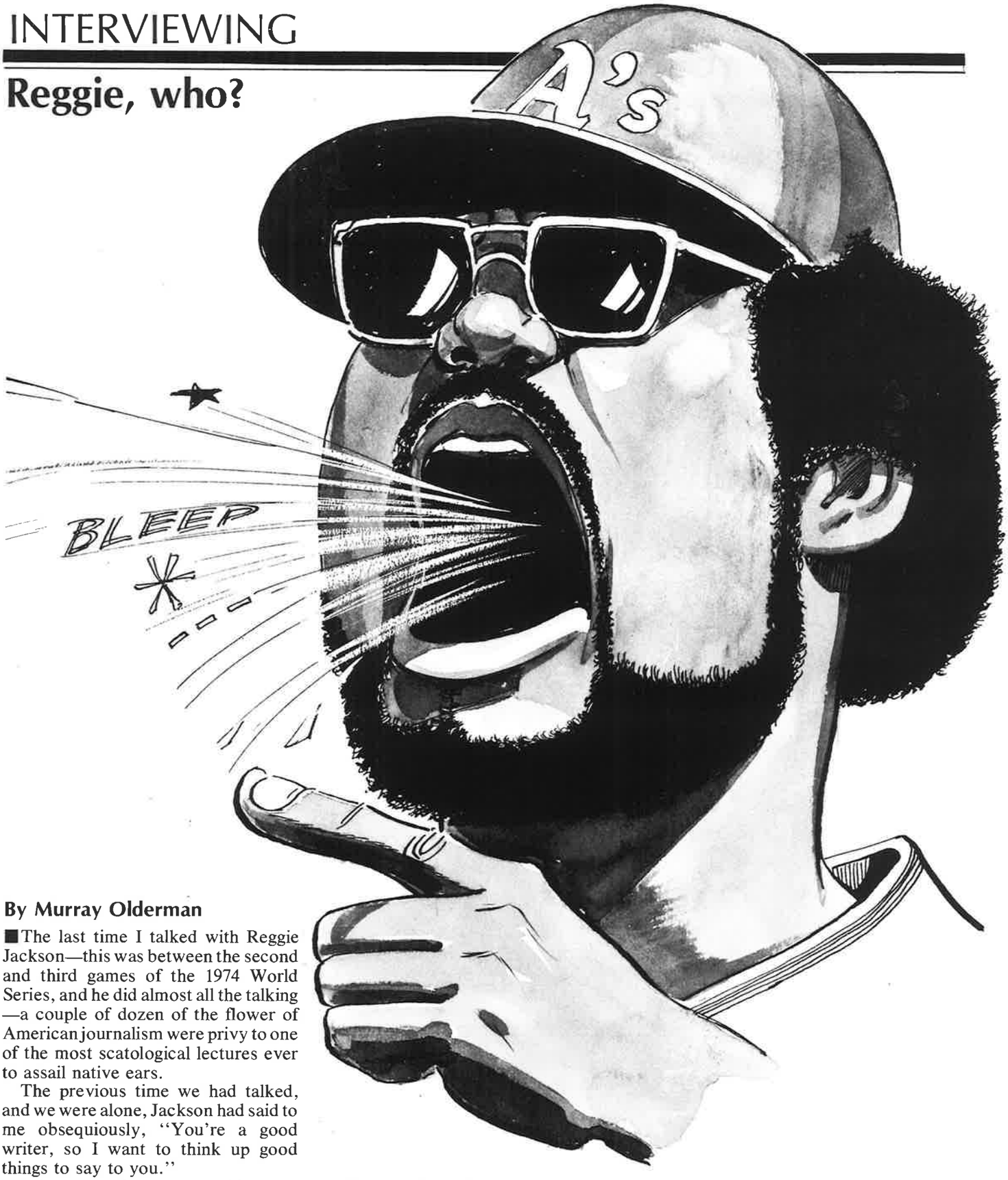
The anticommunards living by the side of the road in the VW buses, the wise but detached eleven-year-old playwright, the Tolstoy-loving surfer, the sweet weaver's old lady who doesn't want to be a sexist slave anymore, like blacks and students, S.I. Hayakawa, the one-armed Orange County synagogue deacon, the luscious platypus—they are all bemused and lonely, they are just the plain folks of California. I know I haven't mentioned the potato farmers of Shafter, the longshoremen of Stockton, the masses in the ghettos and the masses trying to keep them there. I haven't mentioned drugs, except for a little speed, or the War. I've only hinted about the cycle of inflation and depression.

California is special, typical, hopeless, and still full of hope. A part of the main. Traveling on nerve. Making out the weird best way it can. If that fails, it might even try for a better way.

And that, too, is a lesson for the rest of the nation. The spectacle of California's striving to define itself provides a continuing challenge for those heading west to feast on its peculiar, nervous, and generous soul. □

INTERVIEWING

Reggie, who?



By Murray Olderman

■ The last time I talked with Reggie Jackson—this was between the second and third games of the 1974 World Series, and he did almost all the talking—a couple of dozen of the flower of American journalism were privy to one of the most scatological lectures ever to assail native ears.

The previous time we had talked, and we were alone, Jackson had said to me obsequiously, "You're a good writer, so I want to think up good things to say to you."

In between, there appeared in *Sport Magazine,* a national publication, under my by-line a story entitled, "Reggie Jackson: Blood & Guts of the Fighting A's"—which detailed some of the internecine brawls the Oakland Athletics have become famous for, invariably featuring Jackson. It also parenthetically portrayed the insecurity I found in Jackson as a person.

It was a fairly innocuous piece, so my friends tell me, but Jackson obviously didn't agree. His ugly, absurd outburst and feigned physical threat immediately became a national banner story, which shows you how banal off-day World Series reporting can be.

I suppose I could have reacted in a couple of ways, like 1) reaching for the nearest weapon, a fungo at the batting cage, and aiming for his skull, or 2) shouting back cussword for cussword. But service as an infantry lieutenant during World War II turned me to essential pacifism. And I don't have Jackson's gutter vocabulary, or the practice thereof.

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn handled it neatly for me anyhow by warning the

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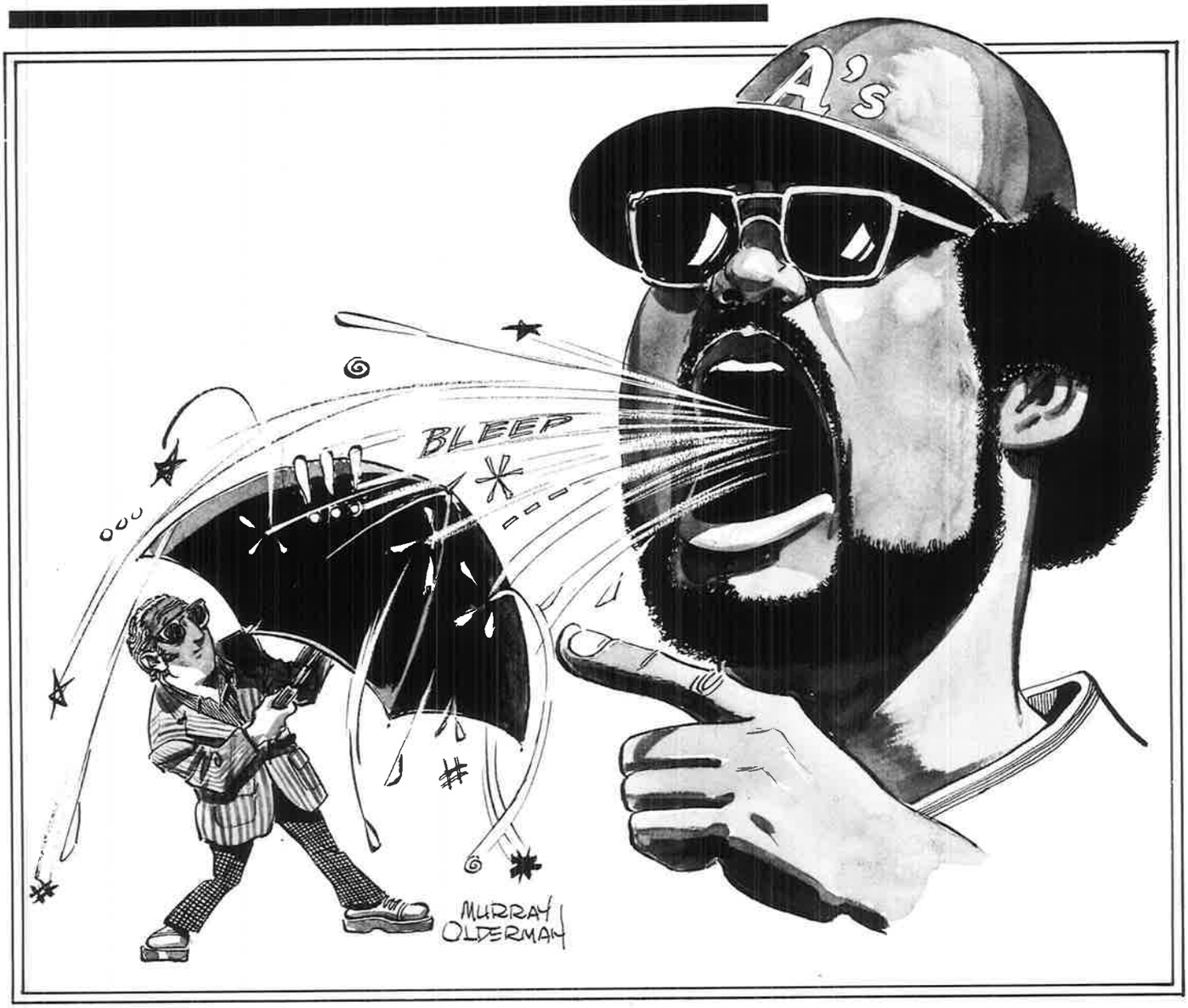
"I thought the whole incident was ridiculous. I've been weaned journalistically on the idea that a writer's function is to report news and not make it and personally I don't relish the notoriety the story got."



temperamental outfielder that another outburst could lead to suspension from the Series.

I thought the whole incident was ridiculous. I've been weaned journalistically on the idea that a writer's function is to report news and not make it and personally I didn't relish the notoriety the story got.

A couple of other A's players got into the act by claiming they were misquoted in the story. Outfielder Bill North, with whom Jackson scuffled physically last season, was one. I offered, when he confronted me, to play back the cassette tape of his conversation about Jackson ("insecure. . . very confused. . .does some strange things for a man of his intelligence").

Vida Blue, quoted in a single sentence in the entire piece as having once pointed to the A's outfield and said, "There are three cliques on this team, and you can see them all out there," petulantly claimed I never talked to him about the A's. There was no intimation in the story he said it to me, but he did say it to reputable baseball writers from the *San Jose News* and *Oakland Tribune*. The quote was even used in an NEA series on the embattled A's last June, which will also show Vida has a short memory when he says he never talked to me.

Now it's not nice to be called a liar and have a finger waggled in your face and have some choleric husky tell you you'll be picking up your mail in a gopher hole. Especially when you've still got your hands in your pockets as I had. You might say I was startled.

So even was Charles O. Finley, who has been in some verbal fracases himself. When the owner of the Athletics apologized to me the next day for his outfielder's behavior, he explained, "But you know what kind of person Jackson is."

Frankly, I don't. And, you know, I don't think I'll take the trouble to find out.□

'Good morning, this is Bob Trebor . . .'

By James P. O'Neill

■ It is 3:50 a.m. at KGO. He sits in a cubicle, hunched over a microphone, surrounded by flashing lights, a bank of telephones and a halo of blue smoke. Armed with two packs of Tareytons, a half-finished bottle of Doctor Pepper, he takes a deep breath, nods to the engineer in the control room and pushes a button. In a soft, polished voice he says, "Line three. Good morning, this is Bob Trebor. You're on the air."

"Hi, Bob!" the caller says in a sexy, feminine drawl.

Trebor's bored, good-looking face breaks into a grin. "Shanghai Lil! Where have you been?" He punches a cigarette into an overflowing ash tray.

Shanghai Lil has been busy moving into a low-cost senior citizen apartment complex. Usually she is a humorous, perky caller; tonight she is depressed. Pets are not allowed, Shanghai Lil confides, in the new place. "Bob, I had to give up my cats," she moans.

Trebor's grin fades. He pulls on his moustache as he listens to Shanghai Lil. When her tale of woe is finished, he commiserates, says good-bye and jabs another button. Mort is on the line. A word-glutton and rigid conservative, Mort calls regularly with long harangues. Tonight Mort is defending President Ford's pardoning of Nixon for the twentieth time. Trebor lifts moody eyes to the ceiling in supplication. Halfway through his spiel, Mort declares, "I bet you're not listening, Trebor! I bet you're gonna cut me off!"

"No, I'm not, Mort. Go ahead," Trebor says calmly.

Harangue finished, Trebor offers a short rebuttal and stabs another button. It is 3:56 a.m. A plaintive woman sobs, "I'm alone and lonely." She goes into a dreary, incoherent monologue of self pity. A commercial and the news are coming up. He listens awhile, says "Thank you" and cuts the woman off. A canned commercial hits the air and Trebor shakes his head at his producer behind the thick glass window.

"It's one of those nights," he says.

"Shanghai Lil's in a bad mood, then we get good ole Mort and now that poor dame. I blew the community reminder, pal. We'll pick it up later." He yawns, lights another cigarette.

It is another hard working day in the long night for Bob Trebor, the popular midnight to 5 a.m. talk host on KGO-Radio. Since he left George Washington University, he's known thirty years of such nights—and days.

The producer tosses a cue as network news concludes and Trebor pushes another button. This time the caller rants about Ted Kennedy and Chappaquiddick, but Trebor cuts him short. "Sir, that's old hat. Kennedy's not running for the presidency. Why beat a dead horse?" The caller belabors Trebor with censorable epithets. Trebor hits his bleeper, always at the ready; he looks up at the ceiling

Continued

. . . There are occasional lively interviews where Trebor has a chance to brighten the tone of the program, but there are many clinkers. . .'

again, as if asking God for direct help.

As the dreary night drags toward dawn, the calls pour in. There are occasional lively interviews where Trebor has a chance to brighten the tone of the program, but there are many clinkers. Bob Brixner, the producer, screens all calls before Trebor talks to his guests but the system isn't foolproof and an occasional drunk or dingaling manages to slip through. When 5 a.m. rolls around, Trebor has consumed another half pack of cigarettes and two more Doctor Peppers. He walks into the men's room, douses cold water on his face. "Let's have some breakfast," he suggests. "We can talk there."

We walk out of the studio into a hazy, grey dawn. Trebor drives to an all-night restaurant on Geary Street. When the waitress brings the coffee, I ask him if tonight was a typical stint for him.He grins wryly. "Hell, no. If they were all like tonight, I would have been a basket case long ago. If anything, tonight was the exception, not the rule."

Since Trebor took over the 12 a.m. to 5 a.m. slot on KGO in August, 1972, the program has captured the top rating for the time period. There is a qualification about this rating: The period from midnight to 1 a.m. is the only time segment canvassed by the poll-takers. However, it is accepted that the show with the top rating at 1 a.m. probably sustains it through the rest of the night. KGO beams its 50,000 watts up and down the West Coast and Trebor has regular callers from Alaska, British Columbia, Arizona, Montana and Idaho. A band of expatriates in Mexico are loyal Trebor fans.

Many of his listeners are not only loyal but generous. Trebor receives an avalanche of cakes, cookies, crocheted sweaters, book marks, ties, socks and other items. His mail averages 200 letters per week and he tries to answer all of it personally except for the hate letters. Several callers have wanted to start fan clubs but he discourages it. "I tell them I don't want fan clubs, just interesting friends to while away the long night."

He has several regulars besides Shanghai Lil. There is Ted the Gardener, who spends a good deal of his day in Union Square watching the world go by. A poet and philosopher, Ted reports on what he observes to Trebor. "He's retired. Been a gardener all his life. Ted's a compassionate, sensitive person. Extremely well-read and a joy to talk to."

Then there is Flipper, a member of the Dolphin Club. "Flipper must be sixty-seven or sixty-eight years old. He takes a long swim every day of the year. In that cold Bay, not in a heated swimming pool. He has one helluva sense of humor and a conversation with Flipper makes my night."

How come the name Shanghai Lil? Trebor grins. "Lil lived in Shanghai for many years. From the way she talks I suspect she's been married almost as many times as Tommy Manville. She's certainly lived a colorful life and had her share of ups and downs. Shanghai Lil is right out of Rabelais, with a cock-eyed, zany outlook on life. Tonight we just caught her in a downer."

Trebor got into broadcasting while a student at George Washington University, where he majored in English. Since then he has worked in a number of the country's major markets as a disc jockey, program director, newsman and interviewer. He spent several years in Europe, where he was a producer at Radio Sweden in Stockholm, a stringer for CBS in Scandinavia and a disc jockey on Radio Luxembourg. He joined KGO in 1960 and functioned in both news and feature assignments before taking over the all-night slot in 1972.

He was offered a lucrative job with a top New York radio station but turned it down. "It's been a gypsy life," he says studying the coffee cup in front of him. "I'd be back in the rat race in New York. I could take it but I've got a wife and two growing teenage boys. I asked myself if they should be forced to take it and the answer was no."

Does he feel any kinship with the protagonist in Nathaniel West's novel *Miss Lonelyhearts*?

"Uh-huh," Trebor said. "Many times I've thought of it. When I first took over this show the problems of some of these night people worried the hell out of me. I wasn't fit to live with. Finally my wife, Lois, warned me I was heading for trouble. 'You're as accessible as a park bench,' she said. And she was right.

"Hell, I'm not a messiah—or a psychiatrist. How can I solve their problems when I have a hard enough time coping with my own? Now I try to give them some hope and suggest they see a doctor and say a private prayer for them. What more can I do?"

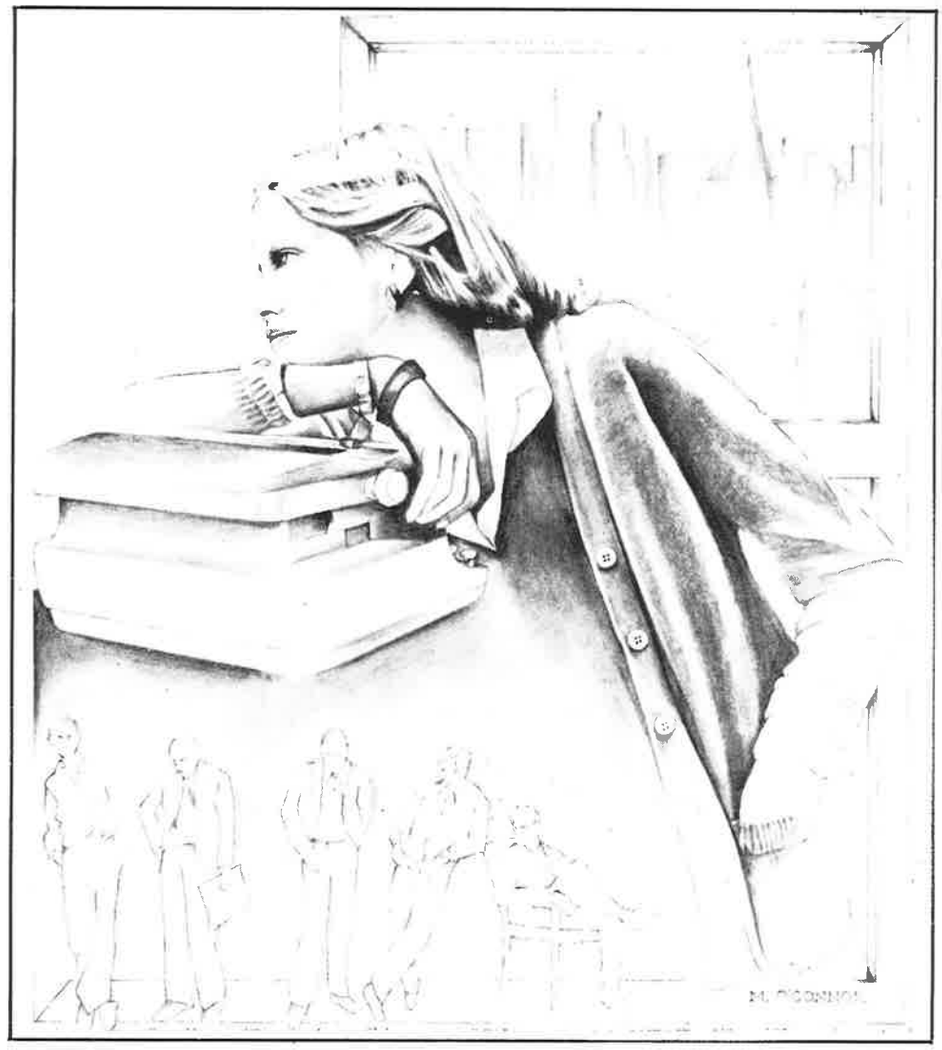
Yet Trebor still seems more involved with his callers than most communicators. "It's a cheap shot to laugh or sneer at any of them—even the freaks. I just sit there and smoke and talk and talk and smoke and try to cheer them up and say something helpful."

As he walks out onto deserted Geary, he adds, "One thing I try not to be is the guy Samuel Johnson put down. Johnson said, "He is not only dull, but he causes others to be dull, too." □

How to keep your chin up when you must.

"... This is the softest, laziest, let-someone-else-do-the-research and legwork town I've ever worked."

By Susan Halas



■When I came to the Golden West in 1969 I had worked as a copy girl for the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, where in my spare time I ghostwrote the shorts in the back of the book review section at the age of twenty-two. By twenty-six I had published in *Esquire*, signed my first book contract with Simon and Schuster and signed on as a staff writer at the *Detroit Free Press*. I thought I had credentials. I had samples. I had references. I was used to being paid. Words for money.

I certainly didn't think there was any discrimination against women. At least there hadn't been in the East. My mother ran her own business. My then boss at the *Free Press* was Dorothy Jurney, now a managing editor at the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Congresswoman Martha Griffith represented my district. My best friend's mother was president of a huge waitresses union and the powers that be cringed when Myra Wolfgang walked into the room.

It never occurred to me that there might be a time or place where women were not taken seriously, much less paid, until the first week in San Francisco when I was showing my portfolio and some dear kindly soul at the Bank of America public information department said, "You'd better not ask for more than $7200—they only pay women $8,000 here after twenty-five years." Needless to say, I didn't think that was a good omen. I'd been making $10,500 plus some freelance.

After sixty days of tirelessly phoning through the yellow pages, Jon Carroll, out of the goodness of his heart, and because he personally couldn't stand to see talent go to waste, paid me twenty dollars to write a story about horses dying of lead poisoning in Benicia for a now defunct newspaper called *Earth Times*. (It was edited by Stephanie Mills, who had vowed zero population growth and was valedictorian of her class at Mills. I hated her.) But twenty dollars was twenty dollars—I was not yet bitter. I went to Benicia and looked at horse corpses.

What made me bitter was freelancing for *West Coast Shoe Reporter* and *Laser and Steel World*. I was matched by the computer at the Department of Human Resources with Bill Gong, who wanted to publish a

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newsletter called *Venture Capital*–where for five cents a word I was going to advise people how to invest a half a million dollars. I started out with brown rice by the box car load and moved, at my publisher's suggestion, to investigate cable tv (which, take it from me, has potential; and take it from me, that's all it has at the moment).

It makes me bitter to walk into a city room and still see nothing but men city-side. And it makes me bitter that the *Examiner* can't even trust a woman to edit the women's section—though I understand one did. As for the Press Club, it didn't admit women so I dropped my membership. The Newspaper Guild hadn't had a freelance unit since the war, they could have cared less.

I've made a living out of my typewriter every year since 1969, but in all sincerity, gentlemen of San Francisco, no thanks to you. I've had help and counsel from a few—you know who you are. But that doesn't mean I think you're doing a good job. This is the softest, laziest, let-someone-else-do-the-research and legwork town I've ever worked. I stay here because I like it.□

Not far away, but long ago.

"Farther out Stockton a bar provided a hangout for newspapermen—Mike's. Mike was not, as you might suppose, Irish, but Italian. . . ."

By Carter Brooke Jones

■In recalling that I worked in San Francisco half a century ago (circa 1921-26), it is not my intention to join the nostalgic chorus, to say that was the real San Francisco and, when I returned here to live seven years ago, I found a city altered beyond recognition. It was different, naturally, any city would be, and yet I do not find that the high rises and the freeways have destroyed the inner spirit that makes our metropolis somehow unique in a nationwide pattern of urban conformity. If I miss the city I knew so long ago, it is more in the sense that anyone would like to experience again the enchantment of youth, a time when the present is glamorous, the future unlimited.

At one time I had a three-room apartment in the 1900 block of Polk Street (the building still stands) for $35 a month. It had a magnificent view of the Bay and the Marin hills. You could get a four-course lunch at a good restaurant for seventy-five cents, a super dinner with five courses for $1. Wine was thrown in. Sure, we had prohibition by statute, but San Franciscans either hadn't heard about it or regarded it as a crazy law that didn't apply to them. The Italian colony in North Beach made wine openly, the crushed grapes at times littering the gutters. The janitor in the building where I worked sold me very good wine for $4 a gallon. The bistros of North Beach served a powerful drink called grappo, as well as other forbidden beverages.

A youthful newspaperman trained on Seattle papers, I had gone to the Associated Press as night editor of the Seattle bureau. Six months later I was transferred to western division headquarters in San Francisco. Here I filled various posts; wire editor, reporter (I covered the celebrated Dorothy Ellingson matricide trial and, at Carson City, Nevada, the first lethal gas execution anywhere), sports and feature service writer.

Our offices, in a building long since replaced, were at Market and New Montgomery, just across the narrow street from the Palace Hotel, where President Harding died in 1923. The same year two other stories swept our bureau into a tempest of activity—a destructive earthquake in Santa Barbara and an unchecked brush fire that almost destroyed Berkeley.

Farther up Market, at Third Street, the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* were opposite each other, both morning papers then, and a few blocks up Market were the *Call* and the *Bulletin,* both evening papers. The third evening daily, the Scripps-Howard *News,* was on lower Market near the Ferry Building. San Francisco was the largest city and the best newspaper town in the West. Los Angeles was just struggling to become a metropolis. New York must have had eleven dailies, but it would not be long before the number of papers would begin diminishing year by year, from coast to coast.

While I lived for a time in two other locations besides the one on Polk Street—Berkeley and the Sunset district—I remember most delightfully my two years in Sausalito. There I shared a second-floor flat with two other young newspapermen—Whit Burnett, then a fellow worker at AP, and Herb Weston, a top reporter for the *Call.* It was really a dwelling house, located on Water Street only a block from the ferry terminal, but the family needed only the downstairs. Mina Caldwell, whose husband was a locomotive engineer for the old Northwestern Pacific, rented the upstairs to us for $12 each a month. We each had a bedroom, our own bath and a back porch, with stairs from which we could enter our domain. The hill in back was thick with flowers, and our windows looked out on Richardson Bay.

It is difficult when I visit Sausalito to visualize the place I knew so long

Continued

ago. In the early 1920s it was like a European fishing village. There was a sketchy commercial district along the waterfront, with a few stores and restaurants. It is interesting to recall that a rickety lunch counter, which projected into the Bay on a pier, was called the Valhalla, hardly suggestive of the present sumptuous restaurant owned by Sally Stanford, though she has retained the name. On the hills above the little town some commodious houses were scattered, and yet, strangely enough, large portions of these undulating brown hills between Sausalito and the ocean remain bare to this day.

Then as now, Sausalito attracted artists and writers and hangers-on who wanted to be identified with them. Among the writers we came to know was Wilbur Hall, appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines. The musicians included Winthrop Sargent, then eighteen, a violinist, the youngest member of the San Francisco Symphony, in later years to become nationally known as music critic for *The New Yorker*.

We commuted to our work on a ferry that took thirty-five minutes to reach the Ferry Building, but we never seemed to begrudge the time—somehow the trip was refreshing.

Whit Burnett came from Salt Lake City, where he had worked on a paper before joining AP. He was an attractive youth, talented in writing and music and ambitious enough to work most of his spare time. During his hours away from the grind at AP when he wasn't pounding his typewriter he was sawing at his violin, picking out notes from the solo score of the Beethoven concerto or perhaps a portion of a Haydn symphony. Music was only a spare time diversion, which he kept up, playing in a string quartet when he went East, though never in public.

He and I were both immersed in outside writing. Since we were college dropouts, we also read a lot, choosing mostly classics we had missed or forgotten. Our efforts to write short fiction, which had seemed long and frustrating despite our youth, began to pay off, in prestige if not in money. At almost the same time, in the summer of 1922, we had stories accepted by the old *Smart Set*, the *New Yorker* of that day, edited by H.L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. While the *Smart Set* never was the financial success *The New Yorker* became or the *American Mercury*, first edited by Nathan and Mencken and later by Mencken alone, it had a reputation for printing distinctive stories dating back to early in the century. Fitzgerald and many others who achieved success sold their first stories to the *Smart Set*, which usually paid a cent a word—all it could afford.

When several of my short stories and two novelettes by Whit appeared in the magazine within months, we found ourselves embraced by the local literary colony. We hadn't really arrived, but we felt for the moment we had.

Herb Weston had been a copy boy on the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* when I was a reporter there. He had never even enrolled in college, but he had an agile mind and tireless energy, and he had learned to write the sort of swift, vivid prose newspapers always have liked. Covering top stories for the *Call*, he was one of the highest paid reporters in town. He was a tall, enthusiastic young man, not exactly handsome, but exuding a charm (when he chose to) which seemed to captivate women. He was interested in our literary encouragement and he tried some writing of his own, but he had too many dates to bother much about it. I think Whit and I sometimes envied him the good time he was enjoying.

It should not be supposed, though, that we led a monastic life at our idyllic retreat in Sausalito. We went to parties, occasionally sampled the night life of San Francisco. There was a gathering place at night for some of those who regarded themselves as the intelligentsia. This was Bigin's, on Stockton Street a block or so beyond the tunnel. It was not a night club. The only entertainment was provided by a girl named Gwelda, who played the hell out of a piano and knew practically everyone in town. The food was execrable, the liquor uncertain, but the company stimulating.

Farther out Stockton a bar provided a hangout for newspapermen—Mike's. Mike was not, as you might suppose, Irish, but Italian. Then, deeper in North Beach, on Columbus, was the Buona Vista, an unprepossessing place, run by Italians, where you could get the best garlic-flavored steak in town and the whisky stored in the basement was bona fide pre-prohibition stuff.

A big annual event was the Quartre-Arts Ball (generally pronounced Cat'z' Art). It was not a snob affair to which you had to be invited. Anybody could go for a price that now seems ridiculously small. It usually was held at the St. Francis, and costuming was obligatory.

I recall one year when the late George Sterling, San Francisco's beloved poet, went as Dante. And he looked not unlike the paintings of Dante which have come down to us. Whit and I were dressed as fourteenth century serfs, the main features of our costume being gunny sacks. Walking back to the Golden Gate ferry at dawn, we were stopped by a cop. Why in God's name were we dressed in sackcloth if not ashes? Were we some kind of nuts? We explained, and he shrugged and let us go. He knew of the ball and had seen stranger costumes.

Our menage-a-trois broke up in the summer of 1923. Whit got married and so did I. Herb never married.

Whit left the AP, went to New York and got on the copy desk of the *Times*. Later he and his wife, Martha Foley, went to Europe, where he was a foreign correspondent. In Vienna they started *Story Magazine*, a daring venture, especially for an English-language monthly with virtually no capital. Later they brought the magazine to New York, where it soon earned critical praise if not money. *Story* discovered William Saroyan, Truman Capote, J.D. Salinger and others who were to find literary fame. And yet, despite its high standards, *Story*, like the old *Smart Set*, struggled to exist. It rarely got out of the red. It folded and started again several times before finally vanishing.

While Whit never fulfilled his early ambition to be a creative writer, a novelist, he made a national reputation as an editor. He published a collection of short stories, his own, and several amusing nonfiction books, including *The Literary Life and the Hell with It*. He was in demand as a publisher's editor, and he published any number of short story anthologies. More than anyone else in his field, he tried to keep the waning American short story from disappearing altogether from magazines and books. He always felt that at its best it could be a distinct form of art.

I saw him not infrequently over the years, in New York or elsewhere. We corresponded occasionally, always remaining good friends. When, only months ago, a heart attack struck him down at seventy-two, the press associations carried obituaries of half a column or more.

Herb Weston's story is stranger and sadder. In 1925 the AP transferred me

to Washington, D.C. After about a year there I left to go to work for the old *New York American,* then a morning paper. And there I found Herb, still an ace reporter, still having a grand time, seemingly little changed from our Sausalito days. In less than a year, though, he flared up at the managing editor one day and quit—left one of the most lucrative reportorial jobs in New York. He got on another paper, but soon left and dropped out of sight—at least I didn't know where he had gone.

Something had happened to him. I never knew what it was. It wasn't liquor. He drank, as most of us did, but liquor wasn't his problem. Some of his friends said he had been pushed ahead too fast, had become a prima donna who was liable to walk out if he didn't like an assignment. Perhaps.

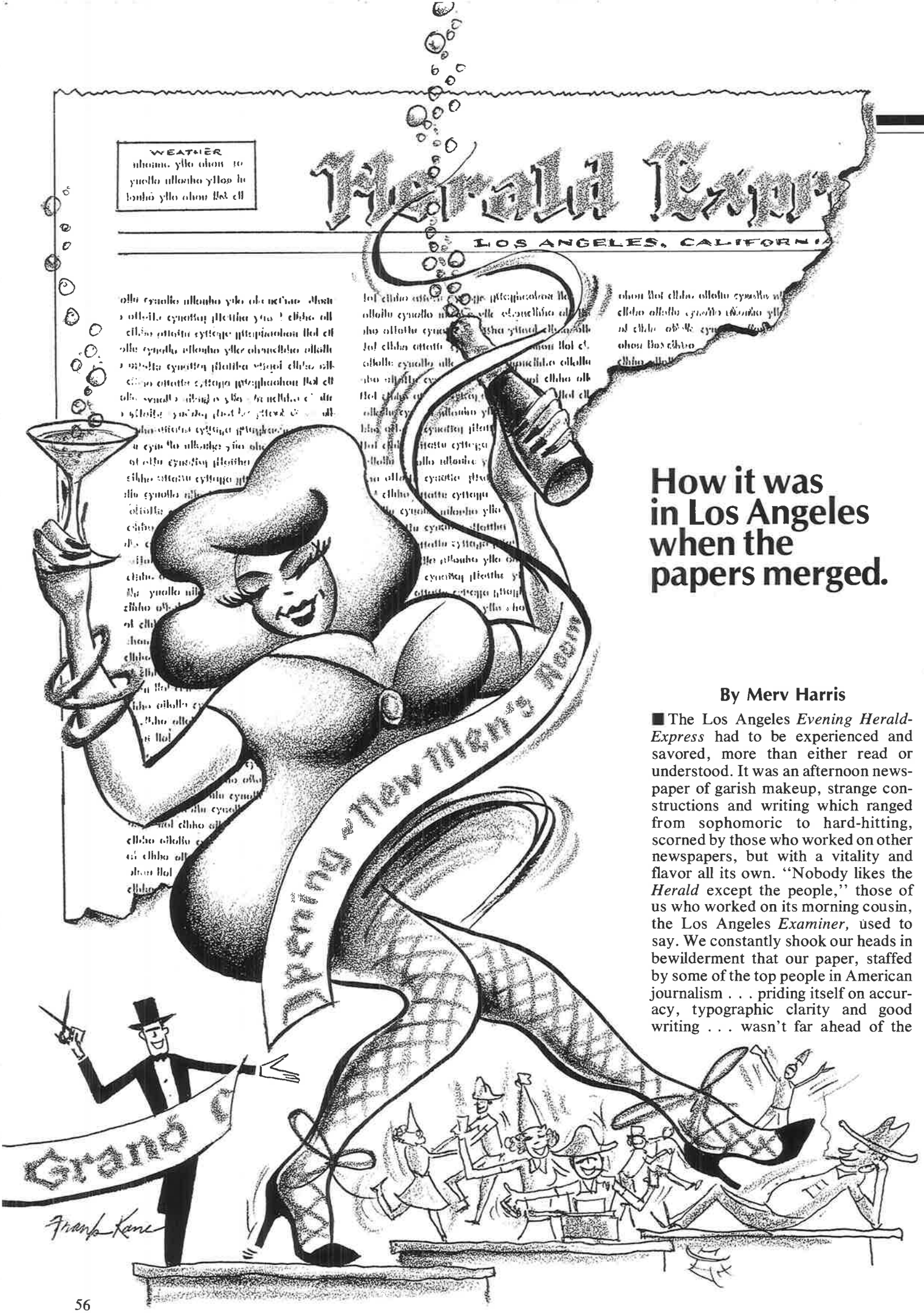
Several years later I was political writer for Hearst's *Atlanta Georgian,* a paper that ran for many years but finally folded in 1939. One day I was bent over my typewriter when a tall man approached and touched my arm. It was Herb Weston, though at first I hardly recognized him. Always dapper in the past, he was shabby. He was out of work, broke. I bought him a meal and took him home. He got cleaned up, looking more as he used to. I managed to get him on the paper—they needed another copy reader—and he settled down for several weeks. His work was satisfactory. But when we'd meet in the evening, over drinks, and talk over the old days, his responses were indifferent. Something had gone out of him —there was no spark to ignite.

One day he failed to report for work. I never saw him again. A few months later Whit sent me a clipping. Herb had been struck by a truck and killed somewhere in Texas. Apparently he had been hitchhiking. He couldn't have been much past thirty-five.

Whatever happened to Herb and his brief, spectacular journalistic career—I'll never know—at least he was spared the ordeal of getting old. But Whit the last time I saw him, and that was several years ago, was aging gracefully. Of course he had changed in appearance —who wouldn't after so many years? —but otherwise he was much as I knew him in his early twenties; witty, interested in all that went on, considerate, hospitable. His second wife, Hallie Burnett, was a novelist. Once, when as book critic for the *Washington Star* (now the *Star-News*) I was in New York for the week of events surrounding the National Book Awards, they took me out to their apartment on Riverside Drive. Other guests were C.P. Snow, the British novelist (by then Lord Snow) and Lady Snow. But Whit never cultivated distinguished writers. They cultivated him.

I had retired from journalism, though not from writing (never that, heaven help me!) when my wife and I moved here from Washington, D.C., early in 1967. To me it was like coming home, despite the architectural metamorphosis The City had undergone. From the windows of our apartment on the edge of Pacific Heights we can see the Bay and the Marin hills, little changed after five decades. The freighters still churn in and out, and the sailboats cluster around during the weekends. There is an added charm, the Golden Gate bridge, surely one of the world's most artistic structures. We can still if we choose take a ferry to Sausalito or Tiburon. We can hear the San Francisco Symphony under Ozawa—the fine orchestra I once used to hear regularly under the baton of Alfred Hertz. The opera is much the same, with only a new set of stars.

It annoys me when people say San Francisco is living on its past glory. What's so wrong with the present? I even like the Transamerica Pyramid!□



How it was in Los Angeles when the papers merged.

By Merv Harris

■ The Los Angeles *Evening Herald-Express* had to be experienced and savored, more than either read or understood. It was an afternoon newspaper of garish makeup, strange constructions and writing which ranged from sophomoric to hard-hitting, scorned by those who worked on other newspapers, but with a vitality and flavor all its own. "Nobody likes the *Herald* except the people," those of us who worked on its morning cousin, the Los Angeles *Examiner,* used to say. We constantly shook our heads in bewilderment that our paper, staffed by some of the top people in American journalism . . . priding itself on accuracy, typographic clarity and good writing . . . wasn't far ahead of the

"One day a year was fancy hats day, and loveable Aggie and all the other *Her-Ex* people would arrive for work wearing the weirdest collection of headgear possible. . . ."

Her-Ex in circulation instead of about even.

The difference was that the *Examiner,* a morning paper, concentrated, as morning papers must, on home-delivery circulation. The gaudy *Her-Ex* aimed for street sales. It was a successful policy until the expansion of the Southern California megalopolis, the growth of freeways and the rise of over three dozen thriving suburban dailies changed Southern California living for good. In early January of 1962, the Hearst management let the *Examiner* die, transferring some of its staff members to the *Herald-Express* and renaming that paper the *Herald-Examiner,* publishing afternoons and on Sunday. Simultaneously, the Chandler interests merged the afternoon *Mirror-News* with its thriving morning *Times,* not bothering to effect a new, amalgamated masthead. They hired not only the best of the *Mirror* staff from all departments, but also some of the leading *Examiner* writers, including noted political writer Carl Greenberg and labor writer Harry Bernstein. Only in sports did the *Herald-Examiner* retain the better *Examiner* people; I was included in that group because of my makeup-typography-copy editing-photo-editing experience and ability, particularly as those skills applied to the Sunday paper. The *Herald-Examiner* essentially was the *Herald-Express,* with the new Sunday edition a combination of the two themes and in a new typographical dress.

The *Herald-Express* had operated for years in its own building on Trenton Street near Pico on the fringe of downtown Los Angeles, an area now the site of Los Angeles' huge new Convention Center. There was little contact between the two staffs, except, of course, in the press boxes of athletic events and as sets of reporters from the two papers covered news stories together. People from the *Times, Mirror* and *Examiner* tended to cringe at the *Herald-Express* people, who seemed always to be unkempt, often a bit beery or whiskyish, not quite as well-equipped or well-prepared to write the story as we were, always in a rush . . . and seemingly having more fun doing what they were doing than we were.

In 1956, the *Examiner* building—dedicated in 1913—was given extensive internal alterations, a new city room and adjacent offices built on the second of four stories in the rococco, Mediterranean Gothic building, and the *Herald-Express* staff moved in with the *Examiner.* Henceforth, the two editorial departments, the two advertising departments, the two circulation departments would operate independently within the same building, sharing mechanical facilities.

Even then, there wasn't too much interaction between the two staffs, which, mostly, was how the *Examiner* people wanted it. The *Her-Ex* people started to arrive as early as 4 a.m., and a strange group they were. We suffered them to work in our building, but we didn't labor too hard at hiding our disdain, and we definitely considered most of the *Herald* people strange, exotic creatures who went their own way and published their own paper untroubled by aesthetics.

We *Examiner* people who became part of the *Herald-Examiner* staff in 1962 paid the price later, for the tables were absolutely turned when we came to work alongside the people we'd formerly scorned. There was a definite caste system, and ideas and techniques were later spurned, not because they were unworkable or not good journalism, but because they were "*Examiner* style."

The vitality and flavor of the old afternoon paper was expressed primarily in its approach to the news. The emphasis was on what stories were newest and most sensational. Page 1 banners screamed of murders and love triangles and the rest of page 1 was a

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jumble of big headlines and small stories, updated with new leads from edition to edition to imply new developments even where none existed. The "today angle" was king, and City Editor Agness Underwood cracked a mean whip—or waved her baseball bat—to get it. Reporters, arriving for the first shift at 4 a.m., thought nothing of telephoning in pre-dawn hours to talk to surviving relatives of murder victims, to talk to public officials to get a "today angle" that neither the *Examiner* nor the *Times,* publishing final editions at 2 a.m., were able to get.

In both the news sections and in sports, haste was of greater concern than imagination or typographical cohesion. Modern typography urges use of a single typeface throughout news and sports sections. The *Herald-Express* headline schedule was neither simple nor direct. Various combinations were given numbers, not necessarily based on typeface or size, and both headline writers and composing room workers had to refer to huge charts to translate those numbers into actual type. A "No. 4," for instance, was a two-line, 18-pt. headline. A No. 2 was what most papers would call a "1-24-3," and a No. 3 was a blacker version of the same typeface. A No. 19 was a blacker version of a No. 4, used for bold face boxes and labels, and a No. 18 was the workhorse one-column, 30 pt. three-line headline used for longer stories at the top of columns. The *Her-Ex*'s special delight—which would send the traditionalists at the *Examiner* into a frenzy—was the No. 14, one-column 30 pt. black, used for as many as four lines! Because the letters were thick, each line had to be short—usually just one word—and thus the *Her-Ex* was peppered with such journalese in its headlines as

"MEDIC
CONFAB
HEARS
FIND."

The news room staff, from City Editor Aggie Underwood down, defied description. Reporter Stan Leppard, now on the staff of the Long Beach *Independent, Press-Telegram,* had a business card which named his newspaper, but identified him only as "The Spotted One." Another reporter, Nieson Himmel, was a bachelor of Falstaffian proportions and proclivities who would wear only white stockings. Himmel had no particular allegiance to the baseball team representing Chicago in the American League, it was just that his policy made finding a mated pair in the rubble of his bedroom easier when it was time to go to work in 3:30 a.m. darkness following a night of frolic.

A key editor, the brother of the managing editor, came to work each morning with a lunchbox, wearing baggy bib overalls kept in place with gigantic suspenders.

Captions are the most colloquially-phrased aspects of newspapers, and the *Herald-Express*' chief caption writer was a fellow who spoke broken English—a well-loved, bespectacled, tiny Chinese named Eddie Louie who, at about 11 a.m., would take lunch orders from throughout the editorial department, then send a copy boy to a little family lunchroom in Chinatown to fill orders for lunch. No touristy stuff this, but tummy-rewarding concoctions in pint-and quart-sized cardboard containers with thin wire handles. If Eddie had trouble pronouncing words, or if his captions garbled figures of speech or included unintentional double entendres, there was always another edition coming up in which to make corrections, and Eddie was too lovable for anyone to want to chastise.

The *Herald-Express* people loved to party. In or out of the city room. One day a year was fancy hats day, and lovable Aggie and all the other *Her-Ex* people would arrive for work wearing the weirdest collection of headgear possible—fireman's helmets, Napoleonic tricorns, outlandish burlesque comedian caps, football helmets, ostrich-feathered monstrosities . . . and a coolie hat, naturally, for Eddie Louie. Wild things. The regular holidays—Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's—were times for revelry, even though the process of putting out edition after edition somehow continued amid the din, drinking and horseplay.

If no holiday was in the offing, but it seemed time for a party, it was necessary to invent a reason to celebrate. About a year after the *Herald-Express* moved into the old *Examiner* building, a new men's restroom was built midway between the two papers' editorial departments because the *Examiner*'s facility was far down the other end of the second floor hallway and, at that, was a bit too small to handle both sets of staffs. The dedication of the new *Herald-Express* men's john was a social highlight of its year in Los Angeles. The mayor and an almost-dressed, pneumatic Hollywood

starlet cut the ribbon, and the urinals made a fine temporary bar. Every publicist in Hollywood brought a starlet or two, and the revelry was raucus as the *Examiner* people went quietly about their business, glancing out into the hallway from time to time to stare in wonderment at the celebration.

The sports staff was a world all its own. The boss was George T. Davis, a squat, garrulous, jowly man who smoked big, fat cigars which he clenched in his teeth as he blurted instructions to staff members, greeted visitors, or talked to people on an old-fashioned telephone propped on a huge stack of old newspapers and unfiled letters on an old-fashioned roll-top desk. He was originally from San Francisco, where his grandmother, who had been of the Mexican aristocracy, had angered her family by marrying an Anglo who had come to Yerba Buena on a clipper ship. "The 'T' stands for Torres," George T. would explain proudly, adding that, at one time, he'd held the San Francisco schoolboy record for the 300-yard dash.

George T. made all the decisions—but not necessarily immediately—and he particularly was fond of Stanford University (which he had not attended) and quarterback Frankie Albert. George claimed he had been the first writer to hail Albert as a future star.

It was not difficult for a publicist to convince George T. to write about his client, but George T. exacted a unique and heavy price. "Let's talk about it over lunch," George T. would say, "Meet me in my office about noon." The publicist would arrive, planning modest luncheon in a nearby coffee shop, but George T. would suggest, instead, the finest restaurants in Los Angeles. Perino's on Wilshire Boulevard's Miracle Mile was one of his favorite choices, and never mind that the publicist would be left with a $60 luncheon tab to justify on his expense account. George T. would return to the office in late afternoon, perhaps a bit wobbly, to finish his column and to work on the next morning's first edition layouts.

The *Herald-Express* loved to use bylines, even if the information had been gathered by the expedient of reading the morning's *Examiner* or *Times*. For prep school sports, there was too small a staff for first-hand newsgathering, and rewritten stories appeared frequently, emblazoned with the byline, "By Hy Skule."

Writing was sometimes considered a secondary thing to enjoying hospitality. Harry Culver was assigned to UCLA football, although he also was a makeup editor and didn't often have time to get to Bruin workouts. A man fond of the grape and other assorted comestibles, Harry enjoyed out of town games with particular joy, even if those darned games interfered with the social hour. Keeping track of things became difficult by the fourth period, which wasn't as derelict as it sounds, because the *Herald-Express* had no Sunday edition.

One year, UCLA was destroyed by one of Cal's better teams and Harry was devastated in more ways than one. His Western Union-relayed report, for the Monday paper, to the man sending out the copy was, "Dear Bud . . . We got beat, 52-0. Please pick up details."

Later, Harry was assigned to cover the Los Angeles Lakers when they first came to town. Harry would watch the games a bit bleary-eyed, and more often than not the team publicist would be called upon to write the story. Sometimes Harry would not arrive courtside at all, creating for himself a unique statistic even in the statistics-laden world of sport: "Games attempted and games made." He offered the writer sitting alongside him a snort from a pocket flask one night; when it was politely refused, Harry snorted in indignation, "Call yourself a newspaper man!"

Horse racing results, handicaps and information were a staple feature of the *Herald-Express,* as for most afternoon newspapers. In addition to two handicappers working at the track (one of them doubled for this wonderful staff as boxing writer), two regular men handled results and handicaps inside the office, with help from whoever else among the staff members happened to be in the office.

One of the two regular inside men was a former minor league baseball player who'd drifted into the office long ago and been hired despite a paucity of all-around journalistic skill. The other was Loy Allen, a frail-looking five-foot-six, 100-pound old-timer originally from a tiny paper in Ashland, Kentucky. For some unremembered service in his home state, he had been made a Kentucky Colonel.

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He was referred to in the office, naturally, as The Colonel. He did his work with quiet efficiency, ripping race information off the teletype machines, marking the instructions for typesetters and sending it on to the composing room while wearing a business suit—trousers and jacket— as well as green sweater and a once-stylish, broad-brimmed gray felt hat. The Colonel's general newspaper skills were, to be kind, minimal, but his capacity for wonder unlimited. He was asked one day to walk to the engraving room to ask the "depth," or size vertically, of a photo planned for that day's Sunset edition. Reluctantly, Loy shuffled down the hall for the information. He came back with both hands extended in front of him, obviously concentrating manfully so as not to change their position. He picked up a wire service photograph one November showing the finish of that year's Laurel International, a major stakes race featuring star horses from all over the world in addition to U.S. thoroughbreds. The big news that year was the entry from the Soviet Union, represented for the first time in the event's history. Loy studied the picture carefully, then announced with obvious disappointment to his fellow staff members, "Heck. Them there Rooshun horses look just like our reg-a-lar ones." Loy is still going strong, wearing his same hat and making his little markings while clipping the wire machines, at over seventy years old.

John B. Old was another sort. A former athlete and former football and basketball official, John B. was a grand man, a bit of a peacock who smoked cigarettes from an amber holder like Franklin D. Roosevelt and covered home games of the Los Angeles Angels and Hollywood Stars of the old Pacific Coast League. His well-organized life was uprooted when the Dodgers came to town. John B. had seen it all, heard it all, knew it all. Although he worked for an afternoon newspaper and therefore theoretically ought to have concentrated on the dressing room interview angles and aftermaths, he found descending into the catacombs from the grandeur of the press box onerous. He preferred to use his imagination because, as he would explain, "I know baseball. I know what they have to say."

John also was fond of hyperbole and of observing the letter of the journalistic rule: get the five W's into the lead. The Hollywood Stars, playing at decrepit Gilmore Field, which later was razed so that the huge CBS Television City could be built on its site, dealt the Sacramento Solons a particularly lopsided defeat one night despite the guidance of a former big league star. Wrote John B., " 'We'll be out for revenge tonight when we meet the Hollywood Stars at 8 p.m. at Gilmore Field,' exclaimed Manager Joe Gordon of Sacramento Solons after . . ."

In time, the *Herald-Express'* peculiar typography and style was blended with more orthodox techniques as people came and went and as the *Herald-Express-Examiner* differences blurred. New makeup ideas evolved in the sports section and fine writers such as Melvin Durslag, Bob Oates and others appeared in its pages followig the merger. Poor George T. passed away of a heart attack in 1964 while covering a Dodgers exhibition game at Vero Beach, Florida, and the tears of his old staff members flowed unashamedly. They were an odd bunch, but they knew they were unique, and they also knew that, in their heyday, nobody loved them except the people.□

Yep, she's a travelin' person . . .

By Georgia Hesse

■ When I was a child, the world was much smaller than it is now. The center of the universe was Wyoming and all foreign countries were on the other side of the Big Horn Mountains beyond Crazy Woman Creek.

The Tetons and Nevada were Marco Polo country and King Arthur and Robin Hood dwelt, well, maybe as far away as Custer, South Dakota.

My sister and I knew all about the world and our brother had been to Miles City, Montana, where he had seen a revolving door.

If we had been Californians, we would have thrown bottles with messages into the ocean.

But, having no ocean, we tied our rubber dolls to roof shingles and launched them down Crazy Woman Creek for the starving Chinese to play with. China then was where the Gulf of Mexico is now.

There is a point to such remembrances of things past, a point too often forgotten under pressure of deadlines or preoccupation with the technicalities of fare structures, commissions, fuel surcharges, and so forth.

Travel is a romance and, like a good romance, it's inexhaustible. To us on the editorial side of the *Examiner*'s travel section, the traveler may sometimes look like just another reader. To the advertising department, he looks like a circulation figure. To the advertisers he looks like a prospective client.

Hotel builders on Spain's Costa del Sol are calling him a unit.

But who does he think he is? Maybe Somerset Maugham, maybe the Great Gatsby or Henry James or Richard Halliburton or the Dragon Lady.

Of course, once he's determinated to see moonrise over Moorea or twilight in Italy, he begins to wonder about other things: what's it going to cost, does he need a typhoid shot, are pantsuits acceptable in cathedrals.

At that point, travel becomes two things: the romance and the reality.

A lot of our time on the travel section is spent trying to keep those aspects in balance. We know we are addressing perhaps the best-informed, most experienced travel audience anywhere. If we write about Burma we receive comments from Stanford's Asian experts and from war veterans now fighting it out on the beaches at Carmel.

I've been corresponding for three years with a gentleman who corrected my impression of prehistoric cave paintings along France's Dordogne River.

On the other hand, we know also that every week somebody is reading the travel section for the first time; planning a trip for the first time.

He wants to know how to apply for a passport, what is a visa, anyway, can you drink the water in Switzerland, do you really need a raincoat, how can you make a day's sidetrip from Hong Kong to Bangkok and how much do you tip the ship's steward.

Somewhere in the section, somehow, we try to reach these people—those who've just completed their

Continued

"... Never in the nearly eleven years since Carolyn Stull and I have been working on the section has management suggested we write a favorable article about an advertiser. ..."

23rd Pacific cruise and those who've never walked alone around the block.

At the same time, we think of ourselves as a kind of ombudsman for the traveler. We want to give him the most assistance—the most disinterested assistance—we can.

We've had help from the *Examiner's* management. Never in the nearly eleven years since Carolyn Stull and I have been working on the section has management suggested we write a favorable article about an advertiser. There's been no interference when, in the cause of accurate reporting, we've criticized an advertiser.

Not only that. The *Examiner* is one of only a handful of newspapers in the United States that is willing to pay a travel writer's expenses.

Yes, we can and do accept invitations for a maiden voyage or an inaugural flight. But more often, we decide where we should go, what we should cover, what we've overlooked, where the trends in travel are—and then buy a ticket and go there.

I'm already over the 80,000 mile limit for this year (I average about 100,000 air miles yearly), and not one trip has been a so-called junket.

I cannot stress enough the importance of that independence. When planes are overbooked, schedules shuffled, luggage lost and hotel confirmations misplaced, we console ourselves with a Scotch and soda and the thought we're seeing the world the way any paying passenger sees it.

I've flown the Pacific in the middle airline seat in economy between more fat bottoms than there are on all of Waikiki. My suitcase once made it around the world twice—without me. I've sat up nights in air terminals watching janitors sweep up cigarette butts and contemplating the joys of travel.

We're often asked how we determine the approach an article should take, whether written by one of us or a free lancer, or whether we think about it at all.

The approach depends upon the country. In the case of Sri Lanka or Sumatra, it's probably wise to remind the reader at the beginning where the country is.

In the case of England, though, they know. What they want to read are names and descriptions of six moderately priced hotels, where to buy antique silver, how to cruise up the Thames, and so forth.

It's a matter of focus: wider when you presume little or no knowledge of an area, narrower when you presume a degree of familiarity.

Focus: that brings up photographs. Nothing is more evocative than a good travel photo, and yet you should see what fills our files: ships' dining salons full of chairs in which nobody is sitting (or ever will sit?); almost pretty girls leaning against palm trees that could be in Bora-Bora or maybe in Laguna Beach; Sydney harbor skylines without the opera house.

Our accumulation of out-dated, out of focus, water-spotting 8x10 pseudo-glossies is a museum collection. Finding usable, suitable photographs takes up a major share of our time.

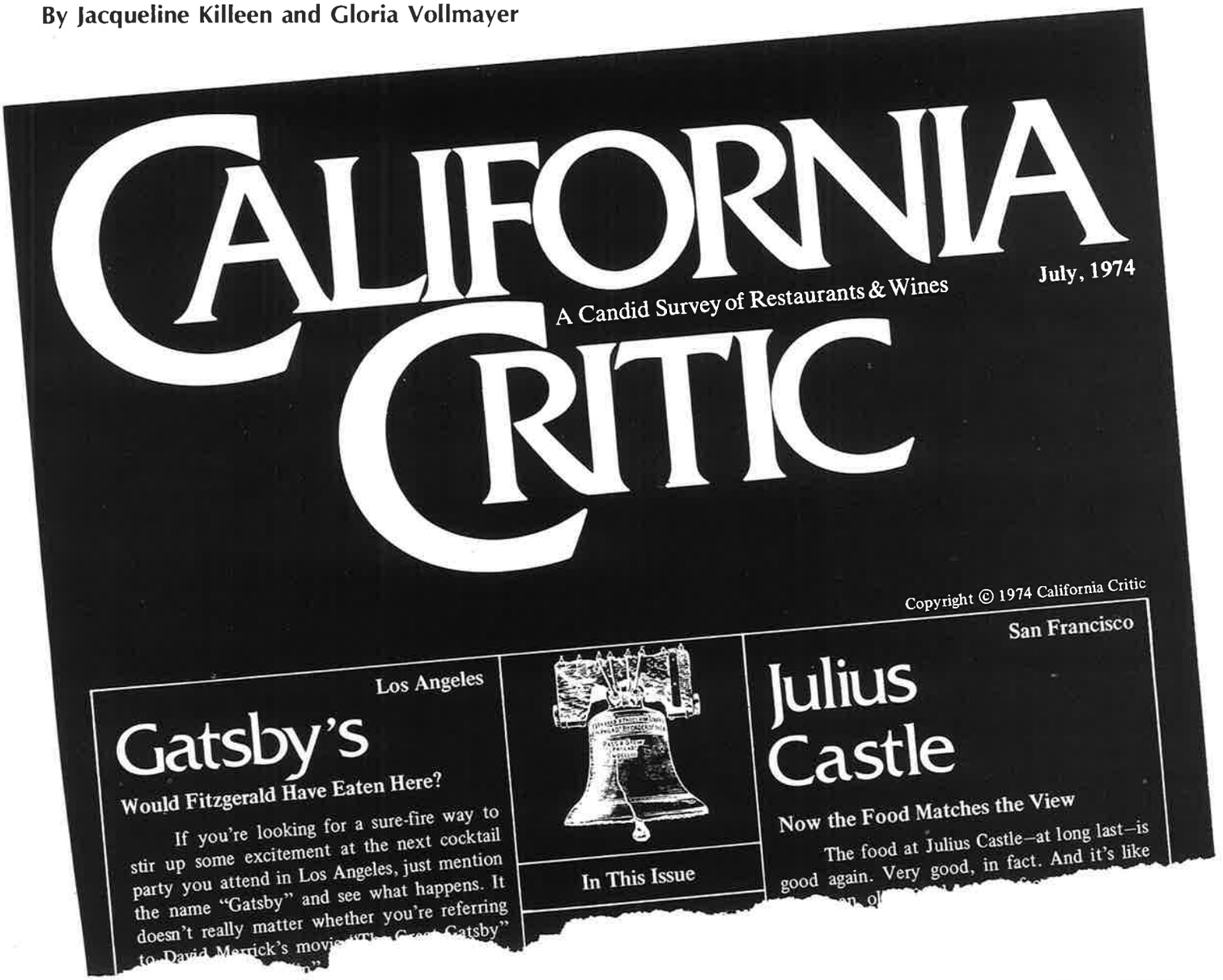
We're lucky in travel, I think. We are not selling a household utensil that, once purchased, is used as a matter of course until it wears out.

We aren't really involved with selling anything—not seats or cabin space or hotel beds.

Ultimately, we are writing about one of mankind's oldest ambitions—to see what lies on the other side of the hill. It is a noble and an enriching ambition and even inflation won't discourage it permanently.□

The cruel facts of life with newsletters.

By Jacqueline Killeen and Gloria Vollmayer



■ So you want to start a newsletter. You're a good writer, you know your subject. You imagine a subscription price of $15 or $20 a year, multiplied by those 10,000 people who can hardly wait to subscribe, and then you start dreaming of a lush retirement in the south of France.

But there's the rub. How do you get the message out to those 10,000 eager subscribers? According to the Newsletter Clearing House in New York, the reason most newsletters fail, even though their publishers are skilled writers, is that they lack business and direct mail expertise. Not only should you be an expert in your field, but you should have some previous following to build upon.

Before starting our restaurant and wine newsletter, *California Critic*, we had edited and published the restaurant guide, *101 Nights in California*, for some five years. We used the book as a vehicle to convert our readers to subscribers.

If you're not a direct mail expert yourself, one of the smartest moves would be to acquire a partner who is. With some 3,000 subscription newsletters being published in America today, obviously there's money in mailings.

We found the direct mail and advertising cost of acquiring the first 1,000 subscriptions, at $15 per year, exceeded the total revenue from the subscriptions. This is normal, we learned, and must be anticipated. The lesson here is to possess sufficient working capital to support direct mail and advertising costs. America's granddaddy of newsletters, *The Kiplinger Washington Letter*, reportedly spends many times its year's subscription price to acquire one new subscription.

It costs a lot to get a subscription; the secret of succeeding and making a profit is in the renewals. Count on a delayed profit. A healthy newsletter should expect 75 percent renewals. If it's under 60 percent, you'd better take your talent and typewriter elsewhere. If it starts crossing over the 75 percent line, you've got a good thing going. Don't expect to be making a profit, however, until your third year in business.

This brings us to the second cruel fact of life with newsletters. If you don't have the bankroll to capitalize it, find another partner who does. A newsletter is no way to get rich quick

Continued

"If you're not a direct mail expert yourself, one of the smartest moves would be to acquire a partner who is. . . ."

on a shoestring.

What do you do after you've nailed down the money and direct mail know-how? Here are some working guidelines from our experience with *California Critic*:

1. Format. If you have talent as a graphic artist, you're way ahead of the game. If not, hire a good one. Raves about *California Critic*'s graphics have helped sell it. You don't want a loving-hands-at-home look to something that you're selling for its credibility, its professionalism. As a writer, you might know something about make-up, production and printing, and can follow through once you've commissioned the original design. If you don't, think twice about starting a newsletter.

2. Subscription Campaign. Ideally your direct mail partner should have most of the answers here. A few points to remember are as follows:

- Sample lists before committing an entire mailing. It's cheaper in the long run to throw away the names you might have bought but not used if you've got a bummer of a list. Start keying your mailings from the start, so you know what pays off.
- Don't neglect other types of publicity. We've found our frequent appearances on radio and tv for *California Critic* are even more effective in bringing in subscriptions—and much cheaper—than direct mail.
- Also, consider small, repetitive ads in specialized media.

3. Professional Fulfillment. Once your promotional campaign starts bringing in subscription checks, your next problem is fulfillment. Don't make the mistake of thinking you can save money by coping with those first few hundred or thousand subscriptions with a second-hand mechanical addressing machine. Find a reliable mailing house with computerized equipment at the very beginning. Eventually, when your list encompasses thousands, you're going to have to buy this service anyway. You'll be dollars ahead setting it up professionally from the start. And when those first-year renewals come along, faster than you think, the computer will already be programmed to send out renewal notices.

By this time you'll have realized that the south of France is slipping farther and farther away. Creating and maintaining a successful newsletter is a seemingly endless job, of which the actual writing is only a small part. On a one or two person operation, you'll find yourself spending as much or more time on promotion, production and circulation problems as on the creative aspects. Sometimes it seems like a thankless job, but when that first fan letter arrives from a happy subscriber, you'll feel it's all worthwhile.

P.S. If you'd like to see *California Critic,* drop us a line, letting us know you're a Press Club member, and we'll send you a complimentary copy.□

THE CLUB'S BUSINESS & PLEASURES

THE OFFICERS

The president's message.

■"William . . ." said Charles Raudebaugh, distinguished president of the Press Club a year or so ago.

Now when Charlie calls me William, I know that I am in trouble. That's how he got me to be chairman of the future planning committee.

"William," said Raudebaugh, "how would you like to be on the Board of Directors?"

Ha! thought I. This time I will outsmart him. "Charlie," I said, "I would consider nothing less than president."

He looked at me thoughtfully and declared, "That's not a bad idea."

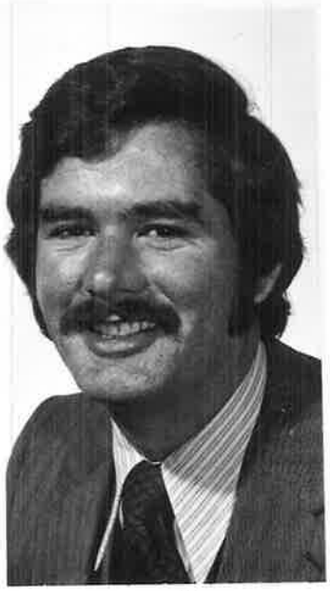
Several days later Ed Montgomery called from his back room hideaway office at the *Examiner*. "You are being nominated for president," he announced. I would have felt more flattered except I guessed they must have asked everybody in town except me and no one else would take it.

Well, it got me on television. There was Marilyn Baker the day after election because the members had voted to accept women as equals. So I signed her application form (which she never submitted) and all the other lady journalists were soon in hot pursuit.

Having survived that trauma (I am really a shy lad) I discovered I was supposed to immediately appoint all

Continued

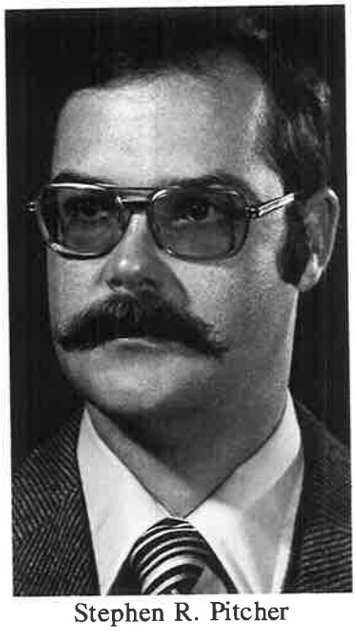
William G. Thomas
President



Pat Mulligan
First Vice President

Judge Leland V. Lazarus
2nd Vice President

Carney Campion
Treasurer



Stephen R. Pitcher
Secretary

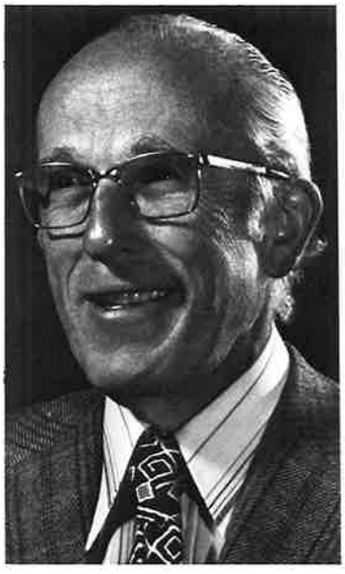
BOARD OF DIRECTORS


Jack Wagner


Charles D. Raudebaugh


Kevin P. McCullough


Gordon E. Grannis


Sydney Kossen


Jack Angius


Grant Robbins


James Lattie


Don Galbraith


Paul Fourman

THE PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

committee chairmen.

Well, I got around that one. I forgot the bylaws after finding no impeachment provisions within them. By taking my time, and getting good advice, we ended up with some excellent committee chairmen—and I got the dislike of everyone who did not get appointed!

Well now that ladies were admitted, all sorts of questions arose. "If they want to register," asked one director, "how do we know they are married to the man with them?"

"Who cares?" was the chorused answer from the more lecherous members of the board and that became the policy.

After solving the integration problem I tried to turn my attention to a number of more pressing problems. Like, where is the money coming from. I stuck Carney Campion with that one and we are nearly breaking even, although I have yet to see treasurer Carney smile when he gives his report.

We decided we had to have a plan for the future programs of the club to attract more press and younger members. Jim Lattie got that one. That report is awaiting action along with Ron Moscowitz's equally outstanding effort on revision of the bylaws. We wanted to await one other report.

Fred Martin and I found the best consultants in the hotel field in the country and talked them into doing a report which I would title: "To move or not to move and if not what do we do here?"

Fortunately they were late with that report so it's the headache of the new president and board, but the club is now about to be on the verge of an awful lot of important decisions which will mould its future for the next fifty years.

(Every lady in town, incidentally, has asked me "When can we go swimming?")

But one is not remembered for what one did in the mundane fields of finance and planning. Oh no!

The brief Thomas administration will be remembered for the sale of the Murietta painting which netted $10,000 for our awards program (we doubled the professional awards this year and even let in that horror of horrors—the *Bay Guardian*).

Confession: I did not like that damn painting, anyway.

Confession: I also stole Richard Nixon's picture off the wall one night. But I returned it.

The Press Club seemed to be taking more and more of my time so I began to scheme against the tradition that presidents serve two terms. First I got out of the newspaper profession (Thomas and Iovino and Associates is doing quite well) and then under the by-laws I exercised my Presidential Prerogative.

I appointed a Nominating Committee pledged *not,* under any circumstances, to nominate me.

Well, the day after the election our very efficient general manager, Jim Harkins, removed my presidential picture from the wall (he beat me to it on taking Nixon's picture down, too) and I heaved a sigh of relief, the burden was from my shoulders.

I patted Pat Mulligan on the back, wished him good luck, even though he deprived me of the record of being the youngest Club president.

We reflected on the past year, and how many advances had been made in making our Press Club again meaningful both to its members and the community, and of all the members who had given so much of their time to this effort, and finally of the problems ahead.

At that point Mulligan looked at me very seriously: "William, would you . . ."

This time I knew better and headed for the swimming pool.

To the first woman member of the Board of Directors, and to the first black member, and to all the members who voted to elect them, my thanks.

But please don't call me William. Bill is fine!

William G. Thomas

Tombstone III still lives!

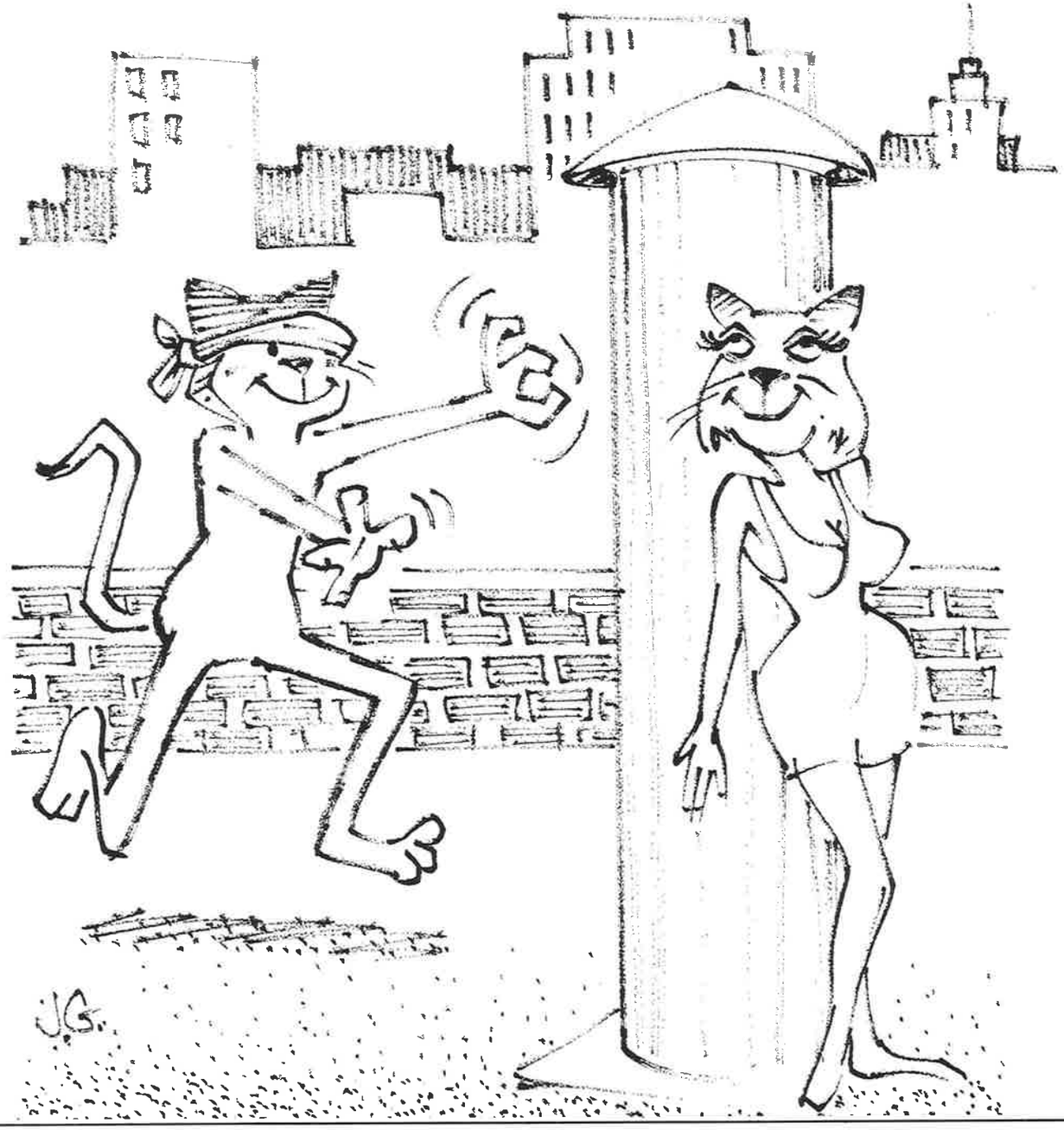
By Ken Arnold

■ The last known whereabouts of this cat was The Press Club roof where he had been locked out and never returned and was presumed lost. However, this was not the case. Unknown to the membership and board, he had been seeing a swinging cool girl cat that lived in the press room of the old *San Francisco News*. She was unlike most cats. She loved the roar of the mighty presses and the smell of wet ink on fresh newsprint.

On the street, ugly rumors were flying—*The News* is in trouble; other papers also. So Tombstone III descended the old Press Club roof and rushed to the aid of his paramour and stealthily stole into the *San Francisco News* press room in search of this cool swinging cat. Sadly, he realized the mighty roar of the presses had diminished to a murmur. It was all over but the requiem. The following day *The News* ceased publication.

His girl cat was inconsolable. She lamented, "Where will I go? What will become of me?" Tombstone gallantly said, "Come with me to the Press Club roof." "But," she protested, "they don't allow girls at The Press Club." To which "Tombie" replied *proudly,* "They do now!! I finally got those cats to swing."

Sometimes, on stormy windy nights, the older residents complain about voices on the roof which cannot be attributed to natural causes. Others insist there are no voices, and if there really are voices, that's probably Tombstone and his "cool girl cat" swinging. When one resident was asked what did the voice say, he replied, "I can't be positive, but it sounds like, "Let no man write my epitaph."□



What the committee chairmen wish to tell you.

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

Admissions Committee

■ The Admissions Committee met monthly during the past year, with an average of about fifty committee members attending the meetings. The officers of the committee continued to be Ronald H. Born, chairman; Don M. Galbraith, vice chairman; Frank R. Gore, secretary and Paul McWhirr, sergeant-at-arms.

The Admissions Committee held its twenty-first gourmet party—a cocktail party—on Tuesday evening, October 8, 1974. In keeping with the increase during the past year in the number of women members of The Club and on the Admissions Committee, for the first time in the history of these annual parties the spouses of the members of the committee were included. A total of over 130 members and guests attended.

During the twelve months from October 1971 to October 1972, there was a net increase in membership of the Press Club of 336 members, as a result of 575 new members being admitted during a six month membership drive during which entrance fees were waived. During the following year, October 1, 1972, to October 1, 1973, there was a net decrease in membership of 276 to a total of 2609. As of October 1, 1974, the total membership was 2435, or a net decrease during the year of 174, a decrease which was smaller by 102 than that for the previous year.

In the late spring of 1974, the Board of Directors took action to reduce the regular initiation fee for associate members from $150 to $100 and also to eliminate the temporary reductions to $75 which had been the frequent practice.

As a result of changes in the bylaws of the club which were adopted in October 1973, the number of categories of membership were reduced from eighteen to ten. The following consolidations were made.

Present Classifications	Former Classifications
Active	Active Press Affiliate Newswoman Resident
Associate	Associate Service Consul
Life	Life Active Life
Honorary	Honorary Artist Press Widow

A list of the number of members as of October 1, 1973, converted to the new classifications, is shown below as compared with the number of members as of October 1, 1974.

Classification	October 1, 1973	October 1, 1974	Change
Active	646	571*	−75
Junior Active	16	35	+19
Suburban Active	167	189*	+22
Nonresident Active	180	194*	+14
Associate	780	660	−120
Junior Associate	37	36	−1
Suburban Associate	255	233	−22
Nonresident Associate	218	206	−12
Life	119	114	−5
Honorary	191	197	+6
TOTALS	2609	2435*	−174

*Includes a total of five Newspaper Award complimentary memberships, two in the classification of Active Member, one in Suburban Active, and two in Nonresident Active.□

—Chairman Ronald H. Born

Insurance Committee

■ During the past year, there has been a total of three claims presented under the package policy. One of the claims is a result once again of a broken water pipe in the ceiling of the library. However, it was not of a serious nature and has resulted in a total claim in the amount of $274. There are pending at this time two minor personal injury claims on which apparently there has been little or no action and we do not anticipate any serious problems in connection with these.

The workmen's compensation insurance, although the experience was not as outstanding as the previous year, it is still a very satisfactory loss ratio in that there were a total of ten claims reported which resulted in an overall loss ratio for the year of 17 percent. The insurance company recently ran an engineering report and was more than satisfied with the operation and housekeeping and had no recommendations to offer. We recently had the pleasure of sending The Club a dividend check on the compensation for the period July 1972 to July 1973 in the amount of $1317.

We are in the second year of the three year package policy and the only noticeable change in coverage was the addition of fine arts in the amount of $33,100. This coverage was added to the policy, April 1974.□

—Chairman Edwin H. Schultz

Library and Arts Committee

■ As of December 1, 1973, the undersigned assumed responsibility for the operation of The Club's Library and Art collection. The first chore was to form and organize a committee. The Committee formed gave unstintingly of their time, skills and talents. The Club Staffs, from the front desk to the mezzanine floor, were most cooperative.

As announced from time to time in the weekly *Scoop,* several of our members were most generous in the donations of books to the Club Library; we also received a total of $420 in cash donations. A duplicate log has been maintained to indicate the new titles added to the Library shelves.

To provide room for new books, titles from 1964 and earlier vintage, other than classics, were removed from the Library shelves and stored in the basement.

We have experienced an estimated 2 percent loss of books by theft. Vandalism of library items, including newspapers and magazines and kindred publications, is at a higher rate.

With the able assistance of Library Committeeman Jack Rittigstein, The Club, at a nominal mailing fee, has recovered more than one hundred books from delinquent borrowers—some outstanding beyond eleven months. We intend to continue this method of encouraging prompt return of books and are attempting to formulate a system of fining borrowers who fail to return books on the due date. Any monies collected by this method would be placed in the Library fund. The Library Committee decided a system of fines would be impractical, difficult to manage. Progress continues on this matter.

It was the intention of the chairman to hold a sale or auction of old and duplicate books with monetary results being allocated to the Library Fund. However, interest in this idea was less than enthusiastic; as a result, books remain stored in basement. Suggestions as to the disposition of these books would be appreciated.□

—Chairman John A.W. McDermott

Hydro Committee

■ This has been a satisfying year for Hydro. Users indicated that facilities, while requiring continuing attention, are satisfactory, and Club Manager Jim Harkins has been prompt and efficient in attending to complaints and suggestions.

The Spin & Swim Calcutta was a great success and realized a new record in bids. This was reflected in increased prizes to the winners and the Junior Scholarship Fund.

The Table Tennis Tournament was played on a fine new table which was made possible by a generous donation from Alvin Getz. The Gymnasium received a vibrator and "Roman Chair" from the balance of these funds.

We have maintained an average balance of forty units at the Irwin Blood Bank and we are establishing a further account at Peninsula Memorial Blood Bank, where "life time" credits should ensure a valuable reserve for the benefit of all Club members.

A special subcommittee studied the existing facilities to determine whether women members might share in its use. It was found to be unfeasible for reasons which were specified in a separate report to the Board of Directors.□

—Chairman Paul McWhirr

Gang Dinner Committee

■ There were six Gang Dinners and two Gang Luncheons during this fiscal year. Guests have included gubernatorial opponents Jerry Brown and Houston Flournoy, baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn, former gangster Mickey Cohen, Walter Pudinsky, head of California Highway Patrol; Dr. Theodore Cooper, Washington, D.C. heart and lung researcher; cartoonist Tack Knight with Helen Hayes; and FBI head Charles Bates.

Members of the Gang Dinner committee include Diana Powers, Tom Ross, George F. Lang, Jacqueline West and Nate Cohn.□

—Chairman Dean Jennings

Publications Committee

■ The Publications Committee, including Ed Montgomery, Josh Eppinger, Abe Mellinkoff, Lynne Ulm, Larry McDonnell, and the late Louis S. Simon, did an outstanding job on reviewing the publication needs of the Press Club. Bids were taken and reviewed by the Committee for all printing.

Charles Huy was again selected as editor of the Weekly *Scoop* and Hal Silverman as editor of the Annual *Scoop*. Mel Tyler was reappointed as advertising director, Mark Rodman as printer for the Weekly *Scoop* and Barry Printing for the Annual.□

—Chairman Graham Kislingbury

Entertainment Committee

■ A hard working Entertainment Committee offered The Club a wide variety of activities this year.

Numerous outstanding evenings included Don Blum's special tribute to Syd Goldie, hosted by The Club's own Guy Cherney; George Martinez's spectacular night honoring San Francisco opera; Jim Leary's annual St. Patrick's night; Peter Finnegan and the international entertainment from "Expo Expo" and the special show presented by Earl "Fatha" Hines.

Friday evenings included a wide spectrum, from the piano artistry of Richard Barlow to the Spanish dancing and singing of Claritta Fazzari. Charles Pierce headlined one evening; Polynesian dancers from the World's Fair appeared and Bill Howard presented a fun-filled vaudeville evening.

Other Entertainment Committee activities included such Club events as the children's annual Christmas party and a number of outstanding dinner dances, both jazz and costume styled, chaired by Hal Keller.□

—Chairman Alvin T. Guthertz

Continued

House Committee

■ The House Committee met biweekly during the past year. The usual problems of operation were entrusted to the General Manager.

The two major recommendations by the House Committee to the Board of Directors were as follows:

The repair of the sidewalk elevator to facilitate the delivery of goods and the removal of laundry and garbage from the premises.

The refurnishing and setting aside of rooms for the use of members and their wives who wished to stay overnight at The Club.

Several disciplinary complaints were received by the committee and after hearing from both the complainants and defendants, the Board of Directors was advised of the suggested decision in the matter.□

—Chairman Robert Begley

Newswomen and Associates

■ Steering Committee members are Adee Attel, Ethel G. Bernenko, Emily B. Freedman, Virginia M. Hill, Claire Huggins and Nina Raudebaugh. Luncheon meetings featuring popular speakers were held every month with the exception of August. Author Ruth Freeman Solomon started the series in January and was followed by a group of writers from the Burlingame Writers Club. Well known plastic surgeon Dr. Mar Watson McGregor used visual aids for his program. The Liberty House fashion show netted $318 for the Junior Scholarship Fund. Musical comedy star John Raitt spoke and entertained the guests with a medley of songs. Vivian Duncan and Irene Manning were honored with special birthday tributes. European Executive Chef Bruno Bachmann was introduced by Maxine Locksley and demonstrated the preparation of his chocolate mousse. Dynamic Pat Montandon, leader in women's rights, closed the program.□

—Acting Chairperson
Emily B. Freedman

Professional News Awards Committee

See Page 20

Junior Scholarship Awards Committee

See Page 38

Finance Committee

No report.

Radio and TV Awards Committee

No report.

The Admissions Committee.

The Club's motto.

By Charlie Huy

David "Scotty" and Renee Morris admiring the Press Club's sculptured motto plaque. Photography by Ken Arnold.

■ The huge bronze plaque hanging in the entrance lobby of the Press Club prompts members and visitors to ask the origin of The Club's motto.

It reads—"Let the world slide, let the world go; a fig for care, and a fig for woe!"

When George Gazarian asked constant library user Jack Rittigstein the usual question, he got the answer and the rest of the verse—"If I can't pay, why I can owe, and death makes equal the high and low."

The author was English Dramatist John Heywood (1497-1580), a friend of "Bloody Mary," Queen of England.

The plaque was sculpted by Haig Patigian (1876-1950) for the Press Club in 1908, when The Club was on Powell Street.

Among his notable sculptures are a statue of General Funston at San Francisco's City Hall and a portrait bust of President Hoover in the White House in Washington, D.C.

A portrait of Sculptor Patigian, painted by Peter A. Ilyin in 1929, hangs in the reading room lounge on the second floor.□

Give the participants a huge hand.

What will they think of for next year that will make it different than this one?

George Gazarian, Barbara Glesener and Joe Sinai, Roaring 20's Night.

Don Bowcutt, walking on water at Spin & Swim Jump-off.

McQuade – Tappe – Quinn Awards Winners. Back Row (from left) George Osterkamp, KPIX-TV, McQuade TV Award for KPIX Eyewitness News presentation, The Vanishing Asylums*; James R. Toland, San Francisco State University,* Phoenix *first place Tappe Award; John Sanders, editor of Contra Costa College* Advocate, *split first place in the Quinn Awards. Front row: Msgr. Walter J. Tappe, founder Association of Catholic Newsmen; John Horgan, McQuade Award honorable mention; Gene Ayres,* Oakland Tribune, *winner of the $1000 McQuade Award with his partner Jeff Morgan (not pictured); Mary Van Zant,* Skyline Press, *Skyline College, co-winner of the Quinn Award for two year college students, Msgr. Francis A. Quinn, Elias Castilo, second place Quinn Award,* San Jose Mercury.

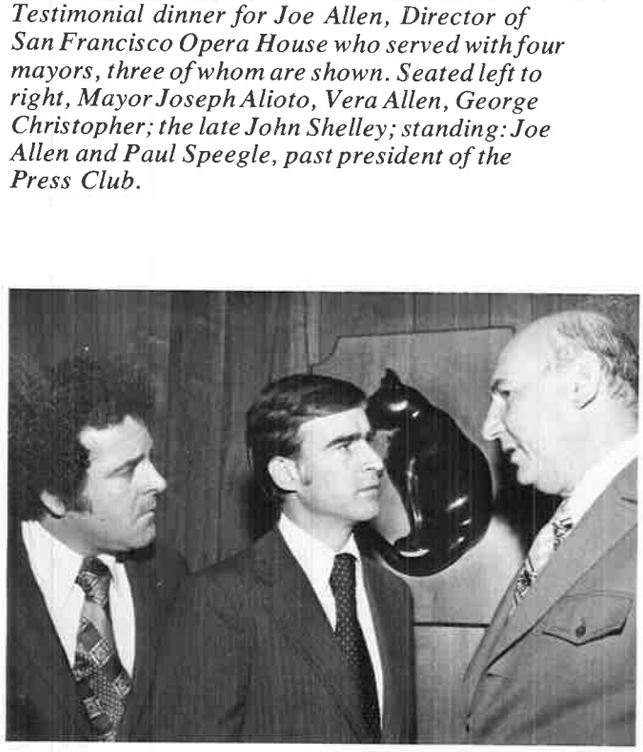
Loser Dr. Al Roos, left, shakes hands with winner Gene Kay, annual Gin Rummy Tournament.

Spin and Swim Calcutta with Don Galbraith, Club Director, at mike, Carl Rumold and Walter Halbasch, Hydro Committee Chairman.

Lud Neumann, Coach congratulates Frank Holsinger on winning trophy. (We beat the Olympic Club in ping pong.)

Continued

Testimonial dinner for Joe Allen, Director of San Francisco Opera House who served with four mayors, three of whom are shown. Seated left to right, Mayor Joseph Alioto, Vera Allen, George Christopher; the late John Shelley; standing: Joe Allen and Paul Speegle, past president of the Press Club.



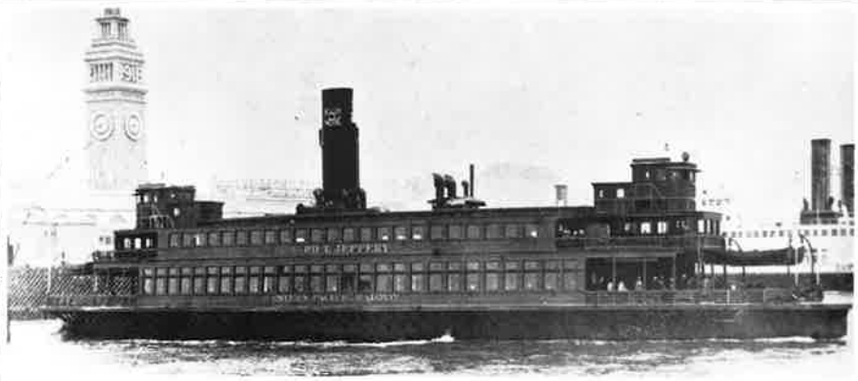
Peter Finnegan, Edmund G. Brown, Jr. and Nate Cohn; luncheon for Edmund Brown.

Willie Mosconi vs. Rex Williams, World Snooker Champion in $20,000 Black Velvet Challenge tournament.

A Night at the Opera. Wesley Chin and Ingrid Montague singing a duet from Rigoletto.

Rene and Donn Shannon at the Roaring 20's dance.

Mardi Gras Night.



Fastest Boat on the Bay!

That was how they described the *Edward T. Jeffery* when she first appeared as a Western Pacific Ferry on San Francisco Bay. Designed for this service, and launched in 1913 at Oakland's Moore & Scott Shipyard, the *Edward T. Jeffery* had a long, active and varied career. During more than half a century she carried Bay Area travelers and commuters on three different ferry runs, served "with distinction" in both World Wars, and carried visitors to the World's Fair on Treasure Island in 1939 and 1940. The *Edward T. Jeffery's* original San Francisco-Oakland run is now served by the Bridge above the Bay and BART below, but she is still remembered fondly for the vital role she played in Bay Area transportation and in the Western Pacific system.

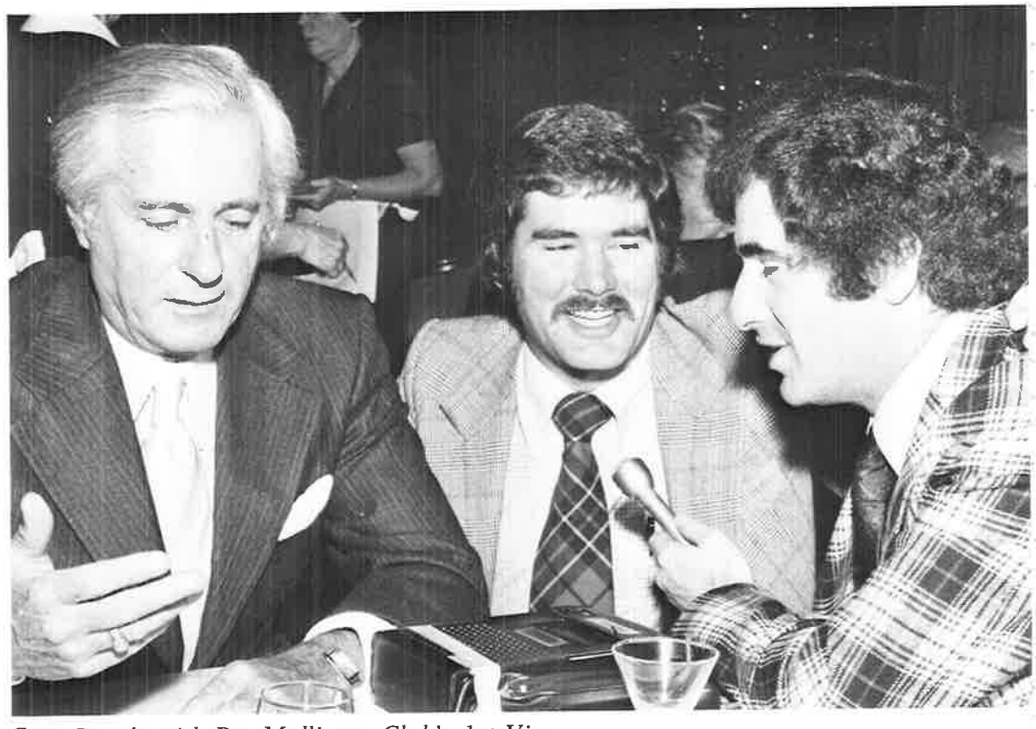
John K. Kelly
Director of Public Relations
Western Pacific Railroad
526 Mission Street, S.F. 94105
(415) 982-2100

GUESTS

A distinguished group of visitors.

Some of those who came to see you . . . but did you get to see them?

Eddie Muller and Dr. Don Lastreto, boxers' Examining Physician at Fight Fans Night dinner.



Curt Gowdy with Pat Mulligan, Club's 1st Vice President, and Richard Sher, KNBR News Director.

Guy Cherney, Syd Goldie, Dee Parker, George Christopher, Marvin Johnson, Publisher of San Francisco Progress, *and Harvey Wing, Past President of Press Club, at Gang Dinner for Syd Goldie, "Mr. First Nighter."*

Chub Feeney, President of National League; Art Rosenbaum, Chronicle *Sports Editor, and Bowie Kuhn, Commissioner of Baseball, Bowie Kuhn Gang Dinner night.*

Morrie Brickman, Charles Schulz and Helen Hayes, head table Cartoonists Night.

Judge Samuel Yee, Mrs. Yee, Jack Rosenbaum and Al Graf, Syd Goldie Dinner.

Continued

Joe Higgins, television's Dodge Sheriff and Ed Montgomery at head table, Charles Bates' Dinner.

Ed Montgomery, George Lang, host Deputy Chief William Keays of San Francisco Police Department and Walter Pudinski, then-Chief of the California Highway Patrol.

Jose Ferrar, Frank Dill, KNBR and Vivian Duncan, Vivian Duncan Birthday Luncheon.

H. Gregory Forster (seated, left) of Sydney, Australia, celebrated his birthday at the Press Club with (seated) Keith Williams and Hal Keller, (standing left to right) Jeff Gross, Vic Dailey, Bill Davis, Frank Funge, Inor Elm, Bert Clifford, Joe Shelver and Harry Lyons.

Eddie Alexander

Ed Montgomery, Mickey Cohen and Dean Jennings, Mickey Cohen Night.

It was a lean year for gossip.

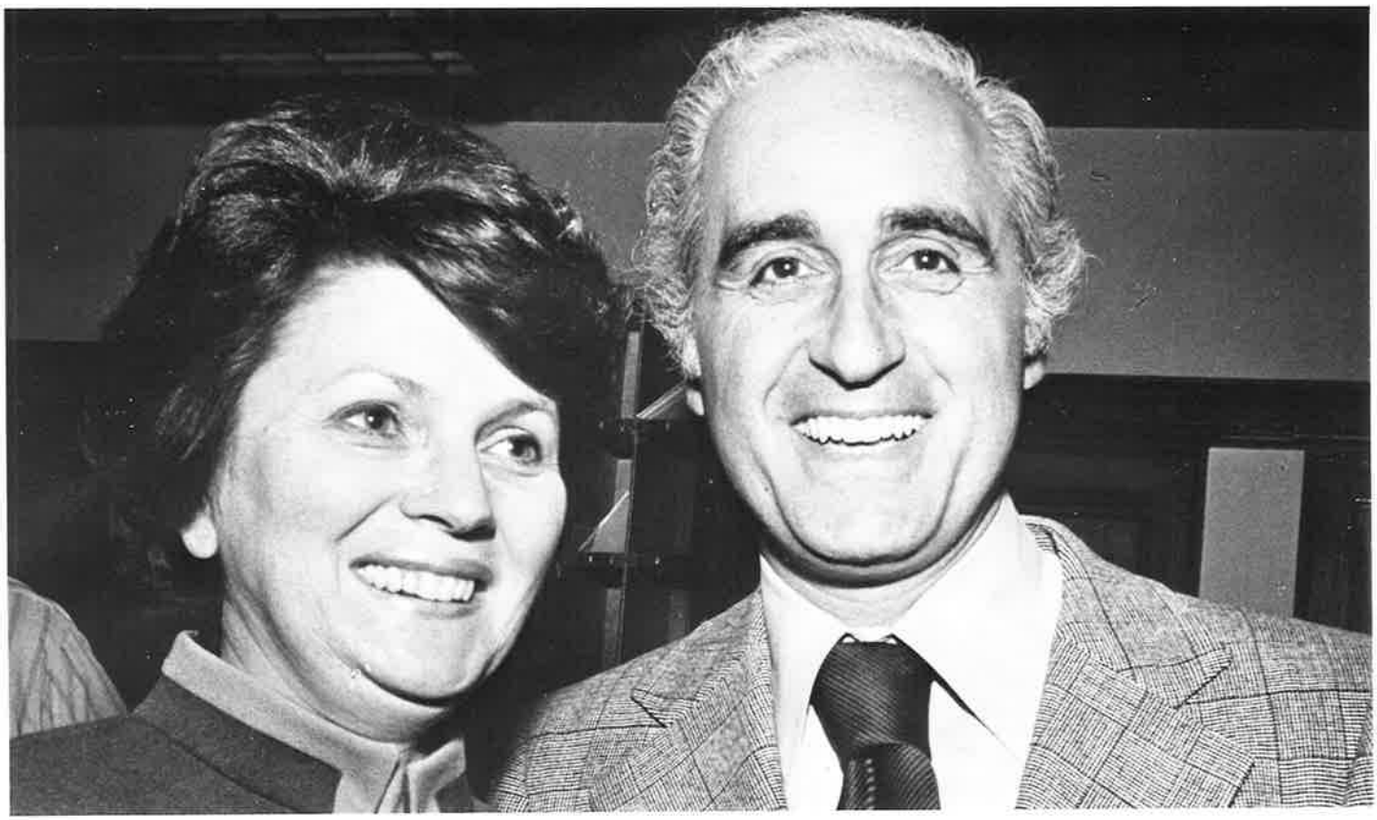
You never know who will show up with whom . . . but it's fun to guess, isn't it?

Dick Cartwright and wife, Dottie, at Mardi Gras.

Herb Bobrow and Ron Born, chairman of the Admissions Committee.

Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Walt Laidlaw.

Helen Hayes and Barney Gould, Cartoonists Night.



Mr. and Mrs. Al Baccari.

Julius Kahn, Jr. and Vince Silk.

Jack McDermott, Club Librarian, and Carole-Jayne of Chi Chi Club at Friday night Charles Pierce pianobar entertainment.

Hal Silverman and Herb Gold.

Continued

Jim Leary as Santa Claus and Allison Finnegan, daughter of Peter Finnegan, at Children's Christmas Party.

Ralph Livingston and Charles Raudebaugh.

Ron Born and George Gazarian when George retired from Department of Social Services.

Reno Barsochinni and the late Syd Goldie at Bowie Kuhn Gang dinner.

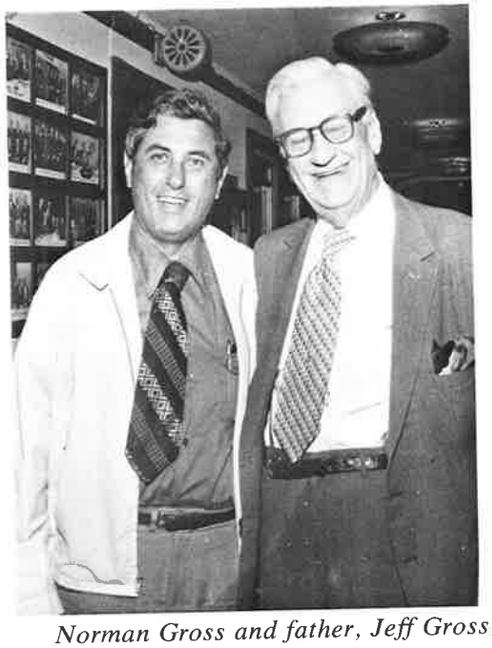
Bob Alderman and Ted Huggins.

Charlie Huy, Scoop *weekly editor and Mark Rodman, business manager at Admissions Committee meeting.*

Steve Davis and Joe Rosenthal.

Pat and Bob Kissig.

Kay and Carney Campion, Press Club treasurer.



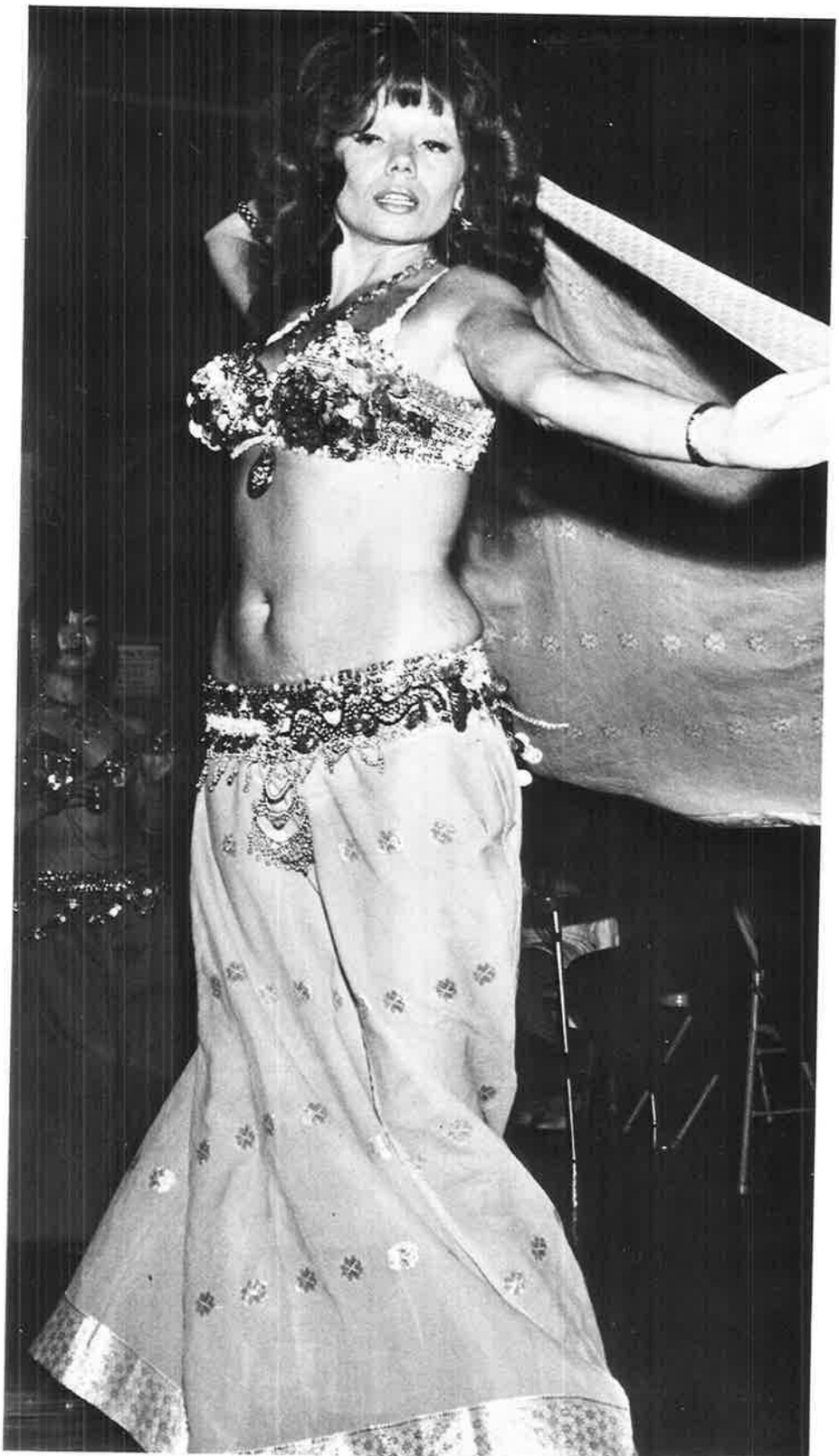
Norman Gross and father, Jeff Gross.

Where the stars come to sit.

Wonder who is coming
to town to help us get it on?

Vic Cowley and songstress Stacy Bellino.

Spanish Dancers, Expo Expo Dinner Show.



Lucina Tison, belly dancer at the Bill Howard Pianobar Show.

Ben and June Wigney serenaded by Eddy Howard.

Turk Murphy, Jazz Trombonist, and Jim Leary.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Middleton and Earl "Fatha" Hines. Earl "Fatha" Hines Show.

Taggart Casey and Debbie Reynolds, Scoop Night entertainers.

Continued

Popo the Clown entertains at Children's Christmas Party.

The Chord Reports, St. Patrick's Night.

Tahitian Dancers.

MS, MISS AND MRS.

A bit of journalistic chauvinism.

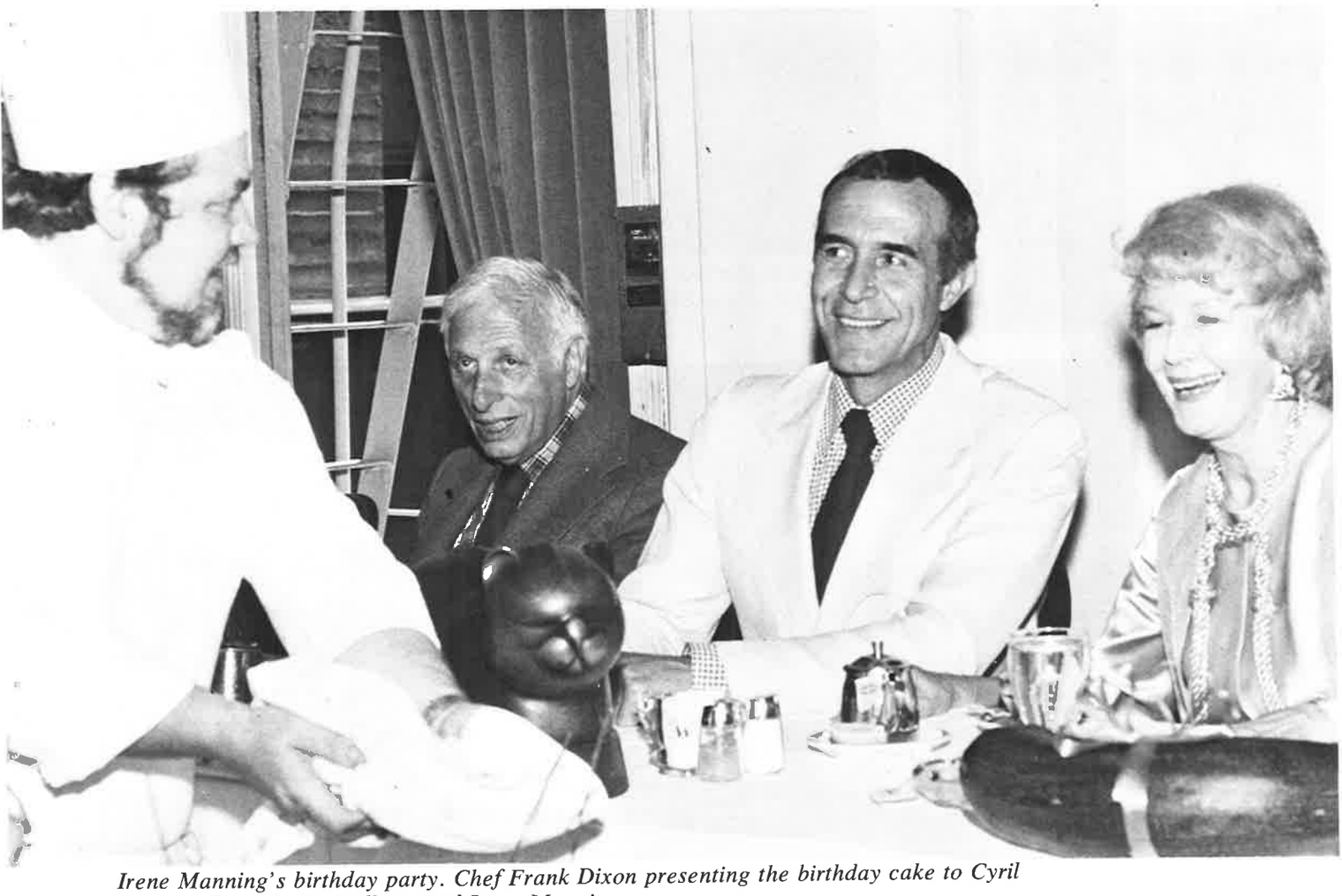
Emily Freedman presenting the Cat to John Raitt, musical comedy star.

Pat Montandon guest speaker at Newswomen and Associates luncheon. Left to right: Barbara Monro, Pat Montandon, Mrs. Harold LaBonte, and Emily Freedman.

Emily Freedman, Chairman of Women's luncheon, with guest speaker Ruth Freeman Solomon.

Chef Bruno Bachmann Lunch. Left to right: Mrs. Joseph Gallagher, Virginia Hill, Chef Bachmann, Emily Freedman, Maxine Lockley.

Nina Raudebaugh and Dr. Mar Watson McGregor, plastic surgeon.



Irene Manning's birthday party. Chef Frank Dixon presenting the birthday cake to Cyril Magnin, Ricardo Montalban, and Irene Manning.

FUN

Your smile is always welcome.

Did you have as much fun this year as last year? The year before that? How about next year?

Lucille and Carl Rumold, New Year's Eve.

Jack Bruce, Marjorie Bruce and Herb Formes.

Katherine Kerry, Leonard Bowman, Vic Cowley and Peg Compton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis, New Year's Eve.

Pat Kissig, Faye Arnold, Bob Kissig, Jim Leary and Ed Montgomery, Scoop Night.

Merv Goodman and guest.

John Whooley, Peter Finnegan, Jim Leary and Walter Hinton, St. Patrick's Night.

"It's my turn to shoot." The guys needing a referee are Jerry Robinson, Irving Hsi, Walt Harder and Frank Crennan.

Continued

Charles Pierce doing Carol Channing at Friday night pianobar event.

Gladys and the late Lou Simon; Maxine and Hal Silverman, Scoop Night.

Perc and Ethel Oreck with Le Baron at pianobar.

Mrs. Fran McCarty, Jack Rosenbaum and Judge Fran McCarty at Syd Goldie Dinner.

Lee Bunney, Ray Leavitt, Al Katz and Paul Fourman.

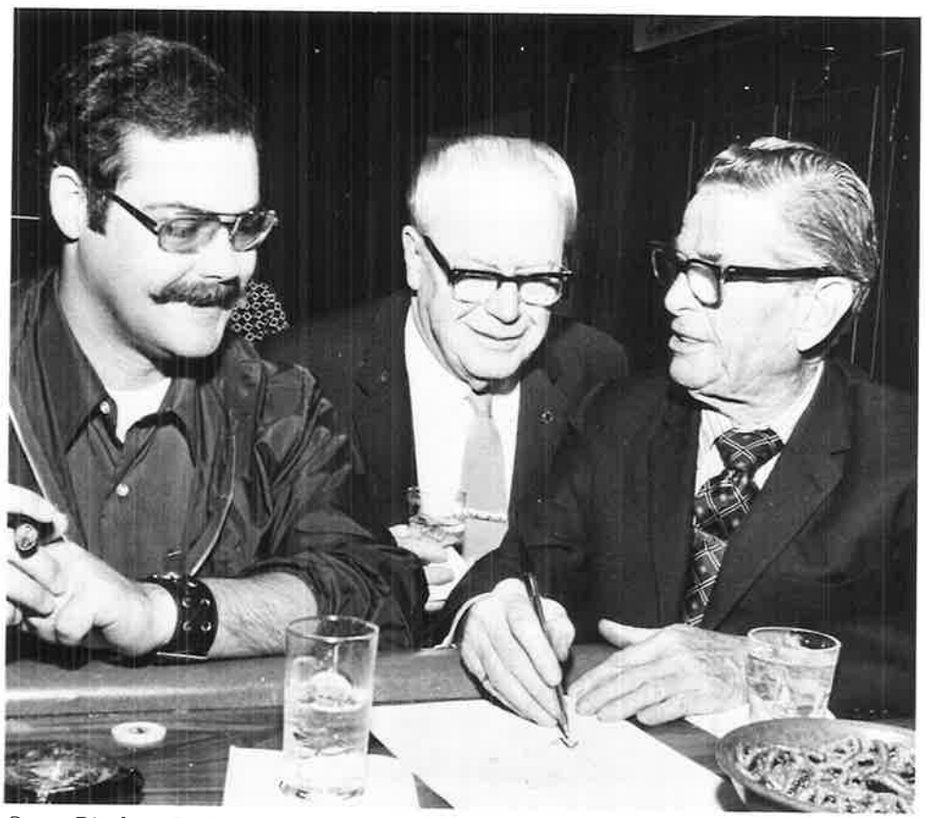
Virginia and Harry Weil.

Ben and June Wigney.

Frank Funge, Ralph Freeman, Dr. Werner Proesch, Jim Lattie, Les Rossen Jack Lauck and Bob Neale–"Director Jim Lattie finally pays the check."

Return of Ronnie Kemper for birthday party.

Goodbye to 1973.



Steve Pitcher, Jack McDermott and Ed Sullivan.

Esther Henry, Harriette Cartasso and Alice Towell, lunching.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sandbach with Dale Corliss.

EMPLOYEES

Some of the staff of Club life.

How often do you consider how much these people contribute to the image of the club?

Eleanore Lucido, Helen Helliwell, Estell Hotzfeld, Eleanor Quiroz.

Bill Davis, head bartender.

Lisa Lovell and Roberta Boysen.

Joe Barry, bartender lobby bar.

Jimmy Moy, head night bartender.

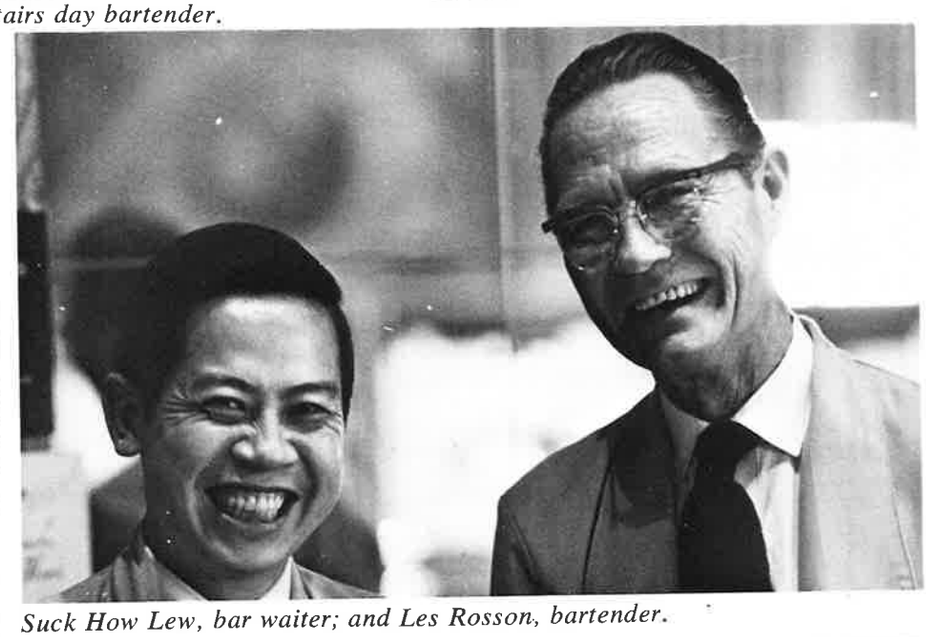
Jim Harkins, General Manager, and Les Rosson.

Frances Kampfen
executive secretary.

Ed Mason
upstairs day bartender.

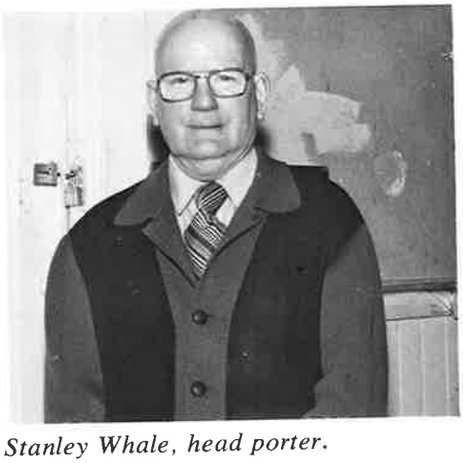
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Harkins

"Mac" MacGregor.



Suck How Lew, bar waiter; and Les Rosson, bartender.

Hilda Park, breakfast waitress;
fifteen years with Club.



Stanley Whale, head porter.

Ben Benitez, hydro attendant.

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Dr. Max W. Bergau

Joseph W. Bingham

Ira Blue

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Clive Church

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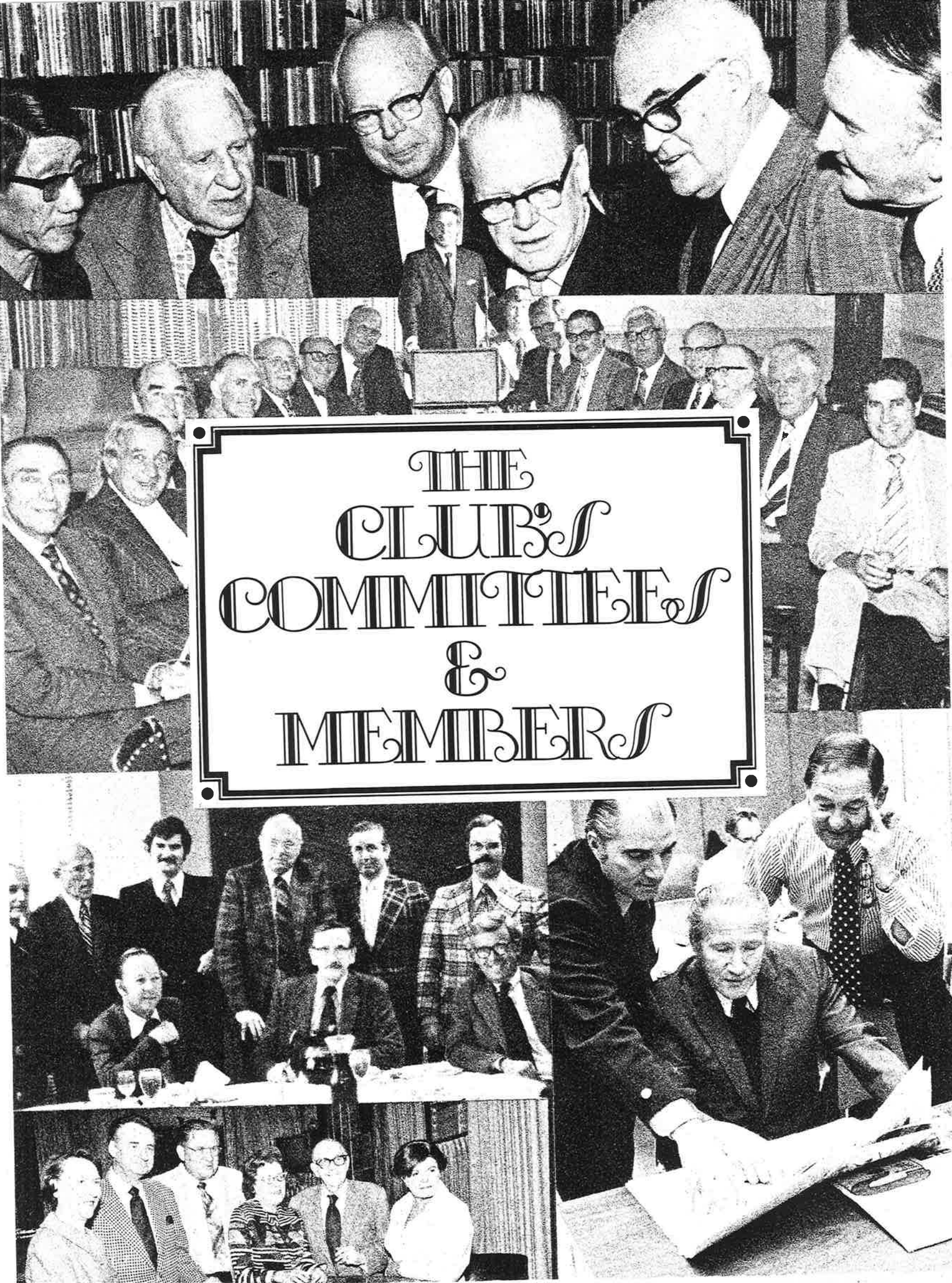
Earl Warren

Mrs. Raymond L. Weyl



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Friel, William
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Hanni, Ernest A.
Hanson, Dwain
Hanson, Warren D.
Harris, Coleman, M.D.
Hayden, Rebecca E.
Hayes, Richard
Hazelrigg, Harold T.
Hearst, Randolph A.
Heatly, Roy F.
Heckinger, L. H. Sanford
Henning, J. Earl
Henrichs, LeRoy, Sr.
Hesse, Georgia I.
Hesselink, Marijke
Hetland, Lytton O.
Hetzel, Melvyn L.
Hiaring, Philip
Hiaring, Philip E.
Hider, Fred W.
Hildreth, John A.
Hincksman, Robert W.
Hodges, Lynn E.
Hodges, Melvin S.
Hoffman, Edwin
Holt, Alexander V (Fifth)
Hollis, Robert W.
Homan, Charles H.
Horowitz, Arnold J.
Houston, Robert H.
Howard, James E.
Hu, Fred W. D.
Hughes, John W., Jr.
Hurley, Lu
Hutchinson, Raymond L.
Hutton, Joy F.
Indahl, Norman E.
Iovino, Peter A.
Isaac, Ike III
Jackson, Joe T.
Jacob, William H.
Jacobs, Richard B.
Jacobs, Julius L.
Jacobsen, Krueger B.
James, John E.
Jenkinson, O. Wayne
Jennings, Dean M.
Jensen, John E.
Joachim, David E.
Joffe, Gerardo
Johansen, Inga E.
Johnson, M. Marvin
Joost, William M.
Jordan, Thomas F.
Kahmarn, Cecil P.
Kaiser, Frank C.
Kammeijer, Christiaan K.
Karski, Gerald
Kearns, John R.
Kelley, James A.
Kelly, James W., Jr.
Kelly, John K.
Kiester, Edwin, Jr.
Kilcline, William F.
Killough, John H.
Kimbrough, Karl F.
Kinkead, Robin
Kinsman, H. Robert
Kirby, Robert W.
Kirstowsky, Fred W.
Kislingbury, Graham
Knox, Philip M.
Koss, Paul
Kossen, Sydney
Kouns, John A.
Krivetsky, Henry C.
Kristoffersen, Kaj
Lagier, James C.
Lal, Gobind B.
Lamb, James J.
Landrum, Edszen N.
Langton, James F.
Larsen, John
Larson, Iver C.
Latham, Carl
Latz, S. Monte
Laurence, Robert F.
LaVerne, Robert F.
Lawrence, Morgan
Lawrence, William A.
Lazarus, Judge Leland J.
Leaver, Marden E.
Lee, Chien-san
Lee, Frank
Lee, Robert E.
Lees, Milton H.
Lehr, Murray H.
Leininger, Olive A.
Leonard, James H., Jr.
Leonard, Richard M. (Dick)
Leong, Charles L.
Letts, T. R.
Levin, Wallace
Levinson, A. Frederick
Levy, Herbert M.
Levy, Louis L.
Likes, Dale L.
Lipman, Michel
Lockley, Maxine
Looney, Howard A.
Lowry, Robert E.
Lubenow, Gerald C.
Lusch, Ruth
Lynch, Julie Goss
Lynker, John P.
Malone, Melva H.
Manning, Lang F.
Marks, Milton
Martin, Don F.
Martin, Fred J., Jr.
Martin, Glenn W.
Mayer, Hon. Francis W.
McAuliffe, Edgar A.
McCarthy, Winnifred C.
McCarty, Judge Francis L.
McClure, Michael T.
McCollum, A. J.
McConnell, Paul
McCoy, Peter
McCullough, Kevin Patrick
McDermott, John A. W.
McDonald, George G.
McDonnell, Lawrence R.
McDowell, Jack
McFadden, George C.
McLain, Harry C.
McLaughlin, Donald F.
McMasters, Harry L.
McMullen, Paul K.
Mee, Leonard S.
Mellinkoff, Abe
Mendieta, Louis
Meyers, Harlow
Michels, Leon M.
Mieuli, Franklin
Miller, Thomas E.
Miller, Robert C.
Minami, Frank H.
Mitchell, Harold
Mitchell, James G.
Mittelberger, Ernest G.
Moore, James B.
Moore, William J.
Moose, Edward W.
Morison, Paul B.
Morris, Henry R.
Morrissy, John F.
Moskowitz, Ronald D.
Mozley, Don S., Jr.
Mulcahy, Charles T.
Muldoon, James E.
Muller, Eddie
Mundorff, George H.
Murphy, Larry
Murphy, Maurice T.
Murphy, William J.
Murray, William F.
Narbut, Keltah T.
Neeson, John V.
Newhall, Scott
Newman, L. Eugene
Newton, Christopher C.
Nichols, Robert E.
Nichols, Robert F.
Nixon, Stuart
Noble, Gerald S.
North, Walter S.
O'Connor, Charles L.
O'Connor, Edward J.
O'Dea, M. Albert
O'Herron, R. L.
Ohman, C. David, Jr.
Olsen, Jack
Olson, Leon
Olsson, Hugo T. A.
Orr, Roger A.
Osborn, Richard C.
Osborne, Paul C.
Ottman, Robert G.
Padgett, Evelyn S.
Page, Le Roy W.
Page, Philip K.
Papazian, Harry
Park, Andy
Pasini, Roy
Pates, Gordon

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Pecrson, Roger A.
Peradotto, Joseph P.
Pesak, Milo J.
Polakof, James
Powers, Francis J.
Powers, Maurice F.
Preston, William P.
Praesch, Werner, M.D.
Putman, Glen W., LLL
Queirolo, Richard W.
Quijano, J. G.
Rader, William J.
Radke, Walter E.
Rancourt, Robin C.
Read, Ingraham
Regal, Charles E.
Reicker, Frederick A.
Reid, Richard G.
Reynolds, Edward B.
Reynolds, Gregg M.
Rezak, Robert R.
Rhein, Pierre S.
Rhine, Albert A.
Rhodes, George A.
Rice, Harry
Richardson, Bart W.
Richelson, Robert H.
Riel, Eric A.
Riordan, Bernice
Rivers, Helene
Roberts, Curtis W.
Robertson, Gene
Robertson, James A.
Robertson, William M.
Robinson, Joseph A.
Rodgers, John P., Jr.
Rodman, Frank B.
Roessing, Walter Lee
Rohner, Alvin T.
Rosenberg, Richard M.
Roodin, Alfred
Rosenthal, Henry
Roth, Arthur L.
Rothschild, S. V.
Routh, D.
Rumoli, Carl C.
Runyon, Steven C.
Ruttle, Lee
St. Peter, Charles
Sandbach, Henry A.
Sanders, George F.
Savage, Chas. M.
Scanlon, William J.
Schacht, Henry M.
Scharetg, Edward O.
Schermerhorn, James
Schick, Carl
Schnitzer, Bernard B.
Schlussel, Jacob
Schmid, Anne M.
Schuster, E. Ellen
Schrier, Elliot
Scott, Arthur L.
Sears, Arnold C.
Sederholm, Robert A.
Seibert, Allan
Seidner, Arnold
Semler, Blanche
Shannon, Donn C.
Shea, James G.
Sherbert, James L.
Sheridan, John M.
Sheridan, Phil
Sheridan, Phil
Sherry, Gerard E.
Shimmon, Kenneth R.
Siden, Rev. Douglas L.
Silk, Vincent J.
Silver, Ralph M.
Silverman, Harold I.
Simpson, Tucker C.
Skelton, Robert W.
Slingland, Edward R., Jr.
Smith, James P.
Smith, Wells B.
Spaducci, Alfred
Spann, Owen H.
Spencer, Earl E.
Spivock, Charles
Sprunger, Ellis H.
Stanton, Alden P.
Stark, Richard P.
Steele, Don
Steiner, Charles
Stevens, John S.
Stoff, Lester
Storry, John R.
Stratford, Gerald W.
Strauss, Suzy
Streloff, Alexander N.
Stull, Carolyn L.
Suarez, Enrique
Sullivan, D. Ross
Sutton, Sydney C.
Sweet, Louis Y.
Tate, Shirley
Taylor, Robert C.
Taylor, Roy W.
Thieriot, Charles
Timmner, Christiaan R.
Thomas, William G.
Tobin, Mary C.
Toman, Raymond V.
Tomczak, John J.
Toso, Lois
Trentacoste, Palma J.
Trieber, Morris
Trimble, Peter G.
Trobbe, Cyrus
Turnbull, J. Ronald N.
Turner, George M.
Turner, Wallace
Tusup, Leslie V.
Twombly, Wells
Tyler, Melvin B.
Tyler, Richard R.
Vano, Tom
Wagner, Jack R.
Walcom, Leo J.
Wall, Helga I.
Walsh, Francis P.
Walsh, William P.
Ward, Robert S.
Ward, Roberta M.
Warren, Margaret E.
Warren, Ralph C.
Weiner, Sanford L.
Weiner, Ted
Weiss, Cyrus
Werre, B. Jack
West, Jacqueline M.
Whistler, Donald
Whitaker, Clem, Jr.
Whitaker, Leone Baxter
Whooley, John P.
Williams, Roger
Wilson, James P.
Wire, Hugh E.
Wise, Newton E., Jr.
Wodell, Jack
Wold, Ross P.
Worthington, Leonard A.
Yetter, Keith B.
Young, Alan K.

JUNIOR ACTIVE MEMBERS

Amis, Douglas K.
Billeci, David E.
Dewey, Robert A., Jr.
Diner, Christopher W.
Friedman, Michaele T.
Gabriel, David H.
Galbraith, John, Jr.
Hayward, Ellen Marie
John, Frederick E.
Kelton, James D.
Lang, George F.
Lee, Victor
Leone, C. Michael
Henn, Ralph W.
McDonald, Virginia Becker
Mills, S. Kirby
Moore, Edward C.
Mount, Douglas N.
Mount, William S.
Neira, Gail E.
O'Toole, Michael R.
Patton, David K.
Perrone, Charlene P.
Pitcher, Stephen R.
Powers, Diana Lynn
Preecs, Barton L.
Randolph, David M.
Rood, James S.
Rypins, Patricia Ann
Senft, Dennis H.
Swann, Mary Ann
Teitscheid, John H.
Tuttle, Stephen H.
von Beroldingen, Paul A.
Walker, Ben F., Jr.

SUBURBAN ACTIVE MEMBERS

Adams, Leon D.
Albin, Milton
Albracht, Carl E.
Allen, Lester F.
Anthony, Eugene
Attell, Adee
Ayres, Gene
Bardesono, John S.
Barich, Frank J.
Bates, Bernarr
Bauer, Edward M., Jr.
Bazell, Sherman
Bentley, Richard T., Jr.
Berk, William F.
Bernheim, Philip J.
Bettencourt, William J.
Bliss, Beatrice
Bloom, Monroe A.
Blumenson, George T.
Bodi, Alexander S.
Boxer, Barbara
Brickman, Morrie
Briscoe, W. S.
Brown, Wishard A.
Campbell, Thomas M.
Cameron, Frank T.
Carman, E. Day
Cashel, John J., Jr.
Chadima, Donald B.
Chambers, Jesse E.
Clark, George W.
Clark, Jack C.
Clinton, J. Hart
Clinton, John Hart, Jr.
Cobb, Michael J.
Conkle, Philip
Conroy, Thomas P.
Cook, Dale J.
Craemer, J. Jack
Cramer, Arthur C.
Crennan, R. T.
Criscione, Joseph V.
Denson, James L.
Deutsch, Ronald I.
Diehl, Charles E.
Dipman, Alfred C., Jr.
Dobson, DeWitte S.
Dorinson, Abe
Drake, William A.
Dray, Jerome H.
Drossel, Eugene R.
Dumont, William P.
Dutriz, Mario
Eckland, Victor
Elwing, Arthur C.
Faundez, Oscar H.
Fisher, Leland S.
Fogel, Richard H.
Fournival, Raymond
Franklin, Logan S.
Freeman, Philip R.
Freis, Harry T.
French, Gerald L.
Fried, Ad
Galbraith, Donald M.
Gallup, Wayne W.
Glunk, Cyril J.
Good, Ione N.
Good, Loren D.
Goodhue, N. Bruce
Gould, Richard N.
Haar, Gil
Hamilton, Irvin C.
Hamilton, James C.
Hampton, John L.
Hayakawa, Samuel I.
Henderson, Charles W.
Hexner, William H.
Hill, Virginia M.
Holland, Philo K., Jr.
Holmes, Joseph G.
Holzmeister, Karen
Hoyt, Wm. Reed
Hurley, Gerard T.
Iverson, Willa V.
Johnson, Paul C.
Johnson, Robert Balch
Jones, Jack, Jr.
Judd, Howard S.
Kalimos, Leon G.
Kane, A. Jack
Kayfetz, Paul D.
Kelley, John W.
Kelly, William J.
Kinsley, Robert
Kislingbury, Fred
Kloess, Gordon C.
Kummer, Ralph W.
Laidlaw, Walter M.
Lane, Fred A.
Lattie, James E.
Lemos, Alberto S.
Lesher, Dean S.
Mackay, Verda M.
Mager, G. Vincent
Mason, W. L. "Bill"
Marcus, Irving H.
McBurney, Helen
McNamara, Stephen
Mersereau, Robert H.
Miller, John A.
Mills, Edward M.
Molla, Sarah R.
Monteagle, Frederick J.
Morgan, Jeff
Mossawir, Fred
Nelson, Harry M.
Neubert, Robert W.
Newman, Marjorie K.
Nowels, Richard W.
Ogg, Wilson Reid
Oppenheim, Ramsey S.
Ormsbee, Phillip O.
Owens, Owen
Peeke, C. E. B.
Perry, C. Thomas
Peterson, David G.
Pettler, Alfred M.
Piazzi, Frank
Pickerell, Albert G.
Pottoroff, George B.
Price, Lee B.
Quint, James H.
Raessler, Arno A.
Reading, George M. B.
Reed, Walter D.
Rhody, Ronald E.
Riley, Franklin S., Jr.
Roberts, Josephine
Roberts, William F.
Robinson, Jeanne C.
Robinson, Laird
Rogers, Jack M.
Roles, Mahlon H.
Roper, William C.
Rosten, Frank
Rowe, Kenneth J.
Rude, J. Arthur
Russell, James S.
Sackett, Marcia A.
Saunders, Caryl H.
Saunders, George P.
Scammon, Ruth L.
Schafer, Charles Louis
Scharlach, Bernice S.
Schlotthauer, Harold A.
Sears, William R.
Seifert, Charles
Selwyn, Wynston M.
Sestanovich, Stephen N.
Seter, Forrest M.
Sherr, Herbert
Silverman, Milton
Smith, Alfred F.
Smith, Frank L.
Smith, John M.
Sprague, Richard L.
Stephens, Robert E.
Still, Stephen A.
Stewart, A. W. Bill
Summersette, John F.
Taylor, Robert W.
Thompson, Geo. E. S.
Toibin, Gilbert
Turner, William W.
Ugarte, Adbon J.
Ullrich, Robert L.
Verbarg, L. H.
von Morpurgo, Henry
Ward, Leona M.
Weekes, Beresford D.
Wellman, Roger W.
Wells, Elmer N.
Wilkes, Daniel McIntosh
Wood, Morrison
Wyatt, Fred D.
Yoffie, Norwin S.
Yorke, Harvey F.

NON-RESIDENT ACTIVE MEMBERS

Adler, Herbert F.
Aeschliman, John H.
Anthony, Julian C.
Arteseros, L. J.
Baker, Lloyd V., Jr.
Barkdull, Walter L.
Bartholomew, Frank H.
Beatty, Robert O.
Brusen-Bellows, Robert D.
Bernstein, Cal
Bey, Everett E.
Bishop, Eugene C.
Bodenhamer, Paul C.
Bolle, Frank K.
Booth, Kenneth L.
Brannick, Edward T.
Brill, Wilmer G.
Brown, Kenneth D.
Brown, Paul R.
Buddeke, John W.
Buzzini, Bertram G.
Cant, Gilbert
Carter, David C.
Cassidy, Bert W.
Castillo, Elias
Cheng, Nan-wei
Chipp, Mil
Cislini, Francis H.
Cohn, Robert H.
Conn, Kenneth
Conroy, Paul E.
Cox, William B.
Cross, Carol W.
Crutchfield, Reynolds
Dante, Mike
De Bakcsy, Alex
Devlin, Marion E.
Dickie, James
Dillon, Jane
Dolas, Michael
Doyle, Beverly B.
Dutriz, Jose, Jr.
Eagan, Terrence M.
Ehrman, Kenneth A.
Eichorn, John P.
Engles, David A.
Erickson, Michael K.
Evans, Paul F.
Finks, Harry
Fish, Peggy G.
Gallardo, Albert J.
Genns, Whitney T.
Gerber, Robert F.
Gilbert, Joseph K.
Goebel, Russell R.
Graves, William A.
Griffin, Allen
Griffiths, George W.
Griffiths, Whitfield
Gross, Fred
Hadley, Gordon G.
Hall, Max
Hanson, John K.
Hardie, Robert C.
Harrison, Lytle, Jr.
Haskin, Elmer G., Jr.
Hecht, James R.
Henry, Harland M.
Hester, William C.
Hibbard, Robert
Hill, Robert K.
Horrall, John Day
Holsinger, Max F.
Houghteling, Joseph C.
Hutchison, John N.
Johnson, Ben III
Johnson, William Potter
Juppe, Robert J.
Kaemper, William H.
Kane, George R.
Katz, Matthew
Kaufman, J. James
Keller, Mark G.
Kelly, Robert
Kendall, Talbot
Kennedy, Donald R.
Kieran, Evelyn Fenton
Kirby, David B.
Klein, LeRoy
Kline, Richard S.
Kraus, George
Lane, C. Howard
Larrick, Richard W.
Lawrence, Kenneth W.
LeFevre, Allan D.
Leahy, Gerald T.
Long, E. A.
Lynch, Robert M.
Lynch, William E.
Mace, Justin A.
MacMullen, Douglas B.
Martin, Ben D.
Martin, James R.
Matthews, Samuel H.
Matthews, Thomas F.

NON-RESIDENT ACTIVE MEMBERS

McCabe, Fred A.
McClatchy, William E.
McClung, Emmons
McCoy, Janet J.
McEwen, Richard D.
McKercher, Cynthia
McLoud, Mary
McNealy, Dean B.
Mead, Dale
Mejia, Rafael
Michel, Ted K.
Miller, Jay K.
Mitchell, David V.
Mohler, Charles A.
Mood, Fulmer
Moyer, Donald
Mulhern, George M.
Myers, Robert
Neilson, L. Jean
Nelson, J. Peter
Newell, Paul
Nietfeld, William D.
Noble, John W.
O'Hara, George
Olmsted, Duncan H.
O'Rourke, John J.
Orr, Frank F.
Paskman, Dailey
Pattengale, Martin H.
Patton, Stuart L.
Pelissero, Godwin
Person, Evert B.
Peterson, Anton F.
Preble, Jim
Reynolds, Donald W.
Richert, Walter S.
Ridder, Joseph B.
Rieger, Henry
Riffel, Jon B.
Riley, John H. C.
Riley, Wyman
Ripa, Louis J.
Robertson, James W.
Rockey, Jay
Rosewater, Fred E., Jr.
Ross, Thomas E.
Sage, Sanford M.
Sandbach, William F.
Schonborn, Jack R.
Scripps, Edward W. II
Scripps, John P.
Shackleton, John R.
Shanks, William R.
Shields, Ted
Skelton, Nancy
Smith, Clark
Soberanes, William C.
Sontheimer, Jeanette Befame
Spolar, Walter
Stanley, Allen L.
Stone, Don J.
Sullivan, Frank C.
Swanson, Walter G.
Thorburn, James W.
Turner, Gene
Vaughn, Bernard J.
von Beroldingen, Linton P.
Wade, Lawrence L.
Waite, Alden C.
Wallace, J. Newton
Wallace, Walter
Walsh, James R.
Warner, Walter A.
Waters, Earl G.
Weaver, Frank M.
Weigle, Clifford F.
Wells, John C.
Wentworth, Charman
Wernick, Robert
West, Howard R.
Wilks, John L.
Willow, Thomas F.
Wurm, Ross
Wise, Christopher N.
Young, Major Martin V.
Ziener, Robert J.

LIFE MEMBERS

Albert, Harry
Alderman, Robert G.
Arthur, Lindsay
Ascherman, Stanford W., M.D.
Bechtel, S. D.
Baker, Jack A.
Behrens, E. C.
Berman, Jack K.
Blake, Dr. Reuben L.
Blumenthal, Julius
Buckingham, Lt. Comdr. Geo. L.
Bunney, Leland R., Jr.
Caldwell, Erskine
Carter, Thomas W.
Cazenave, Rene
Cerasi, George H.
Chase, Richard L.
Choos, George P. V.
Chu, Daniel S.
Cohn, Nathan
Cokeley, John H.
Collins, W. A. Russell
Constine, Judge Donald B.
Cook, Gale
Cullenward, Nelson
Davis, Albert
De Carlo, Lenny
Delaplane, Stanton
DeRyan, Gerald J.
DeRyan, James E.
Dorinson, S. Malbern, M.D.
Eunson, Robert
Felder, Alfred P.
Figone, John P., Jr.
Fitzpatrick, Emmett
Flood, James
Formes, Herb
Freed, Bernard
Freeman, Howard
Frey, Russell G., M.D.
Gee, Hugh
George, Ralph W.
Guggenheim, Richard F.
Hanley, John D.
Hellman, I. W.
Herrscher, Edmond E.
Huggins, Ted
Huy, Charles H.
Jacoby, Jack A.
Jones, W. J.
Jue, George K.
Kahn, Bernard
Keane, A. C.
Kirkland, John T.
Koehler, Lawrence E.
Lauck, Jack
Leavitt, Ray
Legallet, Paul
Lenhart, Holman O.
Lenox, Lionel T.
Lerner, Harry
Lorber, H. M.
Mackin, Sidney
Malsbary, E. L.
McCadden, George E.
McDonald, Jack
McGavran, Gerard E.
Middlebrook, Wren
Miller, George S.
Montgomery, Edward S.
Moore, J. Max
Moore, Philip
Morris, Irving, Jr.
Morris, Monroe L.
Mullany, George
Mulligan, Patrick
Olshen, A. C.
Posner, Jerry
Price, William A., M.D.
Rascoe, George M.
Rasmussen, Stuart R.
Raudebaugh, Charles D.
Renstrom, Conrad W., Jr.
Richman, James R.
Rittigstein, J. M.
Robbins, Grant
Rodman, Mark
Roos, Alfred G., D.P.M.
Rosenthal, Joe
Russell, Donald J.
Schnacke, Robert H.
Schuster, Karl F.
Silverman, Sol
Sinnott, Philip J.
Sixtus, Edward F.
Sachs, Harvey
Speegle, Paul
Speidel, Merritt C., Jr.
Sullivan, Mark R.
Sussmen, Richard S.
Tobin, J. O.
Towell, Herbert
Turner, Ed
Upton, William B.
Van Teslaar, John D.
Wu, Dr. Thomas Wai Sun
Wagoner, Ronald W.
Watson, Campbell
Weiman, Ted
Werthimer, Jerrold W.
Wing, Harvey
Zelinsky, Frederick G.
Zellerbach, Harold L.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Ahmadi, Hossein
Alaga, Nicholas
Allard, Benson L.
Allen, H. Richard
Ames, Charles H.
Anderson, Oscar E.
Anselmo, Gilmer J.
Apfelbaum, Paul David
Arnold, Thomas N.
Arriola, Edward A.
Ashe, Lou
Assily, Raffoul Y.
Ault, Jack E.
Babin, Norbert S.
Bacharach, Melvin L.
Bachman, Jerome N.
Ballachey, Robert G.
Balliet, Theodore H.
Banks, Thurml L., M.D.
Barbagelata, Robert D.
Barell, Benard
Barkett, Walter T.
Barlettani, Fred F.
Barnett, Phillip
Barnett, Victor J.
Bart, Lee
Bart, Lee S., Jr.
Begley, Bernard C., M.D.
Begley, Robert F.
Beichley, F. W.
Bell, Herb
Bell, M. R.
Belli, Melvin
Benard, Herbert
Benard, Ralph S., DPM
Bentley, Mark
Berg, Jerome
Berger, Leonard B.
Berger, Michael
Berk, Dayton B., D.D.S.
Berkman, William R.
Bernstein, Abraham, M.D.
Bert, Melvyn D., 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.
Blumberg, Abe A.
Blumenthal, Ben
Boasberg, Albert L.
Bobrow, Herb
Bochow, Walter O.
Bohne, Daniel
Boswell, Rev. Hamilton T.
Bowcutt, Donald J.
Bowler, Michael J.
Bowman, Leonard W.
Boyle, Richard C.
Bragstad, Jeremiah O.
Braverman, Morris
Breit, Benjamin B.
Brilliant, Hon. John T.
Brinton, William M.
Brown, Frank A.
Brown, Jon L.
Buckminster, William B.
Buller, Norman E.
Bunt, John R.
Burgon, Robert G.
De Witt, Dr. Burnham
Burns, James J.
Burnside, Boyd B.
Bush, Louis C.
Butler, Clarence E.
Caesar, Richard C., D.D.S.
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.
Carson, William J.
Cartwright, Robert E.
Casassa, Edmond P.
Cecchi, Gino P.
Chamberlain, Robert M.
Charmak, David D., M.D.
Cherney, Jack
Chester, William H.
Chow, W. Jack
Christopher, George
Clapham, Rev. Stanley
Clark, Stephen E.
Clifford, Bertram J.
Cohen, Harry J.
Cole, Joseph B.
Coleman, George L.
Creighton, John W.
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Cammie Tyler

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